



GCCCD Grapevine

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Lucille Moore Dies of Tumor at 68

Lucille Moore

Lucille Moore, one of Grossmont College's most prominent alumnae, and a San Diego County political leader in the '70s, died March 5 in Grossmont Hospital of a brain tumor. She was 68.

Her career in public life ranged through a directorship with the League of Women Voters for Grossmont and El Cajon Valley, a seat on the El Cajon City Council, won in 1974 on her third try, and two years later a post on the San Diego County Board of Supervisors.

As supervisor, she became board chair, the first woman in history chosen for that position. She also was the first woman supervisor since the early '20s. During her tenure, she supported liberal and feminist views, rewriting county language to eliminate its sexist wording, and wearing pantsuits, leading the way for other county employees to do so. In legislation, she was able to win many issues by building consensus among independent thinkers.

In 1980, her reelection contest became a liberal-conservative battle, with Moore as the liberal and Paul Fordem as the conservative. Fordem won, making Moore once again a private citizen.

In 1982, she was elected president of the San Diego Chapter of the National Political Women's Caucus. In recent years she had been active as a volunteer for the Friends of the Library in El Cajon.

In 1969 she earned an associate degree in business from Grossmont and subsequently was a participant or interested observer in GCCCD affairs through the years. She was a founding member of the Grossmont-Cuyamaca Alumni Association, and of the GCCCD Foundation.

Barbara Collis, who served 13 years as a member of the GCCCD Board, was a friend and co-worker of Moore's in political affairs for years. Ms. Collis was treasurer of Ms. Moore's successful county campaign, and remembers that she and her fellow workers were known as "Moore's Mafia."

"She encouraged me to run for the College Board," Ms. Collis said. "It was the same for other people who espoused her philosophy. She was a community person, and she got good people for community issues."

GCCCD Chancellor Jeanne Atherton also expressed her appreciation of Moore's efforts for the district.

"Lucille Moore gave a great deal of her time and expertise to the Grossmont-Cuyamaca Alumni Association and helped raise money for student scholarships and faculty needs.

"Her death is a loss to all who knew her as a true friend of Grossmont." Ms. Moore is survived by her husband, Loyd Austin, a daughter, Jane Kreutner, of Long Beach, a son, Steven Moore, of the Oakland area and two grandchildren.

EMF Worry Prompts Library Check

The possibility that electromagnetic fields may have contributed to deaths and illness among library staff members has prompted what may be the most comprehensive safety investigation in Grossmont College history.

On April 3, Chancellor Jeanne Atherton and her cabinet approved a series of steps recommended by the Campus Safety Committee to determine whether the EMFs pose danger to those working near them.

The cabinet voted to call on the California Occupational Safety and Health Administration (Cal-OSHA) and the County Health Department to check out the EMF situation and advise the Safety Committee.

The Safety Committee was directed to continue gathering facts and statistics regarding EMFs at sites other than Grossmont. Finally, the Chancellor's group voted to engage independent building inspectors to do a thorough inspection of electric wiring in the library building and the cafeteria.

The matter arose last month when David Wing, GC photography instructor, walked through the library with a gaussmeter, a device to measure EMFs, and reported finding high readings at several locations.

After a second trip, however, Wing told the Summit, the student newspaper, that he believed the high readings resulted from faulty work in wiring of the building, and that the problem could be eliminated fairly easily.

Some library staff members have been worried for some time about possible EMF danger. Elaine Herzog, who headed circulation from 1983 to 1986, died of breast cancer in 1986. Her successor, Betty Thom, died in 1993 of acute leukemia 18 months after she retired. Two other women who had worked in the library died of ovarian cancer, and another, still working, developed a brain tumor two years ago.

Up to now, data on EMFs have not given conclusive answers about their dangers. It's hoped the picture may be more clear when the Grossmont investigation is finished.

Six GC Faculty Members to Join Retired Ranks

Six Grossmont College instructors make up this spring's group of GCCCD retirees.

Saying farewell to active ranks at the end of this semester will be **Howard Donnelly**, mathematics, who joined the GC faculty in 1966; **Bob Haywood**, physical education and student government, 1967; **Larissa Janczyn**, music, 1968; **Harry Lum**, art; 1972; **Ray Resler**, geology, 1961; and **Ron Vavra**, physical education, 1964.

