

CLASS ACT



GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT!

Thinking back on “the good old days” when I was in high school in the early 60s, the end of the school semester was a bittersweet time; bitter with the inevitability of final exams and papers due, but sweet with the promise of the end of school and the beginning of the holidays or summer vacation.



We all were treated to an interesting fall quarter of ENCORE classes and now we’re almost finished with the winter quarter. I’ve personally enjoyed Art Limbird’s Mediterranean Civilizations class and Indian Slavery with Professor Gross on Thursdays, and ‘Learning to Become a Sage’ with Seth Tichenor on Friday mornings. These classes have been both interesting and very well attended.

Spring Quarter will begin April 2 and end on May 25. Besides several continuing classes, highlight courses in the spring quarter will include ‘Terrorism’ with teaching favorite Kirsten Severson and a course on the US Constitution and Local Governments put together by Erhard Gross. He assures me that our current president will not be a speaker for the course. Sweet!

Consider inviting friends to check out our spring classes and join ENCORE. It is only \$25.00 for the final quarter of the year and yes – NO final exams or papers, although we take attendance at the request of the college. Sweet!

Do join us for the general membership meeting at Clatsop Community College, 2:00 PM Friday, June 2, 2018. Coffee and dessert will be served. Really SWEET!!

Dave Zunkel
davezunkel@gmail.com

Learning new things is fun
until you have to do it for grades!

He texted me “your adorable.”
I responded, “no, you’re adorable.”
Now he thinks I like him when all I did was point
out his grammar mistake.
(For use in Eric Anderson’s writing Class??!)

NOTICE

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

LOOKING AHEAD!**The United States Constitution and Local Governments**

Submitted by Erhard Gross

Starting with the presidential election of 2016, many citizens have become more interested in what our Constitution says about certain subjects. Specifically, the government tried to keep visitors from predominantly Islamic nations out of our country. Immigration from Latin American countries was to be severely curtailed and a wall was to be constructed along the Mexican/US border. Undocumented Latino persons in the US would be deported, the latter of which would include American-born children of those illegals. Other priority endeavors by the new administration were the repeal of the Affordable Care Act (Obama-Care), setting aside this country's diplomatic relations with Cuba, and moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem and other changes in order to "make America great again." It is significant that the new president wanted to achieve his goals faster than the legislative process in Washington would allow. To overcome undesirable delays, President Trump frequently resorted to Executive Orders to implement his ideas.

Whatever one's personal take on the subject, the situation in Washington has engendered strong positions by persons for and against this new leadership. To facilitate discussion of these issues, ENCORE's Curriculum Committee is sponsoring a course designed to throw light on the underlying documents that guide the discussion of current issues.

Americans were and are frequently challenged in the media to ask what our Constitution says on various subjects.

To lend balance to our considerations, we have invited leaders in local government to help us understand what makes them work. Do they have constitutions, by-laws or charters? Who is responsible for periodic review of the governing documents? Who develops the guidelines enforcement agencies must follow?

We are not aiming to create a political set-to; we are interested in learning what makes our democracy work.

The class meets from 1:30 to 3:30 PM Thursdays at Astoria City Hall's Council Chambers. Dates: 3/29, 4/5, 4/12, 4/19, 4/26, 5/6. (Bldg. equipped with elevator.)

BRAIN TEASERS

1. What runs all around the yard without moving?
2. You have me today, tomorrow you'll have more; as your time passes, I'm not easy to store; I don't take up space, but I'm only in one place; I am what you saw, but not what you see. What am I?
3. Which part of the road do ghosts love to travel most?
(Answers on P.6)

WANTED: Media Liaison

Do you have experience writing press releases? Are you familiar with the people involved with getting articles in the local papers and time on the local radio stations?

The ENCORE Board is looking for a volunteer to take over the responsibilities of getting information on our activities and potential outside speakers (like Dr. Borg last summer) out to the community that we serve.

Contact Dave Zunkel at [503-861-8539](tel:503-861-8539) or davezunkel@gmail.com if you are interested in this opportunity!

