



Retirees Association

Winter Newsletter 2013

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE / Jerry Insley

Welcome to the new year! The physical expansion of the university is self evident, the students are again moving around the campus and our retirement group shows some moderate growth.

The athletic teams, both men and women, have shown marked improvement in the past months and we all hope the academic side is doing even better. We keep watch on the legislature, in hopes that they too will be as positive toward higher education as we who have given our lives to it.

Our speaker for the winter term luncheon will be John Rachor. John is currently a Jackson County Commissioner; however, he comes not with his official hat but as a private citizen who has dedicated a great deal of his time and effort to search and rescue. He began this function on his own, using his own aircraft, fuel, time and knowledge of the area to assist others in need. He has saved lives as well as performed searches for deceased individuals. In addition, he has been involved in some rather humorous escapades.

John is a native Oregonian from the Klamath area, educated at OIT and, until recently, was a business man in Medford and the surrounding area. We should be in for an informative talk about

search and rescue with no politics involved. Come out and enjoy the friendship, a good lunch and interesting program. We hope to see a full house on February twenty-second. ▲

The Retirees Association Fall Luncheon

Guest Speaker

John Rachor

February 22, 11:30–1:30 / Rogue River Room

RSVP

Sally Klein by February 17, 2013

Email (preferred): KleinS@sou.edu

or Telephone: 541-552-6049

Due to an increase in the food service's price of our luncheons, commensurate with the price of virtually all foodstuffs these days, we will be charging \$12.00 for our food. The luncheons are excellent in terms of all fresh, organic ingredients and great service. We hope you will continue to support your organization and enjoy the fellowship. Thanks for understanding.

YOUTH REVISITED / John Engelhardt

Editorial Note: The author retired from SOU in January 2005. He has been co-parenting twin grandchildren, Zoey and Troy, since 2004. They are now 12.

One of the advantages of parenting at my age, 63, is that you get to revisit youth from the vantage of experience. Aside from the requisite parent-teacher conferences, sleepovers and increased grocery bills, opportunities for engagement come up in unexpected places. What follows is a sampling.

Cubmaster. When Troy started first grade I knew we had to find a way to channel his energy. I called around and learned there was a recently revived Cub Scout pack with about 4 boys involved. I signed Troy up and took him to meetings but it was clear that there wasn't much organization and the adults in charge were trying to find their way. About six months in I took some training and started to put some structure in place. The next fall I met with kids during lunch hour at Helman Elementary one day and wound up recruiting 17 boys. We now had to get our act together! By the middle of that year it became clear that it was time for me to assume more of a leadership role and I became Cubmaster. Reminds me of the classic situation where everyone else takes a step back and it looks like you took a step forward. In any event I put on the uniform and led the pack for a couple more years while we continued to grow. Those lunch-

time recruiting sessions were magnets drawing kids over to see what we are all about. What kid wouldn't want to shoot arrows and BB-guns, race little cars, launch bottle rockets and basically have fun with other kids? We had about as many girls interested as boys and Diane became a Girl Scout troop leader for Zoey and her friends, but that's a story for another day.

By the time Troy was in 5th grade I was able to pass the mantle to another parent and receded to the sidelines as committee chair—more of an organizer than the pied piper, which was fine with me. But I was given notice by the Boy Scout troop that they had their eye on me.

Umpire. When Troy turned nine he upgraded from Pony League to Little League Minors. This entailed actually keeping score for me and facing young pitchers for Troy. It also meant parents were needed to help out more, so I volunteered to be a baseball umpire. I bought my first athletic cup and hoped it wouldn't be called into use. With parents on both sides watching the game and scrutinizing my actions, I called balls and strikes, outs and safes, and managed to avoid having my tires slashed or house TP'd. It really wasn't too bad, but one season of that was enough for Troy and me. He wasn't interested in getting hit by wild pitches anymore and I saw no reason to push him on that score. Besides, baseball at that level is such a LONG season!

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HAL CLOER AND THE KITCHEN CABINET / *By Jim Dean*

Deaths invite us to remember our indebtedness. And Hal Cloer's, in October of 2012, certainly did invite remembrance. One thing I remember especially well is Hal's work on the "Kitchen Cabinet."

