

SILVER BULLETIN

Newsletter of CSU, Sacramento Emeritus Association

Fall - 2002

Introduction: Gene Sahs, Professor Emeritus, California State University, Sacramento, has recently been hospitalized because of a stroke which paralyzed the left side of his body. He is now in his fourth rehab facility. He has provided these vignettes to inform his family, friends and emeritus faculty about life in a skilled nursing MOW. With his inimitable wit and charm, he is a keen observer of life in that environment. Alan D. Wade, Editor

VIGNETTE I: A DAY IN PARADISE

As I lay there stretching and thinking that this was another day in paradise, I was further awakened by loud yelling in the hallway just outside my door. It seems as if two women wanted to turn the same hallway corner at the same time and were blocking each other's progress. They were screaming at the top of their voices, "Get out of my way, you bitch"! Compounding this ruckus were two other women physically fighting over possession of a bed. It seems that the bed had been assigned to one of the women when the other came in thinking it was her bed, and therefore climbed in and refused to leave. Meanwhile my caregiver, a petite female, said, "Oh dear, I'm going to have to do something about this." While I lay there wondering about her safety and success, she returned saying, "It's all taken care of." Indeed, all was silent on all fronts.

And then, I began to speculate, "One could go nuts in a setting like this." And then I thought, I can't go there because the staff already treats me as if I'm nuts.

VIGNETTE II: THE FIRST BREAKFAST LIQUID DIET

We knew something was amiss when staff began to report cash flow problems in the kitchen. Then arguments began to break out between kitchen and other staff. It was noticeable at my level when raisins were no longer seen in the breakfast oatmeal, and when they began to water down the hot cereal.

The process continued until one day the oatmeal was so watery that the care giver poured it into a foam cup and suggested that I drink my breakfast. It was at this point that I knew I had to get out.

VIGNETTE III: TABLE NUMBER FOUR

After the breaded veal cutlets were served the dining room became strangely quiet except for the din at table number four. The four occupants at this table are all grey haired elderly ladies with physical disabilities. Resident #4 is severely disabled being able only to navigate slowly with her wheel chair. Resident #2, I refer to as the Antagonist because she has the capacity to antagonize almost everybody. The main difference is that her disability is one step closer to dementia than the others. As a result she is more inclined to lash out at anybody else and she has her own way of doing things. For example, she always wants to leave the table in a counter-clockwise direction. This puts her in constant conflict with resident #3 whom I affectionately call the "Devil Lady." She, the Devil Lady, will start an argument with anybody at the drop of a hat. In monitoring her activities it appears that she will rapidly back off, and with a smile terminate the argument. She befriends many of the other residents by reading the newspaper to them, and sticks up for them when they need it. (Continued on page 2)

RESERVE THIS DATE: NOVEMBER 8, 2002

CSUS EMERITUS ASSOCIATION FALL DINNER

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 2002

SPEAKER: BOB METCALF

FULL DETAILS ON PAGE 7

Vignettes, continued from page 1

The reason for the din on this particular date was that the Antagonist arrived early, took her regular spot, and then proceeded to gather up the silverware, napkins, and juices, as if for her own use. I glanced over just in time to see the Protagonist stand up and begin to gather back the silverware and napkins, precipitating a violent outburst. In the middle of this, the Antagonist, with fork in hand, proceeded to lunge at the Protagonist. Fortunately, the Antagonist has very limited motion and predictably the arm with the fork in fist swung harmlessly through the air and crashed into the table top, whereupon just as predictably the Devil Lady smiled and said, "OK, I'm sorry I was ever born. So, go fight with my mother."

The Devil Lady was the first woman to talk to me here. She only said, "I'm 84 and I can't have any babies anymore." Taken aback, I could only respond weakly, "I don't think I can help you with that." End of quotes and also end of conversation.

Post Script

Question #1: Aren't you being a bit hypocritical by poking fun at the very people you want to defend? Answer: Not in the least. Strokes affect everybody differently without regard for age, race, etc. The people in here are very much like us. In fact, they are us. I have been observing behavior without casting moral judgement upon that behavior.

Question #2: What can you tell us about strokes? Answer: Probably very little. Except that it wipes out everything in the brain that has accumulated (typically all functions related to the left side or right side of the body).

Gene's comments on insurance and coverage: If you have a stroke, be sure to bring lots of money. We carried Kaiser Disadvantage (sic) as well as PERS-Long Term Care Policy. To our dismay, Kaiser placated the Feds by strictly enforcing Medicare policy. They suddenly cut me off from all benefits because I was not making enough progress. Even on appeal from my personal physician, they extended my therapy by only one week. Similarly PERS paid up only after extensive prompting: call, and call and call. The calls got lost, ignored, etc. For example, eight months after the onset of my stroke they finally notified me that I no longer had to pay the premium and provided a small refund.

