Hop Aboard OLLILife

**adventures**
Poisonous snakes are the ones with the heart-shaped heads. Romantic.

**centerstage**
Allen Stevenson’s essay will make you smile.

**buzz**
Diana Manley has a good book for you.

**OLLIisMe**
Just look at him now! Meet your OLLI classmate, “OD.”

Get MUGGED!
Win an OLLI MUG! Send a MUG SHOT of yourself or an OLLI friend. Best photo will appear in January, OLLILife. (see p. 6).

sue.renault@gmail.com

New Name, New Look, News!

**Gray Matters**, ably parented by Gary Aten for nine years (Yea, Gary!) has undergone a nip and a tuck in anticipation of OLLI’s 25th birthday in 2018. The look and name are new, but Gary’s love for everything OLLI will continue to inspire its contents.

- We’re starting small: fewer pages, shorter articles. And big: more than twenty OLLI members have contributed to our content, and ten others have advised, proofed, and produced **OLLILife**. We hope you will enjoy articles by and about your classmates, and we welcome your comments: sue.renault@gmail.com, editor.

- **GARY** often gives credit to his right-hand woman, Judy, who shared many of his feature-story interview assignments. He’s a cyclist, an enthusiastic traveler, a passionate historian, inveterate reader, and OLLI instructor. Students describe him as serious about his studies but quick with a clever pun and a ready smile. Many of us giggled out loud while reading the April Fools “special edition” of **Gray Matters**.

- Most of all Gary has been a huge contributor to OLLI Excellence and to OLLI LIFE.

Hey, Bernie! “I need a reliable red for my mystery reading club. Should taste like a million and sell for a pittance. We meet after dark. Very dark.”

OLLI MEMBER, BERNIE SHOWMAN, is an experienced wine hunter. He’s a mellow guy, lightly aged, with agreeable nuances. Check out The Bernie Blog, last page.
Welcome, Newcomers,

I invite you to begin your OLLI adventure with high expectations. In January, we’ll launch our 25th Anniversary year and reflect proudly on numbers and growth: courses, committees, members, bonus trips, and volunteer hours.

But now, I want you to know what many members tell me: OLLI can be life-changing. It can soften the bumps of relocation, retirement, and even loss. It sets your feet on journeys you never expected...into the worlds of art, fitness, language fluency, global politics and community service. OLLI volunteers tell me, “I am engaged and happy.” They don’t merely show up, they love showing up. They love being part of this extraordinary OLLI community. Going to school is fun.

Warren Buffet told a TV interviewer recently, “I am healthy because I am happy.” OLLI members say the same: “OLLI is good for our health.”

I invite you to become engaged with our OLLI family and to expect unimagined pleasures.

Sincerely, Nancy Kennedy, OLLI Director
In case there’s a test:
The most common venomous SC snake is the copperhead. Most venomous snakes try to escape humans, but cottonmouths open wide and stand their ground! The nose of the coral snake is always black. *Stay away from anything that rattles.*

Yikes!
Copperheads at Furman

*There are approximately 38 species of snakes found in South Carolina. Venomous species include the cottonmouth, copperhead, coral snake, pigmy rattlesnake, timber rattlesnake, and Eastern diamondback rattlesnake.* (Excerpt from online resource: The Venomous Snakes of South Carolina by Ahoy Charleston).

Nature historian and OLLI instructor, Scott Withrow, doesn’t get too excited about poisonous snakes in Greenville. “Oh, yes,” he says nonchalantly, “there are copperheads at Furman. You'll find these at Cleveland Park, Swamp Rabbit Trail. All over. They are well-camouflaged and like to hang out around leaves and logs. But, really: they prefer to avoid people.

You can tell the poisonous snakes by the shape of their heads (heart-shaped) and eyes (slits, like cat eyes). While copperhead bites are relatively rare, Scott warns: You should take a bite seriously. Get medical help.”

“What about the old emergency tricks we’ve all read about: cutting, sucking, tourniquets,” I ask.

“People have probably done more harm than good with tourniquets. No, I don’t recommend cutting the bite site or sucking the venom.”

