

# Coeur d'Alene Chapter Idaho Writers League



## Lake Gazette



Celebrating our 64th Anniversary 1943-2007

July 2007

P.O. BOX 1113, Hayden, Idaho 83835

### COEUR d'ALENE IWL MEETINGS:

**July 10**

**Jewett House**

9:00 A.M. to Noon

Program: Linda Jeurgensen  
Description

Refreshments:

Refreshments:

**July**

**Lutheran Church**

Kathleen & Ramsey Road  
6:30 to 9:30 P.M.

**There is no scheduled  
evening meeting in July**

**July Birthdays:**

07/20 JENNIFER HEARNE

**Needed:**

REFRESHMENT volunteers for  
September and beyond. Both day  
and evening meetings.

Please contact Barbara Rostad  
at (208) 777-1030 to volunteer  
for Refreshments.  
Thank you.

### When is it the time...

President - Larry Telles

**I**s there ever a good time to say goodbye? A goodbye to something that has been around for many, many years. After a long period of time certain items just sit around and go unnoticed for a block of time. But when it's time to part ways, it is very difficult. I am speaking of our chapter's historical records.

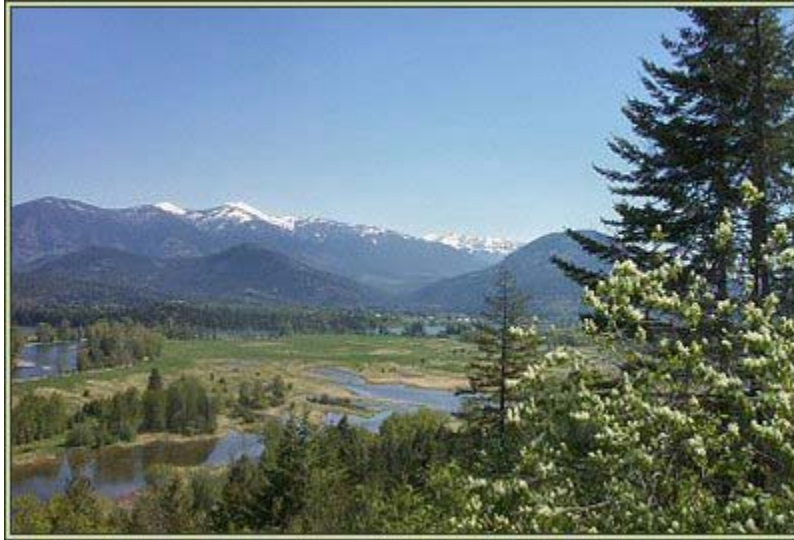
In my garage are three large storage boxes filled with articles, stories, chap books and minutes from that first meeting in 1943 to 2003. A large portion of the material is turning yellow and other papers are fading with age. Oh, if only some of those pages could tell us the story behind the stories.

Dottie Maley, our past chapter historian had been guarding the material since 2003. That's when she read through all of the papers and skillfully put them on a CD-Rom, entitled, "60 Years & Writing." It was available for our members to purchase during 2004.

Since we don't have a good place to display all of the scrapbooks, chap books and manuscripts, they just sit in one of those three storage boxes. The Executive board has three options for our historical past. We can find the material a permanent home, destroy the material, or leave it in the boxes to turn to dust, which will be passed on to the next president. The board is seeking one of two possible opportunities. David Hibberd is checking with an archive in Boise and I am going to check with the Coeur d'Alene museum.

If any of our members and readers have a better idea or a place to store our colorful past, please let me know. Space is a premium at our local Libraries and a storage container costs a large amount when looked at by the year. Besides, a storage space could hold ten times the material that we have so we wouldn't be getting our money's worth.

I would like some input from our membership. I love history and we have a lot of history in this chapter. I don't want to be the person that gives the order to destroy sixty years of an organization's past. The digital age we are in can't be the graveyard of handwritten documents because there is no other solution.



