THE MEMORABLE STUDENTS ISSUE
**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**  
*Dean Popp, Economics*

It is always a challenge to come up with an idea for the President’s Message. For this issue I have decided to use this opportunity to encourage a few of you to come forward and serve the organization. The time commitment is not large and I think the benefits in terms of meeting and interacting with the membership are considerable. Our membership has been fairly stable, in terms of numbers, for the past five years as approximately the same number of persons choose to join the retirement association as those who leave the organization. So, the size of the organization is stable, but what we need is a few individuals to step forward to serve in some capacities that I will describe below.

As you know, the work of the Association is primarily carried out by a few committees, and the committees are overseen by the Board of Directors. The Activities Committee welcomes an additional person or two to assist with the planning and implementation of the Association’s activities. In addition to organizing the existing activities of the Association (Valentines Lunch, Spring Lunch, Kentucky Derby party, etc.) there is an opportunity to consider some new and different activities for our group. I do not want to constrain the scope of the type of activities that could be offered and would encourage some original thinking in this area. There is also the possibility of one or two members taking on the responsibility for one of our existing activities or of planning a new one. This would decrease the time commitment for any one member of the committee and provide for more members to have input into the process. So, for example, two or three existing members could plan a new activity in consultation with the Activities Committee.

The other area where the Association is in need of assistance is with our web page. Pat Coffey is our current web master and has provided excellent service over the years but has expressed an interest in welcoming some help in providing a vibrant and up to date source of information. The design of our web page and the updating of the web page on a regular basis are in need of some attention. In the current environment our web page may be the first contact someone may have with our organization, and it is important to provide them with an accurate portrayal of who we are. Clearly, this position requires someone with training and experience with our web page. Pat Coffey is our current web master and has provided excellent service over the years but has expressed an interest in welcoming some help in providing a vibrant and up to date source of information. The design of our web page and the updating of the web page on a regular basis are in need of some attention. In the current environment our web page may be the first contact someone may have with our organization, and it is important to provide them with an accurate portrayal of who we are. Clearly, this position requires someone with training and experience with our web pages.

I encourage any of our membership to consider volunteering for one of these positions. If you have an interest, you can contact me or Dan Gilbreath or any current member of the Board. I look forward to hearing from you.♦

*Cover: The suspension bridge over College Avenue.* This 200 foot long bridge, with its arch rising 46 feet above the walkway, connects the East Campus Residential Community, the Office of Housing Administration, and parking structures with Aztec Center and the campus beyond. The bridge was completed in 2003 and makes for safe and easy pedestrian travel between these areas of campus.
Dear SDSU Retirement Association,

I would first like to thank you all from the bottom of my heart for allowing me to be the recipient of this scholarship. I chose SDSU because of several reasons. One, I’m from San Diego, and this is my home. All my friends and family are here and I couldn’t think of a better place to live than sunny San Diego. Two, it was more cost efficient for me to live at home. My first year of college, I lived on campus to get a “feel” of the college life, the whole living on your own freedom. Honestly, that experience made me so grateful to be living with my parents. I didn’t realize how difficult it was to live on your own. I am currently pursuing a degree in Biology, specifically the pre-med track. I decided to pursue a degree in biology because I want to be a plastic surgeon when I graduate. The main reason being is because of my cultural background. My mom is from Thailand and does not have a lot of money. My cousin had a child, Zoomie, who was born with a cleft ear. Unfortunately, like I just stated, they do not have enough money to fix her ear. So my goal is to go to third world countries (as well as in the United States) and to perform surgeries to the poverty-stricken people to help alleviate their suffering. This financial support will allow me to stop working as much at my current job, Holliser Co., and start to volunteer at hospitals and researching in labs, hopefully. I actually had applied for two volunteer positions at two different hospitals (Scripps Mercy and Kaiser). Fortunately I am extremely proud to say that I got the volunteer position at Scripps Mercy hospital and I am currently scheduling my second interview for a position in the Pediatrics department at Kaiser. Once again, I cannot thank you all enough for the scholarship.

Sincerely,

Camarina Krasae-Flaherty

Editors’ Note: Camarina Krasae-Flaherty, a Biology major, was honored with the Dr. Kurt and Julie Bohnsack Memorial Endowed Scholarship at the 2017 Spring Luncheon and Business meeting. She is the granddaughter of Frank Beale of the Astronomy Department.

SAVE THE DATE—DESERT ESCAPE 2018!

SDSURAs annual escape to Borrego Springs is coming up—Tuesday, March 13, 2018, through Friday morning, March 16, 2018. Desert Escape is always a wonderful event, a time to take in the beautiful scenery of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, see wildflowers, do some birdwatching (don’t miss the Swainson’s Hawk migration), hike, play golf, relax by the pool, eat well, and enjoy the best company in the world.

Just like last year, we will be staying at the Palm Canyon Hotel and RV resort. Whether you plan to stay one night or all three, you can make your reservations now by calling the resort at 1-760-767-5341, extension #1. When making your reservation, a deposit will be required—the amount varies depending on the room you reserve. Full payment must be made two weeks prior to check-in. Be sure to identify yourself as part of the SDSU Retirement Association group, and if you are a member of the Automobile Association of America (AAA), ask for the AAA discount!

