



Retirees Association

Fall Newsletter 2013

COUNCIL NEWS / Carol McNair

Dave Hoffman and Ralph Fidler have agreed to become co-presidents of the Association for the coming year. Congratulations and good luck to them.

There are now 86 dues paying members of the Retirees Assn. (Sally sent out dues notices earlier in the year. If you forgot to send them in then, you'll have an opportunity to pay at the fall luncheon, November 1.) The number seems encouraging to me, as it is more than the average number of people who attend the luncheons. This suggests that there are members who live too far away or for other reasons don't attend, but are still interested in the group. If you are among that number and you read the newsletter, I would like to hear from you at kcmcnair@mind.net. You don't have to compose a letter; you can simply say, "I read the newsletter." I would like to know how far-flung our readership is. And, of course, if you have any good ideas about articles you or someone you know might submit, that would be wonderful.

The council suggests that in the future obituaries and memorials be printed on-line on the Association's web site at SOU Retirees Association. Please send such articles to John

Englehardt, webmaster, at jjecjeffnet.org, or to me and I will forward them to John.

Sally Klein, our chief administration caretaker, is leaving us in October. We are all indebted to her for her good help and wish her a long and happy retirement. We will miss her help, but we may well see her at the luncheons as a new member. Our new program coordinator is Anya Neher, whom we will meet at the Nov. 1 luncheon.

The fall luncheon, Nov. 1, is a little later than usual this year due to scheduling problems. Dr. Dennis Powers will be the speaker. ▲

The Retirees Association Fall Luncheon

GUEST SPEAKER: Dennis Powers / November 1, 11:30–1:30, Rogue River Room

RSVP: Sally Klein by October 25, 2013 / Email (preferred): KleinS@sou.edu or Telephone: 541-552-6049

Dr. Dennis Powers, author and SOU Emeritus Faculty member, will be the featured speaker. Dennis holds a BA degree (University of Colorado at Boulder) (1964), law degree (University of Denver) (1967), and M.B.A. (Harvard) (1969). He has published more than a dozen nonfiction books, covering a wide range of experience and research in business management, legal defense, economics, as well as publications dealing with maritime issues and events. His book entitled: *The Office Romance*, was his publisher's lead book in 1998 and he has been on national book tour.

Mystery Trips / Ron Nitsos

In past years, Raindance Tours of Wilderville, Oregon, has offered one or two MYSTERY TRIPS a year. In these sojourns, you board a tour bus (with fewer seats so there is more leg room between seats) and head off into the unknown (maybe Star Trek in today's time). You are told in advance what type of weather might be expected (hot, cold, coastal, mountain, etc), but little else. Of course you have been guessing for several months about the destinations and betting with friends on the routes, sites and such.

I have taken quite a few of these trips and know that we will have an enjoyable time regardless of destinations since a number of fellow travelers will also be on board. I have traveled with Raindance for about 12 years and Ken and Rhonda, owners of the company, have become close friends—yet still won't spill the beans as to our travels on the excursion.

This past year, 2012, we traveled the route as follows:

1. Crescent City for lunch at the docks, Eureka for our first night's lodging at a Best Western followed by dinner at the Samoa

Smoke House, family style service with lots of food.

2. Down 101 HWY with a stop at Barra Winery in Ukiah for lunch and wine tasting, a beautiful setting and very good wines.

3. Reached San Francisco following a tour through Sausalito. Stayed at the Ramada Inn on Fisherman's Wharf and you know what we had for dinner this night.

4. Next day did a tour of the submarine docked at the Wharf followed by a guided unusual tour of SF: Beginning at the top of Larkin Street, where we walked down to catch the bus at the bottom of the street, we were off to the Presidio for a tour of Lucas Entertainment Headquarters, then a drive through the Presidio and finally ended at the Palace of the Legion of Honor with its original Rodin Thinker. We feasted at the San Francisco Culinary Academy on a series of three different small entrees plus wine, salad, and, of course, unusual deserts.

5. Next day off to Winchester Mystery House where we did a tour of the facility and had lunch (not one of the most gourmet

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ARTHUR KREISMAN

DR. KREISMAN was the teacher who most formed and shaped my life. Arthur Kreisman had the ability to read and gauge students to an extraordinary degree. He was fair and dogmatic, tough and compassionate. All you needed to bring to the table was your best. That didn't mean perfection, just striving to meet the goal of perfection within your own limitations.

Dr. K. was the toughest teacher I ever had. A small example: He returned one of my early papers with a large "D" scrawled across the face of it. Under that was the notation, "Anyone else would have gotten an "A" for this, but it was your first draft." BUSTED. Well, he didn't get any first drafts after that.

Those of us who were fortunate took his classes. They were not just whatever their titles suggested, but were a world view of the subject, how it fit into Western Civilization, what it all meant then and what "relevance" it had "now," quoted buzzwords from the 1960s when some student trends were to evaluate courses, and even whole departments for "relevance" and "today." The ancient Chinese toast/curse, "May you live in interesting times" appropriately covered campus and collective societal life then, and now.

