

OSURA NEWS & VIEWS



OSURA TRAVELS

I hope you enjoy these stories from our members. Because of the great response to my request to “scratch” our collective travel itch, I decided to make your stories the member spotlight. I want to thank everyone who contributed their memories to the spring newsletter. My fervent wish is that we will all get to travel for real in the coming months.

Kathy Motley, OSURA Newsletter Editor



OSURA Mission Statement

The Oregon State University Retirement Association (OSURA) promotes engagement among OSU retirees and between retirees and the University by providing information, programs, scholarships and volunteer service opportunities that contribute to a rewarding retirement and that support the University's mission.



Arctic Circle Cruise

Contributed by Pat Frishkoff



My favorite cruise was with Hurtigruten in Norway, from Bergen to Kirkenes to Bergen, in July 2017. The reservation-desk staff doubled as entertainment. The eldest play-acted Norwegian history, and was one of the dancers, in Traditional Attire. She also became King of the Seas at various times. Her co-worker

was Swedish and offered storytelling sessions. Her blouse had been (hand)made from old curtains. The youngest had a brand new, richly embroidered dress, a gift from a friend.

When we crossed the Arctic Circle northbound, they guffawed as the Captain initiated us with a scoop of ice water down the back of our jackets. Coming south, we got to keep the spoon from which we drank cod liver oil.

The scenery is awesome including mountains with waterfalls flowing into blue fjords. The fisher people have drying racks all along their properties. They also grow vegetables and berries that they sell to tourists.

And the food! My husband will eat salmon anyway, any time and did. I relished my first taste of reindeer. The native Sami people raise reindeer domestically.

Our most magical encounter was with a soprano who sang at the midnight concert in Tromso. It gives one an unusual feeling to come out from a concert at 1 a.m. into broad daylight.

I saw thousands of birds on an excursion with a family. I didn't really enjoy seeing eagles rob eggs from the nests of smaller birds.

We loved our visit to the racing sled dogs, at a kennel operation run by a musher. Japanese tourists had convinced her to open the kennels for tours as a way to support her sport.

Alas, we did not see Northern Lights. We may return in the months when they are visible.



French Polynesia

Contributed by Jaga and Tom Giebultowicz



As a biologist, I subscribe to the journal “Science” to keep up with new developments in my research area. One day, however, I spotted a small ad advertising a trip to French Polynesia in the South Pacific, organized by Betchart Expeditions. The trip was planned in July 2019 to coincide with the total solar eclipse in that region, to be viewed from a chartered airplane. Having been enchanted by the total eclipse in Corvallis two years prior, my husband Tom and I decided to sign up.

After a 4000-mile flight from Los Angeles, we landed in Papeete, the capitol located in Tahiti, the biggest of 118 islands making up the country. Next day, we toured the island and then transferred by a ferry to Moorea. This beautiful, pristine island has a very dramatic shape, featuring steep cliffs covered with plants that for me epitomized the word lush. We visited a research station there, which is owned by the University of California at Berkeley and attracts marine scientists from around the world. Polynesians

working at the station prepared a traditional feast for us, cooked in an earth pit dug in the communal kitchen. The fire in the pit heats special stones, which are covered with layers of banana leaves, with meat, fish, and local vegetables positioned in between. The cooking took about eight hours, and the results were outstandingly delicious. On top of that, our hosts treated us to traditional singing and dancing for dessert! Another special event was Sunday Mass in a local church, which featured a painting of Madonna and Jesus depicted as if they grew up on Moorea.

The next destination of our expedition was a charter flight to the island of Mangareva. It is the largest island in the Gambier group – an archipelago situated over 1000 miles southeast from Tahiti. On the island itself, which is pretty rocky, it would be difficult to find suitable terrain for an airport. Fortunately, Mangareva has a large lagoon, and a 2-mile runway has been successfully placed on one stretch of the atoll, some 15 minutes by boat to the shore.

One thing that catches the eye right after landing on the shore is the Catholic cathedral - surprisingly large considering that the island is inhabited only by about twelve hundred people. It's a 19th century monument that Honoré Laval, a French missionary who ruled the archipelago like a dictator, forced



French Polynesia

Continued from page 3

locals to build. The unique feature of this church is that it is decorated mostly by intricately placed, iridescent mother-of-pearl, and decorated by thousands of seashells. The island has no hotel; fortunately, our group was hosted in a spacious homestead by the owners of a “farm” in the lagoon where famous black pearls are cultivated. But this was not the end the islanders’ hospitality! A wonderful surprise was prepared for us in the evening. Namely, the teacher from the local school arranged a musical performance, a kind of drama, especially for us. Music and costumes followed the centuries-old local tradition, and the warrior-like dancing was very different from the sexy hip-swaying that tourists see in Tahiti. Remarkably, the team of children and adults had spent a whole month preparing and rehearsing the show and they were as excited to perform as we were to watch them. Early the next morning we went back to the airport hoping for another adventure: watching a total solar eclipse from the plane. It took two hours to get to the middle of the eclipse path. Unfortunately, the

weather was not favorable. The pilot climbed to the maximum altitude for our plane, 25,000 feet, but a layer of clouds was still above us and the sun was barely visible. At one point the cloudy fog got completely dark for about three minutes. But there was no chance to see the black disc with the corona rays surrounding it - that is, the spectacle we had watched from our deck in Corvallis two years earlier. While we were a bit disappointed, experiencing remote Mangareva was a great attraction all by itself!

The final leg of our trip was to the famed Bora Bora, favorite destination of honeymooners. Looking at the island from our plane, it was easy to understand why: the island is encircled by a coral atoll which lends incredible colors to the lagoon. Our group took a snorkeling trip, and I was very glad that I had enough practice with my new waterproof Canon to take decent pictures of the amazingly beautiful fish and other creatures living in the coral reef. While snorkeling was great fun, I also found in our hotel



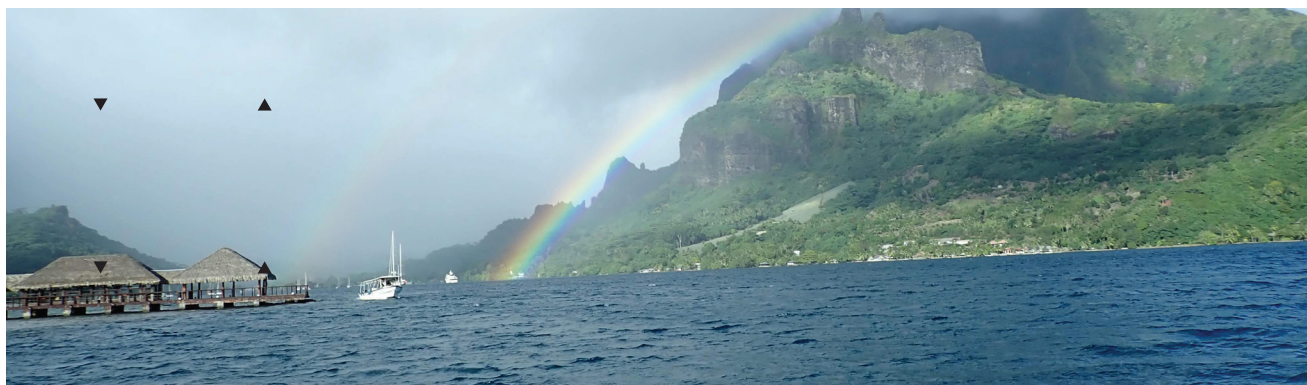
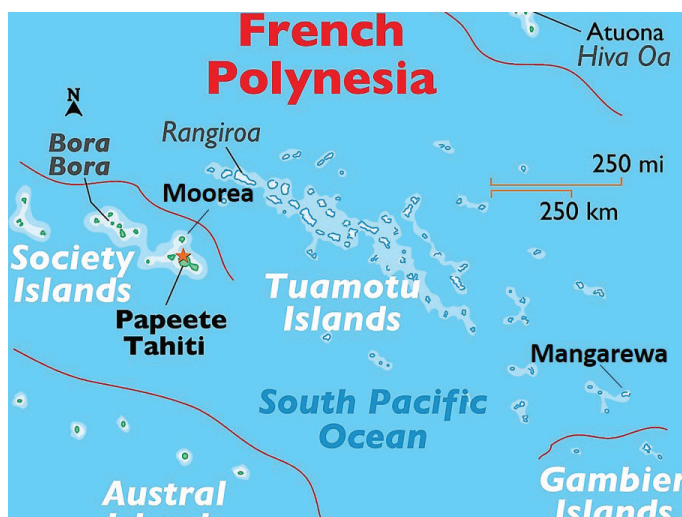
French Polynesia

