Our organization by its very nature will also undergo inevitable change and one of the more notable was the recent passing of Ramon Ross, the editor of PostScript for the past several years. Each of our members is special and adds something to our group but Ramon made an extraordinary contribution. He was the heart and soul of PostScript and poured himself into consistently providing an attractive and interesting publication that involved many of the members as contributors. He will be missed.

Barbara Barnes will assume the editorial duties of PostScript for the time being. Barbara has been an active participant in the assembling and publication of PostScript so is well prepared for this task. It was Ramon’s wish that Barbara take on this role. I ask each of you to support Barbara as she steps into these rather large shoes and to be responsive to her requests for articles and other written pieces. In the past, there has been an active advisory committee for PostScript. Barbara and I would both like to see this advisory committee reestablished and play an active role in the governance of PostScript. If anyone has an interest in this type of participation please contact me or Barbara.

Change is inevitable but sometimes it is just so startling in the swiftness with which it happens.

Cover: In the rotunda of the Parma Payne Goodall Alumni Center, this statue of Montezuma is a slightly larger version of Donal Hord’s original 1937 sculpture, now inside SDSU’s Prospective Student Center. The two statues are placed so that they gaze towards each other, symbolizing the student’s journey through SDSU from admission to graduation. The original Montezuma was sculpted from diorite; the newer Monty, installed in 2009, is made from concrete.
FOR RAMON

Oh Ramon, how I miss you since you left.
Without your hearty greeting, I feel so bereft
You were a great wine tasting friend,
Who always knew of a fine red blend.

When it came time, the Corned Beef to slice
I asked him for the proper thickness advice.
His knowledge of eateries, most inauspicious
Always led to meals that were truly delicious.

With wines and words he was quite superb,
As editor of \textit{PostScript}, he parted noun from verb
To seek out contributions, he was not adverse
More than once he said “Jack, I need a little verse”.

You bore your illness with so much grace,
I never knew you were losing time’s race.
For a man who always cast a welcoming spell,
I present one last submission in fond farewell.

\textit{Charles J. Stewart}
Some traditions are like the air we breathe: they seem so natural that we don’t even recognize their singularity. Among my most cherished traditions is the practice of intoning a brief prayer of thanksgiving before meals. Growing up in Michigan this custom, which we called “saying grace,” was de rigueur whenever we sat down to table. While its observance was perfunctory, its significance was anything but.

My father considered this ritual sufficiently important to carry from our home into other settings, including restaurants, where we always bowed our heads while he thanked God for the food. I don’t recall sensing any embarrassment during those occasions, even though we rarely saw other diners engaging in similar behavior.

After leaving home and encountering situations in which “saying grace” was hardly normative, I began to grasp more fully its importance in the expression of gratitude for the privilege of having sufficient food to eat. Since we take so much of our bounty for granted, it is only fitting that we acknowledge our gratefulness for the gifts of life that we receive without reflecting upon their source.

Expressions of thanksgiving take varied forms in different traditions. Some of our grandchildren, for example, recite: “God is great, God is good. Let us thank Him for our food. Amen.” Georgia’s and my attitude is that there is no “proper” way to “say grace.” The essence of the tradition is simply to recognize our appreciation for the food set before us. In recent years we have expanded this practice by joining hands and expressing our gratefulness for bounties of life extending beyond food and drink.

During a sabbatical leave in 1987 it was my privilege to spend a full month at St. Deiniol’s, a residential library in northern Wales. Sit-down meals were served in this 19th-century estate, which was bequeathed to the United Kingdom by former Prime Minister William Gladstone. I have never forgotten the “grace” declared at each sitting in stentorian tones by the warden:

“Blessed art Thou, Lord our God, King of the universe, Who bringest forth bread from the earth.”

More recently, my wife and I celebrated last New Year’s Eve with her cousin’s family in Glasgow, who recited the Selkirk Grace (attributed to Robert Burns) as we sat down to our sumptuous holiday feast:

Some hae meat and canna eat, And some wad eat that want it; But we hae meat, and we can eat, Sae let the Lord be thankit.

