



GCCCD Grapevine

Volume 12, Number 1
2002

March,

Annual Retiree Breakfast Reinstated

Twenty-four district retirees met at Coco's on November 29 for breakfast and camaraderie. This was the first such annual retiree breakfast since August, 1996, although the retirees have been invited to join the regular staff at a number of luncheons and cookouts since that date.

The new director of Risk Management/Benefits, Bob Eygenhuysen (see November, 2001 [Grapevine](#)) thought it would be a good idea to reinstate the annual breakfast and asked for suggestions. Coco's was recommended because it had been a popular meeting place for previous breakfasts and was near Grossmont College. Because the favorite activity at such functions is socializing, there were no speeches (or insurance presentations), only a brief opportunity for attendees to introduce themselves. Bob was accompanied and assisted by his Benefits Technician Denise Fox.

Retirees attending included: Don Anderson, Larry Coons, Harry Cousineau, Roberta Eddins, Lee Engelhorn, Art Fitzner, Bill Givens, David Glismann, Bill Hansen, Cathy Hansen, Wayne Harmon, Leon Hoffman, Bob Holden, Joe McMenamain, Ery Metzgar, Gene Murray, Joanne Prescott, Tom Scanlan, Gordy Shields, Joanne Silva, Bob Steinbach, Barbara Strand, Barbara Striker, and Herman Toll.



Seated left to right, Larry Coons, Harry Cousineau, Gordy Shields, Joanne Prescott, Cathy Hansen, Bill Hansen





*Bill Givens, Lee Engelhorn, Ery Metzgar
Harmon*

Bob Steinbach and Wayne



*Don Anderson, Roberta Eddins, Joanne Silva, Joe McMenamin
and Barbara Strand*

Larry Coons, Gene Strand



Gene Murray, Herman Toll and David Glismann Hoffman

Art Fitzner, Bob Holden and Leon Hoffman

Thirty-Two Retirees to be Feted at District Party

The Grossmont Cuyamaca Community College District will hold a Retirement Celebration on May 31, 2002, at the Bali Hai Restaurant on Shelter Island in San Diego. This occasion will honor all district retirees who retired between June, 2000 and August 31, 2002. There will be music for dancing and a photographer to take individual photos of attendees and their guests. Dress Hawaiian. **If you plan to attend, please RSVP** to Bob Eygenhuysen at 619-644-7711, or Alba Orr at 619-644-7623.

The retirees being honored are shown in the following table:

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	RETIREMENT DATE	TYPE	SITE
AZHOCAR	VIRGINIA	12/30/2001	Classified	Grossmont
BARR	JAMES F	9/1/2001	Classified	District
BARR	ZELLA	9/1/2001	Classified	District
BARRY	LAWRENCE C	8/1/2000	Academic	Cuyamaca
BORNHORST	WILLIAM R	1/1/2001	Academic	Grossmont
COLORADO	PATRICIA	12/29/2000	Classified	Grossmont

COX BRANCH S	8/11/2001	Classified	Cuyamaca
COX** ARLA J	5/1/2001	Classified	Grossmont
DEAN WINSTON	7/1/2001	Academic	Grossmont
FENEIS JULIE LENORE	8/18/2001	Classified	Grossmont
GARCIA MARCIA	5/26/2001	Academic	Grossmont
HERNANDEZ JUANITA Q	12/30/2000	Classified	Cuyamaca
HUBBARD MARY ELLEN	12/19/2000	Academic	Grossmont
JOHNSON** RICHARD	7/1/2001	Academic	Grossmont
JONES GERALDINE	12/31/2001	Classified	Cuyamaca
KRONE NAOMI JEAN	9/1/2000	Classified	Cuyamaca
LAFOLLETTE SHARON K	10/8/2000	Classified	District
LUNSFORD DAVID A	5/26/2001	Academic	Grossmont
MANN LINDA L	9/1/2000	Academic	Grossmont
MORGAN SANDRA L	12/30/2000	Classified	Cuyamaca
MURPHY GEORGE	3/20/2002	Academic	Cuyamaca
NICOLL THOMAS	2/1/2001	Classified	Grossmont
PATTERSON DONALD A	6/1/2001	Academic	Grossmont
ROGERS J D	7/1/2001	Classified	Grossmont
SEYMOUR CHARLES T	10/31/2000	Classified	District
SHERROD RONALD	1/15/2002	Academic	Grossmont
SHUE JOHN W	5/26/2001	Academic	Cuyamaca
SMITH LAWRENCE	6/5/2002	Academic	Grossmont
SYMINGTON JAMES	7/1/2002	Academic	Grossmont
THOMPSON CLAUDIA	12/1/2001	Academic	Grossmont
TURNER SAMUEL STUART	6/2/2001	Academic	Cuyamaca
VERDUZCO GLORIA	12/31/2001	Classified	Cuyamaca