Continued from page 4



some information about assisted dives are offered on Bora Bora. OMG! Ever since watching Jacques Cousteau's underwater movies in my youth, I had wanted to try scuba diving, but there was no opportunity available. So, we

booked the event, and the next morning we were picked up from our hotel and taken to the Diving Center. On the boat ride to the dive site, our guide instructed us on how to put on and use the oxygen tank and how to regulate our buoyancy. Then we were supposed to step out of the boat and sink into the ocean! Well, it is one thing to watch it on TV and quite another to find the courage to do it. After some hesitation, we were underwater with our guide close by. We could dive only 18 feet deep, but it was enough to meet many striped Clownfish lounging in a giant sea anemone, and many other fish of every stripe and color. It was an unforgettable experience and looking at the pictures that I took underwater makes me excited all over again. If I were to decide which of our travel destinations was the best so far, this trip wins the prize, with Machu Picchu and the Peruvian Amazon coming in a close second.



Antarctica

Contributed by Carol Kronstad



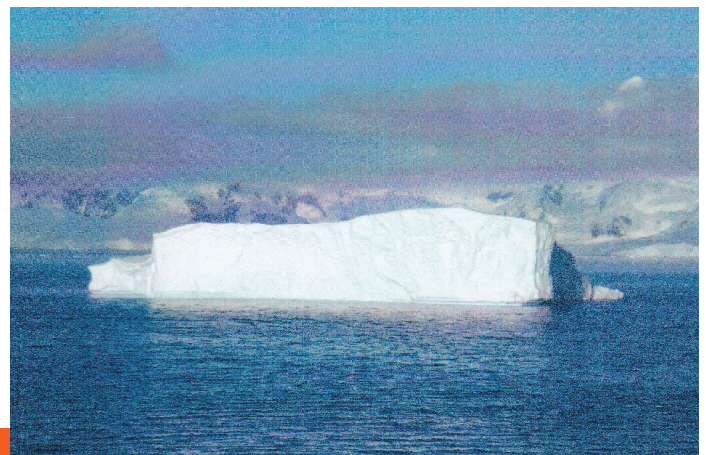
One of my favorite travel trips was to Antarctica. It takes about 2 days to get to the southern tip of Argentina where we boarded a ship at Cape Horn. We traveled to Antarctica through the Drake passage. This was the roughest passage I have ever been on, and I spent the twelve hours in bed with no meals.

Of course, it was summer in Antarctica but there was snow everywhere. The first island where the ship dropped anchor was Gaudier Island. We rode a zodiac from the ship to shore. The island had millions of Gentoo penguins, with orange-red bills and orange-red feet to match. No other breed was on this island. As you can imagine it was very smelly. We watched the penguins and seals jump into the ocean and waddle around, with their babies on their feet. Each

day we went to a different island with a different breed of penguins. The breeds never mix.

One day we were given the opportunity to go to a thermal spring in the Antarctic ocean. So some of us donned our swimsuits and braved the cold water to get to the spring, which we found to be comfortably warm. But it was so cold getting back to shore and changing out of our wet suits.

We stopped at Port Lockroy, where there is a small British museum, bought souvenirs and mailed post cards. After ten days we headed back through the Drake passage again and then debarked in Chili to fly home.



A Lion Ate My Shorts

Contributed by Pat Frishkoff



The savannah of Botswana was home to our camp, the six of us: Delise, owner of the Safari Company, Lantane, the awesome native guide, Chaga, cook (and chief bottler washer), my husband Paul, our 11-year-old son Luke, and me. I thought that I would lose weight—walking lots and eating canned beans. For our first dinner we had roasted chicken and homemade bread, and we walked only in camp, and then always with a guide.

At breakfast Lantane asked if we had heard the lions; we had not. We excitedly set off (in our high-rise Jeep, in search; Chaga stayed behind to clean up including laundry (by hand, then hanging to dry on bushes)). The pride met us on the path from camp—a mother and two teenage cubs. We watched a bit, then drove off to explore as they heard toward tall grass.

Can you imagine what we might have seen that day? Elephants, giraffes, zebras, and the often elusive cheetah. At their watering hole, we observed a clearly defined social order.

On our return, the path to camp was blocked by the pride, just lazing around. Luke noticed something and started to cry. “That cub has my shorts in his mouth.”

But a closer look ended Luke’s concern. The shorts were mine. That cub lay on four haunches and goaded me. Then he dropped the shorts. I was about to jump down to retrieve them when a very strong arm stopped my movement—“If you go down there, you will be their dinner.” Our guide then retrieved the shorts with his rifle.

In a few minutes the pride rose and ambled out of camp. But where was Chaga? We could not find him. He finally called out, from high in a tree, where he had spent 3 hours. (We did have beans that night.)

Our final night of that safari we stayed in a lodge, with a real washing machine. Luke did not want me to wash the now-hole shorts (stiff with saliva). I hung them out to dry, next to Luke’s Lion King t-shirt.



Barcelona

Contributed by Paul and Janet Komar

Having collected the mail, my wife, Janet, returned excitedly clutching a booklet showing guided tours available in 2016 for members of the Alumni Association. From her excitement I knew there must be a special destination. With a smile she held the open page for me to see. Indeed! an October trip to Barcelona, in eastern Spain (Catalonia). We had planned to include a visit there back in 1965, during our “Grand Tour” 3-month vacation that included most of Western Europe, traveling in our VW-Bug, purchased at the factory in Germany — at the end of our trip to be returned to the factory, for them to ship free to our home. Our plan for Spain was limited, only to drive along its Mediterranean coast, as far south as Barcelona. That coast proved to be gorgeous, rocky with white sand beaches. When we reached the small village of Tossa de Mar, having a ruined castle atop a cliff overlooking a pristine beach, the temptation became too great. We decided to stop there, needing a break in our travels driving long distances. We didn’t make it to Barcelona, even though it was only about an hour’s drive beyond Tossa. We pledged that someday we would return, but didn’t expect it wouldn’t be until 2016, 50-years later.

On international trips such as this our practice is always to arrive several days earlier than the departure for the guided tour, in case of problems with flights, etc., but mostly to give us time to adapt to the change in time zones (9 hours). It also gives us the time to simply explore the community, interact with the locals, and have more free time for shopping, not possible during the tight and frenzied schedule of a guided tour. For those few days on our own we would “rough it”, staying in an inexpensive accommodation. In Barcelona, for the first time we decided to stay in an AirBnB, selected mainly because of its location on the city’s main square, with a view from our room of the Barcelona Cathedral. Although the accommodation was on the dumpy side, with the shared showers only occasionally having hot water, our room included a narrow balcony with a pair of chairs. So we spent hours viewing the cathedral

and particularly the activities of people on the square, during the day and particularly through the evening. There was always some music, with groups participating in a circular dance, including all ages.



There is an amazing choice of places to eat in the Old Town area of Barcelona, the Square being central to that area. Although our AirBnB never did include a breakfast, this was not a problem in that almost next door a small café supplied us with breakfast each morning. And, later having offerings available for lunch, or even for a light dinner. This included tapas, their breadth of choice being extraordinary, and fun to select, different each day.





