Twenty to thirty avid members show up every week, rain or shine, for Bridge Club, Emeritus’ largest group. Tallies determine where and with whom to play, so players don’t need to prearrange partners. Play is intermediate level with Chicago scoring (sorry, no classes for beginners). Games start at 1:30 PM and run to 4:30 PM on Mondays at the COM Kentfield cafeteria. Contact Lynn Mason at 456-2508.
ESCOM NEWSLETTER
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ESCOM COUNCIL FILLS VACANCIES AT MARCH MEETING
A well attended meeting of the Council took place at the Kentfield Campus Emeritus Center on Thursday, March 21. Routine agenda items were settled in good order, clearing the deck for the main event – the mobilization of the Spring Membership Drive.

The thrust of this drive is the visitation of EC (Emeritus College) classes listed in the Spring Semester Catalogue. A class schedule by day-of-week was presented and members of the Council volunteered to visit some 50 classes this semester, with the instructors notified by campus mail of the pending visits. It is hoped that previous successes with this type of recruiting will be repeated. Stay tuned for further news.

Co-President Marian Mermel announced that the Gold Card Membership will be initiated this summer, and will provide attractive opportunities to its subscribers. Details will follow.

Marketing Committee Chair Marlene Knox noted that all current objectives of the Committee have been met, and suggested that regular meetings were not needed, but the Committee will monitor the results of its previous actions.

Chairman of Clubs Bill Raffanti reported that the Bocce Club has been reactivated, and that the Shakespeare Club will be temporarily suspended at the request of Chairperson Valda Carter. A new club, Life Drawing, is being formed by a group of some 20 drawing enthusiasts, who have joined ESCOM to establish their eligibility as an ESCOM sponsored club. The Council welcomed this new group of ESCOM members.

Council member Paul Tandler noted that Mr. Eric Sitzenstatter had attended several meetings of the Council, attesting to his interest of joining the Council, and that there were presently three vacancies that could be filled by appointments. Accordingly, he moved the appointment of Mr. Sitzenstatter to an interim term until the upcoming election in May. Eric had been appointed to the Financial Advisory Committee at the February meeting.

Mesdames Rosalie Wallace and Sarah Greenberg, also having attended previous meetings, were appointed to Council membership to fill the remaining two vacancies. Their names will be on the next Election Ballot.

A special three-hour meeting of the Council is scheduled to be held at the Marin Valley Mobile Country Club on April 18, 2013.

Reported by Paul Tandler

COM IN THE NEWS

Commencement Speaker -- College of Marin's 86th Annual Commencement Ceremony will take place on Friday, May 24th, 2013, at 6:00 PM at the Kentfield Campus. Lieutenant Governor Gavin Newsom, former Mayor of San Francisco, will be the honored speaker.

American Women's History Month -- On March 19, 2013, the College of Marin's Board of Trustees passed a resolution designating March as the official month to observe countless contributions American women have made throughout history for this country. The first International Women's Day was celebrated on March 9, 1911. College of Marin joins an international movement in adopting the resolution noting that American women have played and continue to do so in critical economical, cultural, political and social roles in the life of our nation. The resolution also noted that College of Marin continues its commitment to teaching and studying this important topic for the benefit of current students and future generations.

Dedication of James Dunn Theatre -- On March 1, 2013, after the premiere performance of Big River, the dedication of the new James Dunn Theatre took place along with a gala party celebrating the 80th birthday of James Dunn with the audience singing "Happy Birthday" to the famous celebrant. For nearly fifty years College of Marin students have studied with Mr. Dunn, who founded the COM Drama Department in 1964 and has taught drama classes for over thirty years. In addition Mr. Dunn was the artistic director of the
Marin County Mountain Play for thirty years. He attended College of Marin, then transferred to San Jose State where he earned his Bachelor and Master degrees in drama. While teaching at a high school, Mr. Dunn heard that College of Marin was starting a drama department so he signed on and started developing the curriculum for one of the first programs of its kind in California. Robin Williams and Kathleen Quinlan are among his former COM students who have achieved successful careers in acting.

