

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Sue Corp

As your new Retirees' Council Association President, I want to welcome you to another school year of connections with the University and your fellow retirees. It will be a pleasure to work with your Council which will guide our business and our activities, including our luncheons and ongoing communications via our Association Newsletter (in the capable hands of editor Carol McNair).

Your Council begins its term having been ably led last year by Bev de la Zerda who has organized all of our luncheon dates for the coming year (October 22, 2010; March 4, 2011, and May 20, 2011). We can look forward to warm fellowship, good food, and engaging programs this year. Please plan to join us to share in the life of the University, the many memories of our time here together, and our links to one another. ▲

COUNCIL ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

On August 11, the SOU Retirees Association welcomed 7 new Council members who were elected at the May 26 general meeting. They are Lodi Belford, Jim Dean, Don Graber, David Hoffinan, Jerry Insley, Gene Stinger, and Pat Wolfe.

After a brief orientation, new officers for the 2010-2011 year were elected. Your new officers for the coming year are Sue Corp, President; Bruce Moats, Vice President; and Wayne Schumacher, Secretary.

Those Council members remaining on the Council are: Dan Buckley, Ernie Ettlich, Ron Nitsos, Wayne Schumacher, Sandy Whitesitt, Sue Corp, Bruce Moats, and Don Reynolds.

The Council is looking forward to a fantastic year.

Email Addresses

The SOU Retirees Association will have a telephone directory to all members at the October 22 luncheon. The directory will include the member's name, address, telephone number, and email address.

The Council is asking for all members to send their email addresses to Sally Klein so she may include your email address in the new directory. Her email address is kleins@sou.edu.

As announced earlier, the directory will cost \$1.00 if picked up at the luncheon and \$1.50 if it is mailed to you. If you need to have the directory mailed to you, please let Sally know at the above email address. ▲

GOING PLACES

by Harold Ottness

It is a miracle of our age that we can be in Europe, Asia, South America, or Australia within twenty-four hours of leaving Ashland. Not a pleasant twenty-four hours granted, given the state of air travel today and the paranoia surrounding it, but the airborne experience is usually not terminal and recovery normally comes within a few days of flying off to other continents. We take advantage of this wonder of technology as often as possible because we have an incurable curiosity about how people of other cultures live, and we suffer from a serious case of restlessness.

We are sometimes asked how we do it:

The way we travel is best summarized by what we don't do. We DO NOT DO tours, cruises, theme parks, shopping, casinos, raves, resorts, eco-tourism, adventure tourism, bird watching, golf, or bingo. We do most everything else. We are what the marketers call independent budget travelers, a substantial segment of the traveling public, but perhaps not so much among people of our age. It should be – it is easier, and cheaper, than you might think.

Today international travel can be Travel for Dummies, thanks especially to the internet and the wonders of email, the spread of the Euro, a growing network of air services along with the rise of budget airlines, increased public sanitation and health care, and that marvelous machine into which you insert a plastic card and get in return a bunch of currency of the realm. And I should mention too the spread of English in its myriad travesties as the dominant and expected language of international travel.

The best part of my youth was backpacking around the world in the early 1960s, encountering with awe, excitement, and admiration (and sometimes otherwise), people not like me but with whom I sensed common values and a willingness to learn from each other. This idyllic life of mine was seriously interrupted by a thirty-two year term of servitude at SOC-SOSC-SOU that concluded in 1999. Since then, with a wife of immeasurable utility and patience, I have resumed my wandering lifestyle.

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The Retirees Association's
FALL LUNCHEON

Speaker:
Robert Hackett,
Marketing Manager of
the Oregon Shakespeare
Festival will review the
OSF's landmark 75th
season and take a look
forward to next
year's schedule.

October 22, 2010
11:30 am – 1:30 pm
Rogue River Room

RSVP to Sally Klein by
Friday, October 15, 2010

Email (preferred):
kleins@sou.edu
Or Telephone:
541-552-6049

In Memoriam

Dick Cottle 1926-2010

William Bushnell 1921 – 2010

Claude White 1921 – 2010

Nan Siebert 1929 – 2010

Jerry Cooper 1937 – 2010

John McCollum 1924 – 2010

Ray Tumbleson 1922 – 2010

Ron Taylor 1932 – 2010

Don Lewis 1921 – 2010

Full obituaries can be found on the SOU Retirees Association website. Following are some personal reminiscences. More will be included in following issues.

