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Monthly Newsletter

Vol. 2, No. 11, ~~November~~ <sup>December</sup> 1979

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GEPPO EDITORIAL

We are happy that our members show so much interest in the work of compiling our first SAIJIKI 歳時記 overseas.

As we mentioned in our previous Haiku Journal and GEPPO, SAIJIKI 歳時記 is essential for haikuists. Writing haiku without SAIJIKI 歳時記 is just like navigating the wide ocean without a compass. We Japanese usually use several kinds of SAIJIKI 歳時記 when writing haiku to insure proper usage of KIGO 季語 and find out a clue for unique haiku. Reading good haiku makes us able to write better haiku.

The many letters and phone calls we receive from our members regarding compiling SAIJIKI 歳時記 are very encouraging.

The haiku you send in will be reviewed carefully by the committee and also by Mr. Shugyo Takaha, Professor Kazuo Sato, Mr. Teruo Yamagata, and Dr. Jun-ichi Sakuma.

We would appreciate all the haiku you want to have them review. Please list up to ten haiku per page, (YUKI TEIKEI haiku only -- 5-7-5 syllable count with KIGO 季語), using standard white typewriting paper (8½ X 11) with your name and address on the bottom center of each page. Before you submit your haiku, please read again your November GEPPO. The deadline is the end of January, 1980.

We would like to express our deep gratitude for your great support for the society and sincerely wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

徳高 紀子

Kiyoshi & Kiyoko  
Tokutomi

THE PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

- Patricia Machmiller -

The December meeting of the YUKI TEIKEI Haiku Society included a GINKO on the grounds of The Sumitomo Bank of California, San Jose branch. It was a day of unusual warmth and calmness with a high cloud layer diffusing the sunlight to create an impression of iridescence in the air.

The members attending included one very new member, Tom Arima, and several old members, Suzanne Stone and Mary Hill, long-missed by us all this last year.

Haiku Journal



FIRST CLASS

Patricia Machmiller

2

The mixture of the new, the old, and the steady added to special feeling of the day.

The winning haiku from the GINKO were well-represented by the newcomers. The first choice of the members was this haiku by Suzanne Stone:

the short day ends here  
with the setting sun in grey  
under the oak tree

Second place was a tie between these two haiku:

This cold windy day  
into my heavy jacket  
a fly finds haven

Tom Arima

The pine tree's shadow  
touches my bedroom window  
upstairs - this short day

Edwin A. Falkowski

Each of these haiku are deserving of being specially singled out since each speaks in a beautiful way of a truth that holds in the natural world.

By Patricia Machmiller

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CONGRATULATIONS! Mr. Sol Markoff

We are very happy to report that twenty haiku of Mr. Sol Markoff were published in the World Haiku Anthology of 1978, Sapporo, Japan, October, 1979.

This is a great honor not only for him but also for all of us.

Some of them are as follows:

After the night rain  
a trembling twin of the moon  
lies on the wet street

The short nights begin:  
a wino smoothes the "TIMES" sheets  
for his pavement bed

Caged in solid stone,  
a lark sings for the sculptor  
to chisel it free

Ghetto summer night:  
a junkie stabs a veined arm  
to live his green dreams

In a cold attic  
naked in her unmade bed,  
an eyeless doll stares

To Ruth S. Heymen, 1899-1979

At tea-touched twilight  
purple tulips close petals  
enfolding the night

In an empty vase,  
memories of violets  
still smell faintly pink

In an autumn lake  
sparrows swim and salmon fly  
through a fallen cloud

Again, CONGRATULATIONS! Mr. Sol Markoff.

Dr. Jun-ichi Sakuma Visiting Us Again

Dr. Jun-ichi Sakuma who visited San Jose last June on our Second Annual Haiku Contest is coming back again on the 28th of December, 1979 to discuss the SAIJIKI 歳時記. He has been working hard for this project since he joined the committee.

