

ROBERT WOOD JOHNSON MEDICAL SCHOOL RETIRED FACULTY ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER 2016

VOLUME IX, No. 3

UPCOMING RFA MEETING

"AN EARLY HISTORY OF IN VITRO FERTILIZATION"



Eckhard Kemmann, MD

Clinical Professor of Obstetrics, Gynecology,
and Reproductive Sciences, Rutgers RWJMS

Friday, October 14, 2016
Noon – 1:30 p.m.

Dean's Conference Room
Rutgers Robert Wood Johnson Medical School
Piscataway, New Jersey

All current and retired faculty, staff, and students
are welcome to attend. Lunch will be available,
and contributions for the lunch may be made at
the meeting.

Attendees may park without a parking permit in
general parking lots A, B, and C, located next to
the medical school from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

RETIREE BENEFIT UPDATES

The January 2016 issue of the RWJMS Retired Faculty Association newsletter contained information on Rutgers retiree benefits. Since then, additional details have become available, including changes in the starting date for applying to the Rutgers University policy on Professor Emeritus/a status. This article is based on information provided by the Rutgers administration and by faculty who have retired from Rutgers and have tried and, mostly succeeded, in gaining benefits.

Email. Faculty and staff retirees with at least 10 years of pension-credited service at Rutgers University may be granted access to a guest email account, which includes a listing in the Rutgers online directory. In order for faculty and
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Retiree Benefit Updates

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staff to obtain their NetID/email account upon retirement, they must call Human Resources Operations at 848-932-3826 to obtain a Retiree Guest Account. If the guest account has already been created and the retiree is still having issues accessing his/her email, assistance may be obtained by calling 848-445-4357, or emailing help@oit.rutgers.edu.

Photo ID. The retiree may obtain a photo ID (RUconnection card) that contains a bar code by contacting Rutgers University Human Resources at 848-932-3826 to request a Retiree Guest Account. The retiree's status needs to be verified by University Human Resources prior to the issue of the ID card. A Retiree Guest Account must be created prior to the retiree coming to pick up a retiree card. To get the card, the retiree must visit Human Resources at Administrative Services

Building II, 57 US Highway 1, New Brunswick. The ID card will have the word "Retiree" printed on it.

Parking. At the time of obtaining the photo ID, the retiree should also obtain his/her "A" number which is required to obtain free parking. All retired RBHS faculty or staff members are eligible to receive a Retiree Parking benefit at no cost. To obtain this benefit the retiree must send an email to Transportation Services at info@aps.rutgers.edu with a copy of the Retiree ID card and/or a letter from his/her department chair/director verifying retirement as well as the "A" number. The vehicle make, model, and license plate number must also be provided. An electronic note will be added to the license plate number that informs the security officer not to ticket the vehicle. Transportation Services is located at 55 Commercial Avenue in New Brunswick and at 249 University Avenue in Newark. Retiree permits must be renewed every two years, at which time any and all citations must be paid before receiving the new permit. More information may be obtained by calling 732-932-7744.

Professor Emeritus. In an agreement between the Rutgers administration and the AAUP-BHSNJ, all faculty who retired as of July 1, 2013, the date of the merger of UMDNJ and Rutgers University, will receive the title Professor Emeritus/a in accordance with Rutgers University Policy (section 60.5.3). Prior to this agreement, the policy applied only to faculty who retired as of August 13, 2015.

Rutgers University Policy (section 60.5.3, Other Academic Titles and Definitions of Academic Titles, dated July 1, 2013) issued by the Rutgers University President states, "Professor Emeritus/a is a title restricted to persons who retire after having served in a full-time professorial capacity at this University ten years or more, or as a full professor at this University for at least five years, plus a sufficient number of years in a professorial capacity in another accredited university or college to make a total of at least ten years. The titles associate professor emeritus/a or assistant professor emeritus/a are not used, all persons entitled to the Emeritus/a designation being 'promoted' to Professor Emeritus/a at the time of their retirement."

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Retiree Benefit Updates

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Library Privileges. Retirees may use their Retiree Photo ID Card to obtain library privileges, including:

- Borrowing privileges – retired faculty can borrow items from the circulating collection, with unlimited renewals unless a book is recalled by another user.
- Delivery Services – retired faculty can request journal articles and other materials via the Rutgers Delivery Service, E-Z Borrow (covering academic libraries in the region), U-Borrow (covering libraries of the Big Ten), and Interlibrary Loan (for particularly difficult to find items).
- Research Support Services – Retired faculty can take advantage of the expertise of Rutgers collection development/specialist librarians, library resources and guides, and the Rutgers Community Repository RUcore.
- Licensed Electronic Resources – retired faculty may access electronic journals, books, and databases by registering as a guest computer user in most of our library locations.

In addition to the services above, emeriti faculty also have:

- Remote access to the Libraries' resources, including electronic journals and databases, via the Libraries' website, <http://www.libraries.rutgers.edu>

Some of these privileges will require a library

barcode and PIN. A PIN can be obtained from a circulation desk by phone or in person at any library (more information: libraries.rutgers.edu/how_do_i/get_a_pin).

To access licensed electronic resources from home or other off-campus location:

- Visit the Libraries' website at <http://www.libraries.rutgers.edu>
- Browse to connect to your desired resource, for example,
 - To access e-journals – From the Find menu select Journals/Magazines/Newspapers, then click on Electronic Journals
 - To access article databases – From the Find menu select Indexes and Databases and browse by name or subject
- When you click to connect to a licensed resource, you will be prompted to log in using "NetID and Password" or "Library Barcode and PIN."
- Choose the Library Barcode and PIN option to log in with your faculty emeriti credentials.

Additional Information. For more information on retiree benefits, consult the following websites:

<http://retirement.rutgers.edu/retiree-benefits/>

http://rwjms.rutgers.edu/faculty/retired_faculty/documents/January2016RWJMRSRFANewsletter.pdf.

