It’s election time for Emeritus Students. When everybody votes, everybody wins!

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ESCOM NEWSLETTER
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ESCOM COUNCIL WORKSHOP
In lieu of its regular monthly meeting the ESCOM Council convened a three-hour Workshop on April 18, 2013, for the purpose of assessing its role in the affairs of the College of Marin, its effectiveness in meeting the needs of lifelong learners and planning for the future.

Under the topic “What’s Working” the members agreed that many of ESCOM’s functions were indeed “working”, including but not limited to the sponsorship of clubs, the well planned art exhibits, the financial grants program, the publication of the Newsletter, good Emeritus Center staffing by desk volunteers, successful membership drives, and excellent past and present leadership.

More work is needed, the members also agreed, in the areas of outreach to other community resources for possible joint programs, attracting younger “seniors”, leadership development within ESCOM, recognition of volunteers, calls to action for new members, and assessing the cost/benefit of membership-wide social functions.

The subjects covered and proposed actions on various topics will be the subject of discussions at forthcoming meetings of the Council.

ESCOM members are encouraged to attend the regular meeting of the Council on the third Thursday of each month except in July and December. Check with the Emeritus Center Volunteer Desk (415-485-9652) for locations.

Reported by Paul Tandler

EDITOR’S NOTES
The next Newsletter staff meeting will be held on Thursday, June 6, 10:30 AM, at the IVC Emeritus Center.

Class note: The new class, "Big Band Era", will take place four Tuesdays at 10:10 AM June 18 - July 9. These dates were omitted from the printed schedule.

COM IN THE NEWS

Budget Update - 4th Quarter -- A four-year budget plan was initiated at the end of fiscal year 2011-2012 when operating expenses were projected to outpace revenue growth. In 2012-2013 (first year of budget plan) $1.2 million in reductions was targeted. Due to the plan structure, it was not sure whether the targeted reduction amount could be achieved. A variety of strategies has been implemented by College of Marin to mitigate budget challenges. One of these strategies is an early retirement program. To date a total of 20 faculty, 19 staff members as well as 2 managers have elected to participate, resulting in significant future savings in salaries and benefits for COM.

New Home for Cloned Coast Redwood Saplings
The Kentfield Campus of College of Marin has recently become an honored recipient of three young redwood saplings cloned in an innovative, scientific process from the largest coast redwoods. These saplings were provided by the Archangel Ancient Tree Archive and planted in our Redwood Grove. The event took place at an Earth Day ceremony on April 21, 2013, with local dignitaries, environmental advocates, school students and officials attending. College of Marin was chosen as one of eight locations worldwide to receive a clone from the famous "Fieldbrook Stump", the largest coast redwood tree that ever lived. The Archangel Project is an organization established to propagate the world's most important old-growth trees before they are gone.

Grand Opening - Science, Math, Nursing Bldg.
This long-awaited College of Marin event takes place on May 10, 2013, from 1:30 to 5:00 PM at the Kentfield Campus. A special presentation by COM Alumnus Adam Steltzner, Lead Mechanical Engineer, NASA Mars Rover Project, will take place from 1:30 to 2:15 PM at the James Dunn Theater. Ribbon cutting will take place from 2:30 to 3:00 PM at the Orbital Court, Science, Math, Nursing Building, and a Grand Finale at 5:00 PM will be presented by COM faculty, students and staff who will demonstrate an interdepartmentally-designed machine inspired by cartoonist Rube Goldberg.

Submitted by: Alicia Warcholski
CURRICULUM COMMITTEE REPORT

The Curriculum Committee met on April 3 to interview four applicants for teaching classes under the Emeritus umbrella. One, who proposed to teach “Calanetics” – an exercise class, cancelled because she hurt her back doing the exercises. The Committee approved for summer or fall the following:

“The Pacific War” – a review of many unknown aspects of World War II in the Pacific.

“Introduction to the Chinese Language” – a basic, limited introduction to Chinese; title may be changed to “Chinese For Travel”.