**Faculty Early Retirement Offers** -- Professors over the age of 55 with over ten years of service are eligible for SERP (Supplemental Employee Retirement Program.) Replacing these instructors with younger personnel will be cost-effective over a period of time; even some positions may not be rehired. After extensive negotiations, a quota of at least 22 teachers to retire was set forth by the College of Marin Board of Trustees. Roughly over $1.5 million in salaries is expected to be saved over a five-year period. After a transitional period, courses will undergo "Program Reviews" to determine where permanent full-time staff will be required and part-time staff would be considered.

*Submitted by: Alicia Warcholski*

**ESCOM COUNCIL ELECTION COMING**

It’s Election Time for the ESCOM Council again. The ballots for this annual event will not be mailed until the next (June) Newsletter, but it is time for our readers to decide whether they wish to have their names on the ballot for an officer or board member position.

The offices of President and Vice President for one-year terms and six seats on the Council for two-year terms will appear on the ballot, which will be mailed as an insert in the June Newsletter.

Persons interested in seeking one of these positions should advise Paul Tandler, Chairman of Nominations and Elections, in writing no later than May 3rd, 2013, giving a brief resume that they wish to have published on the ballot.

Send to: Paul Tandler, c/o Emeritus Center, College of Marin, 835 College Ave., Kentfield, CA 94904.

**SILENCE**

Hush now, let silence reign
Along the empty streets
Where once so many walked
Went hurriedly or ambled on.

Where children hop-and-skipped
And lovers, arms entwined
Went on their sunset stroll
And bearded men walked on and on.

Hush now, let silence reign
Over an old man’s chant
The merry laughter of a child
A mother’s frantic call.

Hush now, the silent homes
The windows with their broken panes
Stare soullessly like blinded men
Each home, each hut a solemn tomb.

Only a brooding echo
Within the rooms of broken doors
Of unmade beds, of empty cribs
Of silent clocks upon the wall.

Hush now, the silence of a town
Not of repose, it is the silence of demise
Of broken songs
Each one a dirge of things now gone.

Gone is the songstress of a lullaby
Gone are the children in her arms
Gone are the medleys, the last children’s cry
Gone, never to return.

Silently I beg, no more, never again
The sound of hobnailed boots
The rumbling of a distant train
The clanking of a gun, the rattling of a chain.

Hush now, my fellow man
Let tearful silence reign.

*Oskar Klausenstock*
LIMERICKS -- A SAMPLING

Four from Saundra Rosenberg:

There was a hairy Old Man from Trieste
Whose beard covered all of his chest
When asked why he grew it
Said he'd no choice but to do it
For two Blue Jays had made it their nest.

A one-legged man from Nantucket
Chased the White Whale till finally he struck it
Though revenge was his wish
His harpoon missed the fish
And nailed him before he could duck it.

That excitable gal from Brazil
She swallowed a pretty pink pill
Which provoked a wild dance
And a torrid romance
And the next day was horribly ill.

A proper Old Maid from Marin
Drank two cocktails of hundred-proof Gin
She lost all inhibition,
Enjoyed her condition
And savored the pleasures of Sin!

And Another Three from Bill Simon:

While rolling my cart in the store,
I encountered a terrible bore.
She blocked the whole aisle
With her cart while the bile
In my liver did painfully soar.

When keeping a doctor’s appointment
Be prepared for a big disappointment.
While you sit and wait
The doc’s bound to be late.
It’s the fly in your medical ointment.

Betty who lives in Marin
Thinks cleaning the house is a sin.
To make it OK
She considers it play
And drinks tonic flavored with gin.

And Two from Paul Gruner:

As the pace of living gets hurrier
And events all around become blurrier,
When my life meets its end,
I've no doubt they will send
The account of my sins by fast courier.

A charming grey gent in his eighties
Tried his charms on a fem in her fifties.
She loved his allure
And his hint of amour,
But she got all her thrills from her nightlies.

