

ESCOM Journal

January/February 2022



*Emeritus Students
College of Marin*

Lifelong Learning

Lifelong Doing

Lifelong Friends

NEW YEAR, NEW CHALLENGE

Photo, Laura Milholland

Happy New Year!

As editor of The Journal, I am so grateful for all of you who contribute to our publication. I'm pleased to report that this issue contains some of the best writing, painting and photography we have ever published. As if that were not enough, most of the writing and imagery represent a theme most appropriate for the month of February – love and all of its rituals, meanings and powers. I was moved by this work and I am proud and honored to share your fine work with the rest of the world.

Thanks to the hard work of our Web Content Manager, Richard Jensen, you can now go to the

ESCOM webpages and see all of the issues since summer, 2018.

This year marks the fifth anniversary of The Journal in its current form, and I've been thinking about how this publication can continue to grow. Many ideas come to mind including finding a template that can accommodate lengthier prose stories and having readings and exhibits of contributors work.

I would like to hear from you if you have any ideas as to how to further improve or grow the purpose and influence of The Journal, as well as put more of a spotlight on its contributors. Just email me at denizespringer@gmail.com.

In the meantime I invite all ESCOM members to take part in our first **ESCOM Journal Challenge** called **"Peal" Me an Egg**.

The details are inside this issue on page three. I hope you will participate, especially if the holidays took you away from the photography, art and writing you love. This Challenge is a great way to clear the holiday fog and celebrate the promise of a new year.

-- Denize Springer, Editor

Parking is FREE on both College of Marin campuses throughout the winter/spring 2022 semester.

Gnats and Elephants

“Chess is a sea where a gnat may drink or an elephant bathe.” -- ancient proverb

In 1972, when I was a bored young housewife and the papers were full of The Fischer-Spassky match, I discovered chess. A neighbor kid taught me how to set up the pieces and make the moves. He then proceeded to beat me, game after game, gloating all the while as only a twelve-year-old boy can. I could simply have given up, but 1) I hate losing, and 2) I had a nagging feeling that there was more to this game than he could teach me. So, I went to the library and checked out a book on chess. Then four more books – the entire collection. Next, I began following George Koltanoswki’s daily chess column in the SF Chronicle, and playing the games on my cheap little plastic set.

With effort, I taught myself how to read chess notation, which can be quite confusing to a beginner. What the heck did Q-B7! mean? And once I’d figured out the notation, why did a game end, seemingly in the middle, with the comment; “...and the rest is just technique?” Slowly, it began to come together in my mind, one tiny triumph after another and I was hooked. As my game began improving, I signed up for a subscription to the US Chess Federation’s monthly magazine and bought myself a chess clock. My husband gifted me with a beautiful marble chessboard with solid marble pieces. I kept exploring, replaying the classic games in the books, enthralled by the beauty and brilliance of Morphy’s Evergreen Game, and the delightful eccentricity of the great Grand Masters of history. (One firmly believed that a fly followed him from city to city, tournament after tournament, and he would leap up to swat it during games, which must have been unsettling for his opponents.)

One drawback was that I had no one to play with since it turned out that the neighbor kid didn’t like losing to me, so I could never really test whether I was any good or just a patzer. Nobody I knew played chess, so I was excited when I read about a local chess club in San Anselmo that met weekly, and decided to give it a try. I drove to the meeting place, a handsome old mansion. When I showed up, my chessboard tucked under my arm, the man who opened the door looked taken aback. Once he led me inside, I understood why: I was the only woman in the room.

The other players were hunched over their boards and ignored me. One or two stared. He showed me into a side room, told me to take a seat, and said he’d see if anyone was looking for a game. I set up the pieces and waited nervously. And waited some more. After 45 minutes, I packed up my board and slunk out the door.

A year later, I was still playing chess by myself every day, more and more captivated with this beautiful, mysterious game, and longing to test my skills. It was then that I heard about a chess Master who was going to be giving a simultaneous demonstration, playing all comers, at Redwood high school. With some trepidation, I signed up. When the evening came, I entered a large multipurpose room that had been set up with long tables in an oval. The Chess Master, a rather pale, dour man, was in the center, and he moved rapidly and decisively from board to board, rarely pausing for more than a few seconds before making a move. I was so nervous my hands were shaking as I made my first move, Pawn to King four.