An Intro to Erhard & Jean's writings

Submitted by Sue Zerangue

Eric Anderson's Writing Exchange class debuted in the fall of 2017. A small group of aspiring writers soon assembled to learn from Eric's considerable skill and helpful handout material, sharing their efforts with growing confidence every week. Each writer was allowed to use the form of their choosing - poems, stories, memoirs - and each was gently critiqued by the class as a whole. Then we were guided by Eric's own observations and suggestions. Some students offered "stand alone" writings, while others read from their "works in progress"... all types of individual expression equally welcome.

Shared thoughts led to group cohesion; when the class was due to end in November, much of the core group wanted to keep working together, expanding on what they'd created. Eric was up to the challenge. He agreed to meet informally through the holiday break, and convene again in another series of Winter sessions. New members, eager to test their abilities and learn new writing skills, have been encouraged to join. I wish this class great success in its second term. Eric has proven to be an inspiring leader, and writer in his own right. Three of the many wonderful works produced in Writing Exchange are offered below.

Winter Storm: Goddess of Destruction

I stand in my waterproof boots half way up this hill, surprised and sickened by Mother Nature's ongoing lesson of an Earth operating in its own vibration.

There used to be a quiet, wooded drive here, before an unrelenting torrent of rain, coupled with an underground cataract, set this Coastal mudslide in motion.

I step over fallen tree limbs where once the glorious, wooded lane began.

Decades past, a house stood here, windows facing the mouth of the Columbia River below.

Now I observe an abandoned, homeless camp, with soggy plastic tarps and shattered grocery cart, set in a mound of blackberry bushes.

I turn now, walking gingerly down to the base of the hill, heading home.

Looking up, my eyes fasten on an impressive set of cement blocks that now wall the lower end of the slide, narrowing the street to one lane.

These, then, are noble guards whose bold posture demands immediate attention: they, the granite, sandbag Militia halting trespass of liquefied earth.

And She, at play, poised at the top of this hill, gently nudging with her big toe, an unstable watershed.

FASCINATING RHYTHM

**There's a new way to be
 Younger than you REALLY are.
 Pass this test; perform well,
 And you'll get the gold star.
 Fight to stay light,
 No belly like jelly,
 Have a dog, not a cat,
 Stay away from the tellie.
 Weight bearing effort,
 For muscle and bone,
 Keep the arms moving,
 They've GOT to have tone.
 One partner is best,
 With plenty of touches.
 Get ample rest,
 Stay away from those crutches.
 Healthy parents will help,
 You've got to have that;
 Not too much stress--
 Like certain diseases:
 The D word, the C word,
 The A word, and wheezes.
 Multi Vites should be popped,
 And prescription drugs dropped.
 Visit Doc once a year,
 And just ONE wine or beer.
 Three veggies or fruits, fish over
 beef.
 Beans may give you the toots
 But they'll save you some grief.
 Your heart rate's now right,
 A new future's in sight,
 Cause cholesterol's low.
 From here just remember:
 Go with the Flow!
 You have just GAINED six years.
 For what I'm not sure,
 To pay bills it appears.**

**Copyright © 2017 Jean McGonigle
 Published with permission**

**Sneaking Across**

By Erhard Gross

Before I tell the story of my defection from behind the Iron Curtain, I have to give a little general background. By the late 1940s, the Cold War was getting into full swing: 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 fun. 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 she had taken a trip to 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 banana and therefor ate it with great reverence. I could not get myself to throw away the fragrant peeling and sniffed it every few minutes. Since it was my Lutheran confirmation day, my mother had given me my first suit. It featured a watch pocket just perfect for the watch my mother had inherited from her father. I took out the watch and put in the banana peeling, so I could take it out whenever I needed to partake of its exotic fragrance. For Christmas that year, my mother wanted me to wear that suit again. It reminded me of the banana peeling. I put my finger into the watch pocket and found that the peeling had rotted a hole into the pocket.

Undoubtedly stimulated by the exotic fruit and the desire to see something of our country, 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 160 miles north from where we lived. We arrived there the same evening. 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 (food was of greatest interest!) 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 a fetching grocery store display window in a heavily damaged building. What a sight for starved East German eyes. The store displayed more than we (Cont'd on P 5)

(Cont'd from P 4) **SNEAKING ACROSS**

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, 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, some hard rolls 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 I had been told by my sister. 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 160 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 *Republikflucht* (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 East Berlin, we defected to the West. Of course we were nervous; after all, getting caught was generally punished with three years of hard labor, but we had had lots of practice crossing a frontier. As employees of the federal forest service, we had repeatedly crossed into Czechoslovakia. 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 anyone. They were helpful by directing us to an address where we could register as refugees.

