



Retirees Association

Fall Newsletter 2014

FROM THE PRESIDENTS' DESK / Dave Hoffman and Ralph Fidler

IT'S THAT TIME OF THE YEAR AGAIN! The SOU Retiree Association membership fee for 2014-2015 is due, starting September 31, 2014. If you have already submitted your membership fee, thank you for your continued support. The fee of \$20 offsets association expenses incurred during the up-coming fiscal period. For access to the association's benefits, such as bookstore discounts and entry into sports events a membership card is needed. To get one, go to Student Services in Britt.

Our expenses include office supplies, the printing and mailing of our newsletter, expenses for our luncheons and for guests and speakers, as well as membership badges. Our association's board has worked to keep dues in place for the past several years; this past year, we experimented with the location of our luncheons, as well as the type of meals and the service provided. Our exploration was prompted by the desire to hold our treasury in balance, and also to determine if other locations on campus would be more desirable than always meeting in Stevenson Union. At this point, it appears that Stevenson is still the preferred location to hold our luncheons.

If you are acquainted with a retired professor/teacher or retired staff person from our university who has not yet joined the association, please tell them that we welcome their membership. You might tell the person that a primary purpose of the organization has been to support deserving students at the university through our growing scholarship fund which is now over \$32,000. The university's administration considers our scholarship fund to be our most important contribution to the institution. This spring, we granted our first award of \$1200. The grant will make it possible for the recipient to complete her senior year by next June. Contributions to the scholarship fund do not require membership in the retiree association.

A recent retiree considering membership will likely find that the most visible activities of the SOU Retiree Association to be the fall, winter and spring luncheons where members convene to socialize and to hear a guest speaker's presentation, or the occasional musical/drama performance. Our luncheon and meeting will be held on Friday October 31, 2014 at 11:30 am in the Rogue River Room of the Stevenson Union. Our luncheon speaker will be a representative from the Ashland Fire Department who will enlighten us on the fire dangers facing those of us in the Ashland area. This presentation should be very timely and informative. As a special bonus we will have a brief presentation and a chance to meet our new college President, Roy Saigo.

Again this term we will offer everyone their choice of food from the Union food court. This worked out well last Spring wherein we visited from 11:30 to about 11:45 and then proceeded to the Union food court to order and pay for our meals and bring them back to the Rogue River Room for eating and visiting. We can pay with Visa or cash. Coffee, tea, and water will be available in the Rogue River Room. Anyone not wishing to have lunch is also welcome to attend.

The Southern Oregon Retirees' Newsletter is published by the Association three times a year, and goes to all retired members of faculty and staff (members or not.) so that retirees can keep up-to-date on what's happening within the ranks of our fellow retirees, who

The Retirees Association Fall Luncheon

GUEST SPEAKER

A Representative from the
Ashland Fire Department

INTRODUCTION OF

SOU President

Roy Saigo

October 31

11:30am-1:30pm

SU Rogue River Room

are the primary contributors of articles to the newsletter. This may be your last chance to get something published! The Association's newsletter is also made available on the group website.

So, please fill out the attached annual membership form and return it and your check to in the enclosed return envelope. You may choose to pay your dues at our next luncheon, on Oct. 31. Speaking for all the SOU Retirees Association, we hope that you are enjoying this season of your retirement and hope you will join us again for the 2014-15 year. ▲

BY DEFINITION

Eclipse: What an English barber does for a living.

Heroes: What a guy in a boat does.

VOLUNTEERISM

Listening Post / Sara Hopkins Powell

The Listening Post, Ashland, is a community-based program with a mission to listen with compassion, respect and confidentiality to those in our community who are marginalized, isolated and alone. We offer the hospitality of presence. We do not impose any beliefs, provide counseling, advise, rescue or fix. Listening in this way, we hope, empowers, comforts and assists the other in becoming whole.

We are in our third year of listening. Our trained volunteers see our guests at Uncle Food's Diner (a community meal at the United Methodist Church), the Ashland Library, the Ashland Senior Center, the Phoenix Community Meal at the First Presbyterian Church in Phoenix and the Ashland Resource Center (the new day use center for people in Ashland). The people we listen to are as young as 9 and as old as 91.