As the evening went on, I was oblivious to what was going on around me, so riveted was I on the game. I was dimly aware that other players were taking their boards and leaving, having been defeated, but on my board, my pieces were still standing and the position looked even, or so I thought. Somewhat to my surprise, I became aware that my opponent was taking a longer and longer time before making his move, which was gratifying. Then it dawned on me that mine was the last board left – everyone else had either left or were standing around watching our game. I was exhilarated: at least I hadn’t lost yet, and we were twenty or thirty moves into the game. I had no illusions about winning against a Master, so my only goal was not to commit a stupid blunder, which would end the game ignominiously.

The chess Master paused again, staring at the board intently and thought for what seemed like a very long time. My heart was thudding so loudly in my chest I thought he must be able to hear it. It was then that he said the sweetest of words, “Would you accept a draw?”

One year later I gave a simultaneous exhibition of my own, playing 20 different boards.

-- Nancy Frease



Louise Potter Yost

Blessing

May you be safe
May you be happy
May peace reside in your heart

-- Lorna Sass



Yosemite Valley Church, Marilyn Bagshaw

NEW!

The ESCOM Journal Challenge!

Peal Me An Egg

Yes, that's right, EGG -- as in oeuf, jaje, ovo, endhog, hausa, itlog, ukun, yaedo, hek, iehe, uovo, ei, aeg, uovo yumurta -- and PEAL, as in RING in a new year -- literal or metaphoric.

If you haven't started any new artwork, photography or writing for our new year, here's a way to clear the holiday fog: the first ever **ESCOM Journal Writing and Photography Challenge!**

We're looking for poetry (no more than 50 lines), prose (no more than 750 words), art and photography devoted to peeling an egg. Any poem, story (fiction or non-fiction) or image having to do with the best way to get the shell and membrane off anything hard-boiled (metaphorically or literally) is eligible.

If you lack inspiration just boil some eggs, then PEAL them. See what comes to mind and jot it down, or photograph or paint it.

All well thought out images and written work will be published as long as it reflects the human experience.

Entries will be published in the March/April 2022 issue. Please note on prose entries whether they are memoir or entirely made up.

So, what have you got to lose? Get going. The deadline for the challenge is February 15. Submit your entry to denizespringer@gmail.com.

Have fun and here's hoping yours will be an EGGsstraordinary New Year!

Second Chances

A few months after his wife Lois died, Walter developed a crush on a barmaid forty years his junior. She appeared behind the taps one afternoon, messy bun pinned above her nape, and jotted his name onto a tiny pad. In all his time at the Eagle, no one had ever written his order down. He thought it was cute.

The next afternoon as he took his perch, she said, “Whacha havin, Walt?” Jerry, the regular barkeep, always dropped a chilled mug of lite beer on the bar before Walt’s butt hit the vinyl. But since she was new, Walt decided her question deserved consideration. And maybe he could stand a change. He tilted his widow’s peak toward the ceiling, and considered.

“Black and tan,” he said at last.

Two stools over, Dickie, the drywall guy, whistled. “What, no weasel piss today?”

Ordinarily, Walt ignored Dickie. He’d lick someone’s hand if he thought they’d pet him. But today Walt himself had someone to impress. So he answered.

“Gotta mix it up sometimes.”

“Yeah, at least once a decade.” Dickie laughed to let Walt know he was kidding, because they were old pals, right?

In the silence that followed, the barmaid brought the pint, black stout floating on golden ale. Walt dutifully raised it to his lips. It tasted like burnt coffee cut with rust.

She said, “Not really the black-and-tan type, ah ya, Walt.” She took the pint and returned with his frosty usual.

Her name was Louise. Apart from the name, she didn’t resemble prim Lois in any way. Maybe around the eyes, if she didn’t wear all that black goop. And whereas Lois had curbed her Worcester accent, Louise blew past R’s like they were roadside litter.