This article contains brief summaries only and no promise of any kind is made by virtue of any statement in this document. The benefit plans available at Rutgers and the provisions of those plans will continue to be determined by law, contract, and University policy. ■

THE VIETNAM WAR'S INCONVENIENT TRUTHS

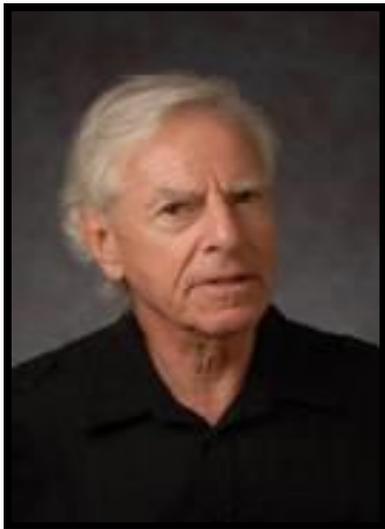
By H. Bruce Franklin, PhD

[Editor's Notes: H. Bruce Franklin, PhD, spoke at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School Retired Faculty Association on September 26, 2015. He is one of America's leading cultural historians. He has written many books on a diversity of topics including one of particular relevance to the topic of this talk, "Vietnam and Other American Fantasies." Dr. Franklin has written more than 300 articles in addition to

his books and given more than 500 addresses on college campuses. He has taught at Stanford University, Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan, and Yale. He came to Rutgers in 1975 where he was the John Cotton Dana Professor of English and American Studies. He retired in January 2016. On the following pages are excerpts from his talk to the RWJMS RFA.]

The Vietnam War's Inconvenient Truths

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H. Bruce Franklin, PhD

I want to begin on August 14, 1945. I was eleven years old. I was crammed in the back of a pickup truck packed with other boys and girls, part of an *impromptu* motorcade that was weaving in and out of the streets of my neighborhood in Brooklyn as we celebrated VJ day, the end of World War II. We kids were screaming our lungs out, but couldn't be heard over the cacophony of honking car horns and blaring air raid sirens. We were yelling, "Peace, peace, the war is over." Like people on the sidewalk pouring out of their buildings, dancing, waving American flags and homemade signs, we all believed that we were going to live the rest of our lives in peace in a prosperous and victorious nation on a peaceful planet. Like those cheering throngs on the sidewalk, none of us was aware that the epoch of unending U.S. warfare had already begun. Nor did we know that this would be the last victory celebration of our lifetime.

The Vietnamese Revolution for Independence

While we were celebrating in Brooklyn, eight thousand miles away another people were also celebrating the victory, but in a somewhat different way. This was in Vietnam. On that same day, the Vietnamese initiated the August revolution. In less than three weeks, the

Vietnamese people swept away Japanese power. They took over the entire country. They imprisoned many of the Japanese troops. They disarmed many of the rest. This was really the beginning of another world war. It was a war against colonialism. It was a global revolution. And we, not the American people of course, but our leaders had already made decisions, a whole series of decisions, placing our country on the side of colonialism and against the revolutions that were starting to sweep the world.

That was August 14. By September 2, the Vietnamese were ready to proclaim the existence of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. On September 2, 1945, Ho Chi Minh spoke in Hanoi to an assemblage of about a half-million Vietnamese people who were there to hear him read the declaration of independence of this new nation and to celebrate their victory. He read the declaration and this is how it began: "All men are created equal. They are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." And he went on, "This immortal statement was made in the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America in 1776. In a broader sense this means all the peoples on the earth are equal from birth, all the peoples have a right to live, to be happy and free." Suddenly two airplanes appeared overhead, two war planes. And the crowd gazed up. It was easy to recognize what the planes were: those weird looking P38 lightning fighters. So when this one-half million Vietnamese people looked up and saw these American planes, as one person, they cheered because they knew that we, of all people, would support their right to be independent and free. Of course, the world would have been a different place if they were right. Our representatives there thought so too. Archimedes Patti, who was head of the OSS in the region (U.S. Office of Strategic Services) and who had actually seen the text before – he was considered a friend of Ho Chi Minh – was there. General Philip Gallagher, who was head of all our troops in that entire area, actually went on Hanoi radio to sing the national anthem of this new democratic republic.

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The Franco-American Invasion of Vietnam

At that very moment, Washington was planning with the French government to launch an invasion of Vietnam and to overthrow the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. The United States would supply the weapons. We would supply the financing. We would supply the means of transportation for the French to invade the colony. What we did was – when I say “we,” I do not mean that the American people had anything to do with it except for a small handful in Washington – the decision was to take a dozen troop ships that were in France to bring GI's home from France and divert them to bring an invasion army to Vietnam. We supplied the ships, the crews, all of the equipment for the invasion. And these ships headed for Vietnam.

Before they got there, some other things happened. One thing that happened – the French had no presence there – the Japanese had imprisoned most of the French troops that had remained in Vietnam when they overthrew the French government there in March. The British landed with a commission to disarm the remaining Japanese troops. Instead of that, they rearmed the Japanese troops that the Vietnamese had disarmed. And then joining with the Japanese troops, they began military attacks on the Vietnamese on the ground and in the air. The RAF planes were part of the aerial attack. They actually had the Japanese air force planes, the fighter bombers, flying with the RAF attacking the Vietnamese people. And on the waterfront in Saigon, they had rearmed Japanese troops there to control the harbor. The British did not have that much manpower. So, when these twelve U.S. troop ships arrived in November and December, they were greeted on the docks by Japanese soldiers in uniform, rearmed, saluting them on the docks. The American sailors knew who was on the ships. There were French soldiers and largely French Foreign Legions including units of the Nazi forces that Eisenhower had forced into being part of this occupation army including whole units of the Waffen-SS, who now disembarked in Saigon.

This was actually the beginning of a U.S. war. It was not just a French war, but also a U.S. proxy war. It was a war to restore colonialism. But it was also the beginning of the anti-war

movement, because every single enlisted man on that flotilla signed a petition to the President and to Congress denouncing what they called “imperialist policies” designed “to subjugate the native population of Vietnam.” The anti-war movement did not begin in the 1960's. It began right there in 1945. It began in the U.S. military, contrary to the rewritten history of the war and the anti-war movement. The most important parts of the anti-war movement were eventually in the U.S. military, the ground forces that necessitated their removal, the Navy, and even in my alma mater – I flew in the Strategic Air Command – in the Strategic Air Command. In the United States, the anti-war movement began right away and had a very clear understanding of what the issue was and where things might go. For instance, in 1947, at the meeting of the Vietnamese-American Friendship Association, the chairman prophetically proclaimed, “The founding of the newest republic in the world, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, is an event that history may well record as sounding the death knell of the colonial system.” Then Norman Thomas, who ran for President six times, said, “It is only by direct and indirect aid...from the United States that colonial imperialism can be maintained in the modern world.”