Among the traditions I was privileged to inherit, this is among my most cherished. It has served as an effective antidote to our narcissistic American sense of entitlement by reinforcing an attitude of grateful praise, not only for food, but for all the privileges and blessings we enjoy.♦
My first impressions of the American troops which liberated us, probably motorized cavalry or infantry of Patton’s 3rd Army, were somewhat mixed. There was some fear of the unknown and yet we were all sure that we would rather have the American troops than either the Russians, the French, or the British. At the same time, one of the first things I witnessed within minutes of the entry of the American troops into our village, was the beating of a German soldier who had just been captured nearby, and who was being beaten with fists and rifle butts by some American soldiers. Some of the American troopers were angry because one of the American tank commanders, riding in the open turret of his tank, had just been killed as his tank rolled toward the village where we were refugees from eastern Germany. The little village of Oberelldorf, about thirty miles from Bamberg in Upper Franconia, a part of Bavaria, was to be our temporary home for about a year.

On the other hand, not long after the Americans had arrived in the village and were milling about, along with the German population, some German mortar rounds began to hit nearby. Most likely they originated in the woods to the south of the village, where we assumed the SS had withdrawn. As soon as the Americans heard the incoming rounds, they grabbed me and some other kids nearby and dove under their vehicles, dragging us with them. They yelled to the adults to get under the vehicles or into their houses. I was amazed at the care for human life shown by these troops who had every reason to dislike and mistrust all Germans. After all, we were still the enemy.

Not long after the German rounds ceased coming, some of the vehicles were ordered to the edge of the woods from where the German fire was assumed to have come, and American soldiers began to pour heavy machine gun fire into the dense forest. Again, I was surprised at the American response. Rather than risk their troops by entering the woods and flushing out whatever resistance might be among those trees, they opted to use their superior firepower. I knew that under similar circumstances, German officers would have ordered their soldiers to penetrate those woods until they would draw fire; perhaps a more effective, but also far more risky procedure. Days later, I walked into those same woods and found that all the American fire power only penetrated a couple of hundred feet into the edge of the forest. The trees certainly would have protected anyone, even someone standing straight up, just a few hundred feet into the forest. Fortunately for everyone, the German troops must have withdrawn shortly thereafter, because those were the last sounds of war in our part of the short-lived Third Reich.

Within hours after the American troops arrived my mother was busy interpreting for the Americans, while I was “adopted” by some of the American soldiers in their effort to obtain fresh food from the German farmers. I had learned enough English in my high school classes in Bad Godesberg and in Liegnitz, so that I could function as an interpreter. In retrospect, I know that my high school English was not very good, but it was adequate for their purposes.

In the evening, the American soldiers who briefly remained near our village, were busy trading chocolate and other scarce items for the sexual favors of some village women; while in the daytime I was busy arranging trades of coffee and cigarettes to the farmers, in return for fresh chicken and eggs for the soldiers. Cigarettes quickly became the accepted currency. The Reichsmark was still in circulation, but in time it became less and less valuable. My mother had gotten a gift of a ten-day supply of C-rations from the Americans for whom she translated, and since none of us smoked, I had access to more than enough cigarettes.

We had hidden ourselves in a small garden shack behind the church in order to try some of these American Chesterfields and Camels. While my two friends tried to tell me to inhale, I just could not bring myself to take this very strong and biting smoke into my lungs. So we sat there quietly trying to smoke like we had seen the Americans do. All I could do was to puff away on my cigarette. Soon the tip of my tongue began to hurt and to swell. That was enough for me. I told my friends that I could not imagine why anyone would want to do this. Smoking tasted even worse than alcohol. That was the last time I had a cigarette in my mouth.

After returning to post-war Berlin we had some difficult years. The four-power occupation of Germany and the four occupied “Sectors” of Berlin soon demonstrated the differences in the behavior of the occupiers from the USA, England, France and Russia. The Blockade of West Berlin forever disillusioned Berliners about the Soviet Union. To this day Berlin remembers the magnificent Airlift organized by the U.S. and its allies which saved West Berlin from starvation and Soviet domination.

