

CLASS ACT



GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT!

"Summertime and the livin' is easy –
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high....."

Perhaps you recall this old Gershwin classic from Porgy and Bess. Well, summer IS coming (eventually) and perhaps fish will be jumping, but there's no cotton (only Scotch broom) high, nor are there any ENCORE classes to attend!

But that doesn't mean things are quiet for ENCORE. The Curriculum Committee, under the wise direction of Reta Lindstrom, is busy planning a schedule of great fall classes. The Board and other committees continue meeting through summer, and the Summer Picnic will happen in August.

Another area of ENCORE activity is the search for persons to fill two "open" ENCORE positions. One position is the new position of Media Liaison, currently admirably and informally filled by Erhard Gross. This is an important position since ENCORE desires to enhance its print and audio presence along the north coast. The other position is Newsletter Editor, currently filled by Aletha Westerberg. This Class Act is an example of her fine work, but she's ready to retire when a replacement can be found. Contact me if you have an interest in one or both of these positions.

This edition of Class Act may reach you by the time of the General Membership Meeting at 2:00 PM on Friday, June 1st. If you cannot attend, please try to vote. If you do attend, I promise no boring lecture or talk. However, it will be an opportunity to give your input regarding "How to Make ENCORE Better." I started with "Summertime", and I'll end with it.....

"Oh your daddy's rich and your ma is good lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry....."
ENCORE classes are comin' back this fall!!

Dave Zunkel
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FROM THE EDITOR: ENCORE offered quite a varied selection of classes this spring, some of which were: a class on Confucius, a study of Terrorism, Embroidery instruction, Science Exchange, StretchYo yoga, Literary Sharing, the Potpourri classes including a field trip to check out birds, and Eric Anderson's Writing Exchange (you'd think more than one article for the newsletter would come from there!). The Editor requested Mother's Day and Father's Day stories – and received only one. The class that generated copy was "The US Constitution and Local Governments" very ably and interestingly taught by Erhard Gross. Those comments follow:

CLASS REVIEW FROM TISHA TARVER:

This class, as organized by Erhard Gross, was one of the most fascinating and lively classes in the Spring ENCORE term, 2018. The class began April 5th with a presentation regarding the Constitution and its Articles by Dan Wilcox, a retired CPA from Wilsonville, Oregon. (Cont'd on P 2)

(Cont'd from P 1)

The Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1776. The war between the States and Great Britain began in 1775 and ended in 1783, when a treaty was signed. The Constitution or Articles of Confederation was a treaty between the 13 states "done in Convention by the Unanimous Consent of the States present the Seventeenth Day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Eighty seven." Nine states finally ratified the Constitution in 1788. Rhode Island was the last to sign in 1790; it had been the first state to proclaim its independence from Britain.

In the classes that followed we were treated to several presentations: Arline LaMear, Mayor of Astoria, and Brett Estes, City Manager; next came Frank Spence, President of the Port of Astoria Commission and Jim Knight, Executive Director of the Port. Mr. Knight brought with him the Port's historian, Judy. County government was presented by Scott Lee, Chairman of the Clatsop County Commission, and Cameron Moore, County Manager. Mr. Moore gave each person in attendance a 30-page description of the Clatsop County charter (the City's Power Point equipment was in use elsewhere!). There has been much reported in The Daily Astorian about the meetings of the Commission and the role of the County Manager (see May 10 issue, beginning on Page I-A), and this was a great class! The final class on May 10 featured Warrenton Mayor Henry Balensifer III, who spoke about the history of the City of Warrenton, its charter, how it's amended, and who runs the city day to day, the city's departments, etc.

All of the presenters were enthusiastic and answered the many questions fully. Their enthusiasm made the classes most lively! Thank you all!

AND FROM CHARLOTTE THIRINGER, also on The Constitution Class:

Erhard Gross has done it again with his excellent and stellar class on The U.S. Constitution and Our Local Governments!

It was most informative and certainly enjoyed by the ENCORE students; giving us insights into the workings of our government: from the immigration laws of 1882 to the present; on Chinese immigration, to the 1945 era of the great influx of people freeing from Nazi Germany.

Henry Balensifer, III, mayor of Warrenton gave us an interesting presentation about the current development of "the big box stores" in the Warrenton area. He also addressed the incorporation of Hammond into Warrenton's existing tax structure and the amalgamation of the 2 existing post offices into one.