“Musical Snapshots” – a series of four week presentations exploring song writers from the 20’s to the 50’s, singer-songwriters from the 60’s, the gig band era, and American masters.

As new staffer Tom Hudgens is still catching up with a backlog of chores in his new position, there were no other applicants to be interviewed. The Committee will meet again on June 19.

Respectfully submitted, Dick Park, Chair

FATHER'S DAY JUNE 16, 2013

After the success obtained by Anna Jarvis with the promotion of Mother's Day in the U.S., some wanted to create similar holidays for other family members, and Father's Day was the choice most likely to succeed. This holiday was founded in Spokane, Washington, at the YMCA in 1910 by Sonora Smart Dodd, who, after hearing a sermon about Jarvis' Mother's Day in 1909, told her pastor that fathers should have a similar holiday honoring them. But the holiday did not have much success at first because people believed it was just promoted to increase business. There was a lot of truth in this suspicion.

A bill to accord national recognition of the holiday was introduced in Congress in 1913, but failed. In 1916, President Woodrow Wilson went to Spokane to speak in a Father's Day celebration and wanted to make it official, but Congress resisted, fearing that it would become commercialized. President Calvin Coolidge recommended in 1924 that the day be observed by the nation, but stopped short of issuing a national proclamation. In 1966, Lyndon B. Johnson issued the first presidential proclamation honoring fathers, designating the third Sunday in June as Father's Day. Six years later, the day was made a permanent national holiday when President Richard Nixon signed it into law in 1972.

Don Polhemus

THE PAINTINGS OF ANNA LADYZHENSKAYA

The Birth Of Aphrodite (on recent cover of ESCOM Newsletter) and Leda And The Swan, Spring and Typhon, large oils in a highly decorative mythology series--contrast with clusters of smaller plein air oils of the live oaks of Atherton, cows, and idyllic fields of quiet contemplation. When first you enter the Emeritus Gallery, Anna’s self portrait greets you, her head tilted towards her landscapes. (“Private Road” is the title of the exhibit.) Classic portraits, and sensuous female figures reminiscent of Gustav Klimt and the Austrian versions of Art Nouveau. The Birth of Aphrodite, the largest canvas, is a masterpiece of complex composition and daring invention--the sinuous interweavings are pure joy! But soon we are drawn to the brick wall where our poster girl, bathed in a halo of iridescent color, stares at only you--her luminous eyes burn a hole in your soul--she is a goddess, and like Michelangelo's David her limbs and hands are oversized, godlike; she is Mother Earth, her long fingers like trees. Ah! the magic of artifice--who would have guessed that a cashier of Costco's sat for this picture? We move on, point counterpoint to more clusters of landscapes that serve to soften the transition between the various styles, yet each painting is a unique peaceful world, you want to get real close, sniff the clover, pat the cows, or just dream a while. And then we see Typhon, mythic Greek monster whose breath was as a volcano and powerful as a typhoon, the only male figure amid all his exotic colleagues. Perhaps the last three pictures of bowls of fruit were painted in Soviet Moldavia where Anna grew up. I intend to ask her about the chronology of all her work--so many viewers are surprised that all the paintings on the walls are by only one artist!

If you missed her reception on April 24, I urge you to see this stunning show, open Monday-Friday to June 28, 2013.

Len Pullan, Chair, Art Exhibits
AND THEN IT IS WINTER

You know...time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years. It seems just yesterday that I was young, just married and embarking on my new life with my mate. Yet in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all the years went. I know that I lived them all. I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams. But, here it is...the winter of my life and it catches me by surprise... How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go? I remember well seeing older people through the years and thinking that those older people were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be like.

But, here it is...my friends are retired and getting gray...they move slower and I see older persons now. Some are in better and some worse shape than I...but I see the great change... Not like the ones that I remember who were young and vibrant...but, like me, their age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we'd be. Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day! And taking a nap is not a treat anymore...it's mandatory! 'Cause if I don't of my own free will...I just fall asleep where I sit!

And so...now I enter into this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things that I wish I had done but never did! But at least I know, that though the winter has come, and I'm not sure how long it will last...when it's over on this earth...it's over. A new adventure will begin!

Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn't done and things I should have done, but didn't. Yet there are many things I'm happy to have done. It's all in a lifetime.

So, if you're not in your winter yet...let me remind you, that it will be here faster than you think. Whatever you would like to accomplish in your life please do it now! Don't put things off too long! Life goes by quickly. So do what you can today, as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not! You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of your life...so live for today and say all the things that you want your loved ones to remember...and hope that they appreciate and love you for who you have been and not only for the things that you have done for them in years past!

Life is a gift to you. The way you live your life is your gift to those who come after. Make it a fantastic one.

Author unknown

DESK VOLUNTEER
GEORGANN PARDEE RETIRES

Georgann has been a desk volunteer for 13 years, ever since her 1999 retirement as Registrar at The Blood Center. When she first started with Emeritus, Barbara Tarasoff, our president then, trained her in the various office processes. Georgann served on the Council starting in 2000 on the Grants and Clubs committees, taking over the chairmanship of Grants in 2003 and passing it on to current chair Bev Munyon two years ago.

Georgann was born in Detroit; in 1987 she moved to California from Chicago with her husband Jack and two children who have produced eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Georgann is moving from Fairfax to Novato to live with her daughter. She will be sorely missed for many reasons, one of which is her vast amount of knowledge and experience with Emeritus. Thank you, Georgann, from us all.

Karen Hemmeter

A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

Ba Ba (father in Cantonese), I miss you every day since you passed away fifteen Father’s Days ago. Even though you’re no longer with me on this special day, I can still see the smile on your face. Thanks for watching over me. You are my hero and I'm forever indebted to you. Jai (son in Cantonese)

Jason Lau
Ballot for ESCOM Council Election - 2013

Co-Presidents – One-year Term
( ) Richard (Dick) Park and Eric Sitzenstatter
( ) ___________________________
(Write-in)

Vice President – One-year Term
( ) Marlene Knox
( ) ___________________________
(Write-in)

Council Members (*) – Two-year Terms – Vote for five (5)
( ) Rosalie Wallace
( ) Len Pullan
( ) Sarah Greenberg
( ) Beverly Munyon
( ) Bill Raffanti
( ) ___________________________
(Write-in)

Return the completed Ballot NO LATER THAN WEDNESDAY NOON, June 12, 2013, in person to Emeritus Center, Kentfield, or to Emeritus North, Bldg 10, Room 140AS, Indian Valley Campus, Novato, or by U.S. Mail to: Council Election Committee, c/o Emeritus Center, College of Marin, 835 College Avenue, Kentfield, CA 94904-2590

(*) Order of names of candidates in list was determined randomly.
Council Election Committee
c/o Emeritus Center
College of Marin
835 College Avenue
Kentfield, CA  94904-2590
MY FATHER – A HAPPY MAN
My father was the kindest man I ever knew. I never heard him raise his voice to anyone, except to Stan Musial when he committed an error in one of the St. Louis Cardinal baseball games, when, I am not certain, he came up short of throwing things at the television set.

My father loved nature and he imparted this to all of his grandchildren. He was known for his sense of fairness. When he moved his business, his employees moved with him. He thought I was perfect so I knew he was perfect. He owned a small apartment hotel adjacent to St. Louis’ great outdoor summer theater and he was host to the truly talented and the support cast that barely made it through the long winters. He became a good judge of humanity.

If you were to ask me today where he was, I can tell you to just “STOP and look up.” On the most beautiful day on the most beautiful cloud, my father is sitting in his fishing boat. He is holding his fishing rod, but he is also baiting my mother’s. She loves to fish with him but she does not like to bait her own hooks. She likes to sit on the bank and tell everyone what to do. Once I went fishing with them, but they said I talked too much and scared the fish away. Maybe I will go fishing with them some day again.

After my father retired I spoke with him every morning. He would say “Good morning Merry Sunshine.” For a year after his death I woke up each morning and in my mind I heard his voice “Good morning Merry Sunshine.” It took me a full year to get over it.

