



Message from the President:

Dear Membership,

The board continues to meet monthly by Zoom or in person to evaluate our options during this time of health precautions. ENCORE is providing limited classes either on Zoom or at the Astoria Senior Center. You should be receiving information on all courses offered. At this time other activities such as our annual meeting are being considered based on safety for members. We will keep you informed.

It is my hope that members have a safe winter and spring season. I look forward to being able to all get together and celebrate our participation in this very important organization. I wish to thank all of you for your patience and support. Membership is strong at this time. I also wish to thank those who work so hard to provide our courses, those who provide the many other activities and to those at Clatsop Community College who help us so much.

Again, please have a safe winter and spring.
Norm Hooge

HELP WANTED!!!

As readers of Class Act are no doubt aware, the activities of ENCORE have been curtailed since the start of the pandemic. Membership is down about 50%, and the social activities of ENCORE have been put on hold. As your most recent past-president, I am hopeful that the 2022-2023 academic year will get ENCORE back to “normal”, albeit perhaps a “new normal.” ENCORE has been fortunate to have had a core group of officers and support persons that have been able to keep things going. Thank you Norm Hooge, Karen Elder, Donn Ketner, Reta and Rollie Lindstrom, Dory Lukas[until illness sidelined her], Craig Holt, Tess Chedsey, and Elfi Gross. And kudos to all the people who have continued to teach and coordinate classes.

The “Help Wanted” headline refers to the fact that starting in July 2022, ENCORE will need [at least] a new president, vice-president, trip committee chair, and media liaison person. The 2022-2023 academic year will be a key year for the organization as we hope to return ENCORE to a more vibrant program. If you are interested in helping ENCORE be successful by running for office or holding a position, please contact me at davezunkel@gmail.com or by phone at 503 861-8539. I would be glad to discuss with you the open positions and their duties.

The needs here are real- your participation is REALLY needed! Reduce senior unemployment- volunteer!! And thank you for seriously considering helping ENCORE in the coming academic year.
Dave Zunkel



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

AHMED

Date of Initial Concept:7/22/2021

Date of last edit:11/3/2021

I realized much later. The best thing that happen to me when I was given my teaching assignments, upon arriving at King Faisal University, in Dammam, Saudi Arabia, was that I was also assigned Ahmed Al Roashid as my teaching assistant. Ahmed was around 20 years old. He was a quiet unassuming slender man of average stature. He had graduated from the same program the previous year. I was told by a colleague, that he was a hard worker, and indeed I found him to be an extraordinarily reliable, thoughtful and helpful man.

We were assigned to teach basic design. It is a course in perceptual organization leading to graphic and spatial designs. All classes were to be taught in English. Many of the students hadn't learned English sufficiently well to express their ideas so that I could help them develop a physical expression for them. It was Ahmed's job to help me with communication in these cases. This kind of translation concerned more than mere language, it also included translation of foreign cultural concepts which were embedded in the student's ideas. Consequently we worked closely. He would be next to me when I was assisting a student. He would translate the more subtle aspects of the student's ideas, if there were any, and help the student to think more deeply when there weren't.

Another aspect of Ahmed's roll was to look out for me. I don't know that this was an official part of his job. Rather it was in the nature of his caring character. One instance occurred on a morning when he and I arrived at the studio before class. After we had prepared for the day's lesson he approached me with a serious look and asked. "What is the matter Professor Lundy? You seem distracted this morning." I was not aware that the problem with my children's school was weighing on me so heavily that it would be apparent to anyone else, but this perceptive young man had picked up clues. I explained to him that money for my children's school tuition had not been wired to my Saudi bank as promised. And that the American Academy had sent a letter home with my son stating that my children will not be permitted to continue in their classes unless I had paid their tuition by the following Monday. "How much do you need?" He asked. "Two thousand one hundred dollars." I replied. "No problem" Ahmed said as he reached under his thobe and produced cash. He must have had a money belt. He counted out the equivalent to \$2,100 in Saudi Rials onto the table in front of us. He slid the stack of bills over to me saying "You may return this when you receive your money." I was amazed that he would be walking around with that kind of cash. I took a pen and paper and began writing an IOU. He stopped me asking "What are you doing?" I said I'm writing you an I owe you. He put his had on the money, as if to take it back and said "If I can't trust your word, why would I trust a piece of paper?" I was surprised by his firmness and the clarity of his statement. "You are right." I replied, crumpling the paper. "You have my word. I will return your money as soon as I have the funds."

