



## Message from the President:

Double your LEARNING... Double your FUN!

A fall 2021 hello and welcome back!

ENCORE Learn is a community of talented and curious members who are eager to learn and to teach others. We are a volunteer group that partners with the college to offer classes, activities, and social events. Covid precautions are continually changing; it has rearranged our lives, and we are adjusting to a new normal. July 1 starts a new ENCORE year and we are feeling adventurous.

Fall term classes begin September 27 and end November 19, 2021. The 6 fall classes include *Writing Exchange*, *Square and Contra Dance lessons*, *Humanist Discussion*, *Astoria Mini Walks*, *Art*, and *Dendrology* (trees and shrubs); attendance will be in-person, online, and a combination of these two. Over the past year our virtual classes and happy hour have kept ENCORE together. Our sincere thanks to our valued instructors (Eric, Erhard, Tod, Lynne, and Seth) for taking your time to teach and brighten our pandemic world.

Lots of activities during the final quarter of 2021, including ENCORE's 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration at Cullaby Lake, fall term classes, and the *Holiday Bash* party. A *Signature Event* is planned for spring 2022, and we want your ideas and plans. Suggested topics include fisheries, art and music, bar piloting, and rescue operations. We need YOU to make this happen for us all to enjoy. A single presenter or a group of presenters could offer the event.

The ENCORE board is composed of officers, committee chairpersons, and liaison members. Our thanks to our essential board members (Dave, Norm, Donn, Dory, Tom, Rollie, Reta, Craig and Kinga) for keeping our group together over the past 16 months. Much thanks to Larry at the senior center for keeping us posted on the latest happenings. The center opened to members with completed vaccination cards on June 10, 2021.

This *Class Act* newsletter (thanks Tess!) is published 3 times each year, and its theme is always "By, for, and about the members of ENCORE".

Here's the deal. ENCORE's membership has dropped 35% over the past year and a half, from 130 to 85 members. This is due to the covid pandemic, changing lifestyles and health issues. We are volunteers working together to offer a robust, exciting, scholarly selection of classes. We ask each of you to offer your talents to promote ENCORE; this is just good wisdom. We appreciate each and every one of you!

My best, President Dory

## **We Really Meet Face-to Face!**

Golden Star Restaurant in Astoria was the site of the first in-person Lunch Bunch in more than a year. It was a jovial group of 14 people who met on Friday, July 9, and one could tell by the volume in the room that we had all missed this type of interaction for many, many months! Thank you to Co-chairs Bernie Thomas and Kit Ketcham. Marlene Colendich, Charlotte Thiringer, Sherry Payne, Cecilia and Doug Balcomb, Carol Sigurdson. Bob and Aletha Westerberg, Gerrie Penny, Craig Holt, and Elfi and Erhard Gross made up the rest of the happy group. The food was delicious and the service was quite good.

For a fun outing with friends, plan to attend Lunch Bunch next time. The date and location will be announced on the website and likely in an email. This is a good way to get to know some of the members much better.

Submitted by Aletha Westerberg

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### **FROM ERIC C. ANDERSON'S WRITER'S EXCHANGE CLASS**

## **An Ohio Girl's Memories of the 1950's**

My parents owned a three-story home on a middle class residential street in East Cleveland, Ohio. We moved into the home, from a smaller home about a half mile away, when I was about nine years old and we lived there until I graduated from high school. The home had three porches, one spanned the width of the home across the front, and two smaller porches, one above the other, were on the back of the home. The upstairs porch had a shingled roof and solid walls about three feet high. Both back porches had fitted screens to make them bug free and fairly private during the summer months. During the late autumn, the screens would be removed and stored in the basement or the garage, and the porches were deserted until the following summer season. The downstairs back porch allowed seating for about six adults in our outdoor, heavy metal "porch chairs." My parents relaxed there after dinner and sometimes entertained there during the warmer summer evenings. The back porches seemed large to me then, but in retrospect I imagine they were only about ten foot square.