Clark Fork, Idaho

## The Big Dog

Dot Clark

**It was an early fall evening** with an overcast night sky. You couldn't see the stars or their constellations and the moon was tucked away for a new cycle. The streetlights were too far apart to see anything in between or around the homes and trees. I was eleven going on twelve, and this would turn out to be a very electrifying night for me.

I sat on the arm of the couch listening in on my sister's phone conversation with her new school friend, Marsha. Marsha had just moved in with her grandparents in August. She was the new girl in school and needed some attention and initiation to our way of life around the Clark Fork River. Her grandparents were gone shopping, some twenty-six miles away and they'd left her home alone since she was a big girl at thirteen. I was piecing together enough of my sister's side of the conversation to figure out that something had frightened Marsha, a noise at her back porch. I suspected there might be a delicious adventure brewing and I swung my skinny kid legs off the arm and squeezed in next to sis so tight that I could almost inhale the news from her ears.

I enjoyed eavesdropping on my sister and her friends and I wouldn't miss anything if I could help it. I wanted to be ready to tag along if she'd let me and I'd plead like the little beggar sister I was if she said Huh-uh. This time to my happiness, she didn't mind me tagging along.

We walked out to our step dad's pickup truck and rummaged around the floorboard through old rusty tools, empty Hamm's beer cans, and other assorted flotsam looking for a flashlight. I caught sight of it stuck in the fold of the seat and we clicked it on. After expressing satisfaction about the batteries being good and the nice strong light, we set off to rescue Marsha.

My sister was the bravest thing on this side of the Montana border. However, before we left to investigate this noise, she called for support from another girlfriend not far from where we lived in this little valley nestled in the Cabinet Mountain Wilderness of Northern Idaho. Our town had a population of about 300 and if I really wanted to, I could probably run from one end to the other in about fifteen minutes or less. I followed my sister down the gravel street and we met our back up on the corner outside Marsha's home. I had a kid's realization about the power in numbers concept but we called it, "The more, the merrier."

The three of us made a couple trips around the entire house like we were on a Jericho march with my sister holding the flashlight straight out front like a sword, ready to exchange swashbuckling blows with whatever villain crossed our path. She pointed the light at the little tool shed over by the fence, and then back and forth across the yard, slowly, lighthouse beacon style, leaving my eyes straining to adjust to the engulfing dark that followed. There weren't any monsters, just the normal bushes, and we began to speculate out loud about the possibility of a pesky neighborhood boy pulling a prank on poor Marsha. This idea gave us some relief since we weren't really fond of

monsters lurking in the dark, behind bushes, except on Chiller Theater or Creature Feature in the safety of our homes. I remember once after having watched “The Blob” with my sister, I tried to get her to give me the top bunk bed and she wasn’t so brave that time. She refused.

There had been reports of Bigfoot sightings in Northern California and Washington but none in Idaho so far.

We giggled and carried on in our little voices and went inside the house to assure Marsha that we had the answer to the scary noise. It may have been about a half hour later when I found myself digging dirt from under my fingernails as boredom settled in and I decided to head home. I wasn’t too concerned about leaving all by myself since we’d already checked for boogey men and we hadn’t heard any back porch noises while we were there. Besides, it was only a couple blocks back to my house. I said goodnight, and left.



When I was out on the street, I glanced toward the backyard of Marsha’s home. I slowed and peered very hard at what I thought was something like a big dog at the back porch step. It was so dark that I couldn’t be real sure but I began to think, “Yeah, that’s what it is, a big hoodlum doggie!” I still find it hard to believe how I started walking toward that dang doggie. I was a little apprehensive but thought I’d show this mutt how brave I was. “Here doggie, you silly thing, come ere.” I walked up closer and it didn’t run off. Without any serious thought given to my next action, I reached out to pet it and that’s when my heart almost stopped. Something didn’t feel right! The fur felt very stiff and I began to notice a peculiar and slightly stinky odor. The doggie’s breathing was getting a bit louder, a bit raspy sounding, and I jerked my hand away as I realized that the mutt was beginning to rise up on it’s hind legs.

