SJSU ERFA News, Late Spring 2012

San Jose State University, Emeritus and Retired Faculty Association

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President’s Message

SJSU-ERFA’s Harry Potters

By Dennis L. Wilcox

J.K. Rowling’s Harry Potter has a magic wand to make things happen. SJSU-ERFA, unfortunately, has no such wand but we do have a group of dedicated wizards who do some pretty magical things for the organization through their considerable time and effort. This newsletter, for example, represents the many hours that Gene Bernardini takes to write, edit, and mail the newsletter four or five times a year. Helping with the layout is also another dedicated retiree, Clyde Lawrence. ERFA’s webpage and group email list may also seem like magic to some, but it’s really the savvy of Carol Christensen that makes it all work.

Dolores Escobar-Hamilton, Beverly Jensen, and Cindy Margolin also cast Rowling’s spell on us by handling the logistics of our fall and spring luncheons, plus the holiday

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The Results are In! Dues Increase Ratified

The membership of SJSU-ERFA has approved the Executive Board’s recommendation that our annual dues be increased from $15.00 to $24.00. The mail-in ballots were tallied on May 7, 2012, and the vote was 77 in favor of the increase, with 54 opposed. The increase will go into effect this June, 2012. (For those of you who have paid your dues in advance, the increase will take place whenever your next payment is due. Check your mailing label to see that date.)

You now will have two options for paying your dues. You may continue paying them as usual, by sending a check in the mail to our treasurer, or you can have them deducted automatically each month from your pension check. To avail yourself of this second option, the automatic payment, you must be a member of our statewide organization, CSU-ERFA.

You will be able to make your choice known on the enclosed dues form. Whichever option you choose can be changed at the end of each fiscal year, when you will receive your annual dues reminder.

Remembrance of Things Past

Inevitably, our past affects our lives and how we view the present. Three of our colleagues reflect on just that, beginning on page 4.
President’s Message

SJSU-ERFA’s Harry Potters

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celebration. Alas, there’s no magic formula for determining how many egg rolls and coconut shrimp will be needed. Don Keesey and John Pollock are also adept at planning our field trips; our spring excursion to the Steinbeck museum in Salinas was a good example. Actually attending a Harry Potter film for tips on creating spells and killing dragons is the special province of Jill Cody and Marian Yoder who have organized an informal group of ERFA movie fans. For ERFA’s “Hogwarts School of Wizardry” they are also considering other interest groups: current affairs, books, and even travel. Of course, every group needs officers and ERFA is no exception. Treasurer Abdel El-Shaieb, for example, practices alchemy by creating gold for the treasury from the strands of members’ dues and Cal-ERFA rebates. Membership chair Wayne Savage keeps the mailing lists and directory up to date so everyone can keep track of who is a certified “wizard.” And Irma Guzman-Wagner does an excellent job of chronicling our monthly board meetings. Lonna Smith is the historian among us and archives all our records deep in the tunnels of Hogwarts, also known as the SJSU-ERFA Office in MacQuarrie Hall. Diplomatic relations are the province of several ERFA board members. Peter Buzanski, for example, has been our representative at the court of the Faculty Senate for a number of years and is considered an expert in breaking the secret codes on documents produced by that body. In addition, we have David Elliott (a wizard specializing in the cult of parliamentary procedure), along with Don Keesey, Adnan Daoud, and Bob Wilson, who serve as SJSU’s representatives in the statewide ERFA organization. It’s been my honor and privilege to serve as president this past year and to work closely with so many outstanding individuals who make magical things happen for ERFA members. As I retire my old wizard’s hat, I know the group will be well served by Jill Cody, the president for 2012-2013. Although she doesn’t have a special wand or even a scar on her forehead like Harry Potter, Jill will indeed make magical things happen for ERFA’s members with the help of the executive board and you.
University & Academic Affairs News

Ending the Academic Year

By Peter Buzanski (History)

The origins of the Academic Senate stem from 1952, when President John Wahlquist sought to cope with the modest unrest manifested by faculty hired after the end of World War II. That marks the beginning of what was then called the Faculty Council, which then evolved into the Academic Council and finally, the present Academic Senate. To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Senate, this year’s Chair, Beth Von Till, conceived the idea of having a ceremony to hail this milestone, and, as noted in my previous essay, asked me, as the oldest Senator to plan an address. I agreed and had an outline of remarks firmly in mind. I intended to speak of the crucial role played by Robert Clark, Wahlquist’s successor, who worked assiduously to transform San Jose State College from a teacher education institution into a liberal arts university.