Iris Tandler

MY FATHER'S JOURNEY -- EAST MEETS WEST
My father, Stanislaw Krycki, came to America a few years after the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and started a new phase of his life.

He was born at the beginning of 1886 in Eastern Poland (now Belarus), then under occupation by Imperialist Russia. He was the youngest of six brothers; the oldest of whom had already emigrated to San Francisco just a couple months before the infamous 1906 earthquake. After serving his required "tour of duty" (conscript into the Tsarist Russian Army) my father, longing for personal freedom, came to California to live with his oldest brother and his family.

Over the ensuing years, my father had many occupations and saved his earnings diligently with the Bank of Italy (now Bank of America).

In 1929, after years of bachelordom, he returned to Poland for a family visit and, while in Warsaw, on a blind date, he met my mother, Eugenia. After a courtship of six months, they were married and departed on an "extended honeymoon trip" to America via Paris/LeHavre where they boarded the Ile de France, a luxury ocean liner destined for New York City. After a long train trip across the United States, they ended up in the Bay Area for permanent residence. My father then ventured into small business ownership of a delicatessen which he owned and operated until his retirement years. I remember so vividly working during summer vacation and weekends during the school year at my father's "Deli", slicing salami, smoked lox from the whole side of a salmon, cutting cheese from a huge wheel and dishing out various salads and cold cuts for sandwiches. My father taught me the value of hard work, how to handle finances and many other everyday problems which proved to be invaluable throughout my life. He was an unpretentious, "down-to-earth" person with so much knowledge about life which he passed on to me.

Alicia Warcholski

MY FATHER, THE TEACHER
My father was an accountant, but I think he should have been a teacher. He lost no opportunity to add to my store of information, even when it was more or less useless. I was not more than eight when he constructed from a large nail and a roll of wire an electromagnet and compared it with a regular magnet. Another time the term, artesian well, came up in my reading and I remember the diagram he drew, explaining how water sought its level, even when underground. When possible he let me try my dumb ideas even when he knew they wouldn't work, thinking I would learn more that way. When I was about eleven he built a telescope -- more than that he built a machine to grind the mirror. I wasn't much help but he explained everything and I remembered enough to supervise building one in my high school physics class some years later. Sad to report, in his later years he suffered a mild case of dementia, but never enough to cast doubt on his love for me.

Don Polhemus
A STAR SALESMAN

I see him sitting in his favorite armchair, one leg crisscrossed, smoking a cigarette and reading a Yiddish newspaper. We saw him every three weeks on weekends, home from the road--I visualized him with a shovel in the aisle of a train, shoveling up gold coins to bring back so we could eat and pay rent. When I was seven he bought me my first tube skates; the snow on the sidewalk of our apartment building was hard and icy and my dad could skate and he taught me to skate--what a happy surprise!

Years later, when I was fifteen and a half, I was his driver during the summer holidays: I drove his firm's panel truck, and when we reached the next general store I would drag out the leather valises full of samples and set them up on the store counter. "So! what's new in Winnipeg?" Dad was the star salesman for the biggest dry goods wholesale in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but also the ambassador from the big city with the latest gossip. Business could wait. They talked in English, Ukrainian, Russian or Yiddish. Eventually out came his order book--6 doz. 9-cent socks, 5 doz. overalls, written in bold sweeping loops--a work of art. Sometimes I made show cards for a fee, like Bartlett Pears 5 cents/lb.--what fun! My mom and sister were miles away, and here I was in Dauphin or Togo with my dad, sleeping in the town hotel, eating suppers fit for a prince, and driving joyously past endless fields of wheat, free as a bird. Thanks Dad!

Len Pullen

RUDOLPH TANDLER - A TALE OF SURVIVAL

It was the night of November 9, 1938. It was on that night that the Holocaust began. The wholesale smashing of store windows gave this night the title “Kristallnacht”, the Night of Broken Glass. Little did one suspect that this was the genesis of the systematic annihilation of Europe’s Jews, later summed up as The Holocaust with its 6 million Jewish victims.