My young and inexperienced brain was developed just enough to send me a **BIG RED ALERT!** Maybe I wasn’t touching a doggie after all! I turned and ran like a marathon sprinter the rest of the way home. My screams were coming out in gasps, hardly audible enough to capture the attention of any neighbors within the confines of their respective homes.

Almost out of breath, I slammed open the front door in a manner worthy of all the raging lunatics I’d ever seen on TV, slammed it shut and collapsed on the couch. The drama of my entrance caused my mom to hurry out of the kitchen. She said rather loudly, “What the Sam #!\*! is going on out here?”

The really scary part of my imagination kicked in and I was almost certain I’d touched a Sasquatch so I tried to convince mom of it. However, as a few days went by, I calmed down enough to realize that I’d tried to pet a young black bear. Even if it had been a big strange dog instead of a bear, it was still a rather foolish thing to do. Small escapades like this were plenty and memorable growing up in Clark Fork.



A Dog turned Beary Tale  
Dot Clark

# POET'S CORNER

## **Yellow Ribbon**

Liz Mastin

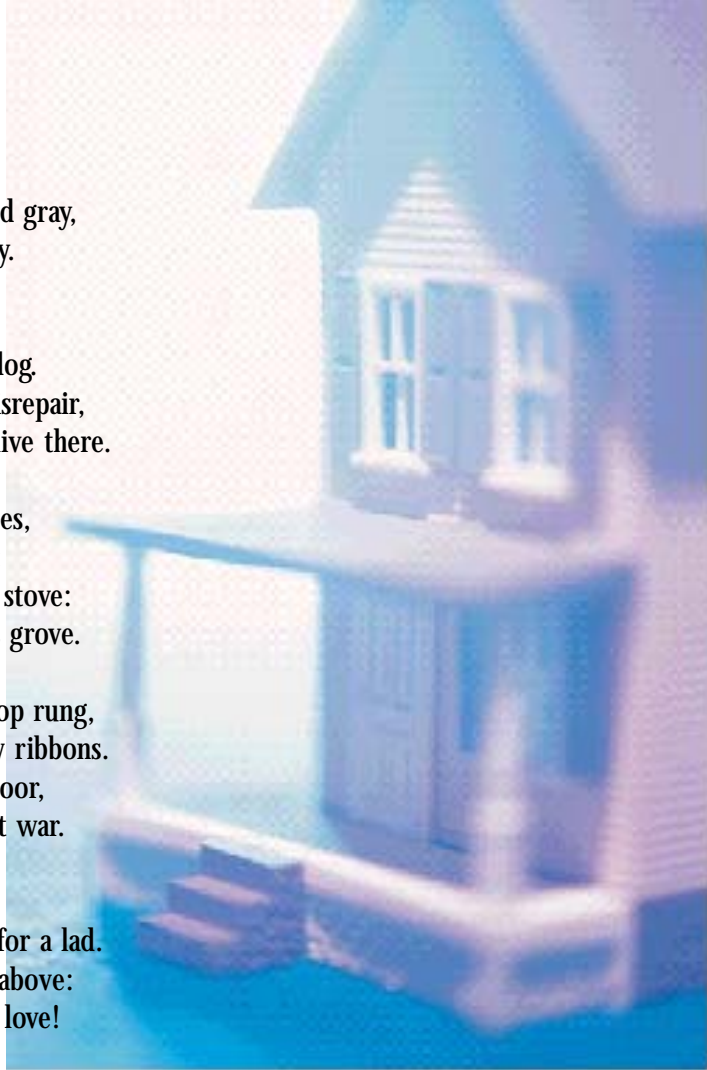
I saw an old house in town yesterday,  
Standing along the hectic highway.  
Once painted yellow, now peeling and gray,  
It has to endure heavy traffic each day.