Shortly thereafter, I was contacted by President Qayoumi’s chief of staff, who informed me that I would be allowed three minutes to speak! After I explained that this was impossible, she told me that the Senate anniversary had been joined with the awarding of an honorary doctorate, which required a scripted procedure involving an orchestra, an entry procession and a choral performance, all preceding an address by the recipient of the honorary degree. For that reason, all other speakers were allowed no more than three minutes. I decided not to speak. On April 4, the ceremony began with Beth Von Till noting the Senate’s anniversary with a one-sentence tribute to the longest serving Senators, Ted Norton and Peter Buzanski, and calling upon two speakers to deliver their three minute essays about the Senate. With those remarks, the Senate took a back seat as the focus shifted to the real business of the event. I plan to place my unspoken remarks in essay form on the Senate’s website adjoining Norton’s essay on the history of the Senate. Meanwhile, to cope with budgetary cutbacks, the University continues searching for innovative ways to find new sources of revenue. Our administration is now interested in what is termed “stackable certificates.” CSU policies currently favor limiting Bachelor degrees to 120 units, making some graduates inadequately prepared for their chosen careers in, for example, engineering and the sciences. Thus, B.A. or B.S. credits can be “stacked” onto their programs by adding as many as 12 or more units to equal what major programs formerly achieved. This certification has the dual purpose of better preparing students, while charging them more money to pay for the additional units and certificate.

When this certificate idea first surfaced, SJSU discovered that while untold numbers of programs and departments in the CSU are issuing certificates, there is no policy governing them, which means that some certificates are meaningful and rigorous while others are not. In one of the last acts of this year’s Senate, a more rigorous certificate policy was adopted. Our policy distinguishes between undergraduate and graduate certificates and requires that a minimum of nine course units must be undertaken at SJSU. It requires that the certificate program’s courses must be justified to obtain approval, that there are sufficient resources and faculty for the program’s success, and that it has a measurable assessment plan for learning outcomes. Finally, the adopted policy requires that within two years, all current certificates must undergo this approval process or they will be prohibited from being issued. All certificates approved by the University will be noted on students’ transcripts.

In his address to the Senate at its last meeting, President Qayoumi again expressed his deep concern over our economic situation. Having just learned of Governor Brown’s May budget revise with the $16 billion shortfall for California, he made it clear that all previous efforts during financial crises would no longer work. Comparing the current shortfall with that which occurred in the early 1990s, the President asserted that we would now have to find completely “new methods to deliver University services.” We must find innovative means to improve retention, hasten graduation rates and meet community demands on the University. A new mission plan reaching to 2017 is now being developed.
By Ed Laurie (Marketing)