I was 13 years old at the time when our synagogue, named “Der grosse Tempel”, the Great Temple, as the largest in Vienna, was burnt to the ground. We lived a short block from this temple, and the black smoke and strong odor of burning wood and fabric all over the neighborhood was a stark foreboding of events to come.

It was the next morning when my father was taken into custody--I was not. It became known later that tens of thousands of Jewish men had been arrested, most of them sent to concentration camps, notably Dachau.

My father straggled home after three days of confinement in the basement of a local police station, where he and hundreds more were starved, beaten, humiliated and abused before “processing” began. My father, a veteran of four years of service in the Austrian Army during WWI, had the uncanny presence of mind to stuff his Army discharge papers into a pocket of his coat before being escorted out of our apartment that morning, and when it was his turn for processing, he presented them to the official.

He was released, but cautioned to leave the country as soon as possible, as there might not be “a second chance”. Rudolph did not need another reminder as he immediately sought refuge in our new home, the United States of America.

Paul Tandler

A GREAT EXAMPLE

As a truck driver in the woolen industry, my father was used to stacking 500 pound bales of wool. From my childhood I remember being held in his very strong arms. He played lots of games with my brothers and me, including water pistol fights (no hiding inside the house). As an adult, I was always impressed by his committed loyalty to his boss, for whom he continued to work as chauffeur/handyman on weekends for years after he became a truck driver and no longer needed to do that work. It certainly set a work ethic for me.

Dick Park

WHAT DAD TAUGHT ME

My Dad, Mike Odelson, died one week to the day before 9/11 at the age of 85. One paragraph is insufficient to describe how he has influenced me, but the first thing that comes to mind and brings a smile to my face is that one of his many mantras, said usually with humor, was "Don't take any s____ from any-
one." When, as we all are from time to time, confronted with unkindness, I usually am skeptical about the perpetrator until that person demonstrates that the offense will not be repeated. Dad taught me the value of hard work and the joy of play. He also taught me not to be afraid of death, by the graceful way he departed. I miss him every day.

Marlene Knox

COMING IN JULY AND AUGUST

Responding to a number of requests, we will be introducing a "Letters to the Editor" section in July. Readers are encouraged to make their opinions known. We ask only that subject matter pertain to Emeritus College or Newsletter articles and not exceed 125 words in length. Let's hear from you!

Continuing the successful precedent of last year, we will have another Literary Supplement in August, containing only selected submissions of prose and poetry. We will be seeking particularly good writing from both readers and writing students of College of Marin. Send us your best specimens.

Editor

WHY I JOINED THE NAVY

My hands were damp and cold. I hoped I wouldn't cough. I hesitated outside the Assistant Manager's opaque glass office.

"Come in," said Mr. Budd. He smiled.

"Please do sit down. How good it is to see you back again. How can I help you today?"

I sat down, straightened the pleats in my New Look dress, then blustered, "What are my chances of ever getting a promotion to management level?"

Mr. Budd leaned back in his swivel chair.

"If you stay for twenty years, you will be doing the same thing, at very little more money."

The words went past my nervous stomach like a white light arrow; the answer I knew, but had managed to deny. The job was a dead end. I had no future with the company.

I offered my cold hand into his outstretched warm hand, as he said, "I'm sorry. That is probably not what you wanted to hear."

I managed a slight smile. "No, it's not what I wanted to hear, but thanks anyhow. I know it's not your fault."

I had returned to work as Assistant to the Ready-to-Wear Buyer at J.C. Penney's in Anderson, Indiana, after being sick with pneumonia and strep throat for six weeks.

The country doctor told Mother, "It was lucky she was found in time. She was so malnourished, she could have caught anything. I don't want to put her in the hospital. I think she will be better off at home, where you can be with her twenty-four hours a day. She needs a lot of rest and good food." Throughout the recovery, I had time to think about my life. Six days a week I shared a long, narrow office with the alteration ladies, their noisy sewing machines distracting me from the boring reports and statistics of what was selling in ready-to-wear. Unfortunately, the only things to be seen from the window above my cluttered desk were the brick buildings of a grimy factory town. The job paid so little, I struggled to pay rent at the YWCA, buy clothes and have enough for cigarettes and coffee, let alone eat. I had to escape before I actually did die. The evening after my meeting with Mr. Budd, I sat on the Y's porch swing listening to the metal chains' squeaky rhythm seeming to say "what-to-do, what-to-do."