My parents had a "rollaway" bed. It was big enough for one person, with about an eight inch thick mattress, and its metal frame folded in half, head to foot, mattress and all, for storage. A fitted, oil cloth, zippered cover kept it clean when not in use. There were wheels to assist in moving its heavy bulk to wherever it would be needed. In the summer months, the rollaway resided permanently on the second floor back porch and I would often choose to sleep out there...as close to camping as I had ever experienced.

In my nine-year-old opinion, in 1953, the best feature of our family's home in East Cleveland, Ohio, was the house next door...home to two sisters, one a year older than me and one a year younger. We three became fast friends and incessant adventurers.

My neighbor friends' home also had a large front porch and two smaller porches in the back, one above the other. Only their narrow driveway separated our two homes. For us three girls, summer evenings often included catching fireflies barehanded in our back yards, and then releasing them. Of course we'd try to be especially quiet so our parents wouldn't realize our collective bedtime was imminent. On nights when my neighbor friends also slept outside on their upstairs back porch we'd risk talking and sharing silliness across the narrow driveway space separating us. We had to be careful not to get too loud in our communications as it would almost certainly attract the attention of one or the other of our parents and result in possible scoldings followed by firm directions to "Settle down and go to sleep!" I cannot adequately recall the silliness and "secrets" which certainly passed back and forth between us from our upstairs porches...and quite likely overheard in their entirety by my parents, at least, as they relaxed from a busy summer day in the cooler twilight on the porch directly below my outdoor bed.

I remember we played a lot of jump rope....both single rope and "double Dutch", a more advanced form which utilized two ropes simultaneously, and thereby was a more complicated form to enter and exit the jumping space. We jumped in rhythm to lot of little rhyming nonsense verses popular among girls of our age at the time. Whoever was jumping got to choose the verse, and would announce their choice before beginning their turn, and the rope turners also would join in the chant. The jumper had the privilege of jumping as long as they made no errors....or got too tired to proceed, or ran out of rhymes. Then, they would have to take one end of the rope and let that girl jump.

My next door friends and I also played in our parent's cars, with parental permission. We took turns being the "driver" and "passengers" on exciting fantasy journeys, being careful not to overstep our car driving privileges by pressing on the horn or the gas or brake pedals. The steering wheel got a real workout, though.

In 1953 Elizabeth was crowned queen and the historic event dominated the news and the fairytale dreams of little girls everywhere. We were able to view the ceremony on television and it made a big impression on me and my next door friends. I had a big cardboard box of "dress-up" items...including some large, long, white nylon curtains that my mother had donated to the box. Those curtains, along with gloves and high-heeled shoes also relegated to the box, transformed us into brides and royalty. The dress-up shoes from our mothers were more practical than stylish, but there was one pair that was smaller and had higher, thinner heels than the ones of our mothers. My fashionable, adult cousin, Stella, had given them to us for dress-up use and they were the most glamorous and the "most favored" of the available high-heeled dress-up shoes. I remember we would take turns strolling regally down the paved front walk between my house and the sidewalk....waving graciously to our imaginary subjects, heads aloof, teetering on the highest heeled shoes we could find in the box, usually Stella's. We were brides, we were princesses, we were rope-jumpers, roller skaters, hop-scotchers, bike riders and hula-hoopers. We were self-acclaimed adventurers. We were girls in the 1950's.

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## **A Perfect Horse**

As I watched each bucking horse explode from the chute at the 1966 Clatsop County Rodeo, I was convinced I could rescue it; take it home, treat it kindly and restore the natural relationship between horses and people. I wanted a horse so badly, but I knew I was dreaming. Riding back home I was silent.

I walked into our living room gazing out over the family's extensive green pastures dotted with cattle. "How was the rodeo," my mom asked innocently. I burst into tears. I was 12 years old and too old to cry, I thought angrily. She quickly crossed the room and hugged my shoulders. "What's wrong, honey?"