In those days, many East Germans fled their country, the German Democratic Republic (GDR), every day. Most of the defectors were professionals and skilled workers, averaging from 150,000 to 200,000 annually from 1948 to 1961. A full-fledged "brain drain" was in progress. How was this possible? The nearly impenetrable Berlin Wall was not erected until August 1961. A few persons were able to get out even after the Wall had gone up. The "brain drain," albeit reduced, continued. The story has it that the East German boss called his cabinet together to deliberate what might be done to stop even those few who were still able to get through. Asking for suggestions on how to stem the continued population hemorrhaging, he asked for advice. The head of the Stasi suggested making a few small strategically located holes in the wall and equipping them with a guillotine-type devise. This way, when the person crawled through the hole and his head emerged on the other side, the guillotine would chop off the person's head. It would be a reliable deterrent. However the boss firmly rejected the idea, saying: "That way the West still gets the brains and we are left with the assholes."

Horst was 18 and I was 17 at the time of our defection. We reported to a camp for single male defectors. All three Western Allies, American, British and French, debriefed us for anything we might know about the GDR. Horst and I were not classified as political, but rather, as economic refugees. We were convinced that the grass was greener on the other side of the fence.

Undoubtedly, the West was reaping impressive propaganda victories by furthering the exodus of the masses that wanted to escape from the East. The Cold War had come to a boil; recriminations by the East were daily occurrences. Once before, in 1947, the Soviets had closed all land and water routes to West Berlin to impede the (Cont'd on P 6)

(Cont'd from P 5) **SNEAKING ACROSS**

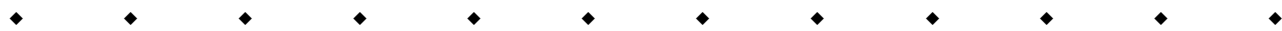
outflow of refugees. The Western Allies responded with the famous American "Berlin Air Lift." For over 300 days the two million West Berliners received all their food, fuel and medical supplies by way of the American Air Force.

So it was here. Lest we refugees be captured by the East Germans, we were airlifted to the West after about three weeks in Berlin. We were then bused to a labor camp near *Sandbostel*, State of Lower Saxony. It was from there that we mailed our first letters to both our mothers. We stayed in that camp for two weeks but the camp authorities did not tell us what might happen after Sandbostel. We seemed suspended in mid-air.

Thus we were surprised to find ourselves shipped by train to southern Germany.

We had escaped pervasive anti-West indoctrination. After the collapse of the Hitler regime, the mind control had continued seamlessly. The physical escape from the oppressive communist East Germany was now complete. I was still unused to planning for the future and capable of thinking outside the framework of anti-Western propaganda. However, an entirely new chapter in my life was about to begin.

Copyright © 2017 Erhard W. Gross
Published with permission



"Writing Exchange" Class Recommended

I highly recommend Eric Anderson's "Writing Exchange." He was able to awaken in us the desire to express our thoughts in various genres of creative writing. With attention to detail and constructive critique, Eric helps all of his listeners to improve their writing skills. Come and see whether you might find "Writing Exchange" has something to offer to you.

Submitted by Erhard Gross



INTRODUCING LEAH OLSON

Leah Olson is one of the youngest, loveliest, additions to Clatsop Community College and Astoria. She is ENCORE's new liaison with Clatsop Community College, replacing Mary Kemhus. Her official title is Community & Workforce Training Coordinator; she began work January 2, 2018, working to support and promote ENCORE and attends the ENCORE Curriculum and Board meetings to that end.

Leah has a degree in Business Administration from John Brown University and a Bachelor's degree in Graphic Design from Portland State University. She started out in 2007 marketing materials and packaging for a small camera company. She then worked in advertising at Coast River Business Journal, travel Europe networking and promoting sustainable building materials; designing wine label websites and marketing campaigns and support materials for small and large wineries across the United States. Leah worked on Nike footwear campaigns, designed exhibits/marketing campaigns and materials for a museum grand opening and has taught Graphic Design courses in the Visual Communications Program at Chemeketa Community College.

