Keeping SJSU ERFA members current on campus

By Jo Bell Whitlatch (President) and Celia Bakke (Archivist)

One of the purposes of SJSU-ERFA is to encourage our retired faculty to continue contributing to and maintaining involvement in University life. Our organization recognizes faculty achievement in numerous ways, by making our individual profiles, activities and scholarly accomplishments available to all.

In 1997, the Emeritus Faculty Association (EFA), published a sizeable compendium, *Biographies of Retired Faculty, San Jose State University, 1997: A project of the Emeritus Faculty Association of San Jose State University*. This book provides background information on over 200 retired colleagues, early members of the EFA, with photos included, and is available at the King Library, Special Collections LD729.6.S4 B56x 1997.

ERFA is now compiling biographical information electronically and maintains a Member Bios page on the ERFA web site: [http://www.sjsu.edu/emeritusfaculty/](http://www.sjsu.edu/emeritusfaculty/). Feel free to visit the Member Bios page and include your own biography.

We also encourage ERFA members to post their profile and scholarly contributions to the SJSU ScholarWorks Author Gallery at [http://scholarworks.sjsu.edu/sw_gallery.html](http://scholarworks.sjsu.edu/sw_gallery.html). This site provides a good way to share your work and get feedback from others interested in your subject area.

To create a profile, logon to [http://works.bepress.com](http://works.bepress.com) and select START YourSelectedWorksSite. If you need assistance in creating your profile, contact Celia Bakke, ERFA Archivist, at celia.bakke@sjsu.edu. Finally, if you would enjoy searching or browsing articles published in our newsletter, the ERFA News, access to copies (from 2009-2015) is available through SJSU ScholarWorks [http://scholarworks.sjsu.edu/erfa/](http://scholarworks.sjsu.edu/erfa/)

Enjoying the ERFA Fall Luncheon are Peter Buzanski and Joe and June Boudreau. More Luncheon photos inside.

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Remembrance of Things Past

On Page 4, Verle Waters Clark shares some poignant memories of the loss of her parents. And on Page 5, Betty Auchard fondly remembers her family’s celebration of Christmas during the Depression years.

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**calendar**

**Friday, December 11, 2015**

**Holiday Celebration**

3 pm to 5 pm
MLK Library, 225-229

**March, 2016**

**Spring Excursion**

Computer History Museum
(date to be determined)

**Friday, May 6, 2016**

**Spring Luncheon**

The Villages
The Search is Underway

By Peter Buzanski
(ERFA Representative to the Academic Senate)

The search for a president of SJSU is one of the first tasks awaiting the new CSU Chancellor, Timothy White. White is confronted with finding not only SJSU’s president but three others as well—Sonoma, Chico and Channel Islands. White decided to make the SJSU search the first of the four and we were presented with a timeline that indicates White wants the search to begin immediately, since it must be concluded by early March, 2016.

At the September Academic Senate meeting two faculty members were chosen to serve on the Presidential Selection Advisory Committee (PSAC). This fairly large body is now comprised of representatives from campus administration, faculty, students, staff, and alums. This PSAC met with a Trustees Search Committee on our campus in mid-October. The Committee is headed by Vice Chair of the Trustees, Rebecca Eisen. She has a B.A. degree from UC Berkeley, an M.A. from San Francisco State University and a J.D. from the University of San Francisco. She is also a partner in the law firm of Morgan Lewis of San Francisco. Her biography suggests that she is a consumer-friendly trustee with a heightened interest in CSU campuses in Northern California.

Following this meeting on the SJSU Campus, an open, two-hour forum was held in Morris Dailey auditorium. A wide variety of people offered opinions concerning what they wished to see in a new president. One overriding idea emerged, namely, to find an individual who will remain at SJSU for more than just a few years. In early December, PSAC will review paperwork from all applicants and narrow them down to eight semi-finalists. In mid-January, the Committee will meet to narrow the eight to between three and four, and the names of those will be provided to the Chancellor who, together with the entire Board of Trustees, will make the final selection by the end of February or early March, 2016.

The question arose as to whether our campus will have an opportunity to see and interview the finalists. The Chancellor’s response: if all the candidates agree then the answer is yes, but if any one refuses, the search will remain closed.