Then I thought of a way to solve my problems: the sign at the Post Office I walked past that day. "We need Women in the United States Navy -- See Navy Recruiter."

Images of foreign towns, flags, marching bands, water, ships and clear blue skies danced in my head.

... Sixty Navy women singing in cadence, If you're nervous in the service, I'll tell you what to do— Have a baby, have a baby.

It was January 1949 at Great Lakes, Illinois when we recruits marched through tunnels of snow in the dark predawn to the mess hall. Now there's a name. I loved the food, even the beans and "S.O.S", although I couldn't eat the carrot raisin salad after seeing a cook with numerous tattoos and hairy arms reach into a vat up to his armpits to stir the mixture with both hands.

Alice Webb

(Story concluded next issue.)
Dental Assisting 3rd Program Graduation: June 20, 2013, at 6:00 PM, Building 27 Patio. Kathleen Rooney, Program director, invites the community to witness an inspiring Commencement designed and planned by the graduating students. In the previous two ceremonies held at IVC, the graduates shared their personal career journeys and recognized the people who had nurtured and supported them.

Open Recreational & Lap Swim: COM Indian Valley Pool, June 17 – August 8, 2013 (Closed July 4th) Monday – Thursday, 12:00 noon – 4:00 PM. Daily Admission Rate: $5.00 adult, $4.00 student (w/ID) or child, $3.00 senior (55+) and disabled. Parking permits are required ($3.00 per day.)

Purchase tickets at Swimming pool office prior to going to the pool. Lifeguards will be on duty. Minors required to complete waiver form signed by parent or guardian. No one under 14 is allowed in the pool w/o parent supervision.

Expanded Bridge to Healthy Living: Indian Valley Organic Farm & Garden Farm Stand Now Open 2 Days Weekly, Wednesdays AND SATURDAYS 10 AM to 3 PM. In addition to organic produce and plants, the Garden is known for lovely organic seasonal flowers. Customers may sign up for weekly bouquets for home or business or for a wedding or special event. Contact Amy Ridout, Farm Coordinator, at e-mail address aridout@conservationcorpsnorthbay.org.

Bridge to Bridge: The colorful cover photo on the May issue featuring the long-standing Kentfield ESCOM Bridge Club prompted some readers to ask if there could be a bridge-playing group at IVC. Anything is possible with ESCOM! The meeting room in building 10 is available on Wednesdays and other time slots weekly. It takes just a foursome to make it happen.

ESCOM/IVC Wish List: With the increase in numbers of classes offered at COM/IVC and the fact that nine ESCOM Clubs now meet on the Ignacio Blvd. campus, it has been suggested that the ESCOM/IVC meeting room be open on a regular basis. To get this idea off the ground, it would take a few people to take turns as host one day a month. For example, ESCOM/IVC would be open on Wednesdays from noon to 2 PM. Please contact Gloria Kopshever.

Atelier@IVC (aka Life Drawing Club): Larry Bencich will share coordinating duties with Glen Miller for the summer Wednesdays meetings in the Miwok 122 studio space. The June and July schedule will be as follows: 6/19 and 6/26, 7/3, 7/10, /7/17, and 7/31. Please contact Glen Miller at 415-457-2459 or glennmiller12@comcast.net.

Digital Camera Club: The Camera Club continues to grow with new members joining each month. We enjoyed many wildflowers and a beautiful setting on our photo outing to Rush Creek, and we anticipate more fun and good photos from the outing to the Marin Civic Center lagoon. We're learning lots from each other in our discussions.

IVC Book Forum:
6/24 Wild, From Lost to Found on the Pacific Crest Trail, Cheryl Strayed.