For evening dinners, we searched for a restaurant in the narrow lanes that wound through the depths of the Old Town. Most memorable, we ate at the 4CATS (Els Quatre Gats in Catalan), in business over 200 years, and a favorite of Picasso and also the architect, Antoni Gaudí. We had lamb shank with a beautiful salad and white wine.

The narrow lanes of Old Town are also inhabited by numerous shops, some having incredible things to buy. Large, more conventional shopping can be found along the Rambla, the city's tree-lined, traffic-free main avenue. A stroll southward along it takes one toward the seafront, passing large clothing stores whose windows often have artistic displays we enjoyed. The Rambla also contains a variety of smaller shops, a selection of cafes, and street vendors. There is a significant stretch of the Public Market, in which the vegetables are artistically displayed.





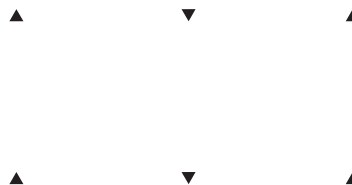
Leaving the Old Town and instead walking north along the Ramba, there are more stores but soon you reach a large modern square that leads into neighborhoods containing a number of homes designed by Gaudi. Almost all are still lived in, so only the exteriors can be admired and photographed. Two are open for tourists, attracting sizeable crowds. Later we were dependent on the guided alumni tour to visit the most important creations by Gaudi, the Palau Guell (an elevated Park covered with tiles, overlooking gardens and trees), and the La Sagrada Familia (a Basilica with it multiple towers) — after a century, still under construction.



Most memorable of our stay in Barcelona came on our 3rd day, and only a few minutes' walk from the Square. Down another narrow lane, we reached an opening and found the Palau de la Musica Catalana. We had never experienced such a spectacular interior: “a celebration of tile, sculpture and glorious stained glass.” It was lit by a huge, inverted dome of stained glass. Completed in 1908 and initially meant for choral performances, it is now available for other small musical events. We joined a tour that was seated in the auditorium, to be entertained by the performance of a pianist, giving me time to take lots of photographs.



Having fulfilled our long-term goal of visiting Barcelona, missed back in 1965, and with our ages approaching the 80s, we had a premonition that this trip in 2016 might be our last. This has become the reality for us with the occurrence of Covid-19.



Ecuador, Argentina, Bali and Florida

Contributed by David Hackleman



On March 3rd, 2019, my wife Deb and I departed for South America. It was our first and now I know, her only trip to the continent.

A former student, Marina C. of Argentina, had invited us to participate as part of the visiting presenters at a program she had initiated in her country called “Futras Lideres de Ansenuza”, and that was the tipping point that let us take this journey. Almost at the same time, another student, Frank V. had invited us to visit him in his country of Ecuador and Deb’s best friend from her OSU college days, Alice, asked us to join her on a cruise from Chile. So how could we say no?

We packed light and flew first to Quito. Frank V. was our host. Our paths had crossed when he toured and visited OSU early in his college years. Frank is now a practicing Chemical Engineer in Ecuador. He introduced us to the very economical public

transportation in Quito. Staying at a hotel near the airport, we hopped on the bus and for \$1 were taken to a terminal in Quito, then a \$2 taxi ride to the town center. We enjoyed the opportunity to see him and his home city and the nearby “Ciudad Mitad del Mundo ” celebrating the Equator. Frank told us about some very interesting history. The monument first constructed in 1936 is a bit south of the now more precisely known Equator. It was interesting to place my cellular telephone on GPS coordinate display and see the discrepancy! Even more so, a second “museum” with a modest entry fee is half-way to the true Equator crossing yet packed with active demonstrations of “unique to the equator” water draining from a sink, loss of balance and ability to balance an egg. Seeing them all demonstrated and knowing that we were actually not on the equator was quite educational - human expectations can indeed bias many experimenters.



Ecuador, Argentina, Bali and Florida

Continued from page 11



After 3 days with Frank, off to Argentina! Marina C., is already recognized internationally for her work. She was in a directed summer study we offered at the National Youth Science Camp (NYSC), and she created “Futuras Lideres de Ansenuza” while still getting her ChE degree at the University in Argentina! When we arrived in Buenos Aires, Marina had other Argentinian NYSC alums join in a meeting with the US Embassy education personnel. After a day to see Buenos Aires, we were off to the inland seaside town of Miramar in the state of Cordoba. Argentina has large inland salt lakes; Mar Chiquita



is the largest and is larger than our Great Salt Lake much of the time. Half the distance between Buenos Aires and Santiago, it is near the center of Argentina. The mayor welcomed us and provided a very nice hotel room for our stay, but most important was the opportunity to meet many inspiring young leaders! It was fun to lecture and run an interactive learning experience for them on extraction of Essential oils using the EssenEx®-100 from OilExTech, a device invented by students at Oregon State University!



Ecuador, Argentina, Bali and Florida

Continued from page 12

After fantastic Argentina, we flew to Chile to meet up with Alice, Neil and her relatives for a cruise after seeing portions of Santiago for two days. A very long taxi ride from Santiago to the port of San Antonio to board the Norwegian Sun for a Chile to the USA cruise with stops in Peru, Ecuador, and Costa Rica, through the Panama Canal, Colombia and then Florida. In early April, and about a thousand photos later, disembarkment in Miami, a quick air-boat tour of a portion of the Everglades, and a visit with my cousin Bob and his wife Diane at their home in Naples. The Edison and Ford homes were a great place to learn about friendship and legacy. A pontoon boat tour of the Naples harbor offered a peek at both the wildlife and a large number of quite expensive vacation homes on the group of islands that comprise the region to the Gulf from Naples. Our flight back to Oregon was just in time to see our state in its beautiful spring weather.

But wait, our trip was not over! As another consequence of that EssenEx®-100, I had been invited to talk at the International Federation of Essential Oils and Aroma Trades meeting in Bali and they offered to cover the travel and lodging for me! So, for only the cost of her transportation, we both enjoyed learning a bit about the Balinese and their fascinating cultures.



Sadly, Deb passed away in June of 2020, yet I shall always remember that we had these wonderful experiences together in 2019. If you wish to learn more about the amazing person that lived with me for 39 years, feel free to read about her in this memorial:

<https://collegeumc.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/10/Debra-Marie-Bond-Hackleman-ver-9-25-20-to-post.pdf>



Copenhagen

Contributed by Simon Johnson

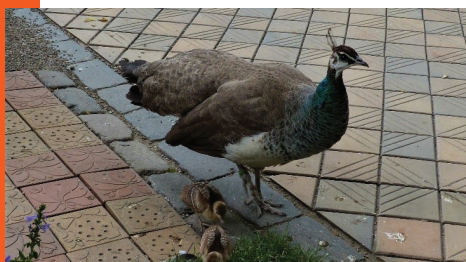
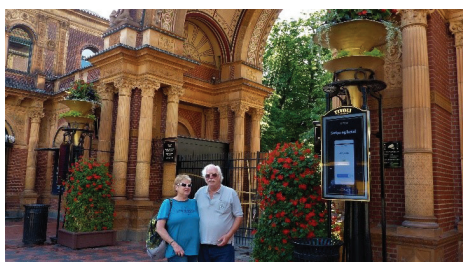
In 2019, Deb, Elizabeth Kalowski and I flew out of Portland on Air Canada to Calgary, Frankfurt, then Copenhagen, for a few days before shipping out for Baltic ports.

In Copenhagen, our first task was visiting the old town on a tourist open bus made up to look like a small train. Deb and Elizabeth rode in the cars, I took a turn in the cab.

We started in City Hall Square with bronze dragons on the balustrade guarding the Hall.

We visited Tivoli Gardens at its 10 a.m. opening and headed straight for the Dæmonen roller coaster where Deb scored a front row seat. The coaster included an Immelmann loop, a vertical loop, and a zero-gravity roll as well as the usual stomach-churning drops during its one-minute-46-second run. Deb loved it!