The six will fall under the new SIRP "Supplemental Income Retirement" negotiated by the faculty last year. Each will get a yearly annuity equal to a percentage of his or her last annual salary. The percentages range from two to eight, depending on years of service and the year chosen for retirement "in this case 1995.

Plans for the retirement years vary widely. Resler's thoughts are on almost constant travel. He's going to Turkey this summer, then to Alaska with one of his former students. He's thinking also of eventually spending time in Malaysia and Indonesia, noting that in Indonesia a beach front condominium can be purchased for \$80,000.

Larissa Janczyn plans to stay in San Diego. One reason is that she has started to give piano lessons to her grandchildren, ages 5, 7, and 8. She'll catch up on things she's wanted to do around home but hasn't had time until now. She'll decide, after retiring, how much time she wants to spend in outside activities, such as volunteer work.

Ron Vavra is considering a move, but not immediately. The Morro Bay area has caught his fancy, and the fact that a son lives there adds to its attraction. But Mt. Palomar and the Imperial Valley are also possibilities, and he and his wife will take time deciding. Meanwhile, Ron will find more time for wood carving and other non-scheduled pursuits.

Donnelly will be moving to Albany, Oregon, probably next month. Though both he and his wife are southern Californians, they have visited Oregon, have friends there, and like the territory.

Spring break absences prevented conversations with Haywood and Lum. Traditional affairs honoring the retirees will be scheduled in the fall.

Editor's Comments



by Pat Higgins

I think I may be the Adoo Andy of the newsletter business.

When Tom Scanlan asked me to take over the Grapevine this year, I might have said no, but I didn't. Soon thereafter at a board meeting of a foundation to which I belong, fervor carried me away and I said we should have a quarterly newsletter. Naturally, since it was my idea, I was asked to implement it. If I'd been strong, I'd have refused "we idea people shouldn't be required to do the mundane tasks of production. But again I couldn't say no. So now you know how I'll spend a good share of my time this year.

I finished the first newsletter for the foundation about a month ago, and it came out reasonably well. As I write these comments, I'm nearly finished producing and gathering the content for this issue of the Grapevine. From here, it should be all downhill for me. Our production ace, Sirkka Huovila, will solve the problems of place and space, and will put in John Dixon's photos. Ultimately will come an issue we think is pretty good, and for a couple of days I may not feel so foolish about being Adoo Andy.

* * * * *

This issue, as you'll notice, has some fairly long items"longer than past issues. The piece about Lee Engelhorn and his friend is long for the Grapevine, primarily because it's such a good story"the story, not necessarily the telling"that it deserves whatever space is needed to present it. There probably won't be many stories of similar length because we won't find stories warranting it. But if we do, we'll use whatever space they need for telling.

* * * * *

It's customary when a person takes an assignment to offer some praise for his or her predecessor, unless the predecessor has been a scoundrel or a scalawag, in which case the departure goes unmentioned.

Since Tom Scanlan seems neither a scoundrel nor a scalawag, I can't let his departure go unmentioned. Happily, he's not leaving us completely but will continue his Biblio-Files column. However, he is leaving the job of editor.

During Tom's tenure, I never got a copy of the Grapevine which bored me. Neither did I see a copy that was unattractive physically"for layout, pictures, variety. Stories were readable, a fact which speaks well of the writers, but also speaks of Tom's skill in enhancing by editing. He has been a very good editor, and I hope his departure will not signal a decline in the quality of the Grapevine.

In addition, though you may not know it, Tom is largely responsible for the Grapevine's existence. In the summer of 1992, a district money crunch resulted in suspension of Grapevine publication. Tom refused to think of the suspension as permanent. He got together with Stan Flandi, and they came up with a list of potential independent campus sources for money. They took up the case for the Grapevine, were successful, and in October, 1993, publication of the newsletter began again.

It's good to know that Tom's not abandoning us entirely, and if somebody tells you Tom's a scoundrel and a scalawag, say it isn't so.



Retired But Still Busy

Emily Duggan-Zouhar

Neither 1994 retirement nor her recent designation by the GCCCD Board as professor emerita has persuaded Emilie Duggan-Zouhar that it's time to become inactive.

The emerita status was awarded in recognition of her 27 years of distinguished service as a member of the GC faculty. During that time she was Vocational Education chair for nine years, and coordinator of Family and Consumer Studies for 18 years.