The Death Knell of the Colonial System

If we take an overview of this post-war period, I do not think the main event was the cold war. The main event was the disruption of the colonial system that took place in a thirty year period, 1945 to 1975. Those were the years of the final triumph of the Vietnamese revolution and the final defeat of European direct colonialism in Africa with the revolution of the Portuguese colonies in Africa. Between 1945 and 1949 one-quarter of the world's population actually gained national independence from the colonial system. Of course in 1949, China broke free from the neo-colonial system which had largely enslaved much of China...What happened in Vietnam happened elsewhere – Vietnam was in many ways the vanguard of this revolution against colonialism. For instance, 1954, which was the year that finally France had to recognize its defeat in Vietnam and the year of the signing of the Geneva Accord, was also the beginning of the Algerian revolution. In addition to those Nazi troops that France had relied on, they had to rely on a lot of the

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colonial troops from North Africa, especially Algerians, who now went back and spread revolution there. And also from the sub-Saharan Africa such as Senegal.

Martin Luther King in his greatest speech - the "I have a dream" was important but was not his greatest speech – the greatest speech was the one for which he was murdered. In 1967 he said that the United States was fighting on the wrong side of a world revolution. As he proclaimed in that speech, "My own country has become the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today." France had fought desperately from 1945 to 1954. The United States was part of that. We not only supplied 80 percent of their financing, their weapons, and so forth. Two hundred and fifty U.S. pilots were flying combat for the French. It did not work. The Vietnamese had been fighting for their national independence for more than 2,000 years. They won. It was all decided supposedly at Geneva: clear recognition of Vietnam as one country, an international agreement that they would have elections within 18 months. But the United States would have none of this. Again, secret decisions were made in Washington, terrible decisions that left us with the situation we are still in, the second decade of the 21st century. In the face of the Geneva negotiations, the United States installed a puppet Ngo Dinh Diem in June in Saigon and began preparations for an open war by the United States against the DRV (Democratic Republic of Vietnam). They had to see how the American people would feel about this. There were some trial balloons sent up. John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State for one, Richard Nixon who was then Vice-President for another. Nixon was the most explicit. He said in May, that if the French lose, we will have to face up to the fact that we will have to send troops because he said, "The Vietnamese lack the ability to conduct a war or govern themselves." This is a strange statement when you think about it. They had just defeated France.

The American Anti-War Movement

The response from the American people was impassioned and came from across the political spectrum which was "we are not going to do that." The American Legion Division of 78,000 sent a telegram to the President denouncing

this, demanding that "the United States should refrain from dispatching any of its Armed Forces to participate as combatants in Indochina or in Southeast Asia." U.S. Senators got up – this sounds like it is another planet – to denounce colonialism and imperialism. For example, Senator Ed Johnson of Colorado on the Senate floor declared, "I am against sending American GI's into the mud and muck of Indochina on a blood-letting spree to perpetuate colonialism and white man's exploitation in Asia." That is a U.S. Senator saying this. By mid-May 1954, a Gallup poll revealed that 68 percent of the U.S. people were against sending any U.S. troops whatsoever to Indochina.

But Eisenhower was already engaged in actively shifting them from supporting the French to replacing them. It is a long, complicated history. What we see is that the Eisenhower administration was planning to go overt but we, the American people - using the first person plural here makes sense - we, the American people, said we would not do it. So because our leaders couldn't go overt, they went covert. Now the pattern, the history of the lying, the duplicity by our leaders, by the Presidents of the United States and their administration, the lying to the American people, started to becoming clearer and clearer. I think people know a lot of the subsequent history. It was one President after another. After Eisenhower came Kennedy. Kennedy initiated special warfare. He was the one who initiated the chemical warfare which started in an experimental way in '61 and full scale chemical warfare, the most extensive use of chemical warfare in human history beginning in 1962. It was the beginning of genocidal warfare and that was the strategy. And recent scholarship has demonstrated more and more that My Lai wasn't the exception, it was part of the strategy of ecocide. The decision to destroy the rain forests of Vietnam through chemical warfare and through a whole series of major operations to burn down the rain forests, the lungs of the world. Then came Johnson – I was just talking to somebody at lunch – there is a lot of debate of what Kennedy was prepared to do. Once we decided to overthrow the Diem government, which was a decision that Kennedy made and participated in, it was carried out. Diem and his brother were killed by the conspirators that we had set in motion. There were really two paths: we either get out or we are going to have a full scale American war. There are lots of debates *(Continued on page 7)*

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today on which way Kennedy was going to go. There is evidence on both sides. The fact is that we do not know what he would have done. We do know what did happen. Within seventy-two hours after the assassination of Kennedy, President Johnson signed off on a super top secret plan for a full scale war in Vietnam.

The Pentagon Papers

We know all this because of the Pentagon papers. You read the Pentagon papers and you see that part of the plan, the whole section called "plausibility of denial." Which means what? We are conducting a secret war and turning it into the full scale U.S. war. Our government would deny it and who is going to find the denial plausible? Not the Vietnamese. They knew what was happening. What we can see, reading the Pentagon papers, is that our government was trying to figure out: Just how stupid or how gullible are the American people? Would the American people be so stupid or gullible to believe the lies of our government? Then of course, we had Johnson campaigning on a platform, as he said repeatedly, "I promise the American people, I shall never send American boys to Asia to do the job that Asian boys should do," while implementing the plan including the Gulf of Tonkin, which was part of the plan. How many of you have seen "Hearts and Minds," that great documentary? If you are at all interested, it is a wonderful film. In this film, there is this moment that Daniel Ellsberg, who leaked the Pentagon papers, he goes through the lies of five administrations, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Then he says, "It's a tribute to the American public that their leaders realized that they had to lie to us. But it is not such a great tribute to us that it was so easy." What I want to connect this to, it occurred to me, Vietnam is ancient history - of course, it is not really - was to connect some of this history to where we are today and what is coming out in these political campaigns, the beliefs of the American people about the American government.

Vietnam and Its Myths

The change of consciousness that took place during the war was very dramatic. I suspect that I am not the only person in this room whose

consciousness was changed by the events of that war. We learned a lot. We should have learned more. But what has concerned me in work that I have been doing the last few decades is how systematic and effective has been the campaign to wipe out our knowledge of that war, to wipe it out and replace everything that we learned at great cost: there are the more than 58,000 names on the Vietnam Memorial Wall; three, or perhaps, four million dead Vietnamese; to wipe out everything we learned and replace all of that with lies - I think is the right word - and maybe more important than that, replace it with myths, make it all go away so that we would accept living in a nation that is engaged in unending warfare...

