



## RedberyReads: A Newsletter From Redbery Books

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Upcoming Author Visits  
Book Buzz

Greetings Maureen

### May Hours

Wednesday 10-4  
Thur-Sat 10-7

Extended hours on event  
weekends.

Redbery is always open  
online at:  
[www.redberybooks.com](http://www.redberybooks.com)

### 2016 Award-Winning Book and Author

Book Signing  
June \_\_\_\_\_



As always, thanks for shopping your local independent book store.

COMING JUNE 8, 14? BOOK DINNER



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## Redbery Book Clubs In June

**Men's Discussion Group**  
Thurs, May 5 - 6:30

**T.H.U.R.S.**  
Thurs, May 12 - 3:00

**Word of Mouth**  
Tues, May 17 - 6:30

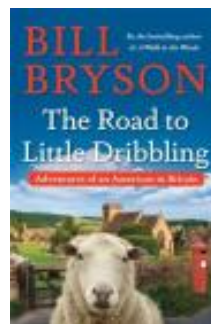
**Chapter and Verse**  
Wed, May 18 - 4:30

**1001 Books to Read**

**Get a Clue! Mystery  
Book Club**

## Book Buzz

***The Road to Little Dribbling***  
by Bill Bryson



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Reviewed by Bob King

I thought it an exquisite example of synchronicity that I started reading *The Road to Little Dribbling* on the first day of the NCAA basketball

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tournament, but fair warning, do not do as I did and read the book in the reception area of your local dental clinic. Unrestrained laughter in a place so fraught with dread can have people looking at you as if you are daft.

First, I was taken by the title. I rather assumed it would include directions and maps to apothecaries that carry Depends for people like me of a certain age but, no, it's just a clever way to sell books.

I am a fan of my fellow Iowan, Bill Bryson. I have delighted in his work and enjoyed this one not only for its humor but also for the ton of historical nuggets in the rich vein that is *Dribbling*.

Early in his career Bryson wrote a travelogue (*Notes from a Small Island*) of his tramps in England. Over thirty years later he revisits many of his original discoveries and comments on how well they have fared.

It is written in proper Iowan English, not that horrid British dialect. He only uses "jolly" once and then I couldn't tell if the object was pleasant or merely jovial. He doesn't use "chips" when referring to French fries, or confuse crisps with Toll House cookies.

Though he is now a British citizen, he does not alter his Midwestern behavior by anglicising common words like aeroplane and defence. Lift is something you do rather than ride and soccer is the game where you can't use your hands on the ball.

While there is much Bryson likes about his adopted country including his British wife, he does have some fun with things British, the money and measures for instance:

"Or look at the old money, with its florins and half crowns and thrupenny bits, and imagine what it was like in the days when people had to add tuppence ha'penny to one shilling four nibblings or whatever.

"If you suggest to any British person that there is anything odd or irregular about any part of a British system- let's say, just for the sake of argument, about weights and measures- they get very slightly huffy and say, "I don't know what you are talking about." "But it's full of meaningless units like bushels and firkins and kilderkins," you point out. "They make no sense." "Of course they make sense," the British person will sniff. "Half a firkin is a jug, half a jug is a tot, half a tot is a titter, half a titter is a cock-droplet. What's not logical about that?"

He has fun with British men of letters, to wit: "Percy Bysshe (the only poet named for the sound of a match hitting water)."

He has fun with British flora, in this case, wildflowers:

"Andrew, our natural history expert, recited their names for us- ladies' bed sore, yellow cowpox, tickle-me-knickers, sneezele, old man's crack. Didn't have my notebook with me, so I may not have all the names exactly right, but that was the drift of it."

Bryson simply has fun all the way through his adoring review of the new England.

So if you are a bibliophile who is also an Anglophile, or merely a crusty old file looking for an entertaining, historically correct top-to-bottom tour of America's most steadfast ally, give *Dribbling* a read.

...**Bery** Delicious

**My Kitchen Year**  
by Ruth Reichl



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**Billie's Gingerbread**

Guys Talk Books

*Reviews from the Men's Book Discussion Group*

***Paddling to Winter***

by Julie Buckles



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Reviewed by Ted Gostomski

In 1999, Julie Buckles and her husband Charly Ray paddled away from a Lake Superior beach in northern Wisconsin and headed north on what they had long-called "The Trip." It was a dream trip for Charly, one that he was now sharing with Julie as their honeymoon. Their plan was to paddle west from the Bayfield Peninsula to Duluth, north up the Lake Superior shore, then carry over into the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, where they would thread their way along 1,700 miles of lakes and rivers to Wollaston Lake in northeast Saskatchewan. They planned to spend the winter at Wollaston Lake, then continue north the next spring, 1,300 miles to the Arctic Ocean. They make it to Wollaston Post, Saskatchewan, before freeze-up and spend the winter in a cabin on Estevan Island in Wollaston Lake, 15 miles from town. They occasionally paddled into town, or skied there over the frozen lake, but even then, they were still 28 miles from the nearest road, and that road went 260 miles before reaching the next town.

What's interesting about this book is that paddling is only half the story. Buckles goes beyond the trip details to show what else canoe travel can be: a distillation of life to its common essentials (food, water, and shelter) and the raising of one's awareness--you pay attention to wind, to clouds, and to sounds. But being fortunate enough to spend a winter in such a place, is not always the paradise one might imagine. Solitude is both a gift and a challenge because there is, as Buckles writes, a "great pressure that goes along with the gift of time." Once the dream of endless days in a beautiful place is actually achieved, one comes up against an insistent sense of needing to do something wonderful with the gift they have been given--write a great novel perhaps, or create a masterpiece of art. Julie and Charly struggled with this, but they came through in shining fashion. This book is proof of that.

Woe to the person who, without reading a word, pigeon-holes this book as a travelogue, another outdoors story filled with wind and mosquitoes, sunsets and silence. *Paddling to Winter* is about more

than just a canoe trip. It is about a way of living that is rare and very special

*A favorite memory of my grandma McIntyre is the night she and my parents came home late from a local supper club, and she woke me up to deliver a grease soaked napkin filled with onion rings she'd saved for me. Mary Bergin's Wisconsin Supper Club Cookbook is a nostalgic tribute to the supper club. I bet you'll recognize some of your own experiences in it.*

**Sincerely and with gratitude,**



**Maureen and the rest of the staff**

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