Following the PSAC meetings, Chancellor White appeared on campus for a one-hour-long forum where he spoke for half the time before opening the meeting to questions from the public. According to the Spartan Daily, White was confronted by a student who complained about high tuition
In Memoriam

• Martha Heasley Cox (English, ’89) died peacefully on September 5, 2015, in San Francisco, where she had lived for the last 22 years. Born on February 26, 1915, in Calico Rock, Arkansas, she received her BA degree in English from Lyon College in Batesville and, after teaching in secondary schools, earned her PhD at the University of Arkansas in 1955. That same year she joined the faculty at SJSU, where she taught English for 34 years. Martha taught courses in American Literature, English Composition, Drama and Film Studies. She wrote articles for many periodicals and published several books, including a Maxwell Anderson Bibliography and a study of Nelson Algren. But her most important writings were in her several textbooks, more than a half-dozen on literature and composition. One of them, A Reading Approach to College Writing went through 14 editions and was preeminent in its field. She was even more active in her service to the University and in promoting literary studies. She founded and served as first Director of the Steinbeck Research Center on campus, which later was named after her. Martha also endowed the Steinbeck Fellows Program, which brings talented writers to SJSU for a year, providing a $10,000 stipend and housing assistance. She founded and endowed the Martha Heasley Cox Lecture Series at SJSU which has brought world class authors to speak on campus, including Wallace Stegner, Arthur Miller, Toni Morrison, Norman Mailer and Joyce Carol Oates, among others. She sat on countless national and international boards related to Steinbeck studies, and to Visual Literacy and Composition. In San Francisco, she helped endow the California Book Awards at the Commonwealth Club and the “Raw Play Series” at the Magic Theatre. In 2000 she was given the Tower Award, SJSU’s most prestigious honor, awarded to one recipient each year. Martha is survived by her sister-in-law, and a niece and nephew, in Arkansas.

• Richard Cramer (History, ’96) passed away on November 17, 2015, at the age of 87. Dick was born in the small, coastal town of Bandon, OR, but his family soon moved to Portland where his father became Superintendent of Schools and later the first President of Portland State University. At the age of eight, Dick asked his father if he would support him until he earned a doctorate in history. It turned out his father would not be needed. Dick made it through to his doctorate while teaching high school and with his wife Beverly’s support. He first took his BS and MS at the University of Oregon (1950-52) and then spent two years in the Air Force as a Confinement Officer at Edwards Air Force base. (He was in charge of the brig, a job he did not feel much suited for, but managed to carry off with the backup of some very BIG corpsmen.) He took his PhD at Stanford in 1961 and came directly to SJSU where he would teach American history for 35 years. He co-authored two books, Portraits of Nobel Laureates in Peace (with John Wintterle) and a two volume work, American Humor and Humorists (with Billie Jensen), as well as several articles in respected historical journals. When he retired, Dick wrote, “My dream, at age 8 (to get a doctorate in History), was the right one for me. I taught for over 40 years and enjoyed both students and colleagues—as well as my subject. I wish the younger generations entering our profession the same satisfaction and happiness.” He was a gentle and gracious man with a quick wit and sense of humor. He needed those qualities to get through the loss of his adult son in a highway accident several years ago and, most recently, his beloved Beverly who passed away in September. He is survived by his two daughters, Cindy and Cary, and two grandchildren.
Death comes to my parents

Verle Waters Clark
(An associate member of SJSU-ERFA, Verle is a retired Dean of Health Sciences at Ohlone College.)

I had not strolled through this particular part of my memory museum before, recalling and recapturing what I saw and felt when first my mother, then my father, died. That visit gave me a chance, once again, to value them.

My mother, Hannah Adeline East, brought all seven of us adult siblings closer together by initiating what became a series of our 50th birthday celebrations. Mine was first, engineered by Mom on a July day in 1976 and held at our parental home on the shores of Lake Mille Lacs in Minnesota. The fun we all had made us know a pattern had begun. My younger sister Ellen, who had been born on a wintery Minnesota day, would celebrate her fiftieth birthday in December, 1978. We were primed and ready to have a good time roasting Ellen, the quiet one. We came from California, Wisconsin, the Twin Cities and Duluth. We were headed for the home we all knew, where our mother was preparing a weekend of good eating. In the middle of her kitchen she suffered a heart attack and was taken to the small local hospital. She was eighty years old.

The image of our first get-together on that fateful weekend is still vivid. We are in the small local hospital that consists of a few rooms, a few beds, and little else. We seven form a semi-circle around her bed. Her skin is slightly blue, her breathing labored despite the oxygen tube reaching down her throat. Daddy sits on a chair as close as he can get, one arm across her chest. We hold hands, wipe tears from our eyes, blow noses. She slips away.

That evening we have a brief, muted birthday party for Ellen, knowing that our mother would insist we do what we came to do. Ellen says yet today that she considers Mom’s entrance into Heaven (Ellen believes in Heaven) on her birthday to be her gift from Mom. I know Ellen looks forward to a reunion.

