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The SJSU Emeritus and Retired Faculty
Association

Fall 1-4-2010

SJSU ERFA News, Fall 2010

San Jose State University, Emeritus and Retired Faculty Association

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SJSU ERFA News

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Put on your bunny slippers and read what Ed Laurie has to say about "Being 85." Then keep 'em on while your toes curl in excitement as Maynard Stewart recalls a "Bailout Over Texas!"

A Newsletter of the San Jose State University Emeritus and Retired Faculty Association

President's Message

ERFA's real value: finding old and new friends

By John Pollock (English, '03)

Some time ago one of my colleagues, who was teaching a Creative Writing course, told me about an experience he had with his class the first day of the semester. After the usual introductory remarks about course requirements, textbooks, etc., he gave the students thirty minutes to complete an in-class writing assignment

The students were to imagine they found one of their new classmates, whom they didn't know very well, rather attractive. The students were instructed to compose a letter to this individual, a letter designed to catch that person's attention as effectively as possible.

Everyone in the class went to work immediately, and all but one of the students used the entire half hour to revise and polish their prose to make it as rhetorically impressive as they could. One young lady, however, completed her letter in less than a minute, dropped it off on the instructor's desk, and walked out of the room.

At the end of the period, my colleague collected all the letters, knowing that the young lady's paper would be at the bottom of the pile. Curious to see how she could have finished the assignment so quickly, he had no difficulty identifying her work. Her letter, it turned out, consisted of only six words: "Dear Frank, I'm pregnant. Love, Sue."

I wanted to share this anecdote with you because I think it

illustrates one of the best things about ERFA. The organization offers us the opportunity several times a year to get together informally and share with one another delightful tidbits like the one I just described. Over the many years we spent at SJSU we have all experienced funny, or unusual, or poignant, or just plain weird moments, both in and out of our classrooms, events that cry out to be remembered and passed on to others.

I look forward to attending the

Biography project needs you

As you may recall from an earlier announcement in these pages, SJSU-ERFA is in the process of creating a list of biographies of our members. Our previous publication of *Biographies of Retired Faculty* provided useful information, especially for obituaries, and it badly needs to be updated. We are now hoping to put all entries online for easier access. This project is being overseen by Patricia Nichols (Linguistics, 2000).

We have already begun placing these biographies on our website and you can now see them online. Just "google" SJSU Emeritus

and Retired Faculty, then click on Members. You can download the form from that page and, after filling in the necessary information, add your name to the list. Simply email it, along with a separate .jpeg picture of yourself (at any age!) to patnichols@mac.com.

If you are not confident using a computer, you can write or email Pat Nichols for a hard copy to be filled out by hand or for help with including a photo. Her address and phone number are printed in the Membership Directory. She will be glad to assist you.

Calendar of events



**Thursday
October 21**

**Fall Luncheon
Mariani's Restaurant,
Santa Clara
Speaker: Pat Nichols**

**Friday,
December 10**

**Holiday Celebration
3 -- 5:30pm,
2nd Floor
MLKing, Jr. Library.**

University and Academic Senate report: No Summer Doldrums

By Peter Buzanski

The Academic year 2010-11 began in late August, but anyone who steps on the Campus sees activities that are changing its appearance. Most notable is the construction of the expanded Student Union. Currently everyone is confronted with fences, barred paths, and a gigantic hole where the old cafeteria and the University Room used to be. For EFA members, that has an immediate impact, for the traditional holiday party held in December will now take place in the King Library. The faculty has already been promised that the new Student Union, expected to open by Fall 2013, will have an accommodation to replace the Faculty Club, which, lamentably, no longer exists. The new building is being advertised as a highly technological facility which

will also feature a small indoor theatre. When completed, the \$64 million structure will span the distance from El Paseo de Cesar Chavez (the old 7th Street) to Ninth Street. The 240,000-square-foot building will include a ballroom, bookstore, food court, and offices for the Associated Students. The cost is borne by bonds funded with student fees designated specifically for the project.

