



PENWHEELS

For Escapee Writers...published or not **SPRING 2006**

Marketing That 'How To' Book by Tom Doyle

Penwheels winter 2006 lead article, "Write a 'How-To' First" by Patricia L Fry brought back memories of a "How-To" book I wrote back in 1980.

I had a business making redwood signs at fairs and festivals. I knew there was a market for my book because for 15 years people had been asking such questions as, "Do you give lessons?" or "How did you get started in this?"

When I finally sat down to write, I used a table of contents as my structure. I then wrote each chapter using its title as subject and guide. After writing came the editing and rearranging; and with a tremendous amount of help from my wife Nancy, the book was ready. I designed a cover and found a printer.

We kept the title simple, "How to Make and Market Redwood Signs". Now all we had to do was find all of those people who had asked, "How did you get started in this?"



Nancy & Tom Doyle
(photo by Laura Bornkamp)

MORE TOM DOYLE>>>>

TOM DOYLE (continued from page 1)

Have you ever wanted to sell something and were faced with trying to condense all you had to say about the item into a one-line ad? There is a way. What it came down to was a two part system: the ad and a sales letter.

The ad had to reach people who were looking for a way to make money. We could have targeted sign painters and woodworkers but we wanted more. We wanted to reach people who had the imagination to see what we were doing. We needed to reach a large number of people.

Tweaking the imagination is what inspired my ad which simply read, "I have made one hundred dollars an hour. You can, too. Send SASE to: ---". Actually we had times when we made more than that but we kept it in the realm of believability. For those who are wondering, a SASE is a self-addressed stamped envelope. In doing this, you have your customer pick up two thirds of your mailing, one stamp, and one envelope.

The other third of the mailing is the sales letter. After many hours of crumpled paper, choice words uttered, and screaming at an unknown god; Nancy and I came up with a 1-2-3 formula. The letter should be no more than one page, paragraphs should be no more than two sentences long, and the sales letter has no more than three minutes to grab the reader's imagination. If you feel the need to add a page, it should be a graphic page. In 1980, we did not have today's personal computer. We only had an electric typewriter and graphics had to be done at the print shop.

When you have written your book, and composed your ad and sales letter; you have to pick the publications in which to run your ad. We chose craft and woodworking magazines, but the largest response came from National Inquirer because of their huge circulation.

Some people suggested that by writing that book, I was creating my own competition for my sign carving business. Let me just say that after selling out my first printing, I went on to carve redwood signs for another 18 years.



ALICE ZYETZ – PWBB Moderator

To join the Penwheels bulletin board and get daily (almost) digests, send a blank e-mail to:

penwheels-subscribe@yahogroups.com

Please send an e-mail to me, Alice (youshoulda@aol.com), as well, letting me know that you have subscribed, so as Moderator I can inform Yahoo to accept your request. Include your name, SKP #, and when you joined Penwheels Bof.

Make sure you sign up for the daily digest once you have been accepted. If you don't start receiving your digests, please contact me.

Welcome and many hugs, **Alice Zyetz**, Moderator and **Jaimie Hall**, co-Moderator



WELCOME NEW PENWHEELS MEMBERS

Carolyn Frost Gary Taylor Dave & Kay Corby Lois Coleman Janet Carter



SUE OTTO is our **PW** membership coordinator (and treasurer). New subscriptions, renewal checks, and address changes (and hugs and thank yous to Sue) can be sent to:

Sue Otto - 136 Sport Aviation Dr. - Marion, TX 78124

Sue asks new members (and renewing members) to please write your SKP # on your check.

NEW MEMBER PROFILE – from the PWBB

GARY TAYLOR

My journey as both a warrior (retired military) and peacemaker (ordained former pastor and missionary) has set up an interesting platform. To an audience of about 400 friends, former colleagues and sundry add-ons, I write an “occasional” Taylo-gram. I’m up to T-gram 19 today, at the rate of about 3 or so per month. If any of you are emboldened by the intrigue of it, or are a sucker for non-religious God-stuff, just write me at: gary@newseason.us. The only subscription “cost” I’d exact if I could from any of you as writers is that you critique, comment, goad, or scold from time to time.

