CPL

NEWSLETTER

JOURNEY

"Take a Trip with Us!"

JULY 2023

DIRECTOR'S Message

Isabella Sharpensteen

Library Director

Summer Reading is in full swing and we could not be happier with all the interest from you, our patrons! You are the reason that this year's summer reading program is already a success! Thank you so much for that!

This July, we have a lineup of enriching programs for readers of all ages, designed to inspire, educate, and entertain. Remember to stop by and grab one of our event calendars where all events for this summer are listed.

And as always, your library card is the gateway to a world of knowledge and entertainment. Browse our vast collection of books, movies, and digital resources, all available for you to borrow and enjoy.

Stay connected with us on social media for updates and additional programs throughout the month. We can't wait to see you at the library, where imagination knows no bounds!

Happy reading!

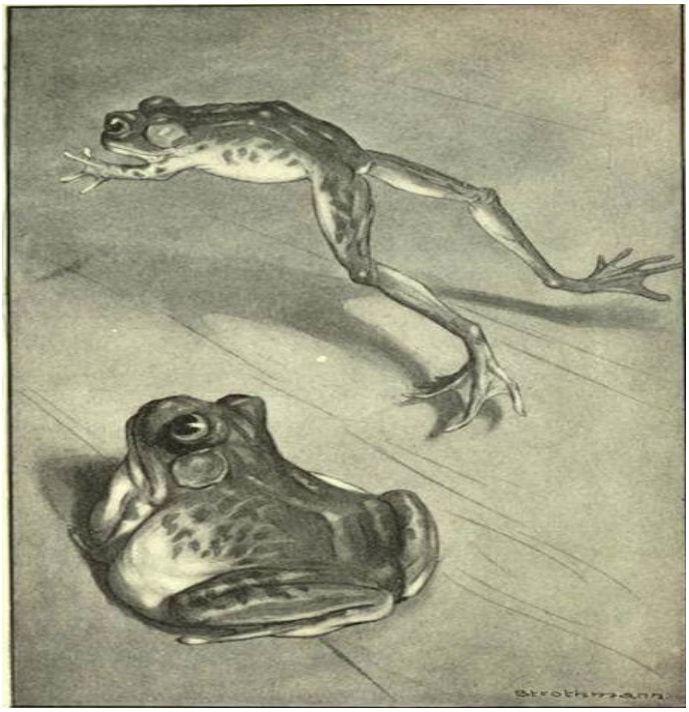
THIS MONTH'S Journey!

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

by Mark Twain

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; and that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley--Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if



Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was

anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

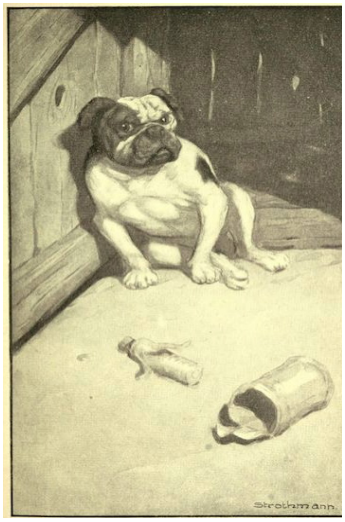
"Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le--well, there was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49--or may be it was the spring of '50--I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides.

Any way that suited the other man would suit him--any way just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and he was, too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to--to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road.

Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him--he'd bet on any thing--the dangest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better--thank the Lord for his inf'nit' mercy--and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half she don't anyway.'"

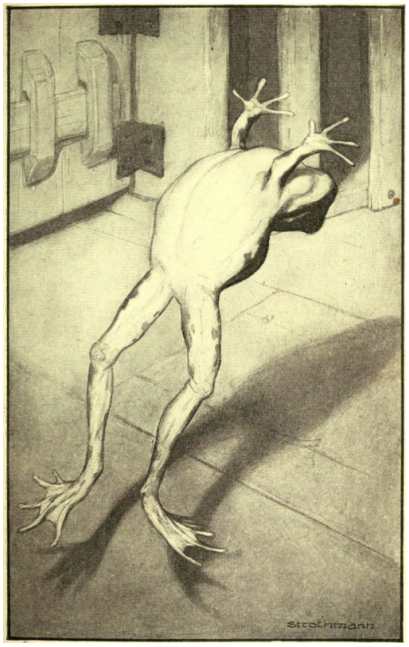
Thish-yer Smiley had a mare--the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that--and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneez-

ing and blowing her nose--and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down. And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'-castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson--which was the name of the pup--Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else--and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it--not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius--I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.



Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats and all of them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut--see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat.

He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything--and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l



Webster down here on this floor--Dan'l sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him downtown sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller--a stranger in the camp, he was--come acrost him with his box, and says:

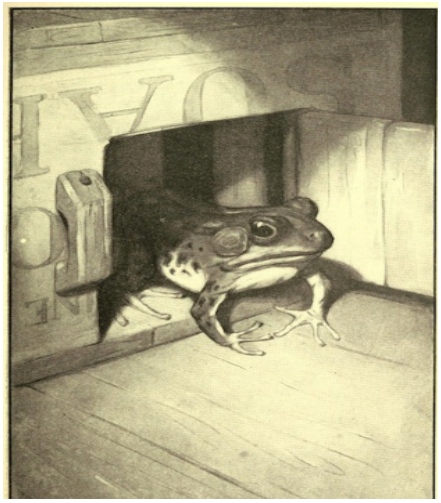
"What might be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't--it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm--so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge--he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog." "Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."



And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

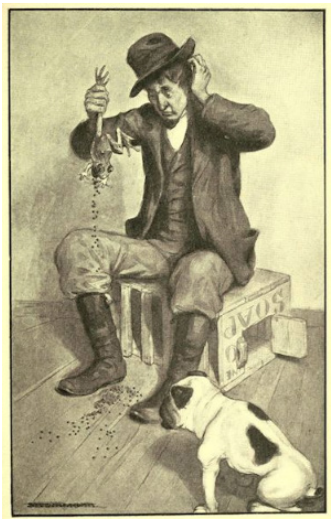
And then Smiley says, "That's all right--that's all right--if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's,

and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to his-self, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot--filled! him pretty near up to his chin--and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One--two--three--git!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders--so--like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use--he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder--so--at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."



Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for--I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him--he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l up by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man--he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And----

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy--I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller, one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and----"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

...the End!

LIBRARY odds & Ends

1
Biblioburro (Colombia)

Luis Soriano, a teacher from the rural northern Colombia town of La Gloria, was determined to give his students access to books, so he set up an unusual library called Biblioburro. Soriano owned two donkeys, whom he renamed Alfa and Beto — combined, the names form the Spanish word for "alphabet." Loading the donkeys with about 70 books from his own bookshelves, Soriano saddled up and rode them to local elementary schools to read students stories. Twenty-five years later, Soriano's book collection has grown considerably, and he is still spreading his love of reading. Even a riding accident that left him with a prosthetic leg hasn't stopped this determined educator from inspiring young Colombian children with the joy of reading.

2
Epos Library Ship (Norway)

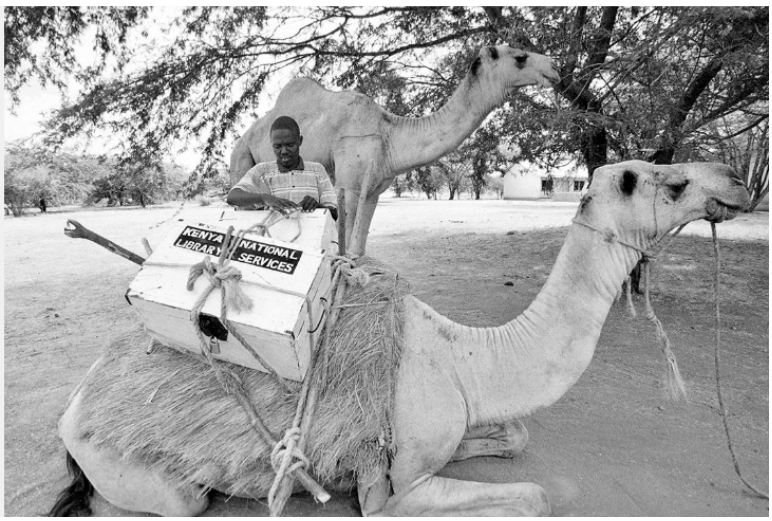
Until the pandemic shut down operations in 2020, a library ship called Epos sailed through Norway's many fjords to deliver books to fjordside communities. Built in 1963, it superseded two earlier ships that had been in service since 1959. Some of the country's more isolated places are easier to reach by boat than by road, and this service meant that villagers had access to reading material, particularly during the winter months. Epos carried approximately 6,000 books and visited 250 villages two times per year. Given the unusual circumstances, one qualification for taking a job as one of its librarians was no suffering from seasickness. Similar "libraries" exist in Chile's Chiloé Archipelago and on the Nam Khong River in Laos.