And Finally, from the Editor:

Sue Ellen was just a bit crass
But she wanted to lift up her class
So she bought golden rings
And dressed better than kings
But she couldn't keep fat off her ass.

[Saundra's first offering, shown in italics, received the Grand Prize. See photo next page. –Ed.]
HYPNOTISM: SCIENCE OR SIDESHOW?
by Don Polhemus

Part 2. Mesmerism, or ‘animal magnetism’, had been discredited, but the successors of Mesmer hit upon something new and strange, hypnotism, though it did not yet have a name. They found that many subjects could be put into a trance and perform tasks that they would not remember after awakening. At first this was just an entertainment or a stage show, but early in the 1800s, before the discovery of anesthesia, doctors found that in some cases patients could be put into such a deep trance that surgery could be performed. About 1840 a doctor, James Braid, coined the term hypnosis, meaning “nervous sleep.”

Induction of hypnosis hasn’t changed much. If you wanted to be hypnotized you would hear the hypnotist tell you over and over again to feel drowsy or relaxed, to let your eyelids grow heavy and close, to breathe deeply and comfortably, and to go into a deep sleep. Then the hypnotist might test the depth of your trance by challenging you to perform some simple task while suggesting that you will find it impossible. For instance, the hypnotist might say, “You will be unable to open your eyes no matter how hard you try, and the more you try, the more tightly they will close.” A hypnotized person will follow any instruction given, as long as it does not seriously conflict with his or her moral values. It is even possible for the hypnotist to require a specific action after awakening (post-hypnotic suggestion).

The entire process of induction may take a few minutes or a few seconds, depending on the subject. After a session is concluded, awakening is at the command of the hypnotist, who will say something like, “Now you will wake up and you will feel alert and well”.

People cannot be hypnotized against their will or without their cooperation, and about ten percent cannot be hypnotized at all. Perhaps twenty-five percent can be put into a deep trance, and half of these may experience hallucinations. In order to produce hypnosis, the hypnotist should have a certain amount of authority in the eyes of the subject. Many experts believe that the more firmly the subject believes in the power of the hypnotist, the more readily he or she will respond. A good subject tends not to be anxious, to be interested in new experiences, imaginative, and intelligent. And it appears that hypnotic susceptibility is in part genetically determined.

Today hypnosis is successfully used by such medical practitioners as surgeons, dentists, and psychotherapists. Physicians may use it to relieve anxiety or even as an anesthetic. Psychotherapists use it to relax the patient, to reduce resistance to therapy, to facilitate memory, and to treat some conditions. Hypnosis is also used in behavioral change therapies including those that help a person to stop smoking, eat less, or fight specific fears, such as fear of flying. Anxiety states may be treated by the subject’s repeated listening to soothing audio tapes and inducing a light form of self-hypnosis.

The procedure can produce a deeper contact with one’s emotional life, resulting in some lifting of repressions and exposure of long-buried fears and conflicts. This effect potentially lends itself to medical and educational use, but there is a dark side. Some bad memories are probably best left undisturbed. Also, forgotten memories may be fused with fantasies. This seems to have been true in a number of cases of alleged child abuse. For this reason many state court systems in the U.S. have placed increasing constraints on the use of evidence hypnotically obtained from witnesses, although most still permit its introduction in court.

Regardless of the application, hypnosis should be left to those who are properly trained. When used by inexperienced persons it may have undesirable and even dangerous effects.
MY MOTHER’S COUNTRY KITCHEN

The warmth and security of Mother's country kitchen with its square oak table and the flickering lights of her coal stove will remain forever in my memory.

My senior year in High School we moved to Markleville, a small Indiana town, so small there were only three streets and no stop sign. I usually tell people it had 250 people and six cows. There were probably fewer people and more cows to tell the truth. My parents bought the house located at the edge of town, a dream fulfillment of my father. The little two-acre farm had a barn, chicken house, pasture for a cow and place for a large garden. It may not have been the dream of my mother, but she was of the make the best of it, I go where he goes generation, so I never heard her complain.