Our father was devastated. For a period of time one or another of us remained with him. Brother Glen had just retired, and he became manager, initiating a “black lung” pension that my father was qualified to receive from lung damage acquired in the Illinois coal mines of his youth.

As our parents neared old age, there had been conversations among us kids about their death. We hoped Dad would die first because Mom would be better at living alone. Our mother even expressed that opinion. Dad was competent in the outside world but personal and household management was not his thing. But now it was he who was left alone. He was bereft in every sense of the word, but he was also clear—he would stay in their home and take care of things.

I flew back to spend time with him and my memory museum reveals a late summer day, now six or seven months after our mother’s death. Daddy says, “The peaches are in season, honey, and your mother always bought a crate, cut them up, and put them in the freezer. While you’re home you can show me how to do that.” We went to the grocery store in town to buy needed supplies. In the store Dad stopped to talk to a friend, a woman whose husband had died around the same time as my mother. Dad told her that “peaches are in season and I’ve got to get them ready for the freezer.” She replied, “Oh, with Bud gone, I don’t do that anymore.” Shaking her head, she said, “What’s the use?” He mumbled something about how the peaches would taste in January and turned away. We spent the afternoon fixing peaches for the freezer and I took to heart one more lesson from my Dad.

He lived eleven years after my Mother’s death, managing well enough. He flew to San Jose twice—he had had little experience flying, but did it. Once we drove south and took a boat cruise around the Channel Islands. He climbed ladders from boat to land with agility. Another time we drove to the Central Valley to see a long-ago acquaintance from their struggling farm years, now living in a small town trailer park. The two ninety year olds sat in rocking chairs, rocking and remembering.

Dad was physically active and mentally competent until the last months of his ninety-sixth
By Betty Auchard  
(Associate member of SJSU-ERFA and author of two books—see bettyauchard.com.)

As usual, Christmas at our house in 1940 was thrifty. There was something under the tree for Bobby, Patty, Mom, Dad and me that we had made by hand.

Gifts were always practical with no frills. Luxuries were called “extras,” and my family never bought extras, so I tried not to hope for them. But just in case, I turned down corners of the catalog anyway.

The Sears Roebuck catalog was my favorite book of all time. I wanted to give a book report at school because there were tons of pictures that kept a person’s eyes busy forever.

I longed for a lacy sweater and showed Dad the picture. He said, “A kid could freeze to death in a sweater like that.” Then I showed him the page with pink angora socks and he had more to say. “A poor girl wearing angora anklets shows bad taste.”

I had no idea where my dad got such notions. I think he made up a lot of stuff.

But, thank God for Auntie Marge, our fairy godmother, who had no children of her own. We were her favorite poor kids. She believed in owning all the unnecessary extras a person could afford. She called Dad one year and said, “Bassle, before Christmas I’m coming to pick up the children and take them shopping.” That day, what she had in mind was taking us three kids to buy presents for our parents. She gave each of us some money to stick in our pockets, and we drove to Kresge’s dime store on First Avenue and Third Street, the only place in Cedar Rapids where you could buy anything decent for under a dollar. I bought lavender scented talcum powder for Mom and a hanky for Dad. Then I bought some multicolored embroidery thread and sewed the letters D-A-D in the corner and included this note in my best Palmer Method handwriting: “Dad, do not blow your nose on the embroidered letters. It will make them full of snot.”

On Christmas Eve, after we three kids fell asleep, Dad knew that most of the tree lots closed before supper and most of them left a sign that read ANY TREE FREE. MERRY CHRISTMAS. A few other poor people were looking for trees, too, and he had a whole lot to choose from. Dad returned with the largest one he could find and our parents decorated it so quietly we never knew it was happening.

A decorated tree on Christmas morning was always our most important gift and the glorious sight had magically appeared while we slept. There were lights of every hue, wrinkled tinsel, and packages placed on the floor beneath the branches. Best of all was the fragrance of the forest right in our own house.

No rich kid could have been happier than I was that Christmas.