Over the next few weeks, Louise set Walt’s mug on the bar top as soon as he arrived. He learned she had an eight-year-old boy, Jake. Her ex, Steve, was laid off from his forklift gig. Weekends, she waited tables at a great-view-bad-food restaurant whose patrons, one by one, were taking their loyalty to the grave.

He decided to tell her about Lois. She’d already heard it from Jerry, of course. Still, she said “I’m so sorry, hun,” and briefly laid her ringless hand on his. His heart rose. He said thanks, and that was as much as he could hope for, or ought to. Then Louise

set a second beer down and smiled. At that moment, the crush he’d meant to pat on the rump and send on its way made a home in his heart.

Jesus, it was terrible. Louise was thirty-five, tops. He and Lois had children older than that. He’d been on the phone with Emily, his youngest, just last week, reminiscing about the single long-stemmed rose he’d brought Lois every Friday.

“Hm. I don’t remember that, Dad.”

She didn’t remind him that for the last twenty-five years, he and Lois bickered from the time they woke to the time they went to bed. Even at the end, when Lois had been so sick, they argued about how many seconds to microwave the canned soup. “Ah, kids don’t notice that stuff.”

One afternoon as Walt twirled his mug waiting for Dickie to shut up, Louise stood in front of him, her low-cut knit top at eye level. “We’re havin some people over on Saturday for a bahbeque. You should come, Walt.”

Walt stopped twirling. Who was “we”? Little Jake? Steve? A boyfriend? “Ah, I can’t.”

“Sa matta, you busy?”

Walt’s plans for this Saturday were exactly as they’d been since Lois’s funeral: to sleep as long as possible; to read the entire newspaper, especially the obituaries; to check his lottery numbers; to toss a few cans and cartons into a supermarket basket; and then to head for the Eagle for a fried egg sandwich. “Saturday’s my busy day.”

“Oh yeah? Whatcha doin?”

Dickie monitored this exchange over his IPA. Other heads turned. Louise was being kind, and Walt was balking at it. He hated himself for that. But he didn’t want kindness. He wanted his crush.

Walt smiled. He slid a few dollars across the bar. “You kids have a good time.”

He drove home, where Lois’s clothes yet hung in the closet. Pressure ratcheted up behind his eyes. Now he couldn’t have lunch at the Eagle on Saturday. He was busy. Dickie heard him say so.

But today was only Wednesday. He had a chance to work something out. The usual fried egg lunch, or maybe kindness.

-- Ray Welch



Beauty

Pleasing to my heart when
Viewed from the inside out,
To this truth they are blind.
Looker, knockout,
Mantrap, babe or belle,
Lecher, lady killer,
Skirt chaser, lover boy,
Let them live in their fantasy world
While I meander in a more meaningful place.

I peel the skin from my orange,
Savor the sensuous succulence lying within.
I witness a magnolia bud blossoming,
Inhale the sweet scent of the unfolding flower.
In my gloved hand I hold a geode
Spherical, rough, bumpy and fat,
Carefully crack it open to reveal
Crystal turning on gemmy crystal,
All waiting there in the darkness.

She is 72, no longer young
Except to those who are older.
Wrinkles reveal her collective past.
Her hands are worn but warm.
Her soul, tender as an infant.
Within her burns an ardent fire.
Compassion, gentleness and
Loving concern are her companions.
She is my sensuous, succulent fruit,
My flower, my geode revealed,
My love, my forever love.

-- Carol Allen

An Old-Time Valentine

We knew, the first day of law school in 1974. I was five years older, broke, divorced, with a toddler. I didn't *want* a boyfriend.

That New Years, having visited his parents for two weeks, he came straight from the airport to tell me he never wanted to be away from me again. He's brought me coffee in bed every morning since.

He's cared for me during diagnoses, surgeries, and recoveries; during jury trials, depressions, storms and droughts. And, I've done the same for him.

The longer we've been together, the more ways we find to say "I love you."