For more information, contact Rinda Young at: rindayoung@cox.mail. Be sure to let Rinda know when you make your reservation so she can put you on her list of attendees. Come join us!
MY STUDENT, JUAN P. GARCIA MACHADO

Ann M. Johns, Linguistics and Rhetoric and Writing Studies

When I was co-directing the Freshman Success Program, I taught a GS100 every fall, a class designed to support students and their involvement in the university that was integral to several course packages that included RWS and GE classes.

One year, I had a group of students that seemed to be particularly unready and disassociated. It may be that they were fearful since the SDSU campus and its classes were so different from what they had experienced in secondary school. However, one member of the class, Juan, was eager to succeed, and he did everything he could to encourage the other students to join study groups, seek help, and become involved on campus. Unfortunately, most of the students in that class of 20 dropped out before their sophomore year. But not Juan! He decided to be a business major and devoted much of his time to learning about entrepreneurship and Latino businesses in California. In 2012, a Quest for the Best Recipient, Juan graduated with honors.

Juan and I had long talks: about his possibly tentative future because he’s undocumented, about his studies, about his campus involvement, and about his life and that of his family. I admired his ability to enjoy every class he enrolled in—and to do well, for I wanted to know how this student, with many apparent disadvantages, could succeed. So he told me. During every semester, he visited his professors with authentic interests and questions, and they all knew his name; he carefully selected his study and collaborative writing groups, he reviewed his notes, and he knew how to study for each class. And he had a good time, even in accounting, which was originally his nemesis.

As he worked his way through his major and GE courses, I continued to talk to him occasionally, and took notes, about his secrets for success. I used his comments when writing an AVID Curriculum for high school juniors and seniors, and I continue to use them as I teach GS 100A to commuter students in the Fall 2017. No doubt all AVID teachers I have worked with over the past 11 years, and my freshman students, know about Juan, who since he graduated, has worked his way up to Deputy Director of the California Hispanic Chamber of Commerce, a demanding and important job (See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K3eY0ql0x0Q for an interview with him.) He has married his partner and is living happily in Sacramento; thus, it appears that he will be free from the on-going deportation threats to DACA students.

I wish that I could say that my freshman classes have been filled with Juans, but unfortunately, it’s not the case. However, it could be that some will be inspired by his success story.

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KEN KRAMER, SAN DIEGO STATE’S OUTSTANDING GRADUATE!!!

Jerry Koppman, Psychology and Barbara Barns, Enrollment Services

If you don’t recognize his name, you are missing out on a lot. Ken Kramer is the author and host of Ken Kramer’s About San Diego. He was never a student of mine, but we were both at San Diego in the late 1960s—he as a student and I as a professor. Of course that was before he made himself and his program one of State’s and PBS’s finest shows. Pat and I love educational shows, and we discovered Ken’s program years ago. If you live anywhere in San Diego County, Ken will have something about your immediate area at least a couple of times per year. They are always well-done, interesting and relevant. KPBS broadcasts one show per week and we record them to make sure we never miss one. We should all be proud to have one of our SDSU students hosting a major PBS presentation.

Editors' Note: Many thanks to Ken Kramer for sharing his photo with PostScript.

Ken Kramer
When you commence a new adventure in life, how better to set off of her imagination and create a land exceptional ability to take a figment up special sessions to showcase her student teaching, under my supervision. Out into the yet to-be-tested waters of psychology class and later ventured worked in team efforts in my educational for a semester, they sat together and a visionary educator Bob Stein. Yes, recognized artist Suzy Spafford and shaking wonders, the internationally our campus on the Mesa with two world-great satisfaction, I taught my first class at students at San Diego State, yet to my to all. I have worked with many such to the same ideals that it brings success so talented, so clever, and so dedicated to have those who stand with you to be goals and begin to achieve them than

When introducing herself to her fellow classmates (an assignment that I used to take down barriers), Suzy Spafford told us about being a junior in high school, when her legendary art teacher Mr. Ellsworth took a contingent of his students from Point Loma High School to paint ‘plein air’ each weekend or so on the promenade in Old Town.

Describing those experiences, Suzy Spafford explained that she had her prized watercolor landscapes displayed on nearby easels, hoping that they might garner attention, while she and her classmates were contemporaneously sketching or painting. She chose to draw and color her now-famous Suzy’s Zoo critters, and lo and behold, the passersby stopped, watched, and inquired. Then came that ‘piece de resistance’ moment, when on the spot, these strangers bought her drawings of her critters, fresh off her artist’s pad. With modesty, she explained that she couldn’t create them fast enough, for there was such an immediate popular demand for them. What a triumph for a 16-year old, and, as far as I know, that recognition has never waned.

I should also note that I saw Suzy Spafford demonstrate to a group of attorneys and their young children six years ago on a ‘take your child to work day.’ Suzy was discussing the importance of business contracts for artists. In one case, she acknowledged that she was aware of the possible legal consequences, when the wildly popular Japanese brand “Hello Kitty” and merchandiser was interested in her business. (A retail behemoth; think big box stores.)

Then she performed her magic again. What I particularly enjoyed was the excitement that she generated. Sitting before her easel, with a dozen color-markers at the ready, and surrounded by a cluster of enchanted observers, she deftly moved her hands across the page and brightly announced, “I hope that you are having fun, because I certainly am.”