3
Lire à la Plage (France)

Each summer, Lire à la Plage ("Reading at the Beach") brings the library to more than a dozen of Normandy's coastal resorts. The colorful beach huts, umbrellas, and deck chairs are easy to spot, and though people are not allowed to take books away from the beach, the librarians are happy to make a note that you're coming back the following day, mark your place, and put it aside for you. The program has been running in France since 2005, but similar reading initiatives have spread as far as Australia's Coogee Beach, the tourist resort town of Albena on Bulgaria's Black Sea coast, and Tel Aviv, Israel, a city that had previously installed books at bus stops.

4
Camel Library (Kenya)

In rural northeast Kenya, camels, nicknamed "ships of the desert," once carried unusual cargo as part of a Kenya National Library Service initiative. Concerned by poor literacy rates and lack of access to reading materials in and around the town of Garissa, the local government adopted a novel approach. Camels are well-suited to the harsh terrain and hot summer temperatures in the region, so they were an ideal choice to transport hundreds of books along with a tent and reading mat to the area's nomadic communities. Eventually, after many years of success, improvements to the local road infrastructure meant that the camel library could be phased out and replaced by motorbikes.



5
Chained Libraries (England)

The practice of chaining reference books to library shelves was common in medieval times. Though it mostly ended in the 18th century, there are around a dozen chained collections that still exist in England. The oldest is the Francis Trigge Chained Library, founded in 1598 at St Wulfram's Church in Grantham, Lincolnshire. The largest chained library in England, meanwhile, is located inside Hereford Cathedral; its oldest book dates back to the eighth century. Another chained library at Wimborne Minster in Dorset dates from 1686. The books in these libraries were chained to the shelves to prevent theft, which is perhaps preferable to the methods used in Marsh's Library in Dublin, Ireland, where three wire alcoves were installed in the 1770s. If readers wanted to look at some of the library's rarest books, they'd be locked up in these cages so they couldn't walk off with them.

Straight from the Adult Service Coordinators Desk!

Heather Roe

In case you haven't noticed, our Adult Programming has blossomed and has became quite popular. We are hosting several events every month. Varying from at least one author talk, or more if we are so blessed. As well as poetry readings in April. To different classes such as Painting, Vision Boards, Learn to Letter and yoga. We also have a recurring book club that meets the first Thursday of every month. We have Movie nights and other fun events planned this summer! Don't miss out on the fun! Later in August, we will have a CPR class here.

You missed out! The latter end of June, we had an informative, historical, marvelous firsthand Holocaust survivors' presentation and Author Talk. Saskia Tepe presented her book "Surviving Brigette's Secrets". She provided her families actual past documentation and images with her presentation. Her book is available for check out at our library. Saskia also mentioned that she has in the past, visited schools and presented there as well. Just wanted our community members to be aware of Saskia's presence in our community, in hopes that we all utilize her while we're blessed to have her.

Happenings AT THE LIBRARY

July Events...

July 6th - Thur. "Book Club" - 4 - 6 PM

July 11th - Tue. SRP Melanie Milburn "Story Telling"

July 12th - Wed. **"**Marcie Ryan Beads" - Exhibit 12 - 1 PM

July 14th - Fri. Movie " A Man Called Otto" - 4-6 PM

July 15th - Sat. "STUFFED ANIMAL SLEEPOVER" - 11 - 12 noon

July 22nd - Sat. Teen Taste Test - 3:30 - 4:30 PM

July 25th - Tue. "Rocky Mte. Puppets" - 7 - 7:45 PM

July 26th - Wed. The Haspels "African Safari" 4-6 PM

"On Going Events"

- Manga Every Other Wednesday / 4-5pm
- Book Club 1st Thursday of the month / 5-6 pm
- Scratch Resumes in the Fall

Check-it-Out!

