



Retirees Association

Winter Newsletter 2012

FROM THE PRESIDENT

James Dean

I. Luncheon and Speaker

Please put February 24, 2012 on your calendars. That's the date of the Association's Winter Term Luncheon in the Student Union's Rogue River Room. A social half hour begins at 11:30, with lunch at noon. Cost: \$10. RSVP Sally Klein at Kleins@sou.edu.

Our featured speaker will be Ron Brown of KDRV TV, Medford. Ron anchors KDRV's morning news show, and his vignettes of Southern Oregon history, entitled "Oregon Trails," provide fascinating glimpses into the region's past. Those of us who admit to being historical relics ourselves are apt to find Ron's passion for chronicling aspects of a recoverable past entertaining and enlightening. If you wish to sample his television presentations prior to his speech, go to http://kdrv.com/oregon_trails.

II. Survey Results, Meeting with Administrators

Thanks to all those who completed the Fall Term survey about desired membership benefits and privileges. The top five items, in order of membership interest, were these: campus parking permits for retirees; SOU ID card, to be issued to all retirees; library privileges for all; bookstore discounts; and access to university activities and facilities.

Armed with knowledge of members' desires, Sue Corp, Jerry Insley, and I met with President Mary Cullinan, Provost Jim Klein, V. P. for Finance and Administration Craig Morris, and Chief of Staff Liz Shelby. Our goal was to begin shaping a formal agreement about the scope and number of benefits available to retirees. The meeting was cordial and constructive.

Many of the things the membership desires seem attainable, parking permits being a notable exception. Emeritus faculty, of course, will continue to have parking permits. The Administration argues that students, staff, and faculty (the primary users) need spaces, and with increasing student enrollment, there will be more and more competition for spaces. Add in new construction taking place (new dorms), parking will be even more limited than usual. They seem to suggest that staff members and professional faculty who no longer work at the University should not receive a privilege, even though faculty are guaranteed one in the by-laws to the faculty constitution. There may be other reasons I'm not aware of, including the number of people associated with other groups (like OLLI) who want parking.

The administration agreed that key to exercising of privileges and benefits is a University ID card, to be made available to retirees at the time of their retirements. The Administration pledged to determine what constraints there might be when it comes to accessing facilities, being admitted to events, and enjoying library privileges and bookstore discounts. They also agreed to work with us to define and articulate benefits. We hope to have a formal understanding in place by the end of this academic year.▲

A Quest for Family History: Discovering a Scottish Great-Great Grandfather

Thomas G. Paterson

I knew little about my great-great grandfather Alexander Aiton Paterson when I began years ago to research and write my family history book. His name appeared among my many Scottish forebears, but I had no sense of the man or his world. Who was he, and, how will I find out? Historians like me, when stymied, become detectives determined to tell a full story about the fundamental features of a life. I was also eager to discover ancestors who could help me grasp core family values, traits, and interests. Alexander, who lived in Hamilton, Lanarkshire County, near Glasgow in western Scotland, tugged at me, becoming a very personal project.

What did I know to start? In 2001, my son Stephen and I traveled to Hamilton's Bent Cemetery to find my great-great grandfather's grave. A groundskeeper led us to Lair Southern C26, a plot of green grass. When we asked why there was no marker, his eyes dropped as he said that our kin must have died a pauper. We took a photo of the barren spot and sadly walked away.

Using Scotland public records, especially census data, I learned that Alexander was born in 1823 and became a handloom weaver (cotton and silk). In 1846 "Alex" married Anne Rankin (1828-1907). They had 11 children; three died very young. Alexander died in 1902 from chronic bronchitis.

I turned next to scholarly works on handloom weaving, discovering that this once noble craft suffered deep distress as mills of the industrial revolution undercut handweavers' wages and independence. In 1840,

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The Retirees Association's WINTER LUNCHEON

Ron Brown, Speaker

Friday, February 24

11:30 am – 1:30 pm

Rogue River Room, SU

RSVP to Sally Klein by Friday, February 17

Email (preferred): kleins@sou.edu

Or Telephone: 541-552-6049

In Memoriam

DAN BULKLEY, A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME

Monty Cartwright and Sally Jones

We have a living legend in the Rogue Valley, Dan Bulkley. At 94 years young, Dan is a big contributor to society and a bigger athletic superstar.