Trying to figure out how the pieces fit: Surfer, skin diver, sailor, logger, cowboy, college writing major, carrier pilot, minister, missionary, global business mogul, rancher/horseman, generational father, and overtheroad RV liver and hauler...could be something to write about, I’ll bet.

Gary Taylor Windmill Duke Captain, USN retired



CONGRATULATIONS to published PENWHEELERS!

Kenneth Brennen writes a fun article about campground hosting in the **Escapees** January/February 2006 magazine. **Betty Mulcahy** again educates us - this time about Snakes! Thank you, Betty. **Carolyn Harris** prepares us for Escapade with an informative piece on Chico, CA. And **Joanne Alexakis** supplies an article on Heavy-Duty trucks and a snowy photograph on page 89. Good work, gang!

Ken Brennen also had a word for **Janice Lasko**, our **Escapees** magazine editor, and her graphic design staff, and for us, too:

I just got the latest issue of **Escapees** magazine and was delighted to see my first RVing article in print.

Thanks to all you Penwheelers who offered me encouragement a year ago as I was rewriting it following the first rejection.

Mary and I were both impressed with the layout of the article as well as the supplementary information the editor added. Mary retired as a graphic designer with a publishing company and when she's impressed by a layout, I know it's really good.

It's a happy feeling to share one's experiences in print, so again I say, "Thanks," for helping to make it possible.

Darlene Miller comments about the March/April 2006 **Escapees** magazine:

Kudos to **Betty Prange** for her article, “Letting Books Travel; Priceless Karma”. I plan to try the Book Crossing (www.BookCrossing.com). I was fortunate to see Betty's slides at the Boomerang in Quartzsite. This was a fascinating trip into a world that is unknown by most RVers.

Jaimie Hall is pictured in the article riding a camel while reading “RV Traveling Tales: Women's Journeys on the Open Road”. Plus Jaimie is reading the book at the Great Wall!

Did you see page 54 of this Mar/Apr magazine? **Darlene Miller** told us about a Cotton Gin Festival and **Carol Weishampel** wrote about the RV Authors Cooperative. **Carol** also submitted an article on service dogs. Nice job, Carol!

(Continued on page 4)

MORE CONGRATULATIONS TO PENWHEELERS (continued from page 3)

This issue of the SKP mag is chock-full of PWers' projects. **Marianna Nelson** and **Dave McCreary** wrote about the latest fad – geocaching. **Carolyn Harris** advises us to try Tai Chi. And **Betty Mulcahy**, bless her heart, cautions us with driving tips. BRAVO! HATS OFF to us!

If you or a fellow Penwheeler has had an article, item or piece accepted or published, please notify this editor so we can acknowledge the triumph in this newsletter.

Joanne Alexakis, 140 Rainbow Dr #4093, Livingston TX 77399-1040 or alexakis@escapees.com

Note from **Joanne Alexakis**:

I visited the Escapees North Ranch all-too-short weekend in February. attending any of the writers' group get to see **Norma Scheall**, North Ranch persona and publisher of the North currently self-marketing her new book, Quoting the book back cover, "This is a life after her husband Jack suffered a nursing home."

Norma is our contact person for the Group. Her phone # is on the back page Since Norma has recently had cataract stopping her. She is back to her oil another book in the works. Tentatively Boots Scheall as told to Norma good stories about Boots, Pete, Little Bit,

The last chapter of *Life After Stroke* – chapter 30 - carries a lovely poem, "A Free Spirit", by Penwheeler **Joan Wood**.



Rainbow Park for an Unfortunately, I missed meetings, but I did Writing Group Ranch Hoot. She is *Life After Stroke*. touching account of stroke and lived in a

North Ranch Writers' of this newsletter. surgery, there's no painting and she has titled, *My Gang*, by Scheall, it promises Susie, and Gus.

