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SJSU ERFA News, Late Fall 2009

San Jose State University, Emeritus and Retired Faculty Association

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EFA News

A Newsletter of the San Jose State University Emeritus Faculty Association

President’s Message

EFA's Purpose?

By Bobbye Gorenberg, EFA President (Nursing '01)

It was wonderful seeing everyone at the Fall Luncheon. Since I have joined the organization, the four activities in which we engage each year have provided marvelous opportunities to see colleagues and share the outstanding programs we have. Many people expressed to me their delight in seeing the San Jose State Chamber Singers, under the Direction of Dr. Amanda Quist, at the Fall Luncheon. It was wonderful to see the students perform and it was a memorable experience.

On reflection, I thought again of the purposes of the Emeritus Faculty Association, particularly since we are in the process of gathering information from our members via a survey. So, do we join to receive the newsletter? Do we join for the luncheons and other events? Or is there something else the organization should be doing to better reflect the needs not only of our current membership but of future members? To that end, I invite you to join us in reviewing the purpose of our organization.

In the last newsletter, I told you of President's Message Fall Luncheon entertainment...

The San Jose State University Chamber Singers entertain Fall Luncheon attendees. The group is an ensemble of graduate and undergraduate students under the direction of Dr. Amanda Quist.

Academic Senate airs University woes

By Peter Buzanski (History '96)

The huge budget cuts to the CSU do not make for cheerful reporting. The Chancellor's enrollment edict resulted in SJSU declaring the campus impacted. Yet SJSU has managed to meet this year's enrollment caps—quite an achievement. But planning for next year requires even further reductions. The funds available to us will be equal to those of almost a decade ago (2001-2002). That translates into 20,027 FTES, which is still less than our current reduced count of 22,460. This is why, despite a 120% increase in applications this year, no new students were allowed to enroll for Spring 2010 and why the deadline for enrollment for Fall 2010 was set at November 10 of this year. The reason why we must strictly adhere to the Chancellor's enrollment caps is because we are now funded strictly on a student by student basis. Thus, if we exceed the limit, the budget is reduced by the amount appropriated per student. Coping with the $44 million fund reduction in the summer of this year, (despite the student fee increase of $17 million) has (Continued on page six)
been challenging for the entire campus. If there is no further budget reduction for next year—a questionable assumption—SJSU’s academic side alone will still lose some $5.7 million due to the smaller number of students. With the reduced budget next year, there will only be funds sufficient for the tenured and probationary faculty (and lecturers who are in the three year or longer category). No other temporary faculty funds are available as far as can be determined now, leaving a huge foreseeable void for next year. There will be fewer classes and fewer sections of classes.

To deal with SJSU’s enrollment deductions, several measures are being considered. One is speeding to graduation those students termed “super seniors”—students who already have sufficient units in their majors or programs to graduate but who have not filed for graduation. Those students will have no choice but to graduate either at the end of this present, or next, semester. In a different category are students who have not passed the Writing Skills Test (WST), which is necessary for taking required upper division general education courses. Some students have taken the WST more than a dozen times but never pass. Those students may be compelled to seek remediation in community colleges and then to reapply to SJSU. A different approach is being explored, whereby students may be allowed during the next two years to enroll in upper division general education courses without having passed the WST. This proposal was vigorously debated, with opponents arguing that upper division courses require a writing ability that students who have failed the WST do not possess. The opposition may compel the Senate committee considering this proposal, as well as several others that weaken the integrity of the university’s curriculum, to modify the various proposals.

Provost Gerry Selter will leave office as soon as a successor is selected. Meanwhile, the provost search committee reported that there had been about one hundred applicants for the position. The committee narrowed the search down to four finalists but only two are still considering San José State and appeared for public forums, both of which I attended. The two finalists bring different perspectives, skills and weaknesses to the position. Dr. Terry Allison, Dean of the College of Arts and Letters at CSU/Los Angeles, knows the CSU system well. He is a Professor of English, and writes Haiku poems in his spare time. Dr. Zulma Toro-Ramos, Dean of the College of Engineering at Wichita State University, is a female, Hispanic candidate who has held higher administrative positions than has Dr. Allison (previously, a Professor of Engineering at the University of Puerto Rico and a Dean and then Chancellor, or President, of that institution). The SJSU provost committee requested input from those attending the public forums, and I responded. I noted that both were strong candidates who would serve SJSU with distinction. Since Dr. Allison was familiar with the CSU system and its current financial problems as well as the necessity to reduce enrollment on all campuses, he brought strengths that Dr. Toro-Ramos lacked. But many present in the forums thought that someone outside our system would bring a fresh outlook, which we desperately need. No decision has been made, but President Jon Whitmore is expected to decide by the end of this semester.

