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SJSU
ERFA
News

Remembrance of Things Past

Verle Waters Clark recalls a memorable character (p.4) and Hans Guth a memorable experience (p.3) from their pasts.

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

University and Academic Senate Report

Publicity for SJSU

By Peter Buzanski (Academic Senate Representative)

Perhaps never before in the history of SJSU has the university been so much in the news—both local and national news. The publicity stems from the fact that the CSU and all branches of higher education have had their state supported budgets cut right into the bone. The governor and the state legislature believe that a partial solution is to increase online education. One bill working its way through the legislature, SB 520, would compel all California Community Colleges, all CSU and UC campuses, to offer overenrolled, lower-division, general education courses online. To deal with this problem, various online programs, such as Udacity and edX, became involved and President Qayoumi held a press conference in which he was photographed with Jerry Brown and CSU Chancellor Timothy White. The story was carried on the front page of the New York Times and was featured in an hour-long Charlie Rose program on PBS. Thereafter *The Chronicle of Higher Education* featured SJSU in its coverage, as well. Finally, the SJSU Department of Philosophy wrote an open letter that was widely summarized and reproduced. It was an open letter addressed to a Harvard Professor whose lectures are available free of charge through MOOCs, the Massive Open Online Courses

avored by Qayoumi. The letter explained in cogent reasoning why the Philosophy Department unanimously rejected the free Harvard lectures.

As might be imagined, much faculty opinion was critical of these courses and Provost Ellen Junn explained to the Senate that much of the nationwide literature was misleading and untrue. Senators were relieved to be so informed, but in the aftermath are still

distrustful of the Administration. In the final Senate meeting for the 2012-13 academic year, Senators quizzed the President about these issues, and it remains to be seen just how far online education will proceed at SJSU. President Qayoumi also needed to defend his proposal to consolidate various auxiliary services like the Associated Students, Spartan Shops, the Student Union, and

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SJSU-ERFA to the rescue!

In response to a request from Eva Joice, a longtime Academic Senate Administrator, our Executive Board voted to donate \$350 of ERFA funds to the Senate to purchase a much-needed laptop computer. The need for the computer was critical and the Senate's budget was insufficient to meet it. ERFA members may like to know that their annual association dues are being put to good use.

Other good news: Peter Buzanski, our long-term

representative to the Academic Senate, was the subject of a Senate resolution this April thanking him for his many years of dedicated service and awarding him the prestigious title of Honorary Senator. Only two others have achieved that distinction: Professors Roy Young and Ted Norton. Honorary Senators do not get to vote, but because Peter continues to be our ERFA Representative, he retains his voting rights. He just doesn't get to vote twice.

calendar

October 18, 2013

Fall Luncheon
The Flames
(Speaker TBD)

(Date TBA)

Holiday Celebration
MLKing Library,
Rms 225-29

University and Academic Senate Report Publicity for SJSU

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the two foundations. This alleged cost-saving proposal resulted in a well-organized student protest, and the administration, which had planned to initiate its decision during the summer months, agreed that no decision would be made and implemented until the fall semester.

As the academic year drew to a close, significant Senate action took place. In the past, Academic Certificates have been issued by numerous departments and programs with no effective policy to assure that the SJSU

imprimatur reflected a sound academic achievement. After much deliberation, the Senate passed a policy to review and approve the process of awarding Academic Certificates. Those unable to conform to the standards would not be allowed once the policy has the president's signature and goes into effect.

Many readers will recall that the College of Humanities and Arts, under its previous dean, attempted to merge departments without faculty consultation, in violation of numerous university policies. This problem was reviewed

by the Senate Organization and Government Committee (O&G), which resulted in the dean being summarily dismissed. Meanwhile, O&G concluded that the university policy was so vague that it allowed for as much loose interpretation as Holy Scripture. As a result, O&G worked strenuously to develop a more specific policy to prevent a repetition of the previous situation. This new policy was passed with enthusiasm.