Significant personnel changes in administration took place this summer, as President Jon Whitmore yielded office on August 1 to Don Kassing, who served as SJSU's president prior to Whitmore. Kassing came out of retirement in Arizona and will serve as the Interim President until a new president is chosen. That process has begun. Addressing the Campus community on the

opening of the new academic year, Kassing shared his vision for the year ahead. There is, of course, the limited, diminished budget, but he called on everyone to "fulfill their responsibility to let ideas live." With that theme in mind Kassing discussed upcoming plans to improve retention and graduation rates, and to improve the greening of the University by a student movement called "The Green Wave." The goal is to reduce power and utility consumption, improve recycling, and develop new ideas in line with green thinking. Kassing also spoke of SJSU now offering the first online only B.A degree in Global Studies, and he encouraged the pursuit of more online education.

The Dean of the College of Social Sciences, Tim Hegstrom, retired as Dean. He will return to the Communication Studies department after a sabbatical leave in order to FERP. Hegstrom was succeeded by Sheila Bienenfeld, formerly the Chair of Psychology. Veril Phillips retired as Associate Vice President for Student Affairs. His replacement is Jason Laker, whose previous position was in Ontario, Canada, but his education and previous employment have been in the United States. He is delighted to return to the Bay Area where he has family. He already announced several new initiatives involving student affairs.

Academic Senate committees have already begun work and one important problem arose. Instructional technology has undergone profound changes over the past decade and the university has attempted to keep up, as funds allowed. But since we have so many classrooms that are too small for certain classes or projects—workshops in science, for example, require large whiteboard areas—it raises the question of whether the

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SJSU ERFA Officers, 2010-2011

President -- John Pollock
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Secretary -- Irma Guzman-Wagner
Treasurer -- Abdel El-Shaieb
Members at Large -- David Schwarz
 Marian Yoder
 Jill Cody
Academic Senate -- Peter Buzanski
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Webmaster	Carol Christensen	Archivist	Lonna Smith
		ERFA Reps	David Elliott Don Keesey Bob Wilson
		ERFA Member-at-Large	Adnan Daoud

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Views and opinions expressed in this SJSU ERFA Newsletter are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the position of the editor or of San Jose State University.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Sharing memories with our members . . .

On Being 85 . . .

By Ed Laurie (Marketing, '91)

A good friend of mine, the late Bobbie Middaugh, really liked those of my essays that involved reaching various ages. The first one was "On Being 65," and I followed up with 70, and 75, but Bobbie died before I got to 80. I wrote an essay about that anyway, in her honor. And now, facing 85 in a couple of months, I'm doing another.

There are, I regret to say, distinct signs of erosion. The UCLA psych department did some tests on me when I was a student there and credited me with an eidetic memory (not perfect, but useful, particularly in recalling lectures). That seems to have disappeared, as both my wife and daughter daily remind me, though I can still mentally bring up the first page of the 1930 Compton's Encyclopedia and tell you that there's a picture of Charlemagne's throne in Aachen, Germany, in the upper right hand corner. This is not particularly useful information for dealing with current events, or one's family.

Recently I went off to the store to buy a carton of cigarettes and while I was waiting at the counter, a young wit nearby, noting that I was wearing my furry slippers in lieu of shoes said: "Sir! Sir! This is terrible!"

"What's terrible?" I asked.

"Someone has stolen your bunny ears!" he said.

I could think of nothing quick or witty to say, but just replied: "Oh. So they have."

Even more recently a new employee (a young fellow) at the same store inquired of my age. "Eighty-four," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"I see you still drive?"

"Yes, I do," I responded, "but not

very often or very far." I did not mention that venturing out of the neighborhood I can become lost rather quickly. I believe the disappearance of familiar scenery is a sign of "senior moments," or some such thing.

Also, there was a time when I did all the repairs around the house and yard: plumbing, electrical, carpentry - - whatever. Now I find those chores nearly overwhelming and only do them when I believe the financial saving (I am, after all, a Scot) exceeds the pain I'm going to feel for a week after.