1979

- JUNIGATSU -

December KUKO

KIGO: Frost-nipped - SHIMOGARE - and others

- 1. In frost-nipped twilight,  
a cricket and an old frog  
in conversation.
- 2. My little daughter  
brings me a frost-nipped pansy,  
questions in her eyes. *P. DeLuca*
- 3. City commuters  
hold their frost-nipped ears, study  
vacation posters.
- 4. who blows the crow call?  
ah! in that skeletal tree  
a frost-nipped bird...flat
- 5. some flakes of Christmas  
season the lamplit window  
to gentle the night
- 6. I reach out an arm  
to turn up a blanket dial  
in our king-sized bed. *D. Rogers KIGO?*
- 7. A December night:  
the black lock on the front gate  
is white this morning *M. Richardson*
- 8. Over the grey fields  
new white snow is fast falling...  
snow fences are up
- 9. Through attic window  
sunlight sparkles the grey dust  
on old rocking horse
- 10. Here comes an old friend  
walking her dog past my house --  
Nose stuck in the air. *KIGO?*
- 11. Disappointed friend --  
Dissatisfied with her life --  
Disgusted with me. *KIGO?*
- 12. Fifth Avenue crowd --  
faces race by, a lady  
with a widow's peak. *KIGO? a. Rotella*
- 13. Clouds turning darker  
In the tapioca sky --  
One, two, three snowflakes. *a. Rotella*
- 14. Young children skipping  
Over trails of dried cow pies --  
Violets in bloom
- 15. How slowly they move --  
those shadows under the pier ...  
dark December sky. *J. Ball*
- 16. A mockingbird's call  
sounds the end of this cold night --  
empty wineglasses ...
- 17. Rustles of delight!  
Young boys racing bicycles --  
through the fallen leaves ...
- 18. Rubbing tearful eyes  
with her frost-nipped finger tips..  
one warm mitten LOST!
- 19. This old shovel bends  
against the hoar-frosted ground,  
digging my dog's grave *B. Sweeney*
- 20. My homeward pathway  
dappled with gray shadows now..  
December so soon *Sweeney*

- 21. December? Dungeon!  
Thirty-one dank, dreary cells  
---- frost-nipped, shut-in days.
- 22. Field mice trespassing  
peer out from people's houses  
to hail the solstice.
- 23. Like a tarnished coin,  
mint-repolished, the low sun  
displays solstice gold.
- 24. Just past the north gate  
watchman stops to light his pipe...  
his frost-nipped fingers *L. Cruciana*
- 25. On the withered moor  
night sifts through crumbling towers...  
winds blow from the moon *Cruciana*
- 26. As she sips her tea  
her eyes reflect the moonlight  
etched in ice and snow
- 27. White chrysanthemums  
hold in each spoon-shaped petal -  
the last of day's light *E. Dunlop*
- 28. Running through his breath  
on this clear frost-nipped morning -  
the young mare's first born *two KIGOs Dunlop*
- 29. Tonight sitting out  
"The Beautiful Blue Danube"  
with my drying socks
- 30. At my father's death  
asking if the winter wind  
would return his breath *R. Roschup*
- 31. Her nose nipped by frost  
the girl feeds English sparrows  
turning paler too?
- 32. Cold outlook, cold hopes.  
Let us pray for kinder thoughts  
to help each one's life.
- 33. Dressing for Holidays...  
Fur coat, fur trimmed boots, fur hat.  
All old, but warm.. WARM.
- 34. My present to me,  
New J.A.L. calendar...  
Beauty for each day.
- 35. Winter window pane;  
the bright room leans out--blocking  
night from coming in *T. Murphy*
- 36. Sweeping gusts of wind  
interrupting the rhythm  
of the snow shovel.
- 37. The frost-nipped garden --  
only the full-grown parsnips  
stay over winter ?
- 38. Winter sparrows come  
feathers fluffed against bleak winds  
seeking the last seeds *very good 2 lines S. Stone*
- 39. Gulls circling inland  
in the golden tractor's wake  
so far from the sea
- 40. Too late, frost-nipped air  
reminds me of red berries  
I wanted to plant.

✓  
11

1(1)  
X

9(1)

4(1)

49

✓  
11  
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38  
39  
40

16(1)  
140

46(1)

24

41(1)

41(1)

41(1)

KIGO?