Hence, we have the POW's myth which I wrote a book about, we have the myth about the spat upon veterans which is almost universally believed although there is not a shred, not a single shred of contemporaneous evidence that this ever happened. It was crucial in the Iraq War to convince us to go to war in Iraq. I am talking about the beginning of the war in 1991, not 2003. It did not work to say that Saddam is Hitler. It did not work to say we need the oil. What worked finally - there is a book called the *Spitting Image*, which makes a brilliant argument about this - what worked: we cannot treat our fighting men and women the way they were treated during Vietnam; they were spat upon and called "baby killers" when they got back home. We had to get emotionally involved in supporting our troops and that became the impetus to find the Iraq War acceptable, necessary, something we had to believe in and goes on and on. It was 1980 that the campaign really took off. For the first time that I am aware the Vietnam War was called "a noble cause," a phrase used first by Ronald Regan while campaigning for the Presidency. The '80's was the period of the radical rewriting, reimagining of the war.

I realized in 1983 that somebody has got to teach a course on this. So I started teaching a course at the Newark campus and started writing books to recover some of the memory. I think that today it is extremely important that we remember Vietnam, remember what these issues are and understand the cultural fight going on that makes it either possible or inevitable for us to maintain this condition of unending war. ■

THE BRUCE FRANKLIN AFFAIR

By Rachele Marshall

[Editor's Note: Bruce Franklin, PhD, who spoke at the Retired Faculty Association meeting on February 26, 2016, participated in demonstrations at Stanford University in 1971 against the involvement of the United States in the Vietnam War. Dr. Franklin, a tenured faculty member at Stanford at that time, was fired. Below are excerpts from an article that appeared in the 1972 issue of The Progressive Magazine which granted permission to the RWJMS RFA to reprint this material.]

Last January 22, after a year of delays and deliberations, Stanford University fired H. Bruce Franklin from his job as associate professor of English. Franklin, who is known as an outstanding Herman Melville scholar, is the first tenured faculty member to be fired from a major university since the 1950s. The Stanford administration, several hundred faculty members, forty-five percent of the students who voted in a campus referendum, and numerous newspaper editors across the country justify Franklin's firing on grounds that he incited illegal acts, including acts of violence, and was a threat to the continued existence of the University. The Northern California affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union disagrees, and has decided to represent Franklin in a court appeal. "If this decision is allowed to stand," according to Robert Meyers of ACLU, "it is likely to become the standard of speech in all private universities and even in public universities. We just could not ignore our responsibility to see to it that a standard like this does not exist."

Whatever the eventual outcome, the Franklin case will go down as one of the sadder episodes in Stanford's history. Many of those who watched it unfold see it as an affair that will never quite be duplicated anywhere else – an affair filled with ambiguities to which otherwise impressive men responded with fear rather than courage, and with caution rather than wisdom.

The Charges

Franklin, thirty-seven, has been an avowed, outspoken Maoist for six years. The Stanford administration insists that it was his acts, not his beliefs that were at issue in the decision to fire him. These acts took place on two separate

days during January and February, 1971. On January 11, Henry Cabot Lodge was unable to give a scheduled speech on campus because of sustained clapping, shouting, and chanting from the audience. The next day President Richard Lyman charged Franklin with having led the disruption and ordered him to be tried before a faculty board. Franklin denied the charge but insisted at a press conference that he considered disruption too mild a treatment for Lodge, whom he regarded as a war criminal deserving of imprisonment.

Before the case could be heard, the invasion of Laos took place. On February 10, Franklin was the final speaker at a campus rally to protest the invasion. Several previous speakers had urged that the group march to the Computation Center, where a Palo Alto research organization was conducting a project called Gamut-H, which was known to involve plans for carrying out an amphibious invasion, possibly of North Vietnam. Franklin endorsed the proposed demonstration, urged a "strike" at the Computation Center, and ended his speech by saying, "Shut it down." When the group arrived at the Computation Center, Franklin remained outside on the lawn while about 150 students milled about inside. In mid-afternoon the police arrived, the demonstrators left the building (having done no damage), and the police ordered the lawn area cleared, declaring the demonstrators to be an illegal assembly. Franklin protested loudly to the police lieutenant that the assembly was not illegal, urged other faculty members who were there as observers to remain, and refused to leave. The police charged, clubbed, and arrested a few stragglers (no charges were ever brought), and the group agreed to meet again that night.

At the evening rally Franklin spoke in protest against the continued presence of police on the campus and in effect urged that they be kept busy. He suggested a "people's war," specifically that student go back and speak to their dormitory mates, play touch football (a tactic that had annoyed the police on earlier occasions), and generally do "whatever, as late into the night as possible." Immediately after the
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The Bruce Franklin Affair

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rally a fight broke out between members of Venceremos, a radical organization to which Franklin belongs, and members of the right wing Free Campus Movement (FCM). A few hours later two boys, one the son of a faculty member, were shot and slightly wounded while standing outside FCM headquarters. No one has ever discovered who did the shooting or why.

Stanford President Fired Dr. Franklin

The next day President Lyman fired Franklin for having disrupted the Lodge speech and for inciting illegal activity at the Computation Center and violence at the rally of the previous evening. Franklin requested a hearing before the Faculty Advisory Board, a procedure due him as a tenured faculty member but which had never yet been used at Stanford. Meanwhile he was suspended with pay and barred from the campus except for the hours between one and five p.m., during which time he would be permitted to gather evidence to be used at the hearing.

The Faculty Advisory Board Hearing

Seven months later, on September 28, a seven-man board elected by the faculty began the process which ended in Franklin's discharge. All of the board members were prominent in their academic fields, and at least four were nationally eminent: Wolfgang Panofsky, director of Stanford's linear accelerator and a Government consultant on arms control; Robert McAfee Brown, a liberal theologian who has written and spoken extensively against the war and recently served a five-day jail term for blocking the entrance to a draft board; Donald Kennedy, chairman of the biology department (and of the advisory board) and once a leading candidate for the presidency of Harvard; and David Hamburg, chairman of the department of psychiatry...