As a coach and associate professor, Dan's career at Southern Oregon College of Education began in 1950. He laid the foundation for decades of success of the track and field program at the University. In a coaching career that spanned 22 years, his Southern Oregon College teams won seven conference and three NAIA Northwest Regional Championships. His athletes captured 117 individual titles, eleven garnered NAIA All-American honors, and two won national NAIA titles.

In 1977, Dan was selected to the NAIA Hall of Fame; in 1989, he was inducted into the Raider Athletic Hall of Fame; and in 1999, he was selected to the USA Track Masters Hall of Fame. In 2009 and 2010, Dan was selected by the Oregon Association of USA Track and Field as Male Master Athlete of the Year. He continues to compete in track events, cross country skiing, and racquet sports. He holds many age group world records.

Dan continues to be a volunteer and contributor to numerous community endeavors. He was a catalyst in the development of Mt. Ashland ski area, the Mt. Ashland Ski Patrol, and the Nordic Club. He is the longest serving member of the Ashland Lion's Club; a previous Board member of the SOU Retirees; volunteer for ACCESS Food Bank and Habitat for Humanity; and has served on the Raider Athletic Association Board of Directors. He is an active member of the Ashland Tennis & Fitness Center.

Monty Cartwright and Sally Jones have proposed that the Southern Oregon University track and field facility be named in honor of Mr. Dan Bulkley. Current needs call for an upgrading of the track and field facility. This presents a fundraising opportunity to honor Dan, and, in doing so, contribute to this needed facility improvement. \$100,000 is needed for completion of the Dan Bulkley Track Project.

If you have not yet contributed to the Dan Bulkley Track Project, please take the time to write a check and send it to SOU Athletics-Bulkley Track Project, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd, Ashland, OR 97520.

JOE BROWN , THE CONSUMMATE LONGHORN

Jerry Insley

Joe joined our faculty in Health and Physical Education in, I believe, 1969. He hit the ground running, Texas accent and all. He and Janie became an integral part of Ashland in a very short time. Joe had been an accomplished gymnast on the team at the University in Austin, as well as a dedicated cheerleader. We were in the market

for a person with a doctorate in his field and a background in tumbling and gymnastics which were, at that time, components of most public school physical education programs; Joe fit the bill.

Joe Albert Brown was one of those individuals who have become rare these days. He would undertake any assignment given to him and never rest until he had it accomplished. He spent many hours tailoring his video presentations in kinesiology and honing them to his satisfaction. Joe had a minor in math which gave him a perspective on perfection. He prepared committee work with the same zeal he applied to his classes. His syllabi and class preparation was always "top drawer."

Al Akins always got a kick out of Joe's accent. He'd ask Joe to say "oil," then ask him to say "all." When both came out with the same pronunciation, Al would really laugh and so would Joe. When Joe laughed, it shook the building, and when he hollered across a field, his voice could be heard half way to Yreka. When "Doc Brown" gave instructions no one ever complained of not being able to hear.

Texas is noted for its barbecue and Joe knew how to turn a beef brisket into a delectable delight. He also enjoyed his beer while playing the role of Texas chef. We often accused him of doing a six pack or twelve pack barbecue, depending on the size of the brisket. Again, he was meticulous in his preparation and did not have to take a back seat to anyone in the barbecue department.

As we all recall, we all served on various committees, some interesting and others, to put it candidly, awful. The Traffic Committee was one of the worst. I do believe Joe Brown holds the record for his tenure on that ungodly assignment. He just couldn't say no. In addition, he fulfilled obligations of virtually everything else from curriculum to campus planning. It never seemed to end.

Advisement of graduate students was an area of Joe's expertise in which he also excelled. He love chatting with those folks and kept meticulous records. No one was ever allowed to stray from the course of study and fail to complete his or her work on time. Joe always apprised the students of the benefits of a master's degree over the forty-five hour requirement for a standard teaching certificate. He felt it incumbent on him to provide every alternative rather than have them regret later on.

Joe Brown put in many hours of volunteer work as a member of the Ashland Lions Club. He was such a pleasure to work with and lent a sense of humor to every project we undertook. He delivered Meals on Wheels, took part in park restoration, setting up our Christmas crèche, collecting paper for our contribution to the Southern Oregon Sight and Hearing Center and readily assisted in barbecuing those hundreds of chickens each year.

We miss Joe Brown. He was a great human being as well as an outstanding teacher and administrator. Wherever he is I am sure he would say, "Yawl take care of yourselves now."



