RAPS slates econ forecasting

By Richard Brinkman
RAPS President-Elect

So far, so good – the lecture series has been quite successful and well attended. Let us all try to keep the momentum going by turning out to attend the next lecture that will be given by Tom Potiowsky, the State Economist of Oregon.

Tom was appointed to his position as State Economist on August 1, 1999. To be noted, Tom is a Professor of Economics at Portland State, now on leave, and was at one time chair of the department. It is a moment of pride for PSU and the Department of Economics that the State Economist is not from Reed, Lewis & Clark, the University of Oregon or Oregon State but is one of our own.

Tom was a member of the Governor's Council of Economic Advisors for three years prior to his appointment with the state. He works in the Office of Economic Analysis that is in the Department of Administrative Services. The Office is responsible for developing and disseminating quarterly state economic and demographic forecasts and estimating General Fund revenue for the State of Oregon. The forecasts are used to develop both the Governor's Budget and the Legislatively Approved Budget.

As with the other participants in the lecture series, Tom also has a very impressive CV. He has been active in publishing and presenting papers at professional meetings. Outside of the strict academic world in which he specializes in macroeconomics and forecasting, Tom also consults with numerous companies and gives frequent lectures to local organizations.

Anyone who has heard Tom lecture will vouch for his capacity to articulate the complex issues of economics in understandable terms and with a catching smile and a great sense of humor. Also, and to be envied by most economists, Tom is not a closet scholar, but he works in the fascinating world of Salem and in an environment of real political economy.

Maxine Thomas and the RAPS Board offer their best wishes and hope to see you all at the Potiowsky lecture. You will learn from the experience and enjoy the experience as well.

Moseley mystifies at RAPS dinner

The RAPS "Holiday Magic" dinner party was held on Thursday, December 18, at the Multnomah Athletic Club. The event was held on the second floor in a spacious room overlooking 18th street (Continued on page 6)
On Friday, December 12th, five RAPS members hiked in Forest Park from the Hoyt Arboretum to the Pittock Mansion. The hike was about five miles round trip with an elevation change of about 300 feet. The weather was overcast but very pleasant. The city was still visible from the mansion overlook. The mansion was not open when we arrived, and we didn’t stay to tour the interior Christmas display.

We agreed to skip a hike in January. The next hike will celebrate Valentines Day, PSU’s birthday and Oregon’s birthday. February 14th is on a Saturday. We will start an hour later at 10:00 am and have a leisurely walk on the west side of the Willamette River from Willamette Park to the Riverfront area.

Lunch is planned for the Riverplace or PSU areas followed by a return hike to Willamette Park. This will be a very easy hike on well maintained pathways and bikeways. We will walk near the planned Health Sciences expansion and the new PSU Doubletree purchase on Lincoln.

The hiking group photograph was taken on the front steps of the Pittock Mansion.

**VW convertible raffle on slate**

Buy your chance to win a 2004 GLS VW Convertible with leather, tiptronic auto shift & much more!

The car raffle proceeds benefit Portland State University Student Athlete Scholarships. WE ARE ONLY SELLING A MAXIMUM OF 2,000 so your chances of winning are great! The cost is $50 each or two for $100. The drawing will be held, April 24, 2004, the Night of Wine & Roses Fund Raiser at the Double Tree Hotel - Lloyd Center.

You don't have to be present to win. You could use the tickets as birthday presents or just keep them for yourself. Remember, it goes for a great cause -- student scholarships at a great University! These students major in engineering, speech communication, history, art, and every conceivable area. Help support our University.

To purchase car raffle tickets please call Sylvia Moseley at (503) 244-1770 or Donna Koch at (503) 452-8529.

The RAPS discussion group will meet in the conference room of the Simon Benson House on campus from 1:30-2:30 on January 20, 2004. Please clip an article or two or three from the paper -- perhaps from the op-ed page -- and make your comments on it. We'll have a "Washington Journal" type discussion.

All views welcome, all views expressed. Don't be bashful. There are lots of things to talk about, and on which to get comments from your fellow RAPSers: school funding, urban renewal, The Oregonian editorial policy, airport security, Portland's traffic, cloture in the U.S. Senate, WHO, global warming, the Lewis and Clark big bash, the list is endless.

Here's your chance to express your views to a sympathetic audience. And, perhaps to get answers from those you trust. You might even bring a couple of jokes; RAPS members are well read and interested in nearly everything.

