

ESCOM Journal

September/October 2020



*Emeritus Students
College of Marin*

Lifelong Learning

Lifelong Doing

Lifelong Friendships

Photo: Laura Milholland

From the President

The resilience and creativity of our members during this pandemic continues to inspire me. In this time of virtual connection, our Club Leaders and Leadership Team have pivoted quickly to provide excellent programs and supportive communications online. It has been remarkable to see how many of our clubs have been able to make the transition to Zoom meetings and to increase their club membership at the same time. Larry Babow, our Pop-Up programs producer, has invited our members online several times to learn about the economics of the pandemic, to laugh out loud as they tried their hands at Trivia, and even to hear directly from a CHP officer about what to do and not to do on our own Hwy 101.

All were great programs.

Our communications team has continued to keep ESCOM publications flowing. Special thanks to Kevin Colgate for the regular ESCOM Calendars, Clubs and Resource Bulletins. Thanks to Jill Aggersbury for the monthly Club notes, Denize Springer for the ESCOM Journal showcasing the talents of many of our members, and to Richard Jensen and Anne Pearson for updating our website. Staying in touch with one another during these difficult times is more important than ever and our members have remarked that they feel more connected to ESCOM than ever before.

We're engaging in important conversations about how we can have a greater impact in the college community and best serve

our members now as we shelter in place and into the future. A Strategic Planning Committee was formed several months ago by a committed group of Council members led by Lois St. Sure to review our mission, to create goals for moving forward, and to expand the benefits and offerings for our members. This revised plan will be our priority in this new academic year. Many thanks to Lois's committee, Jay Conner, Bonnie Martz, Ellen Breazeale, and Toni Middleton.

I look forward to seeing you as we come together virtually in our shared pursuit of connection, discovery, and impact. In the meantime, stay safe, be well, and stay connected. Together we can have great success.

-- Luanne Mullin

You, your family and your neighbors count

Since our country's founding, every ten years the United States government has counted everyone --- even slaves and children—for the purpose of making sure this representative democracy works. Congress, state legislatures, local Board of Supervisors and next year membership in the College of Marin's Board of Trustees will depend on an accurate count of everyone.

The Census is also the basis for distributing federal and state tax dollars. Programs for seniors, for example, are largely based upon the number, social and economic characteristics who reside in our community. The Census tells us how many seniors reside in Marin, where they live, and the condition of their housing and family status. Essential services are distributed on who lives here; hence, who is counted.

Historically, the Census asks us to answer a few questions about ourselves --- age, ethnicity, where we reside—on April 1 of the decennial year. This year's Census is not any different other than two factors: one we anticipated by having people provide answers via the Internet and the other certainly not expected, we were stuck at home.

So now, even in the midst of COVID-19 cases, the Census is sending out staff to have everyone counted, especially people who didn't respond on-line, who live in hard to find places, and who don't have a permanent home.

If you or you know someone who hasn't been counted, please contact the Census and respond. YOUR ANSWERS ARE CONFIDENTIAL. The Census does not ask for your Social Security number or status, banking, citizenship status, or political party affiliation. And you can answer in many languages.

It is easy. See these directions:

<https://2020census.gov/en/about-questions.html>

You can answer the question online even if you don't now know your confidential identification number.

If you've answered, thanks. If you know someone who has not yet completed the simple set of questions, please pass on the information and distribute it widely.

You can see from this page,

<https://2020census.gov/en/response-rates.html>, Marin County's self-response rate is 72%, which seems



Marin Civic Center tower, photo, Harvey Abernathey

high, but it also means that nearly 3 out of 10 people residing in this county still need to be counted. Our communities need everyone's participation.

-- Michael Semler, ESCOM Treasurer and Census Worker



Photo: Laura Milholland

ESCOM members trace a pandemic

What have two ESCOM members with nearly a century of professional medical experience between them learned as Marin County Covid-19 contact tracers?

"I am even more cautious now of whom I mix with," said Jill Aggersbury (*below*), a registered nurse who has practiced all over the world for more than 55 years.

"Covid doesn't discriminate," says Retired UCSF Nurse Practitioner Janis Luft (*right*). "Anyone can get it if they're not careful."

As part of Marin County Department of Health's COVID-19 case investigation and tracing program, Jill and Janis contact people who have tested positive, as well as those who have come into contact with someone who has. They not only collect pertinent information about cases and their exposed contacts, which goes directly into the State tracking system, they also educate and assist these people with whatever they need – ranging from housing to food sources to childcare -- so they can effectively isolate or quarantine to help stop the spread.