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Enjoying the Fall Luncheon

It was all smiles for these folks attending the Fall Luncheon at Mariani’s. In addition to the conversation, there was music to enjoy from SJSU’s Chamber Singers. All this and good food, too. What a treat!

Photos by Sebastian Cassarino
Happy Birthday, Bobby

By Betty Auchard (widow of Denny Auchard, Education)

Betty is a writer (see Chatroom) who was raised in an occasionally dysfunctional family. Her parents married and divorced each other three times. She and her siblings were sent to the Home for the Friendless during difficult periods.

When I was almost nine years old, I got a surprise from my mother. She said, “Dad and I are going to take you children out of the home for the whole summer.”

I was speechless, excited and scared. It sounded good but it might not be. My parents had been getting along pretty well for a change. They were so encouraged by their own progress that they decided to be a family again.

Mama said, “We’re going to be better parents.” That made my heart beat faster, even though I wasn’t sure what it meant. But I had a feeling it meant they wouldn’t fight so much, and maybe not at all.

As soon as school was out for the summer, we packed all of our belongings at the home into a cardboard box and joined Mama and Dad in their small rented house on Brown Avenue near the railroad tracks. Our humble weather-beaten quarters included four rooms, an outdoor toilet, and a pump in the side yard for water. There was not one blade of grass in the yard like at the home, but dirt, rocks and weeds instead. But grass was not important. Being a family again was.

The summer of 1939 was fun because Bobby, Patty, and I played together all the time instead of only on the weekends when someone came to visit. After the sun went down, a moist muggy day usually ended waist deep in water in the nearby slough at the Quaker Oats plant. There was no need for bathing suits because we swam with our clothes on and let them dry on our skin. It was a cooling-off experience that took the place of a bath. To protect our feet from broken bottles in the mud, we each wore our shoes. And getting pink eye several times that summer was just something we lived with in order to swim in the poor people’s version of a public swimming pool. It was crowded every night, and I loved playing in the slough.

Another good thing about living with our parents again was that we would celebrate Bobby’s sixth birthday as a family. We three kids could barely stand the excitement that was stirring up inside of us like a milk shake.

Mama planned a nice supper with the usual summer treats: fresh sweet corn (my favorite food of all time), vine-ripened tomatoes, cucumbers, and leaf lettuce. Bobby said, “I want root beer and hot dogs, too.” So root beer, wiener and buns were added to the grocery list that Dad would take out much longer. She was working up to getting mad. But she didn’t want to get mad on Bobby’s birthday. An old nervous dread crept up on me. It was a familiar feeling of wondering what might be coming next. During supper Mama was way too quiet. She looked at her plate while she ate, and every now and then she’d shake her head and murmur to Dad under her breath, “I can’t believe you didn’t get candles.”

Through clenched teeth, Dad said, “Nita, forget about it. We can’t afford candles.” “But you could afford a six pack of beer?” “We both drink beer and we sure as hell can’t drink candles.” I knew that Mama couldn’t hold out much longer. She was working up to getting mad. When she set the salt and pepper down with too much force, I tried to think good thoughts in case being positive might make a miracle happen.

By the time supper was over and the dishes cleared, Mama wasn’t talking at all. Bobby didn’t seem aware of her brooding quietness. He was so excited about his chocolate birthday cake and presents that a smile was permanently stuck on his face.

The time finally came for dessert. The cake burst into flame. Bobby had “Birthday candles. I wrote that on the list.” “Didn’t get ‘em.” “Why?” “It’s a waste of money. Ya can’t eat candles.”