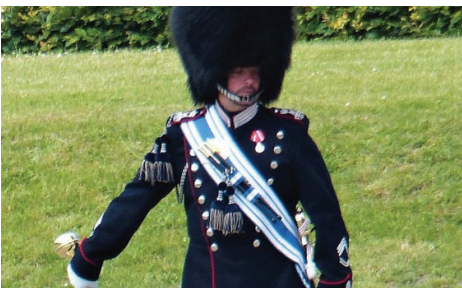
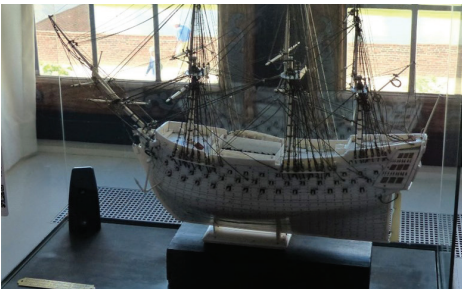
We wandered the pleasant 15 acres and found a restaurant (among many) where we ordered the traditional smørrebrød. Yummy. A peahen and chicks visited while we ate. At the National Museum, we examined an Aurock skeleton from 8600 B.C. found in a peat bog at Vig, as well as artifacts from Viking days.



We stopped at Rosenborg Castle, a pleasure palace built in the 1600s by Christian IV. In the Great Hall, silver lions guard the thrones, at royal funerals they guard the remains.

A lathe used to turn ivory was on display, as well as lovely ivory ship models.

And a first for me, was the royal commode, one of only three in the entire castle, all of which empty into the moat. In the King's garden outside, a pipe band complete with beavers played the changing of the guard.



We toured the waterways of the city, starting from Nyhavn, one of the more picturesque areas. We sailed by any number of buildings of architectural or historical interest, most of which floated right by me, except for the Church of Our Savior in Christianhavn and “the most photographed tree” in Copenhagen—only a moment is available to photograph the church as the boat goes by before the tree photobombs the view. The tree has its own web site—you can Google it.

We took a turn past Hans Christian Andersen’s Little Mermaid, a four-foot bronze, a regular target of vandals. Its head has been cut off at least twice, an arm was detached (and replaced), its rock was blown up, it has been regularly splashed with paint of various colors and once had a dildo attached. The crowds on land make it almost unapproachable but we had a good view of its back.

Despite the crowds, the city and its waterways are remarkably clean.

We passed kayakers policing the water.

Not far away, a refuse burner turns trash into electricity in a structure so large a ski slope was constructed on its roof.

Bicycles are everywhere! Bikeways are separate from highways with special bike stoplights that are smaller than auto stoplights. Several times we almost got run over by bikers before we learned to pay attention.





Jasper to Banff Bicycle Trip

Contributed by Michael Schuyler



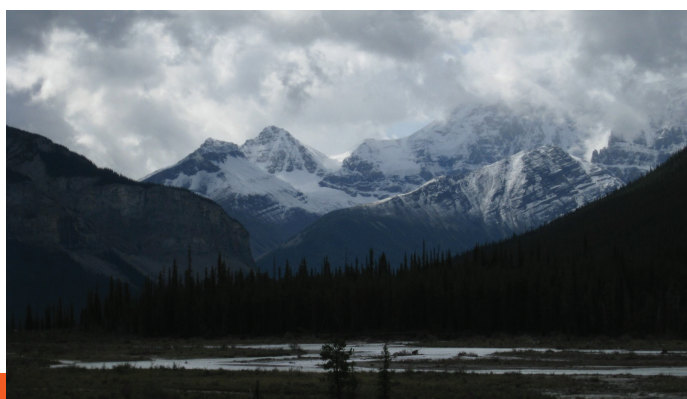
In 2012, my wife, Brandy, wanted to try a one-week bicycling trip from Jasper to Banff to celebrate her 60th birthday. Due to concerns about bears, we decided not to camp. We packed our bikes with clothing and lunch cooking gear and the usual spares needed when venturing out into unfamiliar and somewhat wild terrain. Due to the altitude and uncertain weather, we packed a range of weather-resistant gear.

The choice was to begin riding at the Jasper end of the park and ride south to Banff. So we took highway 20 across the north end of Washington, passing through Winthrop before heading north into B.C. Winthrop is worth a visit for its Old West character. Entering Jasper Park from the west, we were given a great view of the Canadian Rockies and Mt. Robson.

We took a day to explore Maligne Lake just outside Jasper on a side trip not on the highway to Banff. As we approached the lake, car traffic stopped, and we expected wildlife. Indeed, there were several

brown bears, including a momma and two cubs walking along a trail beside the road. Not having the protection of metal surrounding us, we rode slowly by, in between stopped cars, while hoping the momma bear wouldn't consider us worthy of her attention. If you go this way, be sure to take the hikes into the small canyons between Jasper and Maligne.

The main road from Jasper to Banff follows a valley with various rivers and valley floors, in between two main ranges of mountains. Our first night was spent at Sunwapta Lodge near the like-named falls. Traffic along side roads was light, so we kept to those as much as possible. We encountered numerous fellow bikers, but nearly all visitors were in cars. The mountain views were continuous. Wildlife was encountered frequently (elk, goats, and an occasional bear). It was easy to tell when animals were near the road because there would be stopped cars – often in the middle of the road.



Jasper to Banff Bicycle Trip

Continued from page 17



After a couple more nights staying in lodges and hostels, we were looking forward to some more strenuous biking. The road began to climb steeply as we approached the Ice Fields, and we gladly spent a night at the large hotel in that popular region. Large snow vehicles ferried visitors to the nearby glaciers. One interesting feature was being able to fill our water bottles with melted ice from million-year-old glaciers.

After the ice fields we had long downhills mixed with long uphill and frequent waterfalls just off the road. We passed Peyto Lake (nice hikes) and eventually approached the Lake Louise area, which is highly popular. We stayed in the hostel at the town of Lake Louise) and rode up to the two lakes just to the west. Hikes in the area require care due to bears.

After the lake, we took the side road to the Bow Valley to minimize traffic, which was becoming heavier as we neared Banff. The city is on the horizon, surrounded by lakes and medium peaks. We took the gondola to the viewing peak on the west side and rode our bikes to the lake to the east, where we encountered more wildlife and bear-restrictive gates. Banff is a real city immersed in nature.

I took the park bus back to Jasper to recover the car, and we headed out of Banff Park to the west, heading toward Lillooet and down home via Whistler. One interesting feature of the park is that the major east-west highway had overpasses designed to allow wildlife to pass over out of sight of the traffic. The main road had fencing to force the animals to use the overpass.

The scenery in the Jasper-Banff park is magnificent. The climbs will tax any biker, especially if loaded, as we were. Accommodations are plentiful and spaced nicely even for those not in cars. We were there in early to mid-August and the weather was pleasant, though quite cold in the ice fields. A number of bicycle touring companies offer guided trips. We encountered a Backroads group once and another group further down towards Banff.





Big Blue Marble Bicycle

Contributed by Michael Schuyler



About ten years ago, on a bicycle ride from Burlington, Vermont to Quebec City, my wife and I met a young couple from Philadelphia. They told us about a company in Paris who guided low-cost bicycle tours all over Europe. In 2014, we contacted this company, known as “BlueMarble.org” and viewed their offerings. Each trip was about a week in length, but they were arranged in a way that made it easy to string a few together for a longer adventure. We did this to come up with a 5-week tour beginning in France’s Burgundy region, Switzerland, Northern Italy, and to Vienna, Austria. At the end, we extended another week to visit Interlaken, Switzerland. Why spend miserable hours in an airplane for just a week or two of fun? We flew into Zurich to have the fly-in and fly-out airports be the same. We had arranged to stay at a very nice hostel. One of the best things about

hosteling is interacting with other guests from all over the world. After a few days exploring Zurich, we boarded the 200 mph TGV train to zip over to Dijon, France to meet the biking company and other guests.