Encircling the yard, lumpy with sod,  
Was a chain link fence, I guess for a dog.  
This sad seeming house sat in such disrepair,  
I wondered how anyone could ever live there.

Among other homes with shinier faces,  
This was in shambles, sadly forsaken:  
Smoke poured from a wood-burning stove:  
A barren gray house by an apple-less grove.

What really touched me, along the top rung,  
Laced through the links, were yellow ribbons.  
A big yellow bow were tied to the door,  
Awaiting the return of a loved one at war.

It was so sweet and it was so sad,  
In some hopeful heart there's a tear for a lad.  
I hope they receive some help from above:  
While being so poor, displaying such love!



*It's not much of a secret,  
fact it's quite a delight,  
to do a little dippin,  
underwater at night.*

**Underwater**

J.A. Jeske

**George is crusty.** Don't ask for an explanation on how a person gets compared to a piece of toast, ask the person who is a living version of a piece of toast. You don't make up words to describe someone who is crusty, the person just is.

If George shaved everyday, which he doesn't anymore since Mildred died, he would still have the look of a man with a four day growth. And since George is his own version of a Renaissance man with an environmental streak—that means he saves everything—it's not unusual to see somewhat hidden, foreign objects lurking in his stubble. It used to be quite entertaining to watch her shave him.

"Ma, I think I need a shave. Bring my razor." he'd say, running his hand over his jaw. You ever hear a wood rasp filing an end grain? Well then, how about a kid slammin on his bicycle brakes on gravel? OK, then you know neither is the sound that four-day stubble should make. But Georges's did. He's crusty.

Ma, he always called Mildred Ma, is a mumblor and so off she'd go to the cupboard, mumbling as she went, mumbling a little louder as things cascaded off the over stuffed shelves, slithering, slamming, and banging to the floor. She was no novice to this act, knew, it seemed, what was on that shelf and so wiggled out of it's way with ease. She dropped her shoulder just as a Tupperware bounced by, hopped on the counter and then finished its freefall with a noisy pirouette on the floor. "Been lookin fer that," I think is what she said, she mumbles you know.

Now it was Mildred's turn to take over the floor and she did. Hiking her left knee up along side the cabinet and standing on her right toes—this woman was 78 years-old at the time—she snaked her right arm back into the darkness of the second shelf. Her tongue was hanging out like a tired dog and she chewed on it fervently. She claimed that since all your body parts are connected, that if she stuck her tongue out, it disconnected the tension between her shoulder and elbow, thereby giving her just that little extra reach needed.

George was already plopped in his chair with his back to her so I was the only one getting the show. While skin, bones and joints may stretch to fit, dresses do not. I could almost see the back of her knee what with her reaching to the limits of her ability. Mildred was showing some skin, and she knew it. She glared at me with her left eye and growled at me not to be looking, then let out an "ah ha," as she snaked an electrical cord out from the abyss. So pleased was she with her success, she forgot about the five pounds of 1952 Norelco Electric Shaver attached to the end and it whizzed by on its way to a loud crash landing on the kitchen table.

His eyes bugged out and he hissed at me, "She tryin to kill me again, is she? Fifty-two-years I been doin my best to drink up all the profits I can make so there's nuthin left for life insurance. Doesn't leave her with a motive ya know."

As she fiddled around trying to plug a worn out electrical cord into a worn out receptacle on the stove, he leaned her way and said, "Not too smart tryin to knock me off Ma with the kid sittin here. Ya'd have ta kill him too and then they'd fry ya fer sure, he he he."

"Stop flappin yer jaws George so I can knock some of these rocks off yer face," she said as she circled the shaver around his neck with one hand and snapped his jaw up with the other. "Ya know if ya ever washed this face you'd git them rocks out before the shaver breaks all its teeth off on em and ya might even get a close shave for a change." With that, she clicked the button on.