And, of course, good old friends are vanishing over the horizon and I find that somewhat depressing. Too, discussions about events which may occur in the future (if



more than five years from now) really don't impress me. Not too many people I've known have lived to hit 90 or beyond. I suspect a lifetime of smoking will keep me out of that higher range.

I've given up traveling anywhere for any reason, particularly by air. I don't think there's any place I want to see that I'll put up with the madness and discomfort of train stations, bus stations, or airports for. Home is where my comforts are and I intend to maximize them for whatever years remain.

I will try to remember to don shoes when next going to the store—but I make no guarantees.

University and Academic Senate report

(Continued from page two)

proper space and technology exists in our class rooms for the instruction required. We also learned there are only two campus individuals responsible for classroom assignments. Whether they consider technology or not, whether they have the required knowledge or not, it is certain that two people cannot correctly assure that nearly 30,000 students are placed in the correct classroom.

Finally, one closing word on the university budget. Since the state legislature has not enacted a budget as of this writing for the year that began last July 1, more changes may be required. Even

so, it is already obvious that for the second consecutive year we will be unable to accept applicants for the Spring semester. However, according to a Chancellor's edict issued this summer, SJSU was allowed to open up admission for Spring 2011—but only for the few slots available during the month of August. Nonetheless, the comprehensive prohibition for the Spring remains in place, and it includes "most prospective first-time freshmen, community college transfer students and graduate students seeking a second bachelor's degree."

Clearly, the Academic Senate will again have a very busy year.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Sharing memories with our members . . .

*Bailout Over Texas!***By Maynard D. Stewart (Art, '89)
Major, USAF ret.**

On the night of 1 January 1945, Lt. George Brumbaugh's crew, with me included, was to fly its last training mission at Alexandria Army Air Field in Louisiana. We had arrived three months earlier to complete our final combat training before deploying to the 8th Air Force in England.

On that night our navigator was to hone his skills in night navigation, and the rest of us were pretty much going along for the ride. There was something special about this "ride," for we were flying, for the first time, a "bran' new" B-17 G with a chin turret that held two Browning 50 caliber machine guns. The bomber was flown from the Boeing plant in Washington to our base at Alexandria.

At 7:00 pm our pilot made a flawless takeoff, and our navigator set a course for Big Spring, Texas, about 400 miles to the north west. It was dark and regulations required being on oxygen for the entire flight, even though we were flying under 10,000 feet. Three of us, the tail gunner, ball turret gunner and myself, the waist gunner, took turns at watch duty in the tail to keep our pilot informed about our air space to the rear. The radio operator was busy in the radio room with weather reports and all communications that were relevant to our flight. We were all wearing tight fitting electric flying suits that had recently replaced the heavy, cumbersome, sheepskin suits for aircrews issued earlier in the war. I remember that I had brought along a new leather A-2 jacket, but with the electric suit, I didn't need it, so I carefully laid it aside. I was proud of the A-2 jacket, for it was a part of the airman's uniform that set him apart

from the "ground pounders."

When we weren't taking our turns at watch duty we all "sacked out" in the radio room. The radio room was located in the center of the B-17 fuselage, and only the bomb bays separated us from the pilot, co-pilot, engineer, bombardier, navigator and nose gunner. However, the co-pilot had left his position in the cockpit, and had come back to the radio room to "sack out" with the rest of us.

During the war, it seemed that everyone who didn't have a duty to perform would lie down on his bed, the "sack," and this was called "sack time." On this flight, the floor of the radio room was the best place to "sack out." In that small rectangular space, we must have looked like sardines in a can.