KIGO?

30

KIGO?

KIGO?

a. Rotella

35

48(1)

now blind, his old wife leads him

- ✓ 410(2) 41. Snowflakes on the pond  
in the stone lantern's soft glow:  
the pet swan sleeping R. Stewart
- 42. Frost-nipped in the night,  
banana leaves swing withered  
and gray in the wind... Stewart
- ✓ 43. Mission bells tolling...  
the Christmas cactus opens  
its first pink flower Stewart
- ✓ 13(2) 44. The first winter rain;  
old wife leading blind-husband  
around the puddle L. Kinder
- 45. Winter wind tearing  
at her--at her threadbare coat--  
one button holding Kinder
- 46. Unopened seed pods  
Rattle on withered bushes ss  
Shakened by the wind J. Dalton
- ✓ 47. A whisper ripples  
Through the lethargic classroom...  
First snowflakes falling Dalton
- 48. Out in the garden--  
Frost nips the geraniums  
Covered with old sheets
- 49. On this winter day  
the brown crackled earth cries out  
for a green blanket.
- 50. Out of the window  
the first snow falls quietly  
the world is at peace. 5(2) 71.
- 51. The frost-nipped roses  
bowing their heads to the earth  
as they fade away. ✓ 72.
- 52. blue winter twilight;  
old beetle heads for a bush  
with slow measured steps 14(1)
- ✓ 49(2) 53. bitter white morning:  
old crow arrives with a patch  
of feathers missing H. Lawler 5(2) X
- 54. before discarding  
old calendar, turning back  
to June several times Lawler
- 55. Spider on brick wall,  
numbed by early winter storm--  
a black skeleton!
- 56. The pale morning sun--  
Only imprint of footsteps  
on new fallen snow. M. Horton
- 57. This frosty morning,  
children wait for the school bus--  
how rosy their cheeks!
- 58. The old persian cat  
walks with me in the pale sun, Kigo?  
her blind eye cloudy G. Currier
- 59. The north-east wind gusts:  
again the Norwegian pines  
leaning straight for it
- 60. Frost-nipped Yucca palms  
stunted spear-heads stoop over  
dying with color
- 61. Early winter storm  
Falling leaves are etched with white  
as they fall and fall.

- ✓ 62. Winter patio  
Oriental wind chimes sway  
in frozen silence. A. Fitzpatrick
- 63. Frost nipped Countryside  
Deer pause, bound, disappear  
into hills above.
- 64. Pond ice hockey cries  
as our sticks smash at tin can -  
seldom draw blood
- 65. The depth of winter  
from snow-covered smoke house shed  
this hickory breeze
- 66. Frost nipped tomatoes  
now in green piccalilli -  
relish for gray days
- 67. pale sunlight touches  
the sagging vine's flaccid leaves  
sparrow's frost-nipped note
- 68. lying 'neath pure snow  
or broomswept into gutter  
leaves' ageless cycle
- 69. whitest white snow drifts  
deepest where flowered his blue  
cineraria
- 70. The little boy builds  
a high-walled fortress of snow;  
bright sun grows hotter...
- 71. A winter sunset;  
Old woman limps happily,  
carrying her cane. B. McCoy
- 72. Old gloves, left to dry,  
now grasp at rosebush branches  
with frost-nipped fingers. McCoy
- 73. Distant storm clouds fade.  
Sparrow sits on icy wire  
Swaying in the breeze. H. Evans
- 74. Brownish winter bee  
Stuck on greenish Volkswagen  
Absorbing the sun.
- 75. From behind pine trees  
White tailed fox on snowy hill  
Stops at small of man
- 76. Far from home, alone,  
I light the Christmas candle...  
love leaps time and space.
- 77. Frost-nipped grasses shrink  
singed tissues folding inward...  
Oh, the burning cold!
- 78. Snow falls without sound  
white reaches the horizon  
the fox leaves paw-prints. F. Moore
- 79. Frost-nipped gardenia  
droops... soft stem leaking white juice  
my eyes leaking tears.
- 80. Covering citrus  
frost nips my hands, feet, and nose;  
jolly full moon laughs.
- 81. Southern visitors  
(grow<sup>n</sup> men) throw their first snowballs...  
grave children watching. T. Fowler
- 82. in the blinding frost,  
a ragged doll seeks shelter  
in a garbage can