Frank Spence, president of the port Board of Commissioners, and Jim Knight, executive director, each gave an informative talk on the developments at the port and how they are getting accounting, etc., straightened up. They also talked about the airport, the 27 acres of land, and how the airport will function – some of which will be discussed in the future.

Astoria's mayor, Arline LaMear, and the city's manager, Brett Estes, spoke about many local issues and about the open "round table discussions," called "Meet Your Mayor." The meetings are held 12 noon to 1 PM on the first Wednesday of each month at City Hall.

What a joy! Elfi Gross (Erhard's wife) always surprised us at break time with some delectable goodies. Thanks Elfi!

The class was very worthwhile!



- 1) Brain Teaser: What do you call a dozen rabbits in a row walking backwards?
- 2) Brain Teaser: What seven letter word is spelled the same backward and forward?
- 3) Brain Teaser: I am not alive but I can grow. I do not have lungs but I need air to survive. What am I?

Answers later in newsletter but more Brain Teasers on P 5**SO DON'T LOOK YET!!**

(Cont'd from P 3) Those present were: Charlotte Thiringer, Jean & Norm Hooge, Frank Spence, Reta & Rollie Lindstrom, Carol Ann Sigurdson, Kathleen Hudson, Elfi & Erhard Gross, Maureen Colendich, Gail Sunderland, Donna Wright and guest, Edward James, Kit Ketcham, Sue Zerangue, and guest of honor, Philosophy prof, Kjirsten Severson. Bernie provided lovely garden-gifts as prizes for recent or upcoming birthdays, and I even got one for being a member since 2001. The food was good and the company most convivial. Many thanks, Bernie, for coordinating this joyful event.

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A REVIEW OF A WINTER TERM CLASS:

THE OTHER SLAVERY

Taught by Erhard Gross

January 18-February 22, 2018

Submitted by Tisha Tarver

When one hears the word *slavery*, most modern Americans generally think of the African people brought to North America (Virginia, 1619) and held primarily in the Southern colonies and states. However, slavery was introduced into the "New World" by Christopher Columbus when he landed in 1492 on the Island now known as Hispaniola. Columbus was trying to reach India, source of rich spices; hence the native populations of South and North America were named "Indios" by the Spanish invaders who quickly followed Columbus. In fact Columbus took 500 "Indians" on his second trip back to Spain to show them to Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand.

The Spanish brought firearms, horses, armor, Catholic priests and diseases never before experienced in the "New World." Cortez went from Cuba to southern Mexico. He sank his 11 ships so his men could not go back. He was invited into the Aztec capital. With his superior arms and horses, his troops killed 5,000 of the Aztec nobility. With only 500 men, 15 horses, and cannon, the Spanish were considered gods because of all that firepower versus an agrarian people. The native populations were decimated easily and quickly by either the diseases or by the superior firearms and weaponry. The Mayan Indians, too, were decimated by disease. They were sent to mine for silver, died after only one or two years due to the harsh treatment; and not long thereafter healthy, strong black African men were brought in and sold at a higher price than an Indian man. Indian men were marched from northern New Mexico to Mexico City in Mexico. The Inca, Maya, and Aztecs had gold and silver, which were mined by hand, slave hands.

Upon seeing the great wealth and riches of the Aztecs in South America and hearing of the "seven cities of gold" further to the North, another Spaniard, Coronado, soon came to the Southwest and began conquering the native "Indian" populations. (The Tarahumara Indians in Mexico's Copper River Valley are runners. They could run down their game; they could run 200 miles; they went up into the high mountains and were inaccessible; hence they survived much of the native persecution.) Coronado and his men were the first "white men" to cross the Colorado River. He went as far north as Kansas. He encountered the Pueblos (the Indians and their homes) and explored most of what is now New Mexico as far north as Taos. The Pueblos were not a migratory people, like the Plains Indians. Their Acoma "Sky City" is at the top of a Mesa rock, 365 feet straight up. To this day there are remnants of the structures built by the Pueblo Indians of adobe, some three stories high. The second and third stories were accessed by ladders. The mesa itself was accessed by a narrow, steep trail. Water was collected and stored in cisterns. In 1581 a Spanish detachment accessed the heights to buy corn, reviewed the defenses, and in 1589 scaled the mesa, heavily armed, and killed 400 Indians. There were three or four villages at the base of the mesa; 800 people were rounded up and enslaved.