"I want a horse," I wailed escalating into great, gulping sobs. She responded with comforting noises and when I had regained enough control to see where I was going, retreated upstairs to my room to sink into exhausted despair. I had desperately wanted a horse for as long as I could remember. My favorite animal was the horse, so when we finally got a TV, any show with a horse was the one I tuned to. If any movie at the theater had horses in it, so much the better. I had endured years of teasing – "You got a pony and it's on the patio. Really!" My brother reported earnestly on April Fool's Day every year. "There's a pony in the upper pasture for your birthday. Really!" I knew I wasn't getting one for Christmas, the season of mud, but my brother still tried.

Finally, when I was eight after a ride on a family friend's Shetland pony. I again asked and after some discussion with the pony ranch owner, my Mom said I could have one, but I had to earn half the money. All the way home and into the night I calculated how I could earn \$25. My mind worked feverishly - I could pick up bottles by the side of the road and cash them in. If I happened to hear my Grandfather call the cows for milking

and followed them, I could make 10 cents a day for 'chasing' them in. I got 25 cents a week for my allowance. I saved and saved but as is with 8-year-olds after a couple of months my resolve faltered. I blame my brother. He kept saying, "You want to walk down to Ramey's Market and get some candy?" At first it was only a dime here and there but before I knew it, the summer was over and almost all my savings were gone. I returned to my Black Stallion books, and TV shows - Fury, Flicka, Roy Rodgers and the Cisco Kid.

Our family was not particularly horsey unless you counted the work horses my Grandfather owned when he was younger. My mother and her friends had formed the Gearhart Hunt Club which met every weekend at the Gearhart Stables to rent their favorite horse and run on the beach. I saw a picture of them later with my Mom on her favorite horse, Pagan, and her friends all dressed in Hollywood Glam English riding attire. I blame my Mom for my horse-crazy gene.

After my melt-down my parents must have discussed their concerns about my increasingly frequent after-school parties. So, to see what was involved, they let me host one.

Shortly after that they decided they could divert \$100 from the budget and we set off to find the perfect horse. I scoured the want ads and I fell in love with each one we went to look at, convinced it was the perfect horse. I'm pretty sure it was my Father who vetoed the 2-year-old unbroken stallion. Then in August, about a month after outburst, my Mom came to me with a newspaper ad - 7-year-old grade mare, broke, gentle, \$100 and a phone number. A date was set to go look at her.

It seemed no horses we looked at were near our place but this one was in the back of beyond. We drove down winding country roads until we saw the address on a mailbox. Surrounding fields were enclosed in rusty barbed wire perilously suspended on leaning cedar posts. Turning down the driveway, squeezing between enormous blackberry bushes, we arrived. The owner appeared, coming across the lawn.

"Hi, are you here to look at the horse?" he greeted us. "She's around back." As we lined up at the gate, the owner whistled, and I saw her! She emerged from around a house-sized blackberry bush - a brown horse with black legs, mane and tail. She was the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. The best one yet. I was a little insulted later when I overheard my Mom describing her to a friend as looking a little like a mule.

"Want to try her out?"

There was no saddle but somehow, I was up, crouched over her back like a monkey. We must have walked around but I don't remember. I was so overwhelmed by the fact that she could be mine and you could already ride her. She was perfect.

"I'll throw in the saddle blanket and bridle," which consisted of an old wool blanket, a strap of leather, a bit and two reins, all so stiff they could stand in the corner by themselves. The deal was struck, and transportation arrangements made. Half paid now and the remainder upon delivery.

The owner looked down and kind of shuffled some dirt with the toe of one boot. "I should probably tell you that she can hold a grudge. Grandpa was cleaning the barn and gave her a gentle poke with his pitchfork to get her to move and the next week she cornered him in the barn and kicked him." I was a little worried my parents would change their minds when they heard that but thankfully the horse came home anyway. Her name was Blithe Spirit.