You should have at least \$5,000 cash. Update on Gene Sahs: Gene has recently returned home after an intensive period of rehabilitation at Kaiser's Vallejo facility; he is now progressing at home with the support of his wife Marjorie. He is expecting to face more surgery in the near future. (Ed. Note)

Bob Phillip's Peregrinations Bob Phillips, Emeritus, Geography

I continue to travel quite a bit, this year spending the January 2 - March 20 period in Asia. Much of the time was in Thailand, where I am attached to Khon Kaen University. Lee Kavaljian was there for a while after traveling elsewhere in Thailand.

In early January Kua and I went to Bali for a few days. Nice, but full of tourists. Later I traveled around quite a bit of Cambodia with a photographer. It is possible now to travel over a lot of the country on good paved highways or even air-conditioned boats. At the end of the month I went to Ho Chi Minh to hook up with Bob Curry and scout out a tour for the coming winter.

Most of February was spent in various parts of Thailand, with one week in Laos visiting friends. Laos has always been an endearing country and now Vientiane has become a very pleasant city.

In March we went to India for a couple of weeks, exploring the northeast and organizing tours to Nagaland. We also traveled over much of Sikkim. Spectacular country, and there are days when you see no other tourists. Southeast Asia is never boring, having such complex cultures and wide variety of peoples. Endlessly interesting. The other 40% of the time I'm on my play farm in Oregon.

A READER WONDERS

The following thoughts concerning CSUS practice in the designation of Emeritus faculty come from a reader.

"Why is it that the practice at CSUS seems to be to place the term "emeritus" in front of a retired faculty member's last name, rather than following it, as is the practice at most universities? More recently, the designation seems to have been changed in the campus directory to "emeritus faculty." Who makes these decisions? Why are we out of step?"

To me, "emeritus faculty" designates the retiree's former job status, not his/her rank or title. It is as if one were designated "emeritus kitchen staff," rather than "executive chef emeritus." There is a difference here, and I believe it is important.

Were the faculty, retired or otherwise, consulted in this matter? Can something be done now to put CSUS in step with most other serious academic institutions?" (Ed. Note) Does anyone care? Let us hear from you.

CSU-ERFA - A SEPARATE BUT IMPORTANT ORGANIZATION

With so many new local retirees on the scene, it is time once again to send out a reminder that the modest \$10 per year cost of "joining" the CSUS Emeritus Association does not make you a member of the California State University Emeritus and Retired Faculty Association.

The latter is our statewide body, which performs services for all retired CSU faculty. The local association urges everyone to join the statewide group. Their quarterly publication is filled with news of value to all retirees. To join, write to:

CSU-ERFA - The Retiree Center
18111 Nordhoff Street
Northridge, CA 91330-8339

Job Status of 1992 'Golden Handshake' Retirees

The following article should be of interest to many of us who retired in 1992. We have since that time lived with the impression that we were not to darken the doors of our respective campuses as temporary or part-time teachers. Now it seems that we can-if anyone still wants us. The article appeared in the Summer 2002 issue of the CSUERFA Reporter.

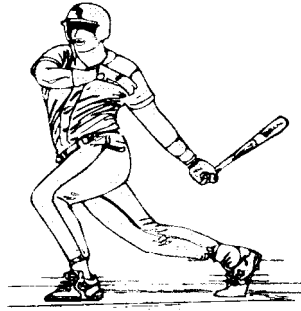
We are pleased to report that some of the final paragraphs on CSU-ERFA's efforts to restore the 1992 "golden handshake" faculty retirees to the same postretirement employment status as their colleagues enjoy have now been written by the CalPERS general counsel. After continuing "pulling and hauling" by CSU-ERFA, and with significant assistance by Bill Crist, the CalPERS Board president, the general counsel has sent a letter to Milt Dobkin endorsing his interpretation of the legal status affecting 1992 faculty retirees. In part, the letter reads: "We have conducted an in-depth review of the legislative history of both statutes (Ref. Gov. Code Sec. 20822 and Ed. Code Sec. 22732 which applied AB 1522 of 1992), and, although the statutory language appears to express an intent that the forfeiture provisions would be permanent, we have found no statutory authority that would keep those provisions in force after the sunset date of June 30, 1993. Consequently, we have determined that you are correct, and we will revise the next printing of publication number 33 accordingly."..... "Publication Number 33" is the current CalPERS booklet titled "Employment after Retirement." It is distributed to all CSU campus Human Resources (personnel) offices.