In 1975, Stanley Kubrick turned W.M. Thackeray’s novel, Barry Lyndon, into a measured movie starring young Ryan O’Neal. I use “measured” to mean it was slow-paced to match the perceived passage of time in that period and therefore, from our point of view, “slow.” The movie won many technical awards for photography and the like, but was panned by the critics and its audience. This is a roundabout way of noting that some old, deliberative arts of yesteryear, like letter writing, for example, have fallen by the wayside and with them so too has vanished the more careful construction of language and the deeper explanations it provides. I have long enjoyed browsing the missives written by literate figures of an earlier day—the correspondence of Jefferson and Adams, for example. Before the advent of the internet and email, letter writing was one of my favorite means of communication. The composition of a letter requires more time, energy and thought, and therefore is more meaningful. Email and Twitter may be faster, but they encourage a kind of uncouth, careless commentary that I often find discourteous or offensive. As a result, I recently decided to return to writing letters, an older means of communication for which I have a warm feeling. Unfortunately, too many of our modern inventions, however convenient and speedy, have turned out to be curses in disguise. For instance, the automobile has become the greatest slaughterer of the innocent than all our past wars combined. That’s no longer news; it’s merely holiday expectations. But we’re addicted to both speed and free choice, and whereas bus lines and railroads have fixed routes, the automobile offers, at every intersection, at least four directional choices. Our inventions often drive us into a systematic slavery to new habits which may not be socially beneficial. For example, isn’t it odd that people now carry bottles of water to slake their presumed thirst when there are water fountains all about? In most cases this bottled water has few of the protections common to formal water systems across the land. Or how about the ubiquitous cell phones and handheld devices which isolate people, preventing them and others from eating a meal, taking a drive or a walk, in quiet and pleasant solitude? The cell phone talkers, who are not always soft of voice, drive the rest of us to distraction. Whether or not brain cancer results from overuse of these devices is probably moot, but I believe it may be suitable punishment for this new, grotesque dependency. Again, in the name of speed we have given up the pleasant (though expensive) experience of a leisurely, comfortable train ride (with roomettes, or Pullman berths, to say nothing of elegant dining) for the constant discomfort of crowded seating in stuffy aluminum tubes, eating toy food and flying so high as to preclude even the enjoyment of passing scenery. I don’t know about redwoods, but if you’ve seen the top of one cloud you’ve largely seen the tops of all. One of my favorite doctors told me that there were three types of retirees, two who face early mortality and one likely to be long-lived. The fatal pair includes the busy, important executive who retires suddenly (by force or exhaustion) and dies shortly of ego-shock and loss of meaning. The other merely trades one form of hamster-run for another, making a new career of vacationing with high-speed travel, leading to further exhaustion and ultimate collapse. The third, after a period of adjustment, returns to the leisurely pace of childhood and lives long. “Where did you go?” “Outside.” “What did you do?” “Nothing.” I chose the latter route, though I admit it took about a year to slacken both the pace and energy of my 54 years of teaching, writing and public speaking. I traveled enough during my working years that I’m now capable of enjoying my leisure, writing my essays in spurts, watching NCIS or PBS productions on TV, or reading books on the newer, worthwhile inventions like the Kindle, which ameliorates the handicap of fading vision. On the letterhead of the stationery I now use for writing letters, in the right hand corner at the top, is a photocopy of the camphor tree which grows in my front yard and which I planted as a seedling some forty years or more ago. Like me, the tree likes to do the opposite thing and drops its leaves in the Spring and clings to them in the Fall and stays green all Winter.
By Dave Elliott  
(Communication Studies)  
I know that some of our ERFA members are genuine Audie Murphy war heroes, so I’m reluctant to talk about my own experiences in the military. I’ve decided to do so, however, for what I think it teaches us about the way human groups behave when they are devoid of purpose. I am, after all, a teacher—or so I presume.

In 1953, immediately following the completion of my first baccalaureate (Bachelor of Theology), my draft board decided it was time for me to participate in the Korean War, which was just winding down. For reasons that I have never been able to understand, the Army trained me as a medical lab technician and sent me to the Navajo Ordnance Depot, near Flagstaff, Arizona, for duty in its small hospital.

When my wife, Pat, and I arrived, Lt. Colonel Siege, the Post Surgeon, came out to meet us. He had been watching for us. His first order was not to salute him, since that was only done on Fridays when he came to inspect the hospital lab. To our amazement, he shook hands with both of us and escorted us into the hospital, where there were introductions all around. We met enlisted men and officers alike. After introductions, the Colonel took us in his staff car to the base living quarters he had selected for us. He was a gracious person, but the fact that as the Post Surgeon he had time to flatter us (and me, a Private) with so much personal attention was, I later realized, significant. The names of the officers with whom I worked at that little hospital were interesting. In addition to Colonel Siege, there was Major Horably, an obstetrician; Captain Aanestad, a straight-arrow internist; 2nd Lt. Baer; who had just completed his medical training; and 1st Lt. Wolfgang, our Troop Commander (with a total of eight troops). The enlisted men were the usual memorable group of characters. They included a cook, best known for his weekend visits with the “women” in the nearby border town of Nogales, another cook, a supply sergeant, two pharmacists, an X-Ray technician and a non-commissioned Troop Commander. The Lab Chief was a civilian who had been severely crippled with polio as a child; he was extremely bitter and perhaps the most vulgar person I have ever known. Of the rest of the group, only three of us, all Privates, had a college degree. The hospital provided outpatient services to the military families on the base and to the Navajo and Hopi Indians who lived nearby. But, most of the time, we had no in-patients, even though we had beds for about thirty people. The blunt fact was that the entire base was just treading water, and we had almost nothing to do. Most of the military personnel who worked there were monumentally bored and they drank heavily. Since the Colonel had no patients, he spent much of his time dreaming up new hangover remedies for the officers who lined up at the pharmacy every Monday morning, hoping to secure a bottle of his latest concoction. Major Horably, who ran our day clinic, consumed huge quantities of orange soda, laced with alcohol that he asked the pharmacists to slip into his drink. He talked openly about mounting a 50-caliber machine gun on the porch of the clinic so he could “treat” the Navajos as they stepped off of the bus for sick call. If the men weren’t drinking they found other ways to stave off boredom. Our X-Ray technician, who was skillful at getting soft-tissue X-Ray images, had a large collection of female “chests” that he would occasionally put on display in his lab. They included images of the Colonel’s wife, along with other prominent females on the base. Also, he could tell you, almost to the hour, how much time he had left to serve, as could most of our military personnel. Our Lab Chief spent all day, every day, in a back room reading “dirty” books and playing cards with anyone he could entice to join him. I personally had little to do but perform a few tests and wash test tubes and Petri dishes. One dramatic episode stands out in my mind as illustrating the effects of the boredom that pervaded and controlled that
Milton Loventhal (Library, ’92) passed away on March 5, 2012, after being hospitalized with pneumonia. He was born in Atlantic City, on Jan. 19, 1923, but moved to NY City where he attended Harris Townsend High School, a publicly funded prep school for advanced students. When his family moved to Pasadena, he attended UCLA, then transferred to UC Berkeley in his junior year where he took his BA (1950) and MLS (1958). Meanwhile, he became a researcher at the Hoover Institution and then Special Assistant to the Slavic Curator at Hoover Library through much of the 1950s. After a short stint at the San Diego Public Library, where he met his future wife, Jennifer, he was hired at SJSU in 1959 as a Librarian, and later became an Associate Professor. Over the years, in collaboration with Jennifer, he assiduously worked on a variety of projects too numerous to mention, embracing Soviet Studies, Feminism, Black politics and Music. The most recent recognition to come his way was based on his and Jennifer’s authentication of secret Soviet documents that shed light on the historic formation of the Hitler-Stalin Pact in 1939.