We put her in the upper pasture which happened to be out of sight of my parent's inquiring eyes. I soon found out she was not particularly thrilled with the frequent attention she was suddenly receiving. Previously her days consisted of unlimited pasture, hay, and an occasional bread crust but she wasn't expected to do any work like riding.

With no saddle I had to try to jump on. Friends and I had done it plenty of times and the horses just stood there. I maneuvered her next to the water trough, took a running start and with a mighty leap landed smack in the middle of her barrel, sliding to the ground. She turned around and tried to bite me. On the second try she walked off. I enlisted the help of my horse-crazy friend with the promise that she could brush her. My friend held Pretty Girl's head as I repeatedly jumped, scrambling up her side, accidentally bumping the flank (a very sensitive area) and rump until, with my friend pulling from the opposite side, I was on! I soon discovered that every time you turned to the left, she reared. The first time I fell off. The next time I tied a lead rope around her neck and when I got ready to turn left, I held on. Mostly I just turned right. I got better at getting on but she still tried to bite me.

After couple of weeks she could see she was not winning the battle and I was obviously not going away without some persuasion. When I innocently came out to catch her, halter and lead held behind my back, she turned and charged - ears flat back, head low to ground and, I'm sure, smoke shooting from her nostrils. In the split second before I turned tail, I'm sure I saw a glint of red in her evil, slitted, snake eyes. I made it to the little barn just in time and slammed the door. She slid to a stop, pacing outside waiting for me. I could see her through the gaps in the wall and glared out with my own evil, slitted, snake eyes thinking, *one of us is gonna lose and it's not gonna be me!*

Next Chapter – On to State Fair###

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## UNEXPECTED TRAVEL

### Iceland

From August 18, 2015, our foursome had experienced very good visits in my home village in Saxony, beautiful Norway, the historic city of Augsburg, my former residence in the Black Forest and Elfi's relatives near Stuttgart. But now it was time to head home.

Art had made the arrangements for a five-day layover in Iceland. Even before we touched down at Keflavik Airport, we could see plenty of ice and snow seemingly covering 80% of the country. But the weather was sunny and calm as we rode the bus to the capital city Reykjavik.

The stunted spruce and tamarack trees reminded me of the fact that this country is located very near the Arctic Circle. The annual growth seemed to average at most two inches. However, in southern exposures near the urban heat island, the annual growth came closer to five inches. It immediately raised the comparison with the much greater annual tree growth near the Alaska city of Fairbanks, which is only 30 miles farther south than Reykjavik.

We were ensconced in a fetching little hotel in downtown Reykjavik, getting ready for a guided tour of this interesting country the next day. The breakfast was splendid. It included Icelandic lobster, lox, herring in aspic and liver pate.

The tour bus was to deliver us to the most impressive sites of the island. Beware of the many geysers in the countryside. Elfi scurried up to the first one to see it blow a column of hot water. She was standing downwind and nearly got a good shower when the water blew in her direction. The next stop took us to a narrow defile in a high rock outcrop. It was at this exact location on the globe where the rift chasm is located that separates the American from the Eurasian tectonic plates in the North Atlantic ridge. This chasm is about four feet wide and separates about two centimeters per year. Caution is needed as the movement will result in large boulders to come crashing down periodically. Approximately 100 feet from the

chasm is Iceland's largest waterfall per volume—spectacular and located directly above the fault line. The entire area is within the most recently created National Park of this country: Þingvellir National Park.

On the way back to town, we visited the most recently constructed geothermal power plant in Iceland. Among things heated by steam from there are the streets of Reykjavik, the runways of the national airport and the floor of our hotel's bathroom. Along with five other such plants, They are said to heat 98% of the entire country.

