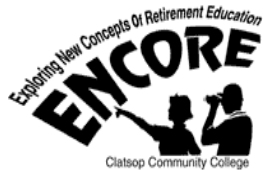


CLASS ACT



Greetings ENCORIANS[?!]!!

Welcome to the new ENCORE year. It is a pleasure to write to you in this, my final year, as ENCORE president. As your president I am very fortunate to have a dedicated hard-working board with Treasurer Donn Ketner, Secretary Karen Elder, Curriculum chair Reta Lindstrom, and Membership chair Rollie Lindstrom. ENCORE is also fortunate to have Craig Holt serving as Webmaster and Tess Chedsey as Class Act editor. The heart of ENCORE is its instructors, and this year we welcome back Eric Anderson, Tod Lundy, and Seth Tichenor with several new instructors anticipated as well.

ENCORE is evolving a 'new normal' after the last 2+ years of the pandemic, which has been challenging for everyone, including ENCORE and Clatsop Community College. Membership decreased 50% with fewer classes, less attendance, and new Zoom and hybrid formats. There was temporary closure of Astoria Senior Center with vaccine/mask mandates. Many of us were reluctant to gather for educational and social events, even with masks and the vaccines. Put together with aging, illness, and member relocation, things were tough for all. We continue to experience political and social turmoil combined with war in Europe and inflation. No wonder many of us are both tired and retired!

July 1 started a new ENCORE year, and we are moving ahead with a full class schedule and return of social events. But ENCORE needs your help in several areas:

*The Vice-president position is currently open due to unavailability of newly elected Jean Hooge, and the Trip committee chair remains open after Art Limbird relocated to Canada. If you would be willing to take one of these positions and sit on the board, contact me at davezunkel@gmail.com.

*ENCORE is always looking for new interesting courses and great instructors. If you have ideas for a new class and would be willing to teach, organize and coordinate a class, and/or recruit a new instructor, contact Reta Lindstrom at lindstrom@centurylink.net.

*Finally, ENCORE needs to boost our membership, and every member can help recruit new members. Think of family, acquaintances, neighbors and friends who might be interested. Give them a new membership form, which you can pick up at the Senior Center. Remember that prospective members can audit two classes before deciding to join and that scholarships are available for folks with financial limitations. The membership fee is a very reasonable \$50/year. Remember the old saying:

“All of us may not be able to do something great, but we all can do something.”

I hope to see as many of you as possible at the summer picnic on August 26 and in classes starting September 19. Be well!
ENCORE President Dave Zunkel

THE YEAR IN REVIEW:

April Lunch Bunch—no fooling!

We met April 1 at the new Flood Valley TapHouse near the Shilo Inn in Warrenton. A total of 17 hungry ENCORE members and their guests gathered around a long table in a separate room of the TapHouse.

The following members attended: Cecilia and Doug Balcomb, Kit Ketcham, Neil and Julie Haines (guests of the Westerbergs), Lynne Ryan, Bernie Thomas, Norm and Jean Hooge, Elaine Horsak, Elfi Erhard, Toni and Lee Jette' (also guests), Gerrie Penny, Aletha and Bob Westerberg, and Carole Ann Sigurdson.

We can recommend the Flood Valley highly: excellent food, good service, pleasant surroundings, and comfortable seating. No Fooling!

--Kit Ketcham

On Friday, May 6, ENCORE Lunch Bunch enjoyed a delicious lunch at Bridgewater Bistro. Present was Kit Ketcham, Norm Hooge, Jean Hooge, Gerrie Penny, Wendy Gartrell, Frank Spence, Bernie Thomas, and Charlotte Thiringer. There was no lack of conversation and we all had a really great time. Thank you Kit & Bernie for setting it up!
Jean Hooge

Tunnel 29 Class Review – Spring 22

Erhard Gross, Instructor

Class discussion centered on the story of Tunnel 29, a tunnel built under the Berlin Wall in 1962, through which 29 East German citizens escaped to the West.

The tunnel's backstory began in 1945, when a defeated Germany was divided into four allied occupation zones. The Soviet Zone consisted of four states in Eastern Germany.

From the beginning, the Soviets began to tighten control over their zone, even as the Western Zones began outpacing them in post-war reconstruction. The more the East fell behind, the more East Germans migrated to the West, thus bleeding the Soviets of needed manpower and resources.

