



OSURA

NEWS & VIEWS





PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings from your new OSURA President... a position I'm honored to assume for the 2021-22 year. I'm aware of the shoulders upon which I stand... as our organization has been adeptly led by my presidential predecessors and their committee chairs, who have built OSURA into a dynamic organization of over 300 members.

It is, of course, through your membership and active participation in our programs, and your financial support (dues and scholarship donations) that OSURA has become a recognized part of the OSU community. Please know that your OSURA board and its committees are working to provide programs that reflect the interests of all OSU retirees (both faculty and staff) and their spouses/partners and widows/widowers. We hope you can find time to attend programs, join a committee, volunteer or share your ideas for a new activity.

As you are all aware, COVID-19 has put a damper on so much of our lives over the past 18 months, and OSURA events have also been a casualty. Nevertheless, we have continued to deliver interesting and intellectual stimulation in the last year via Zoom and webinar technologies. Regrettably, however, we are missing the social interaction of in-person gatherings around our events. In particular, the 2020 Fall Start Up, which in recent years has been a delicious catered dinner in the MU Horizon Room, did not happen. Again this fall, the board made the difficult decision to delay such an event.

On a personal level, as one assuming the role of OSURA's president, I'm reflecting on my 44 years in Corvallis and career at OSU. Important to me is the collegiality among OSU faculty and staff... and the many friendships that have evolved over those years. I'm sure each of you hold similar emotions... and, like me, must recognize the value OSURA plays in sustaining your connection to those friendships and OSU.

Therefore, let OSURA help build on your past contributions to OSU as you engage with our organization and its many volunteer activities. And, please, encourage your retired OSU friends to join OSURA!

And what, may you ask, is the history of OSURA? Well, our organization is now starting its 20th year! OSURA received official recognition in December 2001 from OSU President Paul Risser after a group of retired and actively employed faculty and staff aligned in the summer and fall of that year to push this idea forward. From its kickoff meeting in January 2002, OSURA has grown to benefit both retirees and OSU. Please stay tuned as we plan to make more of this "20th Anniversary" celebration during the course of this year.



In addition, the OSURA scholarships given to students studying to promote healthy aging are one of the most gratifying elements of OSURA membership. It was not until OSURA's 10th year that our scholarship fund reached the minimum \$25,000 needed to establish an endowment with the OSU Foundation. However, in this current fiscal year (2021-22) we are within reach of increasing that endowment to \$100,000 due to your additional contributions supporting our scholarship fund.

On May 20, 2021 at OSURA's annual meeting we were able to bestow 6 new scholarships of \$2,000 each, and have budgeted for eight this year. As you consider your philanthropic giving this year, please direct your scholarship giving through OSURA.

In closing, I must recognize the critical staff and financial support OSURA is provided through OSU University Events, in particular, Mealoha McFadden, who is a consistent presence on our board. In addition, nothing would happen if not for the active work of our committees, who incubate ideas and build them into the programs we're able to offer.

I look forward to when we are able to offer in-person opportunities to gather our members at an OSURA event in the near future. In the interim, my hope is that you'll find many ways to benefit from your OSURA membership in the coming year.

Bill Young
OSURA President, 2021-22



*Some of
OSURA zoom
participants*

OSURA Annual Meeting

May 20, 2021 (1-2:30 pm)

Contributed by Tom Plant, 2020-21 OSURA Board Secretary

The Annual Meeting [virtual again this year due to Covid-19 pandemic restrictions] was called to order by President Carol Kronstad via Zoom with 19 participants at 1 PM on May 20, 2021. Carol welcomed all on-line members and guests including four of the six new OSURA scholarship winners.

Due to several technical glitches, the introduction of scholarship winners was moved to later in the program. Carol then introduced Shawn Scoville, the CEO of the OSU Foundation. Shawn introduced two other Foundation staff members who were also attending: Jennifer Milburn, the OSURA liaison, and Hannah Snively. Shawn then spoke on Foundation achievements and future plans, emphasizing that the sole purpose of the Foundation is to support OSU and its activities. It does this in three ways: 1) Engaging community; 2) Inspiring investment, and 3) Stewarding resources. Some of this year's achievements were highlighted.

- The current campaign goal of \$123 million was surpassed, shooting now for \$150 million
- More than \$37 million in new scholarship support
- New effort in supporting veterans and military-connected students
- Endowment reached \$761 million in March 2021
- More than 500,000 records in their donor database [200,000 alumni and 300,000 parents/friends]
- 9 new endowed faculty positions for 151 total currently
- One-day "Dam Proud" fund drive on April 28 raised over \$1.1 million from >4000 gifts including over 800 faculty and staff from OSU
- Ramping up a new fund campaign – now in "silent phase but announcing soon"

Following Shawn's talk, Larry Pribyl introduced this year's 6 new OSURA scholarship winners of the \$2000 scholarships funded by member donations.

- Kayleana Green – Junior from Coquille in Biochem/Molecular Biology doing undergrad research
- Rujul Kumar – Junior from Portland in Pre-Med. He exercises elderly patients; doing HC thesis
- Hayleigh Middleton – Junior from Florence in Bio/PreMed (2nd time recipient) currently studying grey whales.
- Kelsey Shimoda – Junior from Houston, TX in BioChem/Molecular Biology doing 2 years of Undergrad research
- Maddie Smith – Junior from Salem in Robotics/Computer Science researching healthy habits/success connects
- Mara Steele – Jr. from Kaiser in Psych/Biol; works with Center for Autism in Salem; not able to attend school last year due to financial constraints

Kelvin Koong then gave the Treasurer's report (handout) showing income and expenses for the past three fiscal years along with the scholarship fund figures. OSURA is in good financial shape.

Bill Young, President-Elect, acknowledged and thanked the current OSURA board for this very strange Covid-19 year of activities. New board members this year were Carroll DeKock, Tony Amandi, and Larry Pribyl. Three members will be leaving the board: Tom Plant and Bill Becker are terming out after 6 years on the board and Bobbi Hall will leave after 1 term but will join the Scholarship Committee. There were 18 out of 19 possible past-OSURA presidents at the Zoom

"Past Presidents Luncheon" on March 9 where an update was given and input taken on future OSURA activities.

Mike Schuyler, nominations chair, then called for votes on Gary Beach being a new board member and on the new officers being Bill Young – president, Robert Smythe – president-elect; Mike Schuyler – secretary, and Kathy Motley continuing as newsletter editor/website manager/volunteer coordinator. Both nominations were passed unanimously.

Carol then adjourned the meeting at 2:25 pm.





Congratulations to our 2020-2021 OSURA scholarship recipients



Kayleana Green will be entering her third year at OSU in fall of 2021-22 and is from Coquille, Oregon. Kaylee is majoring in Biochemistry and Molecular Biology with a Pre-Med Option. Her career goal is obtaining a Doctorate of Neuroscience and working to increase our knowledge of how the brain functions. She has an excellent academic record and involvement in undergraduate research, as well as commendable activities of leadership and volunteering. She has been participating in undergraduate research with a project entitled “Ionic Currents and Steroid Sensitivity of Hypothalamic Neurons.” The overall goal of the project is to increase understanding of the circadian rhythm and how hormones and other factors can lead to improved

sleep cycles and thus improved health. Kaylee feels her chosen professional area, through both her current research and her career goal work, has great potential for creating increased knowledge of brain function. Furthermore, she feels this increased knowledge can provide substantial contributions to society and, particularly, health aging where neurological disorders such as Alzheimer’s and strokes have such negative impacts.

