



Florida Institute of Technology
High Tech with a Human Touch

the silver panther

professors emeriti newsletter

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Welcome to the "Silver Panther"

The newsletter by and for the professors emeriti of Florida Institute of Technology.

Volume II of the Silver Panther

Welcome to the spring issue of the biannual newsletter for Professors Emeriti. The newsletter is intended to help keep you up-to-date on activities, events, and news of fellow emeriti.

For some reason many of our professors emeriti are reluctant to send news of their activities. In some cases, they have expressed, as did Andrew Zborowski below, that they could not imagine anyone would be interested in what they are doing or thinking. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Dr. Zborowski's reflections regarding socialism and capitalism could not be more relevant given our present economic crisis. I know most of us are very happy not to have deadlines and would rather spend our time playing golf in retirement. But we are not talking reviewed journal here. Dashing off an e-mail to a friend is more like it. So please do not hesitate to inundate me with information for the fall newsletter.

Please send your comments, news items, interest articles, photos, or other items to the editor at drgender@cfl.rr.com.

Dr. Ford Speaks at Spring Luncheon

On February 12, approximately thirty professors emeriti attended a delicious luncheon in the Board of Trustees Room of the Denius Student Center. Dr. Richard Ford, Associate Professor, Computer Science presented an informative address describing the newly formed Harris Institute for Assured Information, a multidisciplinary institute designed to research and provide internet security. Additionally he entertained the listeners with interesting anecdotes about his adventures as a hired "hacker". A good time was had by all.

Check Out the Professors Emeriti Web Page!

Be sure to visit the Florida Tech web site devoted to Professors Emeriti, which is routinely updated by webmaster, Tom Stephens. Go to the quicklinks menu on the FIT home page and click on professors emeriti. You can also get there directly from the following address:

<http://research.fit.edu/emeritus/>

Guest Editorial

Capitalism vs. Socialism: Is the Grass Greener on the Other Side of the Ocean?

By Andrew Zborowski

Some of us, retired persons, were asked twice for our contribution to the *Silver Panther*. When I got the first announcement I simply overlooked it on the assumption that no one would be interested in what I'm doing. Even though the assumption still holds I decided to answer the call and write a few paragraphs of my impressions of the early retirement period.

My life consists mainly of sitting, reading and thinking (let alone some physical exercise). I'm far away from the main stream of my former professional activities, something that wasn't originally planned, but it was caused by my new life circumstances. Four years ago just before I retired, I couldn't imagine that time without my work could pass by so quickly. I'm living several thousand miles away from my office at FIT, in a Scandinavian country. It is winter here now and the beautiful nature is covered with a white carpet of snow.

During the three years of my residence in Sweden I have had a chance to see from a close distance a different country with a specific culture and socio-economic system. When I lived in the States for several decades, I often read and heard that Sweden is an example of how a modern society should be organized. Some American intellectuals were dreaming of installing in their country a similar kind of welfare state with free education and health care system. Now I'm here and have learned

that the other man's grass is greener. I read articles of the ailing economy (not just the present crisis, but for the three years I have been here). There is concern about worsening education and long lines of people waiting to see a specialist. Those who have lived in Sweden long enough say that thirty years ago it was a different country; people were happier, less critical and more involved. Now the morale of the people is lower. There are thefts and crime you can read about almost every day. Local people resent immigration imposed on them by the government. One of the results of the immigration policy is high unemployment; a lot of people are out of work and many prefer not to work and stay on welfare, supported by the government.

However as far as I'm concerned, I do not experience most of these disadvantages. For me the country is still interesting as it embarked on a historical experiment with a social arrangement which some call the third way (something between capitalism and socialism). You can see and experience well-functioning institutions, clean surroundings and care about the environment. One can always see and feel the ubiquitous government and its influence on all aspects of life. This seems to make people here feel safe and secure.