Our new "Coffee Table" books area.

The New York Times Best Seller List

This Week	July 2, 2023 Fiction	Last Week	Weeks On List
1	THE FIVE-STAR WEEKEND, by Elin Hilderbrand. (Little, Brown.) After a tragedy, a popular food blogger brings friends from distinct times in her life to spend a weekend in Nantucket.	--	1
2	LESSONS IN CHEMISTRY, by Bonnie Garmus. (Doubleday.) A scientist and single mother living in California in the 1960s becomes a star on a TV cooking show.	3	58
3	HAPPY PLACE, by Emily Henry. (Berkley.) A former couple pretend to be together for the sake of their friends during their annual getaway in Maine.	1	8
4	CROSS DOWN, by James Patterson and Brendan DuBois. (Little, Brown.) John Sampson seeks justice after Alex Cross gets injured.	2	2
5	THE COVENANT OF WATER, by Abraham Verghese. (Grove.) Three generations of a family living on South India's Malabar Coast suffer the loss of a family member by drowning.	4	7
6	DEMON COPPERHEAD, by Barbara Kingsolver. (Harper.) Winner of a 2023 Pulitzer Prize for fiction. A reimagining of Charles Dickens's "David Copperfield" set in the mountains of southern Appalachia.	6	33
7	FOURTH WING, by Rebecca Yarros. (Red Tower.) Violet Sorrengail is urged by the commanding general, who also is her mother, to become a candidate for the elite dragon riders.	14	6
8	HELLO BEAUTIFUL, by Ann Napolitano. (Dial.) In a homage to Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women," a young man's dark past resurfaces as he gets to know the family of his college sweetheart.	12	14
9	TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW, by Gabrielle Zevin. (Knopf.) Two friends find their partnership challenged in the world of video game design.	11	37
10	IDENTITY, by Nora Roberts. (St. Martin's.) After her roommate is killed by a con artist, a former Army brat builds a new life at her mother's home in Vermont.	7	4

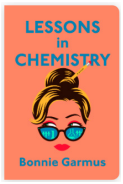
The New York Times Best Seller List

This Week	July 2, 2023 Non-Fiction	Last Week	Weeks On List
1	THE WAGER, by David Grann. (Doubleday.) The survivors of a shipwrecked British vessel on a secret mission during an imperial war with Spain have different accounts of events.	2	9
2	OUTLIVE, by Peter Attia with Bill Gifford. (Harmony.) A look at recent scientific research on aging and longevity.	3	12
3	PAGEBOY, by Elliot Page. (Flatiron.) The Oscar-nominated star details discovering himself as a trans person and navigating abuse in Hollywood.	1	2
4	1964, by Paul McCartney. (Liveright.) A collection of photographs taken with a 35-millimeter camera during the rise of the Beatles from the end of 1963 through early 1964.	--	1
5	THE IN-BETWEEN, by Hadley Vlahos. (Ballantine.) A hospice nurse shares some of her most impactful experiences and questions some of society's beliefs around end-of-life care.	--	1
6	I'M GLAD MY MOM DIED, by Jennette McCurdy. (Simon & Schuster.) The actress and filmmaker describes her eating disorders and difficult relationship with her mother.	4	45
7	THE BOOK OF CHARLIE, by David Von Drehle. (Simon & Schuster.) The Washington Post columnist shares stories and wisdom he learned from a neighbor who was more than a century old.	5	4
8	MY FRIEND ANNE FRANK, by Hannah Pick-Goslar with Dina Kraft. (Little, Brown Spark.) A memoir by the Holocaust survivor who was first referred to as Lies Goosens in Anne Frank's diary.	10	2
9	THE PUPPETEERS, by Jason Chaffetz. (Broadside.) The Fox News contributor and former congressman argues that liberals remain in power no matter who gets elected.	6	2
10	WHAT AN OWL KNOWS, by Jennifer Ackerman. (Penguin Press.) The author of "The Genius of Birds" explores new scientific discoveries about the brains and behavior of owls.	--	1

FICTION

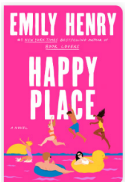
The Five-Star Weekend
by Elin Hilderbrand

After tragedy strikes, Hollis Shaw gathers four friends from different stages in her life to spend an unforgettable weekend on Nantucket.