Finally, the Senate passed a measure to accommodate the Chancellor's Office demand that B.A. and B.S. degrees not exceed 120 units. SJSU has more degree programs that exceed 120 units than all other CSU campuses. The question remains what to reduce—either units in the discipline, or in general education, or in physical education (Kinesiology)—and since President Qayoumi stated he would not endorse waivers to the 120 unit policy, the best the Senate could achieve was to agree to a one-year "temporary accommodation" requiring degree programs to reduce their units to 120. The programs affected this year are those whose current requirements are between 121 and 129 units. Those with 130 or more units will have an additional year to reach the goal or find legitimate reasons why the goal is impossible to attain.

Space prevents me from discussing several other significant measures passed since my previous report, but readers who are interested are encouraged to consult the SJSU website. The link entitled *Academic Senate* will lead to all enacted policies, and another link will produce the Minutes of each Senate meeting.

SJSU ERFA Officers, 2013-14

President -- Carmen Sigler

Vice Pres. -- Joan Merdinger

Secretary -- Jo Bell Whitlatch

Treasurer -- Abdel El-Shaieb

Members at Large -- Marian Yoder
Cindy Margolin
Bill McCraw

Academic Senate -- Peter Buzanski

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Membership Wayne Savage **Consolations** -- John Pollock

Activities Dolores Escobar-Hamilton **Archivist** Lonna Smith
Barbara Conry **CSU-ERFA Reps** Don Keeseey
Bob Wilson
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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.

Remembrance of Things Past

Sharing memories with our members . . .

One Sunday morning in Germany

By Hans Guth (English)

*(An excerpt from Guth's coming memoir: **Back From Armageddon**)*

One Sunday morning in Germany, shortly after the war, I attended a first performance of Beethoven's immortal Ninth Symphony. The music ranged from rebellious anger to sweet dreamy interludes of calm after the storm. It reached its high point in the "Ode to Joy," chanted by the soloists and a large chorus in the triumphant soaring

finale. The singers, like survivors from a ship that had gone down, were asking humanity to cease its mourning and celebrate the divine power of joy. They chanted:

*Joy, beautiful spark from on high, daughter of the gods,
Inspired by your holy fire, we come into your sacred temple.
All human beings join in brotherhood under your gentle wings. . . .*

*Join in our chant of praise.
We listeners, like worshippers*

from a temple that had been razed, wanted to believe in the redeeming power of the human spirit in spite of the realities of brutishness and death. The genius composer, a practically deaf, irascible loner, had lived in a time when the merciless ideologues of the French Revolution, like today's zealots, were massacring their victims and each other. Huge armies then also had been mobilized to march into oblivion. But the virtually deaf, musical

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Spring Luncheon Images . . .

Enjoying the Spring Luncheon, clockwise from top, are Carmen Sigler (incoming President), Cindy Margolin, Susan Meyers, Frank and Pat Nichols, Bob Wilson, Dave and Pat Elliott.



Photo by Carol Christensen



Photo by Dennis Wilcox



Photo by Carol Christensen

NEW YORK CITY, 1951

HAVE BLACK BAG, WILL WALK

By Verle Waters Clark

Verle Waters Clark is Dean Emerita of Health Sciences at Ohlone College and the widow of two SJSU English professors.

When I turned 25 I decided to move to New York City. It was all so easy in those days. As a young Public Health Nurse, I wrote to the NY City Visiting Nurse Service, asking for a job, and was told I should plan to start on September 1. The salary would be \$200.00 a month.

My nursing district encompassed mostly German and Irish immigrant families. I loved my work and each day I'd set out on foot with my black bag containing a thermometer, blood pressure cuff, syringes and needles, gauze and tape, and ace bandages. There were no elevators in the apartment buildings I visited. I walked up one, two, three or four flights for each call. I detected the national origin of residents on each floor by identifying the cooking smells that permeated the stairwells: sauerbraten and sauerkraut, corned beef and cabbage, spicy goulash.