While I never socialized with him or his family, one recollection surfaces that was telling to me. His wife Evelyn used to sit in on his lectures with some frequency. I suspect she didn't need the credits. It was a heart-warming sight to watch them walk across campus holding hands, usually heading to Liberty Street and their home.

Dr. K. taught us how to find things without a computer doing all the work. The fundamentals of research can't be downloaded easily. They can only be taught by great teachers. His great belief in language and literature, research and analysis were always the foremost things he tried to transmit to at least two generations of students, I was just lucky enough to have had multiple undergraduate and graduate courses from him.

I graduated almost fifty years ago from SOC and yet nearly every day something comes up that reminds me of Dr. K. And so, I close with a toast "Here's to Life—Here's to Love—Here's to the memory of Dr. Arthur Kreisman." —*Robert Frank*

DURING A RECENT visit with Mamie Kreisman she revealed she had not intended to remarry after her husband of 43 years had passed away. Arthur Kreisman changed her mind for her; for those of us who knew Art that is not much of a surprise. She had a delightful smile on her face as she recounted the way he spontaneously danced her down the aisle at their wedding ceremony in July, 1994. Art always had another adventure for them to enjoy throughout their

marriage. But, as much as anything, she appreciated his ability to communicate with a broad spectrum of people. Mamie said that Art felt one of his greatest achievements, of which he was extremely proud, was to be asked by Governor Mark Hatfield to edit the Oregon Centennial Anthology.

Art was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in June, 1918. He came to SOU in 1946 having earned his M.A. and Ph.D. at Boston University. Art taught English, chaired the Humanities Division and became dean of Arts and Sciences in 1959. Ian Couchman remembers Art as an excellent administrator, who had a solid grounding as a philosopher, and a great sense of humor laced with occasional naughtiness. Ian was especially appreciative of the fact that Dean Kreisman nominated him for tenure.

The faculty lounge in Britt Hall in the 1960's was a favorite place for faculty to meet, have coffee and conversation and complain. Art loved the lounge and could be found there for a few minutes each mid-morning. Bob McCoy recalled with great pleasure the sessions where there was fervent debate involving historian Art Taylor, football coach Al Aikens (Marine Corps), political scientist Marshall Woodell (Navy), Bob and Art, U.S. Army veterans. Art wrote the following poem about the faculty lounge:

DEGREES OF NORMALCY
"This is the Mondayest Monday"

Monday is the lowest point,
Lying due south of Sunday,
And north of nowhere.

Its rigor throws us out of joint,
Leading to the ultimate northwest of Friday,
After which the needle comes to bear

Once more true north,
And we regain our worth
As humans. It is only by degrees

That we are mad,
And box it how you please
The still, sad

South of Monday vexes alike
Laborers and Ph.D.'s.

Rachel Sargenti, Dr. Kreisman's long time administrative assistant wrote: Dr. Kreisman was an individual of boundless energy, integrity, and knowledge. He was always ready to enjoy a humorous situation that might develop. Arthur was also very good at helping to resolve complex problems. He had an amazing capacity for detail and recognizing pertinent information among the irrelevant. Art appreciated my work and praised me for a job well done.

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He always valued others opinions and actively sought input from colleagues and others. In turn, many professionals in the Pacific Northwest sought Art's input and evaluation.

What I, like everyone else, remember most about Art was his upbeat humor and ensuing laughter. The man had the ability to praise or reprimand one with the same hearty good humor.

What is it about SOU that would attract a person of Art's talents and achievements? Why is it that he shunned opportunities to become president of a much larger institution? Whatever the reasons SOU was fortunate to be the benefactor of such a gifted and gracious professional. —*Claude Curran*

WHEN ART KREISMAN WAS WRITING HIS HISTORY of Southern Oregon University (Remembering; a History of Southern Oregon University, University of Oregon Press, 2002), most, perhaps all, of his writing was done in the Library. He used the college archives, such as they were, and kept a desk where he worked. We shared many coffee breaks. He was an extraordinarily happy man and writing his history obviously gave him much satisfaction at the end of his career.

Art was proud of the university and, I think, genuinely pleased with his long participation in it. He was not out to embarrass anyone in his account, and he hardly mentioned his own considerable role in its academic achievements during his long tenure. He focused on its early days and the many starts and stops it endured on the way to becoming the university of today. In addition to the archival records, he scoured the local newspapers to carefully verify dates and people. He emphasized its successes over its shortcomings. Much of the period he covered predated his arrival so he could offer few personal recollections. He wrote his text carefully in legible handwriting on yellow legal pads. It was clean copy, well-organized, and written in his crisp unadorned style. Someone else later put it into word processing. I doubt that many changes or corrections were necessary. He often proudly showed me his drafts.

During our coffee breaks, he reflected expansively on his life. From Boston where he grew up, as he told it, he was offered a football scholarship to Brigham Young University. Getting there required riding some freight train rides and hitchhiking, not uncommon modes of transportation during the Great Depression. Why Brigham Young? It was the scholarship; he was certainly no Mormon then or later.