On January 5, 1972, after studying the evidence for two months, the advisory board agreed unanimously that Franklin should be acquitted of the charge of preventing Lodge from speaking. They agreed unanimously that he was guilty of advocating an illegal action, the demonstration at the Computation Center. On the other

charges, defying the police order to disperse and thus endangering others' safety, and inciting to violence, the board split five to two, with Robert McAfee Brown and Donald Kennedy voting to exonerate Franklin. They recommended that Franklin be suspended while the majority voted to sustain the firing.

[Editor's Note: At the RWJMS RFA meeting on February 26, 2016, Dr. Franklin commented on the Stanford Affair. He stated, "I was fired from Stanford after six weeks of so-called hearings and they said, 'Although nobody has questioned Professor Franklin's outstanding credentials as a teacher and a scholar, rehabilitation is not a useful concept in this case because Professor Franklin's perception of reality is too deeply held.' Then they described my perception of reality pretty accurately. Berkeley is accepting my archives of my papers. We just sent thousands and thousands of papers, FBI files, some CIA stuff to Berkeley. (Following my dismissal from Stanford), I was blacklisted and unemployed for three years...I applied for jobs all over the place and a lot of departments tried to hire me, but they kept being blocked at different levels. Finally, I gave up. We had three kids. I had to make a living somehow. So I went to a community college on the GI bill and got a certificate in horticulture. The FBI went around to green houses and landscaping companies to keep me from getting a job in horticulture, like I was going to subvert the bushes....

(Rutgers University gave him a faculty position in 1975.) "I mentioned earlier that when the history of the war was being rewritten – I said somebody has got to teach this stuff – I decided to float a course in Rutgers-Newark on the Vietnam War. I was hoping to get at least 12 students so that I would have enough people to run the course; that was our minimum. There were a huge number of people who signed up for the course. I tried to get a big room. I was home redoing the syllabus because now it was going to be a lecture course instead of a seminar. The phone rang. It was the Dean. He said, 'I see that you are teaching a course on the Vietnam War.' I said, 'Yes.' And I think, Oh, my God, what will happen? The Dean said, 'I was wondering if you would like some extra funds to bring in speakers or whatever you may need.' This is wonderful. So I love Rutgers."] ■

FROM THE HOLOCAUST TO PRINCETON

By Stephen Felton, MD

I remember that winter day in December 1947, when our ship sailed into New York harbor and there in the distance I saw the Statue of Liberty. Closer were the lights of cars on the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn. This was hope, and the start of my “American Dream.” I had arrived with my mother and stepfather, survivors of the Nazi genocide in Europe. My father and brother were murdered in Auschwitz.

The three of us arrived in despair, poverty and many unknowns for the future. But there was hope, and there was my mother’s yearning to recreate a thriving family with hope for the future. I was five, my mother was 31 and my stepfather was 38; they had lost their spouses, children, brothers, sisters and parents to the Nazi murderers. There were some family relatives in the States who offered to help us get started.

I am often asked whether I remember anything of those childhood days during the war and after. I can actually remember an event when I was about two years old. According to my mother this happened near Lublin, one of the sites where we were hiding and posing as Poles. I was walking with a boy down a dirt road and we approached a shed-like building which we entered, and lined up on the dirt floor were dead bodies face up with their eyes open. I don’t remember panic, mostly curiosity. There were other memories from that time, but this was the most vivid. After the war we lived in the Paris area for a year before leaving for the United States.

Brooklyn

Our first home in America was in Brooklyn, on Church Avenue, a small apartment behind a venetian blind store. I had to learn English quickly to stop the neighborhood boys from making fun of me. We eventually moved to an apartment building in Bensonhurst, a Jewish-Italian neighborhood. This was the neighborhood of the TV show, “The Honeymooners” with Jackie Gleason, and “Saturday Night Fever” with John Travolta. There was much bullying, street-fighting, punch

ball, roller skating, and basketball. It was more or less the usual Brooklyn childhood, except I always felt in varying degrees the difference of being a holocaust child. I saw this in my mother who worked as a nurse and was a kind generous person, but, also sad. She would make reference to my father that he was a wonderful musician, engineer, father, and husband. She would also pack boxes full of clothes to send to this family in Poland “that saved us.”

My father was my idol and taking his place was my father’s brother, “Uncle Joe.” Joseph Felton had arrived in America long before the war. He was a PhD chemist and started a chemical company in Brooklyn. He gradually accepted the fact that I was his nephew, and I began to feel close to him. In those formative years I felt that I wanted to be just like him.

Rutgers Medical School

Indeed, I did follow in his footsteps. I majored in Chemistry at Brooklyn College, got a PhD in Organic Chemistry at Rutgers, did a postdoctoral fellowship in bio-organic mechanisms at University of California at Santa Barbara, and then worked at my uncle’s company as vice president for three years. I finally realized that my true vocation was medicine and at the age of 30 in 1972, I entered Rutgers Medical School. I truly enjoyed medical school and felt that my relative seniority was an advantage. It was during my third year that I did research under the tutelage of Professor Ron Morris. As an ophthalmology resident at Wills Eye Hospital in Philadelphia, I also was involved in research in the new field of angiogenesis and its inhibition.

I finished my residency in 1980, and at the age of 38, I started a solo practice in general ophthalmology in Princeton. The next 35 years were amazing; the technological achievements in the field included small incision cataract surgery, implants that mimicked the natural lens, laser procedures for glaucoma, angiogenesis inhibition treatment for macular degeneration, *(Continued on page 11)*

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and many more. The business model changes were also many; from the Histacount one write system to electronic medical records, and of course regulatory and insurance changes. I relished the challenge and grew the practice to eight ophthalmologists and three optometrists. As I approached my 70th birthday, the subject of wind-down would come up, mostly from colleagues and family, but also from patients who would ask if I was retiring soon. I thought that it's either that I'm looking older or that I've been around a long time. I started to give retirement a great deal of thought. Many of my patients were either retired or approaching retirement, and we would discuss their experience. Clearly remaining active in a stimulating, satisfying environment was the goal. For some it was to audit courses at Princeton University, or take bridge lessons, play more golf, vacation, volunteer, etc.