One patient stands out among the many. I remember Mr. McHale with unusual clarity because I became "emotionally involved." I put the phrase in quotes because nurses then were taught that one was to avoid becoming emotionally involved with patients. Emotional engagement with the patient's woes could endanger effective nursing services.

Nonetheless, Mr. McHale engaged me. I came to care for and about him. He was a severe diabetic, and

the disease took a heavy toll before it was brought under control. I met him when he came home from the hospital after his second leg had been amputated—he now had two stumps that stopped midway between hip and knee, and a wheelchair to replace the crutches he used when he still had one leg. He would never go outside again—the small apartment where he lived with Annie, his wife, was a third floor walkup.

But he needed to move around in the apartment, get into the small kitchen to boil his syringe and administer his insulin, use the bathroom, and sit on the tiny balcony overlooking the roofs of nearby buildings. Increasing his upper body strength so that he could hoist his stocky Irish frame from bed to chair and onto the toilet was the first order of business. He tackled the challenge with gusto and good humor, proudly showing me at each visit his increasing prowess.

I loved his lilting Irish accent, his humor, his stories, and above all, his indomitable spirit. He had been for many years the doorman at an exclusive Manhattan apartment residence. He showed me an old black and white photograph of him in his uniform, a young, handsome, strapping man with a wide grin. He chuckled through anecdotal accounts of exchanges with apartment residents who commented on his smart image, his reliability and his amusing stories.

His wife Annie was like a small bird, flitting, wispy, and busy. She shopped, went daily to church,

kept everything in its place in the small number of places there were to keep things. Mr. McHale's vision was failing and increasingly he had trouble reading the markings on the insulin syringe. I taught a reluctant Annie to sterilize the syringe and needle and prepare the injection. She was nervous and frightened, and could not bring herself to stick him with the needle. She learned to draw up the right amount of insulin, then hand it to him to inject.

As the weeks lengthened into months her behavior became increasingly erratic. She spent her days obsessively moving things from place to place, storing them in inappropriate places. Mr. McHale expressed his worries, but always thought she would be better in a few days. I watched, also concerned, feeling helpless. The diagnosis of Alzheimer's was not yet in common use—it was called Senility—and there was no treatment. Then one night Mr. McHale awoke to find she had started a bonfire in the middle of her bed. The next morning, I was

handed a telephone message from their neighbor and I hurried to their place as my first call. He was distraught, and knew that I

would need to call Home Care, the division of the hospital system that oversaw the care of indigent patients. They said she would have to be admitted, and that an ambulance would be dispatched.

It was one of those times you never forget. We sat, the three of us, on chairs at the foot of

Mr. McHale's bed, looking at the apartment door we had propped open. Nothing was said as we listened to clumping footsteps ascend the three flights. Three people in white pants and shirts squeezed into the room. Two were huge men; they looked like carbon copies of Lennie in "Of Mice and Men." The third was a tough-looking woman half the size of the men with a small mean face and short, shaggy black hair. She was clearly in charge. She stood, hands on hips, feet and legs apart, and looked us over. "Which one is the patient?" she barked. I felt clearly included in the lineup.

Annie was taken to the city mental hospital on Welfare Island. Home Care announced that without her, Mr. McHale would not be able to manage at home and would also have to be institutionalized. He objected, he pleaded, he took my hand and held it to his chest. He cried, "You have to help me, nurse. If I go to the hospital, Welfare"—also spoken of as a person, something