Later the very sad news that my father had perished in a Russian Prisoner of War camp was additional and sufficient motivation for us to migrate to America where my mother had a sister who urged us to come to the USA. After my English born mother obtained her British passport, my two brothers and I left Germany in late 1949, some four and a half years after Germany’s surrender concluding WWII. A lengthy ocean voyage aboard a “Liberty Ship,” brought us to the “Land of Unlimited Opportunities,” and a new and fortunate life in America.♦
A total of 38 people found their way to Borrego Springs for all or part of the Retirement Association’s 24th Annual Desert Escape to celebrate Saint Patrick’s Day. The fun-filled days were capped off with a complete Irish dinner that included corned beef, prepared and barbecued to perfection by our consummate chefs Ramon (with his cast of assistants) and Gloria Ross. Of course the corned beef was accompanied by cabbage (courtesy of Nancy Carmichael) and the obligatory heaps of red potatoes, carrots and onions prepared by Fran and Tom Atchison. It is with tears that we recognize now that this was to be Ramon’s last hurrah and farewell, but for all of us as we reflect on the event, it was a very special and memorable one and we are all privileged to have shared these moments with him.

The hours between breakfast and dinner each day were filled with relaxing, hiking, reading, a little swimming and golfing. Lucille Wendling even brought her special putter. I think everyone came in from the golf course a few shades darker or redder. Those who braved the sun were treated to a colorful array of desert landscape wildflowers and equally colorful caterpillars that were valiantly and all too successfully denuding plants of both flowers and foliage. What a sight they made crossing the road in multitudes! For lunch each day some returned to old favorite haunts while others tried out some place new. Everyone joined in and enjoyed the singing on Tuesday after dinner when we began with some old Irish familiars and proceeded on to old favorites. Thanks especially to Pat Coffey for the ukulele accompaniment.

We were delighted to welcome some newbies to this fun event this year - Jack and Sue Conway who hail these days from Gig Harbor, Washington, Judy and Steve Dahms, Al and Nancy Merino who live in nearby Warner Springs and Barbara Huntington. It is wonderful to add new names to the list. On the absent list, due to illness, was one of our coordinators for the event, Ann Burgess. She and her smoothie specials and waffles were GREATLY missed!

Many thanks to all who pitched in and assisted with meal preparation and clean-up with a special note of appreciation to Barbara Barnes, Dean and Sharon Popp, Jack and Sue Conway, Steve and Judy Dahms, Diana Dessel, Sherril Louise and not to be forgotten, Dan Gilbreath and Michael Brooks who stepped forward at the last minute to assume margarita duties for Ann. Oh, and heaven forbid that I forget our long-serving Wagon Masters, now indispensable consultants, Pat and Jerry Koppman! When Pat and Rinda Young visited the office to fill out paper work for next year the title of “Wagon Master” somehow was officially passed to Rinda Young. Dates to be put on calendars are March 15, 16 and 17, 2016.
In 1944, an eight year old boy rode his bicycle with friends to the campus of what was then San Diego State College. It was a short ride from his home in Rolando Village and the campus was a quiet area to explore. He lived in San Diego while his father was in the Marine Corps during World War II. When the war ended in 1945, his family left the San Diego area.

This same individual returned to San Diego in February 1958 after finishing high school in Madison, Wisconsin and attending the University of Wisconsin for two years majoring in Civil Engineering. He wasn’t the most dedicated student; he was having too much fun in college! Back in San Diego he applied for and was hired as a marine technician at the University of California’s Scripps Institution of Oceanography. He also met and dated a fabulous woman, a California native. He left San Diego in 1959 when he was drafted into the US Army.

He returned to San Diego in September 1961 after two years on active duty in the army, including 13 months in Korea. He immediately married the California native, the best move he has ever made. She agreed to work while he went back to school, so in January 1962 he enrolled at San Diego State College. He majored in biology and received his BS in 1964. Along the way he was influenced by great young faculty including David Farris.

After graduation, he took a job with the San Diego County Health Department as a sanitarian. A daughter, their first child, was born in 1964. In 1965, a phone call from David Farris indicated he had grant money and was looking for a “good student” to work on a research project and a master’s degree.

