

LEARNING ABOUT



October, 2009

Web Site: www.life.ucf.edu



Autumn is a Magic Time

**There's a wonder in October skies
And magic right before our eyes,
For autumn's dusk is painted there
Creating scenes beyond compare . . .
And underneath are crackling leaves
While Mother Nature gently weaves
A gold and crimson tapestry—
A work of art on every tree.**

*-June F. Daugherty
LIFE member*



LIFE and UCF Partnership Agreement

In the coming weeks LIFE will again sign a partnership agreement with UCF formalizing our relationship with the University of Central Florida. Since 2003, LIFE has operated under such an agreement with the University. In the original five-year agreement, LIFE was sponsored by the Department of Psychology within the College of Arts and Sciences (CAS). When CAS was divided into two colleges in 2005, it became necessary to amend the agreement to reflect that division. LIFE and its sponsoring department was placed under the College of Sciences and has since operated under that amendment.

LIFE has now negotiated a new agreement with the University. We have mutually agreed that the new sponsoring organization will be the Office of Undergraduate Studies and the Interdisciplinary Studies Program. This was announced at the April Awards program. The new agreement, a five-year contract, is a significant event in our operating lives. You will have the opportunity to witness

the signing during an upcoming Tuesday class session. Final arrangements will be announced when they become available.

*It doesn't take great men to do things,
but it is doing things that make men great.*
--Arnold Glasgow

WANNA BE A BOARD MEMBER?

As the end of the year approaches, the Nominating Committee will be looking to the membership at large for individuals who would like to help with the operation of LIFE through membership on the Board. If you are interested, please contact a current Board member to express your interest or get answers to your questions.

The Board of Directors is made up of 18 members. Each is elected for a 3-year term with no stated term limits. Elections take place at the last meeting in December. To provide for continuity of business operations, only one-third of the positions are up for election each year. The Board meets on the first Monday of each month in which the University is in session, excluding the summer sessions. Board members are responsible for the active management of LIFE.

Everyone has a story to tell. What's yours? Contributions are welcome. Newsletter is published monthly and distributed on the 1st Tuesday. Submissions are due one week prior.



Vonnie Bradbury, Editor
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RamBLings . . .



It's autumn . . . the leaves have begun to fall; there may already have been a frost, sometimes even a light snowfall, in North Dakota, the place where I grew up.

And if he were still here, Dad would be restless, waiting for hunting season to open. He was a lifelong hunter and fisherman and, since my brother did not come along until 10 years after I was born, it was up to me to be not only "Daddy's little girl" but also his hunting partner on occasion.

Actually, I was probably more like his bird dog. He'd send me walking through the brush, making a wide arch, while he stayed on the other side of the coulee, gun cocked, in hopes I'd scare out a few wild birds—pheasants, prairie chickens, grouse. And, more often than not, I did. Then we'd have to walk to where the bird fell to retrieve our prize. Dad would stuff the downed bird in his hunting vest with the deep pockets and we'd do it all over again.

The reward for me was stopping for lunch. Dad made wonderful lunches that were packed in the beat-up cooler along with a thermos of coffee for him and lemonade for me. Delicious bologna sandwiches, potato chips, Mom's homemade cookies, a banana or an apple, and maybe even a candy bar or two. We'd find an old log or sit in the shade of the ole '46 Buick and munch on our sandwiches and discuss what kind of luck we'd been having. Should we move on? Or should we stay in this spot?

When I was about ten years old, Dad taught me how to shoot a gun. We'd drive out in the country so I could practice. He'd throw decoys up in the air and I'd shoot at them. Sometimes I even hit a few. One day, Dad said, "I think you're ready." I was going to try my hand at bagging my own bird. What excitement! I wish I could tell you that I got a bird on my very first try but that might be a stretch. I can tell you I did have some success at it over the years. The family album has pictures of me holding up my prize by the feet, a big, broad, triumphant look on my face.

It was only as I grew older that I came to realize that the hunting wild game was more than a sport for my dad. It helped stretch the family's food budget. The freezer was usually full at the end of season and we had many a meal from the bounty. I can still taste that delicious pheasant, nestled in the wonderful gravy Mom made, mashed potatoes, peas from the garden. We enjoyed some "mighty fine eatin'," I can tell you.