** deceased

Editor's Comments:



by Tom Scanlan

The events of September 11 still affect our lives in so many ways. Not just the indelible images

of those doomed airliners or collapsing skyscrapers; not just in the daily news reports from Afghanistan, Cuba, and the Philippines; not just in the statements and actions of our President and other politicians; but in how we think about our own families and friends. Certainly it influenced my own thoughts as I sat down to Thanksgiving dinner with my wife Rosemarie and my youngest daughter Alison and her husband Blaine while we watched our grandson Alex (born just two days after that terrible tragedy) playing quietly with the toys suspended above his wide, innocent eyes. Certainly it influenced my thoughts as I watched my three-year-old granddaughter Shelby eagerly opening Christmas presents in her new home in Wisconsin while Rosemarie and our daughter Karen and her husband Mark looked on.

Such a tragedy as last September's reminds me of the fragility of life, that it can be taken away from so many so quickly. But watching my family over the holidays reminded me of the tenacity, the continuity of life. As we remember our own parents and grandparents, so our children and grandchildren will remember us long after we are gone. So many families were broken in that tragedy last September. Now the surviving family members have only their memories and their friends.

We are not all so fortunate as to have children and then to have grandchildren to remind us, to assure us even, that there is continuity in life. In a way, though, friends (and colleagues) are like a family. They are people we grew older with, people we were close to, people we shared meals with. They are people we often shared our grief and our happiness with. Our friends and fellow workers, like a family, provide continuity in our lives because they remember us, they have thoughts and feelings about us, even after we have gone our separate ways.

This newsletter provides a way for all of us who have worked together and shared so much of our lives together to stay in touch, to retain that sense of continuity as well as community. We can still communicate across the distance and time that have separated us since our retirement. We can do that with letters. We can do that by relating stories of trips we have taken, activities we have enjoyed. We can do that by sharing the simplest of anecdotes over a cup of coffee, with a phone call or in an e-letter. We can do that with just a picture or a short poem.

You'd be surprised how interesting your life now might still be, and the feelings that reading about it might still evoke, in other retirees 'who knew you when'.

Driftwood



by Bob Steinbach

Snippets of gossip that have been burnished by friends and washed up on the Grapevine desk.

Memory Check: Beth Smith has been charged with reconstructing the history of the Faculty Senate at Grossmont College. I can remember the early sequence of presidents: Tom Ruth, Jack McAuley, Bob Steinbach and Abel Sykes. Then my memory falls into a churning morass of AFT, CTA, United Faculty, Chair of Chairs, ... If any of you can provide any information about who was president and/or when, drop a note to Beth at Beth.Smith@gcccd.net. Or use the USPS: 8800 Grossmont College Dr., El Cajon, CA 92020, or give her a call at 619-644-7893.

Time Machine: We went out to celebrate Virginia's birthday at the Godfather Restaurant and they had a live pianist. One of the songs that came wafting our way was "... *we'll sing in the sunshine, we'll dance in the rain ...*" and I was transported 39 years in time to **Mickey and Doris Shelley's** house in Spring Valley standing around their player piano singing with **Mickey, Bill Carden, Bud Palmer, Don Anderson, Lee Roper, Ray Resler, Tom Ruth, Walt Whitman, ...**

Maybe Tom Scanlan and I have been too pushy with the opportunities to get together (e.g., First Tuesday, Annual Retiree Breakfast, District Retiree Banquets). We received an email apologizing for not showing up. Whoa! Some folks travel, some folks have emergencies/duties/work or just better things to do; some don't like to socialize. The retirees that show up NEVER judge those who are absent – we just talk about them. (I'm kidding, I'm kidding; the only thing that comes out of those get-togethers is the joy of fellowship and some tidbits for this column.)



Dick Lantz still sails Mission Bay, but not in his Melody or Hobi Cat; he now prefers the challenge of sailing his canoe. His annual three-day pilgrimage is paddling down the Colorado River from Palo Verde to the Imperial Dam.



