

Nearly Forty Retirees Attend President's BBQ

Grossmont College's President's Barbeque, which kicked off the fall semester, was attended by an unusually large number of retirees. The barbeque was held in the 500 Building Quad at noon on Monday, August 18. Attendees enjoyed a variety of Mexican food including barbequed chicken and all the makings for tacos. A long tented area shielded them from the warm August sun while they renewed acquaintances and met new friends over lunch. There was also an opportunity to see new buildings and facilities that may not have been completed when some of these retirees were last on campus.

Retirees attending included Adrienne Adams, Don Anderson, Nancy Blazovic, Bill Bradley, Alan Campbell, Dennis Collins, Gay Cox, Judy DeLong, Roberta Eddins, Val Eskridge, Art Fitzner, Stan Flandi, Bill Gillespie, Bill Givens, David Glismann, Connie Halterman, Jack Holleran, Cheryl Hooks, Marie James, Rick Kirby, Rob Larson, Marilyn Marshall, Mike Matherly, Joe McMenamain, Erv Metzgar, Ken Nobilette, Ed Olsen, Ben Newkirk, Chuck Park, Ray Resler, Glynn Rowbotham, Bob Rump, Rosalind Scott, Joanne Silva, Richard Winn, Elaine Wolfe, and Irene Zens. These retirees were signed up to attend; others may also have attended.



Stephen Harvey, the college photographer, being photographed with Dr. Sunny Cooke, Grossmont College President.



Joe Braunwarth, Political Science instructor, busy at preparing some of the delicious meat at the barbeque.

Grapevine Needs a New Editor



Tom Scanlan will be retiring from this newsletter editor's job following the March 2009 issue. Bob Steinbach plans to stay on for a while as assistant editor and Driftwood columnist, and the newsletter will continue to receive the

expert and creative help from creative services and the two district photographers. Tom will assist whoever takes over the editorship during the transition phase. Editing requires no special computer skills other than knowing how to use a word processor, such as MSWord or MSOffice, and being able to send and receive e-mail. Layout and printing is done completely at the college. If you'd like to try your hand at editing a small newsletter that has only three issues each year, please contact Tom Scanlan, by e-mail at tom.scanlan@gccd.edu or by phone at 619-447-3934. The district currently pays a small stipend for each issue.

Just a reminder to all of you retirees: Every month on the second Tuesday at 9 a.m., you can join other retirees at a very informal breakfast at Denny's on Navajo Rd. and Fletcher Parkway. There's no program; just good food, good service, and chance to renew acquaintances with folks you worked with at Grossmont or Cuyamaca College. ts

Editor's Comments

by Bob Steinbach



I found myself in a blue funk the other day because of my inability to keep up with the features of the electronic tools I have at my finger tips. I used to pat myself on the back because my VCR actually gave me the time of day instead of flashing 12:00 even though I bought the VCR to play videos, not to add a clock to the house. Then I discovered that the correct time on the clock was important if I wanted to record a program while away from home. It took a couple of tries, but I can now successfully program a recording session.

On my computer, I can use WORD to compose and print letters and do a mail-merge for my Christmas envelopes, but the menus and tabs across the top of the screen hint at styles, outlining, art, drop caps, formats, effects, citations, tables, indices and captions that lie fallow before me.

My GPS is a handy tool to help me drive from one location to another. I can even ask it to find nearby restaurants, gas stations, parks or points of interest no matter where I am – cool. But I also know that lurking in its innards is the ability to get traffic and weather advisories, play music through my car radio and go hands-free on my cell phone using something called Blue Tooth.

And don't get me started on cell phones. The manual says I can adjust the

ring to a unique sound for each caller. Text messaging is barely within my grasp. The little spot of glass tells me there's a camera in there. I take comfort in the small victories – I have managed to fetch my voice mail. It used to take me three tries, but now I can do it the first time. When I fetch my voice mail, each menu presents additional signposts to unexplored worlds. Our daughter's cell phone rang the other day and neither Virginia nor I could answer it – we didn't know what to do with the touch screen.

Whatever the tool, if I take time to explore and learn a particular feature, I have forgotten the steps in the procedure by the time I would like to use the feature again. Once I actually had WORD create an index for a large document; I'm in no mood to try again. Voice dialing on my cell phone is a trick that has now escaped me.

All this power sits around me, bought and paid for, and unused. Do I feel cheated? Not really. I would pay the same price just to get the power that I use, so it's not the financial loss. What is it? I guess it makes me feel inadequate, and that's depressing.