Norma and Boots
(photo by J.Alexakis)

WRITERS' CHALLENGE – Spring 2006

Borrowing from a past North Ranch Writers' Group meeting - the challenge is to write using the word: "Rainbow."

Doris Hutchins AN IMPERFECT RAINBOW

Driving around the countryside on a sunny afternoon following a rain shower, my friend and I saw a most unusual rainbow that appeared in the partly cloudy sky after a rain storm, when the sun appeared again. The strange upward strands of hues were magnificently displayed right in front of us as we looked upward into the sky. I'm sure other occupants in the vehicles passing by would not see the unusual display. We have a habit of looking up into the sky in search of some outstanding celestial occurrences. Even though hardly visible, this upward rainbow caught our attention. We looked around to see if there was an end to the

rainbow ...none was visible. It was hardly recognizable, but yet this upward rainbow caught our eyes. It appeared to be half a rainbow.

How can there be half a rainbow? It is an optical illusion. You might see the first part of the rainbow spurting up into a cloud and then there isn't any significant descent on the other side. It had hovered to the right and partially disappeared in the clouds. We knew the rainbow had to end somewhere even though it wasn't visible at the moment. Looking to the right continuously, all we saw was a light-colored sunburst that quickly disappeared. One can never reach the end of the rainbow because as you move the rainbow that caught your eye moves with you, due to rain drops that are at different spots in the atmosphere. Now the unusual appearance had disappeared. I have found it is a fascinating pastime to study the heavens searching for imperfect rainbows, after a rain storm, when the sun appears again.



From **Dave McCreary's** newsletter: **Snaps & Scraps #54** filed 12.30.05

We arrived at the Escapees National Headquarters and RV Park, Rainbow's End about 4:30 p.m. on Wednesday the twenty-eighth. We were assigned site number 145; \$12.50/night plus electric. We walked after supper around the park and stopped at the clubhouse to watch some football on the HD big screen TV. Nebraska and Michigan played to a tie at half time and we continued our walk under a star-lit sky with temperatures in the 60's.

12-29-05 The sun is shining again this morning. We have trouble believing the sun comes out day after day this time of year anywhere. It doesn't back home in Goshen, Indiana. We slept too late to see the sunrise but it was probably just a sunrise because there are no clouds. We took the tour of Rainbow's End including the mail service this morning. They handle a lot of mail. They are their own post office with their own zip code. The truck comes to them from Houston, Texas, not through the Livingston post office.

We learned more about the club as well. They mail about 32,000 full color magazines to members once every two months. The slogan is "Sharing the RV Lifestyle". The goal of the organization to share information drives the magazine as well as the rest of the different parts of the club. S for service, K for knowledge, and P for parking make the same sound of Escapees. We expect to tour the CARE facilities Tuesday. CARE offers a place to recuperate after illness or surgery for club members not yet ready to care for themselves.

We were invited to magazine editor, Janice Lasko's, motorhome Thursday evening for eggnog and to look at a galley of an article I'd written for the magazine. We're feeling at home here.



Pete Gray **Rainbow Meditation**

This is something that I created for a spiritual retreat a few years ago. It has never been written down. In truth, a guided meditation cannot be read. It is to be visualized and experienced. There are two ways to experience this for your self. One is to have someone read it for you. The other is to record it and then play it back. The pauses should be long enough to imagine the picture conveyed.