When we started at Uncle Food's Diner we often listened to the homeless and mentally ill in our community. We heard stories of longing, regret, bad choices, what makes people happy and what brings them joy, what brought them to the Rogue Valley and what keeps them here. Listening without commenting is an art the volunteers continually have to practice, since we often think we know what is best for someone. We also listen to those who are lonely or away from family. Stories we hold are of a woman worried whether she has Alzheimer's, or an older woman who found herself living on \$400 in a substandard mobile home, or what is like to live in a car on the streets of Ashland.

As volunteers we have grown and changed as we listen to these stories. It is not possible to see the homeless or mentally ill in the same way. Our own compassion for others expands. We have a deeper broader sense of the Rogue Valley and all who live here.

We have 27 volunteers including three SOU retirees: Anne Chambers, Connie Alexander and Frank Lang. We are always looking for new volunteers who can listen at least once a month and attend a monthly one-hour volunteer meeting. If you are interested or have questions, please contact Sara Hopkins Powell at shopkinspowell@gmail.com or visit our website at www.listeningpostashland.org. ▲

Volunteering for CET—Community Emergency

Response Team / Karen Schafer

When I felt my first earthquake, the 6.0 earthquake that hit Klamath Falls in the fall of 1993, I didn't know what to do. I chose to stand in the doorway of the flimsiest door of our Talent house. Twenty one years later I'm living on the Oregon Coast, one of the most earthquake prone places in the country. The Cascadia subduction zone, a 600 mile fault line that runs from northern California to British Columbia, is in our front yard. A mega earthquake along this fault has an 80% chance of happening in the next 30 years. I thought it wise to learn more. My volunteer firefighter hairdresser and a walking buddy, who is also the Safety Officer for Lincoln County public schools, started talking about CERT, Community Emergency Response Team.

Those two convinced the local Fire Department to sponsor a CERT class in 2009.

Since then I've served as an actor for disaster simulations for the Taft High School Teen CERT and adult CERT "final" examinations as well as a parade-traffic helper for the Gleneden Beach Fourth of July parades. I have searched the beach for a missing person, taught units on disaster psychology, and evaluated CERT students' ability to clear a person's airway, stop bleeding, and treat a person for shock. Presently, I serve on the Depoe Bay Fire District CERT planning board. In August, 2013 I attended a grant funded Cascadia Earth Scope Earthquake and Tsunami Education Program (CEETEP) at the OSU Hatfield Marine Science Center and learned a whole lot more about earthquakes! Last October during the Great American Shake Out, I recorded names at a Tsunami Assembly point during a tsunami drill.

The result of all this training is that we carry disaster supply kits in our cars, have a grab and go bag in a cupboard near the front door and a bag with shoes and a flashlight tied to a leg underneath the bed. The Oregon Coast is an exciting place to live. Being prepared for an earthquake and a tsunami evacuation gives me some confidence that I will be a survivor-helper rather than a victim should the BIG ONE happen. ▲

CrabFest / Sue Corp

Many members of our SOU Retirees' Association have experienced the value and "payback" gained through volunteer projects and associations with service clubs. Ralph Waldo Emerson explains it this way: "It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself."

My personal experiences include active membership in the Rotary Club of Ashland-Lithia Springs. Ours is the "new" club in town, having formed in late 1991. As a charter member of this club and twice president, I've been in the process of summarizing our activities in a club history. (It's interesting to note that the speaker for our very first club meeting was Past District Rotary Governor Esby McGill, Dean of Faculty at Southern Oregon State College.) With a core membership of twenty people, we embarked on the Rotary adventure of "Service Above Self."

I look proudly at the positive impact of our relatively small group (averaging 50 members now) on countless lives, primarily focusing on the youth in our local communities. Through scholarships, grants, and hands-on projects, we have made a difference in ways large and small. We help fund projects which bring art, theatre and music to elementary school children, help with counseling programs for young people, encourage literacy initiatives, and support outdoor education and after-school programs.

Although we distribute dollars to a wide range of projects, of note are our "Make a Difference" scholarship awards--intended to recognize those students who seek a two-year vocational education, such as nursing, paramedic, automotive, and culinary studies. Our members chose this path, observing that high school awards ceremonies tend to overlook these worthy students.