Ed Dobson leased the golf course he constructed on his ranch in the Central Valley and is able to spend more time writing in El Cajon ([see review](#) of his latest novel in this issues Biblio-files). A couple of years ago he led a tour group to Egypt that included **Neil and Bobbi Towne** and **Clark Mires**. He hopes to do something similar again when the world settles down.



David Glismann continues to enjoy his 23-year appointment as Music Director at the El Cajon First Presbyterian Church.



Bob Holden and his fiancée, Sandra Venzon, are in the middle of planning a fabulous wedding in Sedona, AZ on August 24. It will be an American Indian Ceremony and they will remain in Sedona for a week on their honeymoon. Sandra is a physical therapist and a Libertarian.



Karen Seal Stewart is starting to wind down her energetic working style. She and her husband traveled to Australia in February. Her first trip down under was a footloose walkabout over all but the top-end of the continent about 10 years ago.



Jack Holleran spent some time in Berlin a year ago. He visited with an old friend and her daughter, went to Expo, listened to an evening of Bartok at the Berlin Philharmonic, and saw a magnificent production of La Traviata at Deutsche Oper. He still enjoys teaching the Science class part-time.



Marcia Theroux left a note in the Grapevine Online Guestbook. "My love for Grossmont began as a student in 1965 and continued as I worked in Counseling: 1968, to Admissions Office: 1970-83, to the Library: 1983-93. I'm so glad Andy Groshans told me about this website, so I can continue to keep in touch and see the wonderful, familiar names and faces that were so much a part of my life. I've spent hours looking at the Grapevine. Thank you! (Retired Multi-Media Assistant, Learning Resource Center mathero@aol.com)"



Herman Toll comments that he and his wife and three dogs took their 34-foot motor home on a six-month trip to Alaska. After a respite at home, they continued their motor home camping for five months on the East Coast.



Barbara Strand and Sy have a number of timeshares and enjoy vacationing hither and yon, including Puerto Rico, Palm Springs, Rosarito Beach and Carlsbad. They recently celebrated her 85th birthday at Pizza Hut.

Abel Sykes, Jr., (a.sykesjr@worldnet.att.net) left Grossmont in 1968 after his term as Faculty Senate President and went to Compton College until 1984, followed by five years at Kings River College. "I retired as president of Lansing Community College in Michigan just two years ago. That action bought to an end my active presidencies. I now do presidential searches for ACCT."

After retiring, Abel and his wife decided to move to Fairfield, CA, to be closer to their children and grandchildren. "We have three girls. Our middle daughter is there in San Diego and is assistant U.S. Attorney. Our youngest daughter is in Los Angeles, ABC weekend anchor and our oldest, who has the grandchildren (boy and girl, fourteen-year-old twins) is on the faculty in the nursing department at Meritt College. We just returned from a jazz cruise to the Bahamas which we enjoyed greatly."



Lana Lima's continuing battle with fibromyalgia and polymyalgia rumatica keeps her pretty close to home. She writes, "... the only thing saving me from log-cabin-fever, is my computer (which my son bought me 4 years ago). Since then I have made many upgrades and now, with the help of the Internet, I now can 'get out of the house'." Her email address is LanaL@cox.net.

Perhaps some of you saw the nice half-page article with pictures about **Mary Ann Escamilla**



Beverly on page B2 of the December 17, 2001 San Diego Union Tribune. (460 words, two pictures) Among other things, I learned that she once got a bear hug from Muhammad Ali. ([see article](#))



Bob James has taught one class each spring since retirement in 1996, but he's announcing full retirement this year. He and Helen backpack in the Sierra each summer and to the bottom of the Grand Canyon for a couple of nights each November. Their next kickback travel adventure will be a Princess Cruise through the Panama Canal.



Ruth Anderson Barnett's poem, 'Firestorm', was chosen by Robert Pinsky (1997 U.S. Poet Laureate) as the Grand Prize winner in the St. Louis Poetry Center's poetry contest. The poem will be published in the upcoming edition of *Pleiades: A Journal of New Writing*. Ruth says that she was stunned—and honored. Congratulations, Ruth. It really is an honor to have a recent Poet Laureate choose your poem for the Grand Prize.



