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Presidents Message

A strange thing happened on the way to the 2009 annual convention. I called Kate Ozbirn, President of the California State Poetry Society to discuss a joint NFSPS/CFCP 2009 convention and she hung up on me. Wait, wait, don't blame her. In all fairness she felt slighted that the idea hadn't come from her. Several years ago she had a similar idea she said, to bring the National Federation of State Poetry Societies to California for a national convention jointly sponsored by CSPS and a local college. It would have worked, she said, except the college she had hoped would jointly sponsor the event, dug-up their parking lot and she didn't think it would be the best place for a bunch of poets, that the dugup parking lot would have been a hazard. She's probably right. Speaking just for myself, I'm always seeming to step in something. Kate felt slighted (and said so) that Sam Wood president of the Nevada State Poetry Society had called me rather than her. She felt slighted (and said so) that Doris Stengel, the current President of NFSPS had talked to me and not her. (Doris talked to me because I called her to get information I needed before I proceeded. Doris was helpful, advised me to call Kate) Doris liked Sam's idea of a joint NFSPS/CFCP convention in California. She said they have wanted a national convention in California for years. In all fairness to Kate her pique is understandable. This was a bad time for her to think about it. She said June of 2009 wouldn't work for her as she would be out of the county, I think she mentioned London, teaching, and besides she was busy with her career and family. Then, she said "Goodbye," and hung up the phone. Don't get me wrong. I work in real estate and before that I made my living as a Child Protective Services Investigator and Supervisor. I have been hung up on before. I have been hung up on by attorneys and judges, by rich people who didn't need or want to sell property and by people so poor they will never own their own home, but I take poetry seriously and Ms. Ozbirn's unwillingness to talk about the future of California poetry is disturbing to me and I wonder how she sees her role as president of CSPS. This is a lost opportunity. There are 50 states. NFSPS has set their 2008 convention in Utah and the 2010 convention in the'deep south, Arkansas/Louisiana/Tennessee have been discussed. Who knows when they will look toward California again? As for me, I'm planning to go to Utah in June of 2008. After talking with Doris Stengel, I'm convinced it will be a good show.

Staying with a convention theme, CFCP <u>will</u> have a 2009 convention. I have appointed, with executive board approval at the October meeting, Marge Voigt (Tumbleweed) as Convention chair and debee loyd (Member at large) as Program chair. I am excited by their willingness and I believe ability. The 2009 convention has need of hospitality and registeration chairs. Please contact me if you have an interest in serving in any of those capacities and supporting Marge and debee. We are still looking at Modesto for the 2009 convention with Ontario as a back-up location.

Ed

SEPTEMBER MONTHLY CONTEST WINNERS

on the topic of Memories, Altered



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Please send news and information items to the editor one month in advance of intended publication date. For questions involving membership, either new or renewal, please contact the treasurer.

Visit our website: http://www.ChaparralPoets.org.

What's His Name (Triolet)

It's probably not a good sign, But I can't remember his name. Is he some relation of mine? It's probably not a good sign, you think my mind's in a decline? Oh, surely there's someone to blame! It's probably not a good sign, I still can't remember his name.

> Betty Provost 3rd Place

Tag

Tanbark churns up dust, Victim of a wild chase Around the playground. A girl near fails the race But for that flying leap! Slides serve a deft escape. Peeved, the *it* harrumphs, Lunges in a sudden swipe; Her hand strikes fabric.

Triumphant cries From both at once: "You *missed*!" "I *got* you!" They squabble.

A shout—they squint At mad signals afar: Indes, ring, and thumb! Flee? Ah, recess monitors Now march their way. In a wink the two vanish, Stealing breathless away, Arm in arm, once again The best of friends.

> Adela Chang 2nd Place

Clouds

I thought of the boy I daydreamed up as a kid, Even gave him a name— Scott Peace. We'd lie on the grass out front, this was before My Dad turned it into a Japanese Garden, and spoke of images floating free. It wasn't silly to this boy, He'd take in the cirrus and the nimbus. see horses or cows, sometimes a submarine. I'd see mermaids and dolphins, a natural setting of see in the sky. We'd hold hands, prop our knees up, speak in simple forms until we ached and he left usually by distraction. Never did meet a boy that noticed the clouds or held my hand and spoke in simple forms. I do have a dog who likes her walks. And I can still see the mermaids and the dolphins, the beauty of a blue so pure, the clouds have no choice but to make something of themselves.