Studying with Suzy during my very first semester teaching at San Diego State was Bob Stein, whose contributions reflected his authentic sense of inquiry and leadership. He was known for his questions, always the word ‘why’ defined his way forward. His first student teaching assignment was in junior high history and math classes for the master teacher Russell Armstead who at the time was President of the San Diego Teachers Education Association (before its unionization and thousands strong). Mr. Armstead had political clout and with several colleagues established ‘a school within a school’. It was clear to all involved that the boldness, the high stakes and their forward-looking model of teaching fit Bob Stein to a T.

Over time he proved his talents, and he was appointed principal of a San Diego charter school. Among those intrigued by the newsworthy work of the school was President Clinton, who on a visit to San Diego met with Bob Stein and his staff. The Union-Tribune, writing about the school, reported that it was a “darling of the school reform movement,” and considering the community’s hue and cry, “Where are the test scores?,” went on to quote members of his faculty unambiguously supporting their work.

There are lessons to be learned here. As I look back, remembering them with pride, I recognize certain shared attributes that have brought them far-reaching success: a deep commitment to their craft; a fearsome willingness and a bold readiness to try something new; a singular ability to find the science in art and the art in science...for him, practicing political science and for her, creating art out of the natural world; and always a curiosity that has enabled them to ride the broad arc of their pursuits. All heady stuff for two mightily talented Aztecs. In a word, Bob Stein has given others hope, and Suzy Spafford has given others joy.
Friday the 13th did not prove unlucky for this year’s Oktoberfest celebration, held once again at the Santee Lakes Recreation Preserve on Fanita Parkway. It was a beautiful day and we all enjoyed the comradery, food, drink, and entertainment provided. Thanks to Lucille Wendling who was able to find in a PostScript article that the RA celebrated its first October picnic at El Monte Park in 1989 (although burgers were served). It later became an Oktoberfest so this turns out to be our 28th annual celebration.

Beer, wine, and soft drinks were plentiful and members enjoyed seeing and talking with old friends some of whom we seldom see anymore. The entertainment was provided by Jim and Karen Evans of the Sentimental Journey who played many of the old favorites. They even got a number of people out dancing and having a great time.

Bekker’s Catering provided the usual wonderful Bratwurst & Sauerkraut lunch with salad, green beans, and potato salad. Their Apple Cobbler was delicious as well when topped off with plenty of whipped cream. We consumed the entire 60 brats they cooked which may have set a new record. We also drank 48 beers in celebration so the two really do represent the tradition well.

There was another good turnout this year with 54 members attending. Overall everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and there were many comments about how beautiful the setting was with all its shade trees, lakes, and wildlife present.
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE MOST MEMORABLE
Ed Deaton, Mathematics

What a wonderful excuse to write down a few memories that have been in my brain for years. I had the extreme good fortune to teach for 50 years in a variety of colleges and situations, based on my 32 years at SDSU.

Stephen McCormick, now in a nursing home in Chula Vista, suffers from Muscular Dystrophy. He started in Sunshine School, insisted on going to regular school and graduated from high school in San Marcos. He went to Southwestern College, against well-meaning advice, and graduated. Then he came to SDSU to major in mathematics. His writing was very difficult to read, but we read it. His first job was as my reader. When he graduated, several of his professors attended the ceremony. Then he continued and received his MA, writing his thesis under James Ross. He worked as a dorm supervisor for many years for high school students here in an NSF summer program I directed. They learned a lot from him. He worked for SDSU in various jobs for several years. The SS Administration declared him (permanently!) to not be handicapped as he made over $10,000 one year. It took a private bill in the Congress to reverse that decision.

Ruth Dart was a young 16 year old when she was a participant in the NSF Student Science Training Program in 1962. Participants were on campus for six weeks, living in the dormitory. They took two junior (SDSU Junior) level mathematics courses and two three-week freshman courses. She was the star in both the more difficult courses, but she had trouble with FORTRAN. It turned out she had simply gotten an IBM punch card in the wrong place and could not find it. It did make some of the other students a “little” happy to see her struggle. The class gave her a signed poster illustrating her proof of a very difficult theorem. She did receive her Ph.D. in physics.

The first course I taught as a GTA at The University of Texas in Austin was Trigonometry. I was scared when I walked into my classroom that first day. It did not help that sitting in the front row was Byron Williams, a classmate of mine from Sulphur Springs Texas High School.

I spent two years on leave at Oklahoma State University in the early 80s. One course I taught was a beginning freshman mathematics course. One Wednesday a student came to me after class and said “Mr. Deaton, I am a cheer leader for the football team and will not be in class Friday as we are playing out of town.” I said “Mr. Chaney, you never come to class on Friday.” He replied, “Yes, but this time I have an excuse.”

After retiring from SDSU I spent 11 years working for the University of Maryland in Europe. All the students were US military or contractors and family members. All courses were on military bases. For three terms I taught two courses in a junior college (for military dependents) in Mannheim, Germany. A student took a computer course one semester and received an F; same thing next semester. The third semester he came to me during office hours and asked what did he need to do to pass the course. I responded that the first thing was to come to class. In horror he said, “I can’t do that. The course is at 10 AM and I never get out of bed until after 1!”