The tuition money had been sent to a bank on the opposite side of the Kingdom. I did not locate it for six months. However I returned Ahmed's money a couple of weeks later after going to the finance department window for the cash payment of my monthly salary.

=====O=====

AHMED'S BRIDE

What is going on with you Ahmed? All day you have been acting giddy?" "Yes" he said. "I am excited because tonight I meet my wife." What do you mean? I didn't know you were married." "I'm not. She is my future wife. What? I replied. He explained, Yes, I will have a traditional Saudi wedding. Here in Saudi Arabia a man doesn't choose his wife his mother does it. From the time I was a small child my mother has been looking for the right girl to be my wife. She talks to other mothers about their daughters with the question in

mind. 'Which girl would be a good wife for my Ahmed'. There is much to be considered in choosing your wife. It is a family matter. It is more than the couple which is getting married, it is two families that are bound in marriage. Last week my mother announced that she had made her decision and tonight I will go to my wife's house to meet her for the first time.

The following day I asked Ahmed "How did it go last night?" He said "It was a traditional meeting before marriage. I wore a thobe, egal and gutra. When I arrived I was invited into their family sitting room where I sat at one end of a their couch. Soon my wife and her father came into the room. Her father sat on a chair facing the couch. She sat at the other end of it. She was wearing the traditional abaya. She was completely covered all I could see were her delicate hands. She seemed slender, though it was hard to tell. We were allowed to talk but she said little mostly answering my questions. I asked the traditional questions like do you want to have children, do you want to travel?. She asked the same of me. The meeting lasted less than a half hour."

What did you think? I asked. "I think she is beautiful." he replied with great enthusiasm. "So what happens next?" "In about a month she and I will meet at the Imam's mosque. He will ask questions of each of us. Then if he approves that we are a good match, he will proclaim our marriage to be mabrook." "What does mabrook mean?" I asked "The translation" he explained, "is something like 'It is good.'" But it has much greater meaning because at the moment, when the Emam says 'mabrook', we are officially married. The wedding is only a formality. When will the wedding take place? I asked assuming that it would happen directly upon the emam's proclamation. "Oh" Ahmed explained, "Weddings are elaborate affairs. It takes the women a lot of time to plan and prepare for them. It usually takes around a year for the wedding to happen." Will you be able to see your bride in the mean time?" I asked. "Oh No!" he said. "Not until the wedding can I see her." I hope you will come to my wedding" he said. "It is considered a good omen for the marriage to have a foreign dignitary attend the wedding. I told him that we would be honored to attend his wedding.

AHMED'S WEDDING

On the day of Ahmed's wedding my wife, Maura, and I drove to a small village in the desert near the Arabian Gulf (aka Persian Gulf). We followed Ahmed's directions, which were simple as the town was just a few blocks in each direction. We found the house, not by street name or number, neither of which I could have read. It was a large house compared to those around it. I presumed that it had been rented for the wedding. We could recognize it as the wedding house because of there were several men chatting around outside.

We were greeted by a servant who directed Maura to one door and me to another. I understood that this would happen. Maura would join the women on the roof and I would join the men in the modulese, or sitting room, on the ground floor. The hallway leading to the modulese was lined with men's shoes. We were expected to leave our shoes in the hall. Then upon entering the hall we were to wash our hands before finding a place to sit.

The modulese was a long rectangular room with cushion along the two long sides. This one was about 30 feet long. The length of these rooms vary with the size of home and social status of the owner. The width of these rooms is more likely to be a similar dimension as It must accommodate men sitting with legs tucked along both long walls. There is a five foot space down the center of the room for dinner mats which are about five feet square. Between the space for diner mats and the seated men, there is room to walk.