To fund these projects we need to raise dollars. Our now-famous CrabFest began in 1997 as a response to the devastating New Year's Day flood in Ashland. Proceeds from the first CrabFest resulted in the donation to the city of a new footbridge across Ashland Creek. You'll find the bridge—and the plaque describing the donation—directly across from the Ashland Community Center on Winburn Way.

CrabFest (our motto “Kids First—Our Commitment to the Future”) has gained prominence throughout the Rogue Valley and beyond as a wonderful opportunity for our community to benefit scholarship and youth programs. Currently at \$60 per person for the dinner, more than 300 attendees enjoy a fun evening, succulent crab dinner, and unparalleled camaraderie—

including a special Crab Fest t-shirt! Generous event sponsors; amazing live and silent auction items provided by big-hearted businesses, individuals, and community organizations; and the hard work of our club members and their families have made this a community favorite. I know many of you are CrabFest attendees. Faithful supporters, to be sure!

Through 2014, my club has raised more than \$460,000 through CrabFest! Our club members receive the great pleasure of distributing CrabFest dollars to worthy projects and deserving students. The benefit to each one of us is the understanding that together we've achieved something which is impossible for most of us to accomplish alone. As the Chinese proverb explains, “Flowers always leave a fragrance in the hand that bestows them.” ▲

A STREET MARKET IN CHINA / Karen Gernant

Grudgingly at first, and then abruptly, darkness yields to the early morning light. Loud voices sound like murmurs from a block or two away. Vendors are claiming their places at the street market, which runs from 6 to 8 a.m. daily—except during major holidays.

We clatter down five flights of stairs, squeeze through a stile, and walk the few paces to the market. People are already jostling each other, giving way only to the blind who pick their way gingerly through the crowd with the tap-tap of their canes. Bicyclers pulling carts force other shoppers out of their way. Sometimes as they buy their produce and meat, the riders idle, thus creating more obstacles for pedestrians. Occasionally, a beggar with a tin cup tugs at one's sleeve.

We generally walk the length of the market to appraise the selections. After noting the most tempting goods, we turn back, stopping here to buy bananas and there to buy lettuce. Vendors are invariably surprised by our purchasing only one or two heads of lettuce. “We make salads with this; we don't cook it,” we explain. They're incredulous—but a sale's a sale. Carrots are triple the girth of those sold in the U.S. and often tastier. Broccoli is firm. Heads of cauliflower dwarf those sold in the U.S. If tomatoes are a little scarred, we buy them for soup or marinara sauce. If they're unmarred, as they usually are, we buy them for salads. On an impulse, we pick up some long, narrow eggplants and then add garlic from a pyramid of bulbs standing on a cloth on the ground. Onions go into our shopping bag next.

Other vegetable selections include green peppers, chili peppers, snow peas, potatoes, sweet potatoes, sweet potato leaves, spinach, Chinese cabbage and also western cabbage, ordinary green beans and 2-3 foot-long green beans, soy beans, celery, sweet corn, squash, fresh bamboo shoots (in season), red onions (called “foreign onions,” in contrast to green onions which are merely “onions”), fresh garlic, bean sprouts, fresh water chestnuts, long cucumbers, lotus roots, turnips, daikon, winter melon, bitter melon, delicate pale green asparagus, ginger root, and a host of unfamiliar vegetables. Several are thought to have medicinal properties. One may also find readymade condiments—pickles and peanuts among them—for a breakfast of rice porridge.

Depending on the season, papayas, pineapples, persimmons, pears, peaches, cherries, dragon fruit, various melons, pomelo, longans, lichees, rambutans, kiwi, mangoes, strawberries, grapes, mangosteens, and loquats are plentiful.

A few steps away, we encounter our favorite seller of chicken from the year before. He's now peddling fish. “Chicken wasn't selling well,” he says. Butchers offer fresh pork, beef, and mutton – sometimes from carts, sometimes from the backs of their trucks. And we also see frogs, turtles, and all kinds of fish, as well as shrimp, crab, clams, eel, abalone, and mussels, but we're not sure how long they've been out in the open air, and so we

pass them by. Eggs—sold by weight and, as in Europe, unrefrigerated—and tofu are also available.