STUDENT SUCCESSES
Shirley Forbing, Special Education

After 47 years, I still have contact with a number of my students. It is amazing that so many of us remember. I spoke at a conference some years ago. I had written a book for children 8-80. It was titled, Haida and Paul Horn: A Killer Whale and a Jazz Musician. Because the CD of the book had the sounds of the orca and of Paul Horn’s flute, many people gathered around to listen. Suddenly, a woman called out, “Dr. Forbing, do you remember me; I used to come to your evening class with my infant daughter?” I looked and remembered. Why yes, Pat Upezak, right?”

We sat for lunch, and I learned she had organized a special education school in Colorado. She attended the conference to promote a book she had written about her school. We have stayed in touch since. Teaching is rather like planting seeds. Some proliferate.

In response to state law that required a mainstreaming course for all teachers, I taught a summer session called “Mainstreaming for Special Education Students.” One teacher informed me that after 30 years of teaching, she knew all she needed to know about special education students in the regular classroom. I told her that she could skip any session on the schedule with which she was fully familiar, and I would make a special assignment for her, for which she would receive full credit. She never asked for a special assignment. She also told me she intended to share what she learned with her fellow teachers. We agreed that one is never too old, or experienced, to learn.

In our small department, we had scholarships available for teachers focused on special education. Most applicants were twenty-somethings, early in their professional careers. One applicant, Janet, however, was quite a bit older. The argument among my colleagues in the department was that the older candidate was “a bit too old to receive one of our scholarships.” I asked if we were going to discriminate against her purely on the basis of age. She was awarded one of our scholarships.

During those days, teaching positions were hard to get. Janet applied for a position in a small California town. She called one afternoon and said that whatever I put in my recommendation for her certainly worked. She was one of 30 applicants for the position, and she was the one hired.

I remember many students from over the years. I mention three here. Like most of us, I remember many more.
Fred was Dean of what was, in 1967 when I arrived on the faculty, the Division of Education. People who knew him knew he was in uniform in WW II. He became a chemistry teacher in Minnesota and later one of the building blocks of the College of Education at San Diego State. He was Chief of Party for San Diego State’s USAID project in Brazil, the purpose of which was to help frame Brazil’s ministry of education. Fred was the man behind the Mustang Fund, a slush fund that came from his sale of a Ford Mustang he had purchased in Brazil and sold at a profit before he returned to the United States. He put the money into an account at the Foundation to be used for special events: retreats, dinners, annual reviews, and so forth. It lasted a good long while.

In those days there was a January College of Education retreat at Cedar Glen campgrounds in the Laguna Mountains. Everyone assembled around midafternoon for walks in the woods and a discussion for which newer faculty had leadership responsibility. Then began the work that went into preparing the evening meal. There was steak (acquired and prepared by Wayne Hill) with a huge salad and fresh bread, all washed down with tea or lemonade. During dinner there was sometimes raucous conversation both on and off the afternoon topic, and after, a group clean-up.

It would be about 9:00 PM by then, and we’d have another session, this time before a good fire in the fireplace, for it was cold in the mountains. That session would break up around eleven. A few folks would head down the mountain for home, but most bunked in for the night. Several played poker or bridge until the fire burned out. In the morning there would be a prodigious breakfast and another session, then clean-up and home around noon. It was great fellowship, interaction, integration of junior and senior faculty, and learning.

Fred would sit in those sessions puffing slowly on his pipe, listening to the conversation, watching who was talking and marking in his mind the flow. After a while, he’d say something, an observation, a point of clarification, a question. Fred was smart about leadership, and the larger profession. He was a scientist and a sociologist and a psychologist. Fred was a teacher and a scholar. He wrote books and papers. He presented at conferences, across the professional content areas.

Jerry Person spoke at the celebration service on Fred’s passing. He recalled something Fred said to a group of student teachers years ago. Fred was talking about professional responsibilities. Jerry quoted Fred: “If you spend the year teaching your students everything you know, all they’ll know at the end of the year is what you know.” To Fred, that was a terrible waste.

Fred Schrupp was prime mover in formation of the College. He formed it well. He was a respected force among deans at President Malcolm Love’s table at what was then San Diego State College. His job was to take the Division of Education to College status. He presided over formation of several departments and arranged it all into the basic structure that exists to this day.

Isaac Newton said, and I paraphrase, “If I see farther, it is because I stand on the shoulders of giants.” The College of Education is what it is in the twenty-first century because Manfred Schrupp, in the middle of the twentieth, was one of our giants.

Lest we forget...

We invite all of our readers to consider writing about colleagues past, certainly not eulogies; rather, meanderings, reminders for those who knew the subject and personal memories for those who do not.

Manfred Schrupp's photo is courtesy of the SDSU Library Special Collections and University Archives.
she was having such a hard time now.

Sylvia was seriously considering returning home to L.A. and foregoing an education. I asked her if she had someone at home she intended to marry and the answer was no.

By now, the fall semester was ending, and I suggested that during the holidays she seriously think about what her life would be like if she stayed in L.A and did not return to SDSU. She was in culture shock and having parents who did not support her educational wishes confused her. They felt she was leaving her culture behind. I said that being a white woman, I could see no conflict between being a Mexican woman and being an educated Mexican woman, that she could have both. I recommended that she take the time to evaluate her life and decide her future.

