

# George W. Goth

(Bud)

JUNE 23, 1943–NOVEMBER 28, 2009



Friday, January 15, 2010  
2:00 PM

Berkeley City Club  
2515 Durant Avenue  
Berkeley, California 94704  
(510) 848.7800  
[www.berkeleycityclub.com](http://www.berkeleycityclub.com)

## PROGRAM

A CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

### *George W. Goth (Bud)*

GUIDE FOR THE JOURNEY	Bonnie Stiles
FAMILY LIFE	Scott Sharman
TEACHING/SKYLINE COLLEGE	Pat Deamer Betty Lindren-Young Cynthia Marshall
SOCIAL ACTIVISM	Gordon Wozniak
NEIGHBORS	Dee Dee Collier
THEATRE	Rica Anderson Marion Fay Gary Graves Toni Mester
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY	Amy Roth, <i>former President</i>
BERKELEY CITY CLUB	Carley Angell Gary Nagel Kellie Robinson Betsy Smith
RECEPTION	

## REMEMBRANCES

### George

was born June 23, 1943 in Nassau County Hospital, Mineola, Long Island, New York and lived in Garden

City Park, Long Island until college. He was a cute youngster—just check his homepage and see for yourself ([www.smccd.net/accounts/goth](http://www.smccd.net/accounts/goth)). He was called Bud by his mother, father and all of his extended family. He attended Columbia University on a partial scholarship and graduated with a B.S. in Chemistry in 1965. His uncle Jim remembers when George came home from his Christmas break while attending Columbia and volunteered to take Jim's four young children on a day outing to New York City. Jim was amazed that George would be interested in handling four very young children. Leslie, who was five at the time, remembers that they were going to ride the ferry but the weather was lousy so they went to a movie—*Goldfinger*. This was probably the beginning of George's love of children. They all had a wonderful time.



After Columbia, George came to Cal in 1965, graduating with a PH.D. in Nuclear Chemistry in 1973. He then took a post doctorate at Washington University in St. Louis. But he didn't like it much there. When he came back to Berkeley, he knew he had found his home and never left. One of his office mates during his graduate student days was our very own Berkeley City Council member, Gordon Wozniak. They also shared a duplex at 2528 Piedmont Avenue after he returned from St. Louis. George served eight years on the Berkeley Labor Commission. George was also a contributor to the grassroots newspaper of Berkeley Citizens Action during the late 1970s and 1980s.

George was hired for a permanent part time position to teach Chemistry at the College of San Mateo in the fall of 1975. He transferred to a fulltime position in Chemistry at Skyline College in the fall of 1980. While at Skyline, he was approved for equivalency to teach Physics. George was active in the American Federation of Teachers, Local 1493. He was founder and long-time editor of *The Advocate*, the union newsletter, and served on the Executive Board as secretary. The East Bay Carpool formed at Skyline College in 1980, and George was one of its staunchest members. With a core of 4-6 people, the group has accommodated up to 12 people on various schedules in two to three cars. For many years George had a mini-van that could hold 7 people, purchased mainly to facilitate the carpool. This group became a mentoring group for new faculty, an ad hoc committee to just about every other committee on campus, a strong friendship group, and a support system for each other in their academic and personal lives. George frequently read to the car pool and organized many of their social events. The most memorable of their end-of-semester gatherings was George's retirement party in 2006, complete with a belly dancer. George loved to teach and was a well liked instructor, generously assisting students. He created several resources for them that included *The Teacher's Statistical Package, Resources and References for Physics Students, and The Magnitudes of Physics*.

GEORGE lived in his home on Kains Avenue for over 30 years and was a regular participant in neighborhood pot lucks. For 23 years he shared his *New York Times* with Rosie and took care of her cats and mail when she was away. He encouraged a particular young person in the block, giving her books and school materials. He was a familiar figure doing his regular walks around the neighborhood. The Kains Avenue neighbors held a gathering in his honor on December 19<sup>th</sup>.

George was an avid theatre goer. He subscribed and donated to Aurora Theatre Company, Berkeley Rep, Impact Theatre, Shotgun Players and San Francisco Playhouse and served on the Board of Directors of Central

Works. He was always willing to go to small theatres and often attended The Marsh and The Exit Theatre in San Francisco. For the past four years, he regularly attended the popular Albany Adult School Theatre Exploration course taught by Marion Fay, as well as her newer Music Appreciation course. Marion remembers George as a generous contributor to the class and to her as an instructor by providing her with important connections to theatres and events throughout the Bay Area. He was an invaluable class member making thoughtful comments in class and a willing contributor of materials. For ten years, he traveled with The Educated Audience, led by Toni Mester, on theatre tours to Ashland, New York City, and London.