Living in Europe now I have also a chance to watch more closely than I had in the US how the continent struggles with the concept of unity. This is a slow and very difficult process, but one can see that little by little there is progress toward a state of unification which at the moment is not clearly defined. Different ideas are being discussed and arguments pro and con are being weighed. This is also an historic experiment and very

painful experience for all the 27 countries involved. But nevertheless it gives hope not only for Europe itself but for the world heading toward some more advanced state of globalization.

Silver Panthers on the Go

A Silver Panther and His Wife Cross the U.S. in an RV

By Iver Duedall

In June 2008, Mary and I traveled across the USA in our RV, loaded with technology (cell phones, wireless internet, CBs and walkie talkies), returning to Florida in mid October. Here is a very brief chronology.

After weeks of preparation we left Melbourne Village about 9PM in early June—we could not stand the thought of staying even one more night at home. But we made only 60 miles on this first day, stopping for an overnight stay at one of the Florida Turnpike rest stops just north of Orlando.

A few days later, heading towards Louisiana on I-10, I made a wrong turn and drove into downtown New Orleans (driving a 36 foot RV, towing a car!). What a mess, construction everywhere--- Hurricane Katrina repairs. Mary quickly found a route that took us out of downtown and to road that crossed a spit of land between Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Maurepass. Midway across the lake we stopped at the tiny hamlet Pass Manchac, discovering that it was a fishing village and a good place to unwind after the New Orleans wild-goose chase. We walked the town, met some local fisherman, and had a great “gumbo” lunch (see image plate of gumbo almost all gone!). We agreed that

“my goof” that took us to New Orleans was well worth it.

When we got to Beaumont, Texas, the RV park manager invited us for a full breakfast--it was part of the RV fee, which was only \$15—so we decided to leverage the situation by staying an extra three day. By now gas was more than \$3/gal. Beaumont had a very interesting oil museum and a good place to eat called New York Pizza. While in Beaumont, we decided to drive to Galveston Island where we had a nice dinner and walked the beaches (see image, bottom, center). A few weeks later, Galveston Island was destroyed by a hurricane.

Further west and into Texas we visited a high school friend in Kerrville—I had not seen him in 50 years; it was a wonderful reunion. Kerrville is Texas hill country, up and down and up and down—a bit challenging when driving an RV with car in tow.

After Texas we headed to New Mexico to have another look at Carlsbad Cavern. We were there in 1998 and we always wanted to return to see the bats fly out of the cave, an event we missed; this time we saw the bats—lots of bats! The park ranger said that ~ million bats leave the Carlsbad cave every evening just before dark to feast on a host of flying bugs 50-100 miles away. The bats return early the next morning, deposit some guano, and then go to sleep. This Carlsbad bat thing has been going on for thousands of years. Amazing!

After Carlsbad, we headed down the road about 50 miles to Guadalupe National Park—we had the park all to ourselves—see image RV in the parking lot. The entire area (including Carlsbad) is an ancient reef-inland ocean system.

After leaving Carlsbad/Guadalupe we traveled to Deming, New Mexico, where we stayed in the backyard of Richard and Peggy Michado, transplants who fled from Florida after the 2004 hurricanes wiped them out. Peggy worked at FIT for several years. Richard, originally an ocean technician from Woods Hole, Massachusetts, would visit John Williams and me in Link Building. Peggy and Richard (see them in the image below) say “hello” to all their FIT friends.

In California, we stayed first in Laguna Beach, then moved to central California where we stayed with my brother for about 3 weeks. My brother sells those prized collectable black and yellow old California license plates at car swap meets. At the Pomona swap meet we met car rebuilder Chip Foose (on TV, “Rebuildin”) who bought several hundred dollars in plates from my brother (see image lower left, Chip Foose and me).