Because the reprinting is not likely to be issued soon, any CSU-ERFA members who retired in 1992 and who are considering employment may wish to have a copy of the CalPERS letter to show to an appropriate campus appointing authority who may not be aware of the repeal of prior law. Members should also be aware that the penalty for violating the prior prohibition (sacrifice of "golden handshake" benefits) was only enforced by CalPERS which administers retirement benefits. If any affected member needs assistance with advice or a copy of the CalPERS letter, help can be obtained from the CSU-ERFA office (contact Linda Zimmerman) or Milt Dobkin ([e-mail: milton @humboldt11.com](mailto:milton@humboldt11.com)) or call: 707-822-2064.

PETER SHATTUCK'S TRAVEL CORNER

Since I was old enough to follow baseball, the late Ted Williams, (Theodore Samuel Williams), b. 1918, San Diego, CA, bats left, throws right) had been my hero, as those of you familiar with my e-mail address will know. After the "Splendid Splinter" returned from service in World War II, I watched him play at Fenway Park in Boston, usually against teams like the Washington Senators or the St. Louis Browns. My son Arthur inherited my fandom (he has even gone to the Ted Williams Hitters Museum in Florida), and this June we made what can best be described as a pilgrimage: two games at Fenway, and then three nights at Cooperstown, New York, site of the Baseball Hall of Fame.

"Fenway Park, in Boston, is a lyric little bandbox of a ballpark," wrote John Updike. The grass remains as startlingly green, the left field wall still looms as high as center conceal the relief pitchers, and the along YawkeyWay, remains as Robert Parker and sons, and overweight women in plastic pods of young white guys already half-sunburned arms." All that, and the smell of some of its lyricism. Inside, compared to Fenway is cramped and dirty. The amenities of modern fields, and the only fortyyear-old son fulfilled one of life's with my father, and his father, and, as Donald Baseball is the generations, looping back memorably phrased it, baseball "breaks your heart. It is designed to break your heart." The Arizona Diamondbacks, for goodness sakes, beat our Red Sox two straight 3-2 and 7-3



it did in my childhood, the bullpens in right CITGO sign hasn't changed. The approach, described it, "Outside, there were fathers mesh baseball hats, and scalpers, and gassed, and a couple of old cops with sausages grilling. But the park has lost places like PacBeli or Camden Yards, concourses, crowded with standees, lack beer sold is "lite". Still, being there with my requirements. I had watched games there Hall wrote, "Baseball is fathers and sons. forever....." And, as Bart Giamatti most

Boston, of course, is more than Fenway Park. We stayed on Newbury Street, lined with shops and bars and restaurants, and filled with a marvelous diversity of people, something like Union Street in San Francisco or Robson Street in Vancouver. There had to be a lobster dinner, whatever it cost. Each morning, I walked down the mall between the lanes of Commonwealth Avenue, past the statues of Daniel Webster, William Lloyd Garrison, and even Samuel Eliot Morrison. Further on, the walkway emerges into the Public Gardens, with the swan boats, and then to the Boston Common. At the head of the Common, across from the State House, I revisited Augustus St. Gauden's magnificent bas relief showing the African-American soldiers of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and their Colonel, Robert Gould Shaw, the subjects of the film Glory. I could have gone on to follow once more the Freedom Trail past Old South Church and on to Faneuil Hall, but this really was supposed to be a baseball trip.

Four hours west of Boston, via the Massachusetts Turnpike and the New York Thruway, we came to Cooperstown. Baseball fans must go to the Hall of Fame. The parallels may seem extreme: Muslims must seek Mecca, Chaucer's pilgrims were drawn to the Canterbury, medieval Christians trekked to Santiago de Compostela. But the main room at the Hall not coincidentally echoes the shape of a basilica, and the glass-fronted cabinets tracing the history of the game are filled with relics of the secular saints of the diamond.

As Donald Hall wrote, "Baseball is fathers and sons. Baseball is the generations, looping back forever..." And as Bart Giamatti most memorably phrased it, "baseball breaks your heart. It is designed to break your heart."

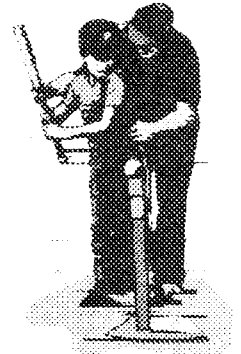
Ted Williams is there, along with a wildly eccentric display of variously colored baseballs showing what percentage he would hit depending on the location of each possible pitch. So are all the other heroes of the past two centuries, from Abner Doubleday to-- almost Barry Bonds.