The room in which I felt safe and comfortable was a large country kitchen, the center of the household. This kitchen had a built-in corner cupboard. The glass-paned top held everyday dishes while the lower half concealed items one keeps but seldom uses. Snug against the bottom doors was a huge square oak table, solid, sturdy. I must have acquired my dislike of ceiling fixtures from Mother, for in our eating areas we had soft light shining from pin-up lamps. There was light coming from the windows, curtains of sheer yellow framing the views of the pasture where black cows grazed.

All winter and until summer was truly there, a coal fire hummed away in Florence, which was the name we gave to the brown enameled stove, inspired by a silvery plate fastened near the ash drawer saying made in Florence, Illinois. She kept the room warm. Her flames danced and flickered through the opaque windows in the door. Mother often kept a huge kettle of water bubbling on top, ever ready for a pot of tea or to scald the dishes. In the deepest winter when the stove was roaring hot, Mother put a large pot on Florence, full of white beans, ham pieces and large white onions. We often had beans on washdays.

No simple task was washing in those days. I helped mom lift the blue round wringer Maytag washer from its place on the back porch to its Monday place by the kitchen sink. Next, we brought in the double rinse tubs. We attached a hose to the faucet and filled the tubs with the contents of the little hot water heater then added teakettle after teakettle of boiling water from the stove.

The washing was done in a precise order; the tea towels and the dishcloths first, the smell of bleach so strong that even the memory can bring tears to my eyes. Then Dad's white shirts, the towels and sheets and on and on until I knew we were finally done when in went the rags and the kitchen rugs. We ran each batch through the wringer, then carried the heavy laden bushel basket to the freshly wiped clotheslines, fastening each piece securely with wooden pins, shaped like small headed dolls.

Dad's shirts were dipped into a pan containing wonderful smelling bluish starch solution, and then the collars and cuffs were dipped into a small pan containing what looked like clear tapioca pudding. It was a long process, and at the end the water was carried out to the pasture one bucket at a time. The shirts were taken down slightly damp then sprinkled just the right amount and rolled tightly for this was to be the task for the next day. Monday washday, Tuesday ironing, that's how it went.

But there were club days when Mother made delicacies, canning days when the kitchen was full of tomato and catsup smells. Pie days. Noodle days.

After high school I left home to attend college, dropping out to help when mother became ill. When she recovered, I moved to town to be near my new job.

I managed to come home most weekends to eat glorious meals in the wonderfully warm kitchen. I left with care packages, which aided my usual diet of canned soup and Franco-American spaghetti.

Two years later I joined the Navy. They served loads of good food but it was not the same as sitting at the food-laden square oak table. Shortly after I married my Navy husband, Dad died.

I came back for the birth of my first son where we three basked in the warmth of the kitchen. I left when he was five months old to join my husband in Bermuda. Soon I returned with another baby and burrowed in for several months when my husband was assigned to sea duty for almost a year.

Eventually Mother cooked for all my four little
boys, serving them as they sat around the oak table. She made them wonderful food stews, meat loaf, hand-smashed potatoes and creamy puddings. She fixed their eggs any way they liked and cut their toast into little fingers just as she had once done for me.

Later she bought a kiln. Mother sat by the hour at the square oak table making ceramic jewelry. She enlarged her hobby into a successful business. She replaced Florence with a floor furnace. She started sending her laundry out when there were no shirts to iron. And she sold the little farm when she remarried.

The property may belong to someone else but the memories of the country kitchen are mine.

Alice J. Webb

THE ORIGIN OF MOTHER'S DAY

This holiday is a celebration honoring mothers and motherhood, maternal bonds, and the influence of mothers in society. It is celebrated on various days in many parts of the world, most commonly in March, April or May. Mother's Day is a recent American invention, and it is not directly descended from the many celebrations of mothers and motherhood that have occurred throughout the world over thousands of years, such as the Greek cult to Cybele, the Roman festival of Hilaria, or the Christian Mothering Sunday celebration.