Please call RAPS Office Manager Troy Montserrat-Gonzales at (503) 725-3447 if you plan to attend.

**Book Club**

1:30 January 20 at The Brinkman’s
The President’s Column —

Think you know the answers? Try this quiz!

By Maxine Thomas
RAPS President

START THE NEW YEAR WITH THIS RAPS TEST!

To start off the year I composed this little questionnaire to test your RAPS IQ. See how you do.
-How many REPPS/RAPS presidents have there been?
-How many "objectives" are there in the RAPS brochure?
-In what year was REPPS/RAPS organized?
-Who were the faculty members who initiated the formation of the organization?
-What year did the membership vote to include staff in the membership, changing from REPPS to RAPS?
-How many RAPS presidents have there been?
-How do you access the RAPS website?
-How many links are there on the RAPS website?
-Who took the pictures of the board members shown on the website?
-What book is the book group reading for the month of February?
-Who is on the Awards Committee?
-How do you find out more information about the "Special Activities" (discussion group, hiking group, writing group, book group and bridge group)?
-What year did the organization move their office to the Simon Benson House?
-How many members can you name who have been awarded an Outstanding Staff/Faculty Award?
-Who do you contact if you want to volunteer a few hours in the Simon Benson House?
-Who is the RAPS Office Manager?

This is an "open book" test; consult your friends and re-read The Hooter and The Membership brochure. Good Luck!

Check your answers next month (Answers will be in The Hooter.)

Happy New Year and best wishes for 2004! If the holiday party is any indication of what’s to come, we’re off to a great start! There were eighty-three in attendance at the MAC!

Bridge group to continue play at Willamette View facility

Three tables of lively bridge were played at the home of Charlie White on the 2nd Tuesday of Dec. Pat Dunkeld won 1st prize. So, mark your calendar and plan to attend in January for another fun get-together. January 13 is the date for the next monthly bridge session.

The location is Willamette View, 12705 SE River Road (just south and uphill of downtown Milwaukie). Irene Place is coordinator. To RSVP and for directions, please phone 503-652-6528 or e-mail Irene@wvresident.org.

Willamette View has a large campus and many buildings. Look for the tall building set back from the road with the drive-through portico. Check in there with the receptionist who will guide you to the COURT Building Family Room where the bridge group is meeting.

Play starts promptly at 1:30 pm but, if you are interested in hearing a little about Willamette View’s campus and offerings, come 15 minutes early for a short presentation prior to start of play.

Use the above map to locate the receptionist and the COURT building on the Willamette View campus in Milwaukie. Contrary to usual practice, north is at the bottom of the map.
Boardwalk
By James Maurer, Professor Emeritus of Speech and Hearing Sciences

When at last I arose too early, unpacked and left my single bedroom in the compound where others still slept, and breakfast was yet an hour or so ahead, I found myself walking away from the buildings and people I had yet to meet. I headed down a saw grass slope toward the gated fence that separated a place of Catholic enterprise from an untamed, agnostic jungle. Approaching the gate I pulled on the padlock as instructed by Alice, the woman in charge of the Florida elder hostel golf package. She had spoken with a wry grin, “It’s seldom locked. They often leave it looking like it’s locked.”

However, the padlock did not open when I tugged on it. Appearance had succumbed to reality.

I briefly considered the youthful act of climbing the eight-foot steel fence, but was dissuaded by spear heads, closely aligned along the fence top in seemingly endless succession. These conjured in my mind a vision of being impaled and writhing while gargantuan gators arose from the swamp to feast on my dangling legs.

Instead I marched along the fence line like a dutiful senior adult until it abruptly ended, and several steps later a small clearing appeared. There I was afforded entry around the fence line.

This reprieve was unfortunately brief, for I was soon thrashing through a thick tangle of jungle growth that foiled my attempts at maintaining a straight line that paralleled the now invisible fence. On the verge of total disorientation, I elected to proceed more slowly through the great broad leaf plants, whose stiff dry stalks reached shoulder height from the spongy tangle beneath my feet.

While this concession did not improve the diminishing light value as I moved deeper into the shaded greenery, the cacophony of things rustling in the undergrowth, grunting in the marsh, hooting and shrieking in the trees, all seemed to diminish as I walked more cautiously and hence more quietly. I was, after all, a solitary sojourner in a foreign territory. This prompted an apology. Sorry fellows, I didn’t mean to wake you up.

