



GCCCD Grapevine

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The bridge above Fanita east of Grossmont College is for earth movers to go back and forth with dirt to be used in 125 freeway. G.C. is in background. The freeway is to join Highway 52 and Mission Gorge Road. It's expected to be in use in 1997 and completed in 1998.

War-GCCCD Chancellor vs. Faculty

A war between the Grossmont College faculty and the GCCCD-principally Chancellor Jeanne Atherton-has produced a No-Confidence vote by the Faculty Senate against Atherton and unfair labor charges by the United Faculty Union against the District. At Grapevine publication time, there was no sign of peace returning.

The principal reason for the war is apparently the District's effort to bring down the cost of its human resources-personnel and personnel-related costs, such as

insurance and medical benefits-and its methods of achieving that end. Senate and United Faculty leaders believe the District, with the Chancellor leading the way, wants the reduction to be borne by teachers through reduction of the number of teachers, and increased class loads for those remaining. As evidence, faculty members point to the fact that the current semester's schedule has been reduced by more than 100 sections, resulting in larger enrollments in remaining sections, or in students looking elsewhere for classes.

The teachers also contend that top District and College administrators have been given incentive plans which will reward them for any reduction in faculty costs they can bring about.

The No-Confidence resolution, approved by the Senate unanimously except for two abstentions, hits the Chancellor for what it says are policies and actions which threaten to dismantle Grossmont College as an effective quality educational institution. The Chancellor also is charged with a destructive and threatening management style which constitutes an attack on the integrity and dedication of the faculty and administration.

A principal particular of the No-Confidence allegations is what's called the Chancellor's no-growth plan for Grossmont until the year 2000. It's likened to corporate "downsizing," in this case larger classes taught by fewer instructors. The alleged unfair labor practices, submitted to the state Public Employees Relations Board, involve perceived conflicts of interest in administrators' contracts and tardiness by the District in allowing the United Faculty to see those contracts.

Responding to the No-Confidence vote, Chancellor Atherton told the Grapevine, "There's been a lot of misinformation spread by a small group of people. I'm not surprised that some people believe it."

On the incentive plans for administrators, she said, "The Board wants to get to the average of comparable districts whose pay is higher, but overall cost of human resources is lower. This is one way of getting there. There are many ways to get to that average."

The reduction in numbers of class sections wasn't her idea, she said. Grossmont President Richard Sanchez expected a four percent increase in enrollment, with anticipated funds for that number. But instead, enrollment increased only one-point-six percent with consequent lower funds. The Chancellor said the College could have used other funds to retain the class sections if their retention had been considered essential, but college officials made the decision to drop them.

In the view of some faculty members, the current war really began when Atherton arrived four years ago. As evidence, they point to one of her introductory remarks which warned District employees that they should contemplate the possibility of a 10

percent pay cut.

"I take responsibility for that, though it wasn't my idea," Atherton said. "We were way over budget and didn't have enough resources. We were looking for alternatives. I think of that remark as the usual stuff that goes back and forth between unions and management."

The Chancellor says she doesn't know what position the Governing Board will take, because she can't legally talk to Board members until the Board's next meeting. She did say she expects the Board to want information on specifics in the matter, and that probably can't be accomplished in a single meeting.

She said she has received suggestions from a number of people recently about how to break the logjam.

Editor's Comments

by Pat Higgins

Some things in life you can depend on. One is friction between a newspaper and its readers. A college newspaper may generate proportionally more friction than its metropolitan daily counterpart, though whether it does is hard to say.

Sometimes the college paper's friction is with the school's administration, as was the case of the Grossmont Summit and Grossmont President Richard Sanchez not long ago. The paper's editors decided to contract for a comic strip syndicated to student newspapers around the country. The comic was called "Life in Hell." The comic ran in the Summit one week, and it didn't take Sanchez long to decide that the strip wasn't suitable for Grossmont College. He ordered it eliminated from the subsequent issues of the newspaper. Considering its highly-forgettable content, I can't say I felt any loss in the strip's quick demise on the Grossmont campus. I'm not sure, though, that I applaud the President's quick action, particularly since the students said they had asked and got the newspaper's advisor's O.K. before ordering the comic strip.