The lights blinked, the clock stopped ticking, and the well pump on the front porch bogged down like as Blues harp man bending a low note, and the Norelco fired up with the most god-awful noise this side of a swarm of locusts.

**"Stop flappin yer  
jaws George so I can  
knock some of these  
rocks off yer face,"  
she said...**

“Slap that thing Ma,” he yelled, “before ya burn it out.”

She let go of his jaw, hoisted the now smoking apparatus above his head, and popped it hard with the heel of her hand. It made a couple of sickening, gurgling noises and then settled into a deafening whirr. The accompanying vibration had the table skipping in place like a palm sander. It stopped smoking but the lingering, unmistakable stench of burned wires floated in a flat haze that looked like easy rolling waves on the ocean.

She stretched his jaw up once again and attacked the old man’s neck with the rickety gadget and I winced for him thinking surely it must hurt.

Now, added to the racket of the machine, her mumbling reached a feverish pitch as the mini-lawnmower mowed the man’s stubble down something more like a brush cutter than a lawnmower. Every so often, it belched cr-crack; it really did sound like an electric shaver trying to cut through a rock.

She flicked the switch off, my chair stopped buzzin, the lights returned to their former hue, and the well pump on the front porch began squealing so loud that outside the dog began to howl along, on pitch no less.

“Run boy, quick,” he managed to say through his clenched jaws, since she still held him in a death grip. “Squirt some oil in er before SHE burns up.”

I ran out the door to my post, having resuscitated this patient before, and administered the life-saving nectar just in time. Behind me, loud and clear, she explained to him why she’d suddenly pulled the plug.

“There George,” pointing with her index finger to a spot just above his jaw line. “I told you, you got rocks in your beard.”

“Mildred, there aint no rocks in my beard.” I had just returned from the porch, shaking as usual because I was always certain that contraption pumping water to the house would blow-up just at the instant I stood over it with an oil can. “Here now, here’s the boy, let him take a look, Mildred Jane.” I know I said he always called her Ma, but he used her full name when she was irritating him, like now.

And danged if she wasn’t right, there was a tiny rock lodged there above his jaw line. She grinned in victory as I fished the rock out and held it up to him for inspection.

“Wa’ll, so ya found one, big deal. Keep cuttin Ma, I promised the boy we’d go fishin today. I aint got all day ta—”

She drowned him out with a flick of a switch. The lights dimmed, the pump bogged down, the table began its sanding jig on the floor and as I sat down again in my chair, it began to send its buzz all along my spine. Her tongue was out again as she returned to the hedge she was doing her best to tame.

As long as it was taking her to chop through the tangled maw, I began to believe she was right about the machine missing several teeth. But for all the noise it made, I was still sure it could scrape three or four layers of varnish or paint and might be able to cut through a nail or two as well. With my head in my hands, watching, I was nearly asleep when he bellowed.

“You’re burning me Ma, the damn thing has over-heated again. Get it under the water, quick.”

“Ooh,” she exclaimed as she lurched to the sink and doused it underwater, still plugged into the stove.

Tsssch, blurp, it said as the steam rolled upward, the lights blinked off, the clock stopped ticking, the pump loosed a gasping wheeze and went silent, the table stopped dancing and my chair stood still in shocked silence. Dead silence in a dark house.

“Mildred, you forgot to unplug—” she finished his sentence, “to unplug it again, George.” “A hey, kid, ya wanna—” I finished his sentence, “go screw another fuse into the box?”

Yeah, sure. I know, I know, the fuse is on top of the box and it’s the one on the bottom right that’s blown.”

As I made my way to the fuse box outside, past the silent pump that at least wouldn’t blow up on me at the moment, it came to me why it is that, even if George shaved every day, he’d still look crusty. I don’t think he should try such a thing every day, with or without Mildred.





