



RETIRES
American Federation
of Teachers

AFTerwords

NEWSLETTER • LOCAL 2373
ROWAN UNIVERSITY
201 Mullica Hill Rd., Glassboro, N.J., 08028

Reception Lauds Rose Glassberg's 25th Anniversary as Retirees Chapter President

Excitement mounted as the 12 o'clock hour approached for this year's extra special Recent Retirees/Welcome Back Reception on September 5, 2018.

The event not only welcomed three new retirees into the Chapter, Dr. Harold Lucius, Marjorie Morris, and Larry DePasquale, but also celebrated the 25th Anniversary of Rose Glassberg as President of the Retirees Chapter.

Special guests and dignitaries from both the university and community at large had already arrived before the noon hour on the bright September day and were greeting one another in the sunny hallway outside Room #144 of the Mark Chamberlain Student Center, where the Reception was about to take place.

Rowan President Dr. Ali Houshmand and Dr. Joanne Connor, President's Chief of Staff, along with Dr. James Newell, Rowan Provost/Senior Vice President of Academic Affairs were welcoming dignitaries to the campus.

A smiling State Senate President Stephen Sweeney had just arrived, with his entourage and video camera man who would record the sessions featuring the Senator and Dr. Glassberg. Dr. Steve Young, Executive Director of the Council of New Jersey State College Locals was chatting with Rowan friends, as was Robert Schiavinato, South Jersey AFL-CIO Political Director.

Lori Marshall, Asst. Vice President of University
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Senate President Stephen Sweeney presents a Proclamation from the New Jersey State Senate praising the accomplishments of Rose Glassberg. Senator Sweeney said: "As a union leader, she also fought for her teachers. And as a university professor, she taught future teachers. If that wasn't enough, in retirement through the AFT Retired Group she has raised thousands of dollars for scholarships. Rose Glassberg is simply the best of the best." Photo by Craig Terry

Two Gillespies in Verona: Another Adventurous Trip to Italy

On one of our trips to Italy, my wife, Mary, and I spent two weeks in Verona. We flew to Frankfurt and then to Venice, where a driver we had arranged for met us at the airport.

The 75-mile journey on the Autosstrada was a scary ride, most of it at 80 to 85 miles per hour. But we arrived safely at the residence hotel in downtown Verona where we had rented an apartment.

The two-room, one-bath apartment was spacious, but the 2-foot-by-2-foot shower was not built for me. It was impossible to bend over without opening the door. So, to wash our legs and feet, that's exactly what we had to do. We asked the person at the desk if there was an apartment with a larger shower. She said no and added that Pavarotti

often stayed there during the annual opera season and never complained about the shower. She admitted that he stayed in the manager's apartment but insisted that that shower was the same size.

Because of the shower situation, we looked around the city for something else but did not find anything suitable and decided to stay where we were. Over the two-week stay, we grew to enjoy the miniature shower's challenge.

One other interesting hotel feature was the clothes dryer. The contraption, which Mary quickly mastered, required that after every load, she had to empty a container of water that captured the moisture from the clothes.

(Continued on Page 4)

Dr. Donald J. Farish, Former Rowan University President, Dies

Donald J. Farish, 75, former Rowan University president from 1998 to 2011, died July 5, 2018 at Tufts Medical Center, in Boston, after a sudden undisclosed illness.

Dr. Farish became the sixth president of Rowan University in 1998, where he oversaw the physical expansion of the campus, including the construction of several new academic facilities, additional student residences, and a downtown redevelopment project to connect the borough of Glassboro with the university.

Joe Cardona, Rowan's Vice President for University Relations, said that during his seven years as president, Dr. Farish was integral in Rowan's transition to a

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A Daunting Lesson:

Death by Algebra: Haunting to This Day

$$y = u^2 + 3\sqrt{u} - 1 \quad u = x^4 + 1 \quad y'_x$$

Friar Tuck was my high-school algebra teacher. Well, not Robin Hood's imaginary friar, but one who I would cast in the role if ever I made a Robin Hood movie. His real name was Father Aldric, a portly Franciscan priest at Roger Bacon High School in Cincinnati. When he erased the black board he would start at the top, and his bulging stomach would erase the bottom simultaneously. Most days he walked around the hallways with a smile – and with chalk dust caked to the front of his Franciscan habit. Now and then he would crack a cynical joke in class, often aimed at our ignorance, and he loved throwing chalk at a student dozing off in the back row. Most of the time, however, he seemed rather serious and stern, especially when he was at the blackboard explaining to us the ins and outs of algebra, all of which I could not comprehend then, and still don't understand to this day.