Cheer up, Bob: Have you read every book in your library? Have you driven on every road in San Diego County? Visited every National Park? How many cable channels do you REALLY watch? Can you carry on an intelligent philosophical conversation with Paul Wheatcroft? Does it really matter?

And it's not all bad. I regularly use the alarm feature of my cell phone to remind me to pick up a grandchild, move a sprinkler, head for the dentist/doctor or

get ready for something. Using what little I know, I have easily assembled words, pictures and video that elegantly, if I do say so myself, celebrate anniversaries and birthdays or document adventures, travel, weddings, reunions, births and so forth, using print, PowerPoint, CD and DVD media.

I enjoy the challenges of learning new things that I find useful and reluctantly take a miss on those that fail to rise to the proper benefit/effort ratio.



Retirees, We Need Your Help



Grossmont College will be fifty years old in less than three years. A project is underway to produce a history of the college from its beginning in 1961 to its fiftieth anniversary in 2011. The history will include a variety of media and documentation. Many of you probably have stories to tell and photographs or videos from the earlier years of Grossmont College. The group working on this project would welcome any such resources that you can make available to them.

The person and office to contact with your submissions is Rick Griffin, at the Office of College & Community Relations. You can mail material to:

Office of College & Community Relations
Grossmont College
8800 Grossmont College Drive
El Cajon, CA 92020-1799

You can e-mail digital media (documents, photos, etc.) to rick.griffin@gcccd.edu

You can also contact his office by phone at (619) 644-7840 or forward material to his office by FAX at (619) 644-7090.

All documents and photos should be dated and clearly labeled. Because this project will be ongoing for several years and material will be collected from a variety of sources, the material you submit will not be returned. Consequently, if you mail any items, please keep your originals and send copies, unless you don't mind parting with the original.

To the extent possible, all submissions that will become a part of the Grossmont College history project will be attributed to the person who provided them. ts

The Grapevine is a free newspaper for retirees of Cuyamaca and Grossmont Colleges, published three times yearly. The GCCCD Grapevine is also available on the District Web site at www.gcccd.edu/retirees/grapevine.htm

Editor: *Tom Scanlan* Co-Editor: *Bob Steinbach*
Desktop Production and Layout: *Sirkka Huovila*
Photography: *Stephen Harvey (Grossmont) and Phu Nguyen (Cuyamaca)*

To submit news items, articles or photographs of interest to GCCCD retirees, mail them to:

The Grapevine
Grossmont-Cuyamaca or email to:
Community College District tom.scanlan@gcccd.edu
8800 Grossmont College Drive
El Cajon, CA 92020

The Grapevine is published in November, March, and July. Deadline for submission is the 10th of the month before publication.

Retirees Share Grossmont History following President's BBQ

On Monday, August 18th, a flex week presentation, "Grossmont College: A Personal Retrospective," focused on the personal retrospective of Grossmont College retirees. These retirees shared personal stories about Grossmont as a way of presenting a history of the college. The following retirees participated: Joanne Prescott, Erv Metzgar, Ray Resler, Mike Matherly, Shannon O'Dunn, and Gay Cox. Ernie Ewin of the GC Foundation also participated with a former student's perspective.

The session was well attended by over 40 people and was held in Room 220 on campus following the President's BBQ. Academic Senate President Chris Hill initiated and helped organize the event along with retirees Shannon O'Dunn and Joanne Prescott. Chris mentioned that she's since received a number of comments about how enjoyable the presentation was. She indicated that this might become a regular session during future flex weeks and would certainly be an appropriate event for the college's fiftieth anniversary in 2011. ts



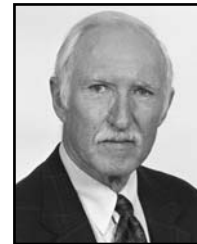
Chris Hill
Academic Senate President
Organizer



Gay Cox
Retiree/PE Dept.



Mike Matherly
Retiree/Geography



Erv Metzgar
Retiree/Former GC
President



Shannon O'Dunn
Retiree/Dean,
Comm/Fine Arts



Joanne Prescott
Retiree/Counselor



Ray Resler
Retiree/Geology



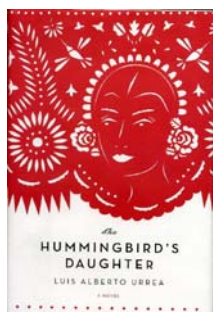
Ernie Ewin
GC Foundation
Executive Director

Biblio-files

by Tom Scanlan



The Hummingbird's Daughter, Luis Alberto Urrea (Little Brown, 2005) ***



Once again, I'm recommending a book to you that was first recommended to me by one of my daughters. It's a fictionalized historical novel that was written after

much research over a period of twenty years by an accomplished writer, Luis Urrea, the great nephew of the protagonist of this story. Born in Tijuana, he is an American Book Award winner and a poet who now teaches writing. The writing is authentically Mexican and knowing some colloquial Spanish might add to your enjoyment of this book. The language is raw at times, much like the language spoken today in parts of rural Mexico, or for that matter in most other countries by their less gentrified citizens.