Mama was so disappointed that her shoulders dropped two inches, but she didn’t want to get mad on Bobby’s birthday. An old nervous dread crept up on me. It was a familiar feeling of wondering what might be coming next. During supper Mama was way too quiet. She looked at her plate while she ate, and every now and then she’d shake her head and murmur to Dad under her breath, “I can’t believe you didn’t get candles.”

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The time finally came for dessert and singing Happy Birthday. With no warm-hearted announcement whatever, Mama plunked the cake down in front of Bobby. Six wooden matches were stuck into the top in place of the missing candles. As soon as she lit the first match—candle, the top of the cake burst into flame. Bobby had

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It took awhile, but the policemen got Mama calmed down. Then she couldn’t stop crying. They talked to our parents for a long time and left only after they felt that no one was going to be killed that night. Dad put Mama to bed. Bobby and I cleaned up the mess while four-year-old Patty, looking bewildered and helpless, stepping in chocolate cake crumbs and broken glass.

Bobby still wanted his cake.

“Bobby, it’s all busted up,” I told him.

“Not all of it,” he said. “I see a big chunk in the dustpan.”

“There’s broken glass in it. Mama will bake you another one tomorrow.”

“OK,” he replied, “but I don’t want any candles this time.”

Christmas Mysteries

By Nils Peterson (English)

Christmas morning. I wake early to a strange noise from below, and, in my footed pajamas, holding on to the railing, I creep down the shadowy stairs leading from the chauffeur’s flat to the workroom below. Of all things, there’s my father bending over an electric train whizzing round and round an oval track nailed to a piece of plywood. He doesn’t see me, but I watch him caught as he is in the mystery of train lights, ruby and white, circling in the half-darkness. For awhile I don’t make a sound, but watch him, wondering about his strange smile.

All these years later, I tiptoe down the stairs again, now understanding the poverty of his childhood and the jobless years of the Depression, and I watch him and imagine him thinking – I am able to give to my children, for Christmas, this wonder.

II

How bleak the time before Time, before the great creating words were spoken. But, an eternity later, on Christmas Day, the Father bends down towards what he has given his children and smiles at the Angels circling round and round the sweet light glowing from the stable.
In Memoriam

- June McCann (Physical Ed, ’76) passed away this September, ’09, at the age of 98. She remained physically active and mentally alert her entire life and was featured in Newsweek magazine last year as an exemplar of good living. Born in Minnesota, she moved to Southern California with her family at age 11 and attended schools in Los Angeles. She graduated from UCLA with a BE (Education), and from USC with a MS and Ed.D. June excelled in three different areas of her adult life: the military, education, and post-retirement. She joined the Navy in 1942 and was one of the first six women to qualify as an Air Navigator and one of the first to earn Navy wings. She helped train aircrew squadrons for duty in the South Pacific and after leaving active duty in ‘46, remained in the Inactive Reserve until ’86. In education, she taught in the LA public schools for ten years before the War, and, for ten years after, she taught at East LA Junior College and at UCLA. She came to SJSU in 1957 as Chair of the Physical Ed for Women Dep’t., and served on countless numbers of committees, boards and statewide organizations, earning honors, awards and life memberships too numerous to mention. After retiring in ’76, she continued with community activities, serving on the Calif. Commission on Children and Youth, the San Jose City Sports Commission, as President and Life Member of the local Soroptimist International, on the Board of Directors of The Villages, and in the League of Women Voters. She was also a founding member of the EFA at SJSU. To the end, June loved games and competition, at which she always seemed to excel. She was a challenging opponent, but a gracious winner and an equally gracious loser. She lived a life of service to others, influencing the careers and lives of many people—students, colleagues and friends.