-- Rosalie Marcovecchio

Meta-Physicality

I met a Meta on the stairs
While going up or down
I said "Can you be serious,
Or are you just a clown?"
He winced and said "We cannot tell,
If we are true or funny;
and while we try to so hard to care,
There's all that lovely money.
It rains on us, in giant drops,
and if we should complain,
It might dry up, or cease to fall,
or all run down the drain.
We want to keep on doing good
According to our lights,
We do not see,
that we can be,
A referee of fights.
We give advice,
To all play nice
We give it loud and clear
But how can we
Be sure it gets
To those who will not hear?"

-- Jay Conner

Photo above, Laura Milholland

The Lost Ring

My husband, who manages a historic restaurant on the waterfront in downtown Sausalito, tells me quite a story over our morning coffee. There's always something that happens in that biz. Its amazing things work out at all, given the many moving parts of fine dining and the public's random demands and idiosyncrasies, not to mention the numerous *special* dietary needs these days.

Last night, a customer, dining with her soon to be husband, accidentally dropped her engagement ring into the Bay. Their romantic table perched on the deck, sat directly over the water. Why she took it off her finger and managed to drop it is up for grabs. Who knows? Perhaps Poseidon had seen enough that night or a ghost of one jilted long ago in that very same spot was jealous. Or she had one too many flutes filled with bubbles.

Apparently, there was a big *ta do* about it and the couple began hysterically sobbing after crawling on all fours with their dog along the railing Then the dog began howling and ran around the restaurant with its leash trailing behind, tripping one of the servers in its wake.

Oddly, it was as if they could miraculously retrieve the treasured item from its watery grave. Now everyone in the restaurant was wondering what had happened. Did they receive devastating news? Their sobbing continued as if they had lost a relative or something. I guess it was *really* expensive or a family heirloom.

The waning moon shined feebly onto the dark leathery water. Servers went about their business, still wearing masks, which resembled a scene from the zombie apocalypse. Finally, the traumatized couple's dinner ended and two Limoncellos in elegant little glasses were brought out on the house, with the check, in hopes to ease the distress of the occasion.

I imagine that golden diamond studded ring floating in the briny night's current landing on the muddy bottom of the Bay. Or perhaps a big fish lured by its shine swallowed it. Will the next Halibut caught and served have a ring inside? Kind of like a King's Cake or Figgie Pudding at Christmas? Wow, what a find! Or perhaps, a poor hard-working dishwasher might find it in the bottom of his soapy water one late night.



Elaine Thornton

What is the lure of an engagement ring? The promise of love and fidelity. The eternal circle of life and death? The union of marriage, a golden band worn on one's finger as if to keep love from falling apart – as it often does. Exactly how old is this tradition? Were rings originally, made of wood or clay before gold was discovered? Perhaps this ring was passed down from her great grandmother, who travelled by ship across a great ocean from foreign shores, with that very ring on her bony finger. All that she had left of her mother. Not yet knowing the impassioned hand it will grace. And then the fall. The water. The mistake.

A brief history of a ring lost in a tide pool. A simple sad little story. Going down, down and down. The hand of Fatima at play.

Amazingly, my husband tells me he called Dave the Diver, who miraculously has a 100% track record of retrieving lost items from the sea. All sorts of things he says, keys, wallets, phones and rings. Unfortunately, he is now retired at 74. A Viet Nam vet, suffering from Agent Orange. He keeps Matt on the phone, with numerous magical stories of how he saved the day and found all those lost treasures dropped into the Bay over the years. He got to eat for free at many an eatery for his gallantry! So perhaps, the accident was an omen of more fateful events to come.

-- Marcia Smith

Past history

I come from black & white
turning to color

big band & broadway saturday
mornings on the magnavox

I come from sponge sized rectangles
of shredded wheat soaked in hot
water topped with milk & sugar

weekend practice lots & jr. high
gymnasiums fall winter & spring

I come from summers with sleeping
bags & sack lunches, carnival
rides & cow barns

sunday school & grace
before dinner, a pile of cold
peas neglected on an earthenware plate

I come from trips to the lake
Grandma Hughes renting a cottage
at Laffertys resort, always a stop
at Pat-n-Mikes for a root beer ice cream cone

mountains & rivers framed my world
fresh trout & picnics at Pearls Squilchuk cabin

Laura Harrison



Grandma Said

Far tree-topped hills make
jagged green stitches in the
blue canvas cloth of the sky
Tall, deep and white
toasted marshmallow clouds
wrangle the wind on high
Their dark feathered bottoms
scatter wet crystal tears on
Earth's hot and dry July
Grandma said angels are
sad when wild things thirst
and the rain is how they cry

-- Larry Tolbert

I come from fire & ice, spite & malice,
kings corners with Emma followed by
bird watching from the kitchen window
on a snowy afternoon

from love & desire, teardrops & clouds
I'm still in search of those halcyon days.