(Continued on page 5)

Shattuck's Travel Corner, continued from page 4

Exhibits from the first hundred years convey something of a 1950s sensibility: Babe Ruth had a "disease," not cancer, and Ty Cobb might never have beaten up a disabled fan. The material on Jackie Robinson is more realistic, and the recently installed segment covering the Negro Leagues reflects contemporary scholarship.

We had two days in Cooperstown. My son spent both of them at the Hall of Fame; as a former American historian, I devoted a day to the town of founder William Cooper and his son, the novelist James Fenimore Cooper. Guided by UC Davis historian Alan Taylor's wonderful book, *William Cooper's Town*, I sought out traces of the 19th century village. In the Art Museum, I looked with fascination at relics of the Cooper family. I gazed out at the lovely lake which the younger Cooper had christened "Glimmerglass," and yes, in the afternoon sun, it did indeed glimmer.



The Farmer's Museum, filled with touring schoolchildren, gave me a physical reminder of the agricultural republic of the pre-Civil War era. The town itself, with its deep green trees and shrubs, its slow pace, its single traffic fight, provided a comforting contrast to the Sacramento summer to which we returned.

Doris Kearns Goodwin reminds us that baseball can be about fathers and daughters, and mothers and sons. For me, though, it has been what Donald Hall defines: "Baseball is fathers and sons playing catch, lazy and murderous, wild and controlled, the profound archaic song of birth, growth, age, and death." It was played out in our minds long before we actually departed. I recommend both journeys.

John Dewey on America and War

From the Kettering Foundation's Friday Letter:
...excerpt from an article about John Dewey:

"Dewey had defended President Wilson's intervention in the First World War and had been dismayed by its results. A burnt child who shunned the fire, he clung thereafter to an old fashioned sense that an American "resort to military force is a first sure sign that we are giving up the struggle for the democratic way of life, and that the Old World has conquered morally as well as geographically-succeeding in imposing on us its ideals and methods."

MARINA SNOW RECEIVES AWARD

Marina Snow's novel *The Walking Wounded* has received the Best First Novel award in 2001-2002. The recognition came from the Bay Area Independent Publisher's Association book award program. Marina, (Librarian Emeritus) tells the *Silver Bulletin* that she is currently hard at work on her second novel.

Our congratulations to Marina, and best wishes for her continued success in a most competitive activity!

In Memoriam

Alice G. Bonds - Social Work - 1968-1988
G. Ward Finley - Music - 1966-1992
Jack Mrowka - Geography - 1986
Vishnu Agaskar - Civil Engineering - 1970

NOTICE!!

ANNUAL DUES OF \$10.00 ARE DUE NOW. PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DUES WITH YOUR RESERVATION FOR THE FALL DINNER.

Editor's Wisconsin Kin Dedicates a Poem to All Aging Athletes, with apologies to Lewis Carroll

**A LEGEND IN HIS OWN MIND
By Mel Wade, Senior Olympian**

"You are old, Senior Olympian", the young man said,
"And your hair is exceedingly white.
And yet you play tennis from morning to night.
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," said the sage, "I tried to find out
Just how could my life be invested?"
"Get into the rackets", The Godfather said,
"So I followed just what he suggested."

"You are old," said the youth, "and I couldn't help note
You seem to be starting to drool.
Has this something to do with the hours you spend
Swimming lap after lap in the pool?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I was forced by my folks
To choose between swimming and tennis.
So I soon got a job as delivery boy
For a large pizza parlor in Venice."

"You are old," Senior Olympian, "yet in catching the ball,
You play softball with deftness unique.
Can I ask you, pray tell, how you developed so well,
Using such an abnormal technique?"

"In my youth I caught flies", the old man replied,
"Til my hands were exceedingly messy
All in the hopes of learning the ropes
For recruitment by Otto Palesse."

"You're a star, dear old dad, in fashion as well,
So I want to hear what are the trends.
So please let me know, is it boxers or briefs?
What's that you're saying, 'Depends?'"

"You are old, Senior Olympian, and compete every year
And yet you can't seem to win.
You gave up your naps so you could run laps.
Are you quite off your rocker again?"

"We have heard", said the son, some doubt in his voice,
"Of your glorious wins in the past.
Did you win all those races at record time paces
Or were you perhaps just half fast?"

"It is true", said the legend, as he gloried in fame,
"You can trust all my exploits because
The older I get, the better I am
And of course, all the better I was."