- Galen Bull (Natural Science/Geology, ’88) died on October 06, ’09, at the age of 87. He was preceded in death by his wife of 60 years, Ivalee, and a son, Mark. Born in the mid-west, Galen earned money to attend Junior College by bootlegging rum to other students. His degree enabled him to enroll in the Navy as an officer during WW II, where he became an aviator, flying thousands of hours in long-range sea-patrol bombers in the South Pacific. After the War, he remained active in the Naval Reserve, retiring as a Lieutenant Commander. With the GI Bill, Galen returned to college and took a BA in Education from Kansas State Teachers College, then an MA and Ed.D at the University of Missouri. He came to SJSU in 1959 and taught in the area of natural and physical sciences. From 1966-68 he took his family to Ibadan, Nigeria, where he was instrumental in establishing a teacher’s college, under the auspices of USAID and Ohio State University. Upon retirement he moved to Granite Bay, to be near his son Eric and his family. While in retirement, he established a Bull Family Endowment with the Tower Foundation at SJSU.

- Robert Loewer (Marketing, ’89) also died on October 6, ’09. He was 83 years old. Bob was born in Buffalo, NY, and attended the University of Buffalo, from where he took his BS in Business Administration (1950) and his Ed.M in Education (1955). He taught for four years at the Agricultural and Technical Institute of SUNY in Alfred, NY, before taking his Ph.D in Business Administration at Stanford University. He began teaching at SJSU in 1961 and remained there until retiring in ’89. Bob witnessed the growth of the campus early on from his office windows in Tower Hall before it was demolished for alleged earthquake vulnerability, and moved from building to building, ending up in a room with a view on the ninth floor of the Business Tower. He enjoyed teaching students and he worked with colleagues to attain accreditation for the newly proposed graduate programs in the School of Business. He also served as Associate Dean of the University Graduate Office. He leaves behind his wife of 44 years, Ada (who served as President of Faculty Wives), two children and one grandchild.

President’s Message

EFA's purpose?

(Continued from page one) our special committee to review the purposes of the EFA. Some of you have received our email survey asking for information regarding the purposes of the organization. For those of you who do not have email or who are unable to open the questionnaire, the survey questions are on page eight. Please respond to those questions with a simple YES or NO. Send them to me, Bobbye Gorenberg, 141 Via Santa Maria, Los Gatos, CA 95030. I look forward to hearing from all of you, so we can complete the task of information gathering. In the next newsletter, I will share the results.

May you have a wonderful Holiday Season and a Happy and Healthy New Year!
• Joe Boudreau (History, '03) taught a class this past Feb.-Mar., for the now discontinued Osher Foundation. The subject was WW I. He says, “preparing and re-reading about the various participants aged me five years in five weeks. I also needed new reading glasses.” His wife June still has her psychology practice five days a week.

• Betty Auchard (widow of Denny Auchard, Secondary Education) still speaks “to any group that allows me to have a book-signing after the program. My first book, Dancing in My Nightgown, continues to be popular, and my second memoir will be available before Christmas. The title: Home for the Friendless: Where Toothpaste Candy was Invented. You’ll love it!”

• Daniel Garr (Urban and Regional Planning, 2000) continues his career as a classical music DJ at KUSP-FM in Santa Cruz, which he began in 1975. He is on the “Aeolian Impromptu” show, every other week, Tues., 7–9:30pm. He writes “I was catastrophically injured in sea in August and am lucky to be alive.”

• Arlene Okerlund (English, 01) has just published a biography of Elizabeth of York (Palgrave MacMillan, NY), the mother of Henry VIII. This book is a sequel to her previous biography of Elizabeth Wydeville, published as a paperback in 2006 as Elizabeth: England’s Slandered Queen. Both biographies are available at amazon.com. Thanks to Arlene, Elizabeth Wydeville, who died in 1492, now has her own entry on FACEBOOK.

• Elsie Leach (English, ’94) writes that her husband Walter died this year, on 6/02/09, having had chronic lymphocetic leukemia for ten years.

• James Walsh (History, ’95) co-hosted the 25th Anniversary meeting of the American Conference for Irish Studies—Western Region this October in Los Gatos. In 1994, he hosted the 10th Anniversary meeting on the SJSU campus, but because of the decline in university funding across the nation, not a single faculty member was able to get a university to co-sponsor it this year. So Walsh and his friend and collaborator, Timothy O’Keefe of Santa Clara University, got C.B. Hannegan’s pub in Los Gatos to cooperate in hosting the many scholars and artists from here and abroad. He thinks the innovative, non-campus venue could become the new standard for RTP activities.