It was near the end of the semester when Father Aldric called me into his office for my course review, and told me that I was flunking algebra, and that I should go home and tell my parents that I would probably have to go to summer school in order to get my grade high enough to pass the course. The news terrified me, not only because I didn't want to face summer school, but also because I didn't want to undergo the shame associated with being a failure. Both of my older brothers had passed algebra with ease. And I didn't want to tell my parents and friends that I couldn't pass Freshman algebra for fear they would scorn me for my ignorance.

I left Father Aldric's office in a quandary. What was I to do? Run away? Commit suicide? After stewing over my options in the following days, I finally decided that I would have to confide in my mother, tell her the dilemma I faced, and let her break the news to my father, with whom I rarely spoke about my days at school, or about much else, for that matter.

It was a fresh Spring Saturday afternoon in early April 1956 when I decided to walk to the poultry store on Queen City Avenue where my mother worked a couple of days a week. I had never been there before, and it was with some anxiety and trepidation that I approached the store, all the while rehearsing what I would tell her about Father Aldric and algebra.

When I walked in the door she was standing by the counter, wearing a large rubber apron that covered her from neck to knees, and rubber boots from the knees on

down. For just a moment I wondered why she would be dressed that way, but the moment passed as I tried to concentrate on the speech I had concocted to tell her.

"Richard! Why are you here?" she asked, busily placing fresh chicken breasts on top of the ice in the display counter. I opened my mouth to speak, but before I could respond she said, "Come here a minute. I want to show you something."

She ushered me into an adjacent room, which was for the most part empty, except for a line of large metal funnels bolted to one wall. The bottoms of the funnels were about two feet off the floor. The only other thing in the room was a garden hose that trickled out a stream of water that collected in a drain hole situated in the middle of the cement floor.

I stood there wondering what was going on. When I turned to ask her, Mom was gone, but she immediately reappeared, now wearing elbow-length rubber gloves and carrying two squawking live chickens by their legs, which she proceeded to stuff upside down into the funnels. Back and forth she went, fetching more and more chickens, until she had stuffed eight of them into the funnels.

I still had no idea what was happening, perhaps because I didn't want to know. But the chickens, clamoring and squealing in their funnels, seemed to understand. Mom pulled all their heads out of the bottom of the funnels, then turned to me with a slight grin on her face and picked up a small butcher knife from the counter. "Watch," she said.

Starting at the first funnel, she bent down and sliced the neck of the chicken, and then quickly went down the line, cutting the necks of all eight of the chickens. It was a ghastly sight, and I stood there with my eyes wide open, hardly believing what I was seeing. The chickens were screaming their death throes, and the blood from their severed necks billowed out in unison, like a row of fountains, blood fountains. Then one of the chickens escaped from its funnel and was crazily running around the room spewing blood – literally, a chicken with his head cut off!

"Watch out, Mom!" I screamed.

"Don't worry," she said, matter-of-factly, "he'll fall over in a few seconds."

Which is exactly what he did. Mom then took the dead chickens out of the funnels and threw them into a vat of boiling water which, after a few minutes, would render them easier to pluck and clean. The putrid smell of blood and dead chickens permeated the air,

and I was close to vomiting. I realized then that I was standing almost catatonic in the middle of the killing room floor, and for a moment I wondered if I would be the next victim of my mother's butcher knife, once I told her about summer school and algebra.

While I stood there in terror, Mom began to hose down the blood splattered all over the funnels and walls of the room. "Now," she said, "what was it you wanted to tell me?" With a lump in my throat I confessed to her, "Father Aldric told me to tell you that I was flunking algebra and that I might have to go to summer school to repeat the class." I stood there for a moment, awaiting my fate as I watched the blood swirl down the drain and smelled the awful stench of the boiling chickens in the vat.