Jerry A. Cooper

By Tom Hitzelberger

Southern Oregon University and the School of Business lost a very valuable member of its Emeritus Faculty on June 15, 2010 after his long and courageous fight with pancreatic cancer. Dr. Jerry A. Cooper was a faculty member for 30 years at SOU. Because of his reputation in class and his influence on Marketing students going into retailing the Marketing Department and the Business Department grew tremendously during those years.

A funny story about how Dr. Cooper arrived at SOU. In 1969, after Jerry received his PhD from Colorado State College he had an interview at Humboldt State College in Arcata, California. While he was there for his interview, Gary Prickett and I talked to Jerry on the phone and told him we had an opening in the Marketing Dept. at SOU. To our surprise, Jerry arrived in Ashland in the car he borrowed from the Dean at Humboldt State and stayed for a couple of days in Ashland for his interview. We always wondered what the Dean at Humboldt State thought happened to his car, as Jerry had told him he wanted to borrow the car to look around northern California. That was Jerry Cooper.

The Marketing Department had an American Marketing Association chapter and many AMA parties were held at the Cooper's home. Jerry was known to be first in the food line to make sure the food served was appropriate for his guests. If there was beef being served, he made sure there was Heinz Ketchup available. Heinz Ketchup was very important. Jerry was active socially with friends and acquaintances at Claremont in Aloha, OR. Our son-in-law, Mike, a chef at the Stockpot restaurant in Beaverton, hosts a weekly BBQ to which Jerry would bring 30 to 50 people from Claremont. Mike said that Jerry would call to find out what the menu for the BBQ would be for that week, and if beef was going to be served, Jerry brought a bottle of Heinz Ketchup in his back pocket.

When Jerry retired in 1999, John Laughlin, the Dean of the School of Business, presented him with two special awards. Dr. Laughlin said, "In the history of SOU, no one had more guest speakers for his classes and no one took his students on more field trips than Dr. Jerry A. Cooper". His students received real business world experience through these guest speakers and field trips.

A number of Dr. Cooper's former students were in attendance at his funeral. They said that his efforts in the classroom and beyond helped them enter the real world of business and made it live for them. Dr. Cooper's efforts and his flaming red hair have left a legacy in his students' minds. ▲

Bill Bushnell

by Max McKee

Bill Bushnell and I became colleagues at Southern Oregon College in 1967, he as the Choir Director and Music Department Chairman and I as the Director of Bands. It didn't take me long to find out that this man was on a mission: a really powerful mission.

Within a year we found out that the State of Oregon had approved a new building for the campus. By earlier decree, next up was a new music building. But the President of SOC had another idea in mind and Bill found out about it. "We might not," he said, "be the ones to get a new building after all."

Bill knew that as a new band director I was really working to improve the program and one way was to hold section rehearsals every Monday morning in our awful facilities on the second floor of the college administration building. One day Bill came to me and said, "You know, there's a great space in the foyer of the men's room down on the main floor where you could rehearse your trumpet section since they're all males."

"Great idea," I said. "We're really short on space for sectionals." So I sent the trumpets down there without really thinking much about the fact that the men's room was right across the hall from the President's office. After two weeks of trumpet sectionals, the President called Bill to his office and told him that he had decided that the new music building was definitely his first choice! That was classic Bill Bushnell...and it was only the beginning!!

Within a year we had one of the most dynamic small college programs in the country. When the department offered seven grand opening concerts (from band to choir to soloist productions) Bill's genius to instantly involve the giants of the community in his Music Advisory Council guaranteed a full house each and every night with everyone dressed to the nines as though they were attending some kind of gala Hollywood affair.