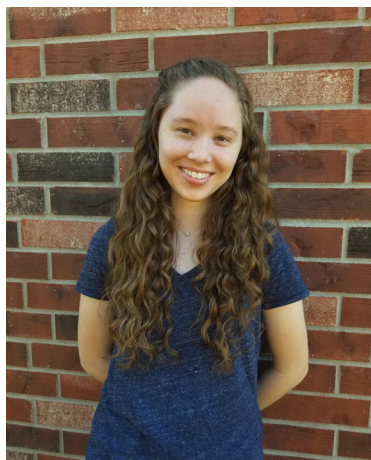


Rujul Kumar is a junior from Portland, Oregon. He is enrolled in the Honors College, majoring in Biology Pre-Med with minors in Chemistry and Psychology. He maintains an outstanding GPA while completing a rigorous science curriculum. He volunteers for many programs, including exercising Multiple Sclerosis patients, tutoring underserved students and mentoring at STEM camp. The basis of his honors thesis is research on the impact of red light on aging in fruit flies who have been exposed to blue light, which shortens the life of fruit flies. Because humans are increasingly exposed to blue light from various devices, this research has important relevance to aging in humans.



Hayleigh Middleton is a University Honors College Junior from Florence, Oregon. She is majoring in Biology/ Pre-Med in the College of Science. Her studies in Biology have offered her a unique opportunity not many college students get, tracking Gray Whales and their feeding habits and behaviors off the Oregon Coast.

Her recommendations show a development of managerial and organizational abilities that helped Hayleigh win high praise as a thoughtful leader. Hayleigh has had a life-long interest in the health care field, from elementary school to an entire year in high school spent shadowing health care professionals. Her career goal is an MD degree, with a specialization in geriatrics, an interest she gained working in the same nursing home as her mother. Her goal is to focus on Alzheimer's and dementia research. Hayleigh works part-time in Chemistry Stores and has been a Research Assistant in the OSU Grey Whale Foraging Ecology project. She was appointed Department head at Regency Florence at age 17 and served as Medical Scribe at Proscribe in Salem. Hayleigh was also awarded an OSURA scholarship in 2020.



Kelsey Shimoda, a junior from Houston, Texas in the College of Science, is majoring in Honors Biochemistry and Molecular Biology with a minor In Chemistry and Psychology. Not only is she an excellent student but she has been engaged in directed research in the Department of Integrative Biology for over two years. To date, she has been recognized with several awards for her research accomplishments.

Her interests are in the determining possible effects of an FDA approved drug on the effects of blue light on aging. Long term, her goal is to complete a PhD in the biology of aging and to continue to research the mechanisms of aging and how we may slow down the aging processes in humans. She hopes to use the OSURA grant in writing her Honors thesis on blue light and aging.



Madelyn Smith is a third-year student in the College of Engineering, from Salem, Oregon; she is pursuing an Honors degree in Computer Science. Her goal is to work in the field of Robotics, leading to designing assistive devices that would aid those with physical impairments; such devices would be of great value to those of all ages. Madelyn's career goal is to teach at the university level. Her work experiences cover a range of campus activities: Teaching Assistant in Introduction to Computer Science and in Computer Architecture, and Project Leader in the Environmental Sensing Laboratory. As to off-campus activities, she has been Service Director for her sorority as well as Chief Financial Officer. To summarize her campus recommendations, "She is a rising star who goes well beyond what is asked in any assignment and will make a great contributor in her field as well as a great educator."



Mara Steele is a junior from Keizer, Oregon, majoring in Psychology with a minor in Biology. In addition to performing her classwork at an outstanding level, she has been working at the Center for Autism in Salem and Autism Footprints in Corvallis and Salem, engaged in a number of tasks. These range from working directly with children diagnosed with Autism to creating a parent newsletter. At OSU she is a member of Psi Chi, the Psychology honorary, and was elected chapter secretary in May 2020. Mara's career objective is to work as a neuropsychologist, either in clinical practice or in a research environment, studying the relationship between brain function and behavior.

What is the OSURA Scholarship?

The OSU Retirement Association provides scholarship support to undergraduate students at Oregon State University who are pursuing a course of study that may lead to a career promoting healthy aging. That term includes all aspects of health —physical, emotional, social or financial.

Currently enrolled OSU undergraduate students who have completed at least one academic year at OSU, have a cumulative GPA of 3.4 or above and at least one year of study remaining towards their first bachelor's (B.A. or B.S.) degree are encouraged to apply. research environment, studying the relationship between brain function and behavior.

These scholarships are funded entirely by the generous contributions of OSURA members. Please consider a donation to our OSURA scholarship fund.

The scholarship amount may be up to \$2,000 per person and will be awarded at the OSURA annual meeting in May 2021. Funds will be distributed into student accounts for the 2021-2022 academic year.

To apply or for more info, visit osura.oregonstate.edu/osura-scholarship.



CH2M HILL ALUMNI CENTER



OSURA's Sister Organization - Academy of Lifelong Learning (ALL)

Contributed by Chris Mathews, ALL Liaison

It is well known that OSURA originated in 2001, in a series of meetings involving several soon-to-be-retired OSU faculty and administrators. Less well known to OSURA members is that those meetings led to creation of an additional organization—the Academy for Lifelong Learning, or ALL. This was seen as a way to keep OSU retirees aware of developments in all areas of human endeavor. OSURA and ALL have developed on parallel tracks. OSURA maintains a formal relationship with OSU, with a modest budgetary component, whereas ALL is an independent organization, with no financial relationship to OSU. ALL draws its membership from the larger local community, whereas membership in OSURA is limited to OSU retirees.

The ALL program consists of oral presentations followed by questions and discussion from the audience, akin to seminars familiar to most of us. Members of the ALL Curriculum Committee select potential presenters and invite them. Presentations are organized into five topic areas, or “strands”—Issues and Ideas, Global Topics, Arts, Humanities, and Science. ALL follows the OSU academic calendar, with three ten-week quarters per academic year. Ideally, each strand arranges for one presentation per week—as many as ten presentations per quarter and thirty presentations per academic year. In reality, each strand organizes five to eight presentations per ten-week term, so there are three or four total presentations per week. More information about ALL is at www.academyforlifelonglearning.org.

Until recently, ALL presentations occurred at the First United Presbyterian Church. Thanks to the pandemic ALL presentations now occur via Zoom, but we are hoping to return to live presentations in the coming year.

ALL invites OSURA members to consider membership in ALL. Before investing a dues payment (\$85 per year), prospective members are invited to sample a few presentations without charge. Arrangements can be made by contacting the OSURA program administrator - admin@academyforlifelonglearning.org. Or you can contact me, Chris Mathews, for further information at mathewsc2@comcast.net.

Walk and Talk with a Botanist: Dr. Aaron Liston

Contributed by Bobbi Hall
Photo credit: Don Alan Hall

In the winter of 2021, the OSURA board met, virtually as usual, but we decided to have an in-person event. It felt almost wicked! Still, we went for it. We decided to have an outing that would take us around campus to view especially interesting plants. As co-chair of the Program Committee, I agreed to ask Dr. Aaron Liston, professor of Botany & Plant Pathology and director of the OSU Herbarium, to suggest someone to lead it.