In 1680 the Pueblos rebelled due to their abuse—spiritual and physical. They killed all the religious leaders who had enslaved them, and from 1680 to 1692 the Pueblos ruled in New Mexico. When they reached Santa Fe, they managed to capture 500 horses and guns. This greatly influenced the prairies and all of the Southwest. The horses and guns aided the Indian tribes on the Prairies in their hunting of the bison. The Comanche in Texas bred horses and traded horses with other tribes. The Indians themselves began to take slaves and trade.

In 1848 the Hidalgo Treaty was signed in which Mexico ceded a large portion of land to the United States; Polk was President. Most of the land was desert. The U.S. has the northern portions where there was and is water, like the Colorado River and from the Rocky Mountains. "The Other Slavery" was centered in the Southwest and the Catholic Church. Only two or three years after the end of the Civil War, there were over 400 Indian slaves in Santa Fe. (Cont'd on P 5)

(Cont'd from P 4)

Kit Carson was ordered by General Carlton to destroy the Navajo people or drive them to the lands of the Apache, their old enemies. The long walk of 1864 was during the winter and many died. The Navajo people were farmers. They had irrigated fields; they grew peach trees, wheat or maize. After four years the Navajo were allowed to go back to their old home by Lt. General Wm. T. Sherman, but they found their lands and homes had been destroyed.

Today the Navajo are back on their former lands and are thriving, according to Ravis Henry, a current national park ranger, who visited and lectured on February 22, 2018 in Astoria.

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FROM A HIGHWAY BILLBOARD: When was the LAST time you did something for the FIRST time?
.....

4) Brain Teaser: Around the world, a wingless thing flies, and on the way it whistles and cries. Sometimes it helps destroy towns and trees, but sometimes it relaxes humans and beasts. It can fly through holes so tiny, so small. It can fly through plains that are big and wide. From the north, to the south, it is feared when it comes. But also enjoyed by the people around. What is the thing?

5) Brain Teaser: What goes all around town but never comes inside? Okay, you can look now!! P. 6!!
.....

Mother's Day 1986

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Since our kids were out of town, I decided to make this Mother's Day weekend one of happiness for my wife. When we launched our row boat into the Nestucca River in Pacific City, Elfi and I paid no attention to the tide. Love birds frequently fail to notice details of their surroundings. I used the oars to guide the small vessel into the middle of the river and without encountering any obstacles, singing a few German folk songs, we arrived at the mouth of the Nestucca about an hour later. The south shore of the estuary is interesting with its piles of driftwood and occasional dead marine life. Using driftwood we built a cozy little fire, ate our picnic lunch and even took a nap. There were certainly no reasons for not being happy.



The beautiful late spring day was coming to an end and we needed to think about getting back to our beach house. When we dragged the boat to the water, its bow immediately pointed downstream: the tide was going out. We needed to go about 1.5 miles upstream. In spite of my vigorous rowing, we made little progress; the outgoing tide was now running much stronger than when we launched the boat about an hour earlier. Dusk had turned to total darkness. The sound of the swirling water against the banks kept us oriented.

Yet, we ran aground. Not against rocks or sand but deep mud. What to do? We elected to pull the boat through the deep goo in the upstream direction. It seemed about 600 feet before we were back in water deep enough to float our vessel, which seemingly got heavier and heavier. In spite of copious perspiration, we had probably made more headway on foot than with rowing for the same time span. It turned out that we had run up against an island that was visible only at low tide. Elfi is no sissy, but we were both worn to the core when we finally reached our house around 11:30 PM. Relaxing hot showers removed the mud, making us recognizable again. Elfi was a lot easier to hold than the oars.

The next day, Mother's Day, brought a different experience. We wanted to hike Cape Kiwanda. From the house to the start of the cape's hill was about a mile. Walking at a brisk pace got us quite warm. So Elfi took off her heavy coat and placed it at the bottom of the hill. The cape is beautiful, especially in heavy surf. We love the ocean and stayed for about two hours before returning to the place where Elfi had deposited her coat. But the coat was gone. Since there was not a single person walking the beach and no dory traffic in the high surf, we concluded that the small brown pickup that was leaving the area just as we came down the hill might be the culprit who could have taken the coat. (Cont'd on P 6)

- Brain Teaser Answers: 1) A receding hair line
 2) Racecar
 3) I am Fire
 4) Wind
 5) The street

(Cont'd from P 5)