"That's it?" Mom asked. "It could be worse. So, you might have to go to summer school, so what? We'll just have to work it out. I'll tell your father."

Moments later, as I left the gore and stench of the store and walked out into the fresh April air, I felt liberated. I had confessed my shortcoming to my mother, but it seemed that summer school would be my only punishment.

At the end of the semester, fearing the worst, I opened my report card, only to discover that Father Aldric had given me a gift I didn't deserve: a passing grade of 70 (69 was flunking)! I'm happy to report that the summer of 1956 turned out to be a very pleasant one, but never again did I go to visit my mother at the poultry store. The fountains of blood still haunt me to this very day. So does algebra.

– by Richard Grupenhoff



Dr. Steve Young, Exec. Director of New Jersey State College Locals, mentioned that Rowan had the only active higher education retirees chapter in the State. Commenting on the Reception, Dr. Young said, "It was a truly wonderful time for all, and most especially for Rose."

A Reception to Remember

(Continued from Page 1)

Relations, Brittany Petrella, Director of Major Gifts and Planned Giving, and Melissa Dersch, Development Director, were mixing with and meeting arriving guests. Meanwhile, others were taking their seats at the long tables adorned with white chrysanthemums in blue beribboned vases.



Ed Wolfe, MC, leads the champagne toast in honor of Rose Glassberg.

Once the noon hour arrived, our agile Master of Ceremonies, Dr. Ed Wolfe, VP of the AFT Retirees Chapter, opened the program with a welcome to all and introductions of the head table, the AFT Retirees Executive Committee, and the 25th Anniversary Committee. Seated at the head table were Rose Glassberg, Ed Wolfe, Karin Siefring, Vice President of the Council of State College Locals and former Local president; Joe Basso, President of Local 2373;

Rowan President Dr. Houshmand; and distinguished guests from off campus, State Senate President Stephen Sweeney; Robert Schiavinato, South Jersey AFL-CIO Political Director; and Steve Young, Executive Director of the Council of New Jersey State College Locals.

Dr. John Gallagher, treasurer of the AFT Retirees Chapter, delivered an Invocation for the gathering of some 70 guests from across campus and the State of New Jersey. Rowan President Dr. Ali A. Houshmand spoke first, recounting the extraordinary progress Rowan has made over the past few years and the recent national recognition accorded to Rowan by its inclusion in *US News 2018 Best Colleges*. Growth in enrollment at Rowan now boasts approximately 18,000 students on all levels. Dr. Houshmand



Jay Chaskes presents an Emeriti Report to Dr. Houshmand.

acknowledged the invaluable contribution retirees have made in the continuing success of the university. He congratulated Dr. Rose Glassberg on leading the AFT Retirees Chapter for 25 years, as well as the Local for 18 years before her retirement, commending her outstanding leadership, social consciousness, and abiding commitment to the good of the academic community. At the end of his remarks, Dr. Houshmand presented Rose with a commemorative gift, a crystal plaque with Rowan University's seal, inscribed: With Great Appreciation/for 25 years of inspiring service/with fellow educators and vibrant/leadership in our academic

community/presented to/Rose Glassberg/September 5, 2018.

Dr. Jay Chaskes presented an *Emeriti Report* prepared by a subcommittee of the Retirees Chapter to President Houshmand, wherein additional ways the emeriti might be recognized and utilized to a greater degree on campus was suggested, given their collective wisdom and invaluable sense of history.

State Senate President Stephen Sweeney presented a Proclamation from the New Jersey State Senate, lauding Rose Glassberg's accomplishments as president of the Retirees Chapter for 25 years and her commitment to the academic community.

Dr. J. Harold Sahm read a Commendation from the congressional offices of Donald W. Norcross, U.S. Representative of New Jersey's 1st District, who was unable to attend, but sent an official Commendation for Rose from the New Jersey State Legislature.

Following these tributes, a champagne toast led by Ed Wolfe congratulated Rose on her extraordinary achievements as President of the Retirees Chapter for 25 years, as all held their glasses aloft.

