President’s Message

This is my last message for our newsletter as president of RAPS. My term will end on June 30. I have truly enjoyed working with the 2005-2006 RAPS Board and committees. They are a terrific group of individuals. Overall, it has been a productive year for RAPS. Some of the highlights include:

- Excellent program events spearheaded by President-Elect Bruce Stern who procured gift certificates from the PSU Bookstore for speakers
- Full implementation of the “first-year free membership” to RAPS for new faculty and staff retirees
- Revamping of the RAPS Website with Robert Pearson assuming the Web Master role
- Major progress on the history preservation project thanks to Steve Brannan and the History Preservation and Celebration Committee
- Recognizing contributions of fellow retirees Barry Anderson, Brent Shauer, and Bob Vogelsang with outstanding RAPS Faculty and Staff Awards
- Spearheading PSU Pictorial History Book project
- Update of the RAPS By-Laws chaired by Past President Richard Brinkman
- Continued liaison with fellow regional retirement associations led by Bob Vogelsang, as well as by Vic and Beryl Dahl who attended an international meeting of similar retirement organizations.

The next issue of The RAPS Sheet will include year-end reports from RAPS officers and committee chairs to inform you more specifically about the 2006-2007 activities and accomplishments. Also, a copy of the current version of the By-Laws is included with the mailing of this RAPS Sheet.

You have received, or will soon be receiving, dues notices for 2006-2007. You will note that several payment options are available—all of them are quite reasonable and provide needed support for RAPS to operate effectively for the benefits of the Association. We are working to update our membership data base and ask that you provide the requested information as well as complete the survey regarding the proposed publication of a Membership Directory to be distributed only to RAPS members.

continued on page 2
The Alumni Relations Ad Hoc 60th Anniversary Committee put together a wonderful four lecture series on the history of PSU. Larry Sawyer, our Secretary and AV Specialist, recorded all of these lectures and transferred them to CDs. You can request a copy of these CDs from Darshana Patel, RAPS Office Manager, by e-mailing or calling her. Please see the April, 2006 RAPS Sheet for information about the lecture series.

Many of you enjoyed the last event of the year, the Ice Cream Social and Jewel Lansing’s slide show of the history of Portland. It was a good way to end the year, indulging in ice cream sundaes and learning about some of Portland’s history. Mark your calendars for our annual picnic to be held at Willamette Park on August 17. You’ll be getting more information about this during the summer.

This has been a wonderful year for me as President of this organization. I look forward to what is to come in the immediate future led by Bruce Stern as President and Bob Tufts as President-Elect. Please forward any program suggestions for next year to Bob Tufts. We are always looking for suggestions from our membership. We are indeed fortunate that Darshana will continue another year as Office Manager as she continues in her graduate program in the School of Education. Her continued assistance should ease the transition of our new Board members. Thanks for your support throughout the year!

Mary Brannan

Review of Our May Program and a Look Ahead

Our May program took place on Thursday, May 18th, from 1:00 until 3:00 p.m. at University Place in the Willamette Falls Room. We began with our annual Ice Cream Social, and, once we had our fill of ice cream, sundae toppings, and popcorn, we moved into the educational component of our program.

Our speaker was Jewel Lansing, formerly City of Portland and Multnomah County Auditor. She discussed the historical evolution of Portland and its city government, which was the topic of her recent book, Portland: People, Politics, and Power (OSU Press, 2003). After her presentation, Jewel signed and sold all the copies of the book that she brought.

Ms. Lansing narrated pictures of Portland, people, and documents over the 150 year period. Much of the history of Portland in the 1850s was focused on the commercial importance of the Willamette River. Back then and through the early 1890s the river flooded each year, and in 1894 there was a mammoth flood. A harbor wall was built in 1929 to protect the city from flooding. From then on the only time the river spilled over was during the Christmas Day flood of 1964. Several times Ms. Lansing emphasized the importance of protecting the river from environmental hazards.

A couple of interesting images in her presentation were the City of Portland Charter in 1853, which placed Portland in Washington County, and the map of the city divided into ten wards in 1907. She showed a number of early pictures of the city. One of the most interesting was taken in 1879 of downtown Portland showing a treeless Park Blocks area.

Jewel was city auditor during the administrations of Mayors Ivancie and Clark. She told several stories that provided insight into their leadership and that of other city council members.

Our next event will be the annual Pot-Luck Picnic on Thursday, August 17th. We’ll be at Willamette Park in the sheltered picnic area. The specific start time and potluck food needs will be announced at a later time. I hope you’ll plan on joining us.