Though she's not as busy as before retirement, she's not spending her time reading novels and eating chocolates. For example, last month she went to Atlanta, Georgia, for a conference of the American Society on Aging, which drew 3,000 participants. She was there to participate in an "Idea Exchange," to tell of the Grossmont-directed experimental "Kids and Seniors Together" program in which individual volunteers are paired with elementary school pupils for several afternoons weekly, for tutoring and companionship, mostly the latter. Also participating in the discussion were Ann Daluiso, current coordinator of Family and Consumer Studies, and Pat Metzgar, KAST program coordinator.

Emilie also is vice chairman of the La Mesa Commission on Aging and an ambassador for the La Mesa Chamber of Commerce, representing the chamber at business and community events.

She has no plans for slowing down.

Biblio-Files



by Tom Scanlan

Before I discuss some books I hope you'll enjoy, I'd like to encourage all of you to write or call in comments on your favorite books and/or your reaction to books reviewed in this column. Write to me at 1654 View Way, El Cajon, CA 92020, or call (619) 447-3934.

T.C. Boyle's [The Road to Wellville](#) (Viking, 1993) is an irreverent comic satire of a nutrition and fitness resort for the wealthy actually operated by cereal millionaire Kellogg in Battle Creek, Michigan, around the turn of the century. Some of you may have seen the 1994 book-based film, starring Anthony Hopkins, but the book is much better. Boyle is not only very funny but provides some fascinating historical insights into the cereal business, the fierce competition between Kellogg and Post, and the bizarre nutrition and fitness fads of those times.

Another satire, very funny at times but the humor gets progressively darker, is Fay Weldon's [The Life and Loves of a She-Devil](#) (Pantheon, 1983). The story details the ingenious if far-fetched revenge of a mistreated British housewife on her philandering husband. It will appeal to any reader, male or female, regardless of your stance on women's liberation. As with Boyle's book, you'll find yourself laughing out loud in places, yet totally absorbed in the story's many twists and turns.

Another book of the same vintage and also by a British writer is J.G. Ballard's [Empire of the Sun](#) (Simon & Schuster, 1984). The story is a fictionalized autobiographical account of Ballard as a young English school boy, overly fascinated with airplanes, who was separated from his parents during the panic of the Japanese invasion of Shanghai during World War II. Most of the story tells how he coped with the hardships of internment in a concentration camp. Some of you may have seen Spielberg's film version of the book released in 1987. Incidentally, just a few years ago Ballard wrote a sequel, *The Kindness of Women* (which doesn't match the quality of *Empire...*), which you might want to read if you're curious about whatever happened to this unusual kid after the war's end.

For those of you who enjoyed Jane Smiley's [A Thousand Acres](#) (reviewed last time), you might want to read Jane Hamilton's [A Map of the World](#) (Doubleday, 1994). A young couple with children trying to make a new life as "outsiders" on a small midwestern dairy farm suddenly have to cope with a tragedy that eventually changes all their lives. The setting is rendered marvelously, and you'll find yourself caring deeply for these people.

Friends' First Visit in 50 Years-And Their Last

by Pat Higgins

For Lee Engelhorn, retired GC geography instructor, October will be a month of gladness and sadness. Gladness will be remembering October, 1994, when he saw a close wartime friend for the first time in more than 50 years. Sadness will be knowing that reunion was the last.



Engelhorn at 19



Engelhorn now

Engelhorn and Manly Cottongim, with their spouses, spent an October week together in Albuquerque, N.M., reminiscing and exchanging stories about what the

years had brought since the two men parted at Sioux Falls, S.D., in 1943.

Lee and Manly met in 1943 when both were assigned to an Army Air Corps communications school at Sioux Falls. Lee, originally from North Dakota, had lived in California before being drafted; Cottongim was an Oklahoman. They hit it off immediately, and the bond was strengthened by the fact that both were musicians. They found some other musicians and formed an orchestra, which played for dances at the base and surrounding area. Lee played tenor sax and Manly was pianist. Then, a few months later, their training was finished and, as usual in the military, they went their separate ways. Despite good intentions to keep in touch, they lost track of each other.

Lee flew as a radio operator and turret operator on a B-24 bomber assigned to a base in Italy. Combat ended for him in August, 1944, while the aircraft was returning from a mission against the Mazel aircraft plant, then producing the first operational jet planes for Germany. The B-24 was attacked by German fighter planes, while flying at 21,000 feet. Two crewmen were killed. Lee caught a piece of shrapnel from a 50 mm. cannon in the abdomen, but managed to bail out, landing high in the Austrian Alps. For 18 days, using emergency maps, he made his way toward the Swiss border, surviving on what he could forage from orchards along the way. Then some children spotted him in an orchard and told police.