We resolved to get our car and look around Pacific City for the suspect vehicle. Problem was that Elfi had the house key in the coat that had disappeared. Without the key we couldn't get the car key. What to do? Looking at all windows, I noticed that the skylight was open a little crack. The house was a high A-frame structure. Because of the roof's steep pitch it could not be walked on. I found a long string, onto which I tied a heavy bolt and heaved it over the peak of the roof. After I fed the string up, Elfi could finally reach the bolt. We tied our and the next door neighbor's long water hoses to the string and pulled them to the other side of the house. This allowed me to pull myself hand-over-hand up to the skylight. Like a cat burglar I entered the house through the skylight and opened the front door from the inside (this is the one time where my US Army ranger training came in handy).

Hunting for the little brown pickup, we started driving the streets at the south end of town. Sure enough, we located it toward the north end of little Pacific City. It was parked in front of a small, somewhat shabby house. I parked on the street and approached the front door. I knocked; a man came out. He was tall and skinny and probably had not shaved in years.

He: "What do you want?" he said, in a less than friendly voice.

I: "Is this your pick-up?"

He: "Why do you want to know?"

I: "My wife and I think we might have seen this pick-up somewhere before."

He: "Where?"

I: "Near Cape Kiwanda."

He: "I was there earlier this afternoon. Briefly."

I: "We were walking the Cape and found my wife's coat gone when we came down."

He: "Can you describe the coat?"

I: "It is white and has two pockets."

He: "I picked up such a coat. But how do I know that you're the persons who left it there?"

I: "Can you check the left pocket to see whether there's a key in it? And if there is, you can come with us to our house here in town and see whether it opens our front door."

He must have believed me in the end because he went inside and produced Elfi's coat. He explained that he was a local minister who thought that the coat could have been worn by one of his parishioners. He had not checked the coat's pockets. When he did, the key was there. He handed it and the coat over. We didn't care whether he was a preacher or a common thief. We needed our key.

Little old Pacific City seemed to have it in for us: one day going against the Nestucca's flow and in deep mud, and the next day having to enter our house like burglars. Finally, we thought ourselves lucky to get coat and key back. We were young and liked challenges and have many good memories of that Mother's Day.

MOTHER'S DAY IN THE CITY OF POTSDAM, GERMANY

Submitted by Jean McGonigle

Potsdam is a city in the governmental unit called Brandenburg. We are taking a day trip by car for a visit to see a specific Prussian palace, once the summer home to Frederick the Great. Our family is gifted with an 80 degree F day. Here in Potsdam, Allied forces met to determine the fate of Berlin after the war with intentions of overseeing its future. We stroll a charming neighborhood lined with cafes designed for every international taste: Italian, French, Chinese to start. We select a German restaurant for Mother's Day lunch with outdoor (Cont'd on P 7)

(Cont'd from P 6) patio seating. I indulge in a new favorite, currywurst, a sausage bathed in tomato curry sauce! This is also a favorite of our six year old grandson. After lunch we walk to the palace. The grounds are so vast (think Downton Abbey). Courtyards, tiered gardens, creeks, bridges, walking circles with costumed busts of Prussian nobles, greet us. The main palace sits majestically upon a hill and it is a hike up many stairways to reach it. Curiously, the stone surface of the palace is painted a sunny shade of yellow with its ornate trim in white. A large crowlike bird with a wide gray chest and black body drifts above us. It is a raptor called a Northern Goshawk. Warblers, and blackbirds join in on our climb. (Ed note: More from Jean & Michael's German travels in a future issue, perhaps.)

NOTICE

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

HELP 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!

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HELP WANTED: NEWSLETTER EDITOR

This is a fun thing to do – and I have thoroughly enjoyed it. But it is time now to let someone else have a chance to do this! Collect stories, find neat quips or Brain Teasers, etc., learn about and use clip art, photos, do a new layout, interview people or get other people to do that, and perhaps even write your own editorials if you want – and you get to know the ENCORE members in special ways.

There will be times in the future, I know, when I'll come across something I think would be great for the newsletter and I'll turn that over to the new editor to decide if it is suitable or not. I'll be glad to do all I can to assist a new editor – if that person wants assistance to get started. Aletha Westerberg

If you are interested in serving the membership in this way, please
Contact Dave Zunkel at [503-861-8539](tel:503-861-8539) or davezunkel@gmail.com



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Have a great summer!

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