Barriers began going up. Surveillance of East Germans, their communications and movements, became routine.

By 1961, unable to stop its manpower drain, the Soviet Zone (now called the German Democratic Republic – GDR) began erecting a 27-mile long solid barrier known as the Berlin Wall.

In 1962, three West German college students initiated the building of a tunnel under that wall. Starting from a factory in West Berlin, and having to contend with unstable soil, broken water mains and police surveillance equipment, they were able to build a 441-foot long tunnel that ended in the cellar of an East Berlin tenant building. And through that tunnel, 21 East German adults and 8 children were able to escape to the west.

As interesting as the story of Tunnel 29 is on its own, we had the additional benefit of our instructor's first hand observations of this time and place.

Erhard was born in what would become East Germany. As a young man, and before the wall was built, he was able to navigate the difficulties of crossing and re-crossing the east/west border, thus gaining an indelible view of that world.
Julie Snyder

Visiting ENCORE Members in Alberta

By Erhard Gross

At the beginning of August 2022, my wife and I visited our friends, Art and Kay Limbird, in Cochrane, Alberta, Canada. Our visit had been long delayed by COVID-19 and was thus all the better. Getting there, we traversed some of the most beautiful areas of the Canadian Rockies. And to view the same from Art and Kay's condo at the top of their building in Cochrane provides the same unparalleled views.

Our hosts showed us around the area every day. In addition to a grizzly bear and Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep in Kananaskis Provincial Park, we saw fascinating Head-Smashed-In Buffalo-Jump south of Calgary. This UNESCO World Heritage Site is a tribute to nearly 6000 years of Blackfoot Indian historical existence. It alone makes a trip to Southern Alberta worthwhile.

Kay's kitchen and our friends' generous hospitality were topped only by readings of their short stories from Eric Anderson's writing class. Both our friends continue in that ENCORE class.

If all goes according to plan, they'll visit Oregon this coming winter.

UNEXPECTED TRAVEL

The Taxi Vans

Copyright 2022 by Art Limbird

If a person, Vincentian or 'Expat' or visitor, did not have access to a truck, jeep, or car or bicycle for transportation anywhere on the Caribbean island of St. Vincent, the only alternative was to use a taxi van. These vans, owned by the drivers, were 10 passenger models consisting of a front seat for the driver and two other people, two 'middle' seats with space for two persons each with an aisle along the entrance side to reach the back seat that had space for three more individuals. The taxi vans were all right-hand drive, imported from England. The seat on the left side closest to the curb usually was occupied by the driver's helper. He opened the sliding door behind him for customers to enter and collected the payment in advance for the ride from each passenger and gave change as needed. The cost was determined by the distance of the ride. There were two van stations in downtown Kingstown – one for vans traveling on the Leeward Highway and the other for vans traveling on the Windward Highway. These comments are straightforward and explain the Taxi Van system accurately.

If you believe these comments, you have never been in a St. Vincent taxi van! Tens of vans came and went from each of the two van 'stations' in Kingstown. Most of these vans ran along only sections of one of the two highways. In addition, some vans traveled along parts of the particular highway and never went into Kingstown at all. A few vans turned off to villages located on other roads. There were no designated stops along the roadsides and none of the vans had any regular time schedule nor did they have any markings or numbers to help recognize specific routes. Many routes were less than a mile long and served the airport or the small hotels and guest houses or exclusive Young's Island – a private resort. The greater the distance from Kingstown translated to fewer vans. Some vans traveled up to 5 or 6 miles such as to the Colonaire Valley on the windward road or to Barroulie on the leeward road. Very few vans went as far as the Rabacca Dry River on the windward side of the island or as far as Chateaubelair on the leeward side. Both of these destinations were almost 10 miles from Kingstown. And, taking passengers that far meant there might be no passengers wanting to return to the city.

When we started to use the taxi vans, soon after we arrived at our temporary home at Ratho Mill, we walked about 100 feet up the lane to the highway in order to hail a van. It was very hard to know which van to take. In order to get a ride, we had to stand by the roadside and hold out an arm to wave down the van. All the vans were brightly colored with images of

women, birds, fish, and other figures painted on them. Virtually all vans had blaring Reggae music with some sporting loud speakers for amplification. Some vans had various stuffed animals and other three-dimensional creatures flopping around

on the top or sides of them. It took us several aborted attempts, where we ended up short of our destination, or our expected stop was skipped, before we recognized the need to ask the specific route and the driver's stops along the way.