After the Buffet Luncheon, Joe Basso, president of Local 2373 at Rowan University, delivered an affectionate keynote address, citing, as only one Union president to another could do, Rose's many accomplishments. This speech was followed by the presentation of an

award to come from the Office of Social Justice and Inclusion for Rose by Dr. Chaskes and Dr. Barbara Chamberlain. Then, a special gift, a publication called *Taking Aim: A Keepsake of Columns by Rose Glassberg*, was presented to Rose by Dr. Barbara Chamberlain, Mary Lee Donahue, and Dr. Toni Libro.

A warm welcome was accorded to our three recent retirees, Dr. Harold Lucius, Professor of Marketing; Ms. Marjorie Morris, Music Librarian; and Mr. Larry DePasquale, Music Department,

with Drs. Wolfe, Gallagher, and Glassberg presenting each of them with a Certificate of Welcome into the Retirees Chapter, an AFT Retirees pin, and a hearty handshake and congratulations on their retirement.

Finally, the Benediction was delivered by John Gallagher, which inspired everyone by the wisdom of his chosen words, reaffirming our lives in a positive and uplifting way in a difficult world.



Welcoming our Newest Retirees: John Gallagher congratulates Marjorie Morris, with Larry DePasquale and Harold Lucius looking on.



A Silver Celebration: Rose receives a copy of *Taking Aim: A Keepsake of Columns*, an anniversary gift presented by Dr. Barbara Chamberlain, Mary Lee Donahue and Toni Libro, holding booklet.



Looking on from the head table while Senator Sweeney speaks are Ed Wolfe, Master of Ceremonies and VP of the AFT Retirees Chapter; Karen Siefing, former president of Rowan Local 2373; Joe Basso, president of Rowan Local 2373; Rowan University President Ali A. Housmand; Dr. Rose Glassberg, AFT Retirees President; Robert Schiavinato, South Jersey AFL-CIO Political Director; and Dr. Steve Young, Executive Director of the Council of New Jersey State College Locals.

You can see more on YouTube, which features the video titled "Sweeney Honors Retired Rowan Professor" along with visuals of those attending the Reception. Uploaded by NJSenDems <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dx7VgJLpkjQ>

Verona, (continued from Page 1)

We prefer train travel and our first day trip took us to Vincenza, a city just east of Verona. We walked around and enjoyed, as always, a delicious lunch. During our walk, we saw a banner hanging from a balcony that said, "Yankee Go Home." We assumed it referred to the U.S. servicemen stationed at the nearby airfield and not to us.

For our first dinner in Verona, we found Ciopeta, a restaurant off the beaten path frequented by locals. That's another thing we do on our trips, look for a place that locals dine in. We sat outside and enjoyed another great meal. We returned there the next night and several others. After the second visit, we were treated like we were longtime customers, another thing we have found in other Italian cities we've visited.

We also took day trips to Trentino and Mantua. Everything we wanted to see in Trentino was closed. We did dine outdoors, and I tried their famous ravioli stuffed with acorn squash. It was too sweet for me. One thing that stands out about the trip to Mantua is the huge number of acres where rice is the main crop. I also met an Englishman on the train who had been a seaman on one of the ships that got through the German blockade to deliver supplies to Malta during World War II. A very interesting chap.

One day, I wanted to buy a bottle of wine, but the corner store where we had been buying all our groceries was closed, so I stopped in a *gastronomia*, which offers precooked takeout meals. I asked the proprietor, "*Avete vino bianco?*" (Do you have white wine?) "*Si,*" he answered. "*E secco?*" (Is it dry?), I asked. That brought another "*Si.*" I said, "*Vorrie una botiglia.*" (I'd like a bottle.). He reached under the counter and placed the bottle in front of me. It had no label and the cork was sticking out of the top. I asked him, "*Perque non etichetta?*"

(Why no label?). Pointing to himself, he said in English, "I make." He congratulated me on my Italian and I did the same for his English. And the wine was excellent.