Leah's grandmother and mother were born and raised in Astoria. Her mother and father owned dairy farms in Oregon and Washington. Her Significant Other is Alex Appel and their darling one-year-old daughter is Opal.

Submitted by Tisha Tarver, Interviewer



BRAIN TEASER ANSWERS:

- 1) A fence
- 2) Memories
- 3) The Dead End

LOOKING BACK – – “The Fun Lunch Bunches”

There was no December Lunch Bunch since the grand annual Holiday Bash was held on December 15th, 2017.

January 2018 Lunch Bunch

On Friday January 5th six ENCORE members got together at the newly opened “Jim’s Roadside Grill” in Warrenton. We had a good visit together! Participants were Ellen Silverman, Lynne Ryan, Bernie Thomas, Kit Ketcham, John Rider and yours truly, Ellen Norris.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

A small group of six ENCORE members met for the **February Lunch Bunch** at Plaza Jalisco. The restaurant does have a small parking lot just off Marine Drive. Food was excellent and the server was delightful.

Those in attendance were Mickey & Eric Anderson, Chris Bryant, Anne Grant, Gerrie Penny & and Frank Spence, our speaker for the event.



Just for fun, a short true or false quiz about groundhogs was given. Frank won the door prize of a stuffed groundhog for correctly answering all seven questions! We then heard an interesting story of how Frank’s life was molded at different times when he found himself at crossroads of decisions that would determine what path his life would take. He was very lucky to have had a college professor to lead him into a study that was new at the time but held promise. And that it did! By following the guidance given, Frank pursued a career in city management that has taken him so very many places. We enjoyed hearing about all his decisions and the consequences of relocating throughout his career. Emphasis was given at meeting those crossroads and having decisions fall into place by what events were happening at that time. He was so lucky & wise to see the path to take. His program left me with an awareness of all the crossroads I had encountered and, much like Frank, things fell into place leading me to make the best decisions at the time. Thank you, Frank, for an excellent program.

Submitted by Gerrie Penny

Editor’s note: The editor had planned a “theme” of first cars or unusual experiences with cars – but apparently it did not resonate with the membership – One submission was received – Thank you, Lynne! So, if you have ideas of what you’d like to read about, please let the editor know. Editor contact info is on the last page of this news-letter. Thank you.

MY FIRST CAR

When I got my first ‘real’ job, I wanted to buy a sports car... despite the fact that I had no experience with a stick shift or any sort of manual transmission. So my Dad and I went car shopping and I selected a used 1965 MG Midget in British racing green (of course). For some reason, the dealer needed to do some sort of prep, so I ended up with the use of a Sunbeam convertible with a stick shift for two days. It looked sort of like a toaster on wheels. And that’s the car I used to learn to drive a stick shift. I recall very well being at a traffic light in town and taking four light changes before I could get into first gear. I was lucky road rage wasn’t in fashion at the time. But I did learn to shift smoothly and to this day, prefer a stick shift!

Submitted by Lynne Ryan

ENCORE/CLATSOP COMMUNITY COLLEGE

“Exploring New Concepts of Retirement Education”

1651 Lexington Avenue

Astoria OR 97103

www.encorelearn.org

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Article	Page	Article	Page
Greetings From the President	1	Introducing Leah Olson	6
Looking Ahead:		Looking Back:	7
The U S Constitution and Local Governments	2	Fun Lunch Bunches	
Brain Teasers	2	My First Car	7
WANTED: Media Liaison	3		
Intro to Erhard’s & Jean’s Writings			
Winter Storm: Goddess of Destruction	3		
Fascinating Rhythm	4		
Sneaking Across	4		

ENCORE’S Class Act is published quarterly by ENCORE, “Exploring New Concepts Of Retirement Education.”

Aletha Westerberg, Editor
503-325-4315 or 503-470-2616

westysr@gmail.com

Bob Westerberg, Proof Reader

Leah Olson, CCC Liaison email: lolson@clatsopcc.edu 109 Towler Hall 503-338-2408

Next “Class Act” deadline is Monday, MAY 14, 2018
