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

By Jill Cody,
SJSU-ERFA President
Zipcar, the new car-sharing program, has come to San Jose State University. Students, employees and emeritus and retired faculty may now join the membership program at a heavily discounted rate. All it requires for a retired faculty member to rent a Zipcar is a San Jose State University email address.

There is no application fee and the annual fee, normally $45, is only $15 with our discount. Zipcar currently has 24 cars in downtown SJ, but sometime this summer there will be cars on campus which can be rented at a discounted hourly rate. Depending on the desired car, hourly rates normally range from $8-$12, but SJSU Zipcars will rent for around $7 dollars an hour. One unique feature, different from rental car companies, is that you don’t pay for gas and it comes with a level of insurance. Your car insurance will not cover you when you drive a Zipcar. So, Zipcar provides insurance with your membership that has a $750 deductible. You may buy extra insurance from them for a very reasonable amount if you don’t like the exposure of their deductible.

How does it work? Zipcars are located in several parking lots all around downtown San Jose. Like a Park and Ride lot, you’ll need to find your way to one, either by walking, if you’re close enough (as I am), or by being dropped off to your reserved vehicle. Zipcars are reserved through their website and they provide mostly compact cars, including Priuses. Zipcars are generally rented by the hour but you can also reserve one for a day or two. There is no need for a key because your membership number, upon reservation, is programmed into the vehicle and you just put your membership card up to a black reader on the windshield and the car opens up for you. Then there is a key attached inside to use in the ignition.

To apply for membership, visit www.zipcar.com and click the “Universities” tab. You will then be asked to enter the name of the University. It takes about a week to 10 days for the membership to be approved while your driving record is evaluated.

Continued on Page 2

Would you like to drive a Zipcar?

Call for nominations

By Don Keesey (English)
It’s election time for the SJSU-ERFA Executive Board and both elective and appointed positions are open to members interested in serving our organization. The elective offices to be filled this year are: Vice President (to serve as President in the 2014-15 year), Secretary (a two-year term), Academic Senate Representative, and two Members-at-Large. In addition, our nominating committee will recommend to the Board appointments to the following positions: Membership, Newsletter Editor, Webmaster, Consolations, Activities, Archivist, and CSU-ERFA Representative.

If you would like to be a candidate for any of these positions, please email Gene Bernardini (geebernard@comcast.net) for details. The deadline is April 20.

At the May 10 Spring Luncheon, which doubles as our annual business meeting, a slate of candidates will be recommended and the members in attendance will cast their votes.

Remembrance of Things Past

Ed Laurie tells us how he comes to grips with old age while Jack Crane comes to terms with his youthful misadventures. See pages four and five.
**University and Academic Senate Report**

*The Governor, the Legislature: Unwarranted Meddling?*

By Peter Buzanski (History)

Recent reports on the State funds appropriated to the CSU, as featured in the media, have been written from the perspective of the governor and the legislature. Sadly, what we learn, while not untrue, is not the whole truth. We are told that the politicians are concerned because the CSU had to turn away 22,000 to 28,000 qualified students each of the past several years when appropriations were slashed. And as a result, the governor decided to increase the CSU budget—not the $442 million requested, but $125 million—which would allow the system to admit 5,700 more students who would otherwise have been turned away.

What is left unsaid in these press releases is that while we shall receive that extra $125 million, there are strings attached. SJSU president Mohammad Qayoumi informed the Academic Senate that henceforth, out of these state appropriations, the CSU will have to finance all state bonds pertaining to the CSU, all increases in personnel retirement costs, and all salary increases for faculty and staff. The faculty has had no salary increase since 2008, and while an increase of 1.2% is promised for next year, each one cent increase will cost the CSU $28 million. However, it’s important to note that this coming May the Governor will offer his “May revise” which will be based on the fiscal reality after the incoming taxes paid on April 15 are tallied.