"Testing with rapid results and consistent tracing is important," says Jill who is also on the Marin Medical Reserve Corps, medical professionals who volunteer to disasters requiring their expertise. She has been doing case investigation and contact tracing for the past two months and adds that no one should take this pandemic lightly. "It would be a mistake to brush off symptoms of the virus you think could just be allergies," she says. "It's better to err on the safe side, and then follow the advice you are given."

Jill and Janis work from their homes using the California Connected software program. Their confidential interviews are conducted from on their computers rather than a phone in order to ensure privacy and the information they collect goes directly into the state health databases.

The most important part of Covid-19 tracking is making sure that the people diagnosed are isolating (typically 10 days for cases) or quarantining (typically 14 days for exposed contacts) properly, and able to get all the food and other necessities they need during this period. "The software enables us to relay information, such as where to get whatever it is they may need so they don't have to break their isolation or quarantine to get it," said Jill. "If we cannot

Immediately find the info required, the program is set up to text patients with information as soon as possible," said Janis.

To date, the nurses have interviewed a wide swath of people living in Marin, ranging from professionals to students, medical staff and other front line workers such as grocery clerks, who may come into contact with many different people every day. Interviews may involve speaking with or calling several different household members or alerting employers, so the process can be very time consuming. The names of those who are infected, as well as their exposed contacts, are kept confidential.



Both Janis and Jill, who have committed to complete two four-hour shifts of tracing interviews a week, maintain that once people are assured that tracing is a confidential process that has been used for decades to stop the spread of disease, most of the people that Jill and Janis have interviewed are happy to help stop the spread of the virus.

The medical backgrounds of both women make them efficient and accurate case investigators and contact tracers. "Nurses we are practiced at listening to glean out the most crucial information," said Janis. "It is also necessary to have some experience at online medical record keeping, so there is definitely a learning curve to this work." Both women agree that a command of Spanish would greatly enhance their work. But the online tracing program is able to connect both interviewer and interviewee to a translator when needed.

Statewide case investigation and contact tracing and data collection, which began in May, continues to expand. Though tracers in very populated counties like Los Angeles have struggled to keep up during the summer surges of Covid-19, data collection in Marin continues smoothly. Jill and Janis plan to continue what they are doing until it is no longer necessary to do so.

"This is a time of great need," said Jill. "Though I'm in the age group that should not volunteer outside my home, I am happy to be able to do something useful."

"I feel lucky to have the skills to help," added Janis.

And, as far as general advice goes, both women say the most important thing for the rest of us to remember is to "wash your hands often, wear a mask, and avoid crowds and practice safe distancing inside or out."

-- Denize Springer

MEMOIR

Aunt Mollie, Aunt Betty, Mother, and Me

When I was a little girl, about 10 years old, my mother thought she could squeeze several more weeks out of our vacation and she called her two sisters, Mollie and Betty, and they headed for a rural cabin they owned very deep in rural Missouri. It had a large all-purpose room, 2 bedrooms, another all-purpose room at the front and a screened porch measuring about 6 feet around the side and the front of the cabin. We cooked on the porch on a 2-burner butane stove and ate all our meals on a Ping-Pong table. I even slept on the Ping-Pong table when we had too many guests. This cabin was built in the early 1900's by our grandfather. It had no running water, no electricity and no indoor plumbing, but it was ours and we cherished it. We had a large round table used for special occasions and where the men played penny ante poker on Saturday nights.

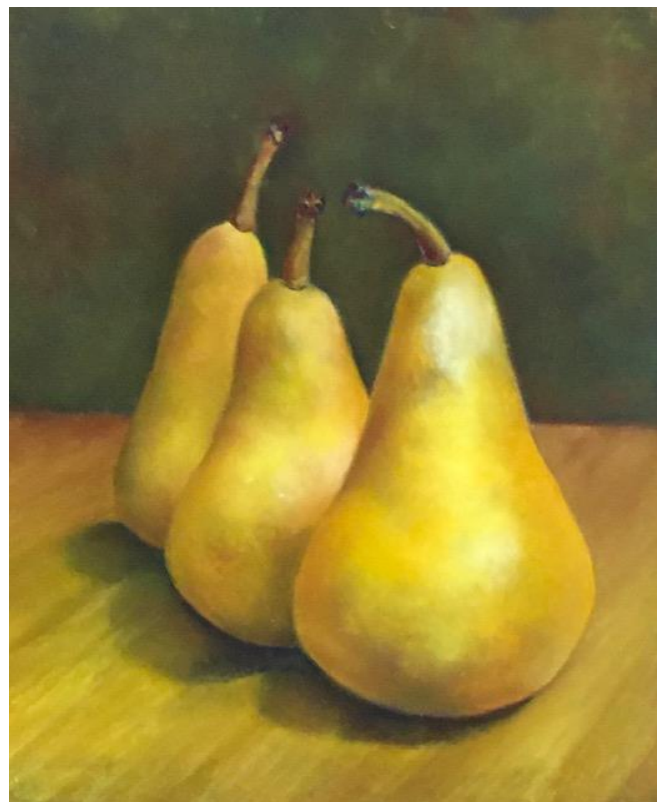
Not bothering to unpack our luggage from the car, we changed to swim suits and headed to the river to swim. It was wonderful!