As a result of these requirements, sitting rooms are all a similar width of 14 and 20 feet. Next to the entry, in the middle of the short wall, was an elaborate fountain for washing hands. It had exotic plants and a small waterfall. After washing my hands, I walked about half way down the row of seated men to find an unoccupied

cushion. I greeted the men on both sides with a “Salam wa Alecum” and they would returned the traditional “Alecum Salam.” This universal Saudi greeting means something like “peace and prosperity.”

The seated men chatted with one another. Two men sitting against the wall opposite me were playing baloot, a popular card game. As we waited, the drumming and singing of the women’s party could be faintly heard from the roof two stories above us. I thought that the women’s party sounded like a lot more fun than this one.

Eventually the room was lined with men most of whom were dressed in the traditional white thobe, gutra and egal. Once everyone was seated, the waiters entered with four plastic sheets which act as place mats. These they spread on the floor down the center of the room. Each was centered under a large chandelier. They were spaced leaving ample room between them so that the men could sit facing their platter of food and not be too close to the back of the man at the next setting.

About five minutes later, four waiters entered. Each was burdened with a 30 inch diameter steel platter upon which rested a large cone of seasoned rice. Over each cone of rice was draped an entire goat, cooked and steaming, with head and hooves removed.

As soon as the last waiter had retreated back into the kitchen, the men shuffled forward gathering around the platters sitting cross legged on the floor each with his left hand out of sight behind him, they began to pull bite sized pieces of meat from the goat. I was not confident enough to try to pull meat from the goat so I started with the rice. The rice was also eaten with one hand. Upon seeing me struggle with a hand full of loose rice, the man next to me demonstrated the technique for eating rice with one hand and no utensils.

Taking about a tablespoon of rice he squeezed it into a ball. The rice is seasoned with saffron, cardamom and other spices and with just enough olive oil to make these balls hold together. The ball was then discretely ejected, with his thumb, into his mouth. Once I got the knack of making and ejecting rice balls, I decided to try for some goat. I grabbed at a muscle in the leg in front of me.

Once again, my friend bumped me with his elbow and shook his head. I was doing it wrong. He then demonstrated the technique. He formed his fingers into a point, and stabbed them through the tough outer muscle of the leg from under that tough outer layer of muscle. He knew that next to the bone there is a tender muscle. He pulled out a tender chunk of medium-rare meat. Though it was a prize piece, he handed it to me. It was sufficient to satiate my appetite so I didn’t need to try to duplicate his extraordinary technique.

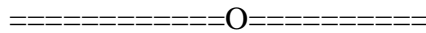
As each man completed his meal he pushed back from the platter, stood up and went to the fountain. There he washed his hands and face and left to go outside. I did the same thing. As I waited for my turn at the fountain I saw the waiters come in to gather the four corners of the plastic sheets with the platter in the center and unceremoniously haul the depleted pile of rice and ravaged goat carcass away.

Outside, I found the men gathered in small groups talking. Some were enjoying an after dinner cigarette. We could hear the women singing and dancing on the roof as we stood around in the warm evening air waiting. I waited outside for a long while before reentering the module.

The men had gathered into small groups talking and playing cards. Hours after we had eaten, a servant came in to tell me that Maura was ready to leave. It was probably around 11:00 PM. Ahmed later told me that the women partied on the roof until 2:00 AM.

On the way home, Maura described the singing and dancing to the drum and flute music of a female band. She said at one point four waiters appeared each holding the corners of a plastic sheet. These they put on the floor

and opened them exposing the platters of left over from the men's party Many of the women sat around these platters eating their wedding dinner of picked-over goat and cold rice.



A SPECIAL STUDENT

Subject: Ackmed Al Roashid was my teaching assistant in Saudi Arabia. His help in the studio and in the community were valuable to us while living in KSA.

Ahmed's teaching assistance.

Ahmed's assistance with school tuition.

Next week Ahmed's bride.

Ahmed's cousin from Al Hoffuf

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Week after: "You're a hard man, professor Lundy."



UNEXPECTED TRAVEL

Lunch in Czechoslovakia

By Erhard Gross

During the 1970s I organized several summer study trips for students of South Dakota State University. These trips focused on German language countries and always included a visit behind the Iron Curtain.