During multiple wayward rides, we came to appreciate that vans could be neat and tidy with freshly upholstered vividly colored seats and clean rubber floor covers. At the other extreme, some vans had seats more than well worn, even with springs and stuffing emerging from the seats and torn or missing floor covers. Each van driver had his own unwritten rules and once a passenger disobeyed he or she was shunned from riding with him. None of the vans allowed smoking, but it was like a roll of the dice regarding odors – we experienced strong body odors, distinct goat smells, freshly baked bread, pots with lids containing the unmistakable aromas of cooked chicken or goat stew, bunches of fragrant flowers, and often either a strong perfume or after shave fragrance.

Once we recognized the vans that did go to downtown Kingstown, or to our particular destination, we felt more comfortable to use these specific vans. Our established routine was to wait and look for the van that was painted mostly in shades of purple or the van that was bright green and yellow. Both of these vans had interiors in good condition, had drivers who respected their passengers, and drove only at top speed, but with no screeching tires and sudden uses of brakes.

The passengers that entered any of the vans came in all sizes, shapes, and ages. Women going to the open-air market either carried an empty burlap sack (buying produce) or a bulky one (selling some vegetables grown at home). Men wearing dark color pants and a white or plain light color shirt and a tie; and women wearing dark plain color skirts and either white or light color plain blouses all were headed to work in a store or retail shop. Any children going to or from school wore standardized school uniforms – white shirts or blouses and dark color pants or skirts and blazers or sweaters. These kids also had book bags or books secured with a strap or belt. Other people getting in a van were open to our guessing their purpose or destination. We did begin to recognize several regular passengers. However, we were the only whites in the vans; and, were very surprised if another light-skinned person was in the van when we entered or if such a person got in later. There were almost no conversations among passengers unless it was when 2 or 3 people got on together. Vincentians were shy and reserved by nature and almost never talked to one another or to us. The silence became obvious when "whiteys" got in to a van; and regrettably, we did not initiate talking to the locals.

Other unexpected situations emerged. Once when Kay and I got into a 10-passenger van we hadn't taken before, there was room to spare – only six people in seats. However, the driver proceeded to stop again and again to take on more passengers who crammed themselves into the passageway toward the back seat and bent down during the ride. We counted an eventual 16 people wedged into seats and the aisle. There had been other very full vans, but this was our personal record. More than once, we experienced our driver race downhill and around sharp corners to force bicyclists or people in slow cars over to the side of the road!

When I was going by myself to the Ministry of Agriculture office, I found myself alone in the back seat – "wonderful" I thought. However, this did not last for long. It was market day and the van stopped to pick up two greatly oversized ladies carrying their sacks of produce to sell at the market. They came to the back seat and wedged me into the corner where all I could do was to plaster my face against the window. Unfortunately, these ladies had not bathed nor applied any perfume making it hard for me to breathe. By the time we reached the location where I needed the driver to stop, the van had about 12 riders and I had to scream out "Stop, I need to get off now!" Once the message had been relayed up front to the driver, he was more than 100 yards on down the road before he stopped.

Riding in any taxi van was so often an unexpected experience. It could be the driver's attitude toward a person he refused to allow into his van for some reason, or a passenger who did not get out of the van at the end of the route where the driver turned around to go back the other direction, or the passenger who got off too soon and proceeded to chase after the van waving his arms for the driver to stop, or the passenger who left her package on the seat when she got off. Reflecting back on the taxi van adventures, I wondered if the vans are the mode of public transportation in St. Vincent now and if the drivers are the types of men we encountered 30 years ago. The taxi vans still are the only mode of public transportation. The vans now are regulated by the government and each van has an 'H' on its license plate to identify its legitimacy. Some things changed; other things remained the same.

THE BOOK NOOK

Areopagitica, John Milton – June 1643

Milton wrote this essay to combat an Order of Parliament calling for licensing of all printed material. Licensing in this sense meaning censorship as no works could be printed without first being pored over by The Committee. The work is as relevant and vital today, four centuries later, as it was then. The author presents his case thoroughly and logically in the 31 or so pages of his brilliant essay. What resonated with me when I read it many years ago and even today were his words “Who censors the censors?” Indeed, who should and who does?