Bruce Stern

Jewel Lansing signing a copy of her book for RAPS member Terry Rohe at the RAPS Social.
RAPS ACTIVITIES

RAPS BOOK CLUB
At our last gathering, on May 16th, we discussed *Arthur and George*, a novel by Julian Barnes, a book short-listed for the 2005 Man Booker Prize. It is a novel based on the lives of Arthur Conan Doyle, author of the Sherlock Holmes mysteries, and George Edalji, an English solicitor wrongfully imprisoned for gruesome crimes. Edalji was the son of a Scottish woman and a man from India who was vicar of the Church of England in a small town. He was characterized by many as a “half breed.” He was accused of maliciously killing animals. Doyle, on the other hand, was the son of English parents. He was educated as a doctor, specializing in ophthalmology, but is best known for writing the Sherlock Holmes stories. The novel traces the lives of these two real men whose lives eventually intersect. We highly recommend the book as an intriguing read.

We will next meet in July rather than in June as reported earlier. The book selected for July is *The Sparrow* written by Mary Doria Russell. We will meet at the home of Felicia Wirtz, who lives in the Hillsboro area, on July 18 at 1:30. Call Felicia at 503-628-2252 to RSVP and for directions. Following is a description of *The Sparrow* (Retrieved on 5/19/06 from www.readinggroupguides.com/guides/sparrow.asp#about).

*The Sparrow*, an astonishing literary debut, takes you on a journey to a distant planet and to the center of the human soul. It is the story of a charismatic Jesuit priest and linguist, Emilio Sandoz, who leads a twenty-first-century scientific mission to a newly discovered extraterrestrial culture. Sandoz and his companions are prepared to endure isolation, hardship, and death, but nothing can prepare them for the civilization they encounter, or for the tragic misunderstanding that brings the mission to a catastrophic end. Once considered a living saint, Sandoz returns alone to Earth physically and spiritually maimed, the mission’s sole survivor--only to be accused of heinous crimes and blamed for the mission’s failure.

We will not meet in August (unless we change our minds) because of busy summer schedules. The selection for September is *Small Island* by Andrea Levy.

Mary Brannan

RAPS BRIDGE GROUP
We thank Irene Place for a lively session of the Bridge Group at Willamette View in May. Our June meeting is scheduled for 1:30 pm Tuesday, June 13th at the home of Art Emlen.

For information about the meeting or any Bridge Group activities please call Colin Dunkeld at 503-292-0838.

Colin Dunkeld

RAPS HIKERS
On Friday May 19th, seven hikers led by Robert Tufts hiked a recently completed trail between Willamette Falls and the Gladstone area near the Clackamas River. The trail took us to the top of the elevator, the McLoughlin House, back down to the Willamette River and up the Clackamas River about three quarters of a mile. We didn’t ride the elevator in either direction. While in the McLoughlin House gift shop, we talked to a park ranger who is a retired local teacher and PSU alumnus. After the hike, six of us had lunch at the local McMenamins pub.

Future hikes:
Friday, June 23rd. A loop along the Willamette River banks crossing the Steel and Hawthorne Bridges. Meet at the esplanade North of OMSI near the fire station at 9:30am. This is the section recommended by Jewel Lansing at the May 18th ice cream social meeting. Contact person for this hike is Marge Terdal. Reach her at 503-244-5714 or e-mail dbmt@pdx.edu.

Friday, July 28th. We will walk along the banks of the Salmon River from the bridge to the Wildwood Recreation Area and eat our sack lunches at the end of the four- to five-mile hike. We will meet at 9:00am in the Fred Meyer lot next to the park and ride and street park further east on Gladstone as the park and ride will probably be full. Bring your Golden Age Passport.

There will be no hike in August because of conflicts.

Friday, September 22nd. Fort Clatsop to Sunset Beach. This is a relatively new hike from Fort Clatsop to the beach. It travels through woodlands and pastures and

*Continued on page 4*
RAPS HIKERS continued from page 3

has views of the coastline. There is some elevation gain, and it is about 6 miles long. We will place a vehicle at the end and only hike one direction. Bring a sack lunch. We will carpool from the Cedar Hills Shopping Center at 9:00am. This is the small shopping center at Oregon highway 217 and US highway 26. It is not the large shopping center farther south on Cedar Hills Boulevard. If the pastures are wet, we will spend the day in Astoria. Bring your Golden Age Passport.

Contact person for the July and September hikes is Larry Sawyer 503-771-1616 or larry_sawyer@comcast.net. Please RSVP by the Thursday before the hike.