## Toot Your Own Horn

As Larry Telles always inquires at our meetings – “**Who has had any acceptances and/or publications?**”

Let your chapter members know about your successes. Any success can be an inspiration for others.

Now it's *your* turn to let us know about your accomplishments. Remember that all authors have to get involved in self-promotion. Let it start here!

Send an email telling about your work. What it is and where we can look for it. Let your success be an inspiration to others! Send your **SUCCESS STORIES** to [jimturner1@juno.com](mailto:jimturner1@juno.com)

**I just had my 30th article published in the Spokesman** (my first was in February) and have several more assigned right now - it's like I accidentally have a job or something awful like that - but I still get a chance to go for a ride every now and then. Well, back to the grindstone.

**Mary Jane Honegger**

**The new 2008 Writer's Market is out July 7** and should have my Ben Olson article in it. Yipeeee! (Should there be one or two p's in yipee? Maybe I should avoid it altogether and go with Yeehaw! Would yee haw be one word or two? Scratch that, how about Waaahoooo! But would Waaahoooo have three a's and four o's or vice versa? Nevermind.)

AARP sent me a note saying my geocaching query is under consideration and being passed around to different editors. Cross your fingers for me—they pay a buck a word, ten times what I usually get.

**Sherry Ramsey**

# YOU CAN'T CATCH ME I'M THE GINGERBREAD MAN

By Joan S. Hust

“...it is of an heating and digesting qualitie, and is profitable for the stomacke.” John Gerard 1597

When you think and say the word **GINGER** what comes to your mind? You right away think of the gingerbread man, ginger cookies, and gingerbread houses. Ginger also adds a delectable taste to all dishes especially entrees, and salads. We all know the poem about the gingerbread man, and how it ended with a delicious treat for the sly old fox. But I have a recipe that will make your heart flutter when you bake these ginger cookies, sip on a hot soothing cup of ginger tea, and think about ginger-one of my very favorite herbs.



The character of ginger is pungent, hot, and dry. The constituents are volatile oil, phenols, alkaloid, and mucilage. The action are circulatory stimulant, relaxes peripheral blood vessels, promotes sweating, expectorant, prevents vomiting, antispasmodic, carminative, and antiseptic. Topically it increases the blood flow to an area.

Ginger has been used as a medicinal herb in the West for at least 2,000 years, and originally it was from tropical Asia. The Spaniards introduced it in the Americas, and now it is cultivated extensively in the West Indies. As a hot, dry herb it was used to warm the stomach, and drive out chills. The 18<sup>th</sup> century brought about ginger being added to remedies to change their action and reduce the irritant effects on the stomach. Ginger is still used in China to reduce the toxicity of some herbs.

The word **GINGER** comes from the Middle English *gingivere*, and goes back even 3,000 years to the Sanskrit *srngaveram* that means, “horn root”. Its Greek name was *ziggiberis*, and in Latin it was *zinziberi*. When Marco Polo went to the Far East he brought back ginger to not only Europe but introduced this expensive spice to Elizabeth 1 of England. The world gives her credit for the invention of the **GINGERBREAD MAN** that became a popular treat for Christmas. Ginger is in the same family as cardamom and turmeric. It is native to Southern Asia, and is a staple to Asian cuisines. It is very popular in the Caribbean Islands, as it grows wild in their lush tropics. Jamaican ginger is known for its strong, and delightful flavor. Jamaica provides most of the world’s supply along with Asia, Africa, and China. The ginger plant has a very gnarled, bumpy root. You can grow it in a flowerpot outdoors, but bring it inside when the weather gets cold.

The fresh root is used to promote sweating, and an expectorant for colds and chills. It is used for stopping bleeding, and diarrhea, and a good circulatory stimulant. The dried root is used to warm and stimulate the stomach and lungs. It is highly recommended for travel sickness and for morning sickness for pregnant women. Ginger oil has been used for many years for massage rubs, rheumatic pains, bone injuries, and in Europe some will drop doses of oil on their sugar lumps for flatulence, fevers, and to stimulate your appetite. Take caution to avoid excessive amounts of ginger if your stomach is burning and not feeling so well such as a peptic ulceration.