Always interested in history, we visited the fine National Museum of Iceland and learned that this island saw its first human beings in 874. The people were mostly poor Norwegians who wanted to get away from their oppressive overlords on the continent. The Catholic Church finally arrived and introduced its canon of subordination to spiritual as well as temporal powers. In Iceland, this meant that a few chieftains were elected to establish order among the immigrants. In time, these leaders wanted to expand their territories and began to fight amongst each other. The kings of Norway and later Denmark used this discord to side with the strongest ones and thus get their realm expanded and collect taxes for the service of keeping the peace and order. In 1530, the first printing press arrived in Iceland. From that date forward, the language of Old Norse was called Icelandic. Reformation fervor set in in the 16<sup>th</sup> C. and by the 1580s, Christian love led to the summary execution of the last Catholic bishop and his sons (without trial). I reached the age of 80 on this day—rather younger than Iceland.

Art's fine skills in ferreting out interesting places to visit took us to the western-most part of the country. By lunch we were on the way to Hellissandur, where we had reservations for three nights. Hellissandur is about 160 miles NW of the capital. The distance we drove to get here was far greater, however. There is a 5-mile undersea tunnel which Art was reluctant to go through. I estimated the additional distance by taking the road around the fjord to be about 60 miles

The weather was cold and wet as we set out for a day of sightseeing around the peninsula. However, the gloom of midmorning soon turned to brilliance as we got farther away from the mountains. Art, Elfi and I went up to the edge of the crater of this cinder cone volcano, which had last erupted 4000 to 5000 years ago. All this was located in the Snæfellsjökull National Park.

We also saw a number of Icelandic horses. They are short and stocky, having ultimately arrived from Mongolia, whence they were acquired by the Vikings. In order to keep the gene pool of this breed pure and diseases to a minimum, horses and their accessories that have been taken abroad are prohibited from reentering the island. Here horse meat can still be found on menus.

The next stop was near an operating lighthouse. The park service had put in a moderately difficult obstacle course for children for the purpose of kindling their interest in nature. Elfi and I did some of the challenges, foremost the "flying fox." It dragged my derriere through the mud but was good fun-- especially for my three spectators.

The next day we drove to a neighboring village, Stykkisholmur. It was there where I saw my first-ever European sea eagle. On the way back to Reykjavik, Kay wanted to stop at every waterfall—there seemed to be one every half mile

Although there are very few trees, the mountains were green at the bottom from all the moos. Beautiful Iceland is blessed with infinite amounts of clear and cool water. On Thursday, September 24, 2015, we were leaving Iceland. But we took with us clear memories we would never forget.

By Erhard Gross

## Travel Perks for Veterans

Did you know that former as well as active members of the US military have available to them “over 200,000 resort accommodations through the **Armed Forces Vacation Club** in over 100 countries in a wide range of unit sizes from studio to two or even three bedroom”? A March 2021 booking of seven days in a one-bedroom unit with kitchen in Mesquite, Nevada, for instance, costs just under \$300. Compare that with two weekend nights in May at Astoria’s Holiday Inn Express that comes to \$444.

Erhard Gross

## Defecting

By the late 1940s, the Cold War was getting into full swing in East Germany where I lived at that time. Anti-Western propaganda, especially against the United States, was constant, relentless and vicious. I distinctly recall a cartoon showing American soldiers standing in a moving Jeep, shooting Korean children for sport. Communism, we were told, was impending bliss. The great nation to emulate was the Soviet Union and its benevolent grandfatherly leader, Josef Stalin. The achievements of the next economic five-year-plan, the official line asserted, would secure for the East German citizens a standard of living far ahead of that of West Germany.

My oldest sister, Traudel, must have doubted those promises. When the opportunity arose, she occasionally did things not permitted by the Communist East German regime. In the spring of 1950, for example, she had taken a bicycle trip to West Berlin and brought back some amazing goodies for us kids. I remember her giving me a piece of banana about an inch in length. I had never seen or smelled a banana and therefor ate it with great reverence. It kindled my desire to see something beyond our area. So my friend, Horst, and I took our recently purchased bicycles, and on Good Friday 1953 set out for Berlin. The capital of East Germany was 146 miles north from where we lived. We were very excited, leaving home at 3:00 AM and arrived there around 7 PM. In spite of our utterly sore backsides, we sneaked across the frontier into West Berlin the same evening.