Larry Sawyer

RAPS hikers in front of the John McLoughlin House in Oregon City, May 19. From 1. to r., Laird Brodie, Mary Brodie, Maxine Thomas, Diane Sawyer, Marge Terdal, and Robert Tufts. Larry Sawyer was behind the camera.

Our traveling retirees - The Nußbaums travel back in time to the Netherlands

My husband, Rudi, and I traveled back to western Europe in 2005, flying Lufthansa to Germany in order to visit with friends there, then to vacation in Italy and Switzerland and finally to return to the Netherlands, whence we had emigrated to the United States almost 50 years ago.

We were both born in Germany, years before the Nazis came to power, yet we do not feel we are “returning” there. The connection was cut forcibly during the Hitler regime. We do, however, like to see our relatively new German friends, who typically are a generation younger than we. Nor do we “return” to Italy, although we enjoyed three wonderful previous vacations there in Tuscany, Umbria and Venezia, all between 1998 and 2003.

Switzerland is a slightly different matter. In 1950, we spent our honeymoon there. At that time, we were poor students in Amsterdam. Then and during many later vacations we stayed in cabins built and maintained by working class people, the “Friends of Nature,” poor cousins of the more affluent “Alpine Club.” During that first trip, we would share an egg for breakfast since we could not afford to prepare two! So, yes, we have a treasury of memories of Swiss vacations, and we feel quite at home in many different parts of that vacation paradise --the Berner Oberland, the Valais and the Engadin. Over the years, we have retraced favorite hikes of yore, added new ones, and also linked up with friends we had made there decades ago.

Yet, for us, only returning to the Netherlands is emotionally “going back” and not just to certain places. It has always meant going back in time to the years of the German occupation and Nazi persecution that had marked our lives. In the spring of 2005, the experience of reliving those years was more poignant than ever, since during the winter months we had been working on our personal history project, re-reading our correspondence and diary entries of the years 1940-1945 and translating and summarizing parts of these texts in English, just in case our children would one day be interested.

continued on page 5
We always go back to our old Amsterdam neighborhood at what was once the southern edge of town, where the Nussbaum family ran a small drugstore and my family rented a pleasant fourth-floor apartment. Both were in the same block where Anne Frank went to school. That is where we first met in 1938, and it was from there that Rudi’s parents were deported to their death in 1942. Rudi was in hiding at the time in a rural area, the “Veluwe,” some 50 miles southeast of Amsterdam. The peasant couple who had taken him in are long since dead, but their children, both octogenarians by now, still live in the same rural area. When we went to see them, I asked their daughter, Germa, whether she still remembered how she felt about that strange city boy who came to live with them and whose illegal status and growing anxiety about his parents’ fate had put her family under increasing stress. Did she recall the hectic end of his one year stay? At that time she was nineteen.

Germa did not answer my question, but instead told us, how her parents’ little house at the edge of the heath had been a place of refuge for many more young men after Rudi, mainly for Dutch forced labor who had fled the German factories and needed food and shelter on their way back to their home cities in the West of the country. Then she talked about the many people from these cities, who came by on foot or on rickety bicycles devoid of tires during the last winter of the war, the notorious “hunger winter.” I reminded her that I had been among the hungry throng twice, December 1944 and February 1945. In our family diary it says that in December I was still received as an old friend of the family, but on the second occasion, I was just one of hundreds trekking by for whom they did their best, although by that time they had very little left to share.

The seventeen-year-old girl I was at that time wonders in the diary about the ethics of telling and retelling my family’s sad story at so many doors so as to wring more food out of people that dismal February: especially how my little sister, who was in a growth spurt, had fainted from hunger, how my mother had fallen sick, and my father’s TB was getting virulent again in our unheated apartment, and how we also needed food for my aged grandmother and for a young man, Rudi, who was trying to stay out of the clutches of the occupier. Others were equally hungry, so who was I to try and strike better bargains for the clothing and table linen I was bartering away for food? Besides, I felt that replaying my “record” again and again, devalued my story and made its rendering routine. Similar qualms have overcome me recently when asked to speak to high-school students and other groups about my relationship to Anne Frank and to her *Diary*.

It all is so far away and yet still feels so present when we are back in the Netherlands. In the spring of 2005, we rented bicycles and rode them through familiar woods to visit the daughters of the Royal Forester who during the war had provided Rudi with spare items of his official outfit, so Rudi could bike around in the Royal Forests and yet feel relatively safe as long as he avoided the occasional hunting parties of high-ranking German officers. The two daughters of the forester remember their father’s deed of kindness, but rather than dwelling on it, they told us of many more illegal exploits that went on in the secluded forester’s house during the later war years, including the rescue of shot-down allied airmen, whom they hid until members of the underground movement eventually smuggled them out of occupied territory.