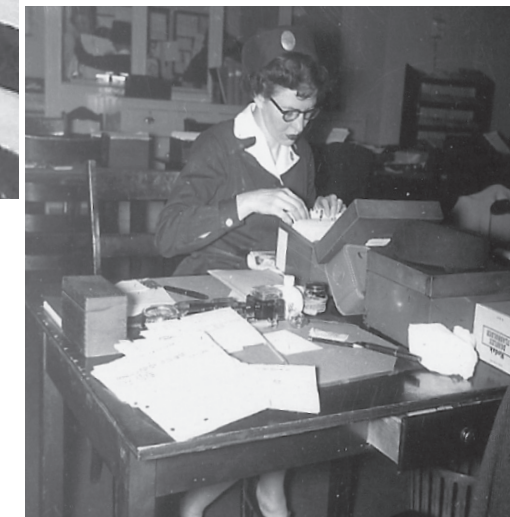
like a relative of Home Care—"won't keep this apartment for us. They'll take our things and someone else will move in. Then when Annie gets to leave the hospital she'll come back and I won't be here and there won't be any home for her to come home to."

I had to try. I asked Home Care to give us a chance to see if he could manage. He learned to draw up his insulin with the help of a syringe made for the sightless. The local priest agreed to arrange for volunteers to shop regularly and make periodic checks on his well being. His neighbor agreed to call for help if needed. Mr. McHale kept Annie's bed, her clothing and possessions in place, remarking that she would be tickled to find everything ready for her when she came home again.

The need for my visits decreased until I closed out the case, but I still stopped in occasionally to see how he was managing. I went one last time, before I moved on to another job. He had a letter from the Welfare Island hospital saying the continued hospitalization of Mrs. McHale was indicated and that her shoes had worn out and could he send another pair. He showed me the letter eagerly, which he took to imply that she might be coming home soon. He had the shoes ready to send—I said I would wrap and mail them. He chuckled as he showed me the crumpled dollar bill he had stuck down in the toe of one of the shoes. "Annie will put on these shoes," he said, "and wonder what is it that's stuck in this shoe. And when she pulls out the dollar she'll laugh and be happy and think about what she could buy at the canteen with the dollar." He laughed in the old way. I'll never forget him, or the lesson he taught me about the strength of the human spirit and the capacity to prevail.



New nurse, Verle Waters Clark with her black bag, above, and at work in New York City at right.



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

• **Cindy Margolin** (Psych/ Undergrad Studies, '04) says "Giving back to the community is now my focus." She volunteers as a Court Appointed Special Advocate (CASA), as an instructor in the school programs at UC Santa Cruz's Seymour Center (Long's Marine Lab) and is an Osher Lifelong Learning facilitator for digital photography at UCSC. All this, "in between trips to Boston to see my only grandchild, Leila, and tending my garden."

• **Beverly Waller-Wharton** (Undergrad Studies, '95) has been living in The Villages for the past 32 years and since retirement has served as President of the Cal State Retirees (Chap.23), with a membership of over 700 CSU and state civil service retirees. She also served for many years as Chair and member of CSEA Women's Committee, is still a member of Older Women's League (OWL) and a founding member of The Villages Democratic Club. A total hip replacement 14 years ago has not kept her from hiking trips with friends and a granddaughter throughout Northern California. She and her friend Monte Vernon, who lives in Santa Maria, keep busy traveling back and forth to visit each other. They planned a trip to Florida and a cruise in the Caribbean last fall.

• **Gil Guerin** (Special Education, '92) recently helped form a non-profit, member-supported corporation to assist seniors in remaining independent and in their homes. Foster City Village opened on 2/14/13. See www.fostercityvillage.org.

• **Jack Haeger** (English, '03) and **Janice Patten** maintain their house in Ben Lomond, CA, but

for the past decade they've been living in a gated community on the ocean front in northern Baja California, Mexico. They enjoy the balmy weather and the friendly, kind people (some of whom are Gringos), but remain concerned about the violence in the US.