Returning from the river, the three sisters were in a huddle and I became aware that we had a problem. A very large brown snake had wound itself around a table in our all-purpose room. It had yellow and red triangular spots. It was about 8 feet long and 5 inches in diameter. Mother got a broom and nudged it from one side and Betty got the house mop and nudged it from the other. It did not move. They were trying to urge it out through the screen porch and into the yard. It was either comatose or dead. We were never to know. Finally my aunts decided that Molly, the youngest sister, should go for Mr. Houston, a farmer ½ mile away.

Getting into Mother's car with me not so happily following we headed for Mr. Houston's farm. He understood the situation immediately. Picking up his shotgun he got into his pick up and followed us back to our cabin. I hid behind the bedroom door.

BLAST! BLAST!

The snake's guts covered one entire wall of our all purpose room. Shards of red, yellow and magenta viscera intestines dripped down the wall. I quietly went outside and threw up everything I had eaten for the past week. Mr. Houston carried out the remains of the snake on a shovel.



"Trio," Carol Allen

I promised Mother I would help her clean up but I could not. I could not walk into that room. The odor. The remembrance was too much for me. Every time I got to the door I retched so badly I had to turn around and walk away. My intentions were good.

To this day I cover my eyes when a snake comes on television. I rip out all pictures from my National Geographic Magazine. I hope writing the story relieves me of my fear of snakes.

Please don't call me with your snake stories.

-- Iris Tandler

Meet the COM Board of Trustees candidates

Join a Zoom meeting with this year's candidates sponsored by the League of Women Voters and ESCOM. Look for an invitation and Log In information for the October event in a forthcoming Constant Contact message.

Spider's Spiral

As a spider in the air - where -
 free fall, free *spin*, *wohin*?
 comes to rest, the thread on the edge
 of the hedge new web?
 smoothly moored and so assured
 with the stream flows the dream
 of the twins twirling in the wind
 whirling waving curls, locks of shine
 like a thread, from the web, well aligned
 a spiral around, and round and round,
la vuelta, the volte, setting you reeling
 precisely centered,
 like pi standing sentry
 dewdrops shall soon unfurl
 all their sensuous pearls
 bright bulging mirrors and rounder
 still, the sun will warm them away
 the wind turns them tamely to air - there -
 as a spider always
 in the middle

-- Anouk Bekker

PLAN Your Vote NOW

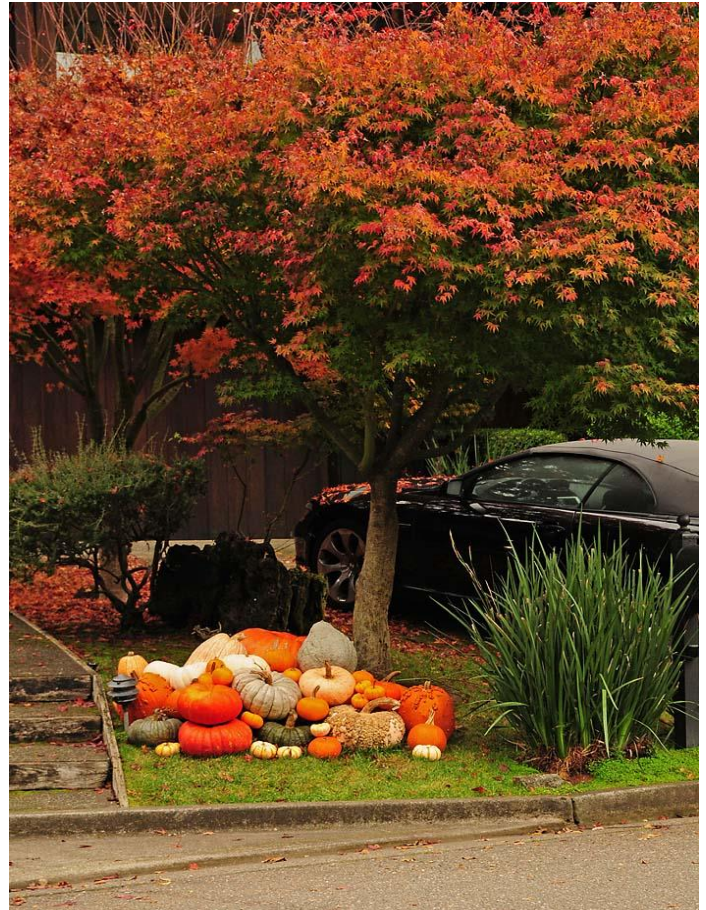
Election day is Nov. 3 and the coronavirus crisis is expected to increase mailed in voting and put unprecedented demands on the US Postal Service.

