

because everyone we know

is looking for new movies or series to watch, we asked you for suggestions, and here’s what you offered. The short squibs are meant to be suggestive; if you need more information, go to Netflix. All of these are on Netflix, although some are on save.

Movies:

MY OLD LADY

Kevin Kline, Kristin Scott Thomas, and Maggie Smith in Paris.

HER

Sci-fi rom-com; man falls in love with his AI robot.

KILL THE MESSENGER

CIA funding of Nicaraguan Contra rebels.

BEST OF ME

High school lovers meet again.

ONE HUNDRED FOOT JOURNEY

French and Indian cuisine restaurants compete. Helen Mirren.

DRIVING MISS DAISY

Elderly Southern woman and her chauffer. Morgan Freeman and Jessica Tandy

CAPTAIN PHILLIPS

Tom Hanks taken hostage by Somali pirates

MOONRISE KINGDOM

Two 12 year olds fall in love and run away. Wes Anderson.

GONE GIRL

Thriller

HAPPY FEET

Tap dancing penguins. Animated.

NEBRASKA

Road trip with father and son to collect Publisher House sweepstakes.

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

British women captured by Japanese in WWII on an endless march. Australian.

STRANGERS IN GOOD COMPANY

Elderly women on a bus; a break down strands them to survive together.

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

Small town boy becomes a famous conductor, finishes back home leading a choir.

CHEF

Failed NY resraurteur/chef heads to Miami with son in tow to debut food truck.

BOYHOOD

Filmed over 12 years with the same cast, Richard Linklater's groundbreaking story of growing up.

Series:

OUTLANDER

Time crossed lovers, 20th and 16th centuries

HOUSE OF CARDS

Ruthless politician. Kevin Spacey.

HOMELAND

CIA intrigue. Clare Danes and Damian Lewis

GOTHAM

Batman prequel

SMALLVILLE

Superman growing up

LIFE

Framed LA cop (Homelands Brophy) cleared, returns to solve cases, including his own.

PARTICLE FEVER

Documentary about creating the Higgs boson particle.

INSPECTOR MORSE

Intellectual, cynical, snobbish Oxford cop. John Thaw

ENDEAVOR

Morse prequel

BOMB GIRLS

Canadian women working in a munitions factory in WWII.

THE GOOD WIFE

Julianna Margulies stands by her man.

ORANGE IS THE NEW BLACK

Based on Piper Kerman's memoir of her year in prison

BLACK BOOKS

A weird Brit sit-com.

BOB’S BURGERS

Animated. A not charming, dysfunctional family you learn to love.

TRANSPARENT

On Amazon.You know about this from the Golden Globes

ALPHA HOUSE

Also on Amazon. It’s more fun. Gary Trudeau satire.

Old age is when former classmates are so gray and wrinkled and bald, they don't recognize you.

May 13, 2004—An Atypical Day at the Beach / Karen Schafer

I DID NOT GO GENTLY INTO RETIREMENT. I missed the routine and bustle of a working life. We moved to a smaller community; I felt up-rooted and compressed. Needy for routine and colleagues, I got nothing done. I saved work so that I would have something to do! I struggled to remember what day it is. In short, sometimes I felt discarded. Knowing that retiring is a process helped a little. I am the one who had to reinvent myself.

Walking with new women friends each weekday morning was my primary adjustment strategy. Dorothy and Dee Ann taught me the ways of the new neighborhood, introduced me to landmarks, and provided camaraderie with humor. Endorphins from exercise and socializing jump started the day. That walk could be the event for the day or just the beginning of an adventure. What follows is the account of an atypical day in a small town. It is the story of a day when I was glad to be retired.

After walking, I hurried home and hastened to go grocery shopping in Lincoln City before a late morning hair cut appointment. I rushed through the stores but the distance between Lincoln City and my Gleneden Beach appointment was too great. Worse, the traffic on the two-lane Highway101 was too heavy for perfect timing. I had to forego McKay’s, the last store. Of course this was the store with the coupons.

I arrived at the hairdresser’s with two minutes to spare! There I found walking partner Dorothy curling her own hair and no Sonja. Sonja, a volunteer EMT, had been called out to help a construction worker who had suffered a heart attack. During my first appointment, I learned that when she gets a call, Sonja leaves. Clients are to turn off the lights and lock the door on their way out. Appointments will be made up. When I realized that there had been no need to rush to the appointment, my first thought was, “I could have stopped at McKay’s!”

Since she couldn’t fix the hair over her ears and wear her glasses, Dorothy was having trouble seeing into the mirror as she rolled the curling iron around her hair. I offered to help. I was

NEWSLETTERS / Carol McNair

Walter Schmidt is the editor and publisher of the Poster Stamp Bulletin, a fellow newsletter editor. He recently had an interesting correspondence.

Poster stamps, according to Wikipedia, are “labels a little larger than postage stamps, but not good for postal service; advertising labels or charity labels.” Inspired by the invention of the postal stamp in the mid-nineteenth century, they were popular up until WWII, and now are collectors’ items. The Bulletin reproduces great variety of stamps, with comments historical and informational. They vary from elegant to humorous and are fun to look at even if you’re not a collector.