It's autumn . . . and the leaves are turning in North Dakota. I relinquished the role of hunting companion to my brother as soon as he was old enough, and he and Dad had many happy hours together. Any hunting Dad is doing now is being done in that Big Hunting Ground in the Sky. Neither my brother nor I retained an interest in hunting but I will never forget those special times (and I suspect Little Brother won't either).



--Vonnice Bradbury
Editor



John & DELL

TRAVELS WITH CHABLEY...

[During the month of September, LIFE members spent four sessions with Dr. Ken Hanson exploring Greek and Jewish tradition. This sparked a treasure trove of memories for the Shadgets who went ferry hopping in the Greek Isles 14 years ago. And, I might add, plan to do it all over again next year. Ed.]

As we were having dinner in a very small dockside restaurant on the isle of Patmos, we struck up a conversation with a young man sitting at a nearby table who was trying very unsuccessfully to explain that what he ordered (scampi) was not what he got.

We learned that his name was Paul Gervais, an author, originally from Boston but residing in Italy for the past 13 years. He was staying in a friend's villa on Chora for a 3-week holiday. I asked what he had written and he told me Extraordinary People. We chatted about writing and whether or not his book would be appropriate for book club discussion.

Over the next two weeks we traveled by ferry from Patmos to Rhodes to Crete and then on to Santorini. The thing to do there is to get on a bus and go watch the glorious sunset at the neighboring town of Oia, which of course we did. As we were watching the sunset and taking photographs, a young couple was standing between me and the setting sun and I commented to John, "I wish I could get their picture." In a few minutes they came and sat at the table

next to us and I asked them if they would go back and pose for a picture. They good naturedly complied and joined us for a glass of Ouzo.

I learned he was a cinematographer from San Francisco, and they had spent the past three weeks in Chora. I asked them what on earth they did for 3 weeks on that tiny island and they said they stayed free in a villa owned by one of her family friends.

As we talked, I asked them if they had, by any chance, met Paul Gervais, an author who was also staying at Chora. She replied, "No, but I think I was there when you did!" It seems that she was sitting with some friends in the same restaurant on Patmos, got interested in our conversation and, just as I asked Gervais what he had written, her friends got noisy and she couldn't hear his answer. "By the way," she asked, "what DID he write?"

SINGLE-CELL HUMOR...

Dyslexics have more fnu
Clones are people, two
Ground beef: a cow with no legs
Editing is a rewording activity
My reality check just bounced
Eschew obfuscation
Rap is to music what Etch-a-Sketch is to Art
A waist is a terrible thing to mind
Anything free is worth what you pay for it
Boycott shampoo-demand REAL poo
IRS - be audit you can be
COLE'S LAW: thinly sliced cabbage
Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?
Everyone is entitled to my opinion
Entropy isn't what it used to be
Microbiology lab: Staph Only!
Gene Police: You! Out of the Pool!
Santa's elves are just a bunch of subordinate Clauses.



HALLOWEEN

beware of ghosts & goblins

HAPPY HALLOWEEN



It's late and we are sleepy,
The air is cold and still,
Our Jack-o-Lantern grins at us
Upon the window sill.

We're stuffed with cake and candy,
And we've had a lot of fun,
But now it's time to go to bed
And dream of all we've done.

We'll dream of ghosts and goblins,
And of witches that we've seen.
And we'll dream of trick-or-treating
On this happy Halloween.



--Jack Prelutsky

TRICK-OR-TREAT

Here's the question: If you were going trick-or-treating this Halloween, what kind of candy would you hope to find in your basket/pumpkin?

Answer: Chocolate, chocolate and more chocolate!

After polling a random sample of LIFE members, it became obvious that pure chocolate was the treat of choice. And some were quite specific, wanting Dove chocolate, Lindt truffles or Hershey kisses. Snickers topped the list of chocolate bars with Reese's Peanut Butter Cup and Almond Joy a close second. Other contenders included Mounds, Babe Ruth, Milky Way, Nestle's Crunch, Heath, Butterfinger and Three Musketeers. M & M's did well. One person specified M & M Peanuts. And let's not forget the Tootsie Rolls!

But not everyone is a chocolate lover. Candy corn was a popular choice as was caramel, gumdrops, licorice, peppermint, popcorn, raisins and even something called Swirl Nut Zippers. Werthners got a vote. One person was hoping for coupons. Another character asked for bourbon liquor! (Watch that guy!) And we even had a request for a toothbrush, a most practical item after eating all that candy, wouldn't you say? **HAPPY HALLOWEEN, EVERYBODY!**