At that time Berlin was already divided by the WWII allies into East and West Sectors. We had heard that all kinds of things were available in the West. Just a few blocks from the Iron Curtain (not yet demarcated by the infamous Berlin Wall), Horst and I spotted an enticing grocery store display window in a heavily damaged building. What a sight for starved East German eyes. The store displayed more consumable esoterica than we had ever seen before. By the time we had exchanged our East Marks for those of the West (the exchange rate at that time was 4.5 East for one West Mark), I had about 9 West-Marks. I had no real idea what to shop for; the selection of goods was blinding to an East German kid, my money limited. I decided to get only items I had never tasted--only seen in pictures. I purchased one tin of sardines, one smoked eel, 100 grams of lox, a tin of herring in aspic and the biggest orange I could find.

Near 11 p.m. Horst and I sneaked back into East Berlin and our youth hostel. Being starved and excited to savor our booty, we sat down with a little bread and water to taste the exquisite morsels we had so furtively acquired. I saved my big orange till last, but was disappointed by its taste. It was rather sour and tasted nowhere near what my sister had told me. Only weeks later did I realize that my big orange had been a grapefruit.

That same evening Horst and I resolved to defect from behind the Iron Curtain. Being too sore to pedal 146 miles back home, we hitched a ride on a freight train back home. Over Easter we sold our bikes, packed a small rucksack each, purchased a train ticket to the Baltic Sea coast (tickets to Berlin were unavailable lest people defect to the West from there) and, on Wednesday after Easter, traveled north. Of course the train stopped in Berlin. And of course we got out. We had told no one of our plans, not friends, not the people where we were lodged away from home, not our employer and not our families. It was better for them not to know, for they

might be imprisoned for up to two years for aiding and abetting *Repubikflucht* (flight from the republic). As could have been expected, the *Stasi* (East German secret police) contacted our mothers within days of our disappearance.

In less than an hour after arriving in Berlin we crossed the frontier. Of course we were nervous. After all, getting caught was generally punished with three years of hard labor. To get across the border to West Berlin, we sneaked along the shadows of bombed-out buildings to stay as invisible as possible. We saw only one border patrol. Fortunately, they had no canines with them. We must have been three blocks into West Berlin before we saw another person. He was helpful by directing us to a camp where we could register as defectors. The refugee authorities categorized us as economic, not political, refugees, and after debriefing by agencies of the three Western allies, had us flown to West Germany.

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AND MORE...

**Kathleen Hudson – a Trailblazer for Women Swimmers!**

In the town of Madison, Wisconsin in 1958, the YMCA was exactly that – a place for men. Women were not permitted through the doors, and if they wanted to swim, they had to go to the shores of the many lakes in Madison. This is where our lovely Kathleen started! She was a lifeguard at the lake. She enjoyed swimming but had not thought about teaching it until someone approached her and asked if she would like to start a program for girls. She agreed, and became one of the first women in the Madison Wisconsin YMCA. What she shared about this time – when she would arrive at the facility they would have to yell down the hall that a woman was coming through, so the men could get out of the pool. Back then, you see, they did not swim with shorts on. Thankfully they always managed to give enough time to avoid crossing paths.

Kathleen and many other female instructors taught this group of girls over the summer, ages 8-15, and gave a show at the end of their time there. They were not synchronized swimmers, but because Kathy’s idol was one, she taught the girls some tips to create a show the likes of Madison had not seen before.

While Kathleen had to make some career changes to help support her family, she still continued teaching water exercise classes, making up what she called “aquanastics” as she describes it – yoga and aerobics and stretching in the water. Being in or near the water is something Kathleen made important, and tried her best to stick with YMCA facilities. She says “swimming is my drug of choice.” And In her own words “no pool is as clean as a YMCA pool.” She has been a member at a Y in no less than 8 states, and in her travels has visited so many,



many



more.