HE WAS always helping people and sharing information. He created a stir by producing a Banned Book Calendar published by Friends of the Library that included such outrageous books as *The Call of the Wild* by Jack London, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Civil Disobedience* by Henry David Thoreau and Shakespeare's *King Lear*. George worked at the Friends of the Library Book-

store on Channing Way on Friday afternoons and served on its Board of Directors. There he used his theatrical expertise in selecting books to price and his general expertise in helping buyers to find good books. Friends President Diane Davenport says, "The Friends is a volunteer organization that raises so much money for the public library because of the dedication of its members. When members like George bring their knowledge and experience, both the organization and the library benefit. He will be missed."

George has been a very active member of the Berkeley City Club since 1997, serving on the Board of Directors for six years and acting as the



secretary for several of those years. He was editor of *The Record* for many years. He participated in the Book Club and the Play Readers and helped to create the Visual Paradigm film club. He was a regular attendee and supporter of the Berkeley Chamber Performances. He very actively recruited and recorded the wonderful readings performed by Actors Reading Writers.

George died on November 28, 2009, of cardiac arrest and complications due to diabetes. His beloved mother, Marjorie Sharman Goth, died January 1, 2010. He is survived by an aunt, Elizabeth Sharman, and uncle, James Sharman and 11 cousins: Sharman Marciano, Jeanette Flanders, Susan Baldock, George Sharman, Blair Siebelt, William Sharman, Scott Sharman, Wesley Magil, Lynn Ruoff, Leslie Gibson and James Sharman.

Skyline College has established a scholarship fund in George's name: San Mateo County Community Colleges Foundation, Memo line: The George Goth Science Scholarship.

In addition, George would encourage your participation and donations to the various theatres in our area and the Berkeley City Club through the Landmark Heritage Foundation (designated for renovation of the swimming pool).

He will be missed.



## ❧ PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES ❧

*George (Bud) W. Goth, Jr.—A Cousin, Remembered*

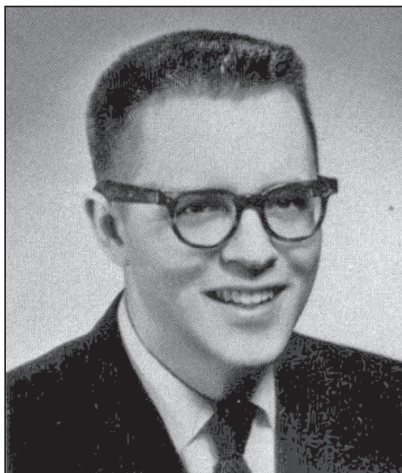
**I'm George** F. SHARMAN, III, George's cousin.  
George W. Goth, Jr. was born 23 June

1943; I was born 8 February 1945. We were the two oldest cousins (of 13) in the Sharman family, two George's, each with their own nickname. He was Bud. I was Buster. Our homes were about 3 miles apart on Long Island, with our grandparents' house in between. Being less than two years apart it was natural that we spent a lot of time together. We both shared interests in science, math and music.

There was an important reason for the nicknames: Georges abounded within the family. Our grandfather on the Sharman side was George F. Sharman, as was his son, me, and, yes, my son. Our great grandfather was George. There was an uncle George, brother-in-law to Grandpop. There was George Goth, Sr., Bud's dad. In fact, even the nicknames overlapped; my father, George was called Bud as well.

**I**HAVE many fond memories spending time together during the summers. Sometime in the early fifties, George's parents bought him a telescope. I was invited to join them, and we made a trip all the way out to Riverhead, over a 100-mile round-trip to buy the scope from someone who had advertised telescopes in *Popular Science*. With that telescope we had many an adventure as pre-teens, spotting airplanes, distant stars and planets, and even a flying saucer (this was the 50's). Eventually, Bud outgrew the scope and I inherited it (I've still got the eyepiece).

In 1957, my family moved from Long Island to San Diego, but we still stayed in touch. Every other year we'd drive back to New York to visit family and one of the high points was spending time with the Goths and



catching up on what George was doing in High School, then later at Columbia University. Our families remained close through the decades.

Bud, or George, as you know him, was always pursuing knowledge. On those visits in the early 60's, while he was still in high school, he was delving into the writings of Joyce and the music

of Cage. I must admit that visiting him was always exciting and stimulating. I'd come away with renewed inspiration to learn more about subjects he'd introduced.

In later years our visits became annual affairs. I'm a marine geophysicist, for which there is an annual, international meeting in San Francisco each December. Thus, providing George wasn't off traveling, we'd get together at least once a year and compare notes on life and times. Marti, my wife and I once visited, BK (Before Kids) and George took us to the Buttercup Restaurant, and, that evening, to a Berkeley sing-along Hallelujah Chorus. Years later, living in Connecticut with our two boys, we made a memorable trip into New York City to spend a day at the Museum of Natural History along with cousin Bud, who was ever so generous with his time and his learning. In the years since his father passed, he had moved his mother, Marjorie, to Saint Paul's Towers, a retirement facility in Oakland, where she would be secure near family for the rest of her life. He was devoted to his mother, managing all of her affairs and seeing to her care and comfort. It's not surprising that she, too, passed, just 34 days after George. I'm sure his death simply removed all the wind from her sails.