Most of us looking back at our careers will conclude that we endured more than our fair share of department meetings, school meetings, board meetings, and committee meetings. And we likely would not be flattered if someone suggested that our participation in them was a useful indicator of our value. At best we might grudgingly admit that attending them was a duty, or a form of penance, or that they helped develop in us a high tolerance for tedium and misery.

Thus, knowing how I feel about most meetings, you may be surprised to find me thankful for Hal Cloer's attendance at meetings of "The Kitchen Cabinet" in 2002. His participation was crucial to the establishment of an emeriti organization. Moreover, his willingness to serve on this curiously named committee reveals his warm humanity, his loyalty to friends and colleagues, and his ardent belief in the processes of democratic governance.

A Bit of History: I'm certain that Hal, Mary Christlieb, Don Lewis, Ed Hungerford, and Thom Jones, all emeritus faculty, were being playful when in 2000 they dubbed themselves "The Kitchen Cabinet." They certainly did not meet with Interim President Sarah Hopkins-Powell to give her informal advice about how to run the University. In fact, their role was limited to proposing to Sarah that a committee work with Jeanne Stallman, head of Senior Programs. Their goal was to foster the creation of an emeriti organization.

Sarah agreed that the group should draft an agreement between emeriti faculty and the University; it would formally establish an Emeriti Association and have Senior Programs underwrite costs for two yearly luncheons, as well as provide clerical support. (Neil Kunze's brief history of the activities of the Kitchen Cabinet, from which I have liberally borrowed, nicely details the Cabinet's work and composition and confirms the crucial role Hal played.)

A Bit More Ancient History: As a member of the Cabinet, Hal was uniquely positioned to advocate for an emeritus association and to build on the legacy of a dear friend and colleague, Lee Mulling, Emeritus Professor of Communication. Senior members of the Retirees Association will recall that for many years following his own retirement, Lee was, for all practical purposes, the emeriti faculty organization. He found rooms and times for monthly brown-bag meetings, arranged programs, took minutes, and sent out a brief newsletter, typed by departmental secretaries he charmed into helping him out.

When I attended these brown-bag affairs following my own retirement, there were never more than ten or twelve in attendance. But Lee was tenacious. He strongly believed that such a group should exist.

A Few Facts: Time may have obscured the following facts: When Lee was obliged to go to Linda Vista Nursing and Rehabilitation, prior to his death, Hal served as his guardian, in effect becoming

the family care-giver Lee lacked. Hal's willingness to serve on the Kitchen Cabinet reveals how greatly he valued Lee's friendship, and how fully he shared Lee's vision of an active emeriti faculty organization.

As a member of the Kitchen Cabinet, Hal was able to advocate continuance of Lee's legacy. It helped, of course, that Hal was a great believer in participatory democracy. He willingly volunteered to poll all retired faculty members to determine whether they were in favor of establishing an organization to represent them to the University, and if they did desire such ties, to discover what their priorities for such an organization should be. The survey, returned by more than 50 percent of emeriti, proved invaluable: it provided fellow Kitchen Cabinet members with good data about how an Association should be organized and governed, what its goals should be, and how it should maintain contact with retirees by means of a Newsletter. Hal, like other members of the Kitchen Cabinet, agreed to serve as a Board Member for the first year of the fledgling organization's life.

No one was ever less self-aggrandizing than Hal; he appeared to me to be mild-mannered and soft-spoken. Consequently, I was surprised to learn during occasional conversations with him that below a calm exterior was a spine of steel. Throughout his long career at SOU he had not hesitated to politely and civilly disagree with over-reaching and heedless administrators. Before coming to Southern Oregon College in the 1950s, he was educated at Stanford. And there, in the 50s, he had witnessed the excesses of McCarthyism threatening the foundations of academic freedom. He brought to SOC a strong belief in academic freedom, and to the community of Ashland he brought a passion for civil, active, and concerned citizenship.

Hal has left us a remarkable, if quiet legacy. The fidelity he demonstrated in his care for Lee Mulling was matched by the years of devoted care he unselfishly tendered to his beloved wife, Barbara. Like Lee she suffered dementia. In her final months of life (she died in January of 2013) she was in hospice care.

What Hal bequeathed to us is his large capacity for friendship, care, and love, as well as his belief in the importance of good fellowship, collegiality, and participatory democracy. We have much to cherish, and remember. ▲

MIKE HAYNES / *Dan Rubenson*

I've been a colleague of Mike's since coming to SOC (now SOU) over 25 years ago. The humanity and warmth he showed in our first meeting, and the instantly comfortable rapport I felt with him, were a large part of the reason I came here. It is not an exaggeration to say that I owe much of the tremendous and blessed life my family and I have enjoyed in Ashland to Mike.