Aaron answered by saying that leading such tours was one of his favorite tasks. This was exactly what I had hoped he would say!

We agreed on a date in April as covid-related things were looking favorable for an outdoor tour then. However, we ran into an obstacle. While Aaron said he would like a group of 20, we learned that 6 was the maximum OSU's Covid-19 regulations allowed. With this in mind, the Program Committee considered other dates and chose June 3, hoping regulations would ease by then. And they did. Luckily, not much more than 2 weeks before June 3, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention decided that in outdoor areas immunized people would not be required to wear a mask.

*Dr. Aaron Liston, professor
of Botany & Plant
Pathology and director of
the OSU Herbarium*





OSURA past presidents, Tom Plant and Mike Schuyler, enjoy the tour.



Barbara Taylor participates in the Walk and Talk.

This seemed too good to be true, but Oregon State University ruled it was true. We were all without masks, immunized and comfortable.

The in-person walking tour of our beautiful campus plantings started at 26th and Monroe, outside the campus Beanery. We were a jovial crowd! One of the first things Aaron told us was that OSU has a fine collection of plants. The campus could be declared an “arboretum” if we had a paid curator, but not being called an “arboretum” did not dampen the spirits of the group. Included on the tour were several people with years of experience and dedication to plants as well as rank amateurs.

It was a warm, but not a hot, day and we spent almost two hours touring the central campus. For me, the most memorable plant was the cork oak, native to the Iberian Peninsula. Because its bark can be removed sustainably for use as corks for wine, this tree has helped to save an ecosystem. The bark grows back as animals graze among the trees.

For other people, the discovery of a bristlecone pine tree was an important piece of information. Aaron pointed out that the wide range of habitats from which campus trees come testifies to the resilience of plants.

This is helped by our mid-range temperatures and other climatic variables that our location, very near the 45th parallel, is fortunate to have. Among the plants Aaron pointed out were ocean spray, vine maple, magnolia, swamp cypress, dawn redwood, Port Orford cedar, dogwood, American elm, Monterey cypress, and sycamore. Aaron told a story about hazelnut breeder Shawn

Mehlenbacher bringing a seed from which a rare Chinese hazelnut tree flourished. He also told how he solved a 150-year-old mystery about the unusual male and female flowers of the Silk-tassel tree, relying on plants growing on campus. Some tour members such as Terri Tower, program committee co-chair, took time to take their own pictures.

Near the Music Building, we heard a small set of instrumentalists practicing on the lawn. This prompted one member of the tour group to tease me as he asked how did I arrange for music and could I ask them to continue with us? Another member commented on the courtesy of students we met who respectfully cleared our way. It was an idyllic day for a walk and talk with a botanist, for sure.

Below: Dr. Aaron Liston answers questions about OSU's campus plant collection.




Above: Terri Tower photographs the beauty of campus.

Left: Dr. Aaron Liston leads a group of OSURA members on his Walk and Talk tour.

*OSURA
participants
gather for the
beginning of the
tour.*





*The Milky Way rising
above the black abyss
of the Grand Canyon
with the distant glow
of Las Vegas 150 miles
to the west.*

24,000 Miles

During the Pandemic

—Contributed by Dudley Chelton Jr.—

Editor's Note: *This story was originally written as a travelogue for inclusion in the OSURA spring travel newsletter, but we found it such a compelling story of the pandemic. We asked Dr. Chelton to expand the caregiving piece of the story and we think it shows that even some of our retirees are still caring for parents.*

UPDATE: The accused caregiver mentioned in the story has been successfully extradited to Colorado and awaits trial. Kathy Motley, OSURA Newsletter Editor

A Dreaded Phone Call

On April 19, 2020, I received a phone call from hospice in Boulder, Colorado informing me that my 91-year-old mom had tested positive for COVID-19. She was the first of many residents in her assisted living memory care facility to contract the virus. For the first 24 hours, it looked like she might fight off the virus. Then she took a turn for the worse and I received a second call informing me that they did not expect her to survive more than a few days. Because the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) was advising against air travel, I had already readied my truck to drive to Boulder so I could leave at any time. I departed Corvallis after dinner and drove straight through, stopping only for a 3-hour nap in eastern Oregon.

I knew before leaving Corvallis that I would not be able to help my mom because I could not be with her in her final moments since she was quarantined with COVID-19. My primary reason for going to Boulder was to be with my dad to support him through this difficult transition. He and my mom had been married just shy of 73 years. Prior to the pandemic, he had visited her in memory care every day, regardless of the weather. It had been 5 weeks since he'd been allowed to be with her in person because of the COVID-19 restrictions.

While eastbound on Interstate 84 in eastern Idaho, I received a third call from hospice informing me that my mom's condition had worsened overnight.

They did not expect her to make it through the day. The hospice nurse told my mom I was on my way and that I would soon be with my dad.

I arrived at my dad's home almost exactly 24 hours after leaving Corvallis. I texted the hospice nurse to let her know I was there. My mom passed away 2 hours later. Although she was barely conscious and heavily sedated all day, I believe she understood that I was in transit, and she held on until I was with my dad. Experienced hospice workers say they often encounter this with their patients.

My mom was the kindest, sweetest, and most positive person I will ever know. She greeted every morning with "It's a beautiful day," even when it was gray and gloomy outside with pouring rain. After her passing, I stayed in Boulder three more weeks to take care of her affairs and help my dad adjust to his new life with lost sense of purpose because he would never again be able to visit her as he had done daily for 2½ years. I organized a socially distanced and mask-required outdoor celebration of life that was attended by about 30 people. My dad was apprehensive about having a memorial service. But afterwards, he declared it "a howling success".



*My mom and
dad in better
times, April
2014.*

My First Self-Quarantine

After the celebration of life, I spent the afternoon and evening with my dad and sister, took a 1-hour nap, and then departed Boulder at 11:00 pm to drive 22 hours non-stop back to Corvallis. Throughout my 3 weeks in Boulder, I'd had close contact with many people, including my dad's team of caregivers, numerous health care workers, and a variety of other people who came in and out of his home. Because of the risk I might have inadvertently been exposed, I started a 2-week self-quarantine in the back bedroom of our house. Two weeks does not seem long, until you've been confined for days to a bedroom with walls that close in more with each passing day. By the end of the ninth day, my feelings of claustrophobia had become oppressive.

Early the next morning, I packed my truck with camping gear and drove to Steens Mountain in eastern Oregon where social distancing is unavoidable. For most people, that's the whole point. I explored a jeep road I'd had my eye on for many years that leads up into a valley where wild horses are sometimes seen. Most of these horses are descendants of the mustangs brought to the Americas by Spanish Conquistadors in the mid-1500s.

I found a campsite a hundred yards from a waterhole that was obviously frequented by the horses, as evidenced by the large number of hoof prints in the mud around the perimeter of the pond. Over the next 4 days, I had close encounters with four different herds of horses. Three herds consisted of 8 or 10 while the fourth was a larger herd of about 30 that announced its arrival at 7:30 am on my first morning by galloping full speed up the valley and past my campsite, leaving a cloud of dust that settled on me while I was enjoying the morning sunshine with a cup of coffee.