Close your eyes and take three deep slow relaxing breaths. You may find it best to count slowly to five as you inhale through your nose, hold for a count of five, and then slowly exhale through your mouth for a count of five. *(Pause)*

Picture a beam of pure white light coming down from directly above you onto the top of your head. Imagine this light spreading out into a cone beginning about two feet above your head and spreading around your feet about four or five feet away from you in all directions. *(Pause)*

Now picture this light as if it were passing through a prism and separating into colors. The first color is red, a bright, beautiful red. This red color fills the base of the cone from the floor up to about the base of your hips. *(Pause)*

Red is the color for the root chakra. It will keep you grounded securely to the earth. Grounded and safe through the entire process. *(Pause)*

Now picture a deep beautiful orange passing down through the cone and stacking on top of the red, filling to the top of your hips. *(Pause)*

Orange represents the second chakra of emotion, self-esteem and sexuality, indicating relationships, loved ones, friends, family. Even if your true family may not be the people who lived in the same house when you were a child. *(Pause)*

Now visualize a brilliant yellow passing into the cone. The yellow stacks on top of the orange to about the middle of your stomach. *(Pause)*

Yellow is for the solar plexus chakra, the position of power. Feel the power as it fills you. *(Pause)*

Now see a pretty green entering the cone and filling it to the top of your chest. *(Pause)*

Green is for the heart chakra, the center of love. Feel the love as it flows to you. *(Pause)*

Now notice the color blue flowing into the cone, filling it to the about the level of your nose. *(Pause)*

Blue is the color of the throat chakra, the center of communication. Notice that you are now able to communicate your thoughts and feelings clearly. *(Pause)*

Now sense a deep indigo entering from above and filling the cone almost to the top of your head. *(Pause)*

Indigo is for the third eye chakra, the center of intuition and psychic power. Feel the power grow within you. *(Pause)*

Finally notice a pure violet entering and filling the top of the cone. *(Pause)*

Violet is for the crown chakra at the top of your head. This is where the flow of spiritual inspiration, wisdom and awareness is centered in your body. *(Pause)*

Take a moment to move away from your body and notice it standing within this beautiful cone of light. *(Pause)*

Notice that all of the chakras are aligned and you are in perfect balance, fully grounded and fully aware. *(Pause)*

Now it is time to return to the present. Visualize the light turning again to the purest white as though the prism has been removed. *(Pause)*

Take a deep breath. Move your fingers, feet and shoulders gently. Feel yourself coming back into the room. When you are ready open your eyes, feeling great, beautiful and powerful.



WRITERS' CHALLENGE – Summer 2006

I love to boondock – not as much as my husband, Nick (my brothers claim he could easily be a hermit), but I enjoy boondocking. Does anyone have any boondocking stories up their sleeves?

Submit your contributions to: Joanne Alexakis, 140 Rainbow Dr #4093, Livingston TX 77399-1040 or alexakis@escapees.com
Future writers' challenge ideas are appreciated, too!



For your born writer, nothing is so healing as the realization that he has come upon the right word.
- Catherine Drinker Bowen - Seen in *Funds for Writers ezine* (submitted by Jaimie Hall)



Jeanne Albers A MISADVENTURE

Soon after we arrived in The Benson SKP park, Jack and I decided to try out our 'new' 2003 2-door silver Tracker. It was a bright sunny day in the mid 70s with no wind. Jack stopped the car frequently so that I could photograph the gorgeous scenery. We passed by an ostrich farm, cattle grazing near a man made pond..... We finally reached an off-roading area. Jack drove our Tracker up the rocky path and we were both thoroughly pleased how well the car handled the rough terrain.

On the way home while we were driving on a narrow dirt road, our vehicle abruptly went out of control. Jack tried to steer into the sharp left skid. We both knew we were going to hit the tan sand that is piled high on both sides of this road and assumed we'd ricochet off it. Never, EVER did we expect our Tracker to drive up that embankment. Which it did!

I have not been able to find the words that come close to describing the depth of the terror I experienced. I can tell you that there was a lot of loud scraping noises and we bounced hard uphill. The sky was so pretty; I could see how blue it was with its puffy white clouds because our windows were higher than the scrub and most of the cacti. And then, the car was off the ground!