The modern holiday of Mother's Day was first celebrated in 1908, when Anna Jarvis held a memorial for her mother in America. She then began a campaign to make "Mother's Day" a recognized holiday in the United States. Jarvis was quickly successful but was disappointed by the rapid commercialization. Gifts, cards, or remembrances toward mothers and/or grandmothers figure on Mother's Day everywhere.

Four years after the origin, Anna Jarvis trademarked the phrases "second Sunday in May" and "Mother's Day", and created the Mother's Day International Association. She emphasized that "Mother's should be a singular possessive, for each family to honor its own mother, not a plural possessive commemorating all mothers in the world. This was also the spelling used by President Woodrow Wilson in the law making official the holiday in the United States, and by Congress in relevant bills.

In most countries, Mother's Day is also a recent observance derived from the holiday as it has evolved in the United States. As adopted by other countries and cultures, the holiday has different meanings, is associated with different events (religious, historical or legendary), and is celebrated on different dates. The extent of the celebrations varies greatly. In some countries, it is potentially offensive to one's mother not to mark Mother's Day. In a few others it is a little-known festival celebrated mainly by immigrants, or covered by the media as a taste of foreign culture.

Don Polhemus

MOTHER'S DAY

Dear Mom,
You filled my days with rainbow lights, fairy tales and sweet dream nights, a kiss to wipe away my tears, gingerbread to ease my fears.
You gave the gift of life to me, And then in love you set me free.
I thank you for your tender care, for deep warm hugs and being there, I hope that when you think of me, a part of you, you'll always see.

Your Daughter (anon.)

MOM IN ME

Now I understand my mother I find her in myself more each day.

Alice Webb
POSTSCRIPT: ON BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE!

O naughty Iris—what mischief will you next consider?

I refer to the proposal appearing in the April Newsletter of Danube Land and River Cruise—a stunningly attractive proposition offered "free" to our staff members through the "unbelievable" generosity of the Joan Hopper Trust.

Who has not harbored romantic notions of drifting down the fabled Danube; who has not burned to experience the legendary charms of Bulgaria (to say nothing of Serbia and Rumania). I could imagine embarking from Sophia, boarding the elegant river boat, the MS Amadeus Brilliantante, then sailing down the Danube exploring Renaissance castles, 2,000 year old cities, darling hamlets dating back to Roman times, stopping in Budapest to sample the comparative virtues of Buda and Pest and on to Vienna, Queen of Cities, strolling down the Ringstrasse enchanted by the music of Mahler and Strauss ... and so on ...

I was immediately smitten; (practically) packed and (pretty much) ready to go!

And then I turned the page — as did quite a few other misdirected souls who fell for this!

(He-he-he) Forgetaboutit!! APRIL FOOL! (delivered with a certain inappropriate glee). So — no romantic sail down the Danube, no wandering among Old World Wonders and, more particularly, no FREE TRIP! Utterly Bamboozled! The dream cruelly shattered; this was all a bitter hoax!

For this deep psychic upset caused by this heartless deception, I believe we unsuspecting dupes, we credulous believers, we simpletons are owed at least some small apology. And—as further atonement for playing fast and loose with our fantasies, I propose the author of this tragic disappointment be dispatched for a long winter weekend in Tierra del Fuego ... without gloves and with nothing to read!

Your good friend & shipmate,

Saundra Rosenberg

[Historical Note: It is suspected that a disgruntled jester in the Court of Richard III was the devil who first devised this perverse custom on April first. He was hanged. Does history repeat itself?]
Bridge to Nature: College of Marin Indian Valley Campus occupies over 330 acres and is surrounded by 1500 acres of accessible natural beauty named Ignacio Valley and Indian Valley Marin Open Space. This 1830 acre “uncut jewel” provides endless opportunities for everyone of all ages and abilities to enjoy and to learn about Marin flora and fauna. Anyone interested in forming another ESCOM Walking Club?