By the way, we do not speak French (a little rough German, though) but this was never an issue. Dijon is a nice, scenic little town, and the first thing we did was go to a French restaurant for a 5-course sampler meal. Our first ever snails! Yum.

Dijon was the hub of our week in Burgundy. We rented basic bikes from the travel company and set off with a group of around eight fellow bikers, all from the U.S. Beaune (“bone”) was our first destination, and this town is essential to visit. It’s a town surrounded by two concentric walls with numerous restaurants, hotels, and drinking.



Big Blue Marble Bicycle

Continued from page 19



The region was nearly all vineyards, with many hills to surmount, castles to tour, and caves to explore. The locals were extremely friendly.

We left Dijon and traveled by bus to the west side of Le Sentier, Switzerland to see lakes and watchmakers working, then biked to Lausanne, and ferried across Lake Geneva (Lac Lemman) to Evian, where expensive water springs up freely to all who dip bottles into the fountains.

Then around the lake and into Switzerland via the Rhone (passing the prison of Chillon which we read about in high school, thanks to Lord Byron) to Martigny.

After I hit some unfortunate Swiss walkers with my bike (bike paths are everywhere in Europe!), we climbed to just short of Zermatt (taking a small train up the steepest section), home of the Matterhorn. A Day hike took us to the famous horn with spectacular scenery. Did I mention that trains are also everywhere, and it is common to ride up to a train, hang your bike for an hour or so, retrieve your bike, and then head off to your next stop? Our next stop was in Domodossola, Italy.

Big Blue Marble Bicycle

Continued from page 20

After biking for several days around many Italian lakes on fairly non-mountainous terrain (Castles, small villages, food, and wine), we took a short train ride to reach Como. No, we did not see George Clooney, but we did get close to one of his houses. We spent a few days perched on the banks of Lake Como, then rode a loop that included a crossing of Lake Como passing through Bellagio. Brandy and I decided to catch the overnight train to Munich because I wanted to show Brandy Marienplatz, the Glockenspiel and Englisher Gardens. I also wanted her to experience Mike's Bikes, a company that specializes in city tours here and there in major cities. Sadly, we didn't have enough time to visit Dachau.

Back via another train to Salzburg, we spent two days and took in a dinner opera. Then we said Goodbye to our Blue Marble guide and headed off through Austria to Vienna using bikes on our own (two weeks). This was easy to do because we had a map, prearranged hotels, and our trusty steeds. The first week was exploring Austria. We visited Hallstadt (UNESCO WH site) and went on to the Altausee salt mine for a tour (think of "The Monuments Men" and Clooney and Damon). One terrific little village after the next. The ride from Altmont to Steyr was 109 km, and we did not arrive until dusk. The countryside was beautiful.

After visiting the prison at Mauthausen, we turned east and followed the Danube toward Vienna. The night we stayed in Melk, we encountered a group of bicyclists staying at the same hotel. In the morning, all their bikes were gone! Our beater bikes were ignored. The police found them that day in the back of a truck heading to Hungary. They knew where to look: the usual suspects.

We biked and walked around Vienna for two days, taking in an evening opera at the Schonbrunn Palace. Vienna is amazing to explore.

We turned in our bikes to a fellow from Blue Marble, and he hopped on a train with them to return to Paris. We took a very fast U-Bahn train to Zurich, returning to the same hostel for a night. Then we took a train to Lucerne and down to Interlaken.



Big Blue Marble Bicycle

Continued from page 21

Back in 2007 on a motorcycle trip around the Alps, I had a chance to paraglide at Beatenberg, just outside Interlaken. I wanted to give Brandy that amazing experience to top off our European adventure. This is the place to do it. The valley around Interlaken is spectacular, with the Eiger, Monch, and Jungfrau behind the town. The glide took more than a half hour to drop down to the valley floor. Not to be missed is a visit to Trummelbachfalle, which is a huge underground waterfall that drains glacial melt from the three peaks. After two lovely days in Interlaken, we headed back home via Zurich.

Take aways:

- Traveling by bicycle gets one very close to the scenery and people, and one certainly notices how the terrain rises and falls.
- Not knowing the local language is not really a problem, even in small villages.
- With a few exceptions, we only stayed in small, unique hotels, and this made interactions with other guests easier (small dining rooms, friendly patios and outdoor areas).
- Wine at lunch and dinner is routine.
- Bathrooms and showers can be quite small.





India 2020 - Seeking Cats of India

Contributed by Greg Scott



1. This trip starts in Leh in the foothills of India's Himalayans as we begin our search for snow leopards. The first couple of days are spent exploring, photographing monasteries and acclimating to the elevation (11,500 ft).



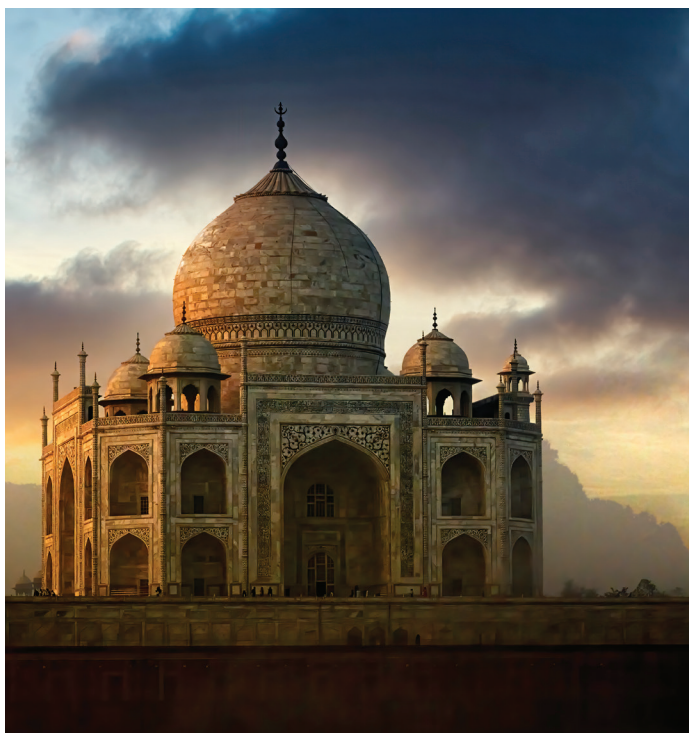
2. Before heading into higher elevation, we spend a day looking for leopards at lower areas. This image does include a leopard and was taken using a 600mm lens (equivalent to a 12 power scope). I choose this image to demonstrate the difficulty of finding and photographing this animal. We could not see the leopards. The guides with 40 power scopes would describe a rock formation and that was what we would shoot not knowing for sure if we were looking in the right area. The leopard is in the cave in the center of this photo. I estimate he was about one mile away.

3. Leaving Leh, we drove and hiked to our base camp of tents at 13,500 ft. It was so cold that sun screen had to be warmed each morning to extract it. In spite of the cold, we acclimated quickly. The camp was comfortable and staff provided hot showers for those that requested them. This image is a small village near our camp and serves as home for some of our support staff. Snow leopards are territorial spending 5-6 days in an area and then moving to a new location seeking prey. They can travel 25 miles in one night. On our last day, we found three snow leopards at 15,000 ft. The closest we were able to approach was 1/2 mile.



4. Returning to Leh, we continued to explore the area walking through the central business district. This image of a monastery is typical of the area.





5. After leaving the mountains, we had a down day so two of us decided to visit the Taj Mahal. Arising at 2:30am, we arrived at the Taj just before sunrise electing to shoot from the rear across a river. This perspective is seldom seen of the Taj.

6. After sunrise, we drove to the main entrance and walked the grounds like other tourists taking more traditional photos. The Taj is a popular destination, for young couples waiting their turn at one of the iconic locations as seen in this picture. Not obvious here is the line of elbow to elbow photographers seeking the “sweet spot” for a photo.