I don't know how many feet but at the same time gravity seemed to be sucking every one of my internal organs down toward my feet. Then the car pitched forward and Jack and I were looking down at the 3'+ high patch of prickly pears we were descending into. Someone later asked me if my life had passed before me, because this was a near death experience. My answer is, "NO!"

The thought that Jack and I were going to be shredded by the cacti was screaming in my head. My heart was beating to capacity and my blood pressure was up near stroke level. But I felt ice cold when the driver's corner of the roof slammed into the ground. There was a deafening crash, I heard glass breaking. I was being thrown forward while at the same time something was grabbing me and pulling me back so fast that it knocked the breath out of me. Jack circled around me as the car rolled 2X and the noises changed to crunching and crackling.

We suddenly stopped moving. The silence now was deafening. Dust particles floated about, some of them appeared to be sparkling. I unhooked my seat belt, climbed up through the driver's side window after knocking out the remaining glass and jumped to the ground. *(continued on page 8)*

Jeanne Albers *(continued from page 7)*

Once I was out of the way, Jack (who had landed above me) unhooked himself and then our soft roof cover and made his way out of the car. Thankfully we had a small clearing in front of us.

We called 911 and were transferred from police station to police station 150+ miles away from us. No one could determine exactly where we were. I suddenly remembered we had the SKP park's office number on speed dial. They gave us the Benson police station phone # and also followed up to make sure help was on the way.

Jack's arm was against his side window when it broke on the ground; he had a large area of surface cuts that perfectly matched the shattered glass. I walked away without a scratch. (The extensive seat belt bruises started appearing a few hours later.) It took the female police officer almost 3 hours to show up. It was getting dark and the temperature was dropping fast. During the wait a man attempted to tow our Tracker out of the cacti. That's when we notice the cause of our disaster; the tire was off the back passenger rim. We got the Tracker up righted but couldn't restart the engine.

It took the tow truck 2 hours to show up after the police woman did. She had her arsenal of weapons out on the front seat as we were on a drug running/illegal alien smuggling route. It was almost 10pm when we returned home in the police car. A welcoming committee was waiting for us to make sure we were okay and to offer their assistance.

I explained we couldn't call the office back because our cell phone went dead when the police car came into sight. The officer was amazed that we were able to call for assistance because SHE couldn't get cell phone reception. And to continue on this eerie train of thought, I had only put my seat belt back on 15 minutes before the accident. I had it off for a while because I was constantly getting out of the Tracker to take photos.

Jack and I aren't giving up on off-roading; we now own a 2003 Rubicon Jeep because the insurance company declared our Tracker a total loss. But we'll never forget the day we almost saw God.



(photo by J. Albers)

Some one turned me on to A Word A Day. What fun! It comes in your e-mail. Here's a gift subscription for all of you. <http://wordsmith.org/awad/gift.html> *(submitted by Janet Wilder)*

Peter Gray from his “Second Year” article

I like two lane roads, dead straight as far as the eye can see and no other vehicles. I don’t like interstate highways with trucks passing me at 80 miles per hour and suicidal maniacs racing by at over 100.

I like hiking on peaceful forest trails absorbing the gentle perfume of pine and cedar; standing on a sandy beach listening to the rumble of ocean waves and breathing the salty, ionized air; sitting peacefully in the desert watching the shadows and colors of distant mountains change as the sun moves across the sky. I don’t like cities. The traffic and polluted air is revolting.

I like Iowa. Perhaps I would like any state that I take time to visit and enjoy thoroughly. I do not like Orange County California. Although I lived there for 26 years, it has changed for the worse. The frenetic stress level of the residents is a palpable force pushing me away.

I like not knowing exactly where I will go next month or the month after that. I enjoy planning for the next trip and the excitement of discovering new places, learning the history, feeling the atmosphere, meeting new people. I don’t like the way many historic places have to turn into tourist traps to survive economically.

I like seeing my writings in print. Six articles have been published this year. I don’t like the process of writing and rewriting, being never satisfied with my work. I am now working on an RV book and it is almost painful. However I am determined to have the first draft complete by the end of March.