Copperheads are generally two to four feet long and identified by their “hourglass-shaped” brown and tan (copper-colored) head and patches. The bottom line for snake safety at Furman: Stay out of the bushes.
Allen Stevenson hones his craft with fellow writers in Judith Hughes-Chandler’s Burning the Midnight Oil class.

MOTH HUNTING WITH STONE

Alphabetical seating brought Allen Stevenson and Rick Stone together in Dr. Peerless McCreary’s entomology class. The new lab partners shared a love of slapstick, puns, and Rolling Rock beer. They were both procrastinators.

Allen confesses, “The moths almost did us in.”

“Our assignment,” he wrote, “was to venture into field and forest with little portable gas chambers to catch, assassinate, mount, and classify Lepidopteran. Grades were determined by quantity, variety, and accurate taxonomy.

“Stone and I managed a passable collection of butterflies, but were short of moths to warrant the solid C’s we needed for this course. Winter’s approach cut the number of candidates for our mounting board.”

One evening after one or six Rolling Rocks, Stone had a Eureka moment. “We need moths. Moths come out at night and are attracted to light. So, we take our nets and killing jars to the back of the dorm, under the lamp post.

“Fortified with Rolling Rock, we decamped our little safari out the rear door of the residence hall where the light warned us of the steep hill descending from the driveway.

“Indeed, a modest number of moths flitted around the glow. Stone admonished me to get the killing jar ready then made a wobbly approach to the base of the lamp. His first swipe went wide-right. The moths scattered but soon returned to the light. Stone moved to a more advantageous angle where the hill began its steep descent. With the next ineffective swing, his feet slipped on the frosty grass. Relaxed by Rolling Rock, he tumbled as fluidly as a Raggedy Andy launched off the side of the hill.

“When I reached Stone, he was doubled with laughter.

“Between guffaws, he gained enough control to pronounce, “A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOTHS.”

One month later we received our solid D’s in entomology.
In 2014, Lynda Fredsell and her husband visited their son and his family in Cape Town, South Africa. Here are excerpts of her “adventure of a lifetime.”

“The famous Victoria and Alfred waterfront with its colorful Dutch influence bustled with wealthy tourists clashing from high-end to higher-end shops and from pricy to pricier restaurants. Yachts and small sailboats and the fishermen showing off their catch for the day made keepsake photos suitable for framing.

“Knee-deep white calla lilies and saucer-sized red, yellow, and orange nasturtiums, orange and yellow birds of paradise, and red amaryllis — all grew wild on the grounds of our Cape Town villa. When hiking Table Mountain with our son, I was overwhelmed by giant protea and bright yellow, red, and orange pin cushions that banked the rocky hillsides. Friends had told us, ‘You’ll never see a more beautiful place anywhere in the world.

“They were right. But none of them ever made it to the townships. “During the apartheid era, white European and Dutch settlers realized the value of the land around Cape Town harbor and began to forcibly move the low-rent black inhabitants to the windswept Cape Flats where they joined the densely-populated shanties of Africans from other parts of the country. They were moved to the townships.”

Lynda and her husband visited the Khayelitsha Township school where their son worked. “The smell of goat heads cooking on an outdoor grill, and the sight of mothers bathing their children in buckets beside the street greeted us as we pulled into the dusty school grounds. There was confusion, and we asked our son what was going on. ‘One of the little girls from the school had been kidnapped by a local man with AIDS who believed having sex with a virgin would cure him. After he raped the girl, he left her on the side of the road.’ She had just now found her way home.”

“This, too, was Cape Town,” writes Lynda. “The part our friends never saw.”
GOOD READING by Diana Manley


Author Yuval Noah Harari tracks Homo Sapiens from the Pleistocene Era through their various evolutions and revolutions to the present day. Past, after all, is prologue. He examines why some societies flourish while others wither away. The reason?

Cooperation and a common guiding principle (religion, humanism, capitalism. etc.) that unites people.

The above –isms have ruled the world since the 14th century. But, Harari says, they will be replaced, by Dataism, the veneration of data above all. Even above man.