Please make sure to request, fill out and send in your ballot as early as possible.

If you plan to vote in person, know that your polling place may be thinly staffed due to the Pandemic and that social distancing may result in long lines.

Your vote counts. Make sure it is counted.

Laura Milholland



Halloween

Welcome to the Wizard's House, I said to the trick-or-treater at my door

I was costumed in black cape, sparkling starry conical hat, toy store magic wand in hand

She was about five, with feline freckles and whiskers applied to her small round face

Furry costume ears as well

Can you turn me into a cat? she asked, eyes wide

Yes. I tapped the crown of her head with my wand, which buzzed crazily and glowed red

You are now a cat

She beamed a Cheshire smile and glided off my stoop into the dark

-- Nate Nealley

Celebrating the Harvest

Gently squeezing the plump green fruit beginning to ripen, a few shaped perfectly round, others indented with cracks and swirls, I wondered if it would be a bumper crop this year. I had planted later than usual and perhaps not watered enough. Changes in this year's temperatures could also have caused the skin imperfections. One plant's yellow leaves signaled a warning. The brown blossom end rot, another clue.

Every year I have planted different varieties in search of a plentiful harvest. Although heirlooms remind me of family, passed down through the generations, crossbred hybrids offer better resistance to diseases and longer shelf lives. The time to maturity varies too anywhere from 52 to 80 days with smaller fruit reaching full growth in a shorter period of time.

Hmmm, it has taken me 75 years to mature, hopefully I am not at full growth!

It was at his brother's funeral last month that my husband asked, "if you 'go' before me who will write your obituary?" Known among family as "the writer" perhaps due to my annual Christmas letter or the fact that I had taught English, I was nominated to write my mother-in-law's obituary a few years ago. Not an easy task about a woman who reached nearly 100 years.

Certainly her harvest had produced a bumper crop requiring a two-column tribute in the SF Chronicle. Her fruit included four heirlooms and numerous cross breeds all acknowledged as survivors of a devoted mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and aunt. Also included in my mother-in-law's harvest was the reaping of an abundance of friends. Spirited, generous and accepting of all, she gathered a plentiful supply along the way.

Folks tend to be remembered for what they do in life--- what they sow and nurture along the way. Not so much for the degrees they earned nor the positions they held but for their actions, kindnesses they extended, help they gave, mentoring provided and lessons taught, love shown.

Laura Harrison



Due to the current Covid-19 restrictions my brother-in-law's funeral was limited to an immediate-family-only service at his local parish. The many fruits he pinched along life's way unable to pay proper tribute at a public gathering, his "harvest celebration of life" postponed indefinitely.

We grow, we bloom, we fruit just once during a season like the juicy, sweet tomatoes I anticipate from this year's harvest. Reaching through the towering staked stems to nudge a baby Sun Gold, the firstborn of this year's crop, I think of my first grandbaby a hybrid born of two cultures, just three months ago, the celebration of her new life also postponed. No baby showers, no christening.

Festivals of merriment are held the world over during harvest season, some to recognize first fruits at the start of the season such as the appearance of yams, a staple crop of the Ewes in Ghana following the rainy season or a new vintage of red, white or bubbly in the Napa Valley; others at the end of the growing season to give thanks for a plentiful and continuing yield of their essential crops of corn, pumpkins and beans as Native Americans and Pilgrims did.

Depending upon region, climate and crop the harvest season occurs at different times of the year. In the Northern Hemisphere harvest season typically starts late September around the time an upcoming full moon is closest to the autumn equinox (September 22 this year). This full, golden Harvest Moon appears earlier in the evening than usual, right after sunset. Like a powerful luminous spotlight its name derived from the additional light and time it provided early farmers harvesting their summer crops.