I like having solar power to recharge my batteries and provide electricity. I have been off the electrical grid since December 12th and am enjoying staying off of it. I like the freedom of deciding where I want to go, how long to stay and what to do and see while there. I like meeting full time RVer’s. They are interesting, alive, aware people.

I love hearing from you. What is going on in your life?



CONTRIBUTORS to this issue of the **PENWHEELS** newsletter:

Janet Wilder	Dave McCreary	Jaimie Hall	Ken Brennen	Alice Zyetz
Darlene Miller	Doris Hutchins	Gary Taylor	Carolyn Taylor	Joanne Alexakis
Peter Gray	Jeanne Albers	Sue Otto	Jan Kessler	Tom & Nancy Doyle
Sam Penny	Jade Jackson	Nicky Boston	Ann Thomas	



In Funds for Writers there was an article about the several advantages of contributing to an anthology. For one thing, they usually want short pieces. Here are several markets you can check out if interested. *(Submitted by Jaimie Hall)*

- ANTHOLOGY MARKETS-
- CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE SOUL---<http://www.chickensoup.com>
- A CUP OF COMFORT---<http://www.cupofcomfort.com>
- GOD ACCEPTS U-TURNS-<http://www.godallowsuturns.com>
- GRAB THAT TIGER BY THE TAIL!-<http://www.denversales.com>
- WOMEN OF SUBSTANCE (POETRY)--<http://www.forwardpress.co.uk>

Penwheels @ Quartzsite - January 2006

Darlene Miller sent this letter:

We had two writers' meetings at Quartzsite at the SKP Boomerang. It was interesting, sunny, and thought provoking. I'm always astonished by the variety of responses to a topic.

We wrote about: **From deep within the surface of the earth....**

And about **the ultralite plane** that was flying overhead.

(A P.S. to the ultralite stories - I learned the next day that while we were writing about the plane, someone in the plane was taking pictures of us.)

Attendance @ Jan. 20th writers' meeting:

Janet Mayou, Nicky Boston, Sam Penny, Jade Jackson, Verna Baker, Darlene Miller, Marianne Watson, Gary & Carolyn Taylor, Ann Thomas.

Attendance @ Jan 24th writers' meeting:

Betty Prange, Jan Kessler, Sharon Worle, Fran Rayner, Karen Sweeney, Darlene Miller, Verna Baker.

Jan Kessler

From deep within the surface of the earth comes a magnet, a pull, that brings me to Quartzsite, AZ. The first time was in April of 2003, well after the hordes had left. "Good God!" we said. "I hope I am never so desperate for a destination that we come here." Then came January of 2005, when we joined the Boomers. All of a sudden, where I'd seen ugly, I now saw peace and tranquility. Where I'd seen loneliness, I saw fulfillment and camaraderie with like-minded souls, wanderers like us who found a home in the desert. You've heard the phrase, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Somehow that seems more appropriate in Quartzsite than in any other place we've been. This is a place that is more than a zipcode in the middle of nowhere. It is a magnet, and I can't imagine being anywhere else in the month of January.

So eventually the magnet will let go and we will scatter, but in a few months, we will again be drawn "from deep within the earth" to this little spot and we will get our souls filled, our brains stimulated, and our hearts mended in Quartzsite, AZ.

Sam Penny

Ultralights

As I watched the UL fly over the campground, I wondered how we all looked from 100 feet. From the way the propeller-powered cart swayed from side to side and back to front, I figured the driver (-or should he be called a pilot) would have problems picking out the details.

After five minutes of the flag-colored canopy circling, I had become sort of tired of the noise pollution. And then he headed off toward the mountaintops - here he came back.

I did not feel jealousy, though it looked like it would be fun to hang loose in the air watching the arroyos and mesquite, speckled with an occasional saguaro, flow along below me.

At last the winged monster moved on and peace returned. Now I could hear the brush of the wind around me, fighting the warmth of the sun.