Sometimes, though, quick reader reaction leaves lasting memory. I was advisor for the Grossmont paper, then the G, for all my 22 years at the college. Once, I remember, our sports editor/columnist became disenchanted with the Grossmont cheerleaders as they did their stuff before an apathetic crowd at a football game. So he wrote his column, concentrating on the futility of the cheerleaders and

suggesting that they give up their sideline activity.

I don't remember how the cheerleaders found out about the column in advance of publication, but they did. So, shortly after the paper was distributed on Wednesday morning, several of the cheerleaders managed to commandeer a maintenance cart. They rolled around the campus removing the paper from all distribution boxes. I don't remember how or where we found the pilfered papers, but we did. The papers were put into the boxes again, and this time they got no unauthorized removal.

Perhaps that should have been the end of the cheerleaders' reaction, but it wasn't. Two days later, as the G staff was having its weekly meeting, the door to the office opened suddenly and a cheerleader-in uniform, as I remember-walked in, looked around, then marched directly to the columnist. She said nothing; she just wound up and WHAP she slapped him across the face, turned around and walked out. I'm sure the columnist has never forgotten the direct action reaction, and probably nobody else in that room has either.

To be honest, I was glad I was at the other end of the room. If the slapper had noticed me, she might have concluded I was the teacher who'd let the stupid column be run, and that I also ought to get a blow for her honor and that of her maligned cohorts. I'd have looked mighty foolish running away from the wrath of a 100-pound cheerleader.

Navel Engagements



by Don Scouller

As a young man I wasn't a very good dancer. Frankly, I viewed dancing as a way to meet girls. I enjoyed holding girls, and feeling them rub against me. Demure young girls, who could blush on demand, had wordless ways of letting men know when they were attracted to them. It was a way to gauge how well we were getting along. You could tell if you were going to have a good time with a girl. Oh, no, I don't mean a sexual encounter, necessarily. But there might be necking if I was lucky. I remember the joke that went, "Dancing is a navel engagement without semen." That summed it up.

Now I live in a retirement community. Most of us don't like to call it that. We prefer the term "adult resort." I guess that is because we all remember the jokes about retirees in Saint Petersburg, Florida, or San Diego, California. The theme was

about old men playing checkers in a public park, or blue-haired women with rhinestone glasses playing mahjong. Well, thank goodness it isn't at all like that. We have many wonderful people who live very active lives in a supportive, culturally creative way. Our social lives are as active as we choose to make them. For instance, there are several dance groups, ranging from ballroom to Latin to country/western. My wife and I have joined the ballroom group and in the last three years have enjoyed more dances than in the previous 45 years. Oh, we danced when we first met; in fact that was how we met. But that's another story.

Seven decades of a losing fight against gravity has slowed us all down to a certain degree. It is especially noticeable in faces. People who are really quite cheerful often look as though they are unhappy because they relax into a dour look. Despite the fact that I'm a little paunchy and mildly arthritic, my bride of 45 years is my favorite partner. She has slowly coached me into becoming a better dancer than ever. Our dance group usually hires small combos, anything from trios to sextets, and on special occasions a full 10- or 12-piece band. Three out of four times there will be a Swing Band, playing the arrangements we remember from our youth in the late 30's and the WW2 era. That music has special memories for many of us. It takes us back into a sanitized past where everything is dreamy and idyllic, and often bittersweet with the memory of war, separation and loss. When you add physical activity to the rhythms, a kind of magic occurs. Bald-headed men with white mustaches and sagging jowls slowly work their way behind their rotund wives who are walking heavily toward the dance floor. The lines in their faces reflect age, and they don't laugh as much or as readily as they did when 20.