No longer plowing through this jungle, I embraced it by carefully examining each footstep and gently grasping the towering umbrella plants by their stalk, bending them so I could slide my body through and maintain a relatively straight path to the yet unseen boardwalk.

I also learned to avoid a certain type of bush that initially appeared to bear black berries the size of peas, but which quickly proved to be tenacious burrs that pierced my skin through cotton socks and clung to my white shoelaces and pants like wood ticks.

Five minutes later and cleansed of burrs, I was about to move an eye-level umbrella leaf when I found my nose inches away from a large pancake-size gray toad resting on top of the leaf. His weight apparently was no burden for this sturdy plant. I froze. As startled as I, he clamped both his eyes shut with such vigor that I detected muscular tics caused by the strain of keeping them closed. He appeared to be unsuccessfully passing me off as a bad dream. So I avoided touching his leaf and tip-toed on as quickly as the terrain afforded.

But thoughts of this encounter persisted. His (her?) reaction to me, the clamped closing of the eyes, reminded me of a woman I once knew. She performed exactly the same ocular movements in response to any gory scene on television or even when driving by a road kill, which in modern venue of the medium meant that she was not only quite practiced at not seeing such scenes, but had developed an uncanny presentiment when something ugly was about to occur.

It seemed to me that children in my generation were quite adept at this, avoiding a gruesome scene by closing both eyes. But not so children of today who early on are exposed to horrific happenings among cartoon characters and on school grounds. Their inheritance seems to be immunity, or at least desensitization to horror, real or imagined.

I’ve occasionally thought about this. Where do screenwriters and cartoonists go next, when beheading everyone...
on the farm is ho hum? Even the explosion of blood on the screen becomes mundane. Thanks to a near complete lineup of alien types, it’s even difficult to imagine creating a new color for blood.

Obviously, I find myself somewhat hardened to the macabre. After all, I continued for a few seconds to look at his behavior on the green leaf, while he denied himself any further interaction with my full screen, spectacled face, which from his upward perspective must have seemed like a double-barreled gun sight scanning his paralyzed body for any movement. One look was enough for this fellow.

Another strange thing: I called the color of the toad gray. But it seems to me in retrospect that it was more chalky white than gray, almost albino looking. I could also be wrong in describing this amphibian as a toad. Perhaps he was a frog. But I would rather think of him as a toad for a couple of unresearched reasons. I don’t believe I’ve ever seen a frog shut his eyes. And not just that but close them quickly in response to something frightening. This suggests to me a somewhat higher cognitive power, i.e. closer to a human experience than a frog could muster. This creature seemed given to thought.

Finally, the texture of his skin was not frog-like to me, but more toad-like. It wasn’t smooth and shiny, but dull and uneven. With all that, I’ll quickly stand aside for second opinions.

Boosting myself up onto the wooden plank boardwalk, I saw that it was safely elevated some three feet above the jungle floor on which I had just trespassed. This would afford some protection against high water and basking alligators. It had been solidly constructed by friars from the San Pedro compound to provide a convenient and safe passage from the buildings to a fresh water lake. Wide enough to permit incoming and outgoing hikers to pass, the boardwalk also appeared well maintained. There was very little debris underfoot, despite the overhead canopy of trees, which permitted only intermittent splashes of sunlight but plenty of fallen leaves near the boardwalk.

What first appeared to be a large beaver was making brushy, splashing sounds as I progressed down the boardwalk. Half out of the water and close enough to touch with a stick, it seemed busily engaged in some menial task when abruptly it looked up at me with the masked face of a raccoon. It regarded me with the same dispassionate glance as a regular in a New York eatery and continued washing what looked like the remains of a fish.

Farther down the boardwalk I heard the familiar knocking of a woodpecker. The sound came from a place near the top of a dead snag off to my left. I stood quietly and waited. Finally the red crest and elegant hatchet-shaped head appeared around the tree. My morning had been graced by a giant among birds, the pileated woodpecker. This was the second of its kind I have ever witnessed in the wild, though I am not a seasoned bird watcher.

The first was at our lake place in Montana seven years ago. He disappeared forever in the backwash of chainsaws and development by a timber company, which turned a once pristine area into a human ant hill. I disappeared shortly thereafter.

I had paced the full length of the boardwalk through the jungle at about 400 yards, terminating in a sort of deck, or walkaround. From this vantage point, flanked by great cypress trees with long trails of moss, one could look out over a cobalt lake, active with splashing fish and the roll of an occasional otter.