One small Music Advisory Council committee funded grand pianos, another handled a huge drive for a new pipe organ, another initiated a radio campaign for my band program that got people all over the Pacific Northwest to look in their closets for music instruments that hadn't been used

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for years and years. The new President of SOC recorded a radio announcement telling people just how important it was to really help college students by giving something they weren't using that they could also count as a deduction. When Bill got the President, a musician himself, to donate his personal clarinet and saxophone to kick off the drive, over 100 instruments were donated.

What happened over the next ten years was truly inspirational and it was during that time that Bill became my closest friend and an amazing mentor to me.

When I remember my all-time favorite movie "It's a Wonderful Life," I think of Bill. Its message about the immeasurable importance of one person in the lives of countless people is reflected in Bill Bushnell. The next time you see that movie, be sure you read the sign on the wall of the office where Jimmy Stewart's father worked at the Bailey Building and Loan: "In life you can only take with you that which you have given away." Based on what he did for me and what he did for so many thousands of other people, I know for sure that Bill Bushnell took absolutely everything with him.

I can't even begin to tell you how much I love that man and how much I'll miss him every day the rest of my life ▲

Richard C. Cottle

By Dennis L. Vrin

On May 23, 2010 Southern Oregon University, the School of Business and the City of Ashland lost one of its most talented and treasured members of the Emeritus Faculty, Dr. Richard C. Cottle.

I first met Dick Cottle not as a faculty member, but as a young loan officer at U.S. National Bank. Over the years we became good friends and I learned what a truly unique man he was.

Dick served in the U.S. Army Air Corp during World War II. Following his service he went to college getting his BA in 1951, LLB in 1953 and his J.D. in 1970. During his college years his roommate was Senator Robert Dole, who he shared a lifelong friendship. Following graduation with his law degree in 1953, he became a law clerk for a Supreme Court Justice for the State of Kansas. He moved to Ashland and opened his law

practice where he served the community as a top attorney, a City Judge and many community positions. As a judge he instituted a special program to help children. Dick was also an accomplished musician. He played the trumpet and was a part of the Firehouse 5 band, and played in dozens of Ashland 4th of July parades. He also formed a band and played in the Southern Oregon Jazz Festivals and other venues until his passing.

As a faculty member, he started as an adjunct faculty teaching Business Law in the late seventies. As his retirement from practicing law came, he found that he enjoyed teaching and became a full time faculty member in the School of Business until 1994 when he retired as an Emeritus Faculty.

Dr. Cottle was an extremely popular teacher, receiving the highest student evaluations. My oldest son Toby, who had known Dick since he was a small boy, said that he was one of the best teachers he ever had. He remembered Dick's unique teaching style and philosophy by his saying there was nothing in the text books he hadn't practiced in his professional life as a lawyer. Therefore, he couldn't in good conscience force students who were struggling to pay their bills to buy a book for \$100. Law was, knowing the case facts and taking good notes. If you were present in class and took good notes, you had everything you needed to be successful. While a faculty member Dick served on the Faculty Personnel Committee and was also legal counsel for the University.

Both his sons, Rick and Morgan can be very proud of their father and his legacy. He was truly a fine and honorable man who gave much to the University and the Southern Oregon community. They were both a better place with Dr. Richard Cottle and he will be missed. ▲

Nan Siebert

by Pat Wolfe

Nan Siebert worked in the Registrar's Office for many years. She was an original, a fighter, a lover of culture and nature, with a sense of humor could not be beat. She told her kids that she wanted an Irish wake at the end, preferably while she was still living so she could enjoy the party. A thought of her always brings a smile. That was Nan. She loved people, she loved to sing, and she loved a good glass of wine. She is greatly missed by those who knew her. ▲

Flying Through Clouds

by Jan Sneider-Brown

Life has taken an amazing turn for me that has helped me to feel forever young. Years ago I experienced flying over the earth in dreams that went on for quite some time. These dreams were magical and tremendously fun. Three years ago while talking to a former barnstormer and crop duster, I recalled those delightful dreams. The pilot, now a flight instructor, encouraged me to go up with him in his plane, "Simply Magic." I remembered that Byron had taken flying lessons at one time. I decided to give it a try just to see if flying was as much fun as in my dreams. To my amazement, after Bill kindly settled down my nerves, I discovered that it was like my dreams! That one lesson has turned into many magical flights in which I am not only learning how to fly but am learning how to overcome fear and expand my horizons.