Jack Hansen's wife passed away February 21 following a prolonged illness. Most of you know that Jack was Grossmont College's first president. Many of us were hired under his tenure and remember him and Barbara fondly. If you'd like to contact Jack, his phone is 559-225-5274 and his address is 1783 West Santa Ana, Fresno, CA 93705.

STRS Purchasing Power Floor Raised

Governor Gray Davis signed AB 135 last October, which will raise the minimum guaranteed purchasing power of STRS benefits to 80%. It was previously 75%. This means that someone who retired before 1985, whose STRS benefit purchasing power has been eroded by inflation down to 80% or less, should begin to receive quarterly payments to offset any loss below 80%. It is anticipated that checks, retroactive to last October, will be mailed by the end of this February. (excerpted from Retired Educator, Winter 2001/2002)

Because of low annual inflation rates and the 2% annual benefit increase (not compounded), most GCCCD retirees will not begin receiving these benefits yet. That's good news, of course. Who would have expected the inflation rates to stay so low this past decade? Still, it's nice to know that when inflation does finally drop your STRS benefit down to 80% of the purchasing power it gave you when you retired, you will begin to receive quarterly checks to keep that purchasing power constant from that time on. This benefit is especially good news for those teachers who have been retired the longest and probably need it the most.

Two Retirees Awarded Emeritus



Dick Johnson



Dave Lunsford

The Governing Board conferred emeritus status on two recently retired faculty from Grossmont College, **Dick Johnson** and **Dave Lunsford**, in recognition of their distinguished service to their field, their college and their community. Professor Dick Johnson was awarded emeritus

rank posthumously because he passed away before the January 15 GCCCD Board meeting (see [article](#), this issue).

Grossmont College President Dr. Ted Martinez described Professor Johnson as a man with a "legacy of excellence and courtesy in all things". After receiving his master's degree in Library Science in 1966, Dick Johnson joined the Grossmont College staff. It is estimated that he provided original cataloging of 250,000 books for the college library. With family members in attendance, his widow Jackie accepted his honors.

Dr. Martinez also praised the 40-year teaching career of Professor Lunsford, 30 years of which were at Grossmont College. Professor Lunsford introduced interactive computing to the campus in the early 1970's and authored numerous books while donating his 'time, energy, creativity, and talent' to the Math Studies Center. His family looked on with pride as he accepted his honors, saying, "The classroom is a place I've truly found fulfillment... This night is the highlight of my life."

(excerpted from The Courier, Vol. 10, No.1, a journal which highlights GCCCD board meetings)



First Tuesday Breakfast Moves to Denny's

Because Coco's Restaurant closed effective February 13, the next **'First Tuesday' breakfast will now be "Second Tuesday" and will be held at Denny's Restaurant at Fletcher Parkway and Navajo Road**, one block east of the Coco's location. 'First Tuesday'(now 'Second Tuesday') is an informal gathering of retirees who meet for coffee, conversation and breakfast on the first Tuesday of every month at 9:00 AM. Some a little later, and that's OK.

Typically a dozen or more show up, never more than twenty so far. Recent breakfasts have been attended by Lee Roper (a 'regular,' who initiated the idea of a regular, informal breakfast for interested retirees), Bob Steinbach, Tom Scanlan, Joanne Prescott, Bob Peck, Wayne Harmon, Marie James, Lee Engelhorn, Chuck Park, Bill Givens, Bill Bornhorst, Phebe Burnham, Pat Higgins, Ed Dobson, Dick Lantz, Shirl Collamer, Virginia Steinbach, Mary Ann Beverly, Ray Resler, Dorothy Ledbetter, and Erv Metzgar.

Poppy Fields, Snow Capped Mountains, a Kasbah in an Oasis.



By Lee Roper

During spring of 2001, Barb, Marie James and I took a thoroughly enjoyable tour of Morocco. So much of the world has become so homogenized that the culture in the country you went to see no longer exists except in the ethnography museum. That is decidedly not the case in Morocco. The cities are modern and crowded but in the villages you will find traditional Moroccan culture. I particularly enjoyed sitting in sidewalk cafes to people-watch. They drink mint tea, coffee, colas or water. Alcoholic drinks are only in the tourist hotels or in one of few liquor stores in the city. Sitting in cafes is strictly an activity for men, except in the city where there might be a few women tourists or young working women. Most women are at home with the children or at the mosque. On the streets many women wear the traditional jellabas. The extent to which they cover the face will vary from no cover to everything covered including the eyes.