If you see Kathleen, ask her about her time at the Y. We feel blessed to have a woman who impacted a town and empowered females like she did!



**Notice: When you attend an Encore class or event, you will be entering a place where photography, video and audio recordings may occur.**

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## FALL 2021 CLASS SCHEDULE

### Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain

Instructor – Nancy Carruthers

Day/Time – Thursday 10 - noon, 7 sessions

Dates – September 30; October 7, 14, 21, 28; November 4, 18 (*No class November 11, Veteran's Day as college will be closed for the Holiday*).

Location – Clatsop Community College, Columbia Hall room 221.

This is a class for people who think they can't draw. It will be about learning to draw what we see. Therefore, the emphasis will be on learning to see – and learning to process visual information in the special way that artists do, which is different from the way we usually see the world. When we can make this mental shift, we will be able to draw. Everyone will need a drawing pad, at least 8×10, several soft lead pencils (6B), and a kneaded eraser. (Available at the CCC bookstore).

### Dendrology Class 2021

Oh Christmas tree ... My late mother-in-law called every needle tree a Christmas tree. She deserved forgiveness because in her country, Germany, all short-needle trees are Christmas trees. For Oregonians that is not sufficient. We have greater variety and several more species than they have. When choosing a tree for the holidays, it helps to know what you're looking at. Hemlocks can look good but start losing needle very quickly. For most of us that leaves true firs, Douglas fir or spruce. Knowing your trees is also useful when buying firewood. Finally, it's good to know ornamental trees; which ones ruin your lawn because of surface roots, or your roofs because they shed too much. Remember, you can't get a pine cone off of a spruce or fir. Most of us like to have a nice yard and protect our environment. It's good to know what we're talking about.

**Dendrology runs 1:30 to 3:30, September 30, at my and Elfi's residence located at 36410 River Point Drive; the second session follows same time on October 7, location tba**

### Humanist Discussions

HUMANIST DISCUSSIONS is a group of individuals who enjoy exploring the meaning of events, as well as social, emotional, and philosophical questions. Any topic which pertains to human existence is fair game. At the end of each discussion we decide on a topic for the next meeting. Over the intervening week we contribute videos and written references on the chosen topic. Then on Monday we share our perspectives and explore implications of the topic chosen. Humanist Discussions will be held through Fall term, September 27 through November 15th. We meet on Monday mornings from 9:30 to 11:30. Sign up by contacting Tod Lundy at [todlundy@gmail.com](mailto:todlundy@gmail.com). You may also call. My phone number is 503-442-2446.

Tod

## Astoria Mini Walks by Dory Lukas

Walking daily for just 15 to 30 minutes is good for you. Moving your body each day can improve your cardiovascular fitness, strengthen your bones, reduce excess body fat, boost your endurance and energy, and increase your muscle power and tone. Continual walking over your lifetime improves brain function, promoting clear thinking. Taking a regular mini walk can reduce your risk of conditions like heart disease, type 2 diabetes, and osteoporosis. Walking is a safe activity with less risk of injury compared to other exercises. Your body produces vitamin D when you are in the sunshine.

Question: What is orange and sounds like a parrot?

There are 4 mini walks in the ENCORE series, held each Wednesday afternoon, beginning September 29 and ending October 20, 2021. Each Wednesday at 1:30 pm we will meet in the Columbia River Maritime Museum parking lot, rain or shine. If it rains, bring an umbrella; roaming in the rain is fun! We will park our cars just east of the museum building and gather on the sidewalk in front of the building. Our group will stroll awhile, then stop for ice cream or a snack, then return to the museum lot.

People who consistently take short walks are happier, more attentive, and confident. We can talk while we walk and enjoy socializing.

What is orange and sounds like a parrot? (A carrot.)

## Writing Exchange *Fall 2021 Hybrid Access Class (Face-to-Face & Online)*

“There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.”