Most Dutch people seemed to have a clear sense of right and wrong in those days. Now they are disillusioned. The vast majority of the folks we know in the Netherlands voted against the European Constitution last spring. People felt it was handed down from the top with practically no input from the population, whose autonomy, they say, has dwindled to next to nothing. During the occupation, however horrible it was, individuals felt empowered to follow their own conscience, hence these almost fond memories. We wondered: do any of these experiences apply to the people of occupied Iraq, since the situation there is so much more confusing, and right and wrong are so much harder to discern? There was much we had to ponder on our return flight to Portland.

Laureen Nussbaum
BOOK REVIEW - Stanley Johnson on Crime Novels for the Armchair Traveler

One of the fringe benefits of detective novels is their function as armchair travelogues. For many years, the biggest metropolises of the world -- London, New York, Los Angeles -- served as the settings of most crime novels. Most of the great fictional detectives were big-city residents: Sherlock Holmes, Lord Peter Wimsey, and a host of Scotland Yard detectives in London; Nero Wolfe, Philo Vance, and Ellery Queen in New York; Philip Marlowe and Perry Mason in Los Angeles; and Sam Spade in San Francisco. In recent years, however, many writers have explored remote locations, even some of the world’s most exotic spots, as settings for their stories.

The point is well illustrated by a coincidence. On a recent visit to my public library looking for new reading material, I pulled four novels off the shelves -- some by familiar writers, some by new names. I found that each one used a setting that was off the beaten path, even far off. They were *A Sunny Disappearance* by Roderic Jeffries, *Evanly Choirs* by Rhys Bowen, *The Bar Mitzvah Murders* by Lee Harris, and *The Moai Murders* by Lyn Hamilton. The settings were, respectively, Mallorca, Wales, Jerusalem, and Easter Island. Each novel uses its unique setting effectively, not only as a background for its action but as an integral part of its plot.

The best was *The Moai Murders* by Lyn Hamilton, a writer whom I’ll look for again, especially for her archeological mysteries featuring antique-store owner Lara McClintoch. The book takes her and a friend on a trip to Easter Island to attend a conference on its ancient stone sculptures. Rivalries break out among the group, which finally erupt in murder. This happens against the background of an island whose existence and past history form an almost palpable presence in the book. The reader learns how the island’s population grew to the point where starvation, warfare, and even cannibalism ensued.

The hot Mediterranean air of Mallorca pervades Roderic Jeffries’ books, one that lends a feeling of indolence in his detective’s approach to crime. Inspector Alvarez often needs a siesta or a good meal before he sets out to solve a murder. In *A Sunny Disappearance*, Alvarez investigates the disappearance of an aggressive businessman, Maurice Rook, who may have disappeared in order to evade charges of insurance fraud. When his body is found, Alvarez must determine if the death was an accident or murder. If it was murder, finding the responsible person would be hard, because Rook was disliked by many Mallorquins, as the inhabitants are known.

Jerusalem is not exactly off the beaten path, but it makes an unusual setting for Lee Harris’s *The Bar Mitzvah Murder*. In it, Gabe Gress flies his family and several friends to Jerusalem for a belated Bar Mitzvah to make up for his not having had one when he was thirteen. Sleuth Christine Bennett and her police officer husband are friends who go with them. When Gabe is found murdered, Christine begins an investigation that exposes a long-concealed family feud and an international trade in stolen diamonds. Her travels around Jerusalem take her to such sites as the Dome of the Rock and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The title of *Evanly Choirs* plays on the name of the central character, Evan Evans, a constable in the village of Llanfair, Wales. Since Evanses are common in Wales, the villagers distinguish them by adding occupational titles to their given names. Thus the constable is known as Evans-the-Law, so no one will confuse him with Evans-the-Milk or Evans-the-Post. *Evanly Choirs* brings a visitor to this tiny town, a famous opera singer who once lived there. At first he is honored, but, after he announces that he is there to write his memoirs, his voice is stilled by murder. Evans-the-Law must work his way through ancient rivalries to find the killer, all against the background of the annual choir festival in which he participates. This is an enjoyable, ingratiating novel that gives the reader a full sense of the life of this remote Welsh town. Constable Evans and his neighbors are engaging characters.

Geography lessons in detective fiction? Actually, there is no end to it. The next two titles on my reading list are *A Dead Man in Istanbul* by Michael Pearce and *Murder at Gettysburg* by Leslie Wheeler.

Stanley Johnson
Page 6