Publishing My Mother's Autobiography

I had one overriding goal and that was to publish my mother's memoirs and memorialize the family's holocaust experience for my family. My mother decided late in life to write her memoirs of her holocaust experience. She wrote a 100-page manuscript prior to her death in 1992; it was beautifully written and she talked about that experience to different audiences afterwards. Very little was said about that period of her life while I was growing up; I did know that every year my mother would send a package of clothes to the family in Poland that saved us. This manuscript and my history remained locked away until about three years ago when together with the Holocaust education department at Stockton College, I had it published ("I Shall Lead You Through the Nights" by Eva Feldshtein Wasserman). This was followed by an article in the Princeton Town Topics about me, my holocaust history, and my semi-retirement. Subsequently, I was invited to speak in various forums (e.g. Nassau Club, Princeton Theological Seminary) about the holocaust, me and my family. All this made me feel accomplished - I was finally fulfilling my mother's wishes. She wanted to demonstrate to the world that Hitler's genocide didn't work and that her family was recreated and flourished.

I travelled back to Poland three times; the first was in 1988 with my mother and daughter. We visited the Matacz family, the family that had protected us during the war. Poland was still a communist state, very depressed economically, but slowly edging toward a free society. The entire family was gracious, but, I could only communicate through my mother since no one spoke English. My second visit in 2009 was very different: Poland was now democratic and economically progressive; some of the family had died and the younger generation greeted us and some spoke English quite well. It was during this visit with my son, Jake, and my wife, Barbara, that we went to Auschwitz – Birkenau. We went to the site of the crematoria which were partially preserved; we lit candles to remember my father and brother who were killed at that site. We took stones from the crematoria ruins and flew to Israel and placed the stones at my mother's burial site near Jerusalem. I thought how ironic, 70 years prior, Jews were prisoners in Warsaw and now there were non-stop flights from Warsaw to Tel Aviv.

Finally in 2012, my entire family, children and grandchildren travelled to Warsaw to be present as the Israeli ambassador awarded the Matacz family the certification "Righteous Amongst the Nations." This is an honor given to those non-Jews who saved Jews during the war. It is given only after extensive research and documentation is gathered. I had started the process over one year prior. This was really the culmination of my efforts, and to have my entire family there was highly emotional. The ceremony where the Israeli ambassador presented the awards took place at the Nozyk synagogue. This synagogue was one of the few buildings left standing within the Warsaw ghetto after the entire ghetto was leveled by the Germans in 1943 - it was used as a horse stable by the Nazis. The synagogue has been restored and is now an active place of worship. My children, grandchildren, sister, and her family were all there to watch. I was overwhelmed by their presence and the knowledge that this was the synagogue where my mother and father were married in 1936 and that the family my mother had so yearned for was here.

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Dr. Stephen Felton (in black shirt and white pants) and family lighting a candle at the Auschwitz Birkenau Concentration and Extermination Camp. To his right is his wife, Barbara, and son, Jacob.

Semi-Retirement

It was soon after, during 2013, that I started to plan retirement and how to proceed with it. I was 71 years old and felt that I was still highly proficient surgically and an excellent clinician in the office. I had read an article by I. Howard Fine, a highly respected ophthalmologist in Oregon. He decided to semi-retire by stopping intra-ocular surgery at age 73. He wanted to stop on his own accord and not when he was told or felt that he should due to decreased surgical proficiency. I felt the same way and my last cataract surgical day was January 3, 2014. It was a sad and also exhilarating day with both my surgical patients of that day and the nursing staff celebrating at the completion of my surgeries. I was very fortunate to have wonderful partners, and as per our corporate agreements, I sold my equity and became an employee of the practice I started on my own in 1980. This was a strange feeling at first, but I have grown accustomed to it. I now see patients three days per week in the office. I see a lot of glaucoma

patients and also a lot of routine ophthalmic visits. I still attend the biweekly partner meetings mostly in an advisory capacity, and as time goes by, I find that my advice is less needed. My wife, Barbara, and I have travelled a great deal in the past few years. It is stimulating and enjoyable. We have travelled in Asia, Australia, South America, the South Pacific, Europe, and the U.S. Many of these trips were hiking trips and some were cruises. Our most memorable trip was last February; it was a cruise with Seabourn and about 400 passengers. We started in Santiago, Chile and ended in Buenos Aires. The most interesting part was five days in the Antarctic. We sailed down the western coast of South America - Chile and the Patagonia region. We arrived in Ushuaia, the southernmost city of South America and then crossed the infamous Drake's crossing to Antarctica. This crossing took two days and was not as rough as advertised. The Antarctic is a land mass the
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size of the U.S. It is mountainous, covered with snow ice and glaciers. There are no people, cars, buildings, docks, or airports. Just a few research stations and animals - mostly penguins, seals, birds, and whales. The captain would drop anchor where he thought it was safe from icebergs and ice floes, and we would do Zodiac landings along with the ships experts. One day I went kayaking – I felt I was on another planet. At the end of the day, at dinner, we and other passengers would discuss our

experience and marvel at what we saw – a land untouched by modern civilization. It made us think of the good and the bad of our modern human world. We left with the hope that this part of our planet will remain relatively untouched in the future.

Barbara and I will continue to travel while we still can, we will visit our four children and five grandchildren, and I will continue to strive to be useful and impactful as I progress into full retirement. ■

I SHALL LEAD YOU THROUGH THE NIGHTS

By Mrs. Eva Feldzstein

[Editor's note: Dr. Stephen Felton, a prominent New Jersey ophthalmologist and author of the accompanying article "From Holocaust to Princeton" that appears in this issue of the RWJMS RFA newsletter, was born in the Warsaw Ghetto, Poland during World War II. Both his mother and father were Jewish. Mrs. Eva Feldzstein with son, Stephen, was separated from her husband and step-son during the war, both of whom died in Auschwitz-Birkenau, a concentration camp. The Matacz family, who lived in Poland, protected Mrs. Feldzstein and Stephen during the war by claiming that they were Christians. The Israeli government awarded the title of "Righteous Among the Nations" to the Matacz family for their bravery and sacrifice in 2012.]

After the war, Mrs. Feldzstein met and married David Wasserman, a survivor of several concentration camps. Stephen with his parents came to the United States in 1947. He attended Brooklyn College and received his PhD in chemistry from Rutgers University. He graduated from Rutgers Medical School in 1976 and completed his residency program at Wills Eye Hospital in Philadelphia. Dr. Felton established his ophthalmology practice in Princeton and was a founding partner of The Princeton Eye Group. The article below was taken from Mrs. Feldzstein's autobiography, "I Shall Lead You through the Nights." She died of cancer in Boston in 1992.]