Its next appearance will be on October 1, 2020 a little after 7 pm. As the sun fades here in the West, we will celebrate a family harvest, privately commemorating the loss of an heirloom and in the glow of a brightly shining moon rising from the East, give thanks for the birth of a new hybrid.

-- Diane Panagotacos

Harvey Abernathy



Muse Incognito

Cafés are my creative sanctuary. The price of coffee is cheap rent for a place to work on my stories. I write in a simple, wire-bound notebook; the steady rhythm and quiet rasp of a pencil on paper pleases me. That was what piqued her curiosity. It was as if those around us who were staring at their cell phones or computer screens were having a conversation with someone else and shouldn't be interrupted. Whereas, I was still present and wouldn't mind a few words. I minded enormously but made the mistake of smiling politely.

"I so admire writers who can make up a story out of thin air where do you get your ideas I suppose it's not too hard once you get the hang of it I mean if someone gave me an interesting idea I'm sure I could put the words together but I can never think of anything original to write about except for a short story in high school about my cat . . ."

I imagined her writing, as inane and devoid of punctuation as her mindless nattering. Even turning back to my notebook and resuming work didn't stop her. In revenge, I cast her as a shallow twit in the piece I was struggling with, describing her and the café in such detail that I took perverse pleasure in hoping someday she might read the story and recognize herself. The more she talked, the more details I invented: silly, out of place, penciled eyebrows, frizzy, bleached hair, mashed potato figure, country-twang whiskey-voice, Republican-red ball cap, tattered sneakers, and ugly cats on her tee shirt. Before long, I had created an outlandish character who came with her own story, one far more interesting than the one I had been trying to write. I scribbled furiously to capture the ephemera of details before they found another writer.

When I finally looked up, she had flown.

In the days that followed, I debated whether to change a few details, didn't want to hurt her feelings. Then, I understood whose story it was . . . and changed nothing.

-- Eric Cederblom



Photo: Laura Milholland

Risk

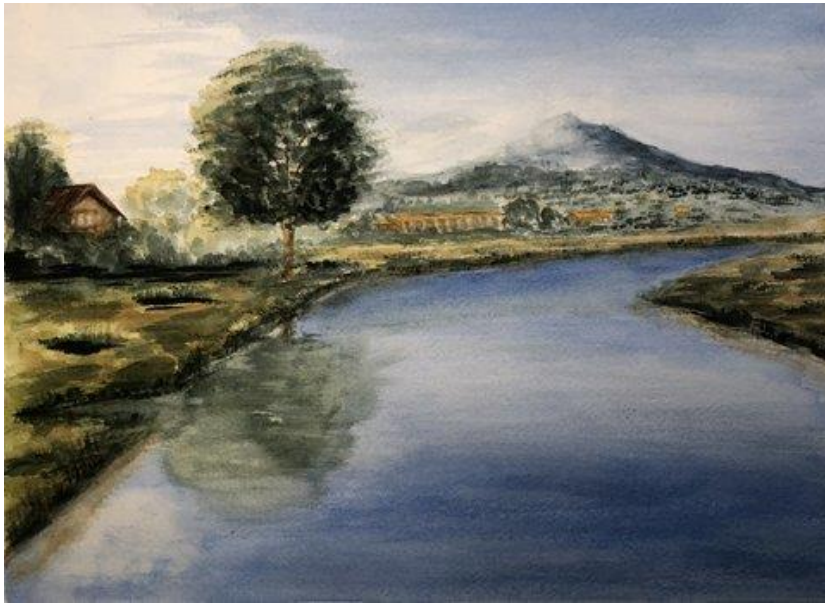
I bite my nails when I'm nervous
but now the whole world shares my anxiety.
Dull errands can be dangerous:
I feel it standing in line at the store
I feel it avoiding people who avoid me
I feel it as I grab the last package of toilet paper,
as I touch soup cans, cereal boxes,
wondering if everyone shops by touch
before selecting.

In the car I take off my mask
but forget to sanitize my hands
my fingers in my mouth already
chewing my doom.

-- Susan St. Aubin

Laura Milholland





Landscape, Beverly Wright

ESCOM Needs You!

If you have a background or experience in marketing and want to work with us to develop our long term marketing objectives and strategies, we need you.

We are forming a Marketing Committee that will meet in September to draft a Marketing Plan that will take us through the next few years. Meetings will be held on Zoom.

To join us, please send us an email at escom.marin.edu.

Beyond Covid

Within the sweeping shadows of corona,
we tread with care and share uncertain ground.
Human spirit sidelined, cringed and challenged.
While angst, bi-racial hovers overground.