> Angelique Arnold 1st Place

2007 CFCP, Inc. Monthly Contests

Except where otherwise indicated, poems are limited to 28 lines of text. All forms accepted for all categories.

RULES

January	Turnabout		
February	Landscape of Winter	Contests are open to all poets in the United States and Canada. Each	
March	Hares, Lions, Lambs	submission must be typewritten on standard size paper with the contest	
April	How to Advertise a Poem	month in the upper right-hand corner. Send TWO COPIES of each poem with author's name and address in the upper right corneron ONE copy. Put no ifentification on the second copy. Address labels are acceptable. Multiple entries are welcome.	
May	Spring Moon		
June	Looking Forward		
July	no contest	Only UNDUDI ISHED DOEMS and no many not provide a worded a	
August	Doldrums or Daydreams?	Only UNPUBLISHED POEMS and poems not previously awarded a monty prize are eligible. A fee of \$2.00 must accompany each poem	
September	Memories, Altered	submitted (3 for \$5.00). Send cash or make checks to CFCP, Inc.	
October	Smoke (12 lines or fewer)	DEADLINE is the last day of the contest month. Envelope must be	
November	Fences	postmarked no later than 12 midnight of that day. Print contest month	
December	No Contest	on outside of mailing envelope.	

NOTE: In any month where insufficient entries are received, those poems which were submitted will be held over and judged with the entries for the following month.

1st Prize: \$25.00

2nd Prize: \$15.00

3rd Prize:\$10.00

Poems will be returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Allow one month after closing date of contest before sending poems elsewhere. Winning poems will be printed in the Chaparral Updrafts newsletter

CALIFORNIA FEDERATION of CHAPARRAL POETS, INC.

Mail contest enteries to Cleo Griffith Monthly Contest Chair, CFCP, Inc. 4409 Diamond Court Salida, CA 95368-0632

YES! I definitel California Federation of year 2008.	•	
Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip

Phone (_____)____Fax (_____)____

E-Mail_____

I prefer to receive my Updrafts Newsletter by: ___email ____US Mail Your membership includes all issues of the newsletter, Updrafts, free entry in the Annual Contest, Monthly Contest information and Membership Roster every 2 years during the membership period. All memberships renew between 8/1 and 12/31 yearly. Persons joining between February 1 and July 31 will use the pro-rated formula. New memberships received between August 1 and December 31 will be extended for the following full year.

We wish to form a chapter of our own (5 or more Regular Members are required to form a new Chapter) to be called:_____

Members-at-Large: Clip this form and mail along with a check or money order made payable to CFCP, Inc. to: Frances Yordan, Members-at-Large Chairperson, 2575 W. San Jose Avenue, Fresno, CA 93711-2733. All others: Send this form along with a check or money order made payable to CFCP, Inc. to: CFCP Treasurer, P. O. Box 1750, Empire, CA 95319.

Where there's Smoke

OCTOBER MONTHLY CONTEST WINNERS on the topic of Smoke (12 lines or fewer)

How we puffed on candy cigarettes, parents never refusing us that vice, then imagined red lips at Mother's mirror, slipped into her heels and stuck that white stick between two fingers, mimicking movie stars she watched on old flicks while folding laundry.

In adolescence we learned not to flaunt such vices by comments dropped about such women. What people didn't say was they were afraid.

> Those flaming red lips. That circling smoke. All that fire within.

> > Del Todey Turner 1st Place

Smoke...

Is what the song says gets in your eyes when you fall in love; a screen that hides the truth; is hazardous to your health; a sign to call the fireman; is what flushes the varmit out of his hole or what billows forth from

anger's nose. Erase the "e" and add a ""y," the color of clouds in a rain-soaked sky; the look smoldering in Salome's eyes; the flavor of summer on a backyard grill; a cedar-scented memory in December's evening chill:

chestnuts, parboiled by Dad in a pot on the stove, placed in an old dented pie tin over hot coals; brown shells popping open to squeals of delight; eager fingers to hungering mouths; opulent savoring of a winter's night. Mariam F. Berks-Roberts

3rd Place

Watching for smoke

Smoke was the first sign of life in days. Thin wisps curled over the top of trees like gray fingers touching each leaf. As I moved closer, I could see the chimney puffing out circles as rich as father's pipe at twilight. A bit of fire poked through now and again, pushing smoke past the bricks stacked roughly over the cabin. Those billowing clouds drew me near enough to feel the pain inside easing with every step. It was the mystery of life waiting behind the smoke that gave me a glimpse of hope. Catherine Moran 2nd Place



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