There are six forms of ginger available to you. They are fresh, pickled, preserved, dried, crystallized (candied), ground, and powdered. The flavor is sweet, peppery with a spicy and pungent aroma. Fresh ginger mellows with cooking, and burnt ginger tastes bitter. The ground form of ginger has a different flavor, and is used in sweet desserts.

**Fresh Ginger** has two forms. They are called young and mature. The young roots are called *green or spring* ginger. The green is tender, and a mild flavor. It has a pale thin skin that you do not peel. You can grate and chop it. The mature root has tough skin that you peel. You can chip, grate and ground it for use.

**Dried Ginger** look like fingers, and you see in sliced. You soak it in liquid when you use it in recipes.

**Preserved Ginger** you see in Asian and health food stores. It is preserved in a sugar-salt mixture. It is used for desserts, and really good on slices of melons.

**Pickled Ginger** in Japan is called *gari* or *beni shoga*. It is pickled in sweet vinegar and has bright red-pink coloring. It is served with sushi; just a little will refresh your breath. It requires refrigeration.

**Crystallized Ginger** we call *candied ginger*. It is cooked in syrup till tender and coated with granulated sugar. Use it in desserts.

Before we make our hot soothing cup of Ginger Tea let's get our **Gingerbread Cookies** in the oven. The ingredients that you need are:

3C flour  
2/3 C shortening  
½ C brown sugar packed  
1 tsp each cinnamon, baking soda  
½ tsp baking powder  
¼ tsp ground cloves  
2 tsp ground ginger  
pinch salt  
¾ C molasses  
1 egg

CREAM together the 1<sup>st</sup> 6 ingredients...Add egg, molasses and mix...

Now MIX together flour, baking powder, baking soda in a separate bowl, SIFT.

Add the creamed mixture, and STIR until blended well. . Chill 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 375 F...Roll out dough ¼ at a time to a nice thickness on a lightly floured board...Cut with a cookie cutter and move to a greased or non-stick cookie sheet.

Before baking decorate with raisins. Place in oven for 8-10 minutes. COOL on a wire rack...DECORATE with icing, M&M's, colorful candy, and chocolate chips.

### **Ginger tea.**

All you need is:

4 C water  
2" piece of ginger root  
honey or lemon is optional  
Peel the ginger root, and delicately cut thin slices. Bring water to a boil. Add the ginger while it is boiling. Cover and simmer for 15-20 minutes. Add lemon or sugar.

Strain the tea, and now you are ready to sit down, relax with a steaming hot cup of delicious ginger tea, and read about the Health Benefits of ginger.



### **Health Benefits**

Ginger's effectiveness as a digestive aid is due largely to its active ingredients: gingerols and shogaols. These substances help to neutralize stomach acids, enhance the secretion of digestive juices (stimulating the appetite), and tone the muscles of the digestive tract. Research confirms the presence of anti-inflammatory properties in ginger.



#### **Relieve nausea.**

Standard anti-nausea medications often work through the central nervous system causing drowsiness. Ginger isn't likely to cause this reaction. It acts directly on the digestive tract. Studies of women undergoing major gynecological or exploratory (laparoscopic) surgery, and those who took 1 gram of ginger before the procedure experienced significantly less postoperative reaction to anesthesia and surgery such as, nausea and vomiting. Ginger may be useful in easing the nausea that frequently follows chemotherapy treatments.

#### **Combat motion sickness.**

In a widely cited study of Danish naval cadets, those given 1 gram of powdered ginger daily had much fewer incidents of cold sweats and vomiting (classic symptoms of seasickness) than did those given a placebo. A number of other studies have demonstrated similar findings concerning ginger's calming effect on motion sickness.