To my amazement she returned for the spring semester and said there was no life for her in L.A. I contacted EOP and she was enrolled in remedial classes to pass her English requirement. She believed that the good grades she received in high school were given to her because she didn’t cause trouble in a school that was filled with troubled students.

Sylvia worked hard and graduated from SDSU! My final message from her was a letter thanking me for helping her understand herself and stating that she was finishing a master’s degree at USD! I will never forget Sylvia, and I have kept her letter. She became an activist for Hispanic causes and worked with seminars and conferences helping other Hispanic women. Telling this story always brings tears to my eyes.

A MEMORABLE PROFESSOR

Maggi McKerrow, Theatre

On Alumnae Weekend this Fall Lake Erie College (where I got my BA in 1961) held a memorial for Jake Rufli, a long time theatre professor who had recently died. I couldn’t attend, but thinking about Jake brought back vivid memories of a happy and formative time in my life. Finally I decided to write a piece to be posted at the event. I felt impelled to contribute even though I could not be there. Here it is. It seems to fit with the “memorable student” theme of this issue, if in reverse. I am sure that to Jake I was a memorable student. One of many. He was much loved. I wish it had occurred to me to write this and share it with him before he died!

Jake Rufli

Lucky me. I majored in theatre at Lake Erie College (graduating in 1961) when three exceptional men, Irving Brown, Clyde Blakely and Jake Rufli were the Theatre Department. I loved all three for the passion for theatre they shared and instilled in me. I would not be where I am today without them. They transformed my life putting me on a path that led to an MA in Theatre from Northwestern University, a Ph.D in Theatre from the University of Michigan and a 35 year long career as a Professor of Theatre at San Diego State University.

I thank Brownie, Clyde and Jake for their dedication to teaching and students, the high standards they set for theatre productions, for introducing us to the best in contemporary theatre as well as classics, and for giving us the opportunity to do everything from acting to directing to sewing costumes to stage managing. At that time it was Lake Erie College for Women. We did it all! That was also the era of the Lake Erie College Community Theatre and I remember fondly many exciting and challenging productions: Samuel Becket’s Endgame, Under Milkwood by Dylan Thomas (I was in that one), Guys and Dolls, Diary of Ann Frank (I stage managed), A Servant of Two Masters (with sensational split second scene changes), Lorca’s poetic tragedy The House of Bernardo Alba and many more. Great plays for budding theatre artists to get to know.

Brownie, Clyde and Jake were much more than teachers. They became mentors and lifelong friends. They were incredibly generous with their time. After classes we troused over to the commons to continue discussions. We spent endless hours in rehearsals, stopped by their apartments on free evenings, went together on trips to the theatre in New York and Chicago. We had a great time, but we were also receiving a wonderful education.

I vividly remember Jake for his skill as a teacher, especially of acting, but also for his probing questions in class. One memorable day I was the only student who had read all the way to the end of Ibsen’s Peer Gynt. I squirmed as his questions guided me to an understanding of that challenging play. Thank you! We adored Jake for his charm and wicked sense of humor. He was just fun to be around. I don’t remember where we were going in Painesville, but I do remember a short drive with three of us squished and laughing in the front seat of his tiny MG. I remember the variety of animals he owned. Was one an afghan hound? One year we did a play he acted in. Was it a Moliere? I don’t recall. I do recall standing backstage every night (I must have been on some crew or other) watching him transforming himself into character before he went on stage. I had never seen anybody do that before. It was a revelation. One of many.

While I was at Lake Erie Jake was a vital part of the trio of men who put me on the road to success in the challenging and exciting world of theatre and life. He got me a job as an apprentice at a summer theatre in a tent in Springfield Illinois. A wow of an experience! More learning and growth. He was the one who encouraged me to go on to get an M.A. at Northwestern. Thank you, thank you, thank you. I will ever be grateful. I would not have become the me I am without you.
More bird species have been recorded from San Diego County than any other county or area of similar size in the United States. This is due in part to the numerous habitats in the county, including open ocean, bays, estuaries, coastal sage scrub, chaparral, oak woodland, coniferous forest, and deserts. According to the citizen science platform eBird, 543 species of birds have been recorded from the county, with well over 200 species recorded from some locations. With 103 species currently reported on eBird from SDSU (http://ebird.org/ebird/hotspot/L716168), our campus is a great place to watch birds.

At the time of this writing, 388 independent eBird checklists have been reported since 1999 from SDSU, though most date from 2010 to the present. These checklists span the calendar year, which allows us to see seasonal trends in species occurrence. Many occur year round, meaning they winter and likely nest on campus. These include Cooper’s Hawk, Mourning Dove, Anna’s Hummingbird, Nuttall’s Woodpecker, Black Phoebe, Cassin’s Kingbird, American Crow, Common Raven, Bushtit, Bewick’s Wren, Northern Mockingbird, Orange-crowned Warbler, Song Sparrow, California Towhee, House Finch, and Lesser Goldfinch. Spring is an exciting time to watch birds on campus when many species that winter south of us return for summer breeding. These include the spectacular Hooded Oriole as well as the Pacific-slope Flycatcher, Western Kingbird, and Cliff Swallow. Likewise, fall brings the welcome return of many species that breed in the north but spend their winter in the mild climate of San Diego. These species include Ruby-crowned Kinglet, Cedar Waxwing, Townsend’s Warbler, White-crowned Sparrow, and the ubiquitous Yellow-rumped (Audubon’s) Warbler. Other species just pass through campus for a few weeks during spring and/or fall migration, such as Sharp-shinned Hawk, Rufous Hummingbird, Warbling Vireo, Hermit Thrush, Nashville Warbler, Black-throated Gray Warbler, Western Tanager, and Bullock’s Oriole. This seasonality is not specific to SDSU, but for all of San Diego.