I gulped down what remained of my coffee, grabbed my camera and 500-mm lens, and followed the dust cloud that lingered in the still morning air. The horses had gathered on a ridge a few hundred yards beyond the waterhole. It was breeding season and the stallions put on a grand show fighting each other for dominance as I watched and photographed from the other side of a ravine. Over the next few days, I hiked to the ridges above each side of the valley and to another waterhole in the next valley. The spirit of these horses running wild and free really spoke to me. The dominant stallion in each of the herds never took his eyes off me. But the other horses adapted fairly well to my presence, as long as I didn't get too close or raise my camera too quickly with its long telephoto lens. It was hard to leave the valley and return home at the end of my self-quarantine.

Stallion running wild and free on Steens Mountain.





My dad in August 2021, out for a stroll in the park across the street from his condominium in the background.

The Care Plan for My Dad

After my mom's passing, my dad's zest for life diminished and his health began to decline. I tried to persuade him to move to Oregon. But Boulder has been his home for more than 70 years and he doesn't want to live anywhere else. Whenever I've been frustrated that he doesn't want to do what I think is best for him, I've found it helpful to put myself in his place and ask what I would want if I were him. Almost invariably, I find I would want the same thing.

I am therefore honoring his wish to stay in his home in Boulder. A few months before my mom passed away, I had put a plan in place to keep my dad as comfortable, happy, and safe as possible for as long as I could by arranging for 12 hours of care, seven days a week. It later became necessary to increase that to 24/7 care. The care plan included going to Boulder to visit him every 2 or 3 months, interleaved with visits by my sister from San Diego. Because of the CDC guidance against air travel throughout the first year of the pandemic, our mode of transportation was by auto.

An Added Complication and Adaptation

A parallel thread to this story of commuting every 2 or 3 months between Oregon and Colorado is my discovery almost exactly a year before my mom passed away that the caregiver who had taken care of her for 2½ years before we moved her into assisted living had been illegitimately overcharging for her services. Following 2 years of semimonthly billing without a single accounting error, she overcharged more than \$1300 spread out over half of her next 15 semimonthly invoices.

After my mom was moved to assisted living, and before the fraud was discovered, the caregiver began providing care services for my dad 2 or 3 days a week. By this time, he had grown to consider her part of the family. He trusted her and never questioned her invoices. I suspect he never even looked at them. She continued to overcharge for her services and made it easier to hide her fraud by convincing my dad that invoices were not needed. She just told him at irregular times how much he owed, and he wrote out a check for that amount without giving it a second thought.

The dollar amounts of her excess fraud escalated to \$3000 on two occasions and culminated in an overpayment of \$6000 in May 2019 that was impossible not to notice. I terminated her employment and subsequently discovered the full extent of her fraud when I went back through the complete 4-year history of payments for her services.

Initially, I tried to convince the former caregiver to return the total of \$13,143 in illegitimate payments voluntarily. When she refused, I filed complaints with Adult Protective Services and the State Nursing Board. After a thorough review of the evidence of fraud I had compiled, and an interview of the former caregiver, the State Nursing Board suspended her Certified Nursing Assistant license. Adult Protective Services forwarded my complaint to the Boulder District Attorney's Office, which charged her in August 2019 with three felonies for "criminal exploitation and theft from an at-risk person". Thus began my education on how slowly the wheels of justice turn in the U.S. legal system, made even worse by the pandemic that suspended jury trials beginning in March 2020, two months before the first of what would turn out to be six scheduled trial dates.

The ongoing saga of the legal issues with the former caregiver compounded the challenges of caring for my dad long-distance from Oregon. Among other complications, the evolving status of the case constrained the timing of my trips to Boulder. As fate would have it, the rescheduling of the jury trials because of COVID-19 occurred at intervals of 2 or 3 months, which meshed well with the planned intervals between trips to visit my dad. I was able to coordinate the timing of most of my trips to Boulder with the successively rescheduled dates of the jury trials.

Coincidentally, the first scheduled trial date was in May 2020 while I was still in Boulder for the celebration of life for my mom. That trial was postponed to July 2020 because of COVID-19.

My return trip to Boulder was therefore July 2020. Three days before the trial was to be heard, after I had already arrived in Boulder and was preparing for my testimony, the court postponed the trial to September 2020, again because of COVID-19. My next trip to Boulder was scheduled accordingly. The trial was postponed three more times to January, April, and June of 2021, by which time COVID-19 had finally subsided to a point where jury trials were being held again.

Another Added Complication

I had planned to spend Christmas 2020 with my dad but canceled that trip because of the spike in COVID-19 cases during the third wave of the pandemic. Boulder had become one of the nation's hot spots. The daily number of cases in Boulder did not subside enough for me to return safely until February 2021, more than 4 months after my previous visit to Boulder. During the interim, I talked with my dad daily on FaceTime, sometimes more than once a day.

While I was in Boulder in February 2021, the lawyer representing my dad's former caregiver served me with the Summons and Complaint papers for a lawsuit he filed on her behalf with the Boulder District Court. The lawsuit sought \$100,000 in damages resulting from my "interference with her business relationship with my dad." Although clearly a frivolous lawsuit, this further compounded the challenges of caring for my dad long-distance from Oregon. In addition to having to prepare a defense, I had to hire legal representation in Boulder. The Deputy District Attorney who is prosecuting the criminal case referred me to one of the top law firms in Boulder. After reviewing the history of the criminal case against the former caregiver, and the evidence I compiled for the lack of merit in her lawsuit, I received some good news for a change: A team of two lawyers offered to defend me pro bono in the civil case.

My next trip was timed to coincide with the fifth scheduled date for the jury trial in April 2021. Like the other four scheduled trial dates over the previous year, the trial was postponed again. A few days after returning to Corvallis in early May, I received good news from my lawyers. The motion for summary judgement in my favor that they filed with the Boulder District Court had been successful. The \$100,000 lawsuit against me was dismissed by the judge "for having no genuine issue of material fact."

I returned in June for the sixth scheduled date of the trial, which would have been heard at long last, if not for a surreal series of events with the former caregiver that occurred during May and June. That part of this story will be related later.



Time in the Mountains with My Dad

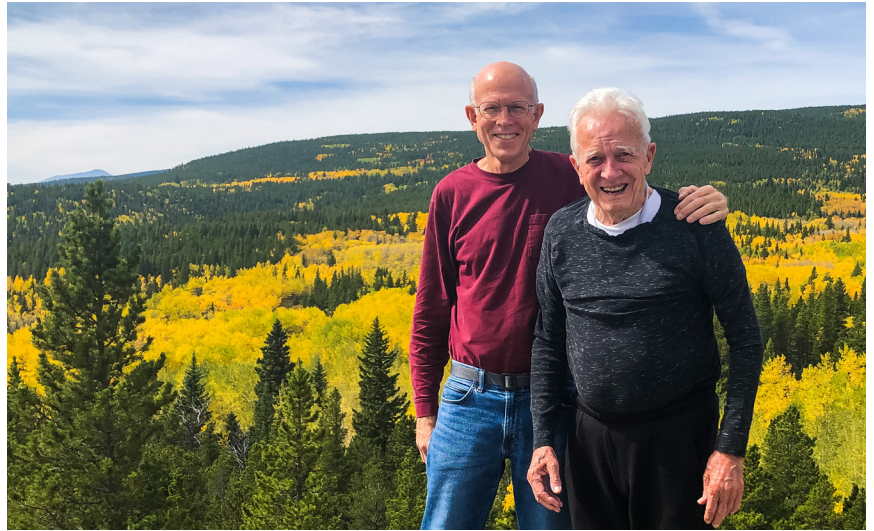
During most of my visits to Boulder, I stayed for 2 to 3 weeks. While there, I did repair jobs around my dad's home and took him to various medical and physical therapy appointments that I had purposely scheduled around my visits. While these chores must be attended to each time I'm in Boulder, I also make sure to allow ample time in the schedule to get my dad into the mountains as often as I can. Time in the mountains is unquestionably the best medicine for him. In his younger years, he spent a lot of time in the mountains, well into his 80s. He often hiked solo to the summits of peaks throughout the high country of Colorado. Taking him to the mountains, even just for a car ride, lifts his spirits enough to carry him over between my visits. In addition to several places in the local mountains around Boulder, I took him to Mt. Evans, Loveland Pass, Rollins Pass, Caribou, Indian Peaks and Trail Ridge Road in Rocky Mountain National Park. We also drove the Peak-to-Peak Highway between Nederland and Estes Park at least once during each visit.