We stayed in Lukow (Poland) until the middle of January 1944. It was a freezing winter, and coal was very expensive. The war went on as did the murder of innocent people. It seemed that the war against us Jews would never end. Waiting in terror was unbearable. We lived an endless nightmare and worried constantly where next to find a roof over our heads. I often asked myself what to do. I had little choice: to do away with our lives or to go on living. We had to fight for live, and we had to pray.

Some Poles profited from blackmailing people whom they suspected to be Jewish, but money would only temporarily keep them from dragging their victims to the Gestapo. Twice, I survived an SS interrogation, having been dragged to the Gestapo together with my baby (Stefan). Blood ran from my mouth, my teeth were loosened by the beating, but I did not give in. The SS could not prove that I was Jewish. I walked the streets, rode the trains, and went to the park, always with my baby in my arms, never showing fear. My heart pounded fiercely inside my chest, but no one could see my anxiety and fear in my face.

Once again people in Lukow started inquiring about us, and again I had to leave... We took the train to Warsaw crossing the Kerbedz Bridge of the Vistula River. Gratefully, it was dark when we arrived at Suleikowska 51, so people did not

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I Shall Lead You through the Nights

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see us...Oh, G-d! How tired we were: wandering, running, and hiding. Life had become meaningless; nothing could frighten me, not even death. Perhaps that would be easier. But when I looked at my smiling beautiful baby, he made me go on fighting for us. I had to survive to tell the world what had happened to us...My husband, Witek and Stasio, my stepson, had purchased South American visas... I last heard from them in May of 1943. I missed them so much.

At Suleikowska 51, in Grochow, my son was playing with the children in the back yard. As I watched through the window, one of the boys pulled down his pants to see if he was circumcised. The day before, the children chased him down the alley calling him *Judek Abramek*. It clearly was dangerous to remain, so, again I had to look for another place. However, I had to wait until morning; it was too late in the evening and too cold to be in the street with a child. Every knock I had that night I thought was the Gestapo...

Surviving Against All Odds

Next morning, we took the train to a new place in Lukow. The train was filled with all kinds of people, good and bad, and the trip seemed endless. Luckily, I found a seat, and nobody seemed to notice us, thank G-d. Grandma (Matacz) was waiting for us. She was worried because the trip had taken so long. Grandma was a wonderful lady. She took us straight to her house, two-room cottage with all the facilities outside. She walked us to the bedroom where the bed was already made. I was so grateful to the whole Matacz family for being so good to us. Mr. and Mrs. Tadeusz Matacz came to see us with their little Woitek, and the two little boys began to play. Mr. Matacz was a very fine reliable man, and after having been wounded in the Air Force, he was allowed to remain home...

A few days later Tadeusz came to visit with Woitek. Stefan was so happy, he ran to them, calling Tadeusz "Daddy," but when Tadeusz picked up Stefan, Woitek objected: "This is *my* Daddy," he said, and he pushed Stefan away.

Stefan almost two years old, came running to me crying, "Where is my daddy?"

I took my baby in my arms, kissing and hugging him, not knowing what to say. "I wish I knew where your father was!" I cried aloud, and inside I prayed, "Please G-d, save them!" From that morning on, Stefan never stopped asking for his daddy. My son was 8-1/2 months old when we had parted with his father – the last fatherly kiss and the final goodbye. It seemed like ages ago...

Grandma, clutching her rosaries, was praying. I fed the baby and put him to sleep. He was restless and scared, needing me to stay with him until he fell asleep. No wonder. It was a miracle that he was alive...

Grandma was making plans for the Easter holidays. She was expecting to have the whole family in her little place. Again my funny feelings returned. I did not like the way the neighbors looked at us. "Grandma," I said, "I think we should leave."

"Where will you go?" she asked. "Mietek (my childhood friend) is coming. He cares for your safety very much, and I am sure he will find a safe place for you. Please wait for him." With tears in my eyes, I hugged Grandma. I could not say anything.

There was a chapel and a little building nearby where dead bodies of partisans were brought in. One day, we heard an uproar. More bodies were being brought in. We immediately thought of loved ones and rushed over to see if we would recognize anyone. I tried to keep my son out, but the door was open, and he with another boy ran in ahead of us. There were bodies beyond recognition, some without hands or legs or heads, and I thought of my beautiful sister and her little girl who were murdered this way. My heart was crying, and tears were running down my face. Stefan ran into my arms, frightened to death, and I pressed him close to me trying to quiet him down. He was twenty-three months old then.

Eva Feldstein Wasserman, *I Shall Lead You Through the Nights*, second edition, Comtec Publishing, Margate, NJ, 2014. ■

MY EXPERIENCES AS A MEMBER OF THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS OF RUTGERS MEDICAL SCHOOL

By Luis Villa, Jr., MD

[Editor's Note: Rutgers Robert Wood Johnson Medical School is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary of its founding. To mark the event, the RWJMS Retired Faculty Association invited Dr. Luis Villa, Jr., who graduated in the first class at Rutgers Medical School, to recollect his experiences as a student here. At its founding, the medical school was a two-year school, and its graduates completed their clinical studies at other medical schools. After graduating from Rutgers Medical School, he attended Harvard Medical School where he received the MD degree.]

It was 1965 and I had to make a decision whether to go to law school or apply for admission to medical school.

This was colored by the previous four years which had seen my parents and I arrive from Cuba with a total of \$15 and 40 pounds of luggage, which was the maximum allowed by the Castro government.

My parents had made the difficult choice to face poverty and uncertainty to give me the opportunity to benefit from liberty and education in what they considered to be the best country in the world. A medical career offered economic security, intellectual challenge, and permanent employment.

After I interviewed at Rutgers Medical School, the choice was easy: only 16 students, a relatively large and distinguished faculty, brand-new facilities, scholarship aid, proximity to friends and family already in New Jersey, and very likely an interesting choice of schools to finish the clinical years.