Global Issues Club: June 21 at 2 PM. Venezuela: The Chavez Legacy, a film interview with Martin Sanchez, former Venezuelan Consul General. This interview was produced for Public Access TV, Channel 26, by Carol Costa and Colleen Rose of Marin.

Great Books: Members are re-reading favorite classics and viewing related film versions. June: The Prince; July: Pygmalion.

Film Noir Theater Club: Noir Note: Recently seen, The Killer that Stalked New York ’51, one of a number of films dealing with the dangers of foreign contamination. This Joseph Biroc film is considerably more noir than Panic in the Streets shown this month.

**ADVENTURER’S CLUB:** Call Ruth King, 898-5845, for information on next meeting.

**ATELIER CLUB AT IVC:** Weekly on Wednesdays. Two sessions, 9 AM - noon and 1-4 PM. Glen Miller, 415-457-2459.

**BOCCE/PETANQUE CLUB:** Bocce on Tues. at San Rafael courts, 9:30 AM. Call Bill Raffanti, 883-4079.

**BOOK BANTER CLUB:** 2nd and 4th Fridays (note this change) September to May, 1:00 - 3:00 PM, Emeritus Kentfield. Len Pullan, 381-6952, lenpullan@comcast.net.

**BRIDGE CLUB:** Mon. 1:00 - 4:30 PM, Cafeteria, Kentfield. Lynn Mason, 456-2508.

**CHESS CLUB:** Phone Ron Evans, 924-0998.

**CHEZ MARILENA:** Phone Marilena Redfern, 457-1177.

**CURRENT EVENTS CLUB:** 2nd & 4th Thursdays, 10:00 AM - 12 noon, Emeritus Kentfield. Jerry Weisman, 383-1831, gweisman@sprintmail.com; and James Kennedy, 388-3939.

**GLOBAL ISSUES CLUB:** 3rd Friday, 2:00 – 4:00 PM, Emeritus IVC. Colleen Rose, 898-0131, colleenrose@juno.com.

**GREAT BOOKS DISCUSSION GROUP:** 2nd & 4th Tuesdays, 10:00 AM - 12 noon, Emeritus IVC. Don Polhemus, 883-3567, dondorpol@aol.com.

**GREAT IDEAS IN PHILOSOPHY CLUB:** Thursdays, 1-3 PM, Emeritus IVC. Larry Witter, 883-6889, lswitter@sonic.net.

**HUMANITIES CLUB:** The Humanities Club will resume on June 1st with a new series entitled *Origins of Great Ancient Civilizations*, a short concise history of the Near East from 3500 BC to 486 BC. This course presents the main achievements of these early civilizations from Sumer to Achaemenid Persia. Brief but wonderful twelve lectures from the well-known Professor of new Classical and Byzantine History Kenneth W. Hari of Tulane University.

**Bocce Ball Club:** Every Tuesday at 9 AM the charter members of the Bocce Club gather at Albert Park, San Rafael, for a warm-up session before the starting bell at 9:30 AM. Bill Raffanti reports that Ruth King, former ESCOM President and long-time leader of the Adventures Club, helps as Bocce Club coordinator.

**Philosophy Club:** Currently, members are learning from all cultures in the *Meaning of Life* lecture series, with wide ranging discussions. This lecture series is one of the longest and will continue thru the summer Thursdays.

**The Human Heart**

The human heart dreams of a better world
Of spreading powerful wings - of flying high
Creating a virtual world, a mystical kingdom
Producing lofty thoughts and heroic dreams

The heart is the default center of our being
A great symbolic icon - the essence of self
Full of romantic images, noble abstractions
‘Big heart, open heart, sweet heart’

The human heart can hold a universe
An entity much greater than ourselves
It manifests a deep hunger – a yearning
Capable of infinite variations of love

The poet searches deep into his heart
Straining to parse the depths of humanity
Sitting alone under a huge sky
Putting puny words on paper

V. DeMaio
Typhon by artist Anna Ladyzhenskaya, whose work is on display at Emeritus Kentfield through June 28. See story, page 3.