Still, the state legislature remains concerned with those qualified students wanting to enter our system, and a number of legislators have taken it upon themselves to meddle with curricular matters that should be of no concern to them. One proposal is that a certain number of required lower division courses be offered through online instruction. According to the proposal, a small committee made up of representatives of the public, the community colleges and the University of California, should devise these required courses for all three segments of higher education.

The Governor, the Legislature: Unwarranted Meddling?

Continued from Page 1

**SJSU ERFA Officers, 2012-2013**

President -- Jill Cody  
Vice Pres. -- Carmen Sigler  
Secretary -- Irma Guzman-Wagner  
Treasurer -- Abdel El-Shaieb  
Members at Large -- Marian Yoder, Cindy Margolin, Susan Meyers  
Academic Senate -- Peter Buzanski  
Past President -- Dennis Wilcox

**Ex Officio Members**

Membership Wayne Savage  
Consolations -- John Pollock

**Newsletter** Gene Bernardini (Editor) and Clyde Lawrence (Layout/Design)

**Activities**  
Dolores Escobar-Hamilton  
Beverly Jensen  
Joan Merdinger  
Archivist Lonna Smith  
CSU-ERFA Reps Don Keese  
Bob Wilson

**ERFA Member-at-Large**--Adnan Daoud  
**Webmaster**--Carol Christensen

**SJSU ERFA Office**  
MacQuarrie Hall 438D  
email: lonna@pacbell.net • Telephone (408) 924-2478

Visit the SJSU ERFA Website at www.sjsu.edu/emeritusfaculty

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.
University & Academic Senate Report

Unwarranted Meddling?

Continued from Page 2

education. Various voices in both the UC and CSU systems reacted negatively to this proposal, though in a diplomatic manner. At this time, the Governor and many in higher education believe that online instruction is the panacea that will alleviate the budget shortfall. So far, the UC system has found that online courses are disappointingly costly and not popular with students. Here at SJSU the Academic Senate is attempting to devise online courses with measurable learning outcomes that are not inferior to actual classroom instruction. This is a difficult task.

Currently, on the Academic Senate’s website there is a picture labeled “SJSU’s longest serving Senators.” The picture is of Ted Norton and me. This issue of the newsletter contains an obituary of Ted, SJSU-ERFA’s second treasurer. He was my office partner for the first eleven years of our service and thereafter we had adjacent offices in the Business Tower. Two separate memorial services were held for him—one in the Spartan Memorial on campus, the other in St. Andrew’s Episcopal Church in Saratoga. I was with Ted the day before he died, and I miss him.

[Please note that in the previous newsletter I identified the wrong person as the new Vice President in charge of Development. That vacancy has been filled by Rebecca Dukes.]

Light news

The San Jose Mercury News, like so many major print newspapers, has fallen on hard times. Perhaps, as a result, it has taken a devil-may-care attitude by offering its reporters leeway to have some fun.

An article a while back on chasing birds away from the runways at San Jose Airport to prevent collisions with planes illustrates the point. The article reported that the airport had authorized its staffers to shoot at birds using blanks to scare them off, but if unsuccessful they had been granted “permission to use birdshot if their feathered foes don’t get the flock out.”

About the same time another

Continued on Page 8
By Edward Laurie (Marketing)

I had a good friend named Bobbie M., who claimed to be much entertained by my earlier essays (On Being 65, 70, and 75). Unfortunately, she died before I got around to On Being 80 and On Being 85.

After 85, I began to believe that if I was to express an opinion about any given remaining age, I’d better do it annually—because I’m now beginning to be the oldest fellow I know. So, with 88 coming along, I’ve been giving my current circumstance a bit of thought.

First, I’m not certain that I cared one way or the other about who was to become President of the U S this last time around. But I believe one should read the platforms of the two vehemently different parties, because it is not the President who will have any serious effect on the future, but rather those self-directed underlings who, by nature and position, are far more dogmatic than their candidate. They are inclined to take such petty actions at lower levels as to leave the President standing as an over-exposed public figure steeped in oratory and ineffectiveness.