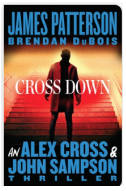
Lessons in Chemistr
by Bonnie Garmus

Chemist Elizabeth Zott is not your average woman. In fact, Elizabeth Zott would be the first to point out that there is no such thing as an average woman. But it's the early 1960s and her all-male team at Hastings Research Institute takes a very unscientific view of equality. Except for one: Calvin Evans; the lonely, brilliant, Nobel-prize nominated grudge-holder who falls in love with—of all things—her mind. True chemistry results.



Happy Place
by Emily Henry

Harriet and Wyn have been the perfect couple since they met in college—they go together like salt and pepper, honey and tea, lobster and rolls. Except, now—for reasons they're still not discussing—they don't.
They broke up six months ago. And still haven't told their best friends.



Cross Down
by James Patterson and Brendan DuBois

Alex Cross is gravely injured. Only his partner and friend John Sampson can keep him safe . . . and get justice. For the first time, John Sampson is on his own.
The brilliant crime-solving duo of Washington, DC's, Metro PD and the FBI has a proven Detective Alex Cross makes his own rules. Detective John Sampson enforces them.

The Covenant of Water
by Abraham Verghese

A stunning and magisterial new epic of love, faith, and medicine, set in Kerala and following three generations of a family seeking the answers to a strange secret. Three generations of a family that suffers a peculiar affliction: in every generation, at least one person dies by drowning.

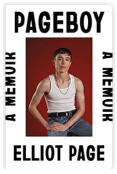
NON FICTION

The Wager: A Tale of Shipwreck, Mutiny and Murder
by David Grann

A page-turning story of shipwreck, survival, and savagery, culminating in a court martial that reveals a shocking truth. The powerful narrative reveals the deeper meaning of the events on The Wager, showing that it was not only the captain and crew who ended up on trial, but the very idea of empire.

Outlive: The Science and Art of Longevity
by Peter Attia, Bill Gifford

A groundbreaking manifesto on living better and longer that challenges the conventional medical thinking on aging and reveals a new approach to preventing chronic disease and extending long-term health, from a visionary physician and leading longevity expert

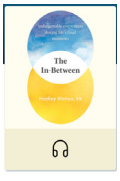


Pageboy
by Elliot Page

Pageboy is a groundbreaking coming-of-age memoir from the Academy Award-nominated actor Elliot Page. A generation-defining actor and one of the most famous trans advocates of our time, Elliot will now be known as an uncommon literary talent, as he shares never-before-heard details and intimate interrogations on gender, love, mental health, relationships, and Hollywood.

1964: Eyes of the Storm
by Paul McCartney, Jill Lepore

"Millions of eyes were suddenly upon us, creating a picture I will never forget." —Paul McCartney
Taken with a 35mm camera by Paul McCartney, these largely unseen photographs capture the explosive period, from the end of 1963 through early 1964, in which The Beatles became an international sensation and changed the course of music history.



The In-Between
by Hadley Vlahos R.N.

Passionate advocate for end-of-life care Hadley Vlahos shares moving stories of joy, wisdom, and redemption from her patients' final moments in this "brilliant" memoir.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARY

Summer Reading Program
story-time schedule begins Tuesday, June 20th;

TUESDAYS: 3-4 pm Story-time with craft
1st-4th grade

THURSDAYS: 11:00-11:30 am
Story-time with puppet,
singing & movement
preschool/kinder

Quotes Corner

Can you name the authors of these 5 quotes?

1. "You can't go back and change the beginning, but you can start where you are and change the ending".

2. "The best way to find out if you can trust somebody is to trust them".

3. "If you can dream it, you can do it".

4. "Success is not final, failure is not fatal: It is the courage to continue that counts".

5. "The only thing that feels better than winning is winning when no body thought you could".

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTHS QUOTES!

1. William Shakespear **2.** Neil Armstrong **3.** Bible
4. Franklyn D. Roosevelt **5.** Bible

"Don't stop Believing" *...Journey*

CPL
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Cortez, CO 81321
970.565.8117