-- Margie Heckelman

Seven On Your Side

One day at work I came off lunch with three calls pending, not to mention anything else that could and would come out over the radio. I had three hours left on my shift and I make it a point not to leave work for others, so I needed to get after it. The first call was in Novato for a dead deer behind a house in Open Space. I arrive and see that the house sits on a lot next to a fenced area above a creek. The fence is six feet high, and any hope of scaling it and dragging a deer back over with me is far in the rearview mirror. Forget fat and fifty, I'm way past both. There's a gate with a lock, but who knows who has the key. I suspect it's the town of Novato. I walk across wet grass to the house and ring the bell. Maybe they have a path around the fence.

The house is gray, the car is gray, there's a piece of paper bag taped to the wall by the bell: *No solicitors, religious, political or otherwise!* I ring and wait. Older couple, grey, rumpled and unsmiling, answer and let me know the deer's behind their house and that I need to get the gate key from.. And they stumble over the agency, maybe thinking I'll fill it in, which I don't because I don't know. I tell them I need access in order to remove the deer, they repeat I'll need to call some unnamed Agency, I'm thinking of my other two customers waiting and that I won't be calling said Agency nor sitting around waiting for them. These people want me to drag the carcass through the vacant lot and not their property.

They are reasonable in their way, unaware that while this might be the first time they've had a dead deer removed, it's not *my* first time. At an average of three a week (Very conservative) for 50 weeks times 14 years at that point, my total is 2100 deer. I know most things that can go wrong, for instance if a body has been lying for three days, it's rotten and leaky on the bottom. Flip it over and you have almost pristine hide that will stand up to being drug across a yard out to the truck and loaded up without leaking. Which is all I want to do.

I ask twice if I can go around back of their place and look at the deer. The woman is still struggling with the name of the Agency she had in mind and then breaks into a threat: "I'll call Seven On Your Side!" I look at the man and ask again if he can show me where the deer is. I'm getting mad. I've been there three minutes and already I'm being threatened. I don't like it, and I'll now do



Watercolor, Tami Tsark

whatever it takes to finish with this call, including if they get too difficult, telling them I'll come back later (which they don't know, means tomorrow).

While the woman splutters, the man leads me around the house. The deer is not too decomposed, perfect for my purposes. Rather than go back and explain to the lady, who shows no sign of calming down, I get the man on my side; explain how neat it's gonna be. How I'll have it out to the truck in a jiffy, no fuss, not much muss. Load it up and they can go back to whatever they were doing. (I think, Let her call Seven On Your Side. By the time she does I'll be down the road to my next call with the deer in the back of my truck.)

Before they can regroup and mount a resistance, I've looped the come along around the deer's head, flipped her over 180 degrees, and am hauling her out along the grass and overgrown flagstones in the yard. Out to the truck, yank out the ramp, spool out the cable, loop it around the body and hit the switch on the winch. Like zipping up a zipper. Only a little blood out of the mouth, because the cable squishes the lungs in the pull up the ramp. Smiling I leave the blood on the ground for Mrs. Seven on your Side to discover.

-- Mike Holland

The author is a retired animal services worker

Oh Dear, Deer

Oh dear, deer

I saw the sign

and was distressed

to see you pictured and labeled

as an invader.

Like a WANTED poster on the wall
of the post office.

Oh dear, deer.

The land inhabited by your ancestors

Generation after generation

Occupied.

It must be confusing

this intrusion of buildings and parking lots,

asphalt streets that take the place of mighty oaks and
redwoods

bushes and plants native, like you

useful for habitat and food.

Gone.

Oh dear, deer.