Also, I now find myself unconcerned about various large-scale projects that won’t be done for several years. Improvements in BART and public transportation will do as examples. In fact, my most current concern is whether to bother with an upcoming driver’s test, or to sell the car, buy a more street-worthy scooter chair and get around economically, being done with gasoline prices, insurance, and maintenance.

The four places I regularly visit are within two miles of the house — otherwise, I can be transported by the younger folk in the family. And, though I am convinced I could continue to drive, I may be kidding myself and putting others out there on the roads at risk. I am cautious though, and don’t do freeways anymore, stick to the side streets, and only drive during the daytime. Still, to be done with the whole automobile system might be a good deal cheaper and leave me with fewer economic commitments and no longer at the mercy of our corrupt corporations.

I thought of asking for a new, comfortable, reading chair last Christmas, having pretty well “sat out” the one in my study, which had been of comfort and service to these many years. I figured the family could share the cost, as they did for my birthday Kindle.

My standard book expenses have declined seriously since I was given my Kindle. The books in that new format are cheaper and can be downloaded from anywhere anytime. The print can be enlarged to suit fading eyesight. I also have a Nook book, but that’s amateur time in Dixie compared to the Kindle in terms of convenience and quality.

Having sent my oldest computer off to the Geek Squad hospital (it went completely mad a while back) and with the newer machine dealing with the vagaries of Windows 7, I can assure you I’m done with Microsoft and if circumstances ever require a new machine, it will be an Apple desktop. The smaller, new devices are practically invisible to me — they are for the keen-eyed young who type their messages with a thumb.

Happily, I’m not inclined to carry around bottles of dubious water, having long ago developed the habit of using the refrigerated water from public fountains. I trust the City to do its duty about water safety (which does not apply to bottled water). In any case, my generation was apparently more camel-like than the current ones.

Also, I find I have no use for cell phones or portable music or any of that peculiar set of materials that keep one in constant (and, in my opinion) unnecessary contact with family and friends — particularly when dining in a restaurant or driving the car. There is a good deal to be said for silence, which permits one to actually think with an occasional spate of independence. Also, my theory is that while a lot of people must be busy socially to hide from themselves, I don’t happen to suffer from that syndrome. I’m well acquainted with this man named Edward, and familiar (by observation and constant family reminders) with his weaknesses and follies, and have learnt to live with them. An unexamined life may not be worth living, but I don’t find myself in that unhappy circumstance.

And, if asked had I the chance to relive my life, would I make different choices, I can safely say: “you’re damned right.” It is my firm opinion that anyone who feels otherwise hasn’t lived and been keen enough to realize his past mistakes were just that!

For example, having been garrulous by nature I would like to relive the whole 88 years in greater silence. I believe that would have been a profound blessing for those who have known me over the years. Also, I do believe I should not have been as publicly obvious with my convictions about what is right and what is wrong. Most
people prefer to avoid such debate for the sake of friends, or profit, or sociability. I could never do that. And what were your two biggest errors, Edward? Turning down Nevada’s U.S. Senator Scugham’s offer of a Rhodes Scholarship (in 1943) and joining the U.S. Navy instead. (A fellow named Clinton made the better choice.) Or, that first error done, turning down (at the end of the war) the Navy’s offer of further study at Harvard for a charge of two additional years of military service. Sigh! But the moving finger has writ and moved on and my future silence, it seems to me, is not only achievable, but inevitable.

By John K. “Jack” Crane (Dean Emeritus, College of Humanities and the Arts, 1988 to 1998)

Most of my former colleagues know that I despised cheating and whenever possible, strove to eliminate, or at least reduce, it on campus. Now in retirement, some two score and eleven years later, I have had time to reflect on the time I cheated my country, and ultimately myself, back in 1962.