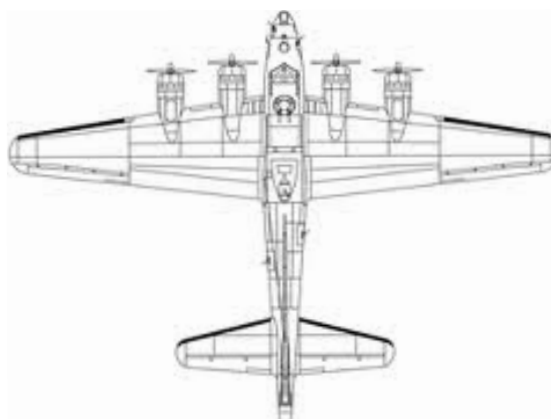
It was about 8:45 pm when we began to smell smoke. We looked for fire, and found none, but when the co-pilot opened the hatch to the bomb bays, dense smoke poured into the radio room. He yelled, "Oh my God," grabbed a fire extinguisher and disappeared into the smoke! Through the smoke, we could see a fire raging just under the upper turret behind the cockpit, and we remembered that when he had joined us in the radio room, he had left his "back pack" parachute in his cockpit seat! All of us were gripped with fear, not only for him, but in realizing that the fire was

close to our store of oxygen bottles and the huge gasoline tanks in the wings. We tried to contact the pilot on the interphone, but there was no answer; we concluded the fire had burned out the electrical system. One of the guys walked into the bomb bays and attempted to put out the fire with another extinguisher, but this had no effect on the fire and the fluid in the extinguisher created a stinging gas that irritated our eyes and lungs. The gravity of our situation was absolutely clear! All of us began to fasten our chest pack parachutes to our harnesses. But the ball turret gunner was determined to have

a closer look at the fire. He disappeared into the bomb bays for a few seconds, and then came running back yelling, "Nobody's flying this God damn airplane." Immediately we jettisoned

the waste hatch door to bail out. Everyone was surprisingly calm. I delayed a few seconds, for I had fastened my chest pack on upside down. It might have worked that way, but I wanted to be sure, so I turned it around so the ripcord was on the right side. Our radio operator jumped first. I followed him.

After my chute opened, I looked up and could see fire coming out of the belly of our plane. It appeared to be in a steep climb, but this was only an illusion caused by

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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Sharing memories with our members . . .

"I looked up and could see fire coming out of the belly of our plane."

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my fast descent. The night was cold and clear. The stars were out and a gust of wind would hit my chute, almost collapsing it, breaking the silence with a loud, smacking sound. I tried to see the other chutes of crewmembers but couldn't; however, I did spot lights below that appeared to be a town and tried to fix their direction in my mind. I also saw what appeared to be a fairly large river and patches of water away from the river, gleaming in the moonlight, and while I was trying to determine if I was going to land in the water, I suddenly found myself bouncing up and down in the branches of a tree that grew close to the river. It seemed like it had taken hours to come down. Actually, it took only about ten minutes to descend from our flying altitude of 8,000 feet. It was difficult getting out of my harness, but I finally managed to do it and climbed down the tree. I felt fortunate to have made the bailout and to land without injury.

Climbing up the river embankment, I felt the gusts of very cold air. My electric flying suit was of no help on the ground, and to my regret, it suddenly dawned on me that I had left my precious, new A-2 jacket in the bomber. I wandered around, more or less following the riverbank and sometimes climbing to a higher hill in hopes of spotting lights. Occasionally I would stumble onto herds of cattle. One time I must have frightened them, for they started to stampede in my direction. Fortunately there was a tree nearby, and I flattened myself against the trunk as the cattle thundered by me.

After an hour or so, I came upon a small house with the lights on,

and the barking of dogs brought the owner out with a shotgun in his hands. At a distance, I explained that I had just bailed out of a B-17 bomber and was trying to find help, but he refused to let me come in because, he said, "there were reform school escapees in the area," (I think my odd appearance in that tight-fitting flying suit made him suspicious) but he did direct me toward the main highway; that was all I needed.