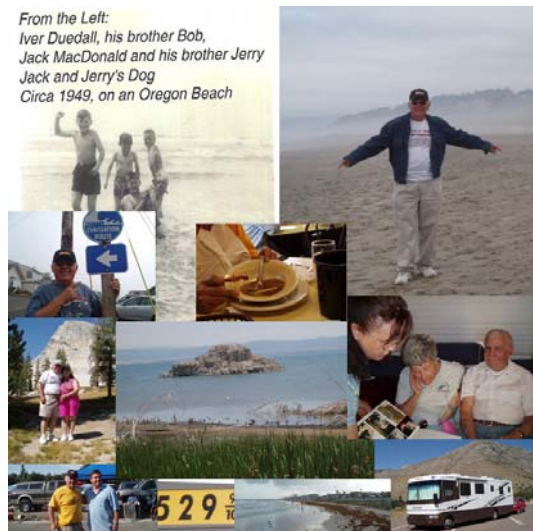
In San Francisco, we visited a friend that I grew up with in Albany, Oregon, who was an artist for Rolling Stone and Playboy magazines for many years after leaving academia (see picture upper left of us about 10-12 years old in Neskowin Beach). We parked the RV in Tuolumne, an old California mining/timber town in front of Mary’s cousin place and crossed the Sierras. That was a wonderful experience---in a few spots the grade was 26%, no trucks and RVs allowed. After crossing the summit we were soon in the tiny town of Bridgeport, California, an old western town with snow-capped Sierras in the background. Beautiful! It was Bridgeport where we found the most expensive gas: \$5.29/gallon, but we had enough in the tank of the Saturn to get us

back over the Sierras where gas was only about \$4.25/gallon.

After leaving Bridgeport we headed to Mono Lake, California, about 70 miles south of Bridgeport. It is famous for at least three reasons: 1) salinity is about 4x seawater; 2) the lake is very old—about 700,000 years; and 3) Los Angeles County took water from the tributaries to Mono Lake for over 70 years, thus steadily decreasing the lake depth which increased the salinity, upsetting the natural history of the area. Fortunately, the taking of the water by Los Angeles was stopped several years ago, saving the lake from death. But the following chance-of-a-lifetime happened while we were on the Mono Lake boardwalk viewing birds (see image, middle) along with a group of about fifteen people. I struck up a conversation, telling the group that I would report on this lake to my BCC online student (I am teaching online courses, including environmental science, for BCC during the 4 month trip). Then the leader of the group politely asked me if I had ever heard of John Muir. It was like asking me if I had ever heard of Abraham Lincoln. That person said he is the great-grandson of John Muir, the naturalist credited for preserving Yosemite National Park. We had a great talk that afternoon, and later that day I sent a message to my students along with a picture of me with John Muir’s great-great grandson.

On our trip to Oregon from California, we took the coastal route, staying in Fortuna, California, for about 5 days with my brother (at a car swap meet) and also visiting with Mary’s cousin/husband who lives in Fortuna. We liked Fortuna a lot, cool climate, a small town atmosphere and with museums and art galleries. Nearby

Fortuna is Ferndale, California, another neat little town and famous for its hometown cheese factory. We learned later from Dave Clapp that he and his wife also visit Ferndal --- small world.



In Oregon, where I was born and grew up, and most of my cousins live, we spent time in Grants Pass, Brownsville, Albany, Sisters, Burns, Tangent, Hood River, Ontario, and several Oregon beach towns (see image top left, Neskowin Beach again after 60 years). I found it very interesting and prudent that all Oregon coastal towns have well-marked tsunamis evacuation route signs. Overall we spent about 2 months in Oregon, staying mainly at the Corvallis KOA, about 5 miles from Oregon State University where I was both an undergraduate and graduate student. Mary and I would spend many a day in Corvallis, seeing the campus, and having lunch at the local Dairy Queen where we use to have lunch or dinner in the mid-60s. While in Oregon we took a one-week trip to Orcas Island, Washington, to visit my sister and her family. Orcas Island is part of the San Juan Islands (northwest corner of Washington state) accessible by ferry.

We were quite surprised to find very little development has occurred on these islands. On our return home from Orcas Island we met up with Mike Witiw who lives in a Seattle suburb with wife Beth. Some of you will remember Mike who worked in the School of Aeronautics; Mike was anxious for FIT campus news, and he sends his regards. Mike is a professor at a Seattle university and is also busy on a several research projects.