What few of my colleagues knew is that I served as an F-105 pilot in Vietnam for three months in 1966, until being called home to teach at the Air Force Academy. The Academy was short of the required percentage of doctorates on the faculty, and I had one as of September 4th of that year. Not quite proud of my service in that war, I rarely mentioned it to my colleagues at SJSU—never in fact. Now I must own up to it. I was not unhappy with the transfer back home. The F-105 was the most shot-down plane in the war, and I quite likely would have been remunerated by being a victim myself instead of escaping unharmed.

My shameless cheating, however, occurred in 1962 when I was in Flight School at George AFB (now closed) in Victorville, CA. And I humbly admit to convincing two others to prevaricate with me. We all had pilot’s licenses from our teens, but flying an F-105 is distinctly different from a Cessna 172, on which we had learned. So we had to learn the complexities of a Mach 2 aircraft. There was a sign on the controls that read “IF YOU EXPECT TO GET THIS THING GOING AT TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND, YOUR NAME HAD BETTER BE CHUCK YAEGER.” As if that weren’t chastening enough, the rest of the program ultimately drove us to consider cheating.

Part of our training was to survive three nights and three days in the Mojave Desert. The base just dumped their trainees there among the rattlesnakes and expected us to sleep on the ground in their midst. After trampling a farmer’s asparagus crop, we split into groups of three and warily set out at nightfall with only a compass and a flashlight to get us back to the base fifty miles away. Our flashlight quickly gave out (low batteries because all the new ones were sent to Vietnam), so we could no longer read the compass! “Let there be light, but there was no light. We ere enveloped in darkness, both physical and spiritual.” In a fit of pique, I won the argument as to which direction was north after mistaking Mars for Polaris. We were really headed due east.

We came upon Route 66 after what seemed like eons. Highway 66 was in those days the main route from Chicago to Los Angeles. After enduring vulgar insults from the other two for my faulty navigation, I had a bright idea on how to cheat the Air Force for putting us in the Chaos we were in. I suggested we hitchhike rather than spend the next three days “surviving.” Within five minutes, a friendly black truck driver picked us up.

“Where you fellas goin’?,” he asked. His name was Moses Something or Moses. “We’re just surviving, dumped out here from George Air Force Base,” I answered, trying to regain my leadership credentials.

The driver, who had survived the Battle of the Bulge and clearly had no love for the military, uttered a string of obscenities before he said, “George
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 geebernard@comcast.net or by snail mail at 775 Seawood Way, San Jose, CA 95120