• **Virginia Patterson Maeda** has now achieved the Big 9-0. She's still active, managing the gift shop in the Hilo Medical Center in Hawaii—a job she volunteered to do for "two weeks" back in 1985 when the hospital first opened. She's still there and the shop provides more than 20 scholarships to nursing students from two colleges. She's also been part of the Hilo Woman's Golf Club ("yes, they spell it Woman's Club") for 30 years. Her family of 15 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren keeps her busy, she says.

• **Lee Neidleman** (Marketing, '02) visited Europe again last summer with his wife Veronica. They spent three weeks in Berlin, Paris and Hungary, Veronica's birthplace, where they feasted on Hungarian delicacies prepared by her family. On their return they visited more family and friends on the east coast, capping a memorable vacation.

• **Alvin Beckett** (Accounting, '82) is now 97 and enjoys working on his stamp collection and keeping in touch with colleagues and former students. His daughter helps him with daily chores.

• **Wanna Pitts** (Biological Sciences, '92) recently fell and broke her hip. The hip was replaced and she spent six weeks in a rehab facility. She is now OK.

• **Jean Wren** (Chemistry, '06) continues to travel worldwide

with her spouse. They took a Hudson River cruise from NY City to Montreal and Quebec, and then visited family on the east coast and in Southern California. Their next planned trip: Miami to Havana, Cuba.

• **Donald Sinn** (Recreation/ Liesure Studies, '83) was recently surprised to find that his autograph ("Army Lieutenant Donald F. Sinn") is currently housed in the Raab Collection in Philadelphia. The Raab Collection is the nation's leading dealer in autographs, manuscripts and letters of world historical figures, including Abraham Lincoln, T.R. Roosevelt, John Brown—even Napoleon Bonaparte. How did Don's get there? Years ago, he received a request from a Boy Scout troop which was compiling its own collection of autographs from WW II military figures who participated in notable historic events. Don was a young lieutenant who carried the American flag that was hoist over ancient Shuri Castle on Okinawa (not the iconic one on Iwo Jima). He assisted the marine division commander who planted the flag and the Scouts wanted both their signatures for their collection. Don laughingly sent them his signature on a 3X5 index card—and promptly forgot about it. Somehow it ended up in the Raab Collection. It now reposes alongside other famous autographs, including those of Generals Marshall, McArthur, Eisenhower, Doolittle and Montgomery. He now has given his grandchildren something they can brag about.

In Memoriam

• **Felix Garcia, Jr.** (Mexican American Graduate Studies, '95) died peacefully on January 26, 2013, at his home in Albuquerque, NM, at the age of 83. Felix was born and raised in Albuquerque, attended the Univ. of New Mexico and became a school teacher. After serving in England from 1954-56 in the Army Intelligence Service, he returned to UNM while continuing to teach in the public schools, and earned his doctorate in 1971. He was hired at SJSU to teach in the Mexican American Graduate Studies Program where he became an Assoc. Professor. He was a mentor to many young Mexican American students, most of whom planned to go into the "helping professions," social work and community organizing. According to the orthodoxy of the time, to choose a profession in management, business, industry or technology seemed "self-serving" and a betrayal of minority communities and their needs. Felix, in an innovative MAGS program called the Institute for Spanish Speaking Administrators, concentrated on critical thinking, disciplined writing and leadership skills. He encouraged them to raise their sights toward law, criminal justice, public administration and higher education. He lived on campus in the Faculty Club and was available to mentor students in extended discussions over lunch or dinner and on weekends. He inspired many of them with his rigorous commitment to excellence, with his good counsel and quiet sense of humor.