*Bull moose near
Brainard Lake*



On a few of our trips to the mountains, we had the good fortune of seeing wildlife, including moose, elk, deer, mountain goats and marmots. Those wildlife experiences have turned out to be among my dad's most enduring memories of our drives in the mountains.

I made it a point on each visit to drive my dad up or down Lick Skillet Road, except during my February 2021 visit when the road was closed because of ice. He has long been enamored by this road because of the story behind its name. This exceptionally steep and rutted dirt road connects the town of Gold Hill to Left Hand Canyon. Legend has it that the laborers who built the road as a faster route to get gold to Boulder wanted to call it Lickety-split Road. But they didn't know how to spell that, so they called it Lick Skillet. My dad's Buick is probably the only car of its size to drive that road more than a dozen times since the start of the pandemic.



Top Right: My dad and I enjoying the fall colors of the aspen off Peak-to-Peak Highway in September 2020.

Middle: My dad on the summit of 14,439-ft Mt Elbert in about 1980.

Bottom Left: My dad and I on the summit of 14,275-ft Torreys Peak in 1975.



*My dad and I
near the 14,130-
ft summit of Mt.
Evans in June 2021.*

I also made it a point on each visit to take my dad to several pig farms around Boulder County. He has loved pigs ever since he was a child and his father raised pigs. He was sometimes allowed to keep the runt of a litter as a pet. He gave them clever names like Boar Scarloff and Pigmalion. His pigs were companions when he went bird hunting and he taught them to be retrievers. Much to his mother's consternation, he sometimes snuck his pet pigs into his bedroom at night. It's a joy for me to see my dad laugh at the pigs wallowing in the mud.

***Mountain goat
on Mt. Evans***



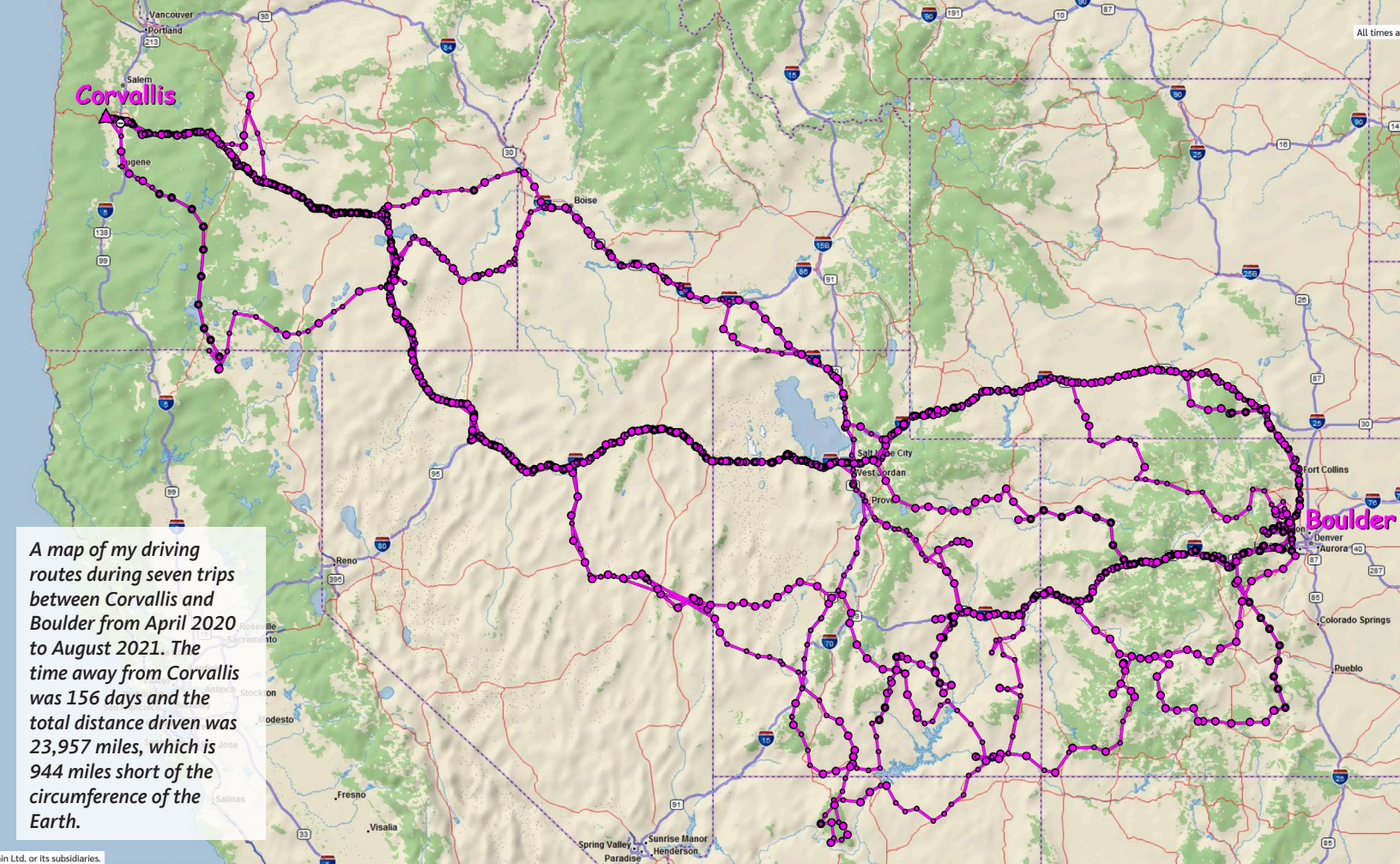
Backcountry Self Quarantines

The pandemic presented a dilemma for my visits with my dad. Prior to being vaccinated, we talked about the risks of him contracting COVID-19, and the safety benefits of isolation and masking. At his age (which was 92 at the time), quality of life is as important as longevity. The idea of living a safe life in a sterile environment with everyone around him wearing masks and latex gloves did not appeal to him. As required by state guidelines, all health care workers who visited his home wore masks. This mandate did not apply to caregivers. We therefore gave my dad's team of caregivers the option of wearing or not wearing masks, depending on their preferences and personal health concerns. They all chose not to wear masks inside his home, as did my sister and me. We were all careful to minimize public exposure and wear masks outside his home.