7. Leaving Deli by train, we traveled to Ranthambore national park in search of tigers. These cats are most active at night and are best viewed during the twilight hours at sunrise and sunset. Here you see a tiger approaching down a dark path. We followed this animal for almost an hour with our vehicle backing up a hill as the tiger approached so photographers had an optimal perspective. Our vehicle had no top so we had ample room to move around. All of the shooting in the park was hand held.



India 2020 - Seeking Cats of India

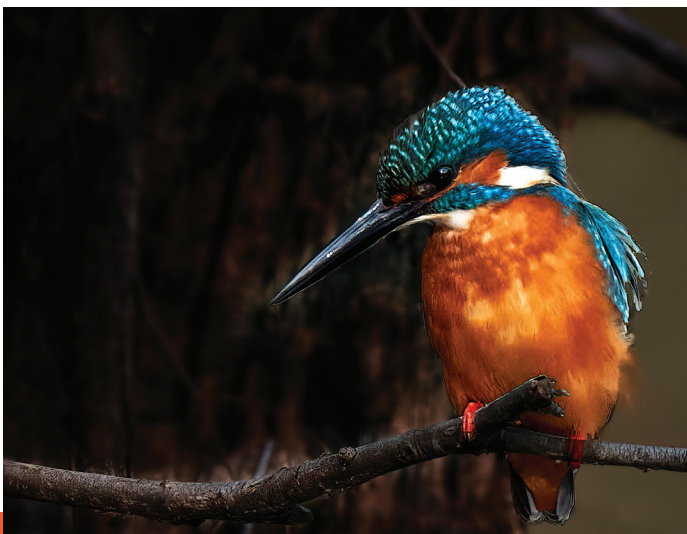
Continued from page 24

8. Kingfishers appear to be fairly common in this area. This bird was far away but using a 600mm focal length and heavily cropping, I was able to achieve a reasonable capture.

9. Near the end of our time in this park, very near sunset, we drove past a small group of Gray Langur monkeys. I spotted this fellow and recognized the potential in his unusual pose. This image is typical of my portrait style where I elect to simplify and sometimes eliminate the background. This is probably my favorite shot from this trip.

10. This big fellow was one of my last shots of tigers. He was cooling off in a river bed. When we drove up, there were 8-10 vehicles on the road photographing him. Our driver elected to drive into the river bed hoping for a better viewing perspective. As we looped around, this tiger turned to watch us providing an opportunity for the shot you see here. The processing technique mirrors the style I often use for portraits. For the benefit of anyone interested in the details, this was shot with a Sony A7R iii with a Sony 200-600mm lens at f/11, 1/1000 sec., and ISO of 5000. RAW process was done in Capture One and finished in Photoshop CC.

Website direct link to India images:
www.scottgeographic.org/India-2020/





Peru 2019: Land of the Incas

Contributed by Greg Scott

1. A full understanding of Peru requires a sense of their cultural heritage and the regions geology. Focusing on the former, finds most visitors flying into Cusco and visiting local Inca ruins as seen here. Llamas wander through the area while visitors adjust to Cusco’s 11,000 ft. altitude. I found the local tradition of frequently consuming, coco tea to be helpful in adjusting to the altitude. My travel theme is “on the road less traveled”. Translated, this means I rarely spend travel time in cities or major tourist destinations. I prefer physically challenging trips into areas rarely visited by most people. My current personal altitude achievement occurred on this trip.



2. In the Sacred Valley of the Incas, north of Cusco, there is the Maras Salt Mine where Peruvians have been extracting pink salt for almost 600 years. Former sea salt deposits were uplifted by the collision of tectonic plates, dissolved by ground water and channeled into salt pans built by workers. When the water evaporates, the salt is harvested. The image here shows only a few of the over 6,000 salt pans viewed from a nearby hill.



3. Machu Picchu is probably viewed by many as the crown jewel of Peru. Constructed in the mid-15th century, it straddles a mountain ridge that is actually 3,000 ft. lower than Cusco. It is a marvel of Inca engineering and stone work. Photographers are known to chase the light. This often means rising well before sunrise. The image here was taken from an elevated position during sunrise. The sun is kissing the top of the distant peaks while Mach Picchu awaits the warmth of the sun.



4. One of the main objectives for this trip was a 55km five-day hike through the Andes. We hiked ever higher over four days, camping in tents each evening while enjoying the magnificent views. The image here captures members of our group hiking on the first day. The gentleman with the red vest is our group leader and photographic guide from Australia. We enjoyed an efficient support team who transported our gear, food, tents, etc. and took care of both setting up camp each evening and reversing the process after breakfast each morning. There were extra horses in case anyone needed assistance. I felt fairly confident I would not need that kind of assistance.



5. As we climbed higher, the views became more dramatic and the rate of ascent increased. All of the photographers had the services of a porter who carried our camera backpacks and tripods. At the time I agreed to this arrangement, I did not fully appreciate the value of this decision. I was 73 years old when I made this trip and do not remember ever encountering a physical situation that was beyond my ability. When we passed 15,000 ft. the altitude and rough terrain began to take a toll on our physical reserves.



6. Each morning we woke up early, setup tripods and cameras looking for photographic points of interest. The image I have chosen was one that caught my attention. I look for drama in situations and the silhouettes of the tree backlit by ground fog with snow covered mountains looked perfect to me. A personal note worth sharing is an encounter I had with some of the pack horses. I have two ferrets at home and confess to a love of most animals. The role of horses in Peruvian society is clearly a hard life. I happened to have a couple of apples in my gear. I requested the use of a plate and knife and cut the apples into a number of small wedges. When I first approached the horses, they were quite reluctant. Once one horse accepted the apple, others sensing something good, joined in. However, a couple of horses never accepted the treat.

Peru 2019: Land of the Incas

Continued from page 27

7. While it is easy to develop tunnel vision when shooting, a wise photographer takes time to note what others are doing. That is exactly what happened to me. When I looked to my right, I noted my neighbor was looking in the opposite direction. There in the distance was the tip of a mountain peeking through the clouds. I turned around, grabbed a few quick shots, and in about 90 seconds the peak was hidden by the clouds.



8. On the last day of our trek, we began our hike earlier and the climbing was much more difficult. We were attempting to reach the high point at a specific time. After about four hours of rapid ascent, I began to sense I wasn't going to make it and requested the use of one of the horses. The lesson that all of us have limits has not been lost on me. Having reached the peak, the downward leg was easy. I yielded my horse to another person and made the remainder of the trip on foot. Near the end, we began to encounter signs of civilization. The lady in this image was walking toward us and graciously allowed us to photograph her.



9. The last two images were from the same location known as “Rainbow Mountain”. The geology of this area is nothing short of amazing. The red is due to iron oxide. Yellow could be iron sulphide and the green most likely is from different state of chlorite. The first image captures an old trail across the face of Rainbow Mountain. I have included this image because it gives a better sense of the textures that play across the face of this geologic formation.

10. The final image provides a wider perspective of the range. Both of these images were taken from the vantage point of a neighboring peak. This proved to be the highest peak I have ever climbed (17,000 ft) and perhaps the most difficult I have attempted. Adding to the difficulty was the nature of the surface-scrabble. It was like trying to climb a mountain of plates. Each step forward resulted in a slide backwards as the flat slick stones yielded to gravity when additional weight was applied. Literature suggests this site was unknown prior to 2015 due to snow cover most of the year. This was the last segment of our travel in Peru. This is important because it means we had two weeks to acclimate to higher altitude.

Web site link:

www.scottgeographic.org/Peru-2019/





Malaysia: Connections to OSU and a 40+ Year Friendship

Contributed by Bill Young

In February 2019 my wife, Carol, and I landed in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and were met by long-time friends, Soh Aik Chin and his wife Leong Swee Keng. Chin and I became friends in the late 1970s as graduate students at OSU. Chin was studying plant genetics under Dr. Rod Frakes, and I was a crop physiology student working with Dr. Dave Chilcote. Both programs were in the department of Agronomic Crop Science, now Crop and Soil Science were then resident in the basement of Strand Ag Hall.