He was taken into custody. Then, with two big men he assumed to be hospital orderlies holding him down, a German doctor, using no anesthetic, cleaned his wound and removed the shrapnel. That done, Engelhorn was shipped off to a prison camp near the Baltic Sea in what is now Poland. He got no more medical attention, except from a British prisoner who had a piece of alum—the same material used in styptic pencils to close razor nicks. The Britisher came occasionally and applied alum to help close the wound.

Not until last October's reunion did Lee learn that Manly also had been a B-24 radio operator, had also been shot down on a mission from his base in England and been a prisoner in the same prison camp at the same time as Lee. They were in different sections of the camp, so their paths never crossed.

As the war neared its end and the Russians were advancing, the Germans decided to take some prisoners south. So on February 6, 1945, hundreds, including Engelhorn, began what became known as the "black march," 600 miles in 82 days, heading west first, then south.

"We were given a cup of soup, mainly water, every three or four days," Lee says. "But otherwise we picked up small potatoes, called pig potatoes because they were used for pig feed, sugar beets, grass—anything that would go down." Eleven of the first 30 days the marchers got nothing from their captors.

Then the Germans decided "for reasons not shared with their captives" to turn

around and head back north. The march ended near Halle, Germany, on the Elbe River. When the war ended and the prisoners were liberated by the U.S. 104th Infantry Division, Lee weighed 100 pounds, down 75 from his normal weight. It took several months of adequate eating before he was back to 175.

After leaving the Army, Lee went back to North Dakota and its state university where he got his bachelor's degree in 1950, and his master's degree in 1956. He moved to Minnesota for a time, then decided he'd return to California. He started his teaching in Sun Valley in the Los Angeles area. Later he heard from a friend that Grossmont College was in the works, so he applied and was chosen to be among the founding faculty, starting in 1961. He retired in 1990.

Cottongim, meanwhile, had returned to Oklahoma where he started a lumber supply store. That grew into more, and he became a furniture manufacturer. Last summer, Lee became aware of an organization called American Ex-POWs, and he joined. His name as a new member appeared in the next issue of the organizations' magazine. Manly, already a member, saw Lee's name and phoned.

"I was shocked, we both were shocked," Lee recalls. Despite his shock, Lee was able to say yes to a reunion in Albuquerque, where the POW organization would be having its annual convention.

That October week was spent talking, savoring the memory of the time at Sioux Falls and closing the information gap of 50 years. By any criterion it was a week to remember.

In November, Manly suffered a heart attack. He rallied and seemed on the way to recovery. But when Lee called shortly after Christmas to check, Manly's wife said he wasn't well, and didn't seem to have much interest in anything.

Lee has an extensive jazz collection, so he said he'd make a tape and send it as therapy for his friend. He sent the tape, and a few days later phoned to see if it had arrived. It had, but Manly hadn't listened to it. He'd already left to audition an angel trumpeter.

Editor's Note: Scouller, former Telecommunications instructor, now lives in Tucson, Arizona. He and his wife, Joan, are sophisticated and observant travelers. They recently visited Hong Kong for the fourth time.

Seeing Old Hong Kong Before It's Gone

by Don Scouller

Joan and I have been in Southeast Asia several times. Obviously, we found travel there an enriching experience, mainly, I think because it is changing so

rapidly from Western European colonial dominance into what I believe will be the dominant power center of the 21st century.

This was our fourth visit, and we decided to shun the usual tourist traps and see the city as the residents do. On other trips, this had been a midpoint stop en route elsewhere. This time we wanted to slow down and see this remarkable place in greater depth. On July 1, 1997, Hong Kong will become part of The Peoples Republic of China, an empire of sub-nations 1.2 billion persons strong. But this tiny enclave has been under British control since 1848, and this tiny fishing village has grown to support more than six million people in a space about the size of the San Diego area, not the county, just the city. Only 13 percent of the land is level to build on, so it has some unique structural problems. The solution has been to build vertically. My impression is that there are more buildings over 25 stories high in Hong Kong than in any other city of the world, and I saw no new construction less than 12 stories. It helps that there is no record of an earthquake in modern times.