Once in Utah he found that all the football players there were twice his size, so he turned to prizefighting instead where he would face opponents closer to his size to make a little money. That he was physically a tough guy, was believable to me as still in his eighties he was very fit and hearty. Once he flexed his

bicep and asked me to feel it. He also talked at length about his Army service during the war, part of which was spent in the Canadian North at some sort of communications center. Then Belgium around the time of the Battle of the Bulge, of which he said little.

Weighing and linking these random reminiscences in chronological order sometimes puzzled me. It has been almost fifteen years since we shared those times together and I may have some things wrong. After the war he completed his graduate work at Boston University, and then onto Southern Oregon College of Education where he spent his entire academic career.

Art had served on many accreditation teams for the Northwest Commission on Colleges and Universities and in his retirement he became an advisor to the University of Phoenix, a pioneer in distance-learning programs, helping the school to achieve accreditation. He became an admirer and friend of the man who headed this school and they had many meetings together. Being a traditional librarian, I didn't think much of these for-profit distance-learning schools, in part because they operated with virtually no libraries or library support, and I questioned the worthiness of their degrees. Plus, there was (and continues to be) competition with the hand that fed us both. But I couldn't get an argument with Art as he said their particular programs didn't need libraries and they were doing alright without them. Everything was fine at the University of Phoenix, as it was at Southern Oregon University. Different schools doing different things.

This in no way set us apart, nor did it diminish my admiration for him. While I had little interaction with him during his pre-retirement years at the university, I do have these very pleasant later coffee breaks with him to cherish. In my third of a century at SOU, I never encountered anyone so consistently enthusiastic and optimistic about the university. He had praise for everyone who made a contribution, and said little about those who didn't. He was quick to point out the strengths of the presidents, all of whom he worked closely with in his role as administrator (under various titles). Just being around him gave me a much needed perspective. I enjoyed every minute of conversation with Art, and I learned some things about how the school evolved, and thus came to understand its complexities better.

I retired soon after but continued to bump into him around town. He always greeted me cheerfully while almost crushing my hand with his vise-like grip. He was, as I have already said, but must say again, a happy man. The academic life doesn't turn everyone cynical and depressed. Art belonged here.

—*Harold Otness*

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

MYSTERY TRIPS / *continued from page 3*

meals of the trip). This is the bizarre 160 room mansion designed by the Winchester Rifle heiress. Then to the Rosicrucian Museum for a fascinating tour of Egyptian artifacts in the largest collection in western North America. Dinner this night was at a wonderful restaurant in Chinatown—some of us rode the cable car there.

6. Morning on our own and then boarded the bus. In each of the seats was a brown paper bag inside of which was a bag of peanuts and a box of Cracker Jacks. Taped to the box was a ticket for the Giants baseball game that afternoon. The Giants lost to Rockies, but it was exciting to be in such a huge stadium right opposite third base.

7. Off for points unknown the next day and realized we were heading north. In Fairfield stopped for a tour of Anheiser Bush brewery for a tour and sampling, of course. Continued to gold country and a visit to Coloma after having lunch at a great fruit stand/outdoor market/BBQ facility. Returned to Sacramento and what turned out to be a several night stay at a hotel just across from Old Sacramento. Dinner on the Riverboat with great weather and lots of drinks beforehand. This also included a "Mystery Theater" who-done-it production, seems appropriate for a Mystery Trip.

8. Toured Sacramento. It was unfortunate that a lot of the historical sites and museums we were to visit were closed on that day due to budget cutbacks by the governor. We did visit the capital. Had an excellent lunch at a functioning orphanage that was served by a group of volunteers that do these meals as fundraisers. That night had dinner at an old restaurant downtown currently called Dads. A bit of a story here. I grew up in Sacramento and my Dad owned a cafe called the Sacramento Coney Island Café, which served mainly breakfasts and lunches since it was located in the financial district of downtown. As a youth I had to learn the ropes of the business and, starting with dishwasher and ending with fry cook, worked there pretty much off and on from eight grade through high school.

My Dad retired in 1970 after 40 years in business and sold the business. Well, it seems that this new Dads restaurant was the same one my father owned although it had been remolded and had its name changed. Got to meet the new owners and tour the facility, including the basement, which originally was the first floor of the building, but Sacramento had raised the street levels downtown to reduce flooding that occurred there frequently. Was a great surprise and treat to reminisce about the old place.

9. Off to Napa, and a stay at the Embassy Suites there after a lunch at an open air market. That afternoon did a tour of a fancy winery, Castello de Amorosa, with wine tasting. That evening we had a dinner at the California Culinary Institute, the old Christian Brothers Winery, that was superb.

10. On the bus and back to southern Oregon.

This is just an example of the kinds of Mystery Tours done by Raindance. In past years we have been to eastern Washington, Idaho, Nevada, southern California, the California coast and lots of places in between. Who knows where this year's trip will take us, although we do know that a passport is required! Mexico? Canada? Hawaii? (Oops, travel there doesn't require a passport.) Wherever, we know it will be a great time and good food. ▲

A frog telephones the Psychic Hotline and is told, "You are going to meet a beautiful young girl who will want to know everything about you."

The frog says, "This is great! Will I meet her at a party or at a well or what?"

"No," says the psychic. "You will meet her next semester in her biology class."