Flower peddlers sitting at a bend in the street gesture toward their pails of chrysanthemums in yellow, white, and maroon.

At the other end of the street, a man sells several varieties of mushrooms. “I haven't seen you for a while,” he says. “We just came back.” Leaving his place with a bag of white button mushrooms, we spot a person who once manned newspaper stands. He's now doing a brisk business selling oranges, tangerines, and apples. Newspapers and magazines hadn't sold very well.

While shopping, we often run into friends and acquaintances—some from as far as several blocks away. Acquaintances greet each other; people who know one another well pause to engage in earnest, animated conversation. Occasionally, something unusual startles us. Once someone dressed in Buddhist monk's garb was being escorted down the street. He was begging, ostensibly for his temple. In reality, he was fake—temples have announced publicly that they don't send their monks and nuns out to beg.

Heading home with our purchases, we're eager to transform the eggplants, garlic, and onions into a spicy hot dish, and the lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, and carrots into a salad. Papaya will be a lunchtime dessert. Life doesn't get much better than this. ▲

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

105th / Excerpted from *Money Sucks*, by Mike Baughman

I know that the very word (happiness) has come to have an odious ring, in America particularly. But there is no good reason why it should be thus. Happiness is as legitimate as sorrow, and everybody, except those emancipated souls who in their wisdom have found something better, or bigger, desires to be happy and would, if he could (if he only knew how!) sacrifice everything to attain it.

—Henry Miller, *The Rosy Crucifixion*

By the time I arrived at the Y on the morning of the paint horse and the peacock, these had become the entries at the top of my mental list: I'd read a study concluding that the happiest people on earth lived in Costa Rica, the first of seven relatively poor Central and Caribbean countries ranked in the top ten on the list. America—the greatest and richest country on Earth, as we're often told—came in at 105th.

A few months after Hilde and I were married, while I was stationed at Fort Ord awaiting my army discharge, we found ourselves living in a small apartment two blocks above Fisherman's Wharf in Monterey. Hilde was pregnant. Our single room was so small that when we lowered the Murphy bed from the wall, we couldn't open the front door. Living prudently, we could afford one pizza a week, one movie a month, and the San Francisco Chronicle on Sundays. We owned a few books, a used radio, a small phonograph, and two records to play on it. We spent much of our free time hiking on nearby beaches. We were happy.

In the 1950s in Hawaii, the Waikiki beachboys were my heroes. Their names were enough to impress a boy from the mainland like me: Boat, Duke, Chick, Panama, Turkey, Rabbit, Buffalo, Splash, Blue. They worked the stretch of beach from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel down past the old Outrigger Canoe Club and Moana Hotel to the Waikiki Surf Club. They made their livings teaching surfing and taking tourists out to catch waves in eight-man koa wood canoes. In their ample free time, they surfed Queens and Canoes and speared fish and gathered lobsters and raced canoes and drank beer and played their ukuleles and talked

story sang their songs. They were doing what they wanted to do where they wanted to be with no apparent desire to possess more than they already had. Waikiki Beach was their self-contained world, and they knew and loved it. Statehood and jet planes and the business money that inevitably came along for the ride would quickly change their world, would soon destroy it, but when I knew them, they were the happiest people I'd ever seen.

I read a Sports Illustrated article about a young couple, both double-amputees, training to row in the 2012 Paralympics in London. The young man, an Iraq war veteran named Rob, is characterized this way: "What would he do with money anyway? He doesn't see the point of 'stuff that doesn't have a use . . . stuff you put up on a wall and display.' He travels with an acoustic guitar and an iPad, but not much else. He has two duffle bags of clothes but doesn't wear most of them. He thinks he might give most of his clothes away too.

"Rob lives on the \$4,100 a month he gets from the Department of Veterans Affairs, and he enjoys living in hotels. When he and Oskana (his rowing partner) finished training in Orlando last winter, he went to the bank, cashed his monthly check, put it all inside a card he wrote out in Spanish using the Google Translator. Then he left the entire \$4,100 for the cleaning woman at his hotel. He did not even know her name."

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN BRIGGS 1930_2014