There have been many changes to the birds seen on campus over the years. Great Horned Owls used to nest in Hardy Tower, and Brewers Blackbirds were reported in the hundreds from grassy fields, but both have apparently been extirpated from campus. Likewise, Cliff Swallows were more abundant and American Robins were commonly seen. A large palm just south of Hepner Hall used to house a colony of Rose-ringed Parakeets before Landscape Services removed their nest cavity. In contrast, many species are newcomers to campus. The Allen’s Hummingbird can now be regularly seen in the Mediterranean Garden, and the Dark-eyed Junco has established breeding territories in the last few years. Another recent arrival is an introduced species from Asia, the Scaly-breasted Munia.

WHERE TO BIRD ON THE SDSU CAMPUS

There are many birds to enjoy at San Diego State University. Maybe you will come across an old favorite or something new. Birds have wings, and you never know just who might show up. In the words of coach Steve Fisher, “Éyes and ears Aztecs!" Keep them both open, for there are many wonderful birds to see at San Diego State.

Casey Richart is a doctoral candidate in the Evolutionary Biology program at SDSU. Dr. Kevin Burns is professor of Biology at SDSU and Curator of Birds in SDSU’s Museum of Biodiversity.

BIRDING SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY
Casey H. Richart and Kevin J. Burns, Department of Biology
Calling all Duffers...

A DUFFER'S DOGGEREL
Jack Stewart, Chemistry

Our hero’s perfect drive started play
With his ball sailing down the fairway.
A second stroke landed it near the pin.
The putt yielded a birdie as it fell in.

Oh, if were only so, I was in the rough,
Getting near a par would be quite tough.
The green was at least two strokes away
Thus a bogey was indeed my best play.

Why am I here suffering such agony?
Of course the answer is, comradery.
To be outside in fresh air with friends
Is what truly, the spirit mends.

This bit of doggerel is a simple plea
Set the first Thursday of the month free.
Join the Duffers for a golfing spree.
We do have fun, you will agree.

The Duffers play on the first Thursday of the month. For more information, contact Jack Stewart at cstewart@mail.sdsu.edu
The virus, however, never pausing in its grim, unremitting quest, continued to reproduce itself and attack her already-fragile immune system, increasing her episodes of coughing and depleted her energy. Yet despite her diminishing strength, she volunteered her services to the San Diego AIDS Project, dedicated to serving patients and families afflicted with the virus.

**Fall, 1987**

She always sat against the back wall beneath the windows. Not that she wasn’t interested; to the contrary, this 42-year-old woman glommed on to ideas as if they were precious stones. When she was there.

In late October she came by my office to explain her occasional absences. “Can’t understand it,” she said, “but I have times when I can hardly move. Please don’t think it’s because I’m not interested. I’ll make up all the work I miss.”

And she was as good as her word. She stopped by my office regularly to stay current in all her classwork. No one knew then that she had but 16 months left in her poised, energetic body. The virus was already at work, neutralizing her immune system and rendering her defenseless to even the most common bacteria.

Shortly after Thanksgiving she stopped by one afternoon and told me she had been diagnosed with AIDS. She broke into sobs, and as she fell into my arms I felt the sorrow, the desperation and the terror of this courageous woman who was descending into the valley of death.

But after that visit Valerie seemed to be hooked on joie de vivre. She reveled in the ordinary beauty of nature. Her senses had been reawakened. She completed that first year of graduate studies and enrolled in the second year hoping to complete the requirements for licensure as a family therapist.

**Fall, 1988**

Sometime in October I asked Valerie if she would be willing to share her story with my class in Sexuality Counseling because in 1988 the AIDS epidemic was still shrouded in mystery and misinformation. She responded enthusiastically and we set a date for mid-November.

Valerie’s periods of physical distress began to occur more frequently. She needed rest. She needed oxygen. She needed blood transfusions. During her hospital stays I would often swing by to see her in my way home from the university. She was amused that I rode a motorcycle, the one chink in my professorial armor. She always seemed to brighten up when I walked into the room, radiating life and light from her own rapidly diminishing reservoir.

November 14 was a raw, blustery day in San Diego. She was scheduled to visit my afternoon class at five o’clock. As I write this I can see her frail, shivering form seated in front, wrapped in an old cloth coat, one eye covered by a patch because of the infection loose in her system. She told her story of acquiring the virus from her late husband, who had been infected by dirty needles used to mainline heroin. She then stressed the need for preventive education—and praised the healthcare workers whose support had sustained her until now.

In early December I stopped by her apartment to deliver a word of cheer and a festive poinsettia plant. She had endured a very bad night and could not stop shivering. When I took her hand she looked up and asked me to read to her from the Bible. She closed her eyes and smiled through her pain as I read from the Psalms.

That day was her last in the apartment. She was admitted into the hospital for the last time that evening and her life slowly crept away in the time of winter solstice, the growing darkness symbolizing her quiet retreat.