Tess Chedsey

AND MORE...

A Motley Crew

Copyright 2019 by Erhard Gross

This Texas town was entirely different from any of the locations we had visited during the last two months. I was with the US Army Exhibit Unit. We were four soldiers whose job it was to visit towns with veterans' activities or national commemorations related to patriotic events and holidays.

This town was small and dusty. When I walked down Main Street toward midnight last night, a policeman stopped me to find out who I was and what I was doing. I told him that I was just taking a walk. Somewhat apologetically, he said: “This is a one-horse town and seldom can you see persons walking by themselves this late at night. Not that there is anything wrong with it. It's just uncommon.” He shook my hand.

Earlier today, a somewhat disheveled character had come up to me at our exhibit with his hand extended for a shake. Seeing my uniform badge, he wanted to know whether I had actually ever jumped out of an airplane. I told him I had. “How many times?” he wanted to know. He said he wanted to buy me a beer. “Meet me at the saloon at the end of the block when you're finished here!” Somewhat reluctantly, I walked down Main Street toward the light and noise that came from the corner building. Inside, a dozen lively characters appeared to expect me.

They wanted me to tell them stories about paratroopers and army rangers. Some of them seemed at an advanced state of inebriation. Several hollered to the waiter to bring me a beer. Before I had finished the first sentence, the guy across from me began telling his story: “I was in the 82nd. On my first jump, I had a Mae West. That made me descend faster than normal to where I was walking in the inflated chute of the guy below me. We were going down fast and I didn't seem to be able to walk off. I was finally able to rip open the spare. No sooner was the canopy open than I wound up in a tree, hanging upside down. I ain't never liked trees, but this'n done saved my life.”

“That ain't nothing,” another chap said impatiently. “We were getting ready for a mass jump of several hundred men. Flying at 1200 feet on a gusty afternoon, I was sitting at the plane's door. The plane hit strong turbulence, making me puke. I landed in a strong wind gust that perty near dragged me silly. I had dropped on a tank road. The rocks ripped big holes into my fatigues. My knees and knuckles were bloody. My squad leader had me hauled to the infirmary in minutes. The doc there thought he'd have to amputate my broken right thumb. I thought about quitting jump school. But I sure as hell couldn't quit because I needed those 55 bucks every month, especially since my gal was pregnant.”

One wise guy shouted: “I've never understood how a normal person can jump out of a perfectly flying air plane.” Another voice wanted to know how many times I had jumped and from what kinds of airplanes. I told the boys 23 times, from C-119s, C-130s, C-124s and several others.

“Were you ever scared?” somebody asked. I told the group that jumping is easy. It's the landing that can be rough. The month before I got to Fort Campbell, Kentucky, four paratroopers were dragged to death because the ground wind speed

was too high for releasing the chute. The commanding general of the 101st Airborne Division had thereupon ordered no jumping when wind velocities exceed 18 mph.

“Jumping in slack winds didn’t do me any good when I landed in water and the chute collapsed over me. I tried to activate the quick release but was running out of air and strength. Good thing I had landed near the edge of the lake so I could finally stand up and get my knife out to cut a hole in the chute for breathing. I was certainly glad to be discharged because I didn’t need that sh-t for 55 bucks. Officers get double that hazardous duty pay and never jump with equipment larger than a pistol. Most of the time they don’t even jump with the enlisted in order to keep them from seeing when an officer is in distress. But let me tell you this. I’ve heard that during the invasion of Normandy, officers had to jump with their men. Many were killed or wounded and had to rely on each other. I didn’t want any of this horsesh-t.”

Another character wanted to know whether I had actually been in the US Army Rangers. I told him that there were no Ranger units at the time when I went to Ranger School. Graduates of Ranger School came from various existing units of the US Army. (The first post-WWII Ranger unit was not established until 1974.)

Another unshaven chap charged somewhat aggressively: “Most rangers show off like hell. They think they’re something special. We had several in our outfit at Fort Leonard Wood. They were no heroes; they bitched about the chiggers as much as anyone else.”

