

MEET JANET HORNUNG



I grew up on Long Island and in Phoenix, a typical baby-boomer childhood in the '50's and '60's.

I met my husband, Bill, while I was an undergraduate at the University of Arizona. I was the first girl he met after returning from a year of flying a helicopter in Vietnam. Our first date was a Jethro Tull concert on my 21st birthday. Five months later, we got married in his cabin in the woods in California. I wore an old dress and old shoes. I don't remember the names of the chaplain who married us or the two witnesses from George Air Force Base where Bill was stationed. I can't say what that means about my attitude; nevertheless, we will celebrate our 50th anniversary in November.

I graduated from the University of Arizona in 1972 with a science degree and worked as a chemistry lab tech at Pima County General Hospital on 6th Avenue. The hospital had evaporative cooling, not air conditioning, slide rules, not calculators. We made our own reagents, standards, and controls. We wrote our own lab procedures. The floors

were uneven, the building was dilapidated, and the patients' beds were lined up in rows in wards. People smoked. Patient care was top-notch and I loved that job.

After Bill graduated from the UofA Law School I picked up an accounting degree and CPA license and started work for the UofA vice president for research. It was my privilege to work for some of the best scientists in the country, building the university's research program. My bosses called me a bean counter. Our daughter was the first baby born to the department, followed by two sons. There was no such thing as maternity leave, let alone paternity leave. Not many mothers worked in the '70's. Although I was not aware of it at the time, you could say that I was among the first feminists trying to figure out how to navigate a man's professional world. I retired on my 55th birthday in 2005.

The baby-boomer students at the UofA didn't play bridge in college. Don't ask what we did instead. I have no particular aptitude for bridge or games of any sort, yet, after retirement I found myself at Adobe Bridge Club wanting to do something healthy for my brain. Dev De Lucia taught beginning bridge lessons and held a Bid'n'Play class on Wednesday mornings with his father, Larry. At the end of each session, Dev reviewed each hand from memory and drilled us on the basic concepts. Many of the bridge players in the valley are Dev's graduates. A shout out also goes to many of the friendly open-gamers who graciously offered bridge tips to us bridge-player wannabes: Bob Simrak, Bob Hinkle, Marty Schiff, Len Hall, George Good and Greg West, among others. Due to a hearing impairment, I had difficulty playing at the club and quit completely a couple years ago. I now play with some very understanding BBO robots.

Arizona's economy was once based on the 5 C's--citrus, cattle, copper, cotton and climate. Today only our beautiful climate remains as an

economic engine. Quality bridge centers play an important role in attracting visitors to Tucson and a special word of appreciation goes to the many volunteers, directors and club managers of the valley bridge centers.