Highlights of the trip were: a camel ride in the sand dunes to watch the sun rise, reminiscent of that dramatic opening scene from the movie "Lawrence of Arabia;" a step back in time on a walk through the souk (market) in Fez; the architecture with its beautiful tile work; and lunch at the La Mamounia Hotel in Marrakech.

We couldn't have asked for a nicer group of people than those on our tour; however, if I had it to do over again, I would arrange accommodations for the night of arrival and play it by ear in a rental car. Except for cities it is a safe and easy country for driving. Otherwise you are in the constant company of your fellow tourists and on such a tight schedule you can't get away from that group.

Meet me at the Kasbah!!

Teaching 'Americanese' to Chinese



By Don Scouller

This September Joan and I had a wonderful experience in China. Huazhong University of Science and Technology recruited us, along with 35 others from Tucson, to teach their graduate students about American culture and familiarize them with our language. We had been to China

before when Joan went there in 1980 to make a film about life in China for her sabbatical project. We went back in 1986 and again in 1989. But whatever we thought we had learned about China before was wiped out by the new China we found at Huazhong University of Science and Technology.

This is considered their equivalent of M.I.T., and is certainly one of their major seats of learning. Our students were all graduate students, either there for a Masters or a Ph.D., and as I learned later had been working in their chosen fields for some time. In other words, they were sophisticated adults who had been admitted to grad-school after serious competition. It speaks well for their Communist Party masters that they recognize the need to comprehend and speak American-English if they are to become the leaders of China in the next fifteen to twenty years.

All Chinese kids begin learning a foreign language about the third or fourth grade, and finish high school with eight years of Russian or German or English. But their teachers were all Chinese, and as you know, there are sounds in every language that require the use of certain muscles and breath control that are hard to learn as an adult. So all the jokes we tell about the Chinese switching of l's and s's are true, but that is minor compared to the really strange pronunciations we experienced.

So, as native-speaking Americans we were charged with exposing them to basic American speech, and to introduce them to "life in America". My morning lecture was to about one hundred students in a very nice lecture hall. This was a three hour session, then we had a three hour break and in the afternoon I met with a small class of twenty-six in a smaller room. Joan had the opposite schedule, small class in the morning, large lecture in the afternoon. The large hall had a console at the front that housed a VCR that automatically played videotapes in either NTSC or PAL formats. There was a computer with Windows 95 as the OS, an audio amplifier for wireless microphone and an overhead projector that had a video-camera head that looked down at a platen that allowed the use of transparencies or opaque material. The computer, VCR and O-H Projector all fed into a ceiling mounted video projector that filled a twelve-foot screen. I was impressed with all this because Joan and I had prepared about forty 8x10 prints each and I had made over one-hundred slides of our American life. We also had made a compilation of our best videos showing our experiences traveling around the world.

So I was pleased that our preparation would pay off. But then hard reality faced us. Sometimes the wireless microphone wouldn't work, or the video-projector was set to very high contrast which ruined the video or the O-H projector. Then we would send our Teaching Assistant running for the in-house technician who would fumble around until a fix found, or not. Our TA's were recent graduates of Foreign Language Department majoring in English. Joan had an officious young man who would have liked to run her program for her. He rapidly learned that nobody dominates Joan (I learned that fifty-one years ago.). My TA was a pretty little girl who was generally helpful in translating for me, but beyond that was useless.

We met with our small class every day for 21 days. It was an exhausting gig. We walked a third of a mile to our classrooms which were on the fourth floor of a building that was not air conditioned and the temperature was in the mid 90's, as was the humidity. Our first class met at 8:00 AM until 11:30, followed by a three hour break during which we returned to our room, kicked off our shoes, retreated into a warm tub or shower and then collapsed. We returned at 2:00 and taught until 5:30 PM

I had 17 women and 9 men. During those sixty-three hours we really had a chance to bond.

They were motivated and I knew how to teach. I say that because some of the people we traveled with from Tucson were businessmen or lawyers, even a NYPD undercover cop. And they floundered at first, but soon became good teachers. Remember, we were not there to teach English. They already knew how to read and write almost as well as our Grossmont students.