83. now rage the wild winds:  
the last red leaves lift scarred wings  
for their final flight
84. in golden neon,  
a sunbeam hides from the cold  
inside the sign "BAR" *Ad Markoff*
85. blue peacock strutting  
in fresh snow on a mountain  
just below his sky
86. Through the storm, a gull  
led restless waves to the shore,  
then soared back for more *Ad Markoff*
87. In the Vets' parade  
a legless soldier is wheeled:  
a carriaged child stares *Rico?*
88. Winter rain falling...  
leaden tears shed by mourners  
death has no season
89. Gun blast shatters dawn -  
as forest weeps bitter tears  
red blood stains white snow
90. Frost-nipped bulbous nose  
on rotund man in red suit  
sidewalk bell ringer
91. Final leaves still cling  
blackened trunks have packed their sap  
winter travels near.
92. Indian summer  
remains late, deceiving all  
about winter's trend.
93. December creeps up  
waits to pounce with little feet  
of powdered white snow.
94. Shadow of a hawk?  
mice cower in frost-nipped reeds  
stillness hangs in air *D. Greenlee*
95. Lane of quicksilver  
skyspill shimmers on thin ice  
moonset slowly drowns
96. Midnight train whistles  
far across an icing lake  
a loon wails answer *D. Greenlee*
97. A skier swishes  
down the face of Mount Blackstrap;  
the tinkling windchimes.
98. In the winter wind -  
smoke from the chimney rises  
higher and higher
99. A cheeky magpie  
eating some frost-nipped rosehips  
on a withered branch
100. These never ceasing  
wind sounds in frost-nipped maples  
piercing the night through. *R. Spring*
101. Indigo shadows,  
a frost-nipped leaf here and there  
speckled with snow flakes.
102. The telephone call,  
and this whole clan gathering...  
so winter begins. *R. Spring*
103. plodding opossum  
with frost-nipped toes, ears and tail -  
fable scraps await

104. seven mourning doves  
in the leafless cottonwood -  
season's first snow storm *M. Elliott*
105. cold snowbound houses  
birds come for seeds and suet -  
neighbors overslept
106. Funeral morning  
starts with icicles dripping,  
interminably
107. And while icicles  
lengthen to the breaking point -  
our bitter quarrel *P. Schuck*
108. Under the cedar  
heavy with blue icicles  
something vanishes
109. the honk of the car  
urges me to come away -  
oh! my frost-nipped plant *Jim*
110. each wanting to speak -  
between the man and woman  
a bowl of lemons *Jim*
111. the steamy windows  
muffle the sounds of Boston -  
a winter evening *Jim*
112. Osaka legend!  
LeGeNdArY Beauty!  
Oh, oh oh my Ming!
113. Cheryl Tiegs -  
St. Laurent sutra angel,  
Karma-pop hot stuff!
114. Jackie Johns,  
San Diego dream queen  
California girl!
115. The smell of breakfast:  
through the window I notice  
the last rose frost nipped
116. Early winter day  
tree trunks based in swirls of white  
my window alight
117. Patterns of snowflakes  
decorate the breezeway glass  
no bird colliding
118. Tree branches are dead  
The wind whistles through the corpse  
Fire place cremation.
119. In a clump of grass  
A lark bunting on her nest  
Spring is winging in.
120. Thousands mosquitoes  
Landed on a country pond  
Dead water welcome.
121. A soaring night hawk  
Floats like an airplane in air  
Beady eyes on hare.
122. Red pentstemon bloom:  
Little bugles attract bees  
Hummingbird hovers.
123. Above distant lights  
Red hammock-moon suspended---  
Neighborhood dogs bark. *H. Edwards*
124. Banshees rise like mist  
To drift across the meadow  
Seeking their lost souls.