The Most Important Gift  
(Continued on Page 7)
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

- Pat Nichols (Linguistics/Lang. Development, ’02) is currently researching the early beginnings of corporate agriculture and its use of enslaved workers in her native state of S. Carolina. As a member of the Santa Clara County Food System Alliance, she also lectures and writes about the value of locally grown food, and supports fair wages for those who grow, distribute and prepare it.
- Ada Loewer (widow of Bob Loewer, Marketing, ’89) celebrated her 80th birthday on June 20th at the Creekside Cabana Club. The party was orchestrated by her daughter Cynthia Loewer Torres. Her son also came from Indiana to attend the happy event.
- Ann Fountain (Foreign Languages, ’12) became President Elect this year of the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese (AATSP), which means she’ll become President in 2016.
- Jane Day (Mathematics, ’10) and her husband, Walter, are both in good health and traveling. She went to Florida in the summer to visit family and in the fall they attended a reunion of Walter’s shipmates from the J.C. Owens. After that, to Ashland, OR, to take in the plays.
- Kathleen Carmona (Special Ed, ’96) still teaches in the Resource Program at Our lady of Guadalupe School in Fremont. She vacationed with relatives in the states of Washington, Colorado and New Jersey this year and seriously considered a river boat cruise this past summer.
- Audrey Unruh and her son Danny will be going to Winter Park, FL, this December. They enjoy spending the holidays at the town’s Christmas in the Park, where they hear concerts of Christmas music and enjoy viewing the back-lit Tiffany windows in the Morse museum.
- Mike Sproule (Comm. Studies, ’01) says “The books I use and (Continued on Page 8)
The Search is Underway

(Continued from Page 2)

search committees underway to find applicants. Interim President Sue Martin made clear her policy, that finalists for those positions should await the selection of the next SJSU president who will make those decisions.

The most important gift

Continued from Page 5

morning.
Mom started the coffee and Dad disappeared to the basement to crank up the furnace. It was a special day and we all deserved more heat. We three kids dragged our blankets to the living room and hunkered down to take it all in. The smell of coffee brewing, and the sounds of carols playing on the radio enhanced the moment, but once we felt heat wafting through the vents, Christmas morning became all that we ever hoped it could be.

Warmth seeped through the house so we threw blankets aside and found packages with our names on them and started removing the wrapping paper. Mom said, “Take that paper off ever-so-carefully so ya don’t tear it to pieces.” What a happy mess! We took turns playing with each other’s presents because it felt like getting more than just one each. Before things got too messy, we all helped Mom smooth and fold the gift paper so she could save it for next year.

After that we wore ourselves out playing our new games together. We had Bingo, Old Maid, and Authors. The pictures of the authors from olden days were strange but interesting.

I was captivated by their fancy, three-part names like Robert-Louis-Stevenson and Henry-Wadsworth-Longfellow. I felt intelligent when I said, “Bobby, do you have the card “Little Women” by Louisa-May-Alcott?”

My family eventually got occupied with other things, so I stretched out on the floor under the tree, lying face up with my head close to the trunk and my nose nudging the lower branches. I closed my eyes and inhaled the perfume of pine. It smelled so good I could taste it. Then I gazed straight up the center through all the tinsel at my warped reflection in the shiny, colored balls. On the balls I looked strange with my face all twisty and warped, so I closed my eyes and became something else: a Christmas star, a bug in a forest, a girl who believed in fairies. Music in the air, snow on the garden, and lying under a tree that had decorated itself transported me to my favorite place…the land of make-believe.

Mom said that at ten-years of age, I was too old to be stretched out on the floor with half my body sticking out like that, so I never let her know what I was really doing. I was the only one in the family who KNEW our Christmas tree was enchanted—so I was on the lookout for a real...live...Christmas elf.

Story and illustration by Betty Auchard
(Continued from Page 6)
check out of the King Library usually lack the newest bar codes on the outside back cover—so I’m glad to hear of efforts to control ‘de-selection’ in the Library.”
• Benton White (Religious Studies, ’92) plays golf three times a week and he and Mary Lou still travel on occasion. Benton continues working on a book about American religion in the 21st Century and how its institutional expressions differ from the past.
• Cindy Margolin (Psych/Undergrad Studies, ’04) remains as busy as ever. In her local community (Santa Cruz) she advocates for children through CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocates) and teaches marine science to children at the Seymour Discovery Center. She is also acting Treasurer of the Osher Lifelong Learners Institute while facilitating a digital photography interest group in that organization. Finally, she took part in an interfaith peace mission to Israel last fall.
• David Asquith (Sociology, ’10) claims to be doing nothing in particular: “Saw our two kids married in the last couple of years. No major travel. I putter in our yard and also refurbish second-hand furniture to stay busy, especially rocking chairs. Give the finished articles to family, neighbors and friends. My wife Debbie recently retired, so one suspects a bit more travel and roaming may be coming soon.”
• Marjorie Fitting Gifford (Mathematics, ’92) has moved into a new home in Hawaii. This one “has no stairs, only one floor. I’ve downsized but still have room for visitors.”

Special news from and about our members. Edited by Gene Bernardini