The story takes place in the late nineteenth century, a time of great poverty and government corruption and oppression in Mexico under Presidente

General Porfirio Díaz. The story focuses on the remarkable life of Terresita, the illegitimate daughter of a Yaqui woman and a wealthy and influential rancher, Don Tomas Urrea. He eventually takes the child into his household, a large sprawling ranch complex in northern Mexico. Terresita is raised and taught there by an elderly woman who delivers babies and is known as a healer. There is an element of magical realism in the story because Terresita soon becomes more gifted than her teacher and is capable of performing miraculous feats. I'm generally not too fond of the genre known as 'magical

Biblio-files, cont. on p. 4



Driftwood

by Bob Steinbach

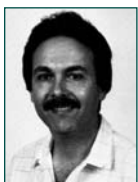
Snippets of gossip that have been burnished by friends and washed up on the Grapevine desk.



Pat Higgins' widow, Mary Ellen, has sold her house and moved to Oregon to be near a daughter.



Court Bovee writes, "Greetings to all my former colleagues. I'm currently living in Carlsbad, although I spend time at my homes in Las Vegas and Montreal



when I can get away. I continue to write five textbooks for Pearson Prentice Hall. Two years ago I co-founded a military gear manufacturing company in Oceanside with a service-disabled veteran, which gives me opportunities to travel throughout the world. I just turned 64 but have no plans to retire any time soon." (Court taught in the Business Division from 1968 to 1991. He can be reached at courtbovee@globaltacticalsolutions.com



Emilie Zouhar has been on the go with "numerous trips with the whole family over the past few years - eastern

Europe (Croatia and Slovenia the favorites.)" An extended family group of 19 hired a bus when they toured Costa Rica. China is coming up in November.



Tom Scanlan and Rosemarie celebrated 50 years of marriage with a family trip to Hawaii (see article on Page 5).

Hazel Lynch died October 8, ten years after her husband Jack, an English professor at Grossmont College, died. Those of you who knew Jack may have also known Hazel, and some of you may remember her as the switchboard operator at Grossmont College during some of its early years. You can find her obituary in the October 18 issue of the San Diego Union Tribune.

Biblio-files, cont. from p. 4

realism' but it is a minor element in this story. The history and the characters and the setting are what make this book so compelling. It is a rustic if raunchy journey through rural northern Mexico at a time when it was ripe for revolution.

Word of Terrsita's magical healing powers soon spread and hundreds of pilgrims flock to Tomas Urrea's large hacienda in Cabora, where he was forced to move from his original ranch because he feared government harrassment. Terresita becomes known as the Saint of Cabora. She not only appeals to the sick and the poor but also to the oppressed, which includes the Indian tribes of the region. Her power over these people becomes an increasing concern to the central government in Mexico who fear that she may turn them against the government and incite a revolution. The Catholic Church also feels threatened and brands her a heretic.

As her influence continues to grow, the government finally sends troops to Urrea's hacienda to either arrest or kill Terresita. In the meantime, her allies, including the Indians, prepare to fight the government troops in order to save Terresita, who is not only apolitical but preaches nonviolence. The story's ending might surprise you but it will not disappoint you.



Tom and Rosemarie Scanlan's 50th wedding anniversary vacation in Maui. Top, family dinner; Right: beautiful Napili Kai scenery.

Digital Driftwood: Pictures from Retirees



Maui Revisited-Celebrating Our Golden Anniversary

by Tom Scanlan

We planned on celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary with our entire family but couldn't decide between a cruise or a week in Hawaii. Both had plenty of activities for us older folks and our young grandchildren. We even considered combining the two with a cruise to Hawaii, but that involved more time than some family members could spare. We finally decided to return to Napili Kai, a small resort on Napili Bay on Maui that we had visited in the fall of 1993. We remembered such a good time there. The resort had so much to offer that we rarely left it during our week stay. A lovely, secluded beach, palm trees everywhere, good snorkeling, lots of swimming pools, two putting greens, a fabulous restaurant and bar, and the rooms and views were all outstanding. We vowed to return again but never anticipated that fifteen years would pass before we did.