The Stroke

Frank Lang

In my 74 times around the sun during my time on planet Earth, I have had my fair share of physical afflictions. I used to laugh jokingly about the Grim Reaper tossing coffin nails about. I laugh no more. December 15, 2010, I got up in the middle of the night, for reasons most old coots will recognize, when the GR tossed a railroad spike. I had a right side stroke, not caused by my long time relationship with my atrial fib, but with an undiagnosed right carotid artery problem.

Fortunately, I was at home with a wife who awakened when I slid out of bed to the floor and called 911 as soon as she realized I was flopping around on the rug, not able to get up. The EMTs were there in minutes, diagnosed the problem, and had me on my way to the emergency room at Rogue Valley Medical Center. I was there in less than half an hour and under medical center care in about thirty minutes.

I was in intensive care for a time, then moved to 6 North RVMC's physical rehab unit, and not 2 North, as some of you might have suspected, the psychiatric unit. I was very well treated by the staff and was as patient and kind to them as possible, guessing that if I wasn't they wouldn't be.

Six North reminded me of my cruise ship experience, good food, beautiful views, and a host of step 'n fetch-its waiting to help with your most basic needs. Early on I shed all thoughts of modesty or embarrassment when I realized, they had seen it all and done it all.

In about three week I was sent home after a field trip with one of my physical therapists to make sure I could negotiate stairs and shower. That required some handrails, which, once installed, made me wonder why we didn't install them when we built the house. But then we weren't thinking thirty plus years ahead.

Next were many trips to Asante Rehab in Medford, for speech, occupational, and physical therapy sessions. This is where I

learned the truth behind the joke, "Do you know the difference between a terrorist and a therapist?" "You can negotiate with a terrorist!"

Now, over a year later, things are not perfect, but much improved. I walk and talk, drive with some degree of certainty and safety, and have recovered or maintained most my faculties.

Will things ever be as they were? Not likely. You see, you reach a point where your restorative powers lessen with age. You get better, but will never be able to reach your previous state simply because you have already started the slippery slope to you know where.

So here is some stroke advice. Have a plan: 1) know who to call, 2) where to go, 3) take your statins, and 4) do not eat the chicken skin! ▲

PARADOX: Two physicians

SUDAFED: Brought litigation against a government official

THE SWEDENBERG GHOST

Stewart McCollom

Was the Swedenberg Home really haunted? This question seemed to pop up each year around Halloween when a local newspaper reporter would revive the mystery. The question was perpetuated for about ten years.

The rumors of ghostly activities in Dr. Swendeberg's historic home and office were started by a night security guard for the College who reported "something spooky" was going on in the long vacant house. He was said to have told his superiors he would not go inside the Swedenberg Home at night.

Political Science professor Bill Meulemans entertained his students in the sumptuous second story lounge and dining room during the wee hours of the night, Dr. Meulemans claiming that this particular room was the best place in Southern Oregon to spark up his students' Ouija boards during their nocturnal experiments in parapsychology.

My own experience with the Swedenberg ghost began after our administrative offices had been transferred to the house, when long time SOC secretary Mary Sweitzer asked me to come upstairs with her. She wanted to show me something. On the old family quilts that were covering some of the pioneer beds were indications of a body having rested there. We smoothed out the prints. When we returned a few days later, the indentations were there again.

And there was a fascinating story of a bare-footed young girl in an old pioneer dress who was seen fleeing the house late one evening, leaping off the porch, over the rose bushes and disappearing. It was speculated this ghostly wraith might have been a Swedenberg daughter

who died in childbirth, although no records showed that such a tragedy had occurred.

So was the Swedenberg Home haunted or not? Research revealed that Al Fellers, Dean of Students in the 60's, had given a key to students so they could use the house as a student union. The key had proliferated in a spectral manner until the house became an underground hostel for itinerate 15 students. One of whom may well have leapt off the porch, over the rose bushes and into a myth.▲

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Scotland counted 84,000 websters; in 1880, 4,000. Poets chronicled those "sad hearts at the loom" (E. Kilbride, 1862) who toiled at home in dimly-lighted, dust-infested rooms and died of bronchitis.