• William Venuti (Civil Engineering, '97) traveled to Pittsburgh for his 65th class reunion of the Univ. of Pennsylvania. He thoroughly enjoyed seeing his classmates after so many years.
• Benton White (Religious Studies, '97) and wife Mary Lou continue to travel. They flew to Alabama a year ago where Benton performed the marriage ceremony for his granddaughter. They later booked a trip to France in the Spring to visit Normandy. They’re still blessed with good health and try to take advantage, keeping busy at The Villages and taking at least one overseas trip per year.
• Gordon Van Arsdale (Div. of Technology, '86), a fourth generation Californian, last year attended a family reunion in the Sacramento area. His Dutch ancestors, who landed in New York in the 1600s, came to California in 1850. They settled in the Marysville/Yuba City area (once the “Peach Bowl of the World”) and established a mercantile store there in the early 1900s.
• Charlene Archibeque (Music,'05) had a busy two years. She returned to the Music Dept. to direct the SJSU choirs while a search for a new Choral Director was undertaken, bringing Dr. Jeffrey Benson to the job. She then spent a couple months in Europe, after which she became Artist in Residence at several universities, giving choral workshops and leading the Cal Bach Society in three concerts of all Handel works with period instruments.
• Jennifer Loventhal (Library, '92) is expecting the soviet studies article she co-wrote with her late husband, Milton, to be published soon in the Canadian-American Slavic Studies journal. Another of her works is also due to be released: The Women’s Basketball Songbook, Featuring Basketball’s Biggest Controversy. It features 105 pages of original songs, the work of 17 poets, a short story and a 50-page discussion of why women’s health has been declining since 1918.
• Nancy Green Markham (Humanities, ’01) is proud of her granddaughter who recently graduated from high school. She came over to help clean up and organize Nancy’s study, which had been in complete confusion for several years. Her granddaughter filed papers, organized drawers, shelves and cupboards, and brought in a bookcase from the garage and filled it with books that had been stacked all over the floor. All with little help from Nancy, who says “Let’s hear it for young people. They aren’t going to the dogs.”
• Betty Auchard, widow of Denny Auchard (Dean of Education), is working on a third manuscript: “Living With Twelve Men.” It’s a memoir about her time as a house mother to a dorm of young men in a small college in Nebraska. Her husband Denny was the youngest faculty member at York College and she was his 19-year-old bride. Being the same age as the boys while being their housemother and a faculty wife, provided lots of laughs and embarrassing situations to stock her upcoming book. Betty’s previous two books are available on Amazon.com and are accessible in audio format at Audible.com and iTunes. Betty is a popular speaker in the Bay Area and beyond. She can be contacted at btauchard@aol.com.
• Mike McIntyre (Geography, ’87) lost his wife, Margaret, in February of last year, at the age of 91. Margaret had been in declining health for many years and Mike was her primary caretaker. She was his second wife.
• Pat Nichols (Linguistics/Lang. Development, 2000) has been active as the School Garden Coordinator for Slow Food, South Bay. In October of last year she coordinated a celebration of National Food Day on the SJSU campus in collaboration with the Environmental Studies Department.
• Patricia Villemain, widow of Francis Villemain (Dean of Education), writes that Francis died rather suddenly after an injury to his shoulder. He bruised it on a ladder, causing a blood clot in his arm. The hematoma migrated to his lungs and became fatal. He taught a class the night before he passed away. Patricia says he never really retired, teaching classes in their area right to the end. He had a gift for teaching and loved working with students at all levels, from grade school to the university, and they responded in kind.
• John Pollock (English, ’03) and his wife, Penny, attended the Shakespeare Festival in Ashland, OR, last fall. John also spent time composing and recording music for two video programs, featuring some award-winning photographs and poetry.
• Bob Donovan (Continuing Ed, ’97) survived a near-fatal heart attack a year ago, but he and his wife, Esther, still managed to make their annual trip to Yosemite. In previous years they hiked and climbed, but this time stayed on

Continued on Page 7
In Memoriam

• Ted Norton (Political Science, '93) passed away peacefully on February 7, 2013, at the age of 90. Born in Alameda, CA, Ted’s family moved to Los Gatos just before WW II where he attended high school. His enrollment at Stanford was interrupted by the war and while serving with the US Army in Europe, he was awarded several citations, including a Purple Heart. He returned to Stanford, where he took his BA in Sociology in '47, and an LL.B in '49. He served as a staff attorney for the Assembly Judiciary Committee of the California Legislature for three years, and practiced private law for three more. In 1954 he entered the Univ. of Chicago where he took an MA and Ph.D in Political Science. He came to San Jose State in 1960, and taught there for the next 35 years. His field of expertise was Constitutional Law, which, outside the classroom, fueled his interest in academic governance. Serendipitously, he found himself at SJS just as it was being transformed from a teachers college to a major university. He helped create and shape what was to become the Academic Senate, a policy-making institution composed of faculty, administrators and students. He drafted constitutional statutes, formulated policies and resolutions, was twice elected Chair of the Senate, and served as its unofficial parliamentarian. He retired in '93 and two years later wrote a concise and fascinating work, Notes on the History of the Academic Senate, which elucidated those dramatic conflicts of the 60s which roiled the campuses and influenced the nascent organization of the Senate. Upon retirement, he was awarded the title Honorary Senator and he continued to attend meetings until he became ill about two years ago. On a modest professor’s salary, he created two endowments at SJSU. In '95 he set up a Political Science Faculty Endowment to provide grants for research, scholarships and professional development. In '04, he established the T.M. Norton Campus Endowment Fund to promote scholarly conferences, lectures, concerts, and authors/artists-in-residence. His family, consisting of two nephews, a niece, and their children, asks that in lieu of flowers or gifts, people might want to contribute to his endowments through the Tower Foundation at SJSU.