Our wedding anniversary was August 23, too late in the summer for some of our grandkids who'd be starting school by then, so we booked accommodations for our family and ourselves in early August. We flew Hawaiian Air direct to Maui, delighted with their service and that they still served hot meals at no extra charge. Our youngest daughter, Ali, her husband Blaine and their children Alex and Charlotte arrived at the resort via inter-island flight just hours after we did. Our oldest daughter, Karen, and her daughter Shelby arrived that same afternoon. Her husband Mark stayed in Oklahoma with their two-year-old son Thomas and worked on his book and university lectures. Consequently, there were only eight of us, a very manageable size when it came to dining and sharing activities.

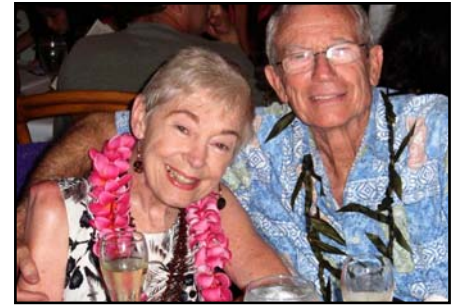
We were delighted to find that the resort hadn't changed much since we'd last visited. The restaurant still had marvelous food and lots of variety, though prices had jumped a bit. The dance floor between the restaurant and bar that we'd enjoyed together those evenings in 1993 had been sacrificed for additional restaurant seating. August weather was warmer and more humid than our 1993 visit and we missed those nightly autumn rains that began so suddenly near sunset and moved gently through in just minutes. These warmer days were tempered by late afternoon and

evening breezes and we did experience one significant rain. That was the evening we'd chosen to eat outside on the restaurant patio. A typical Hawaiian rain, it didn't last long enough to force us inside.

Our daughters attended craft and cultural activities each morning with their children while Rosemarie and I slept in as late as we could without missing breakfast. Our breakfasts were huge because we always enjoyed a short stack of their scrumptious, fruit-topped pancakes with whatever else we had, usually an omelet. It was nearly lunchtime each day before we finished our third cup of Kona coffee so we rarely ate lunch. That left our afternoons free to try the pools, spend time at the beach or do some shopping at one of the local towns. Rosemarie and I didn't bother to visit many of the tourist attractions elsewhere on the island because we'd done that on previous visits with our children. The drive up to the summit of Haleakala volcano or over to the Hana side of Maui, trips no tourist should miss, could take most of a day. Why leave our garden paradise and lovely, secluded beach?

The evenings were our favorite times. We usually sat outside on our ocean view lanai before dinner and watched the light fade and the two islands of Lanai and Molokai slowly darken. The lights from apartments and condos across the bay would begin to flicker on and shimmer off the bay. Then the sound of conch-blowing announced the nightly ceremony; a handsome young native would run by with a torch, lighting the dozens of tiki-torches lining the front of our units, the restaurant and all along the beach. That was our signal to finish our rum coke and join our family at the restaurant to share tales of our day's activities.

Our last evening on Maui was celebrated with Champagne and the oft-told story of how Rosemarie and I had met. It's a long story but here's an abbreviated version. We met at the annual beach party held at Scripps Institution of Oceanography in San Diego. I was working as a student technician on Scripps' research ships that summer and had just returned from a month-long scientific cruise in the Gulf of California. While at the beach party, I noticed this beautiful, slim blonde whom I guessed must surely be a wealthy La



Jolla heiress. I introduced myself to her when I saw that she was about to leave with her family. That was out of character for me but I'd been enjoying free keg beer all afternoon with the other student techs. This was all too apparent to her but she told me her name and where she was staying, probably thinking she'd never hear from me again.

As it turned out, she almost didn't, because I forgot her last name and only vaguely remembered the next morning that the place where she was staying had a nautical name. It took several phone calls before I found the right motel and the clerk was able to deduce her last name from the approximation I gave him. To my utter delight (and surprise), she'd left a forwarding telephone number! The following evening we set out on our first date, but only after an hour's long grilling from her parents and the relatives they were now visiting. For a week, I showed her around my favorite places in La Jolla and San Diego until she flew home to Long Island, NY.