On another day, we went to Venice by train. Mary had been there years ago, but I had never seen the city. After leaving the train, we took the *vaporetto*, a waterbus, and went to St. Mark's square. The place was wall-to-wall with tourists. Mary wanted to buy linens, but the prices were much too high. She settled for some beautiful Murano glass picture frames. We lunched in an OK place, but the prices were outrageous. We didn't think much of Venice and left early to return to Verona.

Another day found us in the local military museum, where the Italian army was having an open house to show off some of their state-of-the-art equipment. We also made the obligatory visit to the famous Romeo and Juliet balcony. It was like the Trevi Fountain in Rome: so many people trying to get near it that it wasn't worth the effort.

We spent a half of one day on a long walk around Verona just to get a feel for the city. It's very upscale and is one of the richer cities in Italy. It differs from many other cities in that lots of people drive big—and expensive—cars. Mary also noticed that many women were wearing expensive perfume. I may have noticed the women but not the perfume.

We decided we would go to Lake Garda but opted for the bus because no trains fit our schedule. That turned out to be a long trip that involved plenty of walking. The bus meandered through Verona, seemingly stopping at every other corner. Eventually, we hit the open countryside, still with many stops. After about an hour, we neared our destination, the ferry dock on the lake. However, some other tourists on the bus, Swedes I think, were rude to the driver. As a

result, he did not let us off until about a mile past our stop. So, we had to hike back to the ferry.

We had to be careful to pick a destination that would also offer a return ferry later in the day. So, we choose to go to Lazise. The weather was perfect and the ride was smooth. Three things stand out about Lazise. We had another great lunch in an outdoor café, it seemed everyone else in the place was either from Germany or Austria and we bought a stunning print from an artist who was having a one-man show near the dock. The print has adorned the wall of our family room ever since.

After we returned to our starting point, we decided to take the train back to Verona. That required another one-mile hike to the train station, but the return trip to Verona took just 10 minutes and they let us off at the right place.

When we left Verona to begin our return trip home, the Autostrada journey with the same driver was scarier than the first time because it was pouring rain. That didn't seem to faze our driver or anyone else on the road. Again, we arrived safely at our hotel near the airport.

We had to get there the day before because our flight to Frankfurt the next day required that we get to the airport at 5 a.m. I asked someone at the hotel if we should get there earlier and he informed me that the airport was closed during the night and did not open until 5 a.m. In fact, when the shuttle dropped us off in the morning, we were the only passengers in the place.

The rest of the trip home was uneventful except for the time spent trying to find our flight at Frankfurt amidst all the construction that was going on. As usual, we arrived back in the U.S. with many fond memories of another trip to Italy.

—by Jack Gillespie



AFTerthoughts from Rose

by Rose Glassberg

It's very hard to stay upbeat, witnessing Trump's evisceration of what most of us treasured in America. I knew we were far from perfect – certainly even clearer now. Some have described racism and the several hundred years of slavery it fostered here as democracy's "original sin." It's still with us, with the gutting of the Voting Rights Act, tolerance of American Nazi marches ("fine people on both sides," according to Trump) and execution of so many young Black men, too often by the police. But also, racism's bastard brother, sexism, is more easily recognized now than ever before, even if only because experts field have provided us with a more precise vocabulary.

And paradoxically, therein lies our hope; because if Trump's misogyny, racism and xenophobia galvanize *his* core, they also energize another core of new activists: young people, students, women of diverse backgrounds, ethnic minorities, LGBT, and men who welcome women as equals.

After the tragedy at the Parkland-Douglas High School, we watched in admiration as the young students there organized a fight for realistic gun control legislation. March for Our Lives is now a national organization, enlisting ever more young people in their cause and encouraging them to register and vote. Also encouraging, far more women are running for office this year – most of them on platforms diametrically opposed to Trump's ideology.

Earlier this summer, I read of a young English teacher in Philadelphia who organized a "Rally for the Privileged" on the steps of the Philadelphia Museum of Art; by "privileged," Maureen Boland meant those of us who are white, since victims of gun violence are disproportionately people of color. I couldn't attend the rally, but I sent Maureen a letter of encouragement. It's daunting to try to stage a public act of social conscience, not knowing whether anyone else will come. Seven hundred people showed up, including 70 of Maureen's students, my ninety-five year old brother Sol, and a number of his friends from his apartment complex across from the Art Museum.