One of these trips consisted of 110 persons. I chartered an entire passenger jet which came from Chicago to pick us up in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and from there to Frankfurt, Germany. For land transportation in Europe, I had hired three large tour buses. As was my normal procedure, whenever we needed to cross an international boundary, I had the students hold up their passports.

The morning of our departure from Vienna for Prague, Czechoslovakia, one of the students reported his passport missing. This was potentially problematical, as we were supposed to travel through Czechoslovakia, and from there through East Germany and then into West Berlin. Although we were always exposed to the seemingly institutional chicaneries by the East German border and customs officials, we were willing to take our chances. Rather than traveling by himself back to Frankfurt, the student without American passport elected to risk going with us on the bus.

Since crossing from Austria into Czechoslovakia was temporarily prohibited on account of hoof- and-mouth decease, we proceeded to the border crossing at the three-country city of Passau, Germany, in order to cross from there into Czechoslovakia. The Czech officer in charge of the frontier crossing told me that he was not in a position to authorize us to proceed because his commanding officer, a colonel, was off duty on this Sunday morning. At the captain's request, the colonel came to the border crossing and issued a temporary visa for my student, saying, however, that he could not guaranty that the East Germans would honor this transit visa. Reckoning the options was not simple because the East Germans could be unpredictable.

I took what I thought was a calculated risk and off we were en route to Prague. The buses made good progress. Since it was past noon by now, I decided to stop the convoy at the next village to see whether we might not be able to eat somewhere. We were lucky. The owner of the only restaurant in town told us that he was actually

closed and that he did not have enough supplies to feed 110 persons. He'd be honored to serve us, he added, if he could get the local butcher and baker to sell him enough food for our group. I also told him that we did not have any Czech money with which to pay him. No problem, he said, you don't have to pay at all.

Rarely have I seen more cooperation and good will. Within an hour, the inn keeper and his crew were serving all of us a substantial meal. I passed the hat around for donations. In the end, we had collected over 500 units of US dollars, West German marks, Swiss francs and Austrian shillings. The owner was smiling.

My group loved Prague. At the border crossing into East Germany, I showed my passport and a typed list of participants. We were allowed to stay on the bus. The officials walked through and didn't even notice that one of us did not have a passport. It was a good Sunday for all of us.

Front and Center to the Cattle Drive

Autumn is my favorite season in Alberta, even more favored than spring which can be fickle, elusive, and ungenerous in its commitment this far north. October days, however, often are clear and sunny, the temperatures pleasant yet sometimes brisk with the ever-present possibility of an unexpected overnight snowfall. The rolling foothills in autumn are carpeted with golden grasslands. The grass is harvested for cattle feed in late August or throughout September and stored in giant plastic covered rolls or smaller traditional bales stacked in the fields for eventual sale or winter feed supply. The grasslands retain uneven height following harvest....enough to offer protection to the rodent wildlife inhabitants from predators both prowling the ground and hunting from the skies overhead.

Snaking through the valleys and clustered on hillsides of the Alberta foothills are the poplar and aspen groves.... in autumn their trembling leaves a gift of color and motion to the landscape as they quiver with vibrant yellows even in undetectable breezes. Alberta autumn, however, can be short-lived. The season may end suddenly when strong winds denude the trees nearly all at once and nighttime temperatures begin to freeze the surfaces of the scattered ponds and lowland streams. The geese that had been present all spring and summer now populate the daytime skies by the hundreds of thousands.... forming and reforming giant "V's" high overhead, noisily making their way south.

A cloudless October weekday this past autumn seemed a glorious opportunity for a drive into the Alberta countryside. The extensive mountain foothills surrounding our town of Cochrane are primarily made up of Provincial Parklands, first nations' reserve lands, and vast cattle ranches. We decided upon a loop road recommended by friends as particularly scenic and within easy access from Cochrane. The route took us south through miles of rolling rangelands spliced with steeper, dry coulees, small bottomland streams and scattered poplar groves, vibrant and shimmering in their autumn foliage. Once onto the recommended road, we had not passed nor seen another person or vehicle for at least half an hour.