Blue on black and brown is not in-keeping
With national character, human-kind and care,
Such fear, each tear, demands the reach of reason
Embrace the joy of color, love and share.

Our world, in turn, will rise above corona.
We'll meet this unseen threat, unite and bond,
Let's harness our humane and noble essence
We'll win the day, the year and the beyond.

-- deidre silverman

Harvey Abernathey



Paul Tandler (Virtual) Stand-Up

A vulture carrying two dead raccoons boards an airplane. The stewardess looks at him and says, "I'm sorry, only one carrion allowed per passenger."

Two fish swim into a concrete wall. One turns to the other and says, 'Dam!'

Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Unsurprisingly it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.

To Do or Not To Do (or Blame It on Scott)

So many errands and so little time, but still, here I sit, in a parking lot, glued to the driver's seat. I watch as the dashboard clock consumes valuable minutes, while I listen to Scott Stossel pitch his new book on NPR.

The twenty-five minutes left in the show tick leisurely by, as my heart rapidly pounds with the realization, I'm getting more and more behind schedule.

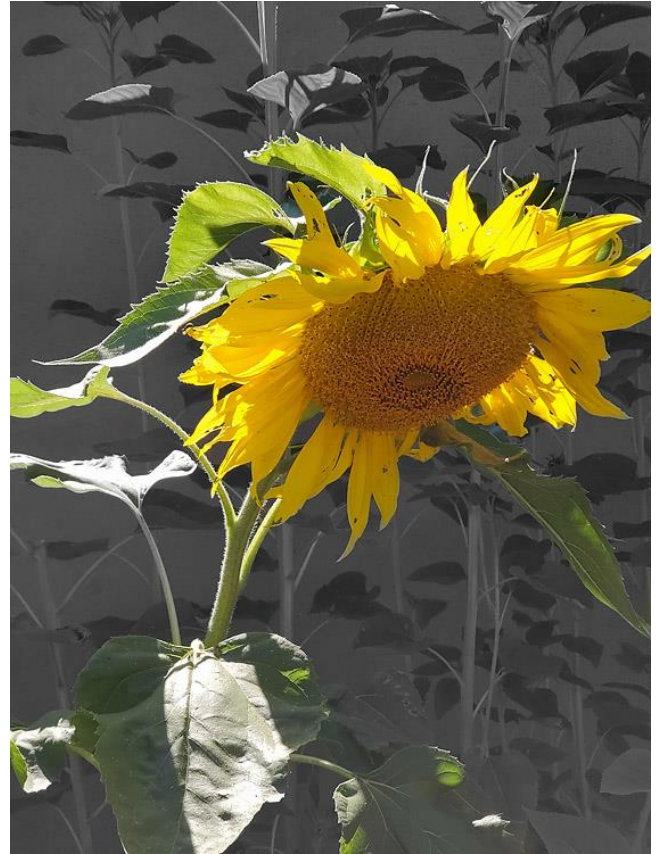
What should I do? Leave the car? Miss the show? I have to hear this! But, I have to go. Twenty minutes more.

Anxious and shaky, I check my to do list. Buy birthday cake, get gas, pick up gift at Macy's, decorate house. The day is slipping away.

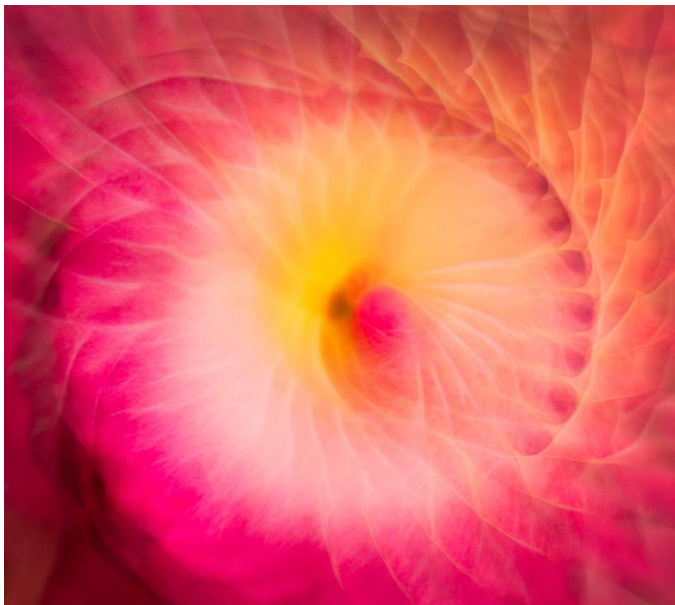
Fifteen minutes left. A commercial! Are you kidding? On NPR? Thank God! I turn off the car, throw open the door, don't look, almost get run over, race into the bakery, get the cake, run back, turn the car on. Phew, only lost about five minutes. Stossel is still talking in calm even tones.