Recently, Paul Gruner, Laura Milholland and Gloria Kopshever joined the Novato Wednesday Walkers who regularly explore the campus and surrounding trails. Laura, coordinator of the ESCOM Digital Camera Club, captured some of the scenes. During the less than two hour walk, there were a bridge, stairs, and a pond before reaching the IVC Organic Farm. ESCOM/IVC has maps to help you enjoy the area or you may get them at the Marin Open Space web site.

Bridge to Healthy Living: The IVC Organic Farm is now open Saturdays from 10 AM to 3 PM in addition to the Wednesday Farm Stand. According to Amy Ridout, Farm Coordinator, the activities associated with gardening can enhance healthy living. Transplanting the beds requires maintaining a squatting position for some time. In winter we utilize brain muscles for planning for the upcoming season and upper body muscles for pruning fruit trees and sowing seeds in the greenhouse. Every season requires different movements from our body.

Bridge to Art of the Future:

Wednesday & Thursday, May 8-9, 10 AM to 1:00 PM, the annual Art Show at the IVC Children’s Center is an opportunity to connect with art produced by pre-school artists and enjoy light refreshments. It’s a fun traditional event and a chance to show support for the staff and students who are also parents.

Digital Camera Club: Three new members came to the first Club meeting in March. Camera outings to Pioneer Park and the Cemetery and to Rush Creek were at the peak time to see many wildflowers. Meetings at ESCOM/IVC provide a chance to share photos, discuss good composition, contrast, and fine-tune exposure, as well as learning the menu selections on cameras.

IVC Book Forum:

5/27 The Testing of Luther Albright, McKenzie Bezos.
6/24 Wild, From Lost to Found on the Pacific Crest Trail, Cheryl Strayed.

Global Issues:

Atelier at IVC: Glenn Miller, coordinator of the newest Club meeting on the IV Campus, invites all Emeritus members to consider joining the life drawing club that meets weekly on Wednesdays. Two sessions, 9 AM - noon and 1-4 PM. Questions: 415-457-2459. An exhibit of artwork produced by club members is a possible future event.

Great Books: Members are re-reading favorite classics and viewing related film versions.

Film Noir Theater Club: Selections were not confirmed by press time, but noir films will be shown on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays in May.

Humanities Club: Ferdinand, Isabella, and Making of an Empire.

5/04 Lecture 9 - Jews, Conversos, and the Inquisition; Lecture 10 - The World of Christopher Columbus.
5/18 Lecture 11 - The Shock of the New; Lecture 12 - Spain and Its Empire, The Aftermath of 1492. Notice: The Humanities Club will take a few weeks off and will return with a new series in June.

Bocce Ball Club: Eight members came to the first meeting of the reborn club that meets on Tuesdays at 10 AM in Albert Park, San Rafael. Bill Raffanti reports that three of the original members came, including John Kouns who founded the ESCOM Bocce club many years ago. Born-again bocce players and “newbies” unite!

Philosophy Club: Currently, on Thursday afternoons, members engrossed in the “Meaning of Life” lecture series, are focused this month on Middle Eastern religions. Saundra Rosenberg quipped that this series is one of the longest and extensive undertaken by the Club and when finished, “You can call any of us for the answer.”
EDUCATION AT POOTUNG,
Shanghai, China, 1942-43

When WWII broke out, my father, Eric Sitzenstat-ter, an American businessman, was in Shanghai, China. After months of confinement to the International Settlement, he and approximately 1000 men, Americans (400), British (670) and Dutch (16), were interned across the Whangpoo (Huangpu) River, in the Pootung (Pudong) area, in “an old dilapidated deserted cigarette factory, condemned and unused by the British American Tobacco Co., for the past twelve years.”

“This internment camp – all camps were called “Civil Assembly Centres” by the Japanese – resembled a prison in appearance, discipline and deportment more than any other camp in the Far East. Even Stanley Prison in Hong Kong was better situated and had far better facilities than this dilapidated group of buildings confined in a small compound 110 yard long by 80 yard wide.”