• Gabriele Rico (English/Humanities, '08) died of cancer on March 15, 2013. Born in Germany in 1937, Gabriele had an unusual childhood. She lost her mother in a bombing raid just before WW II ended. Her father, a German rocket scientist with five children to raise, married her stepmother who added four more children to the family. They moved to Huntsville, AL, after the war, and Gabriele, eager to become an American, learned to speak English in seven months, almost without an accent. She attended UC Berkeley, then SJSU as an undergraduate, earning her BA ('59) and MA ('64) in English. She taught high school for five years, then began teaching at SJSU while working on her Ph.D at Stanford ('76). Her doctoral research explored the relationship between brain function and creativity. It resulted in a writing method in which brainstorming, or “Clustering,” encouraged the right brain (the creative side) to counterbalance the left (the logical, rational side). This yielded her most important book, Writing the Natural Way (1983, 2000) which has been used in countless classrooms and translated into several languages. She has written or co-written five other books on writing and literature, and has given speeches and workshops worldwide. She was selected as SJSU’s President’s Scholar in 1986, and its Teacher/Scholar in '91. Her positive energy and enthusiasm, which made her a popular teacher and sought-after speaker, served her well throughout her struggle with three successive bouts of cancer over several years. Nonetheless, she continued working unabated on three more books and established a successful, small publishing house for the works of other writers. She leaves behind a close-knit, loving family, including her husband, Dr. Richard Ressman, three daughters and several grandchildren. Again, in place of flowers or gifts, the family encourages donations to the Rico-Ressman Endowment Fund at SJSU.

Chat Room
Continued from Page 6
the Valley floor. They’ve been going to Yosemite each May for 35 years. Bob says May is a glorious time to be there: the falls are at their fullest, the dogwood trees in bloom, the weather is warm and the Valley uncrowded. They’ve already made reservations for this coming May.
By John K. “Jack” Crane  
(Dean Emeritus, College of Humanities and the Arts, 1988 to 1998)

Most of my former colleagues know that I despised cheating and whenever possible, strove to eliminate, or at least reduce, it on campus. Now in retirement, some two score and eleven years later, I have had time to reflect on the time I cheated my country, and ultimately myself, back in 1962.

What few of my colleagues knew is that I served as an F-105 pilot in Vietnam for three months in 1966, until being called home to teach at the Air Force Academy. The Academy was short of the required percentage of doctorates on the faculty, and I had one as of September 4th of that year. Not quite proud of my service in that war, I rarely mentioned it to my colleagues at SJSU—never in fact. Now I must own up to it. I was not unhappy with the transfer back home. The F-105 was the most shot-down plane in the war, and I quite likely would have been remunerated by being a victim myself instead of escaping unharmed.

My shameless cheating, however, occurred in 1962 when I was in Flight School at George AFB (now closed) in Victorville, CA. And I humbly admit to convincing two others to prevaricate with me. We all had pilot’s licenses from our teens, but flying an F-105 is distinctly different from a Cessna 172, on which we had learned. So we had

Remembrance of Things Past

Cheating Dean

Continued from Page 5

Merc humor

Continued from Page 3

article appeared which reported on an incident involving Russian President Vladimir Putin. Putin is a well-known, physical-fitness buff who holds several advanced belts in Judo and has been photographed swimming in Siberian rivers and riding horses with his torso bared. Recently he decided to fly solo in a motorized hang-glider to accompany a flock of flying cranes or geese. Unfortunately, on landing, the glider came down roughly and the Russian president was injured, perhaps cracking a few ribs, which kept him from appearing in public for a short period. The Mercury News headline on this story was clearly tongue-in-cheek, though you probably had to be of a certain age to appreciate the pun: “Putin on the Fritz.”