• **Gordon Van Arsdale** (Division of Technology, '86) died recently after a brief illness at the age of 95. Born in Marysville, CA, "the Peach Bowl of the World," Gordon's childhood was filled with outdoor activities, hunting, fishing, rafting and camping, which

he continued throughout his life. He graduated from SJS College and became a high school shop teacher near Mr. Lassen, where he met his wife of 68 years, Betty, a fellow teacher. During WW II Gordon became a naval officer and served in the Pacific as a mine disposal and underwater demolition expert. He was awarded the Bronze, Silver and Gold Stars for bravery. In 1946 he became a professor at SJS in the Industrial Arts Department where he taught students who became secondary school shop teachers. He was affiliated with the professional organizations of Epsilon Pi Tau, Phi Delta Kappa and the Calif. Industrial Education Assoc. He spent much of his time hiking, skiing, abalone fishing and clam digging with family and friends and was active with Indian Guides and the Boy Scouts in earlier years. He traveled widely to Africa, Australia, Alaska and often to the island of Saipan. He leaves behind his wife Betty, four children and a large extended family. A memorial service will be held for him on June 8, at 2 pm, in the Spartan Memorial Chapel on campus.

• **James Cabeceiras** (Instructional Technology, '98) passed away peacefully at the age of 83. Jim was born in Fall River, MA, the youngest of six children. He left the family dairy business to go off to college and earned his doctorate at Syracuse University. He came to SJSU in 1968 and taught instructional technology in the College of Education for 30 years. On campus, he developed the Educational Television Studio where students learned the art of instructional TV production long before online instruction became popular. He published in his field of expertise and was well known beyond SJSU and California. He was a man of many interests and

hobbies (including caring for an old classic Rolls Royce), was a gourmet cook and a gracious host. He traveled extensively with his second wife of 35 years, Marty, going on many transcontinental adventures together. After retirement, they finally settled in Medford, OR, in 2004. He is survived by two of his three sons, five granddaughters and five great-grandchildren.

• **Ron McBeath** (Instructional Resource Center, '94) died on April 29, 2013, at the age of 86. Ron was born in Auckland, New Zealand, where he developed a lifelong passion for the sport of rugby. He earned a teaching credential in New Zealand, then an MA from the University of Calgary and took his doctorate in Education at USC. His major contributions were in the field of instructional technology and design, writing and editing extensively on the subject. He taught at USC, and at the Universities of Auckland and Hawaii, before coming to San Jose State. He became Director of the Instructional Resource Center at SJSU, doing innovative work in educational technology and consulting to universities and institutions abroad, including the National Library System of Turkey. In the 1960s he introduced the game of rugby to USC, and in the '70s founded similar programs at UCSC and SJSU. He promoted and supervised collegiate teams to the Pacific Western Rugby Conferences, where he was known as "Doc" to several generations of players. Married for 41 years to his wife Marjorie, with whom he traveled the world, they had four children and two grandchildren. In lieu of flowers, his family suggests that a donation in Ron's name to the San Jose State Rugby Program might be more appropriate.

Newsletter of the Emeritus and Retired Faculty Association
SAN JOSE STATE UNIVERSITY
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Return Service Requested

Remembrance of Things Past

One Sunday morning in Germany

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genius left for generations to come works of sublime, transcendent beauty, triumphing over blood, hatred, and despair.

In those same postwar years, I went to a science fiction movie that portrayed a time when the runaway technology of the human killer ape had made our planet uninhabitable.

There was still a large spaceship floating in space, carrying a vast

array of plants and seeds from Planet Earth that could be used to help colonize a new world if a habitable planet could be found. I believe that lovers of art and music feel their world has often been like that spaceship, carrying the promise of a future again fit for human habitation.



The German firebrand poet Schiller wrote the "Ode to Joy" when poets and artists championed the power of the word and eloquent image to depose

arrogant kings and repressive governments and point the way

toward a more generous future. In that truncated postwar world of ours, in those surviving or salvageable concert halls and theaters, a new cultural life was taking shape for audiences starved for messages of hope or redemption. The Americans and British had brought to our occupied, defeated nation the magical word "freedom"—the freedom to read, to stage plays, and to listen to music regardless of whether a book had the censor's seal of approval or whether the composer's parents had been Jewish or "Aryan." Theaters and concert halls were filled--and, as Goethe reminded us, "New life starts growing in the ruins."