Joan and I love to play Charades. And we have no problem with clowning around and acting out ideas. I am a johnny-3-note when it comes to singing, but I taught them "I've been working on the Railroad" "Auld Lange Syne", "It had to be You". and a couple of dance routines. Joan came up with changing the words to "This Land is Your Land" to fit the Chinese boundaries. But when she wrote the line "from Sinkiang Province to Hong Kong Island" her students corrected her, it should be "to Taiwan Island."

We teachers had agreed in our contract with the University that we would not teach religion or talk about politics. This was hard, because when we got into discussions someone would bring up something that was political. "What do you think of Chairman Mao?". We would answer that he would be remembered in history as a great man for China". I had told them that I was a soldier in WWII, in the Philippines. I was asked if I hated the Japanese. They are very much aware of the horrors the Japs inflicted on the Chinese and the rape of Nanking. I was asked why did the U.S. try to invade China during the Korean War. But although they often asked probing questions about our culture and our lifestyle I never detected any hostility. I think most of the teachers formed emotional attachments with our "kids". I know Joan and I did.

Off campus we were regarded with mild curiosity, and usually a smile from us brought a smile in response. We went to major department stores that match anything you can find in San Diego. And they were for the local people, not for tourists. The "New China" is rapidly becoming an entrepreneurial capitalistic/socialist state. The old guard Communists are dead or out of power, and the students we worked with will take China a long, long way.

Retiree's Write:



Lee Brown writes:

We moved to Sun Valley, Idaho, full-time in 1996. In 1998, sold the condo and acquired our current home just south of Ketchum (visitors have included Wayne Harmon, Bill Bornhorst, and Shannon O'Dunn). Kathy volunteers (Hospice and chairs the Community Library Board) and works (store in town named "Ketchum Kitchens.") My life alternates between water research and play time. Most of the work centers on aquifer modeling along with well testing and water analysis. Currently I have two standing contracts, one with The Nature Conservancy (as their consulting hydrologist) and the other with Blaine County to design a water-quality monitoring network.

My most recent publication was by the University of Idaho (April 2000) entitled *Hydrologic Analysis of the Big Wood River and Silver Creek Watersheds*. I am working on another trade book connected to my old Ford Foundation grant I received while at Grossmont. This is a non-fiction work providing a ground level view of how water issues affect the small river communities scattered all over the western states entitled *The Legacy of Lewis & Clark: Bridges and Barriers for Western River Communities*. I've talked with Island Press but nothing concrete until it is more along the way.

With respect to recreation, Sun Valley is heaven. Located in the heart of Sawtooth Range of the northern Rockies, we cross country ski from our house, the world famous Sun Valley ski lifts are 5 minutes away. We snow shoe, hike, fly fish, and I've even returned to upland bird hunting (my family was not supportive but enjoys Blue Grouse, pheasants, and Hungarian Partridge). It's a wonderful and varied community and we've enjoyed decompressing, meeting new friends, and still remaining active. Every year we go to Italy in spring and my Italian is almost passable.

I guess the main message is -- 30 years of doing any single thing is enough. Get out and explore new vistas, it's wonderful.

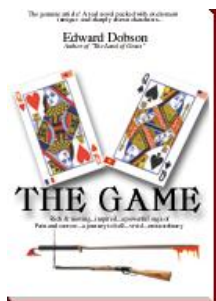
With warm regard, Lee leebrown@cox-internet.com

Biblio-Files



by Tom Scanlan

Important Reminder: The Grapevine strongly encourages book reviews from its readers. If you've read a book you'd like others to read, send your review to The Grapevine, Grossmont College, 8800 Grossmont College Drive, El Cajon, CA 92020 or e-mail it to tom.scanlan@gccd.net Also, if you've written a book you'd like to have reviewed, please let us know. I do not give star (*) ratings to books by our retirees but would be happy to include the review in the Grapevine.



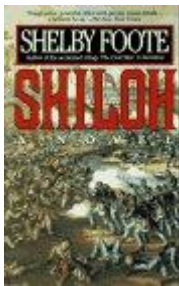
[The Game](#), Ed Dobson (1st Books, 1999)

Another book by 'one of our own', this is Ed Dobson's third of four novels. I'd classify it as popular adventure and partly a war thriller. I would add, though, that there's a lot of interesting background in the book that tells of a boy, Kazu, growing up. The boy, a Japanese immigrant to California just prior to World War II, attends high school and is leading a somewhat normal life until he is interned with other Japanese in Arizona, following the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The story is told using flashbacks from several points of view, mostly the boy's after he has grown up and is now a prison camp commander for the North Vietnamese.