One day, Bill flew "Simply Magic" between a cloud and the sun so we could see the shadow of the plane on the cloud. The position and clouds and the shadow were perfectly aligned so that a rainbow circled the shadow of the plane. The following poem is a result of that experience.

FLYING THROUGH CLOUDS

One most splendid day

when I was literally up in the air
flying through clouds

my pilot showed me shadows and
rainbows that can form near these

lighthearted obscurations.

lighthearted,

because these obscurations were small
and diaphanous.

The kind that are wispy.

The kind that one can see light through
grey.

The kind that you knew would soon
dissipate

and leave you free to feel the spaciousness
of the brilliant blue sky.

Free to expand to another layer of
openness

where rainbows can enter your life. ▲

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I no longer hitchhike, sleep on the concrete floors of temples, and eat food that invites dysentery, but there is still enough challenge of the unexpected to make it eminently worthwhile. We usually travel for about four weeks at a time (partly to accommodate the billing cycle at home), with a round-trip ticket to a hub destination and no more than first-night hotel reservations on arrival, if that. We never check in baggage – if we can't carry it, we don't need it. Once there our plans are loose and flexible. The locations are determined by air fares (avoiding high-season fares), exchange rates, seasons, current interests, curiosity, and, best of all, serendipity. We have somewhat of a rotation between Asia and Europe, with excursions into the Middle East and the Southern Hemisphere in between. Sprinkled within are two-week trips around this most fascinating country, the United States, where I can still feel like a foreigner in some places. When all goes well, we are away from home in total about half of the year. And almost always it all does go well.

To give an example, we recently returned from Southeast Asia, the region that has become our favorite due to its rich ethnic mix, astounding biodiversity, value, and year-around warm climate. We like Singapore very much and find it a convenient hub for visiting the neighboring countries of Indonesia, Malaysia, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand,

Laos, Cambodia, the Philippines, Burma, and beyond. We have flown to Singapore eleven times over the last eleven years, making it our travel base and recovery center from ventures into the less-overdeveloped world. This time we flew from there on to Borneo, our fifth visit to that enormous island, but each time to a different part of it. This time it was the east coast of Sabah in the state of Malaysia, and the definitely non-touristy cities of Lahad Datu and Tawau where we stayed nine days. Back in Singapore for a few days, we then took a ferry to Pulau Batam in Indonesia for a few days to see life there before returning to Singapore for Chinese New Year. Like all of our trips, we had no firm schedule. So, what did we do? Well, we walked, took public transport, chatted with people encountered, ate their food, pondered what we were seeing, and just enjoyed being somewhere else. I have a weakness for universities and libraries, and Loretta loves to drift through markets and visit with the overseas Chinese who run many of the businesses in Southeast Asia. We go to plays and other performances when we come upon them. We stay in basic but mostly respectable hotels patronized by locals where the prices are much lower than comparable lodgings in this country. Our daily expenses are a fraction of what they would be in a captive tropical resort in Maui or Cancun.

We have no political nor religious agenda on our travels. We don't tell people how they

should live and what they should believe. It is no secret that Americans have lost much respect abroad in recent years for reasons that need not be dredged up here, but when people ask us where we are from, I tell them the truth, and hope that I don't fit their increasingly unfavorable image of Americans abroad.

You may ask about terrorism, or what I consider to be the far more serious threat of an outbreak of violent insanity. It is possible anywhere, including in faculty meetings at American universities. You can get a bad meal in Ashland, encounter an unpleasant person on Siskiyou Boulevard, and have unwelcome physical symptoms anywhere in the world.

And you may ask about costs. Well, it is cheaper than home maintenance and hobbies and lifestyles that many people engage in here at home.

And you may ask about family. Being away gives your children something for them to worry about, for a change.

So, that is what we do. Since Borneo, we have been to England, Wales, and, most exotically, West Texas, where there is unlimited free parking. I am especially grateful to our public higher education system that has made this retirement lifestyle possible. It is for me a true graduate school, with content and without PowerPoint.▲