By late August we regrettably decided to leave Oregon, heading back to Florida via Colorado and Illinois to visit relatives. On our trip to Colorado we stopped at the Three Island State Park in Idaho. This is the area where Oregon pioneers crossed the Snake River on their trip to Oregon. My great great grandfather was William Tyler Vaughan, wagon master on the Oregon Trail; I need to find out if he crossed the Snake River at Three Islands.

We only spent two days in Wyoming, but we did see a lot of energy exploration (gas and oil) activities. We stopped overnight at Evanston. Fifteen years ago when we visited Evanston, it was very small then; now it is a big town with big shopping centers. According to the RV park manager, all the growth in Evanston is attributed to energy exploration.

After leaving Colorado we took several days to cross Kansas, Great Plains country. While traveling we kept trying to imagine the arduous experiences people had 100-150 years ago crossing by wagon train. The wind was constantly blowing in Kansas, and we saw several huge wind farms. One afternoon the wind was so strong that we had to get off the road early to find an RV park for fear that the wind would blow us off the road.

It was mid September when we passed through Missouri in less than one day as we wanted to get to Carthage, Illinois to spend a lot of time with Mary's distant cousins who are primarily farmers. Carthage is an interesting little farm town, famous as the town where the Mormon leader Joseph Smith was murdered in 1844. The local town golf course also included RV spaces which was a great convenience and very inexpensive. We recently heard that the one and only town restaurant closed down.

In early October we returned to Florida, where we found everything in good shape. Of course all our friends in the Melbourne Village neighborhood could not wait to tell us what we missed: Tropical Storm Fay.

News from the Silver Panthers

Ed Everette writes: "It was a very pleasant surprise on a recent flight from Boston to Orlando to find Lance McMillan as the captain on the Jet Blue flight. He was a 1991 graduate of the School of Aeronautics and has done very well. We exchanged experiences since his departure from FIT in the mid-nineties and updated each other on other graduates."

Jim Patterson writes: "The most interesting thing I have done lately is to have a backhoe sink a 20 foot shaft to open a new entrance to my gold mine (The Feb. #1). The mine itself is about 200 feet long with two perpendicular 50 foot drifts. Now I am getting ready to build a log shed to seal off the new entrance. I will use pines on the property, peel the bark off, and use more or less a Lincoln log type of construction. I probably should note, in case anyone is thinking of asking me for a loan, the gold in the mine was long ago tapped out. But it does make for an interesting

excursion after we have people up to our nearby cabin for dinner." (See picture below.) He also notes that he and Bernard Bailey published *Solid State Physics: An Introduction to the Theory* in 2007 and are bringing out a second edition which will include a solutions manual.



Jim Patterson and wife at their cabin in the Black Hills

Preview of Coming Attractions

John Morris and Dick Enstice went to Kenya on a safari last year. Dick has agreed to write about his experiences and supply pictures for the fall newsletter.

Carol Philpot and husband, Tom Jensen, are cruising through the Panama Canal next week with stops in Grand Cayman, Columbia, Costa Rica and Baja Mexico. Story and pictures will be forthcoming for the next newsletter.

Professors Emeriti Needed

Tom Marcinkowski is seeking professors emeriti who are willing to review COE and COS student projects in the upcoming Northrop Grumman Engineering & Science Student Design Showcase on April 3. Please contact him at 674-8946 or marcinko@fit.edu at your earliest convenience if you are willing and able to help.



A Home-Grown Jack of All Trades: A Profile of Richard E. Enstice

Dick Enstice is a Florida Tech home grown whose career at the university spans 41 years, almost as long as the university itself has existed. Although Dick spent his childhood in New Jersey, his great grandmother had been a Floridian since 1921. Dick has fond memories of spending his summers fishing and hunting in Melbourne where his great uncle ran a motel in the 40's and 50's. It is no surprise then that when it came time to go to college, he chose to enroll in a combined program offered by Stetson and the University of Florida, called a 3/2, after which he would have had a BS from Stetson and an engineering degree from Gainesville. He enjoyed the atmosphere at Stetson and dreaded moving to a large university at the end of three years. In 1966, he chose to take summer courses in engineering at Florida Institute of Technology to prepare himself for the leap into the big pond and essentially never left, obtaining his BS in electrical engineering from FIT in 1969. Dick was a student during the pioneering days of

the school, when all the students and faculty were part time students employed at the space center and all classes were cancelled whenever there was a launch because everybody had to be at work. He remembers his fellow students as being driven and expert in the lab because they already knew it all. Therefore he felt the only way he could compete was to focus on mathematics, something that came easily to him. He chose electrical engineering because it used mathematics so much, not to mention that it was the only discipline offered when he attended school!