From the top of a hill I spotted some headlights in the distance that told me I had found the highway. After several attempts, I was successful in thumbing a ride to the nearest town, and the driver let me off at a small building where there were lights burning inside. It was the town's telephone office. Inside I was greeted by my two fellow gunners and the radio operator. They were drinking coffee and loving the attention lavished upon them by several pretty, young telephone operators. I joined the party. We all related our bailout experiences. The operators told us that we were in the little town of Gatesville, located about 45 miles south west of Waco, and I had almost landed in the Leon River just west of town.

Soon we were taken to Blackland Army Air Field, a few miles from Waco. There we encountered the pilot and the rest of the crew who had bailed out from the nose hatch when the flames under the upper turret suddenly engulfed them. After failing in their attempts to contact us in the waist, they concluded we would surely discover the fire and abandon the plane, which of course, we did. They landed about 50 miles away, before Gatesville; therefore, we

concluded our B-17 was flying on automatic pilot for some time. Some of them suffered the same minor injuries as those of us in the waist. After hearing all the stories, it was two or three in the morning, and we tried to get some sleep. I'm sure we all rejoiced that we had made it out safely and were together as a crew again!

The next morning we were told to report to Base Headquarters where we were to be interrogated by a team of Air Corps officers from Washington D.C. As a result of the interrogation we learned that the fire under the upper turret was sparked by electrical cables and oxygen tubes in close proximity to the rotating turret, and the rotation created spontaneous combustion—apparently an engineering flaw in the new B-17 G. But the interrogation team seemed mostly concerned about the issue of the pilot and those in the nose bailing out without informing crewmembers in the waist. Each of us was interviewed separately in a thorough and detailed manner. I told my interrogator that I did not hold the pilot and other crewmembers in the nose responsible for leaving as they did, and that our pilot, George Brumbaugh, was a superb pilot and commander. Apparently the other gunners in the waist said the same thing, for the interrogation concluded, and we returned to Alexandria—all except for our ball turret gunner who stayed behind for treatment of a bad case of athlete's foot! In Alexandria, the rest of us received our orders for assignment to the 95th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force in England. And that was the beginning of another, even greater, adventure.

Chat Room . . .

Special News from and about our members.

Edited by Gene Bernardini

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 gebernard@comcast.net or by snail mail at 775 Seawood Way, San Jose CA 95120.

• **Betty Auchard** (widow of Denny Auchard, Education) has just published her second book: *The Home for the Friendless: Finding Hope, Love and Family*. It continues her childhood reminiscences of growing up in a dysfunctional, but loving family. (Her parents married and divorced each other three times and the Home for the Friendless was the 1930s' equivalent of today's Children's Shelters.) A book-launch party will be held at Kepler's Books in Menlo Park on Sunday, November 7, from 1:30-3:30 pm and Betty invites everyone to attend. You can get information about pre-ordering her book at amazon.com or www.bettyauchard.com.

• **Margaret Butler-Olive** (widow of Carl Butler, Business, '78) writes that she and Carl moved to a retirement community in Colorado in 1980. Carl passed away from Parkinson's Disease in 1984. She remarried in 1997 (Robert Olive, a Navy Commander) and he died that same year of a heart attack. She says, "I'll be 90 in November, but am reasonably active. I miss San Jose."

• **Marvin Lee** (Economics, '92) is pleased that his daughter-in-law Tina Fehlandt, and his son, Nathaniel, are both appearing on a DVD with the nationally known Mark Morris Dance Group. It's a production of Morris' *The Hard Nut*, a satirical, modern version of Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker ballet and it is performed around Christmas each year in Berkeley's Zellerbach Hall, in New York and elsewhere. The work premiered at the Opera House in Belgium in 1991, and has been shown on PBS and nominated for an Emmy.

• **Weldon Parker** (Education, '82) and his wife Dee spend six months each winter in the Florida Keys,

where they teach square dancing. They also like to cruise: their last was from Hong Kong to Sydney, Australia, and their next trip will be through the Panama Canal with their daughter and son-in-law. They just celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary.