And that's when the magic happens. Can you recall Glen Miller's arrangement of "A String of Pearls," or "Frenesi" by Arty Shaw, or any arrangement by Tommy or Jimmy Dorsey, the trumpet of Harry James, the clarinet of Benny Goodman? These are sounds that dissolve time and bring back long forgotten muscle memories. Music goes right to the heart, bypassing the brain and logic. The years fall away, and arthritis is forgotten. Feet find their own patterns of complex moves and septuagenarians jitterbug as they once did 50 years ago. If you watch closely, you'll see a sparkle in our eyes, and smiles brighten our faces, and for a few minutes we all are 20-something again.

That is a kind of magic, and if I didn't live here, I wouldn't experience it. So, again I say, I live in an active adult resort community, and I love it.

Editors's Note: Don Scouler, long a Telecommunication instructor at Grossmont, now lives in Sun City, Tucson, Arizona. His dancing has been somewhat curtailed; if he's dancing now, it's to slow waltzes. He had a quadruple heart bypass surgery in August. He's recuperating rapidly, to the joy of his wife, son and friends. His address is 14401 North Glen Hollow Place, Tucson, Arizona, 85737.

Biblio-Files

by Tom Scanlan

Sometimes we need to remind ourselves how universal, in time and place, are the lives and loves of people and the problems which all of us occasionally face. Two novels which do just that are Thomas Mann's [Buddenbrooks](#), published in Germany in 1901 (awarded Nobel Prize in 1929) and Marcel Proust's [Swann's Way](#), published in France in 1913. Proust's novel is the first part of his larger work, Remembrance of Things Past, now widely regarded as one of the greatest achievements in world literature.

Neither of these books, given their vintage, read as easily as a modern novel, but once you become comfortable with the earlier writing style, these novels pull you into another time and place that is obviously remote and yet strangely familiar. You'll find in these masterfully written works a pleasing blend of history and geography, sociology and psychology, story and dialogue...a kind of reader's feast for those willing to put aside briefly those more modern novels which lie about on our tables and bookshelves.

Buddenbrooks follows several generations of a middle-class merchant's family in Germany, focusing on the merchant Buddenbrooks' daughter, Tony, whom we meet when she is only eight years old, at a time when Napoleon ruled France. We follow her through two failed marriages into old age, meeting also her two brothers, Tom and Christian. Tom, the older brother, follows the straight and narrow path, eventually taking over his father's business and becoming the 'man of the family' when his father dies. Christian, the youngest child, is more interested in theater and life on the town, is often in debt, and becomes the 'black sheep' of the family. There's local politics and gossip and other family members and friends to make your visit to 19th Century Germany both realistic and comfortable, as well as entertaining. But it is Tony who holds your interest throughout. Her first love, a student she meets while staying at a beach resort, is ruled out as marriageable by her family. Instead she is encouraged by her parents to yield to the courting of a fawning, and it turns out, dishonest businessman whom she despised when she first met him. She resists marriage for some time but eventually succumbs to family pressures (marry a businessman) and her own desire for independence and finer things. After that marriage fails, social stigma attached to divorcees leads her into a second marriage with a colorful but (to her mind) rather vulgar Bavarian who has retired early and spends much time enjoying his friends and beer. So Tony

returns to her family home and eventually takes on the role of an elderly matriarch, living vicariously through the lives of the younger generation.

Proust's novel takes place mostly within the mind of a man whose memories of childhood have been most vividly evoked by his tasting madeleine cookies dipped in tea. As a child, he was shy and precocious, spending most of his time in the company of adults. The events he recalls are set amid the fashionable society of turn-of-the-century France. His family's travels and acquaintances provide the situations which he details and ponders, searching always for the meaning of things. He is especially enchanted by the theater and actors of that time and place, and also by certain philosophers and composers of music (which would now be called classical).