Landscape designed with ornamentals,

fast growing , showy, imported and inedible,

fences everywhere.

More hillsides denuded, creeks dry.

Where to go to eat and drink, to live on, to survive?

Dear Deer,

If you find a little nourishment in my meager garden
plot

I am glad to share.

Much of my food is delivered

and comes in plastic containers or bags

that are to be recycled, mostly unsuccessfully

Oh dear, deer, oh deer.

-- Anne Mulvaney



Laura Milholland

The Metaverse ? I'm metaverse....

That maybe is too short, too terse,

I think I recognize perverse

And see protection of the purse

-- Jay Connor

Golden Gateway

I pushed my bike to the top of the road and then coasted downhill along the North Head of the Golden Gate toward Point Bonita. A chill wind cut into my face as the elements told me, at once: we were meeting on their terms.

From Point Bonita, I looked East toward San Francisco Bay and then West, toward the panorama of the Pacific, lightly fringed by the rocky outcrop of the Farallon Islands - reminders of our past. At low-tide, 300,000 years ago, I could have walked all the way to the Farallons for there was no San Francisco Bay at that time but a large, tectonic valley, fed by streams and river run-off from the Sierra-Nevada.

Eons, earthquakes, ice ages and erosion have created this magnificent waterway, and though the picture may appear perfect, it is far from complete. Primordial forces are constantly at work here, reshaping and reorganizing. On this clear, crisp morning, I could see the forces at work: tidal patterns, rippling across the surface, merely hint at the primitive order which compel their daily swell and ebb. The Carquinez Strait and Golden Gate channel were carved during the last ice-age, when torrents of glacial run-off cascaded down the Sierras only to be met by the encroaching sea-level, as it too, rose with the massive ice melt.

Today, these combative forces are still at work: river run-off versus ocean surge, tide versus current. At Point Bonita, I recognized this conflict between ocean, land and rivers. Steeped in time, each massively powerful, each prevailing and succumbing with the give and take of Nature. And, in the conflict lies an indefinable balance.

As I sat on that headland, with the wind in my face and a distant funnel of fog swelling inward, I recognized the power, the peace and the secrets that penetrate deep into the magma of the Earth.

-- Deidre Silverman



Harvey Abernathey

Phantom

When we first heard your name,
you were a whisper, a rumor,
a phantom of doom, destroying,
far away.

You smuggled yourself, ghost,
unnoticed on planes, on boats.
Then you danced your death dance
with us.

We tried to wash you, spray you away.
Prisoners, locked in our homes,
whimpering at a cough.
Is that you?

Twelve months of hide and seek.
You were always *It*.
Worrying, wondering, will you find us
behind our masks?

Finally a reprieve. The stabs are armor.
We venture out, travel.
Phantom still, you transform.
Omicron. *Oh no!*

-- Fran Koenig



Aqua-Nuts!

Three days a week, my classmates and I descend the 8 or 9 steps that lead into the shallow end of the lap-pool at the new Miwok Aquatic Center, at COM, Indian Valley Campus. Rain or shine (lightning and thunder cancels class), for 1 hour 20 minutes, we follow instructions from our intrepid 'drill instructor', Rose Murphy as she takes us through our paces to achieve a full body aquatic exercise workout.

We move, we walk, we run, we kick, we twist, we do Yoga stretches, we balance, we ride pool noodles(!), we even do sit-ups!! All made possible because we are buoyed up in 82-degree water, and from the relentless encouragement of our fearless (and beloved) leader, Rose, and the support we give each other!

This class has tested and strengthened most of us; it has subtly built up flexibility and endurance, and we miss it terribly during semester breaks (and worse, when the pandemic closed the campuses)! Besides the physical benefits of aqua exercise, when we miss class (for whatever reason), we miss the camaraderie and bonds we have formed as "Aqua-Nuts," and yes, I am proud to be one!