Christmas Day in a large urban hospital is not festive. Corridors are empty, few staff are about and the normal institutional dullness is magnified by the emptiness that fills every available space. I stood at Valerie’s bedside for several minutes before she knew that I was there. I took her hand. She asked me to pray with her. When I kissed her cool, dry cheek before leaving, she showed no sign of recognition.

Hervaluable. Effort was nearly over. Her courage had carried her to the threshold of death and she was now ready to let go.

New Year’s Day in University Hospital was stark and forbidding under its cold fluorescent lights. The night stalker was loose in this place and the mask he wore on 9-West was AIDS. This audacious woman whose hopes and dreams had finally come into blossom had survived into 1989, but it was clear to all who stood by her bed today that her days were down to single digits.

The circle of mourners join hands in the informal but reverential service at Scripps Cottage called by some of Valerie’s intimate friends. It is a strikingly multi-ethnic group, eloquently mirroring Valerie’s own disdain for demographic barriers. Several of us speak in brief vignettes of the many ways she had touched our lives. Voices break. Tears flow. We hug one another in search of the warmth we once found in Valerie’s irrepressible embrace.

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**IN MEMORIAM**

**Miriam Sherrard**
Wife of William Sherrard
Management Information Systems
July, 2017

**Albert W. Johnson**
Academic Affairs/Biology
September, 2017

**John P. Witherspoon**
Theatre, Television, and Film
October, 2017

**George Craig**
Engineering
November, 2017

**Roy D. McDonald**
Psychology
December, 2017
BEHIND-THE-SCENES
Michele Schlecht, PSFA, and Barbara Barnes, Enrollment Services

“Magical!” was how several attendees described the behind-the-scenes tour of the Costume Shop and Musical Theatre Archive. And it was. Around thirty or so SDSURA members and friends took part in this very special November 17th event.

The Costume Shop, run by Teri O’Connell Tavares and assisted by a gifted team—faculty, staff and graduate students—was in the midst of preparations for the upcoming opening of Enchanted April, but they took time out to share the detailed work that shapes the look of a production: a combination of research, creativity, skill, and budgeting savvy. Tourgoers sat among sewing machines, mannequins, and hats-in-progress as finishing touches were applied to the costumes. A beautifully organized, positive-energy place!

The second part of the tour, the Musical Theatre Archive, was equally impressive. The SDSU Musical Theatre Archive is the largest collection of its kind west of the Mississippi River, containing rare scripts, scores, recordings, and memorabilia. Attendees had the best guides in the world—graduate students in the Musical Theatre program—who shared their insights about the collection. At the end of the tour, all were invited to stay and watch a rehearsal of Enchanted April.

Many thanks to the School of Theatre, Television, and Film for welcoming SDSURA behind-the-scenes.

SDSURA members at reception in room 5B

A MOST MEMORABLE STUDENT: ELLEN OCHOA
Don Cottrell, Physics

You may know Ellen Ochoa as an astronaut and NASA administrator, but you may not know of her connection to La Mesa (Grossmont High School graduate), San Diego and SDSU. My first encounter with her was in the early ‘80s when I started to collaborate with a colleague in the Physics Department who had a thriving optics program on the top floor of the building. We were looking into a (to us) new way of generating holograms with a computer and displaying them in a laser lab. Jeff Davis had this very bright student working toward a master of science in physics who was able to show us how well it worked in pretty short order. She was one of those people who see more than the rest of us without letting us know just how smart she is. I eventually found out that this amazingly bright and personable woman had bounced between several major programs at SDSU, making her final change of major from music to physics while still keeping a spectacular academic record and graduating Phi Beta Kappa.

After completing her masters degree with us, she moved on up to Stanford, where the optics program is housed in the electrical engineering department, to earn her Ph.D. in Electrical Engineering. She is a fine scientist and a wonderful person. She was the first Hispanic female astronaut and has spent 1000 hours in space; she has managed several programs and is currently Director of the Johnson Space Center. WOW

ENCHANTED APRIL
Maggi McKerrow, Theatre

On December 1 at 12:45 pm twenty-five smart members of the SDSU Retirement Association managed to find their way to a welcoming reception in (hard to find!) room 5B on the lowest level of the SDSU Drama Building. We were on campus to see a 2pm matinee performance of the new musical romance Enchanted April performed in the Don Powell Theatre. Enchanted April is based on a novel written in 1922. There is a film based on the book that was released in 1992. The story concerns a group of unhappy British women who rent a villa in Italy for the summer. At the pre-show reception in 5B the group enjoyed chatting with friends and eating perhaps too many delicious Christmas Cookies courtesy of Dan Gilbreath. Stephen Brotebek, SDSU Theatre Professor and director of Enchanted April welcomed us warmly, and told us about the musical which is in the process of being developed. He has been involved with the show since 2012. The writers are still working on the script and the songs and were at SDSU all week working with Brotebek. The SDSU production is the first fully staged production of the show so it gave the writers an opportunity to make changes and consider ways to improve the show before it is performed again. It helped them a lot that the major roles in the show were performed by the skilled SDSU MFA Musical Theatre Students backed up by a full orchestra courtesy of the School of Music. It is one of the goals of the SDSU Musical Theatre to support new musicals so this fit right in and it gave our group a chance to see a show in process. Knowing all of this I found it fascinating to see the elaborately staged musical. It put my theatre critic brain in gear. While the show seemed too long there were many enjoyable scenes, songs, and performances by SDSU students. I loved seeing my friend retired SDSU theatre faculty member Margaret Larlham perform. The overall experience reminded me how hard it is to create a new musical theatre show that becomes a hit. I am proud of SDSU and its involvement in the production of new works. Our next trip to the SDSU Theatre will be in March. We will see the musical Company, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim who most people consider a musical theatre genius. Company is a hit with me!