Not long ago a subscriber wrote to Walt, saying that he had a copy of every issue of The Bulletin but one. He hoped that Walt could send him that issue to make his collection complete. Walt couldn’t locate that number in his own files, but he thought he knew where he might get one. Since the beginning he had regularly sent his publication to the British Library of London. He wrote to the British Library and asked if they had that issue and if they did, would they send him a copy.

even less proficient; I burned her scalp and toasted her fine hair. Dorothy tried again by herself.

Sonja reappeared in twenty minutes. Without taking any down time to decompress (I remember times like that), Sonja, whose adrenaline was obviously flowing, finished curling Dorothy’s hair. When I got into the chair, I tried to talk her down from the crisis high. Mid shearing, Dorothy called to announce that she’d left her trifocals; would I be so kind as to bring them home for her. (Instead of Hwy 101, she must have taken the back road, where one can on occasion forego spectacles.) More calls came in. One was from the Depoe Bay fire chief who called to ask the whereabouts of his fire engine. He was at the hospital in Lincoln City and needed a ride back to the station. He and two lieutenants had ridden in the ambulance to continue giving aid to the construction worker.

The salon, a one chair hole in the wall, became stacked with a backlog of people who needed their hair cut, curled or colored. Sonja couldn’t leave. I offered to fetch the firefighters. Sonja called Dorothy to tell her the trifocals would arrive late and asked her to call my husband Joe to explain my extended absence. After the hair cut I headed back to Lincoln City and past McKay’s, the store with the coupons, to retrieve three tall firemen who folded themselves into my little car and transported them back to the Gleneden Beach Firehouse, a twenty mile trip. Travel is somewhat awkward—three men and a matron. We chat. We’re quiet. They process the emergency. We talk some more. We pass McKay’s, the store with the coupons.

Looking back on the encounter, I remember that I had introduced myself by title and recall that the chief introduced himself and his men by their titles. I liked my former title, Dr. Shafer, but I learned that life in a small town has excitement and that I, because I am retired, can be available to help others.

Subsequent inquiry revealed that the worker was air-flighted to Portland where he later died. His heart attack may have been a brain aneurism.▲

He received his reply; not only did they have every issue of his newsletter, but they had them bound, saying, in part “...we have been collecting the Poster Stamp Bulletin and have it preserved in three hard bound volumes ... for the use of future generations.... With thanks for the copies of the Bulletin for which the Nation is grateful.”They posted a copy of the missing issue directly to the subscriber.

So Walt got a copy, the subscriber got a copy and Walt had an elegant, official letter from the British Library to put in his newsletter. I wish I had a letter from the British Library to put in my newsletter.▲

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Console radio and listen to my favorite radio dramas. I loved listening to the exploits of my generation's superheroes: The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger, The Shadow, and Batman.

But Great-Grandmother could not tolerate radio noise, so when she came I was no longer permitted to listen. And my chatter and heedless play disturbed her, so I was not a welcome visitor. On the few occasions I was permitted in the house, I found the sight and smell of her discouraging. She had only one snaggle-tooth, so had to gum her food, and her white hair was stringy. Her sick room smelled of camphor, and mustard plasters, urine, and old age. She was querulous and cranky, and I repaid her by being sullen. We did not get along, Great-Grandmother and I.

Years later I came to have a more enlightened sense of who she had been, primarily by hearing lively stories told by my Aunt Julia, who knew her grandmother well and painted her in a more appealing light. Married at 16, she was a lively spirit. One morning in Rye Valley, Oregon, she heard a great uproar in the chicken coop, so grabbed a stove poker and launched herself into the coop. A battle ensued between her and a bobcat with designs on her laying hens. She emerged victorious, poker in hand and the dead bobcat held by the scruff of the neck. When a young

woman she singlehandedly drove a team and wagon seven hundred miles from Baker City, Oregon to southern Utah where her people lived. She ran a boarding house for miners in Baker City, too, and before that she worked as a cook in lumber camps, memorably planting an ax deep in a long plank table as a gentle reminder to the loggers and mill hands that they would get no food from her kitchen until they restocked her wood box. And once she was so incensed by their spitting of tobacco juice on her well-scrubbed floors that she served them cow patties for dinner in retaliation. In short, I met in Aunt Julia's stories a relative who was fierce, independent, creative, resourceful, and occasionally outrageous.