My close contact with about a dozen people coming in and out of my dad's home each week came at a price. Even though they all took precautions when they were out in public, any one of them could have unknowingly been exposed to someone with COVID-19. That meant that I, too, might have been exposed. Out of prudence, I decided to self-quarantine for 2 weeks after each visit to avoid the risk of bringing the virus back to Corvallis and passing it on to my wife.

Having discovered the limits of my tolerance for self-quarantining in the back bedroom of our house in May 2020, I decided to do my self-quarantines by camping in my pop-up truck camper in remote backcountry places between Boulder and Corvallis. In addition to preventing any potential for spreading COVID-19, the backcountry self-quarantines would fill my spirit and help me recover from the stress of each visit to Boulder. Time alone in the backcountry seemed like a good way to make the best of an otherwise undesirable experience, the wisdom of which I would soon come to question.

From many years of exploring the Desert Southwest, dating back to my childhood years when my dad would take the family there on camping trips, I know my way around the backcountry of Colorado, Utah, and northern Arizona pretty well. For my self-quarantines, I purposely chose destinations that are seldom visited by others. I break the 22-hour driving time from Corvallis to Boulder up into 3 days, backcountry camping for 2 nights along the way. I drive 6 hours on days 1 and 3 and 10 hours on the middle day. For my 2-week self-quarantines on the return drive to Corvallis, I mapped out a different route for each trip that took me to a mix of old and new places. After my inspiring experiences with the wild horses in May 2020, I made it a tradition to spend the first night on each eastbound trip and the last night on each westbound trip with the horses in the valley on Steens Mountain.



After I received my second dose of the COVID-19 vaccine in March 2021, I expected I would switch from driving to flying. But the high incidence of unruly behavior of airline passengers (more than 4000 cases in the first 8 months of 2021) and the emergence of the highly contagious Delta variant of COVID-19 gave me pause on air travel. I decided to continue driving. A distinct advantage of being vaccinated was that I was able to shorten my total time away from Corvallis because it was no longer necessary to self-quarantine for 2 weeks at the end of each trip. I would miss the solitude and adventures of my extended 2-week camping trips in the backcountry, but I would be happy to be able to get back home sooner to be with my wife.

My trips to and from Boulder were very hard on my wife since my total time away was almost a full month before being able to forego self-quarantines and shorten my time away by 2 weeks. The isolation alone because of the pandemic was hard enough on her. The situation was made even more difficult by the fact that our dog abruptly went blind in the middle of my July 2020 trip. Dogs get along much better than humans without eyesight, but they do require additional attention. In our dog's case, the loss of her circadian rhythm has caused her to wake up hungry at least once every night, and often several times, especially when I'm out of town. By the time I got back to Corvallis at the end of each trip, my wife was exhausted from a month of lonely isolation compounded by sleep deprivation.



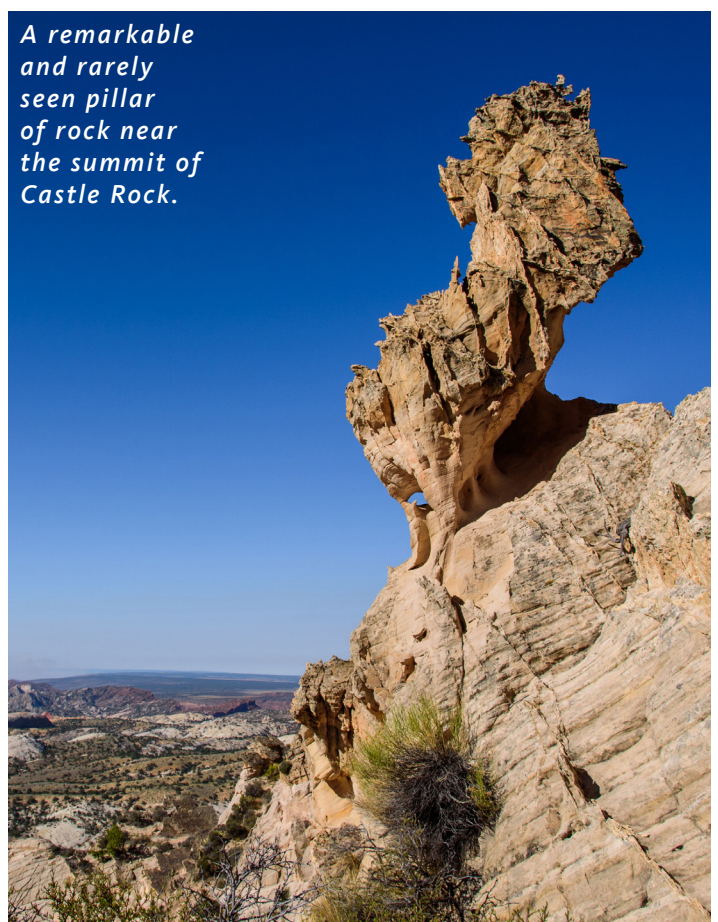
*Alone in Happy
Canyon Narrows,
reached by a
3-hour jeep road
and a 6-hour
round-trip hike
that includes
wading across the
knee-deep Dirty
Devil River.*



*Sunrise view of
Temple of the
Sun in Cathedral
Valley of Capitol
Reef National
Park.*

Over the course of the 16-month period from April 2020 to August 2021, I drove to Colorado seven times for a total of 23,957 miles (just 944 miles short of the circumference of the Earth; I'd have taken a longer route back to Corvallis if I'd known this at the end of my last trip). I was away from Corvallis 156 days and spent 63 nights in my truck camper. My backcountry self-quarantine camping trips took me to many extraordinary places in the Desert Southwest, mostly in Utah but also in northern Arizona, southwestern Colorado, and southern Wyoming.

My destinations included places with enticing names like Fantasy Canyon, Poison Spring Canyon, Happy Canyon, Dirty Devil River, The Cockscomb, Castle Rock, Smoky Mountain, Comb Wash, Waterpocket Fold, Cathedral Valley, Capitol Reef, San Rafael Swell, Point Sublime, Skull Creek Rim, the Sneffels Range, Last Dollar Road, and Million Dollar Highway.



*A remarkable
and rarely
seen pillar
of rock near
the summit of
Castle Rock.*



*Hoodoo off
Smoky Mountain
Road.*

I hiked to numerous Ancient Puebloan (formerly referred to as Anasazi) rock art panels and cliff dwellings spread out across southeastern Utah. I also did at least one major hike on each trip to one of the countless spectacular geological features that the Desert Southwest is renowned for. I took a total of more than 8500 photos during my seven trips, of which 2/3 were deleted, leaving about 3000 images.

I experienced a huge range of temperatures during my travels. The daytime highs during the last week of my July 2020 trip exceeded 100° every day and reached 111° on two different days. The February 2021 visit coincided with a week of the coldest weather Boulder had experienced in many years; the temperatures never got above freezing while I was there and dropped to -14° on two different nights.



*Looking across
Halls Creek
Canyon at
Waterpocket Fold.*



*My campsite above
the Cockscomb with
Castle Rock on the
distant horizon.*






An Ancient Puebloan petroglyph in Nine-Mile Canyon known as the Family Panel. Petroglyphs are etched into the rock with stone tools.