A portable, knee high, wooden sandwich board on the roadside along our route, commercially printed, caught our attention. The message read: "Cattle Drive in Progress Ahead." This was the first such sign we had encountered on any of our excursions into the foothills. The sign's message included no advice or direction. We slowed our vehicle and proceeded with caution and curiosity for another kilometer. When the view of the road ahead rose straight to a distant hilltop, we could detect indefinite movement at the summit.

Not knowing the proper procedure for encountering a cattle drive, we turned off our engine and waited in our car on the road. Moving in a slow wave over the hilltop ahead we first could see the hats, then the shoulders and finally the horses below five riders advancing toward us. Within the next minute, the cattle drive

descending the hill in front of us began to take form. Visible now, to the sides and behind the initial riders, were a dozen or so more riders and hundreds of cattle in a blurry cluster among them all. From our distance, there seemed a sort of heat wave illusion surrounding the advancing animals, or perhaps it was dust kicked up from the feet of the horses and cattle that blurred their legs and gave their progress a somewhat floating, ethereal effect. From their white faces and reddish-brown bodies, we concluded that these were mainly Hereford cattle: a breed common here in Alberta for their beef and their breed's natural adaptation to a colder climate.

It is no surprise to any Albertan that this province is home to the greatest numbers of beef cattle, by far, in all of Canada.

As the herd moved closer, one of the riders came ahead to us....stopped within about twenty feet of our vehicle, and turned back. He may have intended to have us stop and turn off our engine....which we already had done. We'll never know. He returned to take his place among the other riders at the front of the herd which was now advancing toward us like a giant, furry flood spreading across the pavement and the roadsides ahead. About twenty feet from the pavement on each side of the road was cattle wire fencing, which kept the cattle from escaping into the vast, seemingly vacant, and perhaps familiar grassland pastures beyond.

Descending the hill behind the initial riders and coming into view next were four more horses and riders, two on each side of the herd, moving along the grassy roadsides keeping the cattle from stopping or turning around. It was easy to tell from the sudden spurts of activity of those four herders that they had the most challenging job. All four appeared to be young men and their obvious focus was preventing any sudden, panic-driven reverse bolts of agitated cattle back toward the familiar pasture behind. These young cowboys and their horses patrolling the roadside ditches ensured herd conformity and purposeful progress. In the very center of the herd were five adults, their horses walking leisurely side by side. All riders, both men and women, young and old, were dressed in chaps, western style shirts, boots and hats.

As the riders in the center of the herd advanced more clearly into our view, we could see that they were comprised of both men and women, smiling, talking to one another, and appearing to be enjoying the fine autumn day and this seasonally traditional cattle country event. They easily could have been several generations of the same family. Finally, coming into view now at the very back of the cattle herd were four additional riders. Likely they and their horses also prevented any cows from sudden panic driven attempts to bolt back toward the direction from which they had come.

The noisy flood of hundreds of cows and their half-grown calves "moooved" past us steadily. Our vehicle was nothing more than an obstacle to be avoided in their path. The herd parted in front of us and merely gently brushed the sides of our car as it passed. The cattle were so compacted that they couldn't turn their heads to find their calves and the calves likewise were terrified of being visually separated, and unable to locate their mothers...perhaps for the first time since their birth many months earlier. Open ovals of complaint and calling out incessantly, cattle mouths were held high, as though to avoid drowning in the sea of bovine bodies. Eyes wide with panic, and compacted side to side, the cows and calves noisily flooded passed us.

The riders who made eye contact with us smiled as their horses walked calmly past our vehicle. A few herders tipped their handsome, western-style hats. We smiled broadly in return. The clamor of the herd and our raised windows prevented any verbal communication between us.

Within about two wondrously thrilling minutes, the cattle herd and riders had flowed seamlessly back together behind us and were continuing steadily at a walking pace along the road toward, we assumed, a more suitable winter pasture.

Feeling excited and fortunate on that sunny autumn day, and somewhat as though we may inadvertently have served as “extras” in a western themed movie set, we considered the differences in meanings of the phrase....”going for an afternoon drive” between the two of us and the ranchers we had just encountered.

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THE BOOK NOOK

Both/And
A Life In Many Worlds
By Huma Abedin

This is a fascinating book that will hold your attention and keep dragging you back for more.