“Pootung Camp was a mess, most depressing. There were four dilapidated buildings, spread out in an L shape, connected to each other by ramps, and this was to become the living quarters for some of us for over seven months and for others, the duration of the war.”

A small gate opened onto a field of about seven acres, barbed wire fences surrounded it, and a few weeks after we were interned, a second barbed wire fence was built inside, about 30 feet distant from the outside fence”.

“These grounds were termed by our Japanese hosts, our “Happy Garden”. What a sight it presented, there was honestly not a clear spot on the whole field, the entire grounds were full of broken tiles from roofs of small buildings burnt or caved in from bombs, brick and other rubble, the result of six years of warfare. Immediately we arrived at the Camp, we were lined up in the dining room, the Japanese Commandant made a speech during which he said this was to be our home for the duration of the War, we should love and cherish our home and “Happy garden”, and in same breath told us that anyone found trying to escape would likely be shot.”

“The dining room covered the lower floor of the building that made up the lower or smaller part of the “L”. The dining room served as our amusement and social hall as well as space for our really marvelous “Pootung University.”

Now that I have set the scene for the heart of this article, with quotations from a contemporaneous paper I found in my father’s files, depicting the difficult and degrading conditions enveloping this group of men seventy years ago, the following quotation will reveal in part how they survived, and in a sense, thrived in that environment.

“We got education in Camp – lots of it – the best to be had. Prof. Lillis Tucker, of St. John’s University, Shanghai was the head of and organizer and taught mathematics. Professor Roberts of St. John’s was probably the best historian in the Far East. He kept his huge class (sometimes as many as 200 attended) spellbound. Jim Pott, son of J. Hawkins Pott, founder of St. John’s, lectured on an interesting subject, Abnormal Psychology, Mr. Dungan of another mission taught another most interesting subject, Public Speaking, and there were many other good teachers. Walter Taylor, Harrison King, “Sully” Sullivan, etc. Special mention should be made of the intense and tireless work put in by Mr. de Vol, a kindly American missionary, who after scrubbing rice pots for hours would teach his favorite subject, Botany and later on in the day could be found disinfecting the small pools that formed on our playing field, and then late at night be seen working on our medical clinic, so modest and unassuming. Many languages were also taught by capable teachers, several dialects of Chinese, Spanish, Russian, French and yes, Japanese. Over 700 attended classes at the “University.”

“Pootung University” was a part of the larger effort of this group to survive and thrive. In addition to the Japanese guards, a Camp Police Force was formed, ”mostly for our own protection.” There was a “Chief Doctor”, a Sanitation Department, a Public Works Department, and a Chief Cook in charge of the kitchen, to mention a few. A truck garden was established in the “Happy garden” field as well as an area for football and baseball.

There is a lesson here.

Although I have been an ESCOM member for ten years, it has been the recent efforts of the Marketing Committee that has focused me on the “Big Picture” of Emeritus College/ESCOM. The “Big Picture” being the efforts of many individuals, leading and participating in many modest activities to form a wonderful, synergistic whole that is larger and more fruitful than the sum of the parts.
I enclose this message with my ESCOM renewal, encouraging us all to keep the membership growing by engaging in the activities of the many clubs and courses offered, and encouraging others to join us in the wonderful experience of ESCOM.

**Eric Sitzenstatter**

**HI, ALL BOOK BANTERERS!**

The dictionary defines *banter* as "good humored, playful conversation”. Yes, that, but much more: we each bring a short short story to read aloud, or a poem, or a ten-minute passage from a novel or a film review in the current New Yorker--we share what we love. Some of us prefer to just listen, and that’s ok. Good writing is the focus.

Some members bring books to trade--the goal is two-fold: (1) to share our personal affection for an author, and (2) to enrich our exposure to good writing, fiction or non-fiction.