• Rosalie Gailey (widow of Harry Gailey, History) visited her son, Lt. Col. Richard Gailey, this past April in Georgia, just before he left for active duty in Afghanistan. A graduate of SJSU (BA, ’83, and MA, ’87) he was teaching high school in Stockbridge, Georgia, when his National Guard unit was activated. He is now serving (in Humanitarian Activities and Civil Affairs) on a one year deployment near Kabul, and keeps in touch on Skype and Facebook. The photos he sends back of sad little children are heartbreaking. Rosalie’s two daughters, both elementary school teachers, say they’ll never complain again about their school rooms after seeing the 400 Afghan children being accommodated in two tents in a remote mountain village. Col. Gailey’s earlier mission was to maintain 3 remote orphanages, providing food and supplies. Transferred once again, he is currently involved in training the Afghan National Army.

• David McNeil (History, ’05) is back from his latest semi-annual visit to Italy where he tends vines and fruit trees—and reads and writes in a nearby 14th century castle, about 30 miles east of Florence. He also spent a couple of weeks traveling with his daughter around Greece (where he had worked 45 years ago).

• Dennis Wilcox (Journalism/Mass Communications, ’05) received an honorary degree (doctor honoris causa) from the University of Bucharest in September for “exceptional services offered for the scientific cause of communications and public relations.” His textbook, Public Relations Strategies and Tactics, has been a major reference work in Rumania for the past 15 years and is credited with training a new generation of public relations professionals in that nation. While there, he gave the keynote address to an international conference on public relations and did the same for a conference in Serbia, after addressing members of parliament and other public officials for the Belgrade Fund for Political Excellence. Finally, he became an honorary consultant to the Belgrade Beer Festival, where the planning meetings included pizza and beer. It was a tough job, but he did the best he could.

• Patricia Burns (widow of Hobert Burns, Philosophy ’86) continues to reside at The Terraces in Los Gatos following Hobert’s death in October, ’08. She and the family appreciate the thoughtful cards and memories that Bert’s friends shared with them.

• Allen Friebel (Teacher Education, ’94) and his wife Nancy celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary in June. He is also celebrating “my recovery from an illness of several months, diagnosed as ‘Guillain-Barre syndrome.’” Stricken in early March, “within a two week period I lost the ability to stand or walk. The nerves of my lower back and abdomen collapsed, and my muscles atrophied.” After 37 days in the hospital and rehab center he was released for home. Shortly thereafter he had progressed to the walker stage. He expresses a deep appreciation for the many messages and calls from colleagues and friends.
Membership questionnaire . . .

Please respond to the following questions with a simple YES or NO.

1) I am a current EFA member  □ yes □ no
2) An important reason for joining EFA was:
   a. To stay connected to SJSU  □ yes □ no
   b. To stay connected with retired colleagues  □ yes □ no
   c. To stay abreast of happenings on campus  □ yes □ no
   d. To get information about retirement and benefits  □ yes □ no
3) I am also a member of ERFA  □ yes □ no (Emeritus and Retired Faculty Association)
4) I attended:
   a. The Fall 2009 Luncheon  □ yes □ no
   b. The Spring 2009 Luncheon  □ yes □ no
   c. The 2008 Holiday Celebration  □ yes □ no
   d. The 2009 excursion to the California Academy of Sciences  □ yes □ no
5) I have an email account  □ yes □ no
6) I am interested in participating in an EFA:
   a. Bridge group  □ yes □ no
   b. Movie group  □ yes □ no
   c. Book Group  □ yes □ no
   d. Poker group  □ yes □ no
   e. Photography group  □ yes □ no
   f. Political discussion group  □ yes □ no
7) I am interested in attending University events with an EFA group  □ yes □ no
8) Since my retirement I have participated in University affairs  □ yes □ no
9) I am interested in volunteering for University events  □ yes □ no
10) I would like EFA to sponsor scholarships at SJSU  □ yes □ no
11) I would support an EFA activity or some type of project for students  □ yes □ no
12) I am interested in continuing scholarly and professional activities, such as teaching, research, writing or SJSU  □ yes □ no