Marshall Bean (Business) passed away on April 18, 2012. He was born in San Francisco on September 15, 1926 and educated in San Francisco schools. He was drafted out of SF City College, trained at Ft. Ord and sent to Japan with the occupying forces at the end of WW II. Upon his return, he enrolled in the SJS College Police School and joined the ROTC. In 1951, he graduated and married Nancy Bartholomew (his wife of 61 years) before serving for two more years in the Army Military Police. He enrolled in Santa Clara University Law School and graduated with a law degree in 1957. While practicing law, he began teaching Business Law at SJSU, and continued doing both for the next 35-40 years. He was popular with students and colleagues and after retirement served as President of the Lions Club, attended SIRS luncheons and traveled extensively in search of ancestral sites. He leaves behind his wife, five children and numerous grandchildren.

Clair W. Janes (Accounting, ’90) died on April 25, 2012 at the age of 87. Clair served in the Navy Supply Corps for three years during WW II and during the Korean War became a Disbursing Officer at the US Naval Air Station in San Diego. He attended Ohio State University where he graduated with honors in Business. He was employed on the PriceWaterhouseCoopers...
In Memoriam

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audit staff for five years in San Francisco before coming to SJSU where he taught financial accounting and auditing for the next 30 years. While at SJSU, Clair served as president of the Silicon Valley Chapter of the California CPA Society and the San Jose Chapter of the Institute of Internal Auditors. He served as Treasurer of his church where he sat on the Vestry Board and also sang in the choir. In retirement he became Treasurer of the SJSU Emeritus Faculty Association where his dry wit and homespun humor made his financial presentations the highlight of the meetings. He leaves behind Pat, his wife of 48 years.

Wanda Blockhus (Marketing, ’99) passed away on May 8, 2012, at the age of 81 at her home in Los Altos. Born in Crawford Texas, she grew up in Waco, where she graduated from Baylor University with a BBA and MS in Marketing and Economics. She married her husband Donald and moved to Minneapolis where she took her Ph.D from the Univ. of Minnesota in 1963. She taught Business Education at SJSU for 39 years, in addition to spending a few years at the Queensland Institute of Technology in Brisbane, Australia, and the Univ. of Tbilisi in the Republic of Georgia. Wanda was an educator, administrator, consultant, author and lecturer. She was also a three time recipient of the Meritorious Performance Award presented by the CSU Chancellor’s office. She leaves behind Donald, her husband of nearly 57 years, and four children and ten grandchildren.