M. Swann is a long time friend of his father and a highly regarded bachelor in this circle of acquaintances. Much of the novel describes Swann's troubling courtship with a woman who, it turns out, is bestowing her favors on other gentlemen (and has quite a history of doing so) and has no deep feelings for Swann. He eventually discovers her deceit and rationalizes away his earlier love for her, although he later visits with some prostitutes in an attempt to understand her better

The real joy in this novel, however, is not Swann's story or the stories of other characters remembered from childhood. You'll enjoy most Proust's descriptive use of language and the way he details the inner thought processes involved as he and his characters struggle to find meaning in their existence. Thanks to Proust's meticulous descriptions, you'll discover that the thought processes in the minds of these people from this very different time and place are not so different from your own.

I found that it took me a while to 'come back' to the present time and place after putting down each of these books. It's reminiscent of the way I often feel when leaving the Old Globe Theater at the close of a Shakespearean play. My mind continues to think in an Elizabethan dialect for some hours following, and I have to take care not to speak as such. I believe that is the magic of all good writing...to transport the reader to wherever and whenever with such realism that it is almost a shock when one 'returns'.

Collins Remembered



Charles Collins

Charles C. (Charlie) Collins, Grossmont's first Dean of Instruction died of a heart attack July 28 while visiting San Luis Obispo from his home in Berkeley. He was 77.

Hired by Jack Hansen, G.C.'s first president, Collins did much to shape Grossmont's educational picture his six years here. He earned high praise for his devotion to innovative teaching, along with some criticism for his passion in responding to his beliefs. Active in pushing civil rights, he participated in a sit-in at a downtown San Diego building and was arrested and jailed as a result. The incident drew praise from some at Grossmont, castigation from others. While here, Collins did some teaching along with handling his administrative duties. One class in psychology was mandatory for all first-year students. Collins lectured to large classes in filled Room 220. Students then participated in small-group discussion sessions, with counselors assigned to lead the sessions. Ray Reynolds, who, like Collins, came to Grossmont for its start, and taught English, journalism and mass communication, remembers Collins for his dedication. "He was one of the few who really wanted to raise the intellectual level of students, to take them beyond community college in their thinking," Reynolds recalled.

Larry Coons, Dean of Admissions and Guidance when G.C. opened, remembers Collins' arrival at Grossmont, particularly because it was late, and the chore of writing the school's first catalog fell to Hansen, Collins' newly-hired secretary-now Dr. Mildred McAuley-and Coons. Collins arrived in time to help finish the project, having been detained by the Army for which he'd been guidance counselor at schools in Germany. After working with Hansen on the writing project, Collins remarked to Coons that Hansen was a compulsive worker. (Larry Coons suffered a slight stroke in July, However, he's recovered rapidly and is back to riding a bicycle and pursuing his avocation of San Diego area tour guide.)

Collins left Grossmont in the summer of 1967 on a leave of absence to go to Ceylon, now Sri Lanka, as a Fulbright professor. His mission was to help establish a form of community college, to be called a junior university college. After Ceylon, he accepted a teaching/administrative job at UC Berkeley and did not return to Grossmont. At Berkeley he was Associate Director of the Junior College Leadership Program.

From 1968 until 1972, he helped plan Los Medanos College at Pittsburg, California, and when it opened, he went there as Dean of Humanistic Studies until he retired in 1980.

Born in Braman, Oklahoma, Collins grew up in Coalinga, attending elementary school, high school and community college there. He subsequently got bachelor's and master's degrees from Berkeley, and a Ph.D. from Stanford. During World War II he

served in the Army Air Corps from 1942 until 1945.



Holiday Reminder

Alba Orr wants to remind all retirees that they are always welcome to attend the Christmas season "goodie table" in the Griffin Gate at Grossmont College on December 13. Continental Breakfast at 9 a.m., lunch at 11 a.m. Call her at the College, ext.623, if you plan to bring something.