In the fall of 1965, he returned to San Diego State College to work on the research project with David Farris. The research involved weekly sampling of a fishery at Newport Beach, California. An MS degree was part of the deal and David Farris served as his faculty advisor. In 1966, David Farris was eligible for a sabbatical and left for a year at the University of Miami in Florida. Thankfully, Richard Ford was willing to assume the position as faculty advisor. Under his guidance, the research project was completed and the MS degree in Biology completed.

While working with Professors Farris and Ford, there was discussion about continuing studies for a doctorate degree in Marine Sciences. Applications were mailed and acceptance to a doctorate program at the Virginia Institute of Marine Science was obtained. They left San Diego in the fall of 1967.

Long story short, the graduate program in Virginia didn’t work out. Took a job with the State of Wisconsin and a son was born in Milwaukee. Became aware of a doctoral program at the University of Minnesota. Applied to the College of Public Health and was accepted. Completed the doctoral program and obtained an academic position in the Department of Biology at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio in 1972. Four years later in 1976, applied and successfully competed for an academic position in the Department of Microbiology and Public Health at Washington State University.

***

Early in 1981, while visiting my wife’s mother in San Diego, I happened to see in the newspaper that San Diego State University was starting a new graduate program in public health. I decided to visit the campus to see what the new program included. I found the recently hired director, Douglas Scutchfield, located in an old “Jack-in-the-Box” building on College Avenue. We had a great conversation about the program and I wished him well. After our visit, we returned to Washington State.

During the spring semester at Washington State University, I received a call from Doug asking if I would be interested in a position in the new public health program. I was quite happy running the undergraduate environmental health program in Pullman, but decided to interview for the San Diego State position. I was offered a faculty position, accepted and became the second tier of faculty hired for the new program in 1981. I was a faculty member at the Graduate School of Public Health for 11 years. We left San Diego in 1993 when I was recruited and ultimately served on the faculties of three different universities for the next 15 years.

The time at the Graduate School of Public Health was a “highlight” of my academic career. We recruited great and nationally known faculty. Our students were highly motivated and achieved success in their chosen field of public health. My wife also worked at San Diego State during this time; in three departments, the last one was in the School of Nursing.

Obviously, we owe much to San Diego State University. My father-in-law, my wife and my daughter all were students. I hope future generations of my family also choose to attend.
In my family, never a Decoration Day, at its center with an imposing marble obelisk, duly engraved and tall enough at seven feet to tower over all of us. So even though the grounds follow no easy trails, the monument has always served as a beacon to follow and to mark its welcoming destination.

Later my grandmother picked up the baton, planning the two-hour dusty drive on Memorial Day in an auto-caravan from the aquamarine blue of the San Francisco Bay Area Coast to the golden green of the delta of the San Joaquin Valley. What do I remember of these pilgrimages as a preteen? Along the route, we passed the fresh and fragrant fields of alfalfa and wheat edged by musty peat bogs in view of tall, sturdy stands of eucalyptus holding back the winds; then we bumped across the short trestles that marked these country roads, winds; then we bumped across the short trestles that marked these country roads, listening as our tires beat a rhythm on the steel bridges’ metal footprints over the long, narrow sloughs, melding with radio broadcasts and busy adult conversations often on a scorchingly hot day, to follow the tradition of picnicking at the cemetery and decorating with arms full of flowers. Yes, these trips left an indelible and vividly deep impression on me and thankfully for my restless self in a gingham pinafore and matching sunbonnet, they included a child-friendly and rewarding stop at a roadside fruit stand along the way. The freshly picked cherries were always my favorite.

Thereafter, more than 120 years and six generations later, we, the surviving family members, gather on Memorial Day at the grave site with colorful bouquets and well-stocked baskets in hand for a picnic to brighten and soften and contemplate our ancestors’ place in family history, as we travel to these quiet, peaceful grounds to proclaim “salve et vale” (hail and farewell) to those who preceded us. A fine family tradition, indeed.