On Tuesday, October 23, American Council on Education's Women's Network at Rowan University held their Fall Conference

"...far more women are running for office this year—most of them on platforms diametrically opposed to Trump's ideology."

Expanding Women's Roles: *Making Our Garden Grow*

chaired by Dr. Joanne Connor, Chief of Staff to Rowan University President Ali Houshmand. The program booklet describes the Women's Network as "designed to provide avenues and opportunities for women from all areas to network, foster their skills, and develop strategies for advancement."

I thought this conference, part of a larger schedule of events for the academic year, identified concrete strategies by which women might expand their awareness of their potential, both for personal growth and for finding a more productive and rewarding role in society — a significant step towards realizing Network goals.

Congressman Donald Norcross, keynote speaker, discussed his working-class background and the strong influence his late mother Carol had in shaping him as a person who understood the important contributions of women, not only to their families, but also to society.

Assemblywomen Gabriela M. Mosquera, Patricia Egan Jones, and Carol Murphy served as the legislative panel for the conference, responding to questions as the major part of the program. I found these three women fascinating in their ability to draw from their past, utilizing what they had learned from their mothers' examples, developing professionally, raising their families, and finding ways to realize important objectives with other women legislators, even from the opposing political party. They attributed their frequent success both to their pragmatism and their persistence. As Assemblywoman Jones said, "We kept showing up; we refused to go away." Ms. Jones also said, discussing political strategies all of her colleagues utilized, "One thing you can always do is be kind."

Kindness as a political strategy could easily be equated with respect, so essential in attempting to negotiate across differences. Having been denied basic respect for so long, women perhaps intuitively understand that equivalence. When more men *and* more women reach that level of understanding, perhaps then America can finally become a richly variegated garden of humanity rather than the petrified forest of hatred that is Trump's AMERIKA today.

Lois T. Strauss, Psychology Department, Passes

Lois T. Strauss, 79, of Voorhees, N.J. died June 14, 2018. She was a member of the Psychology Department from 1973 to 2014, when she retired as Professor. She was a member of the AFT and the AFT Retirees Chapter.

Dr. Strauss held a B.S., M.S., and Ed.D. from Temple University. She served as coordinator of the project Assistive Technology for the Disabled, an initiative that focuses on adapting and designing assistive devices for disabled individuals.

She is survived by daughter Ellen (Robert) Fensterer and son Jordan (Kari) Goldberg and five grandchildren; sisters Judy Gershman and Shelley Lipschultz, and loving friend, Barbara Lilien.

Funeral services were held at Platt Memorial Chapels, Cherry Hill. Interment at Locustwood Memorial Park. Contributions may be made to the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Mark Your Calendars!

All Meetings in Room #144 of Chamberlains Student Center unless otherwise noted.

Fall Semester

Wednesday, November 7, 2018
12 p.m.-2 p.m.
Thanksgiving Memoirs

Thursday, December 20, 2018
11 a.m.-2 p.m.
Holiday Luncheon/Fundraiser
Eynon Ballroom

Spring Semester

Wednesday, February 6, 2019
12 a.m.-2 p.m.

Wednesday, March 6, 2019
12 a.m.-2 p.m.

Wednesday, April 3, 2019
12 a.m. - 2 p.m.

Thursday, May 3, 2019
11 a.m.-2:30 p.m.
End of Academic Year Luncheon

Dr. Theodore B. Johnson, Educational Leadership Department and Superintendent of Schools

Dr. Theodore B. Johnson, 84, of Pennsauken, N.J., passed away June 21, 2018. Dr. Johnson retired from the department of Educational Leadership as Associate Professor in 1999, following his arrival in 1990. During this time, he also served as Assistant Vice President of Student Services at Rowan University. He was a member of the AFT and the AFT Retirees Chapter.

Dr. Johnson held a B.S. and M.A. in Elementary Education from Temple University, and Ed.D. in Educational Administration and Supervision from Rutgers University. He held a wide number of administrative positions throughout his educational career, such as Superintendent of Schools, School Principal, and Chairperson in school systems throughout communities in southern New Jersey, particularly Middle Township, Lawnside, and Camden school districts.