If you're wondering how he made that unusual transition, this is a story with more than a few twists and turns. It will keep you turning the pages. The strong point of the novel is the development of the protagonist, Kazu, but the story brings in lots of interesting background ranging from growing walnuts to card gambling. In fact, the novel takes its title from a card game that the American prisoners of war can play in order to escape from their Vietnamese captors. The stakes are rather high. Win the game and you go free. Lose the game (the odds strongly favor this outcome) and the prison commander takes his shotgun to your head.

So how did a nice boy like Kazu end up in a spot like this? What is his fate and the fate of his prisoners? Read it and find out.

You can download an electronic version or purchase a paperback copy of Ed's text at the 1st Books website, <http://www.1stbooks.com>.



[Shiloh](#), Shelby Foote (Random House, 1952)***

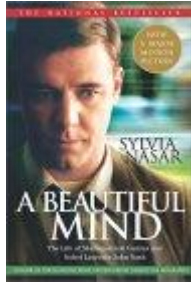
Many of you are probably familiar with Shelby Foote's classic three volume set, The Civil War, A Narrative, a highly praised popular history. Or you may be familiar with him through Ken Burn's Civil War series on Public TV. It doesn't matter. This little novel stands on its own as a brief, fictionalized account of one of that war's decisive early battles, near Shiloh Church along the Tennessee River.

This bloody, closely fought battle was the largest in our nation's history up to that time, involving over 100,000 combatants and both generals Sherman and Grant. For those of you who aren't Civil War buffs, I won't give away who won that battle (neither does Foote until nearly the end). What I will say is that you won't want to put this book down until you see how it comes out.

The book is especially unique and delightful in that it's written from the point of view of individual combatants, both enlisted men and officers, and alternates by chapter between Confederate and Union soldiers. Foote has each account overlap just enough to keep the story line coherent and smooth, using dialogue marvelously to accentuate the differences and add to the authenticity. It's a wonderful telling because it puts you right there on the battlefield. Cannon shells *woosh* overhead and musket balls and grapeshot buzz around you, ricocheting off trees and bushes, sometimes thudding into an unfortunate comrade. You feel the terror and the

panic.

There are heroes (and cowards) on both sides. Shelby Foote, a southerner through and through, has resisted the temptation to favor the men in gray over the men in blue. What he has done is to take the essential facts of this battle and written a story that will heighten your appreciation of all the men who fought in that war, as well as the causes for which they fought. I thoroughly enjoyed this book and hope that you will, too.



[A Beautiful Mind](#), Sylvia Nasar (Simon & Schuster, 1998) ****

This marvelous biography of the mathematical genius and Nobel laureate John Nash won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Biography. It's now back on the best-seller list and is the basis of the film with the same title, which most of you probably know has won eight Academy Awards nominations, including Best Picture. The film's pretty good but if you really want to get into this person's life, read the book. The author is a former New York Times economics correspondent and is currently the Knight Professor of Journalism at Columbia University.

John Nash was raised in Bluefield, West Virginia, a small town in the coal-mining region of that state. He was somewhat of a social misfit from the beginning (what we'd call a nerd today) but his parents were supportive and his teachers eventually realized that John had a most unusual talent in mathematics. He was awarded the PhD in 1950 from Princeton at the early age of 22 for his innovative but controversial thesis on non-cooperative game theory.

In spite of his eccentricities and social awkwardness, John eventually married one of his MIT students, Alicia Larde, in 1957. The following year, during the late stage of her pregnancy, John's mental state became seriously unbalanced. This led to a series of hospital confinements and treatments followed by temporary remissions, but his mental state continued its downward spiral into schizophrenia. The series of personal catastrophes that accompanied his disease and his long road to recovery make up the remainder of his remarkable life story. It's a story that's deep in places and often tragic, and may not be every reader's cup of tea, but it will captivate you once you begin reading it. And by the end of this book you will feel like you knew this man personally and lived through his ordeal with him.