If a computer can teach itself to play chess faster than a human can teach it, what chance do Homo Sapiens have?

Harari says he is presenting possibilities not prophecies but warns us that we better understand what’s happening and make up our minds about it, before it makes up our minds for us.

My rating for this book is four out of four stars: a “Must Read.”

Thanks, Diana, for being our first book-review contributor. OLLI readers, want to weigh in on Harari’s book? Or tell us what’s on your MUST READ list? Send feedback: sue.renault@gmail.com

GOOD EATING by Lori Dillon

The Hungry Drover dinner menu changes every Friday; the good food, good service, and loyal customers do not.

Once an old country store, the Hungry Drover ((2601 Tigerville Road, Travelers Rest) retains its original charm. Menus are written on a blackboard over the counter.

Friday night specials rotate from low country boil and jambalaya, to shrimp and grits. If these aren’t to your taste, try John’s pulled pork barbecue plate, a dinner salad or tomato pie. Food is farm fresh from local farmers and all made from scratch, including sauces and chutneys.

Entrees come with two sides. They are all so good, it is hard to choose. Drover beans, a rendition of baked beans, was a customer favorite when we were there. Portions are generous and prices reasonable.

Dinner hours are 5 to 7:30. Get there early. Chef John makes a limited number of specials and desserts. Some were gone when we arrived at 6:30. Visit their website: www.hungrydrover.com

Thanks, Gary Aten and Judith Bolton, for bringing your own mugs, reducing trash, conserving resources, and saving OLLI $$$$.
August 31: Chuck Todd began the second of the Riley Institute’s Straight Talk series on an optimistic note, suggesting that fifty years from now, we may look back upon our present partisanship as one more tumultuous episode we confronted on the otherwise steady march through time. “Not unlike the turn of the century.”

Following his opening remarks to the packed house at McAllister Auditorium, Todd, moderator of NBC’s Meet the Press and NBC News political director, was joined for a panel discussion with Katrice Hardy, executive editor, The Greenville News, and Bob Inglis, former member of the U.S. House of Representatives, to take questions from moderator Danielle Vinson, political science professor at Furman and members of the audience.

Building upon the themes from week one of the “Media & Politics” series, they discussed our media biases, cultural biases, and “weaponizing” of information. “We’re born with original bias,” quipped Todd. Only twenty percent of us trust in the accuracy of the media, panelists agreed.

Panelists agreed that “the fix” lies in civil political discourse, critical thinking, and the strength to say, “Enough is enough,” to ratings-driven rhetoric.

“OD “ was a tough Irish kid who grew up in a dangerous North Philadelphia neighborhood.

Gun fire, street gangs, crime, and low expectations shaped the kids on his street. “Why bother to go to school?” folks said. “No jobs, no future.” His parents could not read. Money was tight.

But OD loved learning. From an early age, the kid who figured out how to dodge the crossfire of urban violence, also figured how to get scholarships and help from relatives to attend private school. While many of his neighborhood buddies dropped out of school, OD stayed. He was a smart kid.

“After high school, I walked across the street to LaSalle College (now, LaSalle University),” says OD. Again, he found scholarships to supplement odd jobs: construction…rodent trapping! At LaSalle, he developed a love for biology, and learned what biology students do after graduation: “They go to medical school,” classmates told him.

Today OD continues his love of learning at OLLI. He especially enjoys the round-table exchanges with Furman students in Dr. DeJong’s intergenerational discussion group.

And if you see OD in the hallways, you can call him Doctor. John J. O’Donnell, MD.
THE BERNIE BLOG - (HE'S GOT A GOOD RED FOR YOU)

I think your book club will like Fleur Saint-Antoine Bordeaux Superior from the Bordeaux region of France. This wine is 70% Merlot and 30% Cabernet Franc and was aged for 18 months in French oak. It is a medium-bodied red with flavors of tart cherry, blackberry, blueberry and spice. There is no sweetness in this wine, but it is easy to drink. Lidl is selling it for only $5.99. Bookclub bargain!

(photo: Cindy and Bernie check out their recommendation!)