• **Gail Fullerton** (Ex-President/ Sociology, '91) writes, "Nothing exciting is happening with Stan and me, which is good news considering our antiquity." She complains of the deer that raid their garden, eating the flowers off the pea vines and the blossoms from the strawberries, and the flock of robins that have decimated their blueberry patch. She says Arlene Okerlund has told her that under such circumstances, "It helps to think Buddhist."

• **Jack Crane** (Dean, Hum & Arts/English, '98) reports that his latest novel *The Secrets of North Brother Island*, has been nominated for a Pulitzer Prize. It's about the investigation of the disastrous fire in 1906 on the ship General Slocum in New York's East River. That event was responsible for the largest loss of lives (1100) of any disaster in American history before 9/11.

• **John Matson** (Biological Sciences, '07) and his wife Sharon have just finished a year-long road trip from Deadhorse, Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. You can see them at <http://sharonandjack-lasamericas.blogspot.com>.

• **Julius Menendez** (Physical Education) is still being taken care of at the Gilroy Health Care Convalescent Hospital. Julie is suffering from Alzheimer's Disease.

• **William F. Morrison** (Business, '06) remarried three years ago and he and his spouse have been taking three major trips each year. He has had a full knee replacement operation this past June.

• **Marion Richards** (English, '88) still enjoys living in San Francisco, with easy access to symphony, theater and ballet. She no longer drives and uses a cane to get about. An unfortunate bout with shingles has frustrated her recently, but she's recovering. She would like to come down to San Jose for SJSU ERFA events to see old friends. If anyone from SF or Marin drives down, she would very much appreciate a ride. Anyone?

• **Nils Peterson** (English/ Humanities, '99) continues to serve as Poet Laureate of Santa Clara County. He was the first person appointed to that newly created position in April, '09. It's a two-year
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Newsletter Online

We are now putting our newsletter online for quick and easy access for those members who want it. For those who do not, we will, of course, continue to mail our newsletters as before, for as long as you'd like. However, placing the newsletter online can save time, money and resources and at some time in the future we will give you the option of choosing the method you prefer.

If you are interested in sampling the newsletter online at the present time, it can be easily retrieved. Simply go to the SJSU_ERFA and click on Current Events. Then click on the newsletter you are interested in (there will be more than one issue available) and it will be downloaded onto your computer. You will need an Adobe Acrobat Reader to open the file, but most people already have this. If not, it can be easily obtained, for free, at www.adobe.com/downloads. Give it a try.

In Memoriam

• **Dennis Chaldecott** (English, '84) passed away on March 29, 2010, at the age of 80 in Budleigh Salterton, in Devon, England, which had been his home since 1993. Dennis was born in Los Angeles in 1929, to English parents who had come to California to act in Hollywood films. Although his parents had only minimal success, Dennis and his sister obtained roles in films that needed children with authentic English accents. His sister Fay played Little Emily in *David Copperfield* and Dennis was one of the Micawber children, acting with W.C. Fields (whose views on child actors may or may not have resulted from that film). The family returned to England in the mid-1930s where Dennis attended King Edward VI Grammar School. They came back to California during the war years and his father served in the Armed Forces. After attending Hollywood High, Dennis went on to UCLA, where he got his BA, MA and PhD degrees in English Literature. After teaching at various universities, he came to SJSU in 1964 and five years later married one of his students, Janice Van Vynckt. They had one son, Matthew, whom they named after Dennis' favorite author and the subject of his Ph.D thesis, Matthew Arnold. Dennis was an avid tennis player, loved Shakespeare, all kinds of music (especially Gilbert and Sullivan) and, of course, film studies. In retirement in England, he headed a team of film buffs which won a series of spirited quiz competitions at the local movie theater in Exeter, beating out the University of Exeter team for first prize.