Over the next decade, both my wife and I, as well as Chin and Swee King, were busy starting careers and families. However, in 1990, Chin's family returned to Oregon for a vacation to reconnect with friends and colleagues at OSU. Of course, our family hosted their clan and we were able to get one picture.

Chin continued his professional life as a palm oil geneticist with Applied Agricultural Resources, a leading tropical plantation crop research center advising over 400,000 hectares of oil palm, rubber and cocoa estates in Peninsular Malaysia, Sabah, Sarawak and Indonesia. Of course, my career was set to continue with the department of Crop and Soil Science at OSU.

In 2007, Chin and his family made a second return visit to Oregon after 17 years. And as they had done in 1990, they implored us to make a trip to visit them in Malaysia.

In February 2019, Carol and I were finally able to make that trip, and enjoyed a week-long homestay with Chin and Swee Keng. We enjoyed many day trips touring the sights in Kuala Lumpur and visited the surrounding areas of Kuala Selangor and Malacca.

Our impressions were many. We found Kuala Lumpur to be an amazing modern city comprised of a mixture of Islam, Buddhist and Hindu religions, plus a hint of British colonial history. Malacca, once considered the "Venice of the East" by European powers, has been ruled by the Portuguese, Dutch, British and Japanese, but has been independent since 1957.

In summary, this was a most enjoyable travel experience and a trip that truly reinforced Mark Twain's observation that "Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry and narrow mindedness."





Come Fly with Me on a TWA Constellation

Contributed by Ray Verzasconi

I've been atop the Jungfrau twice, and the view was unforgettable. "I've traveled" every which way," our Chulalongkorn University host announced while introducing us to our 8th mode of transportation on the same day.

I climbed Huayna Picchu at age 50, encouraged by a teacher I met on the trail. And I've felt the earth tremble to the roar of Iguazu falls. The trip that inspired a life of travel, however, dates back almost 71 years.

June 12, 1950. San Francisco. My parents, my three older siblings, and I boarded a TWA Constellation for the 36-hour (flying time) flight to Zurich, with stops in St. Louis, Chicago, New York (La Guardia), Gander, Shannon, and Paris. Perhaps it was only because I was 12 years old, but the Lockheed Constellation was the most magnificent flying machine I've ever flown in (and I've flown in quite a few since then). The Constellation held 62-95 passengers, but our flights were almost empty. The passenger manifest of our return flight from Zurich (Kloten) to La Guardia on October 1 lists five crew members, three flight attendants, and seven passengers. I vividly remember being invited into the cockpit on virtually all the legs of our journey.

Back then, even boys were expected to wear suits and ties on board. I will never forget getting my first pair of non-itchy woolen pants. I don't know when they stopped making those torture trousers that convinced me only Catholic boys wore them as a form of penance.

My siblings and I usually sat up front, moving back and forth between a table where we ate, played cards and board games, and the lounge chairs. Our parents sat in the center of the aircraft. Seating assignments were optional with few passengers. Keeping our seat belts fastened was also not a requirement, allowing us to walk about freely. I suppose because we flew "under the clouds," there

was less of a threat of extreme turbulence or the FAA wasn't yet as concerned about passenger safety. There was minimal airport security back then as well. During long refueling stops, we were allowed to get off and walk about the airport. I remember two such experiences, both on our return flight. In Shannon, we had a long layover, and my sister and I went walking because I wanted to set foot on "the old sod." I grew up in California's Salinas Valley, not an Irish destination, but most of my teachers referred to me as "Mediterranean Irish." I took it as a compliment. Perhaps, because my 3rd grade teacher, Mrs. Doane, decided I was going to represent the Irish in the all-school talent show, singing "Danny Boy" even though I couldn't then, and still can't carry a tune.

The next afternoon, we arrived in Gander and found ourselves grounded until late the next morning by a large storm front along our eastern seaboard. By bringing us supper and the next morning's breakfast, the residents of Gander proved as generous to us as they had been during WW II, when Canadian and American fly boys were often grounded there by storms.

My parents were Italian-Swiss immigrants. When my mother met my father, she was a widow with three small children, who'd just lost her dairy herd to tuberculosis. By 1944, as vegetable farmers, they'd paid off the farm debts (low interest federal government farm loans and bean contracts with the U.S. Army helped). By 1949, father decided we could afford to return to the old country. He would fly in case a business emergency forced his early return, so it was mother who decided we would all fly on the same flight. It had been customary in early commercial flights for parents with more than one child to take separate flights, each taking one or more children. My mother's response, "If we go down, we go down together."

Come Fly with Me on a TWA Constellation

Continued from page 30



On Monday, June 12, 1950, a family group left from the San Francisco Airport for Switzerland, via TWA. This group represents a prominent family of Swiss Farmers from Gondo, in Mondovio County, who plan to visit their native country for a period of three months after which they will return to the U. S. The picture shows Mr. Leonardo Bottinelli, Manager of the Alghero Cruise Tours Sales Department, who issued the tickets, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Verma, Mr. John Caraccioli, Louis Caraccioli, Raymond Verasconi and James Caraccioli. Their final destination is Gudo, near Bellinzona. To these traveling Swiss.

Mother's decision is what convinced TWA to give my parents a discount on airfare. In exchange TWA used us in advertising in Swiss newspapers in the United States and in Switzerland. "Swiss Farm Family Chooses TWA to Get Them Home Safely and in Style" was the title of one advertisement. (Photograph 1)

Our destination was Gudo, a small village in Canton Ticino. Our home for almost four months was Casa Gianelli, a granite structure that dates from the 17th century. Passed down from my father's maternal side of the family, it is now on the Swiss Registry of Historical Sites, and its exterior may be modified only if changes conform to the original style. From the balcony, one has a beautiful view of Lago Maggiore about 8 km away. On very clear days, one can also see Il Cervino ("the little deer), also known as The Matterhorn ("the peak in the meadow"). One of the lessons the town's old storytellers taught me was that if I could see Il Cervino in the evening, then we'd have beautiful weather the next day. So, I soon began looking for the mountain before retiring.

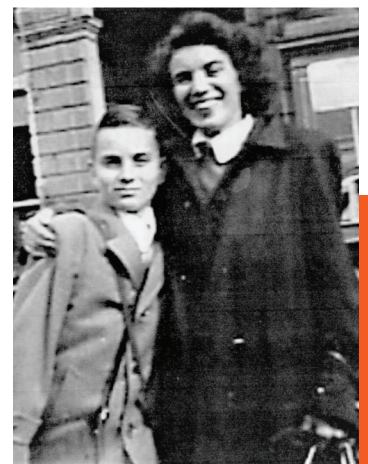
Our travels that year included visiting all the Swiss cantons, visiting our relatives in Ticino also around Lake Como in Italy, and going as far south as Rome. Having grown up in a multilingual home, languages were seldom a barrier and, for me, became a source of entertainment. I remember children my age and younger following me around my father's village, wanting me to teach them English. They would laugh, repeat words over and over, and then ask for more. Perhaps that is when I decided to become a language teacher. (Photographs 2-3)

Traveling in Switzerland posed few problems. Father had imported a Plymouth sedan, there were petrol stations along main roads, comfortable hotels, and Swiss franc bills were uniform in size. The US dollar was worth five Swiss Francs that summer, so we didn't need a calculator. But Italy was altogether different. The exchange rate would fluctuate daily. A dollar did buy a great Italian prazio, but lire bills grew larger and larger as the value increased.