I returned shortly to the University of New Mexico to resume my studies but we corresponded daily until I transferred to the University of Maryland the following spring. Then Rosemarie and I saw each other on weekends as often as we could. We married at the end of that summer and two days later packed all of our belongings into our 1956 Ford convertible and drove back out to California. When we arrived in San Diego, our first stop was La Jolla Cove, just south of the beach where we had met the year before. That little beach at the Cove that greeted us when we arrived in California may have something to do with why we love Maui. Our first days together at La Jolla's beaches certainly started something pretty wonderful. Since then we've always enjoyed spending time at the beach together—and Maui has some of the best.

Readers Write



Peggy Paul writes:

Bob, while I was sorry to learn that Tom is retiring as editor of the GCCCD Grapevine, I am happy that you will remain—at least for a time. As is usual, I enjoyed the latest issue, including the bit I had submitted about Les Phillips' recent visit to Olathe.

The photo of the Pleasure Faire flyer certainly brought back old memories. In March 1972, I was promoted from Certificated Payroll Clerk in the Personnel Office to Secretary in the Evening Division Office.

Walt Yuhl had left the Evening Division to assume duties as Assistant Superintendent in the District Office and Jay Richen, speech instructor, was named interim Dean until Dr. John Fiedler was chosen as the new Dean of Evening Division. Jay was, at the time, working on that spring's Renaissance Faire—later renamed Pleasure Faire after threats of a lawsuit from another Renaissance Faire somewhere in the country. I would guess that the photo in this issue might have been from 1973, the second year that the Faire ran, but could have been from the first one in 1972. Those Faires were a lot of work, but a lot of fun

as well. By the way, a Renaissance Festival is held not far from Olathe each Sept/Oct in Bonner Springs, Kansas.

I've heard it said that "once a secretary, always a secretary" and I guess it's true. I have served as secretary to a nonprofit support group here since a few months after I retired in Dec 1990. My daughter Julie, who worked with Chuck Seymour in the Health Office as a Work Study student before moving to Olathe, was diagnosed at age 31 with Alpha 1 Antitrypsin Deficiency, or genetic emphysema, and

Readers Write, cont. on p. 8

Guess Who

by Mary Ann Beverly (answers are posted at the Grapevine homepage and in the next issue of Grapevine)



Guest #1

"Anchors Away my Lad, Anchors Away...." This was the theme song which resounded in the air when this retiree served his Country. He did not make the Navy his career; instead, he went on for higher learning. He found his "niche" in the educational system. He eventually became one of our earlier presidents at Grossmont College. He is a gentleman who likes the finer things in life and showed it in his demeanor, one with class. He had an ear for classical music, an eye for fine art with respect and admiration for the classic ballet. He and his classical looking wife make a fine couple and worthy of representing our institution and faculty members. GUESS WHO?



Guest #2

As a very young woman, it was thought that this charmer was destined to become a long distance, heavy-duty truck driver. At the early age of eight she could drive and maneuver a tractor. By the age of ten she could handle a hydraulic-lift wheat truck. However, she was blessed by Wakan Tanka, a Great American Indian Spirit, who guided her into education. Forty-two years ago, she taught 5th Grade. After a Masters Degree at ASU, she joined the Phoenix College faculty. After finishing her Ph.D. courses with a Ford Foundation Grant, she took a research faculty position at UCSD and decided not to write her dissertation. Thirty-seven years ago, she came to Grossmont College and fell in love. GUESS WHO?



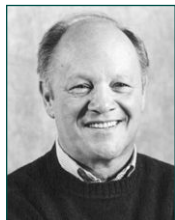
Guest #3

This man of words, not the Holy Word but the words of literature and textbooks, this "book worm," (I say this lovingly) came to Grossmont College two months earlier than any of the faculty members who started there when it was at Monte Vista high school. He became an official greeter for these ambitious and wonderful "pioneers" who helped build this great institution of learning. Because of his background and love for books, he decided that he and the faculty members needed a larger room for their meetings instead of meeting at a Restaurant called Henry Langhorst. Naturally the staff wanted a place to relax and let all their intellectual thoughts be heard, so he was elected to help build such a place. Since the school was just beginning, he and other members of this new faculty visited many, many bookstores, gathered books of all disciplines and accepted any donated books. For him, this was what was needed to build this special room. The very first faculty members of Grossmont College are still remembered fondly for their dedication to building this VERY SPECIAL SCHOOL OF LEARNING, with a great big THANK YOU TO THE BOOKMAN. GUESS WHO?