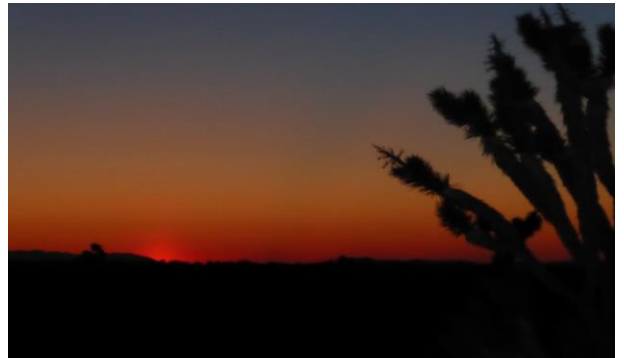
Comments about the class have always been positive, even when we worked out in the old pool. "The ESCOM AQUA EXERCISE for Older Adults has been a pure joy." "I am stronger and more flexible than I have been since taking Rose Murphy's class...not to mention how much fun

the classes are."

One of the benefits to emerge out of the campus closure, was the completion of the Miwok Aquatic Center. It has been our privilege to be one of the first groups to use the facilities - THANK YOU to everyone who made the Miwok Aquatic Center possible!

-- Sue Derana

First Night in the Desert – 1975



At dusk, a driver let me off at an interstate exit in western Arizona. Too late in the day to hitchhike any further. I looked out over the strange desert landscape as I walked in some ways to get away from the highway. A wind gusted through cacti and shrubs that I would later learn the names of. The dry ground in between was a hard packed sand covered by small scattered rocks. A small lizard ghosted by me. I cooked a dinner of rice and beans on my Sterno stove as the sky grew dark. A gibbous moon appeared in the clear eastern sky, throwing moving shadows over the desert floor. Only the wind made any sound. Soon feeling drowsy, I unrolled my sleeping bag in the lee of a large bush. I fell into an uneasy sleep, the wind whispering all night around me.

-- Nate Nealley

WANT TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOURNAL?

NEXT DEADLINE IS FEBRUARY 15

Please send your final draft to denizespringer@gmail.com

PLEASE ADHERE TO THESE SPECIFICATIONS

Submit only one piece of final, proofed work. Changes, unless absolutely necessary, will not be accepted after submission.

Include your name in the file name and on the page of your document. **You must be an ESCOM member. Membership is free but is no longer automatic with class registration.**

To join, go to: <http://escom.marin.edu/join-escom>

WRITTEN WORK (750 words MAX): must be single spaced, left margin oriented, and ATTACHED as a Word doc. Do not submit PDFs of written work (as these cannot be properly transferred or edited). **Please submit only one piece per issue.**

ART and PHOTOGRAPHY: Borderless images only in file size no larger than 300 kb and attached to the email in the jpeg format (not imbedded in email message). **Images larger than 300 kb or saved as a tif file cannot be considered.**

POEMS: (50 lines MAX including the spaces between stanzas) If your poem must be centered, please note this.

Misspellings, grammatical errors and erroneous line breaks could be mistaken as the author's intent and not corrected. Proof your copy before sending it in.

Information for "In Memoriam" must be verified with an obituary that appears in an official resource such as a newspaper.

ESCOM (Emeritus Students College of Marin) is a student organization of active adults affiliated with the Community Education Department of College of Marin. Founded in 1973, ESCOM provides diverse opportunities for lifelong learning, lifelong doing, and lifelong friends.

ESCOM Journal

Editor, Denize Springer

Web Content Manager, Richard Jensen

The ESCOM Journal, a publication of the Emeritus Students College of Marin, is published on alternate months online at www.marin.edu/escom. A limited number of printed copies are available in the ESCOM offices on the College of Marin Kentfield and Indian Valley campuses. ESCOM members are invited to submit news items, or creative works, such as original art, photography, poetry, memoir and fiction (please consult the submission specifications on this page before submitting. The deadline for each issue is the 15th of the prior month. Please send submissions or questions to denizespringer@gmail.com

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Indian Valley campus: 1800 Ignacio Blvd., Bldg. 10 Rm. 40, Novato, CA 94949 415/457-8811, x 8322

Kentfield Campus: 835 College Ave., Kentfield, CA 94904 (ESCOM office is temporarily occupying the Deedy Lounge in the Student Services bldg.) 415/485-9652 or escom@marin.edu

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Production of the ESCOM Journal is supported by the Joan Hopper Trust.