Quartzsite and the Sonoran desert. It continued to illustrate its difference and remoteness from the civilized world - until another technical freak invaded our realm again.

Ann Thomas

Oh, the fear of heights is intensified in a flying bicycle with a tiny motor and parachute. How does one go to such a thrill? Wind from any direction at all could change your control. Does he worry about control? All thoughts are on staying in the air except when descending - a true escape! There are no thoughts of self-pity, malice towards others or scheming. In fact, one is truly in the present, fully aware of the body and mind's reaction to this sensation. Mostly the wonder of people on the ground about the thrill of this experience. How much are they missing by vicariously watching fearfully with awe?

Quartzsite is such a perfect scenario with its sameness in weather except for varying winds. What other kind of place could host such an adventure?

Oh, down on the ground again but he cannot wait until the next ride over the earthbound. This desert doesn't look like much, but what a great hobby.

(continued on page 11)

Jade Jackson

The Air Monster

"I don't think it'll crash on us, d'you?" in rather irritated tone I spoke to Julie. This thing going loudly above us at the time was like a sky Harley - certainly as noisy!

Pretty - gotta say that for it - big, colorful canopy.

"Oh, no! It's coming back this way again!" Sez Julie, "and it's getting lower, I think."

"Does that guy know what he's doing?" I began to wonder whether he's trying to get our attention on account of he's about zilch in confidence for landing the air monster.

Julie heaved a relieved sigh when he zoomed on and up. The colors are red, white and blue, we now take time to notice. Patriotic chap.

"I hope he knows how to land," I tell my friend. "He didn't look too frazzled to you, did he? Could you see his face?"

Julie says she thinks he's fine. Looked relaxed enough to her. He must be trying to impress us, out here in the desert, near Quartzsite.

We're attending "Q-Rang", which is the "Boomers" way of having a Boomerang, or celebration. The man flying the monster may not be one of us - 85 or so RVs. He might be one of the other 126-thousand RVers in the Quartzsite area this January.

Now the Harley-like sound has receded into the distance.

"Gotta run," I tell Julie. "I'm going to whip up some no bake cookies for this afternoon's happy hour."

"The red, white and blue sky bike made for a pretty exciting mid-morning coffee break, hm?" is Julie's parting shot.

Nicky Boston

Ultralight

Soaring very noisily across the sky, the UltraLight goes by very slowly, peering into the lives of those below. The freedom and view, from even 30 ft up must be gorgeous but the noise is horrendous, a very obtrusive interruption of a quiet desert morning. I wish he were a glider - soaring down and up with the thermals with only the soft sounds of wings slightly fluttering.

The UltraLight chugs out of sight and quiet returns with the wind wrapping us up with a slight chill.

Carolyn Taylor

The meeting was just about to end when a grinding sound of an engine was heard.

"Look up," someone shouted. A bird, a plane (no it's not superman). But it is red, white and blue, and a guy had to think he was superman to be stupid enough to attempt to fly with hardly more than a fast-peddling bike with a kite attached.

At first, I thought it was my husband dangling in the sky but I saw no cowboy hat, spurs or chaps or 'hee hah!!' coming from above.

Gary Taylor

Oh, my gosh. Why didn't someone tell me it was going to be... aaahhh... like this!

I can't hear my screams, not even sure they are making it out of my... aaahhh... mouth. All this noise, and the ground rushing below me. Will this ever get into the air? What if we don't make it over that willow? Gee, it's getting bigger way too fast. I hope Pilot Pete knows what he's doing.

Whoaa, I think I'm going to be sick. I guess we're off the ground, Hey, lookie here, we're up! Hey, we're up. Hey, man, holy smokes. This is cool! I wish that screaming engine could shut up! But this is cool. It's like we're floating up on a really noisy cloud.

Wow, look at that, will you? Right over that willow. Cool... I've never seen the world so close, but so far. Even if it is sand and sage, this is wondrous.