After his graduation in 1966, Harry Weber who was the department head, asked him if he wanted to become a graduate student, which he did, and Harry provided him with a GSA to carry him through until he got his masters in 1971. He became an instructor on the faculty immediately after obtaining his masters degree and remembers fondly his years of teaching "all the courses no one else wanted to teach!" He, like most long term faculty at Florida Tech, enjoyed the sense of ownership in the early years, of being part of the creativity, contributing to the direction the university would take. And like most other faculty who have risen through the ranks to administrative posts, Dick still thinks of teaching as his favorite job. In particular he remembers a mathematics course he taught which he called "through and across barriers," a course that taught students how to take any discipline of engineering and write equations. Until that course, students would have been exposed to various courses in physics, but they couldn't put it all together. It was disjointed. His fondest memory is of the look in their eyes when they finally got it. "It was as

if you suddenly turned the light on and they were in control.”

Dick had a goal to get his PHD and become a university Vice President by the time he was 40. Because he would have had to quit his job as an instructor in the department in order to get his PHD in Electrical Engineering and his wife and children would have had to fend for themselves, he opted to keep his job, attending the Science Education PHD program offered in the evening instead. In 1986, he received his PHD in Science Education and was promoted to Vice President for Administrative Affairs at the age of 41, only a year behind his personal schedule. He continued to teach one class every term however, throughout his career. As Vice President, Dick’s expertise in math made him particularly competent to play a major role in creating and managing the annual budget. He remembers the early years as ones in which the university couldn’t afford to make a mistake because it would have led to bankruptcy, thus causing him to agonize over budgetary decisions and prepare very conservative budgets in which he had complete confidence. Then Florida Tech was 90% dependent on revenues generated by the students and borrowed heavily for any building or expansion. Today he feels we are in a better position, having \$2 million in reserves written into the annual budget. Being Vice President had its negative moments in other areas as well, particularly when it was necessary to let someone go or to deal with the numerous lawsuits which occur over time in any business.

Because he was at Florida Tech from 1966 – 2007, Dick, like other pioneers, has witnessed the tremendous growth from the early days of the Brevard Engineering College with part time

students in borrowed space for classrooms all the way to the present campus which houses six colleges and 58 degree programs. Dick reflects that between 1971 and 1985, the university built a building a year as well as adding campuses such as Jensen Beach and Hawthorne College. But to him, the proudest accomplishment of Florida Tech is the respect and esteem we have garnered from other universities because of the excellent graduates we produce.

Dick remembers desperate times in the early days, when as a student he stripped racks for screws, and was about to discard a five gallon bucket of slugs, when someone suggested they take the slugs up to chemistry for analysis, only to discover they were 99.9% pure silver. The silver slugs were sold for cash to add to the university treasury. “Back in the old days, we were one big family. Everybody did everything. We all rolled up our sleeves and chipped in.” Perhaps that is why he is a jack of all trades, competently handling a variety of positions over his forty years of service to the university, from professor to Director of Academic Services for off-campus programs to Vice President of Financial Affairs to Vice-President of Academic Affairs to Interim Provost and Chief Academic Officer to Associate Provost and Dean of the Graduate School to Executive Director of Extended Studies. It is exhausting just to read the titles.

But Dick’s life has come full circle. Now in retirement, he spends his time reading, doing “quality” maintenance work around the house, enjoying time with his wife, and, yes, hunting and fishing one day each week just as he did as a boy. He has certainly earned the rest.