Brimhall Bridge in Waterpocket Fold.



*My personal favorite
Ancient Puebloan
(formerly known as
Anasazi) pictograph
in San Rafael Swell.
Pictographs are
painted on the rock
with plant-based
pigments.*

A white SUV is seen from behind, driving away on a dirt road that stretches into the distance. The road is flanked by tall, slender trees with white bark and is covered in fallen yellow leaves. The canopy above is a dense, bright yellow, with some blue sky visible through the branches. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light, suggesting late autumn.

*An unnamed
road in one
of the many
aspen forests
in the San Juan
Mountains.*

A Reality Check at 11,300 feet

At first blush, camping and hiking alone in remote places with no other hikers or campers around seemed like an ideal way to make the best of a self-quarantine. The fact that the reason for self-quarantining was out of concern that I might have contracted the COVID-19 virus eventually made me develop second thoughts about the wisdom of camping in hard-to-get-to places. I hadn't thought this through until three days into my first backcountry self-quarantine in July 2020

I had just driven a 14-mile difficult 4-wheel drive road, made even worse than normal by the muddy conditions after more than a month of unusually heavy rain in the high-country of southern Colorado. While setting up camp at 11,300 feet just short of an impassable mud hole that spanned the full width of the jeep road, I became aware of how lousy I was feeling. At first, I thought it might have been because I hadn't slept enough the night before and I'd driven hard all day long. As my condition worsened, it dawned on me I might have COVID-19. My symptoms included extreme fatigue, headache, cough, congestion, nausea, and shortness of breath. Surprisingly, I had cell phone reception at my remote high-altitude location. I did a web search on "symptoms of COVID-19" and learned that all six of those symptoms are hallmarks of COVID-19. I didn't have a thermometer, so I wasn't able to check whether I also had a fever, often considered a primary symptom of COVID-19.

After a few minutes of contemplation, I decided that camping alone 14 miles in on a difficult jeep road would not be a good place to be if I woke up the next morning too sick to drive back out. I take a Garmin InReach satellite communication device with me on my solo trips into the backcountry and I've always presumed I would never be in a situation dire enough to have to use it to call for help and end my long tradition of self-reliance.

To avoid the possibility of breaking that tradition, I took down camp, drove 2 hours back down the jeep road to the highway and set my sights on Corvallis with a plan to drive as far as I could until I was too sick to continue. I headed northwest over 11,360-ft Slumgullion Pass before dropping down into the city of Montrose at 5800 ft where I found a Walgreens just before closing time and bought the last remaining thermometer. While taking my temperature in the parking lot, I realized that my symptoms had gone away, and my temperature was normal.

Wracking my brain over how I could have felt so sick a few hours earlier but feel fine in Montrose, it dawned on me that I had descended 5500 feet in elevation, and I might have had altitude sickness. I did a web search in the Walgreens parking lot on "symptoms of altitude sickness" and learned that all six of my symptoms that I feared were COVID-19 were also symptoms of altitude sickness. I never thought I would be happy to have altitude

sickness. It hadn't occurred to me because I've spent time above 10,000 feet on many occasions over seven decades without experiencing altitude sickness. I learned later that stress can cause oxygen levels in the blood to decrease, which can make a person more prone to altitude sickness.

After the relief of determining I didn't have COVID-19, I revised the itinerary for the rest of my trip and traded off the cool weather of the high country of Colorado for the July desert heat at lower elevations in Utah. That was an easy task because the original itinerary for the self-quarantine on that trip consisted of a route through the backcountry of southeastern Utah. While in Boulder, I had abandoned that itinerary and put together a new one for the Colorado high country because the forecast was for persistently high temperatures in Utah.

That forecast proved accurate; the daytime highs exceeded 100° every day for the rest of my trip. I had to time my hikes to be back at camp before noon to avoid being out during the hottest part of the day.

The scare that I might have caught COVID-19 gave me a new level of respect for the risk of extreme isolation during a self-quarantine. While the experience won't stop me from camping in remote places, it did teach me to at least contemplate an "escape plan" whenever I venture into the backcountry.



*Mt. Sneffels
towering above
an aspen grove
in the San Juan
Mountains.*



A Bizarre Turn of Events

After the fifth postponement of the jury trial for my dad's former caregiver in April 2021, I was very much looking forward to my next trip, coordinated with the June 21-25 scheduled dates of the trial. The Prosecutor was confident the trial would finally take place that week since it had worked its way up to become the highest priority in the docket of cases in the Boulder County District Court. His confidence unexpectedly changed in late May when the former caregiver went off the rails on a head-spinning crime spree that included arrests in Boulder County for reckless driving, child endangerment, and kidnapping. In addition, she and her husband filed permanent restraining orders against each other. She also failed to turn herself in on an arrest warrant on charges of burglary and menacing. Instead, she drove to Oregon for unknown reasons, where her crime spree escalated.

On May 26, she was arrested after a 60-mile high-speed chase that started in Grande Ronde, continued west on Highway 18 to Lincoln City, then south on Highway 101 through Lincoln City, Depoe Bay and Newport. Law enforcement was able to take out one of her front tires with a spike strip on the south side of Newport. She continued south another 10 miles on Highway 101 with the flat tire. Law enforcement took out her other front tire with a spike strip on the south side of Seal Rock.

She kept driving with two flat front tires until she was boxed in between two Sheriff's cars. After purposely ramming into the back of one of the Sheriff's cars twice, she was finally forced off the road, arrested, and taken into custody at the Lincoln County Jail in Newport.

She was released on bail ten days later and ordered to return to the Lincoln County Court on July 19 for arraignment on the list of 11 charges racked up during the high-speed chase.

Since the terms of the bails in her multiple cases in Boulder had stipulated that she could not leave the state of Colorado, the Boulder District Court judge ruled on July 10 that \$25,000 in bail bonds be forfeited. Multiple new warrants were issued for her arrest, along with a nationwide extradition order.

Later that same day, she participated from an unknown location in Oregon in a Zoom call that included the Boulder District Court Judge, the Prosecutor, the Victim's Advocate who was my liaison with the Boulder District Attorney's office, and the lawyer who was defending the former caregiver in the case involving fraud against my dad. After her bizarre exploits in Oregon, her lawyer requested dismissal as her legal counsel.



*Solitary view
at sunrise from
Point Sublime on
the North Rim
of the Grand
Canyon.*

Throughout the Zoom call, she was vaping and talking disrespectfully to the judge, leading to speculation that there may have been more than just tobacco extract in the vaping pen. She did not contest her lawyer's request for dismissal and told the judge she would represent herself in the fraud trial. He advised against doing that and offered the services of a free public defender or legal counsel. She rejected his offers and told him, "I know you're out to get me, but I'm going to prove you wrong. Just wait and see."

Not surprisingly, she did not show up 11 days later for the jury trial in Boulder that would have finally taken place beginning on June 21. It's not clear what would have happened if she had showed up at the Boulder District Court because she would have been immediately arrested on the outstanding warrants and taken into custody.

After being on the lam since June 10, she was arrested again near Salem, Oregon on June 25 and held without bail in the Polk County Jail in Dallas, Oregon. On July 4, she developed an unspecified medical issue that required hospitalization. The Polk County Sheriff's Office did not have the resources to have a Deputy Sheriff stay with her at the hospital, so she was released from Polk County Jail on her own recognizance. Subsequently, she failed to show up for her arraignment in Newport on July 19 for the charges stemming from the May 26 high-speed chase. She forfeited \$5000 in bail she had paid for that case and another warrant was issued for her arrest in Oregon.