I figured I knew as much about her as I was ever likely to know. Not long ago, however, while doing some genealogical research, I discovered a new thing. I was tracing back a branch of the family tree populated by Farnsworths. Great-great-grandfather Steven Martindale Farnsworth was a "pioneer" of an exemplary sort, living a life full of prayer and hardship in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri before coming across the Great Plains with his wife, Elizabeth Jane Carter, and young family, in a wagon train. The year was 1853, six years after Brigham Young arrived in the Great Salt Lake valley to found the state of Deseret (later named Utah). Once he was in Utah, Steven Farnsworth's story veers in an interesting direction. He heeded Brigham Young's advice about marrying more than one wife: he married his second wife, Esther Elizabeth Lewis, in 1854, then his third wife, Ellen Showal, in 1857. There were 7 children from the first marriage, 9 from the second, and 1 from the third. My Great-grandmother Olivia Farnsworth Powell was the sixth child in the second family. Married at 15 years of age, Ellen Showall died in 1865, at the age of 23, leaving her daughter, Cosmelia, to be raised by the other wives. The families first lived in Pleasant Grove, Utah before relocating to the Sevier River country in south central Utah.

Apparently family members considered this information so shameful that it was never admitted to. Happily, what is shameful to one generation is not to following ones. Though I do not favor the practice of polygamy, I am fully aware that I never would have been born if not for ancestors who did practice it. And as for Great grandmother Powell, I'm inclined to be more tolerant—it is best not to bear grudges. I am nearly as old as she was when she died in 1947, and I, too, may become cranky and disagreeable in the future, and need to be tolerated. ▲

One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young.

FROM THE PRESIDENTS' DESK

Dave Hoffman and Ralph Fidler

Happy New Year to all. Hard to believe we are now in 2015. Our first luncheon of the new year will be held in the Stevenson Union's Rogue River Room at 11:30 on Friday, February 13. The format will be the same as at our recent luncheons: we obtain our food in the food court and bring it back to the Rogue River Room. Coffee, tea and water will be available in the Rogue River Room. The food court accepts cash or credit cards for payment.

The luncheon speaker will be our new president, President Roy Saigo, speaking on his experiences, observations, and recommendations since his arrival at Southern Oregon University. At this meeting we will also vote on changing the size of the council to 9 from the current size of 15.

Our scholarship fund continues to increase and we thank all who have contributed. The scholarship fund is our major contribution to the University and is appreciated and necessary to maintaining our student population. Please continue to make your contributions through our Retirees Association so that we may make larger and more awards to needy students. Billings went out earlier for Association dues of \$20.00 which cover our newsletter and luncheon set up costs. Please be sure to mail your payment into OLLI office, or bring it to the luncheon if you have not done so. Dues payments cover the period July 1, 2014 through June 30, 2015. If you are not a member of the Association, please consider joining. It is always nice to visit with your former colleagues and attend some interesting presentations. Nonmembers may contribute \$5.00 to cover newsletter costs. Hope to see you at the luncheon. ▲

SOU ATHLETIC PROGRAM RANKED BEST IN NAIA / Tom Pyle

Finishing number one in football and second in men's cross country boosted the SOU athletic program to the top of the rankings of all NAIA schools this past fall. The 13th-ranked women's volleyball team and 18th-ranked women's cross country squad also earned points in the all-sports rankings.

SOU quarterback Austin Dodge was named Player of the Year and offensive coordinator Ken Fasnacht Coordinator of the Year by the NAIA.

SOU also had 13 of its fall term athletes named NAIA Scholar Athletes for earning at least a 3.5 grade point average.

The athletic department also announced that men's soccer and women's wrestling would be added to the list of sports in which SOU will compete next year.

In addition, \$22 million has been allocated for a complete renovation of McNeal Hall. ▲

If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you are old.

Grandmother Powell / Jim Dean

I WAS RAISED A MORMON, and it was common knowledge in our family that polygamy had been dutifully practiced by my mother's ancestors in the late 19th century. However, I thought my father's ancestors had not practiced it.

My sister, Louise, was a much more ardent genealogist than I, having spent more time listening to family stories told by our two grandmothers. And because Louise was a fount of knowledge about such things, I once asked her this question: "Do you know why the Powell/Farnsworth side of the family left Utah in the 1880s and settled in eastern Oregon?" She answered, "Grandmother Dean told me the family got their noses out of joint because of the Church's advocacy of polygamy. The Powells did not look favorably on plural marriage, despite being Mormons, and showed their displeasure by moving eight hundred miles away."

Lately I've been doing some genealogical investigations of my own and reluctantly have been obliged to revise what I once believed to be true. Before revealing how I came to learn that polygamy was also practiced on my father's side of the family, I need, first, to introduce you to my Great Grandmother Powell, whom I came to know all too well when I was a nine year old.

Great Grandmother Olivia Powell was a terror. She came to rural Beaver, Utah, in 1945, to be cared for in her last years by my Grandmother Dean. Her advent rudely changed my life. At the time our family lived next door to Grandmother Dean. Grandmother was twice widowed by then, and was altogether a loving soul; she baked great batches of raisin cookies, my favorite kind, and delicious potato soup, and the smell of spices in her pantry was heavenly. Best of all, she was happy to listen to my chatter and let me sprawl on the floor in front of the RCA

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*The Retirees Association
Fall Luncheon
GUEST SPEAKER
Roy Saigo
SOU President
February 13
11:30am-1:30pm
SU Rogue River Room*