Never ceasing wind  
blows the frost-nipped maple trees

- 125. Wind from the northwest  
Blows dust and tumbleweeds roll  
Rain-clouds start to drip.
- 126. A red shouldered hawk  
Repeatedly sweeps down on land  
Snake caught in talons.
- 127. Under a huge pine  
A wee mouse runs for shelter  
Skunk musk in spring air ← *good line!*
- 128. Robin pulling worm  
Ready for a late dinner  
Sparrow has same thought.
- 129. White cat running fast  
Near a little white farm home  
Mouse dropped into hole.
- 130. August tropic sun  
radios blasting the pool side  
deserted porch cool ?
- 131. Maple planted at childbirth  
still growing at the curb *K160*  
we left you behind
- 132. poems in a worn book  
auctioneers grave! *K160*  
strangers eager hands
- 133. this morning the birds  
enjoyed last night's barbecue *K160*  
and sang their thank you
- 134. not a rooster:  
my neighbor's braying donkeys  
tell me its morning *K160*
- 135. forget-me-nots  
sowed in the spring garden  
forgot to bloom
- 136. This year not so full . . .  
Old calendar reminds me  
Of fading friendships. *A. Rotella*
- 137. Snow falls, sun shines --  
Child out searching the skies  
for a snowbow
- 138. In the tin mailbox  
Envelopes of Christmas cheer --  
10 A frozen spider *A. Rotella*
- 139. Melting in the sun,  
early winter icicle  
drips and drips and drips
- 140. My homeward pathway--  
dappled with gray shadows now..  
November so soon *see 20 almost the same*
- 141. This old shovel bends  
against the hoar-frosted ground..  
digging my dog's grave *see 19*
- 142. Trees stand guard over  
A scented quilt of colour  
Rambling spring flowers
- 143. Dew touched spider webs  
Form intricate chandeliers  
To sparkle in the sun
- 144. Dew-drops on grass blades  
Beautiful simplicity  
Simply beautiful
- 145. Trees shed their leaves  
To reveal naked branches  
Groping towards heaven

- 146. Cajun moon lighting  
the midnight swampland, thigh deep;  
time for exploring.
- 147. shabby man stirring,  
2 (1) fishing for frogs, frogs to eat.  
Spanish moss above.
- 148. cabin, bare with bed,  
0 table, chairs, and little else- *K160*  
needing not much more
- 149. rooster, strutting, views  
his cackling feathered harem, *K160*  
crowing, orders dawn.
- 150. "seasoned by the years,  
1 love growing, growing daily- *K100*  
my cranky old one."
- 151. petticoated waves,  
3 exuberantly swirling, *K160*  
sinking into sand.
- 152. after wild storm- peace;  
1 (1) water rippling serenely, *K160*  
but- little dead fish
- 153. weeping willow bends  
4 Y by shore, crying without tears-  
so this bent, dried heart.
- 154. twilight- no wind stirs,  
3 yet hear water whispering *K160*  
secrets to the sand.
- 155. the dandelions,  
3 sparkling woodland glade with gold,  
holding heads up high
- 156. A kernel of thought,  
Sown, reaped, in the spring-fall of  
One crystal instant.
- 157. Industrial man  
Spits in his natal waters:  
The nautilus screams.
- 158. Whose tracks lie on the  
Snow, if not mine? Tattered and  
Tired, who walks beside?
- 159. smell this heat  
even my brain too hot  
for thinking *3*
- 160. summer  
heat in the nostrils  
anger hangs heavy *3*
- 161. a wagging tail . . .  
fireworks  
tail stilled forever
- 162. morning walk on ranch  
family of partridges  
and me
- 163. Memorial Day:  
on this forgotten grave  
a daisy bouquet
- 164. Effulgent days paint  
kaleidoscopic patchwork  
in Love's sundown sky.
- 165. Rivulets of sun  
flow sparsely toward December's  
frigid River Styx.
- 166. Old bird nests glimmer  
like dew ornaments in  
spiders' macrame.