It's difficult to recall a lifetime of activities, talks, sleepovers with discussions that ran way into the night, visits, trips... One visit to New York from San Diego, probably in 1959, contains an insight. During that visit, Bud joined my family on a trip upstate to some property we had in the mountains just above New Jersey, where we spent a day picnicking, hiking, and just enjoying ourselves. Then, on the way home, and caught in traffic coming back through New York City, George and I and my sister, Jeannette, crawled into the back of our 59 Ford Station Wagon, and began waving to the other cars caught in the traffic jam. That was my cousin Bud, always cheering people on in the traffic jam of life, making that life a little happier, a little funnier, and a lot better for everyone.

*George F. Sharman, III*

I have KNOWN George for about 25 years and he was originally introduced to me by Horst and Eva Bannsnier who were close friends of George's and who completely remodeled his home for him in the early 80's. George and I were both involved in a fledgeling Cohousing group that was started by Horst and Eva in the mid-1980's. A few years later, George got involved in our letter-writing group, which meets once a month on Sunday afternoons, to write letters to Congress on various issues of concern. George came to the group nearly every month for many years but in recent years had to drop out because as his mother's health began to fail, he faithfully spent every Sunday with his mother at St. Paul's Towers.

About four years ago, I was involved in starting a small non-profit called Bay Area Community Land Trust, whose mission was to create affordable cooperatively-owned cohousing for seniors. George got involved as a founding member and became a Board member for two years. He helped us raise money by allowing us to use his front yard for several very suc-



cessful garage sales which raised thousands of dollars as his house is on a very visible corner and lots of people saw the sales and stopped to shop. Due to his mother's illness, he dropped out of the Board last year to spend more time with her.

*Kathy Labriola*

**George** WAS always good company when you ran in to him at Berkeley City Club events. His wide ranging interests included music and drama, among others, and his enthusiasm was obvious.

But what I especially admired about George was how much benefit he derived from his City Club membership. He was an active participant in our book club, Smith. He self-Joanne DePhillips', Chamber Performances, fine music that most residents of the United States would have to travel many, many miles to hear the equivalent. He was a regular at Rica Anderson's Actors Reading Writers, usually recording the proceedings on his mini digital recording device he was so pleased with. And of course George was a swimmer. There's a wisdom teaching that comes down to us from ancient times: Carpe Diem. George lived it. So long, George. Pleasure knowing you. We'll miss you.

*—Dick Bagwell*



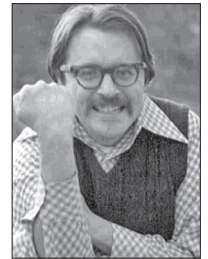
coordinated by Betsy  
dom, if ever, missed  
wonderful Berkeley  
manages, fine music  
dents of the United  
to travel many, many

**His** LOVE of science, the theater, movies, and literature in my opinion places him in the category of "a renaissance man." When I heard the news of his passing, the first thought that entered my mind was that from Shakespeare, "Now cracks a noble heart."

*—Dennis Kuby*

**I knew** GEORGE from frequent encounters in the pool. We were colleagues on the Board of Directors and I wrote a number of articles for *The Record* when he was editor. George was someone I always enjoyed running into at the Club. He was very kind, well informed, had a strong social conscious and an infectious laugh. I sensed a commitment to excellence and social justice. I never found him harsh. The only thing George ever proselytized me about was joining KCSM Public Radio which has great programming for the arts and music. I joined, got my mug and no longer feel guilty when I listen to this great station. Oh, George also corrected a few errors I made in the chemistry of pool chlorination. Wherever George is going, they'll have good company.

*—Bob Hamilton*



**I met** GEORGE at our beloved Berkeley City Club while we were both serving on the Board of Directors. Neither of us knew very many members at that time. One evening after a board function, I asked George if he wanted to walk up to the Avenue for a bite to eat. As we walked he said to me "The Berkeley City Club is supposed to be a social club but it doesn't seem that many people are social." Over the years George and I became good friends sharing two of this favorite pleasures—good food and good theater. George also enjoyed art. On one occasion we went to a

private gallery in the City to view Dali prints. Another time, when the Chagall exhibition arrived at SFMOMA we decided to take advantage of the opportunity. The place was mobbed. George got the last available headset. That was OK though, because he told me all about it on the way home. I just want to say so long George. You'll be missed.

—Gary Nagel

I was terribly saddened to learn of George Goth's death. When my husband, Robert, passed away unexpectedly, George contacted me immediately. He and Bob had often discussed books. George wanted to be of assistance to me. He wrote a most beautiful obituary in the Club's *The Record* about my husband. I treasure his fine well expressed tribute to this day. I went through a despairing time after losing my husband. I will never understand how George knew my lowly state, but in 2005, he began sending me inspirational and humorous literary selections by way of e-mail thus providing a boost to my spirits. Often he invited me to join him and friends to his play journeys. I am grateful that I did go along. He and I became pals due to his many kindnesses. I feel very sad about never seeing or communicating with this wonderful person again.

—Shirley Richardson-Brower