Huma Abedin was Hillary Rodham Clinton’s assistant from when Mrs. Clinton was First Lady through her run for president. It is a well told story about growing up in a different society, marital problems, and being a close observer of the power culture of the most mighty country in the world.

Jean Hooge



AND MORE...

The Indians’ Doom

In the course of the last few years, I had presented ENCORE classes that focused first on the Native Americans of the Pacific Coasts of Oregon and Washington, and a detailed history on the Indian Wars of the Great Plains in the second half of the 19th century. During my research for those classes, I had come across a recently published book by Andres Resendez titled *The Other Slavery: The Uncovered Story of Indian Enslavement in America*. Resendez’s book is a thorough and compelling treatment of the enslavement of Native Americans from the time of Columbus to the present.

For spring term of 2018, I had committed to teach a class on “The Other Slavery.” Since my wife and I would go by car to San Carlos, State of Sonora, Mexico, in the fall term of 2017, I wanted to visit major historic Indian sites along the route.

The first significant Indian site was Canyon de Chelly on the Navajo Indian Reservation in northeastern Arizona. This site is the place of one of the bloodiest transgressions by the United States against peaceful Native Americans. It is also the geographic starting point of the Long Walk, whence the entire nation of nearly 8500 Indians starting in January of 1864 was forced to walk nearly 400 miles to desolate Bosque Redondo in Eastern New Mexico in order to implement the US government’s attempted ethnic cleansing.

At the park visitor center in Chinle, we met a young National Park interpreter by the name of Ravis Henry. (It was this gentleman who would be the speaker for ENCORE’s 2018 signature event.) Elfi and I hiked the only trail that allows visitors to enter the canyon on foot. Near the White House Ruin site, we encountered a Native display that featured a photo by the renowned American photographer Ansel Adams. It showed the grandmother of the man who owned the display. She was also the great-grandmother of Ravis Henry.

Our next specific destination was Sky City of the Acoma Pueblo. It is said to be the oldest continuously inhabited city of Native Americans. The city is located on a 375-foot sandstone mesa. We know from history that the Spaniards, who had trouble storming this natural fortress, visited extremely cruel treatment on these Natives. When the Spaniards finally stormed the mesa in 1598 an estimated 500 men were killed in the battle, along with about 300 women and children. Some 500 prisoners were taken and later sentenced by the Spanish commander, Oñate, to a variety of punishments after a trial at San Juan Pueblo. Oñate ordered that every male above the age of twenty-five would have his right foot cut off and be enslaved for a period of twenty years. Twenty-four men were thus brutally amputated. All women were driven to Mexico City and there sold into slavery.

Although negroes suffered extremely at the hands of Europeans, America’s native tribes were hardly treated any better.

By 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.



SPRING 2022 CLASS SCHEDULE

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 Spring term, March 28 through May 16. We meet on Monday mornings from 10:00 to 12:00. Sign up by contacting Tod Lundy at todlundy@gmail.com. You may also call. My phone number is 503-442-2446.

Tod

ENCORE's Writing Exchange Class

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

Wow. The fourth quarter of a football game, or of your life, is by definition the final quarter. There is no getting around this. But it can also be the most exciting part. Any doubts? Watch a championship game!

So, although you may not be an athlete competing in a massive metropolitan stadium, you still need to balance your time, your budget, your energy, and your stress level to do what most interests you.

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 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 Spring Term.
5. 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 Spring 2022's *Writing Exchange* Course begins Tuesday, March 29 (and runs just 8 weeks till Tuesday, May 17) from 9:45 to 11:45 A.M.

COVID-19 Protocol: For Spring 2022, the Writing Exchange class plans to use a Hybrid Access Approach: (1) meeting in the Astoria Senior Center (for those who prefer face-to-face), while (2) also linking to Zoom (for those who prefer online access).

For more information about ENCORE's *Writing Exchange* class and how to access it, please email the instructor, Eric Anderson, at 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 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.

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.

This class begins on Monday, March 28th, from 2:15 until 3:45 pm, continuing weekly until May 16th in the classroom at the Astoria Senior Center.

For more information, go to: encorelearn.net Questions? Contact Craig Holt . . . craig.holt@me.com



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Next "Class Act" deadline is Friday, August 12, 2022