You all know Mike had a tremendous sense of humor and very quick wit. He was a great mentor in the professoring biz, and

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MIKE HAYNES / *Continued from page 2*

his always-upbeat manner a frequent consolation to his faculty colleagues. No matter what, Mike never seemed to show stress or strain.

He was also famous at SOU for his impressively cluttered office. No matter how untidy our own offices became, we could always take some small comfort in the fact that Mike's would be messier.

Over the years, I've met many SOC alums from the 60s and 70s. And countless times, upon learning that I'm an economics professor there, they will tell me that they had a tremendous econ prof, one who kept them in stitches with his non-stop jokes in class and (this always said with amazement) made economics interesting. Mike Haynes? Yes, that's the name.

We've lost a great colleague, mentor, and dear friend ▲

WELLOW / *Connie Battaile*

In the fall of 2011 I realized that come spring I needed to clear out stuff and sell my house; it was time. So I did. I decided then to celebrate by spending some time in Wellow, the English village where the Chauveaus, my Ashland neighbors, had just moved with their two little girls and their Great Dane. Their pictures of Wellow were entrancing, so in our weekly Skype sessions we arranged for them to find me a furnished place for two months. Wellow is about 5 miles from Bath in southwest England, and the village of 300 has become, despite a harrowingly narrow up and down connecting lane to Bath, a commuter village.

In August, after a month there, I wrote from Wellow: Despite a generally chilly and wet summer on this western side of England, my first week here was sunny and pleasant, and since then, except for a few days of torrential downpours, it's not been difficult to find pleasant breaks for walking. The forecast, by the hour (!), is surprisingly accurate, which all of us who have laundry to hang out watch avidly. Highs have been mid 60s, lows in the 50s. The cottage has no heat in the summer, so, not yet acclimated, I bundle up, and hear with amazement the stories of heat and drought in the U.S and of smoke in southern Oregon.

The wee cottage is an apartment in the end of a building that includes the landlord's place in the center and another rental at the far end. It is immaculate, handsomely and thoroughly equipped, and Mari, the landlady, is a special delight. Wellow, too, is charming, a one-time farming village where cows have been upscaled to horses and stone cow barns have been turned into historically compatible homes. The people here have been wonderfully friendly and welcoming — I'm leaving in a few minutes to have a glass of wine with a vigorous neighbor widow who lives in the old water mill with mill stones and the remnant mill race (and tucked out of sight, a more recent swimming pool and tennis court). The oldest known structure here is the Stony Littleton Long Barrow, a 5000-year-old burial chamber that one can creep back into for some 40 feet. St. Julian's, the 1372 church with its six bells, is still in use for weekly services (a handful of old people

attend) and weddings.

The town stretches almost a mile along Wellow Lane on a south facing slope, stone houses crowding the narrow lane on both sides, and another row or so tucked in behind on each side. I see first hand the English love of gardens, dogs, horses, and walking. Google Maps "street view" covers the streets of Wellow (Somerset), including Mill Hill with my house obscurely at the bottom, just before Wellow Brook, which has a low-water ford and higher medieval packhorse bridge. By the by, as most of you probably know, most houses and cottages here don't have numbers but are known by their names, so this building is called The Hollies. The cottage names are charming, as are the village names. Within about 4 miles of here are the villages of Hinton Charterhouse, Norton St. Philip, Odd Down, and Combe Hay, each with its own pub. Wellow's pub is The Fox and the Badger.

Traditional pub fare here includes fish and chips with mushy (pronounced mooshy) peas, a semi liquid mix of overripe garden peas somewhat mashed up. An acquired taste, I'm told. I suppose all things are possible. But the supermarket in Bath has a remarkable assortment of foods from worldwide cuisines.