Obituaries



*I play my final note for thee,
Oh... may it sing eternally. ts*



**Robert Anders
"Bud" Emile**
Grossmont College,
Music Dept.
1964-1975

Dr. Robert "Bud"

Emile died of complications from Parkinson's disease Sept. 12 at a hospice in Lincoln, Neb. Dr. Emile was born Nov. 15, 1927, in Brooklyn, N.Y., to Anders and Thordis Judith Emile.

He taught at Grossmont College from 1964 to 1975. "He could conduct; he could play; he could teach. . . . He could give a lecture on any subject in music at the drop of a hat. We lost a lot when he left town. Thousands of students were affected positively by his teaching. That's a good legacy to leave," said longtime friend Charles MacLeod, another retiree and an outstanding clarinetist from Grossmont College's music department. Bud left San Diego in 1975 and later became conductor of the Lincoln Symphony in Nebraska. His talents gave Grossmont College a head start toward a world-class music department during its formative years.

Robert "Bud" Emile was surrounded by music from the time he was born. His father, a graduate of the Oslo Conservatory of Music in Norway, was head of the music department at New York City's Hunter College. His mother was a vocalist and teacher and his older sister was a pianist. Bud was studying music by age 3, and at 7, he toured Norway playing concerts with his mother and sister.

He was 19 when he graduated in 1947 from Yale with a degree in international relations. Although he had planned a career in law or diplomacy, the pull of music led him to the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y., where he earned a master's degree in 1949 and doctorate in musical arts in

1957. He served in the Army Chemical Corps from 1951 to 1955 and was in the U.S. Military Academy Band.

His musical history and accomplishments are too long to list here (See San Diego Union Tribune obituaries, Sept. 18) but his local accomplishments included the following. He was concertmaster and assistant conductor of the San Diego Symphony, conductor of the Civic Youth Orchestra and founding director of the San Diego Symphonic Chorale and was music director and conductor for the San Diego Ballet Co in the 1960s and '70s.

Bud's wife, Pat, said he loved to play the Debussy Sonata for Violin and Piano, which he played on his last recital at the University of Nebraska in 1998, and also liked very much the Prokofiev and Mozart sonatas. As for concertos, he liked Brahms, Beethoven, Dvorak, Chausson and Prokofiev. He loved conducting the music of the Romantics but also liked the best of contemporary music, and programmed that into the Symphony's regular offerings.

She also mentioned that Bud liked the beauty of San Diego, the chance to be near the ocean and sail in his small boat when time permitted. He liked the people there and the chance to do so much musically. (He didn't like all the traffic!) When he moved to Lincoln, he conducted The Lincoln Symphony Orchestra, The University Orchestra and Opera, taught violin, was active as a recitalist. He played tennis, biked, went skiing (cross-country and downhill), spent part of each summer in the Pacific Northwest bare-boat chartering and sailing the area between Vancouver Island and British Columbia (she sailed with him for 21 of those years). He got his skipper's license and worked or Anacortes Yacht Charters as a charter representative for several years. When he retired from the Lincoln Symphony in 1993, he played in the Omaha Symphony for fun.

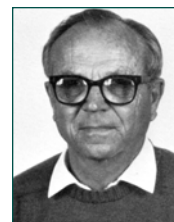
She and Bud traveled to see his

relatives in Norway, and also visited France, the U.K., Hawaii, and to see his Yale friends in Maine.

Bud was honored last summer during the 50th anniversary of the San Diego Civic Youth Orchestra. He continued to teach private students in their home through this past June.

Dr. Emile is survived by his wife, Patricia Hemphill Emile of Lincoln, Neb.; a son, Mark Anders Emile of Smithfield, Utah; two daughters, Judith Sharp of San Diego and Elizabeth Emile of Lincoln, Neb.; a sister, Thelma Hunter of St. Paul, Minn.; and three grandchildren.

(parts of this obituary were excerpted from San Diego Union Tribune obituaries) ts



John Martin Lomac,
90, passed away
September 29, 2008,
at his home. He is
survived by his wife
of 65 years, Mary, his
three children Jean,
John Jr., and Lynne,

and by his four grandchildren, Aaron, Sabin, Isa and Kate. John was born December 10, 1917, in Portland, Maine. After graduating from Colby College, he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps and served for 26 years, retiring as Lt. Colonel.

John began a second career at Grossmont Jr. College in 1968 in the Athletic Department, where he worked until 1986, retiring as supervisor. His final years were spent enjoying family, friends and rose garden. Services were held at Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery on October 6, 2008, followed by a celebration of his life at his son's home.

(includes excerpts from obituary in San Diego Union Tribune, October 19, 2008)