Hmmm, not so bad now. I wonder if that engine is quieter or am I just getting used to it? I can't believe this beauty... and its desert. Wow...



From Jaimie Hall: I saw an announcement about a \$1000 writing award given by Pilgrimage <http://www.pilgrimagepress.org> magazine. It seems like a pretty interesting literary magazine. From the guidelines for submission of articles:

Pilgrimage is dedicated to serving a community of artists, writers, adventurers, naturalists, contemplatives, activists and seekers in and beyond the American Southwest. We welcome creative prose and poetry. We favor personal non-fiction on themes related to soul, spirit, place, and social justice. We can handle pieces as long as 6000 words, but shorter is better. Poems that we can fit on one page work best given space constraints.

Our interests include wildness in all its forms; inward and outward explorations; home ground, the open road, and the back of beyond; service, witness, peace and justice; symbols, story, and myth in contemporary culture; struggle and resilience; insight and

transformation; wisdom wherever it is found; and the great mystery of it all. We like writing that aims to tell the truth and tells it from the heart. We enjoy good storytellers. And we always appreciate a good sense of humor.

From **Ken Brennan**: Someone sent me these and I think they're worth passing on since as writers we all wrestle the quirks of the English language. Can you read these correctly the first time? They really reflect how amazingly capable the human mind is in dealing with the nuances of language.

- 1) The bandage was wound around the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
- 7) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 8) A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
- 16) To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
- 18) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
- 19) I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
- 20) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?



From **Alice Zyetz**:

Jaimie Hall and I will be hosting the booth again for the RV Authors' Co-op (RVAC) at the Chico Escapade (so prospective customers can BUY the book to have it signed). Date is Tuesday, April 25 at noon. Let me know if you can be there so we can make a badge for you. Remember, if nothing else you'll get free cookies and a big hug from us.

We hope to have at least ten authors represented. If you have a book that we have somehow missed and would like to participate, please contact me. We hope to have two Penwheels meetings and at least one book signing. If you plan to be at the Escapade in Chico, please let us know.

Penwheelers included in the RVAC:

Myrna Courtney
Jayne Freeman
Jaimie Hall
Carolyn Harris
Darlene Miller
Alice Zyetz

Plus two others have expressed interest:
Sam Penny
Carol Weishampel

When I joined the group in 1993, the only published writer (I believe) was Myrna Courtney. You don't have to be published or even aspire to it to enjoy the group, but for those who do long for publication, what a great support this is.

Hugs, Alice Zyetz

PENWHEELS

An **Escapes RV Club Birds-of-a-Feather (BOF)** group for RVers interested in writing of all kinds. Some are published and some are not. The purpose of Penwheels is to establish a support network of RVing writers for sharing information, discussions, critiques, seminars, and socializing in person and by snail and electronic mail.

Penwheels is published four times a year. Subscription is \$8 per year. In order to belong to any SKP BOF group, you must be a member in good standing of the **Escapes RV Club**. You may contact the club at 1-888-757-2582.

Send editorial submissions to:
Joanne Alexakis
140 Rainbow Drive #4093
Livingston TX 77399-1040

Or via e-mail at:
alexakisatescapes.com

Writers-in-Residence

*Jojoba Hills Writers Group
SKP Jojoba Hills RV Resort
Aguanga, CA 92536
Alice Zyetz
* North Ranch Writers Group
SKP North Ranch RV Park
Congress, AZ 85332-0039
Norma Scheall - 520-685-3552

Penwheels Volunteers

Editor: Joanne Alexakis
Membership: Sue Otto
136 Sport Aviation Dr
Marion TX 78124

Yahoo E-Forum: Alice Zyetz
Traveling Library: Jaimie Hall
Printing & Mailing: Doris Hutchins
Historian: Doris Hutchins

PENWHEELS

Sue Otto
Membership, Penwheels
136 Sport Aviation Dr.
Marion, TX 78124

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