We found a very modern hotel, The Regency, in Kowloon. The water is potable, and the standards of hygiene are generally better than Spain, Italy and rural France. If you go to hotel restaurants, expect to pay \$12-15, U.S., for a continental breakfast, and up from there. We went to McDonald's, and for about the same cost as in Tucson had good coffee, ham, eggs, pancakes and muffins. We also went across the street from our pricey hotel to a local noodle shop where we explored all sorts of strange pasta with pork, beef, fish, crab and pigs feet dishes served in a bowl with chopsticks. We watched the locals, tried to emulate their dexterous chopstick maneuvers, and laughed a lot as we spilled noodles and meat on our table.

All our adventures were self-directed. We used the services of the Tourist Board, studied the copious literature, then went by local trolley, bus, boat, or on foot with clearly outlined walking tours.

We went to Lantau Island, to the Po Lin Monastery, a serene place dominated by a 112-foot-high, 250-ton bronze statue of Buddha on an adjacent peak. There was one exception"our guided tour to the so-called "New Territory," an area leased from China for 99 years. We went right to the border, to a checkpoint like "Checkpoint Charlie" of recent Berlin history. This is contiguous with Canton Province and is favored by enterprising smugglers, who do a surprisingly open business with the emerging capitalistic-communists.

We went to the food markets, as busy and interesting as any in the world, everything fresh and the meat/fish/fowl recently killed. Unlike most such markets, we didn't see a fly. The sanitation standards are based on British levels, which are higher than ours in some aspects.

Western colonialism has passed, and the days of Anglo-European/American power and privilege are gone. If you want to bet a preview of a future few of us will live

to see, go to Hong Kong and step off the tourist routes. But don't forget to do some shopping while you're there.

`Black Box' Going, New Stagehouse Theatre Coming



The Grossmont College Theatre Arts Department's "black box" is soon to become history when a new Stagehouse Theatre is completed about the end of May. The "black box" shell at the rear of the Drama-Journalism-Tele-communications Building, which looks like it would be a fine hangar for a small blimp, has been used for classes since 1988, when the old 80-seat theatre was abandoned.

Now the "black box" will become the audience area for the new theatre and will seat 140, facing the stage being built on the building's south wall.

The old theater space will be retained, including rooms for designs, costumes and other support facilities, as will the small lab theatre still in use.

Included in the \$1.3 million project, which began last October, is an elevator to the building's second floor. There has been no access to the second floor for physically-impaired students, and over the years classes scheduled for the second floor had to be transferred to first floor rooms in other buildings to accommodate those students.

Department Chair Henry Jordan said the period from May until the start of fall semester will be devoted to what he likens to a shakedown cruise, as the staff prepares the facility for regular use.

A gala day is scheduled for Monday, August 28, when students, former students and the public will be invited to celebrate the new theatre. Former students expected to attend include Robert Hayes, of film and TV fame; David Leisure of TV's "Empty Nest" and Hal Clement, Channel 8 news anchor.

The new theatre will open in the fall with "You Can't Take It With You," followed in the fall and spring by "The Secret Garden," "Getting Out," "A Trip to Bountiful," and "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Bountiful" will star Katherine Faulconer, in what may be her last appearance on a Grossmont Stage. In addition to being an accomplished actress, Katherine also has been a part-time drama instructor for 16 years, and she plans to retire at the end of the 1995-96 school year.

Season or single-performance tickets are available from the Theatre Arts box office on the Grossmont College campus.

Distant Retirees Find Life After California

There is life after California as a number of GCCCD retirees have demonstrated by moving from the Golden State to spend their leisure years. Leisure probably isn't the best word to describe the years"many retirees seem about as busy as they were while here, but their time is not as scheduled as in duty days.

We asked some of those who moved out of state about what had prompted their move and how things had turned out.

Farthest from California among the retirees is **WILLARD (DEL) DELLEGAR** who lives in Lillian, a one-traffic-light-city in Southeast Alabama, a few miles west of Pensacola, Florida. For Del and his family the decision was good.

"We researched several areas, including Hawaii, Oregon, Washington State, Costa Rica and this part of Alabama. My son lived in Birmingham, Alabama, for a time, and we used to spend the holidays with his family, so I had the opportunity of looking closely at this area," Del said.