We meet on the 2nd and 4th Friday, 1:00 to 2:30 PM each month, September through June. See you at the Emeritus Center--and bring a friend!

*Len Pullan*

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**CLUBS:** Participation in all clubs requires an Emeritus Students Activities Card. For further information, call 485-9652.

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

**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.

**CHEZZ 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, dondonpol@aol.com.

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

**GREAT MINDS OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY CLUB:** 1st & 3rd Mondays, 10:30 AM to 12:30 PM at Kentfield. Contact Arlene Stark, 925-1214, or arlenestark@att.net.

**HUMANITIES CLUB:** 1st & 3rd Saturdays, 1-3 PM, Emeritus IVC. Judy Ramirez, 491-0522, ruramc@mac.com.

**IVC BOOK FORUM:** 4th Monday, 3-5 PM, Emeritus IVC. Louise Kerr, 883-2823, lkerr210@comcast.net.

**IVC DIGITAL PHOTO CLUB:** Photo outing 1st Monday, time/location TBA; club mtg 3rd Monday, 1-3 PM, Emeritus IVC. Phone Laura Milholland, 578-2972 or e-mail milholland_l@hotmail.com.

**IVC FILM NOIR DVD CLUB:** 2nd & 4th Saturdays, 1-3 PM, Emeritus IVC. Rudy Ramirez, 491-0522, ruramc@mac.com.

**MORAL-ETHICAL & LEGAL ISSUES ROUNDTABLE:** 1st & 3rd Tuesdays, 10 AM - 12 noon, Emeritus Kentfield. Cole Posard, 491-4118, colemposard@att.net; Len Pullan, 381-6952.

**OPERA AND BEYOND:** Last Wednesday of month, 1-3 PM, Emeritus Kentfield. Gil Deane, 456-2853, gildeane@aol.com.

**PAINTING CLUB:** Phone Laura Saunders, 456-1521.

**SCRABBLE CLUB:** Every Thursday, 2:00-4:00 PM, Cafeteria, Kentfield. Marlene Knox, 459-1427, marlsteve@comcast.net.

**SINGALONG CLUB:** 2nd Wednesdays, 2:30-3:30 PM, location TBA. Marlene Knox, 459-1427, marlsteve@comcast.net.

**WRITERS’ WORKSHOP:** 1st Tuesday of the month, 1-4 PM, Emeritus Kentfield. Shirley Pullan, 381-6952, shirlmv@comcast.net.

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**CATCHING COLD**

Is there a connection between being cold and catching a cold? No, but several factors cause it to seem so. (1) The cold virus spreads more readily in winter when people are crowded together indoors, (2) windows are closed, preventing the entry of fresh air to dilute the cold virus particles, (3) dry air causes swelling and secretions of nasal mucous membranes which may be mistaken for a cold. Chills can follow the onset of a cold rather than cause it.

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**EDITOR’S NOTES**

The next newsletter staff meeting will be held on Thursday, May 2, 2:00 PM, at the IVC Emeritus Center.

The work of artist Anna Ladyzhenskaya will be on display at Emeritus Center, Kentfield, from April 1 through June 30. A reception will be held on Wednesday, April 24, from 5:30 to 7:30 PM.

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**Eric Sitzenstatter**

HI, ALL BOOK BANTERERS!

The dictionary defines *banter* as "good humored, playful conversation”. Yes, that, but much more: we each bring a short short story to read aloud, or a poem, or a ten-minute passage from a novel or a film review in the current New Yorker--we share what we love. Some of us prefer to just listen, and that's ok. Good writing is the focus.

Some members bring books to trade--the goal is two-fold: (1) to share our personal affection for an author, and (2) to enrich our exposure to good writing, fiction or non-fiction.

We meet on the 2nd and 4th Friday, 1:00 to 2:30 PM each month, September through June. See you at the Emeritus Center--and bring a friend!

*Len Pullan*
Although the table at the Roundtable is not round, everyone sits around it to discuss and discover what they really believe.