— Maya Angelou

This quote raises a rather provocative question. About you. What wonderful stories and poems are there, inside of you, waiting to get out? If only you had a supportive team to help you overcome writing hurdles, and then to cheer you on to the growth and success you so richly deserve! Alas!

Fortunately, your cause is not yet lost. Our friendly ENCORE writing group, beginners and experienced alike, regularly focuses on encouraging writers – just like you – via constructive feedback. Come take part in our enthusiasm for writing; either listening or even sharing your stories with us!

Q: I'm a rather shy and beginning writer. I'm interested in writing a mostly true account of my life, but changing certain details, like the setting of my hometown (perhaps from Verona to Vernonia). I might also want to write an occasional poem or short story. However, it's important that I do all of this at my own pace, with loads of support, but not feeling forced. What do you recommend?

(signed) Juliet C from Vernonia

A: Good question, Juliet! Our writing group's key function is to provide you with encouragement and constructive, honest feedback to help you improve. We'll encourage, but never pressure you. On Tuesday mornings at 9:45, it'll be fun to watch your literary skills grow, as your untold stories finally come to life. See you then!

ENCORE **Fall** 2021's Writing Exchange Course begins Tuesday, **September 28** (and runs just 8 weeks till Tuesday, **November 16**) from 9:45 to 11:45 A.M.

*COVID-19 Protocol: For Fall 2021, the Writing Exchange class plans to use a Hybrid Access Approach, meeting in the Astoria Senior Center (for those who prefer face-to-face), while also linking to Zoom (for those who prefer online access). Please note that face-to-face class access depends on approval from the ENCORE Board of Directors, due to Pandemic Health Considerations.*

For more information about the *Writing Exchange* class and how to access it, please email the instructor, Eric Anderson, at [EricCander@aol.com](mailto:EricCander@aol.com) or call (503) 325-3131.

## Understanding Contra and Square Dancing

Two and a half years ago an email was forwarded to me from an ENCORE senior member which said "I am interested in square or contra dance lessons, maybe 4-8 classes, to be given to seniors in the Astoria Senior Center. Do you know some dancers who would share their time and talent?". In the meanwhile much thought has been given to such lessons. Ours will differ from traditional lessons in that we'll make use of the 70" TV in the ASC classroom to follow dance animations and two well illustrated online texts (found here and here) in addition to demonstrations and practice. Just like a course in the physical sciences, we'll need a laboratory to hone our skills with a caller - for this we'll join lessons given by a local square dance club Sunday afternoons (optional). A contra dance takes place in downtown Astoria monthly which you can attend right away. Field trips are planned as the year progresses: a contra dance in Portland with live music, a square dance club in Kelso, and a little later one in Vancouver. This class begins the Monday after Labor Day on September 13th from 2:30 until 4:00 p.m. continuing weekly through the end of Spring Term. Square dancing and contra dancing are cousins, so we'll study them both simultaneously. Contra dancing uses a subset of square dance moves, some done a bit differently, others unique to contra dancing. Long lines are formed, you keep your partner and every 64 beats of music you'll be dancing with a new set of neighbors. Contra dancing is always done to live music and is fast paced - this is where you'll learn to "swing your partner". Square dancing is much more involved; after going through many moves, it's quite satisfying to get back home from where you started. We'll start out with things you may know already such as "Dosado" and "Promenade" - months later we'll progress to "Follow Your Neighbor" and "Ping Pong Circulate". Wear normal everyday clothes and leather soled shoes if you have them. Everyone's welcome. It's a lot of fun.

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*ENCORE'S Class Act is published quarterly except summers - December, January, & February; March, April, & May; September, October, & November by ENCORE Learn (Exploring New Concepts Of Retirement Education). Tess Chedsey, Editor 503-861-4375 tesschedsey@gmail.com, Kinga Sanders, CCC Liaison email: CommunityED@clatsopcc.edu 503-338-2408 Next "Class Act" deadline is Friday, November 12, 2021*