Generous with his time and talents, Dr. Johnson participated in a variety of community activities and held many posts. For instance, he served as President and as a Member of the Board of Directors of the YMCA for Camden County, and President of the Mental Health Center in Cape May County. He also taught Sunday School for the

United Methodist Church in Cape May, Lawnside, and Merchantville.

According to Rose Glassberg, "Ted, quite simply, was one of the best people I knew; his death is a real loss for his family and for his community, to which he contributed so much." And as Julie Mallory said, "...we lost a very special spirit in Dr. Ted Johnson."

Dr. Johnson was active in choirs and singing groups, such as the Mt. Zion Youth Choir, Cherry Hill Community Choir, and the Cape Harmonaires-Barbershop in Cape May Court House, among many others. He also enjoyed traveling abroad to places such as Africa, Australia, China and Europe.

Dr. Johnson is survived by his daughter Angela Johnson and son Theodore B. Johnson Jr., brother Donald Johnson, and life-long friend Morris L. Smith, several nieces and nephews, and a devoted extensive family.

Viewing and services were held at Mt. Zion United Methodist Church in Lawnside, N.J.

Memorial contributions may be sent to Mt. Zion UMC Mentor Ministry, c/o Mt. Zion United Methodist Church. Arrangements Carl Miller Funeral Home, Camden, N.J.

Frank A Goodfellow, Secondary Education, Chair, Civil Activist

Frank A. Goodfellow III, 80, formerly of Haddonfield, died at the University of Vermont Medical Center in Burlington, from complications of Alzheimer's Disease, on May 28, 2018.

Frank was a member of the Secondary Education Department from 1965 to 1999, retiring as Associate Professor. He held a B.A. in philosophy from the College of Wooster, in Ohio, and an M.S.L.S. from the Drexel Institute of Technology.

He served as department chair of the Secondary Education Department and was active with the AFT as a local official. He helped to build the core curriculum that education majors take and taught many of the teachers in the elementary and secondary schools at work today.

Known for his social conscience and activist personality, Frank took part in civil rights demonstrations and anti-apartheid protests in Camden, Philadelphia, and Washington. He joined the Society of

Friends and was active in Quaker Meetings, and a member of Newton Friends Meeting in Camden. He was a graduate of Haddonfield Memorial High School where he wrestled and ran track and cross-country.

Former colleague and friend, Rose Glassberg, said, "I treasured Frank for his sweetness and his good will towards everyone. Frank was funny and incredibly good natured." His son described him as "a modest and unpretentious man, a great storyteller and helper, who tried to follow the tenets of modesty and pacifism."

He spent the last several years of his life in the Green Mountains of Vermont with his former wife, Joan E. Tracy, after living in Philadelphia and Haddonfield.

He is survived by sons David and Andrew and daughters Bronwyn Lepore and Martha, and 12 grandchildren. Burial was private. Memorial donations may be made to the Alzheimer's Association via the website <https://www.alz.org/>.



Donald Farish (Continued from Page 1)

comprehensive public research institution, pioneering the school's engineering department, starting its medical school, and purchasing land that led to university expansion.

After departing from Rowan in 2011, Dr. Farish capped his career of service in higher education with his presidency, at Roger Williams University, serving as their 10th president until the time of his death.

Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in 1942, Dr. Farish moved to Vancouver at an early age. He earned his bachelor's degree from the University of British Columbia, majoring in zoology, and a master's degree from North Carolina State University, majoring in entomology. He earned his doctorate in biology from Harvard University and a law degree from the University of Missouri. Afterward he completed studies at Harvard University's Institute for Educational Management.

Dr. Farish is survived by his wife, Maia; a sister, Pamela Walton; his stepson, Michael Gaillard, and several nieces, nephews and family members.

Funeral services were private. Roger Williams University established the President Donald J. Farish Memorial Fund. Those who wish may donate by going to the website: <https://give.evertrue.com/rwu/president-farish>.

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Fall 2018

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SPECIAL THANKS

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