I add an errand to my list. Go to bookstore, buy Scott Stossel's book 'My Age of Anxiety'. Fear, Hope, Dread, and the search for Peace of Mind.

-- Shelley Friedman



Penny Hansen



Spiral Rose, Harvey Abernathey

HOW I BECAME CONNECTED TO TCHAIKOVSKY

Some people might think this is a stretch. I met my former wife when she was about 16 and I was very impressed with her ability as a classical pianist. On one of our first dates, she played Beethoven's Pathetique sonata from memory and she told me that her teacher was her uncle, Boris Myronoff, who was born in Moscow, Russia and had been a piano student there of one of Tchaikovsky's brothers. Eventually, we were married, so I suppose one could say that I touched the person who touched the person who touched the person who touched Tchaikovsky!

-- Gil Deane

Hammer on a Pole

Two years since your death
and still
I find sudden reminders that you lived.

The last tie in your bureau drawer,
house keys hidden beneath a planter box,
pajamas hanging on the back of a country door.

Unintentional treasures left behind,
each object a cherished artifact
to the days we spent together here.

It was in the upstairs work shed,
standing quietly, I found your
hammer on a pole.

Your fear of heights,
your dislike of ladders,
your annoyance at being short
artfully kneaded into the design of this gizmo.

Fixed, stable, secure, anchored,
strong, unshakable, unique,
all words that spoke to this creativeness,
all words that spoke of you.

-- Nora Monfredini



Laura Harrison

Blood

Ruby red jewels
Fill the pomegranate

Protected by scarlet skin
Tinged with gold

When the world squeezes

Too hard

Oh so damn hard

Love lies bleeding in our hands

- - Eric Sinrod

You Can't Get There From Here

Before the Big Bang banged, there was nothing and nothingness, or pre-bang, as it were.

The cosmos knew of nothing cosmological, there being nothing logical,
thinking there was a time before time, my good sir.

If those bits and pieces, atoms and molecules, of my body were there at the Big Bang instant, then where was I
before that, before we could talk about Hubble's Constant?

-- Julio Burroughs

MEMOIR

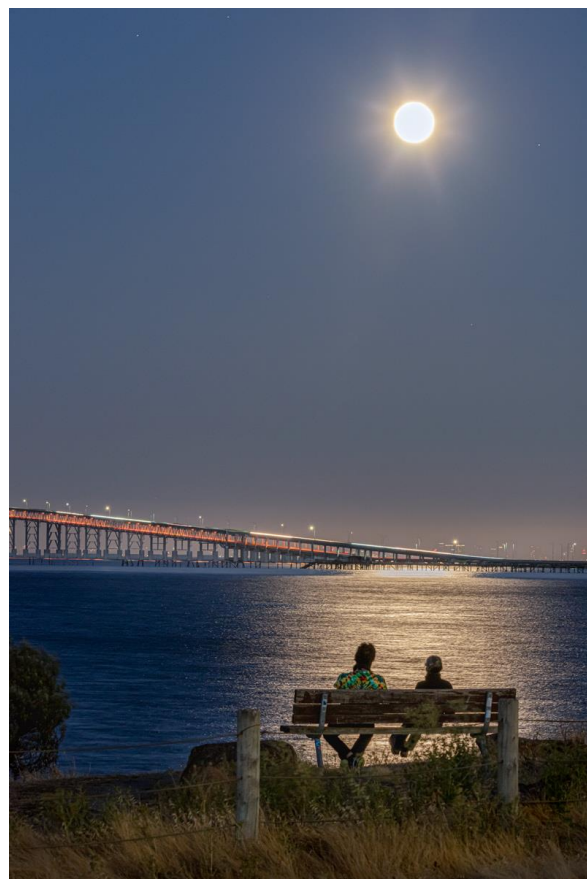
Campfire Stories and Tales of the Bogyman

While sporting activities, hiking, horseback riding and swimming filled our days at Camp Mendocino, it was “Campfire Time,” roasting hotdogs and toasting marshmallows while telling scary stories round the fire that was the best and most exciting time of day. “The Bat Boy,” his dripping fangs and yellow eyes glowing, hovered above, leaping evilly from tree to tree. “Old Lady Swanson’s” property presented an ominous eastern border to the camp. One night a thick white fog rose from the river entrapping her and driving her insane. “Michael!” she shrieked desperately for her husband, but when he found her, she split his skull with a hatchet. “Michael! Michael! Michael!” The counselor screamed, and we fell over each other, racing for the safety of our bunks. “The Ridge Runner” was the most frightening tale of all, perhaps because it sounded slightly, if supernaturally, plausible. A young mother, while bouncing her toddler against the rear guardrail of a Sunk train, suddenly fainted and, apparently unnoticed by anyone, dropped the child on the tracks. By the time she came to, the boy was lost forever. Legend has him adopted by a she wolf. This animal upbringing, and a leg deformed by the accident, gave him an unnatural skill for running along train tracks and redwood ridges, as well as an insatiable appetite for the tender flesh of wayward boys.