CEMETERY COMING ALIVE
Leoné McCoy, Secondary Education

From whence cometh your history? In my family, never a Decoration Day, known now as Memorial Day, passed that I, as a young one, did not experience the perplexing, annual trip to the cemetery to decorate the graves with flowers, relax with walkabouts and reminisce with tall tales aplenty.

My brother, a younger one than I, grew up to regale his medical school pals with stories about his family’s tradition of “picnics at the cemetery.” He remembered that, as familiar as these doctors-to-be were with death and dying, they seemed a bit flummoxed, yet politely feigning an interest, albeit one awkwardly stitched together with a certain incredulity. In response, my brother hastened to oblige their curiosity, explaining that over time, 21 family members were buried in the 150-year-old Stockton Rural (not to be confused with the contemporary) Cemetery, so a personal visit seemed obligatory and respectful.

My immediate and very lively family members would sit casually at the site, perched on the encircling and inviting low stone masonry wall, as they enjoyed a basket lunch. The conversation turned to the details of the lives of each deceased member, often reflected in anecdotes about their interests, their values and amusingly about their personalities, cleverly embroidered with stories of their likes and dislikes. My brother sanguinely explained that such details as who got along with whom, or not, were important talking-points, when the sensitive matter of where a member was to be placed in the cemetery.

How did this tradition begin? My great grandmother had followed her adventurous captain-uncle to California after the Civil War. As the story goes, her father had forbade her from marrying her beloved sweetheart, a writer for the Boston Globe in her native Massachusetts. But, my great grandmother was bold and beautiful and clever, with a solidly affirmative belief in herself. Soon she married an enterprising country squire who enjoyed tough town politics.

They were devastated when their first-born child William, known affectionately as dear Willie, died at four years of age. Bravely, she and her husband faced their deep personal loss and purchased the first of several contiguous cemetery plots. As if she were staking a claim, she had the ground emboldened at its center with an imposing marble

SAN DIEGO FOOD BANK TOUR
Ann LePage, Reprographics

How do you feed 320,000 hungry people a month? Fourteen retirees from SDSU set out to answer that question on April 10 with a visit to the San Diego Food Bank.

The logistics to run this operation are mind-boggling. They have a permanent staff of 40, enhanced by 22,000 volunteers and a network of 330 community partners. These include churches, schools, soup kitchens, and food pantries. Through an agreement with the California Growers Association, a million pounds of fresh produce that farms would otherwise plow under are donated yearly.

The warehouse is huge and has areas to drop donations off and sort items by content (cans, bottles, baby food, perishable, etc.). There is a repacking machine that has cut the price of purchasing bulk items in half. Most of these areas were bustling with workers when we were there.

Monthly the Food Bank packs boxes for 9,000 seniors and fills 1,533 back packs for school children. There are also eight military distribution centers that feed 28,000 dependents a month. The food rescue program “rescues” soon-to-expire fresh and prepared foods from a range of food retailers and delivers it to local nonprofits that distribute the food immediately to people in need.

We were all impressed with the scope of the operation and the amount of planning and hard work every month by so many people to feed the hungry population of San Diego.

The Food Bank welcomes donations of money, food, and any amount of time that people can volunteer to the cause. For any questions you might have, the website is www.SanDiegoFoodBank.org, or you can call 858-527-1419.

Touring the Food Bank warehouse
ON MICHAEL LEWIS

Tom Donahue
CSU-ERFA Representative

One of PostScript’s readers has very graciously directed me to the books of Michael Lewis in light of the subject discussed in the last issue. The books, amusing and well-written, are: Liar’s Poker (Norton, 1989), The Big Short (Norton, 2010), and Flash Boys (Norton, 2014), abbreviated below as LP, BS, and FB. In order, these volumes treat of Michael Lewis’ years with Salomon Brothers in the early 1980s, then with the behavior of bond traders and stockbrokers and the policies of trading firms during the savings and loan crisis and the crash of 1987, and during the lead up to the Great Recession of 2007. What I now hear TV journalists say as the “takeaway” from these books primarily about bond trading, and stock sales secondarily, are the following views.