Another fellow came to my defense: “I know that Ranger School is very tough. My brother-in-law graduated from Ranger School. He said that living off the land for days was tough and also dangerous. In the last week of the course, his ranger buddy, a Golden Gloves champ from Minnesota, was bitten by a pigmy rattlesnake. Fearing that he might not graduate after having put up with the demands of the program for nine weeks, he got mad at the rattler and stuffed it into the butt of his rifle in order to cook it later. He was evacuated to the nearest hospital for rehab but was allowed to graduate with his class. Sometimes more than half the class members flunk out. In his class, of over 160 starters, only 63 made it all the way. No one who actually knows the facts would disparage an Army ranger.”

“I know he is right,” said another man who had been rather quiet so far. “My brother went through the course in early spring when the swamps of the Florida Pan Handle are flooded. He navigated his company-size patrol through the swamps and volunteered to swim the guide rope across a swift river in the middle of the night. They were out in the field for five days without food and rest. Most men can’t take that kind of privation.”

“Yeah, we were on maneuver one hot and sticky September in North Carolina. We ate persimmons right off the trees. One late afternoon we saw this produce truck coming down the dirt road. We stopped the driver to ask if he had any beer with him. While I was talking to him through the cab’s window, several of my buddies liberated some of the big watermelons off the back of his truck. Soldiers protect the country and its citizens but we still needed to eat and drink.”

“What do you think about that? A bunch of f - - cking thieves” another voice submitted unctuously. It seemed that the whole motley crew had opinions on the subject. With all the beers under their belts, they were frequently all talking at the same time. I used the melee to strategically retreat from the saloon and wasn’t looking forward to seeing any of the guys of this one-horse town the next day.

ASTORIA OR. - A TRILOGY

The Astoria - Megler Bridge

It is long, high and interesting but not a thing of beauty. What is beautiful is to see it together with the land and water; when cargo ships of various sorts travel around and beneath; when the ocean and landscape is calm and you see the brilliant blue water; when you are coming across from Washington to Oregon and the seagulls are flying at you and you think they will hit you but they don’t; when the sea and river are wild and gigantic; when the blinding sun is setting and frames the bridge amid cloud formations. What beauty. This is the Astoria - Megler bridge.

Sunset on the Southern Slope

Astoria Oregon’s southern slope faces Young’s Bay, which feeds into the Pacific. In the winter, the sun sets around five, in the summer ten. The slope is the other side of the Astoria hill, the southern hill which is home to someone; some houses are small, a few large, but most are just there at different levels and makes - a blend almost like Christmas every day. To see the sun set is almost unreal with colors from clouds, water, land and birds; a new painting every evening. To be here is a gift of nature.

Birds

Near the water and sea amid the nearby rivers, bay and ocean are the birds; gulls and eagles and others in flight or perched on trees. The deck feeders bring in the Northern Flicker, Western Scrub-Jay, Hermit Thrush, Dark-eyed Junco, Steller’s Jay, American Crow and Common Raven among unidentified others - a beautiful, colorful mix. You see them come and go, fight for food and just be there to look at. They are perfectly formed and behave in a predictable order unknown to many humans. They do not bother you. You wonder how they can stay atop a tree with balance and see the world you cannot. You envy their ease of flight. The birds.

N. Hooge

To Croak

Little Johnny asks his bedridden grandfather: You are not a frog, grandpa, are you? Grandpa: Why do you ask, Johnny? Johnny: Mom said, as soon as grandpa croaks, we’re going to Hawaii.

Erhard Gross

The Swine

After difficult days, the great leader might call for his chauffeur to take him on a ride down some remote country road. Once they ran over a chicken. The leader picked up the dead chicken and went to the nearest farm to apologize.

After 10 minutes, he came back all disheveled and bloody. He got in the car and they proceeded. Pretty soon, they ran over a pig, killing it too.

This time the chauffeur volunteered to apologize to the farmer. He came back after 15 minutes all smiles and loaded with gifts. The great leader asked his chauffeur what he had said to the farmer. All I said to the farmer: “The swine is dead.”

Erhard Gross

Notice: When you attend an Encore class or event, you will be entering a place where photography, video and audio recordings may occur. Also, note that requirements for entry into in-person events follow the Astoria Senior Guidelines: All attendees must offer proof of vaccination and wear a mask upon entering any facility where the event is being held.