Jack Douglas (Library, ’96) died on April 17, 2012, at the age of 79. Jack was a well-known and highly respected Santa Clara Valley historian. He came to San Jose State in 1959 after finishing his Master’s degree in Library Science at the University of Denver, where he first met his wife Kathryn. In San Jose he developed an immediate fascination with local history and began writing a series of articles for various newsletters which were later published in book form: Historical Footnotes of Santa Clara Valley (1993) and Historical Highlights of Santa Clara Valley (2005). He also published a book about the Naglee Park neighborhood in which he and many other faculty members from SJSU resided. He served as president of the San Jose Historic Landmarks Commission and helped preserve such buildings as the Jose Theatre on Second St. (now the San Jose Improv) and the historic Scheller House on campus. He led public walking tours of San Jose to elucidate the history and architectural features of various buildings. Though seemingly quiet and reserved, he had a quick wit and mischievous sense of humor. He enjoyed dressing up in historic costumes to commemorate important sites and events. As the university archivist, he worked to acquire thousands of photos of the Valley from 1913-1950s and from the 40s-60s which formed the J.C Gordon and Arnold Del Carlo collections. Something of a Renaissance man, he also wrote articles for classical music journals, worked with the Beethoven and Steinbeck centers and supervised the rare books collection of the Library.

Dwight Bentel (Journalism, ’74) died on May 16, 2012, of a stroke at the age of 103. Born in Walla Walla, WA, in 1909, his family moved to the Bay Area when he was young and he started his journalistic career as a copy boy for the Mercury Herald. He also worked for the Associated Press and SF Call Bulletin while earning his BA and MA from Stanford, and was hired to teach at SJSU by president T.W. MacQuarrie. In 1934 Bentel founded the Department of Journalism at SJSU, along with the student newspaper, the Spartan Daily, and went on to influence thousands of graduates—six of whom won Pulitzer Prizes. During WW II he left to do war work in New York while studying for his doctorate at Columbia Univ. His high standards of journalistic ethics included a firm belief in truth, honesty, accuracy, and an uncompromising defense of First Amendment rights. Students like Leigh Weimers and Valerie Coleman Morris attribute much of their success to the example he set. Under his stewardship the department grew to one of the six largest in the country, adding photo-journalism, radio and TV broadcasting, advertising and public relations. His name is on the building which now houses the greatly expanded School of Journalism and Mass Communications. Altogether, he was an educator at SJSU for 40 years, was voted Teacher of the Year, sat on the national Pulitzer Prize Committee, wrote a column for Editor & Publisher magazine and published two books. A man of enormous energy, when he was interviewed during his 100th Birthday celebration, he was asked by an interviewer what he ate to keep up his stamina: “Anything I damn well please,” he said, “and so does my older brother” (who also lived to be 103). Dwight was predeceased by his wife Genieva, and leaves behind a son, granddaughter, and two great-grandchildren.
Spring Luncheon views . . .

Carol Christensen brought her gorillas to the Spring Luncheon and everyone had a grand time.

Irma Guzman-Wagner and Dolores Escobar-Hamilton

Coleen Bickman and Peter Buzanski

In conversation: Paul Brown and Hugh Mumby

Sheila and Sid Tiedt
This edition contains news about travels and activities taken from the membership renewal forms. Members are invited to send additional news about themselves to Gene Bernardini at geebernard@comcast.net or by snail mail at 775 Seawood Way, San Jose, CA 95120

Chat Room . . .

• Duilio Peruzzi (Geography, '93), in September of 2010, exhibited his print collection of Tuscan “peasant culture” (with photos taken in 1956) at the Community Cultural Center in Morgan Hill. In October, he traveled to Italy with a delegation from the continuing cultural exchange program between Santa Clara County and the Province of Florence.

• Jack Crane (Dean, H&A, '98) had to change his email address because scammers had raided his old one. He’d like his friends to know that “I was never trapped in Aberdeen, Scotland, without money to get home.” His Pulitzer-nominated novel, The Secrets of North Brother Island, about the 1904 General Slocum steamship disaster in New York Harbor, is now an e-book. Jack recently acquired a new power wheelchair. He can’t walk because of a “still undiagnosed neurological disease which forced me to retire in 1998 at the age of 56. I am now 69.”

• Ruth Yaffee (Chemistry, '90) took a Panama Canal cruise last fall and still finds travel “fun.” She also loves Great Danes; her current dog “Mac” is her ninth.

• Howard Shellhammer (Biological Sciences, '96) traveled last April to NYCity, visiting Lee and Kathy Dorosz while there. In June, he took a painting trip to the Dordogne. Meanwhile, he had a chapter on mammals in each of two books published in 2011.

• Betty Auchard (widow of Denny Auchard, Education, '88) is now blogging at www.bettyauchard.com/blog. She writes a short memoir story every month, along with her own illustrations. “If you subscribe,” she says, “the new stories will be delivered to your e-mail address once a month. I would love to share them with you.”