—The person selling you bonds is typically a young person in his early or mid twenties, working to surface in adult life after a prolonged adolescence, and poorly trained by his first employer.

—To make sales, this trader depends upon begrudged advice given in his office by a more successful person a year or two his senior, together with his own “flair, persistence, and luck” (LP, 51.)

—Successful younger persons come up with new product packages for sale, designed to generate short-term income, but with no analysis of the ultimate effect of these products on their employers or on the market. In fact, it is rare that the sales persons hired in these firms have been employed for the thinking skills, or for the mathematical or economic training necessary to foresee the long-term impact of their products (this is the substance of BS.)

Now let’s pause and consider this fugitive thought: does this sound like the sort of person whose papers you used to help edit and write in undergraduate school? Back when you were a freshman and they were sophomores or juniors? Now they want to advise you about money.

—While the new products are vigorous and adventurous, (for almost thirty years these schemes cannot—CAN-NOT—resist repackaging for sale bundles of home mortgages) senior management in the trading firms may choose to remain in the dark about the details of the schemes, a tactic which affords them plausible deniability in the future.

—Emblematic of the shortcomings of these products is the argument presented in FB: firms with the shortest trading time in these businesses have the advantage of knowing what products are for sale, and then can exploit this advantage to reduce sales prices, or to run them up, in the instants before firms without this advantage can react. This is of course the crassest kind of manipulation, but it seems to be impossible to constrain it.

—In order to protect the investments within a firm itself, one division of a firm can offer a product for sale with the most excited recommendations, at the same time that another division may offer products which will undermine or “short” the same product.

—No one in the business entertains the value that such utilitarian schemes are fundamentally amoral; that particular insight may never come up for discussion.

Is it any wonder that CalPERS is returning to a set of conservative, back-to-basic practices? CalPERS obviously has become more sensitized to matters of the sort described above since its plummet to $140 billion dollars in value a few years ago. It seems that we are all much the better for their re-worked policies.

Please direct any questions for this column to: Tom Donahue at donahue_thomas@ymail.com.

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REPORT FROM THE SENATE

Senator Gordon Shackelford, Physics

3% Pay Raise!

After seven years of no pay increases, and occasional furloughs, the faculty has received a 3% pay raise. Actually it is a 1.7% general pay raise and various other salary components related to step increases and promotion salary increases that have not been paid in seven years.

This pay raise is welcome news. However, a lot of damage appears to have been done to faculty retention. For the academic years, 2012/13 and 2013/14, SDSU ran a total of 91 faculty searches, of which 84 were successful. Despite this very substantial amount of hiring, we actually experienced a net decline of two professors for the two-year period. We are losing a lot of young faculty, which may be related to pay stagnation. I am pushing the Senate and/or administration to look into faculty retention. Stay tuned for further information.

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TREASURER’S REPORT

Deb Quiett, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of 3/31/2015*

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- Bohnsack Scholarship Endowment Fund $50,017.50
- Bohnsack Scholarship Fund 2.67

Total Assets $328,264.63

*No distribution posted for 3rd quarter as of 4/16/15
This morning a bird chattered near my hummingbird feeder—a rapid “chet-chet-chet-chet” like a rain bird water sprinkler. The call I recognized, that of the Hooded Oriole, but the timing was wrong. Hooded Orioles usually don’t appear in the yard till the middle of March; this was the end of February. I hurried to the back porch where I have a good view of the feeder and sure enough, it was a male Hooded Oriole—vivid markings of sunflower yellow and black, long slender body—just arrived from its winter stay in Mexico perhaps. The males show up several weeks before the females to set up nesting territory and are one of San Diego’s most beautiful songbirds. Seeing this guy, my first-of-the-season (fos) was a thrill; I recorded the details of the sighting in my journal. I love birding.

And not only do I love birding, I love all the paraphernalia that goes with it—equipment, gadgets, technology, classes, environmental organizations, etc. To see birds enjoyably, you need a good pair of binoculars. I have a pair of Zeiss (Roger Tory Peterson carried a pair of Zeiss) but that’s only the beginning. I have a camera with a telephoto lens that reaches nearly 600mm. I have numerous field guides by Sibley, Kaufman, National Geographic and more. I have smart phone apps for bird identification, reporting, and listing. I have attended Audubon workshops and stomped about in sand, silt and muck on field trips. I own a DVD of The Big Year, a story about a competition among three birders to see the most birds, and have watched it more times than I will admit.