I was definitely not disappointed. Dr. Stevens, who actually interviewed me, functioned not only as a microbiologist, but as a friend, advisor, and part-time psychiatrist. Biochemistry with Dr. Plout opened for me new frontiers in the

understanding of cellular function, energy creation and transfer while his partner, Dr. Shiga, exposed us to the oriental philosophy regarding the ultimate purpose of molecular chemistry: "most of your patients will live or die regardless of what you do." Dr. Schlesinger ("you don't know what a Dalton is?") and his team exposed us in detail to the marvels of molecular genetics. Dr. Morrison brought his famous autopsy buckets, which were pungent with the smell of formaldehyde, but were invaluable in exposing us to the basics of pathology, and then, there was Dr. Stetten. He was of course the Dean, but at least for me, he was the father figure, the mentor. He was always available. He shared with us his meals, his family, had great stories about his years teaching biochemistry ("I thought Jimmy did not have it.") and his vision of what he thought the medical school should be and where we should follow up our studies. As expected, in the two years dedicated to the basic sciences, the emphasis was on the nonclinical aspects of medicine and, although not enforced, it was clear that the expectation was that at least some of us would eventually pursue a career in academic medicine. Dr. Cross ('shorty') introduced us to actual patients in hospital settings and successfully bridged basic science to clinical medicine.

The student environment was very pleasant. As expected from a bunch of high achievers, there was some degree of competition, particularly when, even though we were assured of a successful transfer to a four year school, it was not clear initially where we would eventually go and how the selection of students would take place. There was mutual respect and acceptance of the inevitable peculiarities which become evident in such a small group of students; yes, liberals, progressives, Vietnam
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The First RMS Graduating Class

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controversies, hardliners...I wonder how they have changed.

We were all close (occasionally very close!) not only with each other, but also with the faculty. There were frequent social events in which we mingled freely with the professors.

I fondly remember that the prediction of the faculty was that I would become a gynecologist. Well, that prediction was erroneous! I became a board certified pathologist, a board certified internist, and a board certified hematologist and

oncologist. I practiced both pathology and oncology/hematology until three years ago at which time I decided to eliminate pathology and proceed with my hematology/oncology practice which I still do full time at age 70 while dedicating every Wednesday to charity care.

I am forever grateful for the great education and happy fulfilling years that I spent at Rutgers. My only regret is that with the passage of time I have lost contact with most of my classmates and mentors.

I thank you for the opportunity to briefly revisit those wonderful years. ■

In Memoriam **John Raymond de Velder, DTh**

By Eckhard Kemmann, MD

John Raymond de Velder, the Director of Pastoral Care at Robert Wood Johnson University Hospital from the early 1980s until his retirement in early 2015, died suddenly on December 17, 2015 at the age of 71.

John was born October 17, 1944 in Vellore, India, the son of Walter and Harriet nee Boot, whose work as missionaries of the Reformed Church in China had been interrupted by the Japanese invasion. After the war, the family returned to China. Later they moved to the Philippines and then to Hong Kong. In Hong Kong John attended King George V High School. In 1961 he enrolled at Hope College, Holland, Michigan at the age of 16. He then studied at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary and graduated in 1968. After serving Reformed churches in Jersey City, John earned his Clinical Pastoral Education credentials at Hartford Seminary to become a board-certified supervisor with the Association for Clinical Pastoral Education. He also was certified with the College of Pastoral Supervision and Psychotherapy and obtained a doctorate from the New York Theological Seminary.

As the first director of the Pastoral Care program at RWJ University Hospital, John created and supervised the residency program in Clinical Pastoral Education that trained clergy of many faiths and denominations, eventually helping to accredit over 1,000 chaplains. For the physicians and nurses working at the hospital, he became a familiar face. Thus, when the department of OBG started the in vitro fertilization program in reproductive medicine at RWJ University Hospital in 1982, I had the pleasure to work with him and his residents. In lengthy discussions we addressed many ethical questions arising from the novel technologies used to bring about conception. His thoughtful and reflective demeanor never hid his quick wit and kind humor. Beyond the hospital, John's reach served to engage and support seminaries abroad. John is survived by his wife, children, and grandchildren. ■

Robert Wood Johnson Medical School Retired Faculty Association Global Health Fellowship Fund

The RFA is sponsoring medical students to learn, help, and teach in foreign countries, a potentially life-changing experience under the aegis of the Global Health Initiative of Rutgers Robert Wood Johnson Medical School. The RFA is helping to support summer programs or international electives for medical students and is asking you to consider adding your support to this effort. All funds go to help the students without any deduction for administrative expense.

You can submit your donation to support the RFA Global Health Fellowship Fund by sending a check made payable to the "RWJMS Retired Faculty Association" and mailing it to Paul Lehrer, PhD, Department of Psychiatry, Rutgers Robert Wood Johnson Medical School, 671 Hoes Lane West, Piscataway, NJ 08854. All contributions are tax deductible as charitable contributions. The RFA is a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organization.

The people listed below have made donations to support this fellowship in the 2015/2016 **(September 1, 2015 – December 31, 2016) cycle**. See next page for an explanation of the period covered by the contributions.

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The members listed below have paid their RWJMS RFA dues during the 2015/2016 **(September 1, 2015 – December 31, 2016) cycle**. See next page for an explanation of the period covered by dues.

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Retired Faculty Association

The period covered for the RWJMS RFA dues has been changed from September 1, 2015 – August 31, 2016 to January 1, 2016 – December 31, 2016. All who have paid dues by September 1, 2015, will have their membership extended to December 31, 2016.

If you have not already done so, please send in your **2016** (January 1, 2016 – December 31, 2016) dues. Also, if you would like to support medical students to have an opportunity to participate in the Global Health Program, consider donating to the RFA Global Health Fellowship Fund. Please send your check to Paul Lehrer. Both contributions are tax deductible as charitable contributions. Thank you.

RWJMS Retired Faculty Association 2016 (January 1, 2016 – December 31, 2016) Dues

Benefits of RFA Membership:

- Defining, advocating for, and publicizing the benefits of retired faculty at RWJMS,
- Fostering ongoing engagement and participation of retired faculty in RWJMS activities,
- Promoting continuing interaction among retirees,
- Providing information and options for faculty considering retirement, and
- Interacting with other academic retired faculty associations (e.g., The AAUP Emeriti Assembly of Rutgers University, The Rutgers Retired Faculty and Staff Association).

Please cut along the dotted line below and return that portion with your payment.

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Please enclose a check for a donation to the Global Health Program and/or for dues (\$15) made payable to the “RWJMS Retired Faculty Association,” and mail the check to Paul Lehrer, PhD, at the address shown below.

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