It's been a fine, fun time. Chauveaus have included me in their walks and outings, most recently to hunt for fossils on the famed Jurassic fossil beach south of here at Lyme Regis. The Bath Library gave me a library card (I must reek of respectability), and I've now read all of Jane Austen; two hundred years later, much of it still resonates. The meadow flowers, now largely gone by, were blooming in amazing variety when I arrived, some, but not all, familiar. Himalayan Balsam (*Impatiens glandulifera*), a six-foot tall non-native annual with showy pink flowers, is taking over the stream banks. The hedgerows hem one in, but they host a variety of birds and small critters, and provide a verdant definition to the large hillside pastures (cows, sheep, horses) and fields of hay, barley, wheat, and corn. How do they keep soil productive for 5000 years? I'm impressed.

And now I'm back in Portland, happy to be home with family, grandsons, and central heating — and I am so grateful to have had the buoyant experience of the extraordinary people and life in an English village. ▲

WIND WOLVES / *Claude Curran*

excerpted from A Special Sense of Place

Spring is the season when the wind wolves exit their winter dens and slide, ever so stealthily, across the landscape. Their near silent progression carries them mile upon mile in the direction the air is flowing, most often from the northwest. Wind wolves engage the human imagination as much as the ephemeral glow of embers in a camp fire. What are these beasts, wind wolves? You must see them to know them since words do no justice. You see them when the spring grasses, from ankle to knee high, undulate like a verdant sea across the landscape. You see them when the hillsides, meadows and fields wave in endless motion as the air rushes through them to some distant destination. Pack upon pack of wolves race in the same direction, those in front,

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YOUTH REVISITED / *Continued from page 1*

School Volunteer. At the elementary school level parents really are encouraged to help out in the classroom and be involved with the education process. I spent a year as PTA secretary and coordinated the Science Fair my last year (OK, Troy's last year) at Helman. But the time I really enjoyed was being a classroom volunteer. From kindergarten on I volunteered in the kids' classrooms for whatever was needed. By 5th grade I was spending one period a week during math time helping out. I consider this my lateral move from SOU. I even learned a few things! Their teacher, Michelle Cuddeback, really was a delight to work for and even though she was not a student of mine while at SOU she was using the methods and approaches we taught prospective elementary teachers. There is hope for the next generation. With the twins graduating from 5th grade (yes, they do have ceremonies at that level), it was on to AMS and the next level of involvement.

Scoutmaster. During the 5th grade Troy and seven of his classmates bridged over from Cub Scouts to Boy Scouts — and I bridged along with them. I was given a year as assistant scoutmaster to learn the ropes with the expectation that I would take over after that. In January of 2012 I became Scoutmaster of Ashland's Troop 112, the oldest troop in Oregon. This troop, currently chartered by the Ashland Lions Club, dates itself from 1915. I suspect I am also the oldest Scoutmaster they have had (dating from 1949). Yours truly is now mentoring middle school and high school boys in character development, citizenship and fitness.

My boyhood years as a Cub Scout and Boy Scout help ground me in what we are doing, but being my age allows me to draw on some wisdom culled from experience. My Wednesday nights are committed to troop meetings and once a month I'm off with the boys on some adventure. Over the past 18 months I've participated

in: a night on the USS Hornet aircraft carrier, two week-long summer camps, a COPE (Challenging Outdoor Personal Experience) course, several snow camping/Klondike Derby events, an afternoon on zip lines, a tall ships sail out of Crescent City, two 3-day camporees of scout skills contests, and a trip to the Evergreen Aviation Museum (and water slide!). I've also been privileged to attend a week-long adult leadership training called Wood Badge where I've been exposed to the type of skills the corporate world uses in their personnel development. Scouting uses the backdrop of outdoor fun in order to teach life skills and life lessons. Who would have thought a boy from New Orleans would be snow camping at 63 and teaching 12 year olds on winter outings?

I have Baxter's to thank for keeping me fit and Boy Scouts for keeping me young at heart. Scouting is allowing me to share things I have learned over the years. So when a scout comes to your door in the fall selling popcorn or in the winter to recycle your Christmas tree, consider supporting him and the organization that is helping to shape him into a man. And if you see me in uniform in the 4th of July parade, wave. ▲

WIND WOLVES / *Continued from page 3*

always in front; those in back, always in back. More magic! Yes, the vistas all add to the Luce ranch, but so does the mid-summer heat when heat waves dance across the landscape with nowhere to go but up in a seeming hurry. The heat of the Sacramento Valley and its adjacent foothills (only a few hundred feet above sea level) dominates the summer day. ▲

There's always something to be thankful for. For example, think of how nice it is that wrinkles don't hurt.