• **Nettye Goddard** (Teacher Educ/English) passed away in San Jose at the age of 87. Born in Gadsden, Alabama, she grew up in the Old South, in the period of Jim Crow laws and racial segregation. Her father owned a barbershop and

actively worked to eliminate the poll tax, among other laws. His shop was burned twice by arsonists. Her mother was a nursing graduate of Tuskegee Institute who gave Nettye her first piano lessons and kept the house "full of music." Nettye was a prodigy who graduated from high school at the age of 13 and received a BA in English and History from Talladega College in 1942 at the age of 19. Shortly after, she married her late husband George, a chemist who spoke five languages, and they moved to Japan where he was stationed after the War. They moved to San Jose in 1955 and began building their dream home in the east foothills. In 1973 she earned an MA in Education from SJSU. She taught at Roosevelt Junior High, then in the teacher education program at SJSU, and finally at DeAnza College, where she taught her last class a year ago. She developed programs in black studies and human relations for the SJ Unified School District and taught workshops on the black experience at many local schools. The Goddards also turned their home, with its collection of art and artifacts, into an African-American cultural center. She loved teaching and, in addition to her two daughters, leaves behind countless numbers of students who will not forget her.

• **Lawrence Pugno** (Secondary Education, '84) died at his home on September 3, 2010, at the age of 90. Larry, as he was known to friends, was born in Terre Haute, IN and earned his BS degree from Indiana State. In 1943 he was commissioned as an officer in the navy and served on an LST, taking part in the invasions of Anzio and Normandy. In 1944 he was sent to the Pacific Theater and was stationed near Okinawa. After the war, he enrolled at Columbia University where he took his MA

and EdD degrees. He returned to Terre Haute and taught at his high school alma mater, then became a principal in Redman, IL, and Merom, IN. After teaching for three years at Illinois State University, he came to SJSU in 1955. There he helped establish an Intercampus Program that provided hundreds of practicing teachers with experience teaching abroad in Scotland and Sweden. He also co-authored *The Structure of Knowledge and the Curriculum* with his colleague, G.W. Ford. Upon his retirement, he moved to the Gold Country town of Murphys, CA, where he established the Stage Stop Bookstore with his late wife Virginia. He returned to Willow Glen, and after opening and closing another book store, he continued to maintain an on-line book sales business until the time of his death. In recent years he traveled extensively with his close friend and companion, Patricia Light. He is survived by three children and several grandchildren and great grandchildren

More Chat Room

(Continued from page four)

obligation and in his first year Nils set up a successful, community-wide poetry contest that was highly publicized by the SJ Mercury News. The Arts Council of Silicon Valley posted the thirty winning works online for a full month and honored the winners with prizes at a public ceremony. Reading the hundreds of entries and helping adjudicate them was a lot of work. He's looking forward to the end of his term.

• **Steve French** (Art & Design, '98) had six of his paintings included in a large exhibition of works organized by the Triangle Gallery. They were shown during June and July, 2010, at the headquarters of Orchard Commercial in San Jose.

Movie buffs, bookworms and bridge hounds: ready yourselves!

ERFA member interest groups on the way

Last fall, the EFA executive committee conducted a survey to determine whether members were interested in participating in various interest groups. Based on the results of this survey, Marian Yoder, our new Member-at-Large, has agreed to facilitate the organization of three groups this fall. The new groups will include a Movie, Book, and Bridge Group. If you would like to participate, please respond by email to Marian at yoderdm@garlic.com, or by regular mail to her home, which is listed in the Directory. You may elect to join any or all the groups.

Interested members will meet on Wednesday, October 27 at 2 p.m, in the King Library Board Room on the 4th floor, in the administrative area. The receptionist will direct you to the correct



place. At this meeting, participants will select times, sites, and dates for future meetings, based on the wishes of those who attend. We will also ask for a volunteer to facilitate the movie and book groups (we already have one for the bridge group). Since space on campus is limited at the present time, if you know of available meeting rooms in your community, please bring your suggestions to the organizational meeting.



Change is good . . .

In case you hadn't heard, our EFA has become SJSU ERFA in order to better reflect our membership of emeritus and retired faculty.

SJSU
ERFA
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