Surrounded by this ambiance of raw beauty and wildlife, I found serenity in the fact that in this place the hand that reigned preeminent was not the hand of man.

Only the pathway had been provided.

Calendar of coming events - stay tuned for coming additions

**Bridge** — Jan. 14, 1:30 (See story in this issue)
**Writers** — Jan 19 1:00 (See story in this issue)
**Discussion** — Jan 20 1:30 (See story in this issue)
**“The Ups and Downs of Forecasting the Oregon Economy”** — Tom Potiowsky, Jan. 29, 3:00 Vanport Room

**RAPS Board meeting** — Feb. 12, 12:15 Simon Benson House

**Book Club** — Jan 20 1:30, at the Brinkman’s
Magic at the MAC dinner . . . From page 1

Each year this club chooses a decorating theme for the holidays. This year it was "Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow," and guests for the dinner were able to view a number of snowy winter scenes set up along the route through the lobby to the party room.

After a pleasant cocktail hour, members and guests enjoyed a three-course dinner of green salad, bronzed salmon, roast pork, or a vegetarian entrée, and a delicious ice-cream dessert called "Hula Coupe."

The entertainment for the evening was a magic show presented by Dr. M (Roger Moseley) with the assistance of “Tomato” (Nelson Tanedo). Moseley proved to be PSU’s prestidigitator par excellence. Moseley twirled scarves, shuffled cards, and tweaked (verbally) the audience members with great style.

The show included all manner of sleight of hand and illusions that left the audience befuddled but quite appreciative.

The magic team has conducted more than 100 pro bono shows for children's groups such as Head Start, Doernbecher Children’s Hospital, and Hopewell House.

Jerry Penk, retiring editor of The Hooter, was presented with a plaque and a remembrance in recognition of his work with RAPS.

Members of the Ferdinand Society joined the RAPS members. RAPS was able to subsidize the dinner and thus the cost was kept down to $25 per person.

New RAPS office manager has a variety of interests

Troy Montserrat-Gonzales assumed the duties of RAPS office manager on December 1, 2003.

She grew up on the Oregon Coast and completed her undergraduate degree here at PSU in Women’s Studies and Psychology. She is currently working on a Master’s degree in conflict resolution. After completion of her Master’s degree, she plans on pursuing doctoral study in anthropology and folklore.

When she’s not working on her thesis, she enjoys hiking, running, reading tarot cards, studying folklore, and folk magic and has recently taken up knitting. She also enjoys travel – her most recent trip was to the south of France, and next year she hopes to visit Great Britain.

Troy lives downtown with her kitty, Olivier (who thinks he’s a dog). Feel free to email her at the RAPS office with any knitting tricks of the trade.

March 10
Barbara Lee Dudley
Underlying Issues in the Free Trade Debate
Editor and Office Manager change at RAPS

Cooper takes reigns of The Hooter

Jack Cooper, professor emeritus of English, will take over as editor of The Hooter effective with the next issue, February 2004.

Copper succeeds Jerry Penk, editor of The Hooter, since the September, 1998, issue.

Cooper, the former head of the Department of English, will introduce himself in the next issue.

Collins moves to Education Abroad Office to pursue study abroad goals

By Alyse Collins

After almost six months of working as the RAPS Graduate Assistant, I was offered another Graduate Assistantship in the Education Abroad Office over in East Hall. This new assistantship fits very nicely with my academic interests, professional background, and future goals.

I am currently assisting the staff in Education Abroad. It is the mark of an educated mind to be switched my assistantship in such a crazy, hectic time (the middle of finals and the Christmas season), I haven't really had that much time to get settled in — I still intend on painting my new office.

However, once things calm down around here, I'll be working on the development of study abroad pre-departure orientation sessions, a re-entry program, and integrating returning study abroad participants into our recruiting efforts. I think there will be enough to keep me busy!

I miss all of the RAPS members already, as well as working closely with all of the many wonderful board members. Additionally, I must say that my office in East Hall cannot compare with my previous office space in the Simon Benson House! I'll just have to drop by for frequent visits!

It was a pleasure working with all of you. I really enjoyed my time at RAPS. I know that Troy Montserrat-Gonzales is doing a fabulous job already and that the office is in very capable hands. Continue to enjoy this year's great lecture series - I know that it has already been a very successful, enjoyable year for RAPS!