The Present

Status of Things

By now, I had hoped the saga of the criminal case against my dad's former caregiver would be long behind me. Unfortunately, it shows no signs of ending any time soon. She remains in custody in Utah awaiting extradition to Colorado. It's unclear when the jury trial can be rescheduled since she will be arrested on multiple outstanding warrants when she is extradited to Boulder. After that, it's also unclear how she will prepare from jail for her legal representation in the jury trial. The Prosecutor has informed me it is possible that the trial may end up being delayed another six months. My heart sank when I received this news.

Meanwhile, during the time the former caregiver was somewhere between Oregon and Utah, my dad had a medical emergency on July 8. He collapsed on the living room floor and had to be taken by ambulance to the hospital. I was informed of this in a text message while on the ferry between Anacortes, Washington, and Orcas Island, where my wife and I were headed for a short and much-needed vacation. Diagnostic testing in the hospital concluded that my dad had double pneumonia and an enlarged heart. I tried to manage his care from Orcas Island, but he made that difficult by repeatedly pulling out his IV tubing in attempts to escape the hospital and get back home. After five days, the nursing staff at the hospital informed his doctor that they were going to have to restrain him. To avoid that, his doctor discharged him from the hospital on July 13 and placed him in the care of hospice at home.

By the time my dad was released from the hospital, my wife and I had cut our vacation short and returned to Corvallis. I spent a day finishing some maintenance work on my truck and left for Boulder on July 14, just 2½ weeks after my last trip. I arrived in Boulder on July 16, the day before my dad's 93rd birthday. My sister had flown in from San Diego 3 days earlier to be with him when he went home from the hospital.

When I arrived on the 16th, my dad looked like he was at death's door. I really didn't expect him to make it through the weekend. He briefly rallied on his birthday, but his physical condition declined again before the end of the day. Over the next few days, he surprised everyone by slowly but steadily improving, in part from the stimulation of several short drives into the local mountains around Boulder. Taking him to Sweet Cow, his favorite local ice cream parlor, also lifted his spirits. He traditionally orders a scoop of chocolate and a scoop of vanilla in a cup, except when he's feeling adventurous and orders a scoop of vanilla and a scoop of chocolate.

His physical condition continued to improve. Ten days after leaving the hospital, I was able to take him on an extended drive in the mountains. Over the next four days, we made two more extended trips into the mountains, separated by rest days. A week later after several shorter outings, I decided he was stable enough that I could go back to my wife and dog in Corvallis. When I asked what he thought had helped him recover, he answered without hesitation, "You." His gratitude and appreciation are what keeps me going back to Boulder.

After my return to Corvallis on August 8, my dad's health continued to improve. He's as strong now as he was before going to the hospital. He's also regained his sense of humor that makes it a pleasure for his caregivers to work for him. The only lingering issue is his increased state of confusion. This is apparently common for elderly people after hospitalization.

A somewhat amusing point of confusion for him is that he is certain that the hospital he was taken to in July was in North Dakota, and that he and his doctor rode there together in the open bed of a pickup truck. While in the hospital, he had brain surgery to replace his old brain with a new one. The doctors somehow mistakenly put his old brain back in, so he ended up no better off than he was before the surgery. Fortunately, though, he says he's no worse off and had no pain from the surgery.

Like most delusions, there is some basis for his story. The doctors had wired his head with two dozen electrodes for an Electroencephalogram (EEG) to monitor for abnormalities in brain waves and electrical activity. The EEG did not detect any major problems but the trauma of being wired up for the EEG will likely stay with him forever.

While funny on the surface, my dad's delusion is also very sad. He has always been a very proud and independent person. I think his delusion is a metaphor for his awareness and anguish over his declining memory and his decreasing ability to take care of himself. It is heartbreaking to me that there is nothing I or anyone else can do to stop his decline. The best we can hope for is to slow his rate of decline.

One thing my dad is adamant about is he never wants to go back to the hospital. I expect this will pose a challenge for me in the not-too-distant future. He has a Do-Not-Resuscitate order and I want to honor that along with his other wishes as I have been all along, especially in cases where I'm sure I would want the same thing. Such is the case with his desire to never return to the hospital. But it's not that simple. If he falls or has some other health emergency, it will be difficult for me to refrain from sending him to the hospital for diagnostic testing to find out whether the cause of the problem has a simple solution. When the need arises, I'm hoping for clairvoyance on how to proceed.

An after-dinner trip to Sweet Cow ice cream parlor for a scoop of chocolate and a scoop of vanilla. Or is it a scoop of vanilla and a scoop of chocolate?





I'm also hoping my dad lives to see his former caregiver convicted for the fraud she perpetrated against him.

Looking ahead to the future, my next trip to Boulder is planned for October, and I expect to continue to return every 2 or 3 months after that, interleaved with visits by my sister. I'm hoping to be able to switch from driving to flying sometime soon. That will depend on how things progress with the Delta variant of the COVID-19 virus, and whatever mutation comes after that.

Back home in Corvallis after 2 weeks in Boulder and a 2-week backcountry self-quarantine.



Become an OSURA member today!

Full membership in the OSU Retirement Association is open to all retirees from Oregon State University for a yearly fee of \$20.00 for an individual and \$30 for a household membership (spouses and partners are considered part of a household membership). All memberships begin on July 1 and run through June 30. Wondering if you are a member, see lists (PDF).

Why should you become a member of OSURA?

- Develop and support programs of interest to retirees
- Enhance the lifelong relationship of OSU staff with each other and the University
- Enjoy social connections with former colleagues and new OSURA friends
- Hear presentations on academic research, civic matters, and cultural events
- Help make retirement creative and rewarding through activities and/or volunteering
- Receive information pertinent to OSU and state retirees
- Strengthen and promote ties between retired staff in creative ways
- Support OSURA advocacy for OSU retiree privileges (parking, email, other)
- Support OSURA monitoring of state government retiree benefits.
- Take part in educational outings and interest groups

Since OSURA's inception, members have had an opportunity to tour several university departments and areas of interest, join others in social events, attend presentations, and share their time and talents through volunteering at OSU.

Enjoy a 50% discount on annual parking permits at OSU

In 2019, OSU Transportation Service implemented new criteria for discounted parking permits for retirees. They have notified OSURA that discounted parking permits are only available to emeritus faculty or retirees who reached 25+ years of service prior to retirement and who are also members of the OSU Retirement Association (OSURA).

If you meet the above criteria, you **MUST** contact Transportation Services at transportation@oregonstate.edu, or by calling 541-737-2583 during business hours (Mon-Fri, 7:30 AM to 1 PM). They will email a special invitation to claim a virtual permit for their zone at 50% off the regular rate. **DO NOT** purchase a permit directly from the Transportation Services website or you will not receive this discount and may not be eligible for a 50% refund.

OSURA rates will be as follows:

- Zone A (1, 2, or 3) - \$290
- Zone B (1, 2, or 3) - \$195
- Zone C - \$60

More information about permits for 2021-22 can be found here - <https://transportation.oregonstate.edu/parking/permit-sales>.



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