"You are old", said the son, "and your medals are few
Yet you still have your eye on the prize.
Although you are fragile, you still are quite agile
And your rivals are dropping like flies."

"My competitive thrill may be over the hill
And soon I will be very old
If I play enough years, I will run out of peers
And then I can 'go for the gold'."

NEW BOOK CLUB ANNOUNCED

The Friends of the Library and our Emeritus Association announce their joint sponsorship of a book club for emeritus faculty. The club held its first session on October 10 to discuss Richard Russo's Empire Falls, and, from all reports, the discussion was lively and enlightening.

The club meets the second Thursday of every month in the Emeritus Room, fourth floor of the library, and the next meeting will be November 14. The topic will be Diane McWhorter's Carry Me Home. If you plan to attend, please contact Mary Reddick at: 278-4045, mreddick@csus.edu.

Bob Metcalf to Speak on Solar Cooking Around the World
By Alan Wade, Editor

Bob Metcalf, CSUS Professor of Biological Sciences, will be the main speaker at the Annual Fall Dinner of the CSUS EMERITUS Association on Friday, November 8. (don't forget to send in your check and reservations)

Professor Metcalf has been a member of the CSUS faculty since 1970, having arrived on campus as a newly minted Ph.D. in microbiology from the University of Wisconsin. During his more than three decades on the Capitol Campus he has been known for his multiple contributions to campus life. He has received several academic awards, including an outstanding teacher award in 2001. I recall receiving a report from one of my students who was enrolled in one of Bob's introductory biology classes. She said that regularly, after one of his classes, she would excitedly report to her family at the end of the day: "Guess what we did in Dr. Metcalf's class today!"

Metcalf has been well known for interests other than teaching, although the latter have been central to his academic life. He has been active throughout his CSUS tenure in the struggle for faculty rights and dignity, and for his courageous stands against administrative mismanagement and corruption. Most recently he has been a leader in the CFA's long struggle for a contract.

In addition to his academic pursuits, Bob has been the No. 1 fan of Hornet intercollegiate athletics almost since his arrival on campus. I suspect that, if one were to add up Bob's total attendance, game by game over the years at campus sporting events - especially football, men's and women's basketball, and volleyball-the sum would at least equal the total attendance of all other faculty put together. While he has been a frequent, insightful critic of athletics at CSUS, there is no one person on campus who has been more enthusiastic in his support for the teams and players.

We have asked him to be our featured speaker on an entirely different topic from those mentioned above solar cooking. Bob Metcalf has been the mainspring behind the development of solar cookers as an alternative to fuel wood in many third world countries, and has developed a useful and cheap device for testing the temperature of water for pasteurization.

He has personally traveled to 18 different third world countries advocating and teaching about the values of solar cooking and water pasteurization. He spent six weeks this past summer in refugee camps in Tanzania, and will draw upon these experiences for what will be a most interesting presentation.

CSUS EMERITUS ASSOCIATION FALL DINNER

DATE: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 2002

RECEPTION: 6:15 - 7:00 P.M. IN THE FOREST SUITE, UNIVERSITY UNION

DINNER: 7:00 - 9:00 P.M. IN THE ORCHARD SUITE, UNIVERSITY UNION

Please choose one entree offering and write in the number of persons for each choice:

GRILLED CHICKEN WITH TOMATO CONCASSE _____ 2 _____ **\$16.00**

VEGETARIAN LASAGNA _____ **\$16.00**

NAME: _____

STREET ADDRESS: _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

**PLEASE RETURN THIS SHEET WITH YOUR PAYMENT, WHICH MAY ALSO INCLUDE YOUR
 2002-2003 DUES OF \$10.00 TO:**

BOB BESS - 2034 PROMONTORY POINT LANE - GOLD RIVER, CA 95670 - PHONE: 635-1405

DEADLINE FOR RESPONSE: MONDAY. NOVEMBER 4. 2002

**Emeritus Association #117480
California State University, Sacramento
6000 J Street
Sacramento, CA 95819-6026**



**EMERITUS ASSOCIATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
2002-2003**

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NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

The Silver Bulletin will be much more interesting (and maybe more fun) if more members will send news items (about you and your colleagues) to Alan Wade, Editor - 2915 - 25th Street - Sacramento, CA 95818 (E-mail and fax listed above) Photos from trips etc., can be included and will be used if space permits. (Black and white photos are best - and they really add to a story)

ATTENTION: Articles for the Spring, 2003 issue of the Silver Bulletin should be in the editor's hands by: MARCH 5, 2003