So how does a family of six travel abroad for 4 months in the days before ATMs and American Express offices in cities were few? The answer: bank letters of credit translated into French, German, and Italian and verified by a seal of the Swiss Consul General, along with lire and francs carried in an attaché case handcuffed to my father's wrist. Or, when he was driving, it was attached to the wrist of one of my brothers, and another brother carried the key. I should mention they were 18, and athletes—which I was not!

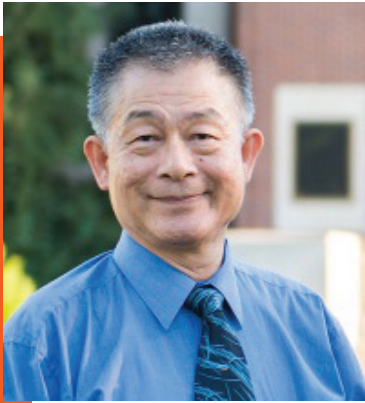
My funniest anecdote from our Italian sojourn occurred in Rimini. There on the shores of the Adriatic stood a new multi-storied hotel with few guests. In the bathroom my sister and I shared, we found a bidet. We decided Italians used it to wash their feet after being on the beach. We suggested that our parents buy one for our mud room at home. Mother laughed, but she never explained the main purpose of a bidet.

That 1950 sojourn sparked my wanderlust on five continents, always learning to gain a taste for other foods, an understanding of other languages and cultures, and a respect for people who weren't like me by remembering an old adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."



The COVID-19 Pandemic and Beyond with Dr. Chunhuei Chi

Contributed by Michael Schuyler



In February, Dr. Chunhuei Chi, director of OSU's Center for Global Health and professor in the Health Management and Policy Program presented a discussion of the COVID-19 pandemic and his view on the post-pandemic

expectations. The presentation was given as a Zoom webinar and may be viewed online at osura.oregonstate.edu.

Dr. Chi was introduced to the sizable audience by OSURA's Kathy Motley. Dr. Chi began by summarizing a few widely held opinions of the virus's evolution, some unfounded.

Dr. Chi gave a quick review of the points he would discuss:

1. China covered it up far too long, just as was the case for the 2003 SARS outbreak;
2. The World Health Organization (WHO) was also remiss by responding much too slowly;
3. Many country's governments were inept at dealing with the growing threat, with a few exceptions which were noteworthy in their success.

Dr. Chi pointed out that the first known case was actually identified on November 17, 2019, although it seems likely that cases began in October. China's first internal response to cases appearing in the city of Wuhan was apparent on December 20, although this was kept under wraps as late as December 30.

On December 31 Taiwan warned the WHO of this outbreak, but the organization ignored the warning. Taiwan immediately began inspecting travelers from Wuhan to Taiwan.

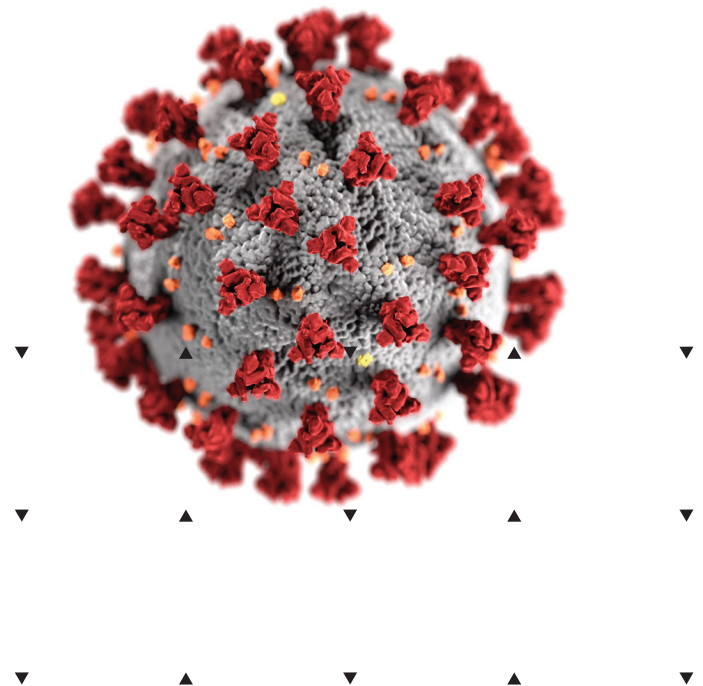
An important date to keep in mind is January 1. If the world had reacted by this date, it is likely the entire pandemic would have been fully controlled.

One little known fact: By December 2019 there were already at least 13 variants of the initial virus in Wuhan. Dr. Chi displayed a graph of the exponential growth of variants from the early days to now, and the number of variants is actually huge.

A few countries dealt with the outbreak spectacularly. Taiwan never had to close down its economy or social environment and yet kept cases at an extremely small number. This was due to extensive testing and tracing from the earliest days. Several other countries, including New Zealand and Australia, were similarly quick to respond intelligently and resulted in minimal disruption.

This talk was excellent and informative. Interested individuals are encouraged to listen to the recorded discussion and questions.

https://media.oregonstate.edu/media/t/1_qc2y2d7g.



OSURA Committee Spotlight: Scholarship Committee

Contributed by Bill Becker

The Scholarship Committee currently consists of five members, who have been given responsibility by the OSURA Board for announcing the annual competition, evaluating the candidates, and allocating the awards.

Information about the award is made available to students by posting on OSU's online "Scholar Dollars" system. We also have sought nominees by announcing the award to our membership and by direct communication to Deans and Department Chairs.

Detailed information about the scholarships and the application process is available on the Scholarship page of the OSURA website. The Scholarship page is regularly updated as needed. Eligibility criteria for the award include: Student should have completed one year at OSU, have one year remaining, and have an OSU cumulative grade point average of 3.75 or above. Additionally, the student should show interest in a career that would further "healthy aging." We have interpreted that criterion broadly, to include

physical, psychological, social and financial health. Each applicant is required to submit a transcript, two letters of recommendation, and a personal statement demonstrating a commitment to healthy aging. Two years ago, we received 26 applications and awarded 6 scholarships of \$2,000 each. Last year, we received 18 applications and awarded the same number of scholarships. We anticipate that we will be awarding 6 scholarships of \$2,000 again this year. The funds for the scholarships come entirely from donations made by OSURA members. Those donations are placed either in a cash account or in an endowment which then generates income to grow the fund. Scholarship winners are announced each year at the Annual OSURA meeting, held in May, and also are featured in a subsequent issue of the Newsletter.

The Scholarship Committee is currently composed of five members: Bill Becker (Chair), Mary Burke, Gordon Reistad, Jo Anne Trow, and Tony Van Vliet. Administrative support is provided by Mealoha McFadden in the University Events Office. New members are always welcome, as are donations to the scholarship fund!



President's Message

By Carol Kronstad, OSURA President



The Past Presidents luncheon was held March 9 via zoom. We all made our own lunch and visited about our strange COVID year.

Carol Kronstad gave a brief overview of our programs this past year and named everyone who is on the current board.

Michael Schuyler volunteered to become the new scholarship chair. There was a good discussion about changing the criteria for the new scholarship applicants. Nothing was decided but we will continue this discussion at our next board meeting.

We finished our lunch and said goodbye an hour later.



Renew Your Membership!

Being an OSURA member is a great way to stay connected to OSU and friends at the university. The Oregon State University Retirement Association (OSURA) promotes engagement among OSU retirees and between retirees and the University by providing information, programs, scholarships and volunteer service opportunities that contribute to a rewarding retirement and that support the University's mission. Full membership in the OSU Retirement Association is open to all retirees from Oregon State University! Becoming a member is a great way to stay involved in the life of the university. Our members make possible many important programs for students and retirees.

Memberships are \$20 individual/\$30 household and checks can be made out to OSURA/OSU Foundation. Membership forms can be found on our website at: osura.oregonstate.edu.



What's happening? SAVE THESE DATES!

To register or view upcoming events, visit osura.oregonstate.edu.

OSURA Fall Start Up Fall 2021

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