"Not many people outside this area realize that for several miles, from Mobile to Pensacola a stretch of the loveliest pure white sand beach along the Gulf of Mexico can be found. We are about eight miles north of the beach and bordering on a large bay called Perdido Bay that empties into the Gulf.

"We built our brick, 2,000-square-foot, two car garage in a development called Spanish Cove, along with about 1,200 other damn Yankees from all over.

"My wife, Charlotte, and I keep busy with teaching bridge, running a Duplicate Bridge club, publishing a monthly 12-page newsletter, being active in local politics, joining local environmental groups and trying to keep our garden from getting away from us . . . property taxes under \$200, and I pay more income tax to California STRS than I do the state of Alabama."

Others also seem to have found happy homes in states near and far.

IMA JO BURGREN, Sequim (Skwim) Washington: "We left California in 1979 . . .

Our reasons for leaving are varied. Primarily we were looking for cleaner air, less crime and less population. Also, we have a daughter and her family living in Kent, WA, which is about two hours by car and less by ferry.

"The Olympic Peninsula where we live is one of the most beautiful areas of the West. . . . Bill and I enjoy camping, fishing and traveling. We have a small motorhome and belong to three R.V. clubs. We enjoy our trips to California, as we still; have a son and daughter and grandchildren in the San Diego area."

BETTY CROFT, Sun City West, Arizona: "We moved to Northern Arizona in 1980 to be near our daughter and her family, and to assist them in starting their business venture. When that was accomplished, we looked around and found that Sun City West (near Phoenix) offered a lifestyle that would be a good one for us. With so many activities available, we can be as busy (or not) as we choose. Along the way I have become an enthusiastic quilter. You mentioned memories of Grossmont. Mine are very pleasant, both of the time spent and the people with whom I worked."

NORMA JOHNSON, Jerome, Idaho: "My husband, Hank, had a dream ever since he was moved as a child with his family to Southern California"that was some day to return to the Pacific Northwest. He was born in Montana, and spent his early childhood there. So after we both retired, we made the move.

"The most important benefit of living in Idaho is the hunting and fishing are so close for my husband, and he doesn't have to pay the exorbitant Idaho non-resident hunting and fishing license fees. Another, unplanned, benefit for us is that it places us midway between our two children and their families. One lives in Orlando, Florida, and the other in Fairbanks, Alaska. We visit back and forth often enough to remember what we all look like.

"My good memories of my years at Grossmont College are endless, and I won't attempt to enumerate them in this note. But my fondest memories are of all my wonderful G.C. friends I left behind. Even after almost nine years of retirement, my mind and heart return to so many I hold dear."

MARY MITCHELL, Milwaukie, Oregon: "At that time in Oregon (1982), one did not have to stand in line at the post office or bank. When making business phone calls, one wasn't instantly put on hold. People were easy going, relaxed and pleasant. Now 13 years later, Portland voters have passed Proposition 5, similar to Prop. 13 in California. And, as in San Diego, fees for public permits, fines and services have shot up to ridiculous heights. The EPA is running wild with regulations, and one must expect to wait in lines, be put on hold and often navigate Southern California-type traffic. Contractors are buying up all the lovely small productive farm lands in our suburb. Apartment complexes and houses are mushrooming all over the landscape. Some are grotesque, huge copycat houses with vaulted ceilings so that one can freeze to death in style. Still, the populace here is much less frenetic than in Southern California. Drivers and clerks are polite. People love their homes and

gardens. There is much less crime.

"I am still very interested in what is going on in San Diego. YEA CHARGERS!
YEA, DENNIS CONNER!"

JANE SPOONER, Tucson Arizona: "I fell under the spell of the Sonoran desert in 1953, bought four acres (with house) in 1954. When I went to Grossmont in '62, I kept the property, knowing that somehow, some day, I would return. So here I am building a third house"this one rising where the old one stood. Returning to Tucson had little to do with pros and cons and rational thought. My fascination with the history, geography, flora and fauna has never dimmed. Here is where I need to be. "Having Don and Joan Scouller living nearby is a plus beyond price. Not only do I see them fairly regularly, but I've had the pleasure of sharing, for a day or an evening, some of their guests from Grossmont. I'm hoping that my house, after completion in late spring, will be a visiting place for all old friends who come our way."

More Reports Next Issue.



PASSING

Irene Denham

Irene (Denny) Denham, Grossmont College retiree, died March 29 in San Marcos. She was employed at Grossmont in Data Processing.

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