Don Cottrell
MEDICAID AND FUTURE HEALTHCARE
Tom Donahue, ERFA/Benefits

At present—early in November—Congress is still wrangling over its new tax cut initiatives. Both Medicare and Medicaid (which is Medical for Californians) are vulnerable to serious cuts, and some time must pass before we know how severe the cuts will be. For now, let’s look at the threats to Medicaid. If you look into the way present Medicaid services have come to serve unmet needs, you will see that for the poor it has taken on the responsibilities of a good Long Term Care program. For the thirty-two states (including the District of Columbia) which have accepted the Medicaid expansion, there are long-term services and supports, and community-based help in group homes or apartments as well. According to the analysis of the Kaiser Family Foundation (KFF), there are specific forms of help for people with intellectual and developmental disabilities, physical disabilities, behavioral disabilities including dementia, spinal cord or traumatic brain injuries, and disabling chronic conditions, as well. At present, according to the KFF, 45% of all births are paid for by Medicaid, 39% of children are covered by Medicaid, 41% of adults with HIV are covered, and 62% of nursing home residents are also supported. In addition, 25% of all mental health services and 20% of all substance abuse treatment are funded by Medicaid. Home and community-based care includes home health care, skilled nursing care, a variety of therapies, dietary advice, personal care, caregiver training, and hospice care. Additional services include senior centers, adult daycare, home-delivered meals, personal care, transportation, home safety assessments, financial services, and legal services, among others. Looking ahead, the forecasts predicting the growing need for such support take into account both the increases in the population of the aged, and the increasing sophistication of medical treatment also.

Now, naturally, the size and reach of this program have become disagreeable to those who, in axiomatic fashion, dislike big government. And the current administration plays into the hands, hearts, and minds of those who think that if unmet needs are being served only by government, then those services must be retracted and cancelled, and the needs must remain unmet. In part, this explains why those repeal and replace efforts up through the Graham-Cassidy bill want to undo Medicaid.

But there is an unilluminated corner in government healthcare policies which warrants a penetrating gaze. In a New York Times article on September 23, 2017, journalists Kate Zernike, Reed Abelson, and Abby Goodnough present a perspective on this matter from the American South. In an effort to determine why some states—among 19 altogether—continually refused to accept federal support to expand Medicaid, they learned the following: “Year after year we have fought to get our policy makers to take money from the feds,” said Roy Mitchell, executive director of the Mississippi Health Advocacy Program. “I could just see another scenario like that with this bill [i.e., Graham-Cassidy.] These states that would see more money are just rife with ideologues who do not want to see this specific population get any kind of opportunity for affordable coverage. That’s my stark reality.”

There you have it. And Paul Krugman, writing in an op-ed piece in the New York Times on October 10, 2017, offers this explanation: “If you want to understand why policies toward the poor are so different at the state level, why some states offer so much less support to troubled families with children, one predictor stands out: the African-American share of the population. The more blacks, the less compassion white voters feel.”

But perhaps even more basically: on the federal level, and in the leadership of nineteen states, influential elected representatives believe that if you are poor, you deserve to be poor, and there must not be government help for your poverty.

If you have questions for this column, please send them to: donahue_thomas@ymail.com.
Don’t we all remember someone saying, in passing, something like, “Good heavens, I gotta get in shape!” That invariably meant running or swimming some laps, doing a few old high school gym class calisthenics, and/or maybe even getting to a gym to punch a few bench presses without tearing a pectoral or front deltoid. We also probably remember that the resolution lasted as long as most resolutions last.

The reason resolutions don’t last long is, of course, that we have to make them in the first place. We never hear someone who exercises 30-45 minutes five to six days a week resolve to get in shape. We never hear someone who reads two or more books a month, plus one or more news magazines a week and at least one daily newspaper resolve to get back to reading. Those are life habits. Usually, voracious readers started when they were six or ten. They can’t remember a time when they didn’t read.

But some of us have felt a need to “get into shape.” There was a moment of resolution, and we stayed the course. I remember when I realized that the world was too much with me. I wasn’t reading purely for the sake of learning more, and I wasn’t writing purely for the purpose of trying to figure out what I thought I knew. I remember resolving to read and write more. Read what and write … what? It didn’t matter. I read an article once about the company that makes U.S. currency paper. Then I wrote a story about a very bright community college student who set out to make U.S. currency, just to see if he could pull it off.

For me, getting into shape meant being the learner I wish I had been when I was younger. Staying in shape meant, and means, doing it every day.

What does getting into shape mean for you? What do you do to stay in shape? What does “shape” mean for you? We think readers of PostScript would find this matter of getting into, and remaining in, shape interesting, informative, maybe even helpful.

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**COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT: GETTING INTO SHAPE**

*Leif Fearn, Teacher Education*

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