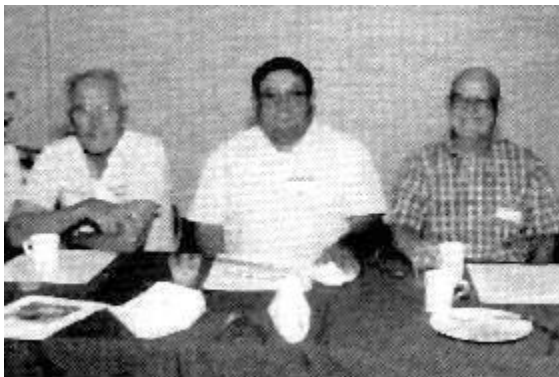
Retirement Breakfast--Food, Information-Both Good



Program Time



From left: Frieda Ralston, Rita Mallow, George Dillon, Bob Haywood



From left: George Hernandez, Paul Rodrigues, Glen Meyer



From left: Brennan Kohmescher of Secure Horizons, Brian Kilpatrick of Barney & Barney, GCCCD Pres. Victor Calderon, Chancellor

*Jeanne Atherton, GC President Richard Sanchez,
and Sam Ciccati, retired Cuyamaca President.*

Nearly 40 GCCCD retirees heard about developments at Grossmont and Cuyamaca Colleges and got information about HMO practices during their annual breakfast August 23 in the Griffin Gate on the Grossmont campus.

Grossmont President Richard Sanchez noted the new bookstore arrangement with Barnes & Noble and said the college would get a better return than during the college management of the past.

Sanchez also hailed the GC forensic team which captured a national championship, and said the school's Reach One-Teach One program has 350 students enrolled this semester. He noted that the Learning Resource Center-Library has new carpeting, and that \$800,000 worth of interior lighting will be installed on the GC campus next year.

Cuyamaca President Sherrill Amador reported that CC's enrollment for fall is up nearly 25 percent from last year.

Six new faculty members have been added for the fall session at Cuyamaca and three more will begin in spring semester, bringing full-time staff to 35 percent of the total teaching staff. President Amador also noted that 1,000 are enrolled and using the college's new physical education plant.

Brian Kilpatrick, of Barney and Barney Insurance, which sponsored the breakfast, greeted the retirees, while Brennan Kohmescher, of Secure Horizons, explained some of the workings of Health Maintenance Organizations-HMOs. Probably most newsworthy was Ms. Brennan's denial of the often-heard accusation that HMOs are responsible for care curtailments of patients to save money-for example, by sending patients out of hospitals before doctors think they should be. Ms. Brennan said HMOs, such as Secure Horizons, contract with groups of doctors, and that doctors make medical decisions without pressure from their HMOs. It is the patient's primary care doctor who decides the nature and duration of a patient's care, she contended.

Also, attending were Victor Calderon, president of the GCCCD Board, and District Chancellor Jeanne Atherton. Lisa Scott and Charles Seymour arranged the breakfast.

Calderon Loses

The GCCCD Governing Board apparently will have a new member next month, when

Timothy Caruthers steps into the seat he has apparently won by defeating Board President Victor Calderon in the November 5 election. Caruthers will be installed at the Board's December 6 meeting. At Grapevine publication time, votes were still being counted. Also starting a new term will be Ronald Kraft who won reelection by a wide margin.

Board members Rick Alexander, Rebecca Clark and Carolyn Griffin will be Board carry-overs; none of them were up for election November 5.

Cardiac Arrest Takes Ferris



Don Ferris

The roll of GCCCD retirees lost a member October 12, when a cardiac arrest rought death to Donald Ferris, who taught industrial technology at both Grossmont and Cuyamaca Colleges.

Ferris began teaching at Grossmont in 1970. When his program, along with many others, was shifted to Cuyamaca, he taught there until he retired in 1986. About 18 months after he retired, he began to have heart problems, which eventually forced him to somewhat curtail his activities such as travel in a motor home.

Ferris was a native of Glen Lakes, Minnesota. He graduated from the University of Minnesota and got his graduate degree at U.S. International. He worked for Convair-General Dynamics from 1970 until he began teaching at Grossmont. He is survived by his wife, Mary Jane, two daughters and two sons.

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