FALL 2022 CLASS SCHEDULE

Humanist Discussions Class

Humanist Discussions is a group effort on Zoom in which we explore various aspects of the human condition. Each week we nominate and select a topic to discuss the following week. Over the intervening week, we exchange websites and articles pertaining to the topic selected. There is no requirement to review them. But the discussion is much improved when members of the group have made an effort to inform themselves about the upcoming topic. All are welcome to join.

Classes are held Monday mornings from 10:00 to 12:00, Fall term, September 26 through November 14. To join, send me an email at todlundy@gmail.com. Have "Humanist Discussions" in the title of your email please. .

Tod

ENCORE Fall 2022 *Writing Exchange* Class

Awaken the Writer Within You!

5 Reasons in 8 Short Weeks for You to Become the Writer You Were Born to Be.

Perhaps you've pondered writing a memoir, a poem, or some other story, but the right circumstances never presented themselves. Perhaps now is finally that time.

Amy Tan, best-selling author of *The Joy Luck Club*, began writing relatively late in her life. Something which inspired her was joining a weekly writing group focused on two things: kindness and honesty.

ENCORE offers such a group, and it fits within your budget.

Our *Writing Exchange* online class provides **5 Key Benefits** to You as a New Writer:

1. **Encouragement**
2. **How to Constructively Give Feedback to Others**
 - This is Not Entirely an Altruistic Act. By Analyzing What Other People Write, it Improves Your Own Work.
3. **How to Effectively Receive & Use Feedback**
 - Each Week, you'll Receive emailed **Audio** and **Downloadable Video** Copies of Your Writing with Constructive Feedback from our class. Listen and Watch People React to Your Work with Signs of Honest Appreciation!
4. **A Series of Soft Self-Imposed Deadlines**, i.e., Eight Chances to Share Your Writing during the Fall
5. Term. **Brief Lectures on the Techniques & Craft of Writing**: Based on Master Classes from a Diverse Group of Writers! Borrow Techniques from One Master or More. You *Can* Be a Better Writer!

ENCORE Fall 2022's *Writing Exchange* online class begins Tuesday, September 27 (and runs just 8 weeks till Tuesday, November 15) from 9:45 to 11:45 A.M.

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

Genealogy

Trace your family history in this beginning class on Genealogy. The class will be held in the classroom at the Senior Center on Thursday afternoons from 1:30 to 3:30 from September 29 through November 17.

For more information on this exciting, informative class, contact the instructor, Sandra Melvin at 409 504 1655 or email: shargrov@sbcglobal.net.

Fall 22 Science Exchange

Science Exchange, a staple and long-standing favorite class among ENCORElites, returns this Fall to a Thursday morning time slot, 10:30 a.m.-12:00 p.m. at the Astoria Senior Center's classroom. Facilitators Karen Elder and Mike Kinney look forward to hosting a lively class featuring member-supplied topics, videos and maybe some facilitator-supplied topics or fun puzzles, to fill any embarrassing periods of silence.

OCEANOGRAPHY
COURSE OUTLINE

Instructor: Ed Joyce, Ph.D.

Meeting 1	9/30	Introduction & Course Overview
Meeting 2	10/7	Plate Tectonics & the Ocean Floor
Meeting 3	10/14	Waves & Beaches
Meeting 4	10/21	Seawater & Air-Sea Interaction
Meeting 5	10/28	Ocean Circulation & Tides
Meeting 6	11/4	Marine Life & Biologic Productivity
Meeting 7	11/11	Pelagic & Benthic Marine Life
Meeting 8	11/18	Climate Change & Course Review

Classes will be held Friday mornings from 10:00 to 12:00 at the Senior Center.

(A field trip to observe a tide pool environment at Haystack Rock is possible if there is interest and the weather favorable.)

Ideas

Videos from Pearson

Additional readings for each subject noted on syllabus.

From Dory Lukas

Starting in September, community classes and events that we can all attend will be listed each month on the encorelearn.net website. Offerings by the Maritime Museum, Senior Center, Preservation and Historic Societies, Ft George Brewery, Lewis & Clark National Park, Astoria trolley and Sunday Market, and even YouTube may be included. The learning opportunities in the Astoria area and beyond are endless!

Encore Learn
 c/o Clatsop Community College
 1651 Lexington Ave
 Astoria, OR 97103
www.encorelearn.net

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