Tired of eating dust from the kids in front of us on a nature hike, Chuck and Frankie, my best camp friends, and I decided to split off and follow the railroad tracks back to camp. Taking a shortcut, we crossed the shallow Noyo River before coming abreast of an apparently deserted cabin facing a broad grass meadow. “Let’s break in!” Frankie’s pale round face and bright blue eyes sparked with excitement. A furtive gesture passing between Chuck and myself confirmed we wanted nothing to do with breaking into someone’s private cabin. “No thanks, Pal. We’ll meet you at Five Corners.” With a natural burglar’s lithe build, Frankie slinked off, flashing a thin crooked smile, while, Chuck, a tall, muscular, square-jawed kid, and I walked up to Five Corners, a tiny, split-log railroad stop, built apparently to serve the little cabin.

While Chuck and I were one-upping each other, telling greater and greater lies about the many things we’d never done with girls, Frankie reappeared holding his “loot”: two small jars, one with pickles and the other with maraschino cherries, in either hand. I leaned against the wooden railing with my back to the tracks. Chuck and Frankie faced me sitting on a bench while twirling cherry stems between pickle bites. As Chuck moaned, mimicking the voice of a girl he claimed to have pleased between the seats of a movie theatre, my mind drifted off to the Michael Landon movie, *I was a Teenage Werewolf*, and I recalled the “Locker room” scene with him in his letterman jacket squirming helplessly, horrified at the sight of the feral grizzly growth of his snout and fingernails.

Harvey Abernethy



Suddenly, Chuck’s jaw dropped, and without a word, he leapt over the railing and began running toward the river. Frankie appeared stunned, the picture of frozen terror with his mouth agape and eyes popping before he too leapt the railing and began running for his life. Confused, I thought they were playing a trick, but then I turned, and what I saw next found me, likewise, frozen in shock and fear.

Less than 50 yards down the tracks, a creature walking like a man but bigger than a bear and with disproportionately long arms and reddish-brown hair covering its entire body, was coming my way. What was most disconcerting wasn’t its size, but that it seemed not to have any discernable features, just blackness from the forehead to the chin, as if it were wearing a dark hood, like the evil Doctor Doom in the Marvel comic books. Seconds later, I caught up and even passed my friends, who were still running toward the river. Charging across the stream, we sped up the dusty trail before falling in heap, exhausted.

All seemed safe. Nothing had followed us. “What the *hell* was that!”? We caught our breath and began talking at the same time, but found we could describe but could not name what we had seen. Finally, we agreed to hustle back to camp, but never tell anyone what had just happened. No one would have believed us anyway.

-- N. D. Robertson



Laura Milholland

CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOURNAL

NEXT DEADLINE IS OCTOBER 15!

Send your best work to denizespringer@gmail.com

PLEASE ADHERE TO THESE SPECIFICATIONS:

Submit your 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 any documents. **You must be an ESCOM member in good standing. (Membership is not automatic with class registration.)**

Sign up for, or renew, ESCOM membership at:
<https://app.mobilecause.com/form/7YzAjQ?vid=73a4g>

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 must be no larger than 300 kb and attached to the email in the .pdf or .jpeg format (not imbedded in email message). **Images larger than 300 kb or saved as a .tif file will not be considered.**

POETS: If your poem must be centered, please note. 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 Journal

The ESCOM Journal, a publication of the Emeritus Students, College of Marin, is published on alternate months online at www.escomnews.com. 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. Submissions or questions and comments should be addressed to the editor: denizespringer@gmail.com

ESCOM Council

President, Luanne Mullin

Vice President, open

Treasurer: Michael Semler

Ellen Braezeale, Jay Conner, Abe Farkas, Nancy P. Major, Bonnie Jean Martz, Toni Middleton, Jim Moore, Gini Moore, Lois St.Sure, Denize Springer

Emeritus Council Member, Paul Tandler

Past President, Anne Pearson

ESCOM Centers

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

www.marin.edu/escom

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