The Good Word . . . .

"To love what you do and feel that it matters, how could anything be more fun?" --- Katherine Graham.

"When there is a hill to climb, don't think that waiting will make it smaller." Unknown.

"I live in that solitude which is painful in youth, but delicious in the years of maturity." -- Albert Einstein

"We know the human brain is a device to keep the ears from grating on one another." -- Peter de Vries

“How does one become a butterfly?” she asked. “You must want to fly so much that you are willing to give up being a caterpillar.” -- Trina Paulas.

" Now and then it's good to pause in our pursuit of happiness and just be happy." French Poet.

" Statistics show that of those who contract the habit of eating, very few survive." Wallace Irwin

“Gardens are not made by sitting in the shade.” – Rudyard Kipling

"If you want your life to be a magnificent story; then begin by realizing that you are the author, and everyday you have the opportunity to write a new page." -- Mark Houlahan.

“Troubled times produce heroes.” -- Chinese proverb

"If we could wish for our life to be perfect. It would be tempting but we would have to decline. For life would no longer teach us anything." Allyson Jones.

" He that will not command his thoughts -- will soon lose command of his actions." Thomas Wilson.

" It is the mark of an educated mind to be able to entertain a thought without accepting it." -- Aristotle
The Last Word . . .  By Jerry Penk, editor of The Hooter

A young, aspiring politician once sought the advice of a grizzled veteran of many campaigns. Among the sage words passed along were the following: “Never start a fight with a man who buys his ink by the barrel.”

That seems to be an appropriate way to start a farewell column, as the editor always has the last word.

My last word has to be “thanks”.

There have been many people who have contributed to making this editorship a pleasant and rewarding job.

One cannot overlook the contributions of the previous editors. I don’t know who preceded Al Sugarman as editor. It seems that he had been editor forever and that he brought a literary emphasis as well as a civility and humane-ness to the job that is unparalleled.

Tom Poulsen’s brief (one issue?) tenure gave promise of a more academic approach that was cut short when he moved from Portland.

Gordon Solie’s good-natured, but reluctant (he refused any title other than “interim editor”), assumption of the post brought a greater focus to the REPPS membership and their adventures.

There were many folks who made an occasional contribution, sometimes only a single contribution, that were highly appreciated. They included Ann Alexander, Channing Briggs, Bruce Brown, Mary Constans, Gordon Dodds, Eugene Enneking, Michael Gaines, Mary Gordon-Brannan, Paul Hammond, and John Hammond.

Also, Steve Harmon, Chad Karr, Alan Kolibaba, Steve Kosokoff, Elizabeth Kutza, Keith Larson, James Maurer, Roger Moseley, Debbie Murdoch, Gwen Newborg, Tom Pingston, Earl Rees, Terry Rohe, Pat Squire, Richard Thomas, Robert Vogelsang, and Charlie White.

The past presidents have contributed not only “The President’s Column” but other stories as well. Thanks to Alice Yetka, Barbara Alberty, Steve Brannan, Mary Ricks, and Maxine Thomas for this.

As editor, I was also blessed with some “specialty” editors. Mike Tichy regularly kept us informed about the mechanics and advantages of physical exercise. Stanley Johnson was an especially entertaining reviewer of crime novels, particularly those set in the groves of academe.

Gordon Solie went beyond his editorship to serve as a utility infielder. Whenever a great need surfaced, Gordon responded quickly and with great wit. Both the readers and I owe him a vote of thanks.

The last faculty/staff person I want to mention deserves the greatest note of appreciation. Over the six years, he has probably provided more copy for The Hooter than I wrote myself: His own vast knowledge of the institution and its people and his devotion to researching the area allowed him to preserve much of PSU’s history that might well otherwise be lost forever.

Victor Dahl certainly has earned the title “Obituarian Laureate of Portland State University”. Thanks a bunch, Vic.

I must also acknowledge the aid of the REPPS/RAPS office managers. While mostly engaged in the “grunt” work associated with The Hooter, these young women also saved the editor from proofreading embarrassment a number of times. Thanks for that and more, Troy Montserrat-Gonzales, Alyse Collins, Mary Ellen Haugh-Rubick, Emily Judy, Michele Lynan, and Karen Shields.

Any remembrances of this sort must inevitably overlook one or more persons who deserve recognition. To them, my apologies—and thanks.

If I may be permitted a final conceit, I’ll close—

— 30 —