GCCCD Obituaries

*So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
...John Dryden*



Ruth Camp

Ruth camp passed away on February 20 at the age of 77. She was born in Helena, Montana on March 14, 1924, the youngest of three children. She moved to San Diego in 1943, and to Spring Valley 11 years later to the home she built with her husband, where she resided until her death. She is survived by her husband, Avery, of nearly 60 years and two sons, a brother, eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Ruth worked at Convair for 5 years before joining the staff at Grossmont College in 1962 at its original Monte Vista High School site. She worked as supervisor of admissions at Grossmont College for most of her 22 years with the district before moving to Cuyamaca College. She retired from the district in 1984 as the student registrar at Cuyamaca College. Ruth is warmly remembered by her colleagues on both campuses as very dedicated and competent as well as a friendly and caring person.

*So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are over,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
--Anna Letitia Barbauld*



Arla Cox

Arla Cox began her employment with the Grossmont-Cuyamaca Community College District on July 1, 1974 as a part-time Senior Lead Clerk in the Biology Department at Grossmont College. She worked in various part-time positions with the college until November 10, 1975 when she was hired full-time as a Typist Clerk, Intermediate in the Biology Department at Grossmont College. After serving in the Typist Clerk, Intermediate position for several years, she was hired on October 22, 1980, as the Biology Technician in the Biology Department at Grossmont College. She continued working in this position until she retired on May 1, 2001.

The college community was deeply saddened when Arla passed away on June 16, 2001, at the age of 63. She was an extremely conscientious technician who consistently dedicated herself to ensure the smooth running of the biology labs.

(*Editor's note:* I'd like to thank Cathie Norris for providing the information and sentiments above. The following paragraph is from professor Ruth Botten of the Biology Department I regret there were no pictures available.)

Arla was a highly valued member of the Biology Department classified staff for her competence, her attitude of cooperation and support for the goals of community college education, and her friendships with many coworkers. She is acutely missed and remembered with great fondness by all the members of the Biology Department. To the many student assistants who worked in the biology lab over the years at Grossmont, Arla was a kind and understanding supervisor. Having returned to school to obtain her G.E.D. and then graduating from Grossmont with her A.A. degree while raising her own children, Arla was a special inspiration to many young single mothers working to complete their education.

Arla passed away surrounded by her loving family, after a brave struggle with cancer. She is survived by her brother Bill Krizan of Bremerton, WA, her brother Ron Krizan, of Las Vegas, NV, and her sister Dorothy Miller, of Walnut Grove, CA. She is also sadly missed by her seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, her sons Victor Cox, of Santee, Ron Cox, of El Cajon, and Scott Cox of El Cajon, as well as by her daughters Stephanie Wilson of Palm Desert and Melody Kohl of Chula Vista.

*How well he fell asleep,
Like some proud river, widening toward the sea,
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
Life joined eternity.*
--Samuel Taylor Coleridge



Dick Johnson

Dick Johnson died on December 12, 2001 of a sudden heart attack at the age of 66. Dick had been a librarian at Grossmont College for 35 years and had just retired in June, 2001. He is survived by his wife Jaqualyn and two brothers, Don and Ken, both living in southern California. Services were attended and soliloquies given by Grossmont College librarians Tom Foster and Curt Stevens, as well as his older brother. Other GCCCD retirees attending included retired librarian Tom Hepp.

Dick was born in Alhambra, California and grew up in El Monte, California. He studied both at UCLA and USC with majors in art, education and librarianship. He had served in the Army Reserves.

He was involved in acquisitions and cataloging at the Grossmont College Library and was very influential in introducing computer technology there. His colleagues remember him as a soft-

spoken, gentle man who was always helpful and always sympathetic. He was recently honored with emeritus status by his colleagues ([see article](#) this issue).

Dick had many interests, including nature photography, and some of his photos were displayed in a slide show at his memorial service. At that service, some of his poetry was also read, including the following:

Pelicans, Lindo Lake

*Twenty-some white pelicans
Feather to feather forming a snow-bright flotilla
Gliding silently on the dark water.
Long slender necks,
Long yellow bills
Bending and dipping gracefully into the water
In unison,
Bend...dip...rise...bend...dip...rise,
As though in rhythm to music,
A soundless ballet
Choreographed an eon ago.*

*Twenty-some white pelicans
Gliding silently on dark water,
Giving thought to ancient oarsmen,
Pulling quietly in unison across the sea.*

(Editor's note: Richard sent me a copy of this poem (dated November, 2001 at Lindo Lake, Lakeside, California) in a letter dated December 5, 2001, asking if I'd personally critique it for him. I am honored, Richard. It reflects the gentleness in your soul. It is a gift to all of us who knew you.)