#### **Reduce dizziness.**

Ginger's anti-nausea action also helps dispel dizziness, particularly when the dizziness is aggravated by motion sickness. Older people, who can be unsteady on their feet, may particularly benefit from ginger's steadying influence.

#### **Limit flatulence.**

Because ginger soothes the digestive tract, it can be useful in relieving flatulence. Supplements or freshly grated ginger root mixed with diluted limejuice work well for this purpose.

#### **Control chronic pain.**

Ginger helps indirectly to relieve chronic pain by reducing inflammation and, particularly when taken in standardized extract form, by lowering the body's level of natural pain-causing compounds called prostaglandins. Localized chronic pain may also respond well to ginger oil massages.

## Ease the pain of muscle aches and rheumatoid arthritis.

Ginger oil massaged into sore or aching muscles. It offers a measure of relief from muscle strain in part because of the herb's anti-inflammatory properties. When taken in standardized extract form, ginger may additionally lower the level of the body's natural pain-causing compounds called prostaglandins. Rheumatoid arthritis symptoms may also respond to treatment with ginger, either in massage oil or standardized extract form. One study of seven women with rheumatoid arthritis it reduced joint swelling and pain following a daily regimen of up to 1 gram of powdered ginger or 5 to 50 grams of fresh ginger.

## Minimize symptoms of the common cold, allergies, and other respiratory conditions.

Ginger is a natural antihistamine and decongestant. It seems to provide a measure of relief from cold and allergy symptoms by dilating constricted bronchial tubes. It's often included in herbal decongestant blends that are designed for sinusitis and other respiratory complaints.

Now the gingerbread cookies are ready for you to munch while you sip another cup of hot ginger tea. Enjoy while you peruse the Health Benefits again that will help you decide what area of the Health Benefits meet your personal needs. I know by now that your taste buds are familiar with ginger's culinary uses. It does as you know spice up gingerbread, sizzles ginger ale, adds flavor and heat to many Asian dishes, but my questions is: Will this common herb comfort and/or cure you?



## Hal fway

VP - Sherry Ramsey

**Our June meetings were a big hit** with Wes Hanson giving a wonderful workshop on memoirs that actually got me interested in trying an area of writing I didn't think I was interested in. Our night meeting brought 25 people out to hear *Spokesman-Review* editor, Scott Maben speak on what the paper needs. Everyone had such a good time, Larry had to shut the lights off to get us out of the building, and then quite a few stayed in the parking lot for half an hour talking!

In July we have a day meeting only. It will be Linda Jeurgensen giving a workshop on description. It sounds like she's got a fun game in mind.

August will have only a night meeting. It will be a BBQ held in the Rathdrum park, which is a beautiful park with a creek running right through it. It'll be a pot luck so bring what you like. The group will supply the meat for the BBQ and buns. If you aren't sure what to bring (and you don't have to bring anything to attend) you can contact Sherry, who will expertly bluff her way through knowing the answer. We'll play a writing game or two so bring your paper and pen.

The year is half over. Do something you wouldn't normally do. If you haven't submitted anything yet, do it. If you haven't written anything yet, go for it. Have a great summer!

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**Deadline:**

**the 25th of each month.**

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## **Who is the Idaho Writers' League?**

### **Purpose of the organization:**

The Idaho Writers' League is organized exclusively for charitable and educational purposes for the promotion of social welfare including:

- A. To promote and maintain a high standard of literary output and to recognize accomplishments of Idaho writers.
- B. To stimulate public respect and support for the art and profession of writing.
- C. To provide a unified organization for writers and those with serious interest in writing and literary skills.
- D. To encourage new writing talent, to exchange ideas through the League publication, and local and state meetings.
- E. To stimulate writing by means of contests and recognition awards.
- F. To encourage regional activity among neighboring chapters.