This dismal picture of my great-great grandfather at first seemed fixed: Declining weaver. Early child deaths. Unhealthy living conditions. Loss of self-esteem. Excruciating bronchitis. A barren cemetery plot. Enter Wilma Bolton and a document that exploded this negative image. After reading her books on Hamilton's coal miners, I contacted Wilma through her website. My grandfather Thomas had labored in Hamilton's pits before he migrated with family in 1906 to Ontario, Canada, and then in 1908-09 to Gladstone, Oregon, where I was born in 1941. Wilma, daughter of a coal miner, took a liking to me and began sending valuable documents. Had she run across an Alexander Aiton Paterson, I asked. Months passed. One morning I literally cried after I opened an e-mail attachment from Wilma: An editorial from the Hamilton Advertiser,

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Conferences/Senior Programs
Southern Oregon University
1250 Siskiyou Blvd.
Ashland, Oregon 97520

Quest...continued from page 3

January 23, 1903.

The newspaper lamented the death of Alexander Aiton Paterson, "one of the burgh's landmarks, a familiar figure on our streets." This "gentleman," this educated man, this political "Radical," this "great musician" who gained some livelihood from music, avidly studied history. He collected artifacts, including a letter written by James Wilson, the Strathaven "martyr" who led weavers in rebellion against the British government in 1820 and was executed. Alexander became secretary of the Hamilton branch of the Chartist movement, a coalition of British working-class organizations that agitated beginning in the 1830s-1840s for a more democratized politics. Also, "Mr. Paterson was a great admirer of Burns."

I learned from Wilma that in 1884, 62 year-old Alexander marched in a parade organized by the Liberal Association. Lanarkshire miners, weavers, blacksmiths, printers, and other workers protested the English rejection of electoral reform that would have enfranchised more laborers. A huge crowd cheered Alexander and other veterans of political battles.

So, I had found that my great-great grandfather's life was very active and rewarding. Yet, parts of his story were missing. For one, I had no idea what he looked like. More, music ran in my family. "We Patersons are so full of music," my father Thomas once remarked when he was tuning his violin, "We want to let it out." But, which instruments did this "great musician" Alexander play?

A cousin's daughter recently uncovered in her garage boxes of old family photographs. Pawing through the collection, I spotted a formal black-and-white portrait labeled Hamilton Photographic Company. Shown were two trim, elderly people. No names appear on the photo's back, but they had to be, given their age, garb, and location, Alexander and Anne.

Gray-haired Anne wears a long-sleeved, full-length dress. Lace adorns ruffled cuffs, and a thistle brooch pins the dress shut at a neckline of scalloped lace. An elegant, lace shawl flows over Anne's shoulders. As a tambourer, she surely made the garments' lace. Gray-haired, bearded,

and small featured, Alexander wears a suit and waistcoat with a watch chain. His hands appear gnarled, perhaps arthritic, and a half-glove or bandage covers his right hand. Anne seems slightly stern, but Alexander expresses a quiet confidence and gentleness.

Most telling, Alexander's left hand cradles a flute. This instrument must have been a treasure. Known in the community for his musical talent, Alexander sought to emphasize the point in this photograph. A flute, writes an expert, "looks as exquisite as a piece of fine jewelry." Alexander's prized flute is a side-blown (traverse) instrument, made of dense, dark wood.

On December 12, 1902, after suffering the severe coughing of bronchitis for a month, the musician, political activist, historian, and weaver Alexander Aiton Paterson died. Two hours before he expired, wrote the Hamilton Advertiser, Alexander summoned enough energy to recite the entire Robert Burns poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (1785). Alexander revered Scotland's famed poet because Burns trumpeted Scottish nationalism and exalted the country's "hardy sons of rustic toil," as he did in this verse about a peasant farmer ("cotter").

So, I had come to know my great-great grandfather Alexander Aiton Paterson. But that patch of cemetery grass and the word "pauper" still nagged me. I clicked on "Bereavement Services" of South Lanarkshire Council's website. Soon an official replied that a "pauper" would more likely have been buried in Bent's "Common Ground." Alexander may have escaped the poverty of many weavers, because both he and Anne worked, and Alexander seems to have earned some income from playing or teaching music. Maybe these Patersons, like many of their neighbors, simply chose not to have headstones. Bent Cemetery has thousands of lairs without headstones.

Is the story closed? No historian would answer "yes." Indeed, I have exchanged messages with another Alexander Aiton Paterson living in Glasgow. This namesake, born in 1980, is a great-great-great grandson of my great-great grandfather. I wonder what I will learn anew from this young Alex about our hearty ancestor. ▲