167. Columbariums --  
seeds in crisp pod urns await  
Spring's resurrection.
168. Vows whispered in the  
Night like frantic prayers  
The warm touch of flesh
169. Her long hair brushes  
My shoulders and perfume  
Grabs me by the gills
170. Color spills across  
Exhausted alleluias K160  
And solemn darkness
171. Foam and spray splash on  
Alabaster lions wet faced K160  
Wide mouth majesty
172. Her eyes aim at me  
Gun barrel authority K160  
Bifocal crosshairs
173. If you love something  
Let it go if it stays gone K160  
You are a piss brain
174. Heavy trade-wind breath  
Warm gulf-stream motions drift to  
Sargasso stillness
175. Babe we are like  
Parallel lines made to meet  
In infinity
176. Dusk undoes the robe  
Of night creeping with tanned  
Legs and dirty feet
177. I see my handprint  
On the sweating beer can like K160  
Veronica's veil
178. In weak jaundice light  
Children working at their desks K160  
Peeking at the clock
191. Clearing vines from fence  
I touch the iron railing  
my frost-nipped fingers.
192. Frost blacken leaves  
underneath the sharp clear sky  
a garden of night.
197. Omitted last month  
X Grandma's in winter:  
the geranium window  
hot ginger cookies
179. Moonlight soaks through clouds  
Giving them color and shape  
Patterns of soft blue
180. Waves of Golden hair  
The fluid reflective dance  
Of summer sunlight
181. Printed on inside  
Covers of matchbooks you read  
My whole life story K160
182. Alone with a sword  
And cape the matador faces K160  
The big you-know-what
183. Bright black olive eyes  
Sleep brings dreams of high waves and  
Moonlight on the sea
184. A straight faced sickness  
Peeks through a placebo smile K160  
A muffled madness
185. On this clown's nose it's  
The ignoble living and  
The ignoble dead K160
186. Picking raspberries  
Among daisies and dogwoods  
Gathering storm clouds
187. The waves jump against  
Jagged piles of concrete slabs K160  
X And are eaten whole
188. Under Christmas lights  
forgotten fern left on porch  
displays frost-nipped leaves
189. Bright-red maple leaf --  
plastered on my windowpane  
by first heavy rain
190. Early winter day;  
redgold leaves outside window  
casts warm glow within
193. Looming from dense fog  
through the muffle of voices  
our lighted window.
194. In early morning  
the steam heat has not yet reached  
the elevator Yamagata
195. Frost-covered grave stone  
now (undistinguishable  
the old ISSEI's name
196. Could be a Russian  
keeping ancestral practice -  
his black winter hat

ERRATA FOR NOVEMBER KUKO — underlined words corrected

18. An end to the hymn.  
Beyond the arch of wide doors:  
hint of winter sky
42. Trying not to breathe  
upon the sleeve that catches  
first falling snowflakes
50. Adding to the chill  
of this early winter night -  
the retriever's tail
102. The last maple leaf,  
its color lost in lace work,  
sticks to the tree trunk

INSTRUCTIONS TO MEMBERS

1. choose 20 haiku and identify the 3 best haiku by circling the number of the haiku.
2. Please write three haiku as is indicated in November GEPP0 and submit them to us by the end of December. (KIGO for January - Icicle and others)
3. Please do not forget your name on your paper.