Good equipment certainly can help one become better at birding, or better at whatever sport, hobby or craft fascinates, but as any golfer, photographer or quilter knows, tools alone do not the expert make. In San Diego, there are expert birders. They can tell you in which Coral Tree the Scott’s Oriole will perch tomorrow morning, or where to look for the Indigo Buntings that nest at Mission Trails Regional Park. In 2013, one gifted local birder saw 387 species in the county (out of a possible 517 per the San Diego Field Ornithologists December 2014 checklist).

I am not one of the gifted birders, but I’m good enough for my purposes. My life list is at 144, my yard bird count at 43. I can identify the species that visit my backyard and I find that satisfying. And I do know when something is not satisfying. For years I forced myself to practice the clarinet—my parents wanted me to march in the high school band—and though I became pretty good at it, I never loved the instrument and eventually, despite the years invested in trying to love it, quit. Not a passion.

When something is a passion, it is much like falling in love; it claims your soul. You can’t always explain why you fall in love; you just go with it and see where it takes you. That’s how it is with me and birding, and mostly birding takes me to the backyard, a daily practice.

About 4 o’clock in the afternoon, with binoculars and camera, I head to my spot in the corner of the garden by the plum tree where I sit and watch the birdbath. What will I see today? Some days the bath is the site of non-stop action with Yellow-rumped Warblers, House Sparrows, Lesser Goldfinches, Western Bluebirds, all lined up on the plum branches, each waiting for a turn to drink and bathe. Other days are quiet, just a Mourning Dove on the wire. Always I hope a new bird will visit, one I’ve never seen in the yard before. (My most unexpected sighting so far is a California Gnatchatcher). Seeing a new bird is exciting, but if I don’t, it’s okay. I’m glad for the birds that find their way to my backyard, and I enjoy the time spent waiting for them.

And just so you know, birding isn’t the only thing I love. There’s cooking and photography and golf and jazz and hiking and my dogs and all the other interests that round out a life. I could have chosen any of those loves to describe, it’s just that today I saw the Hooded Oriole.

So, tell us what you love—whether it’s a special spot to picnic, restoring old Studebakers, growing orchids, reading romance novels, watching movies on your big screen TV, eating fast food, playing tennis, spending time with a grandchild, docenting at the Mingei Museum. Or tell us what you don’t love. As Ramon would say: "Write to us".

PostScript will never be the same without Ramon, but we will do our best to carry on the traditions he celebrated that help faculty and staff stay connected. We will continue to choose a theme for each issue, and hope that it inspires you. If not, don’t be deterred; we welcome whatever you’d like to share. If you’ve visited a museum exhibit, seen a movie, read a book, taken a trip, enjoyed a meal at a restaurant, tell us about it. Or, if you have photographs of a watercolor you’ve painted, a backyard project completed, a recipe that was a success—send them to us. And if you have suggestions for future issues, please let us know.

The PostScript Committee
Like Donal Hord's sculpture of Montezuma, Scripp's Cottage has been a part of campus since the 1930's. The structure was completed in 1931, the year that San Diego State College came to Montezuma Mesa and the same year that Hepner Hall and Hardy Tower were built.

Save the Date

May 2, Kentucky Derby
May 14, Scholarship Luncheon
July 23, Day at the Races

Coming in the next PostScript

The next PostScript will feature “Passions”

DEADLINE: July 10, 2015

Please e-mail your double-spaced article of approximately 400-500 words to whitesagecafe@aol.com. If you have no access to a computer, mail your typed or clearly printed article to 4829 Beaumont Drive, La Mesa, CA 91941. Scanned photos may be sent as an attachment or mail photos to Barbara Barnes at the above address. Photos are appreciated and will be returned.

*PostScript* is published by the San Diego State University Retirement Association

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