• Jo Bell Whitlatch (Library, '06) is “having a great time in retirement.” Last year, in May, she went to China (near Nanjing) to present a workshop in project management for rural libraries. In August, she traveled to the Scottish Isles and in October, to Armenia, Azerbaijan and Georgia.

• J. Michael Sproule (Communication Studies, '01) is enjoying the time now available for writing projects and occasional forays out. His family foursome last year attended the Turner Classic Movies Film Festival, where Mickey Rooney, Hayley Mills (“a ’60s crush”) and other stars introduced the films. “Great fun,” he says.

• David Asquith (Sociology, '10) is enjoying putting around the back garden and in the garage. He’s also “addicted to loitering and spending money via Amazon.com. I otherwise entertain myself with photography, pen and ink drawing and occasional calligraphy. I definitely recommend retirement.”

• Mary Lou Peterson (widow of John Barr, Education Counseling, '79) is now 95 years old and still living in Pebble Beach, CA. Her daughter Caroline, along with her pug Bitsy, has moved in with her, and they take lots of walks at the seashore and nearby forest. Mary is working on another children’s book, Mrs Bling-Bling’s House. She wonders how it will end.

• Marjorie Craig (Counseling Services, '92) lives in Pine Grove, CA, but taught part time at Talledega College in Alabama during the spring semester last year. Even though she grew up in Alabama, she says “the tornadoes were frightening.” In the previous August, she completed her eighth successful mission in Kenya.

• Lonna Smith (Secondary Ed/LLD, '04) was busy last summer with short trips to Las Vegas, Los Angeles and Portland, OR. In July she took a trip to her home town of Pittsburgh and in August and September she and her husband Michael travelled to Amsterdam, Bruges, Brussels and Paris.

• Susan Murphy (Nursing, '01) welcomed another grandchild last July, to make a total of “seven persons in our intergenerational, multicultural, multilingual household.” She continues to lead retreats called Courage to Teach/Courage to Serve for educators, clergy and people in social service. She and husband Michael still sing with several choral groups and enjoy the “gift of time” to spend with their family.

• Patricia Burns (widow of Bert Burns, Int. Pres. of SJSU, '85), along with her cat OJ, is “happily ensconced at The Terraces of Los Gatos.” She and her sister Katherine enjoy sharing meals together and occasional visits from her kids Janifer, Charlie and Carol.

• Donald Sinn (Recreation/Leisure Studies, '83) is now 92 and in the past year he retired as the founder and president of the Sun City Guitar Club in Roseville, CA. He felt he had to retire after a bladder cancer diagnosis, but not before the Board voted him an award: “President Emeritus and Honorary Life Member.” Don says his wife Kay also deserved an award as an “Honorary Member of the Guitar Class” for her four years of patience.
By Jack Crane  
(Dean Emeritus, Humanities & Arts)  
I know there are usually upbeat messages in the ERFA Newsletter about retirement, but I hope you will tolerate reading about the “other side” for once.

All of us have studied for many of our younger years to achieve the credentials to teach in a university. As a result of our effort, we made many new friends (and here and there an enemy or two). But what we all wanted to do was teach and indulge in research to make our teaching more informed and dynamic. I got my doctorate at age 24 and figured I had 41 years to pursue my teaching and research. (In 1966, the mandatory retirement age was 65.) Turned out, because of a neurological disease which hit me at the age of 56, I had had only 32 years to instruct students, to learn more about my subject, and even administrate.

I think of a faculty colleague when I was a professor and head of the English Department at Oklahoma State University, the most architecturally beautiful campus I have ever been associated with. He was a professor, a Harvard PhD, who turned 65 in 1984, a year earlier than the post-65 ban on teaching was lifted, so he had to retire. I did all I could to keep him because he was the most popular teacher in the department, but I could not circumvent federal law, though heaven knows I tried. His name was Shelley Berkeley, and he died blind early in 2011, after 25 years of not doing what he loved. Now I have to face my own demise. After I retired, my wife and I lived in Mexico until I was 65, then we moved to Santa Fe, NM, where I figured a former arts dean would be a big deal. I wasn’t. There were too many like me around, and none was confined to a wheelchair. So, having failed there, my wife wanted to move to Florida to escape the cold Santa Fe winters, but I did not. Thus, we decided to amicably divorce, and I relocated to Madison, Wisconsin, where I had friends of 50 years. The place I live in now is a very pleasant, independent-living retirement community; but I have no wife, no dog, few real friends, and no colleagues. I can get to no ERFA events and meetings. Perhaps you ERFA members don’t know how fortunate you are.