## Results of November Evaluation

	@	*		@	*		@	*
J. Youngblood			L. Winder			M. Horton		
1. --- 1			<u>47. --- 13 4</u>			K 93. --- 4		
2. --- 1			48. --- 4 2			94. --- 0		
Y K 3. --- 2			Y K 49. --- 6			95. --- 3		
H. Evans			E. Dunlop			P. Scher		
4. --- 8			50. --- 6 1			96. --- 0		
5. --- 0			K 51. --- 9		Y	97. --- 5		
<u>Y K! 6. --- 10 4</u>			B. Haas			98. --- 0		
M. Eulberg			52. --- 1			S. Youngdahl		
7. --- 8			K 53. --- 3			K 99. --- 0		
8. --- 0			F. Moore			100. --- 0		
K 9. --- 4			54. --- 0			101. --- 0		
P. Machmiller			55. --- 0			R. Stewart		
10. --- 3			K 56. --- 3			102. --- 1		
Y K 11. --- 8 2			S. Stone			103. --- 5 2		
J. Walker			57. --- 5			K 104. --- 7 1		
K 12. --- 2			K 58. --- 8 1			I. Edwards		
13. --- 0			59. --- 8 2			K 105. --- 7		
14. --- 1			M. Lyon			106. --- 0		
R. Spriggs			K 60. --- 3			107. --- 1		
K 15. --- 5			61. --- 4			L. Cruciana		
16. --- 2 1			62. --- 3			108. --- 3 1		
17. --- 0			M. Hill			<u>Y K 109. --- 5</u>		
D. Roger			63. --- 3			<u>Y K 110. --- 12 2</u>		
18. --- 5			64. --- 2 1			T. Murphy		
1. --- 1			K 65. --- 7			111. --- 2		
K 20. --- 9			J. Hargan			K 112. --- 4		
P. Williams			66. --- 0			L. Cruciana		
21. --- 5			K 67. --- 3		Y	114. --- 1		
<u>Y! K! 22. --- 15</u>			68. --- 1			115. --- 9		
23. --- 3			J. Currier			<u>K 116. --- 14 3</u>		
D. Braida			K 69. --- 7			M. Phillips		
24. --- 5			70. --- 0			117. --- 0		
25. --- 9 2			71. --- 2 1			118. --- 0		
K 26. --- 5			D. Greenlee			A. Tao		
H. Phillips			72. --- 1			119. --- 6		
K 27. --- 1			K 73. --- 5			120. --- 0		
28. --- 0			74. --- 1			121. --- 2		
H. Dalton			R. Roseliep			122. --- 0		
29. --- 3			<u>75. --- 11 4</u>			123. --- 2		
Y K 30. --- 5			76. --- 4			T. Yamagata		
31. --- 9 2			Y! K! 77. --- 6 4			K! 124. --- 6 1		
W. Fitzpatrick			B. McCoy			125. --- 1		
32. --- 2			78. --- 3			126. --- 1		
K 33. --- 3			K 79. --- 5 2					
34. --- 2 1			80. --- 1					
C. Buckaway			J. Ball					
<u>35. --- 12 4</u>			81. --- 2 1					
36. --- 2			K 82. --- 7 2					
K 37. --- 3			83. --- 1 1					
T. Fowler			W. Greig					
38. --- 6			K 84. --- 5					
39. --- 5 1			85. --- 0					
<u>K 40. --- 10 2</u>			86. --- 0					
D. Priebe			J. Sauer					
41. --- 2			87. --- 0					
<u>42. --- 10 4</u>			K 88. --- 3 2					
43. --- 7			89. --- 1					
K. Hale			M. Henn					
44. --- 2 1			90. --- 0					
45. --- 1			91. --- 0					
46. --- 1			K 92. --- 4					

## NOTES:

Y indicates selection of Mr. Teruo Yamagata.

Y! indicates Mr. Yamagata's three best choices.

K and K! indicate Editors' selection.

\* column indicates best selections by vote of members.

@ column indicates total received by particular haiku.

## OUR APPRECIATION

10 Stamps:

Ms. Margaret Elliott  
Mrs. Patricia Machmiller  
Mr. Sol Markoff  
Ms. Adams Moore

20 Stamps:

Ms. Jinx Walker

We also receive a few extra stamps from some of our members for our GEPP0 each month.

These extra stamps are a significant help for us.

Thank you for your kind help.

## Mr. Teruo Yamagata's Comments

I like No. 77 very much, although I guess about half of the U.S. haikuists do not like this type of haiku. I am also interested in No. 93 and No. 105; however, there are three KIGOs or more each in them. In No. 93 'moon' is an autumn KIGO, while 'snow' and 'owl' are winter KIGOs. In No. 105, in addition to the "early winter" KIGO, there is 'fog', an autumn KIGO, and hearth, a winter KIGO. If mist is the same as KASUMI 霞 in Japanese, it is a spring KIGO. If mist means KIRI 霧, like fog, it is an autumn KIGO. The climate in California is different from ours in Japan, so I don't want you to follow the Japanese KIGO in exactly the same way; however, you should avoid three KIGOs, as we do.