WHAT’S INSIDE

Articles

Curiosity Did Not Kill This Cat!  Frank Medeiros
Learning and Sharing What I Know Is My Passion Reynaldo Ayala
Creating With Words And Pictures Leoné D. McCoy
Unexpected Passion Glen Broom
Passion Overload Maggi McKerrow
Lest We Forget... Remembering Fran Ballantine Leif Fearn
Passion Shirley Forbing
Passion, Going to the Gym Pat Coffey
Why I Went to Work For the Centers for Disease Control David Sleet
“In the Day”—San Diego In and Around the 60’s Don L. Bosseau
Slow-Pitch Senior Softball Michael Harvey

Reports

President’s Message Dean Popp, Economics
Retirement Association Spring Luncheon 2015 Nancy Carmichael
A Day at the Races Charles J. Stewart
Benefits: Calpers Accounting Tom Donahue
Kentucky Derby Party Mary Nelson
Treasurer’s Report Deborah Quiett
Editor’s Notes Barbara Barnes
In Memoriam
Save the Date Back cover
Coming in the Next Back cover
PostScript

What’s Inside

Articles

Curiosity Did Not Kill 4
This Cat! Frank Medeiros
Learning and Sharing 5
What I Know Is My Passion Reynaldo Ayala
Creating With Words And Pictures Leoné D. McCoy
Unexpected Passion 6
Glen Broom
Passion Overload 7
Maggi McKerrow
Lest We Forget... 8
Remembering Fran Ballantine Leif Fearn
Passion 9
Shirley Forbing
Passion, Going to the Gym 9
Pat Coffey
Why I Went to Work For the Centers for Disease Control 10
David Sleet
“In the Day”—San Diego In and Around the 60’s 11
Don L. Bosseau
Slow-Pitch Senior Softball 12
Michael Harvey

Reports

President’s Message 2
Dean Popp
Retirement Association Spring 3
Luncheon 2015 Nancy Carmichael
A Day at the Races 12
Charles J. Stewart
Benefits: Calpers Accounting 13
Tom Donahue
Kentucky Derby Party 13
Mary Nelson
Treasurer’s Report 13
Deborah Quiett
Editor’s Notes 15
Barbara Barnes
In Memoriam 11
Save the Date Back cover
Coming in the Next Back cover
PostScript

President’s Message

Dean Popp, Economics

I trust that all had an invigorating and eventful summer. With the exception of the Day at the Del Mar Races, and The Duffers, the activities of the Retirement Association tend to slow over the summer. One activity that has not slowed is the production of PostScript. As I mentioned in my last message there was a need for a few members to step forward and serve on the PostScript committee and that has happened. Maggi McKerrow, Leif Fearn and Don Bosseau have graciously agreed to assist Barbara Barnes, Gloria Ross, and Helen Savage in putting together future issues. Maggi, Leif and Don have the energy and skills to maintain the quality and seek new directions for the publication. The exact roles of all are still being determined but Barbara is herding us all in the right direction. I wish to thank Joan Curry for many years of service on the PostScript committee, and wish her well in her new endeavors with the San Diego City Library.

If you have not driven on College Avenue near campus in the past few months you are in for a visual surprise. South Campus Plaza, a mixed-use facility including residences and retail space, has been erected to several stories and is on schedule for a fall 2016 opening. This project is located on the west side of College Avenue between the trolley and bus area (on the north end) and Montezuma Avenue (on the south end). In conjunction with the new Student Center, SDSU has a renewed presence on College Avenue.

A new academic building is commencing construction in the center of campus and is known as the Engineering and Interdisciplinary Sciences Complex. The Industrial Technology and Engineering Labs buildings, both built in the 1950’s, are in the process of removal and the new building is to be erected on that site. The site of this new building has been fenced and demolition of the existing buildings is underway. This project will significantly change the appearance and use of the inner core of the campus. This complex will provide state of the art teaching and research facilities for Engineering and the Sciences emphasizing flexible spaces which can adapt to the changes in instruction and support interdisciplinary research endeavors. More information on this project can be found at: http://newscenter.sdsu.edu/bfa/eis. It is anticipated this project will be completed in 2018.

Cover: The Mission Bay Aquatic Center (MBAC) is owned and operated jointly by Associated Students of SDSU and the Campus Recreation of University of California San Diego. Its roots go back to 1970 when SDSU student Glen Brandenburg signed up for a sailing class at the old boathouse, managed in those days by the City of San Diego, and eventually became the instructor. In 1973, SDSU Associated Students and UCSD Recreation assumed the lease and the Mission Bay Aquatic Center began.

MBAC sits on the south end of Santa Clara Point surrounded by picnic areas, beaches, and the bay. The facility is home to SDSU’s Men’s and Women’s Varsity Rowing programs, as well as the Mission Bay Rowing Association. It offers equipment rental and a variety of aquatic classes including sailing, wakeboarding, surfing, stand up paddling, kayaking, rowing, windsurfing, and safety. Classes are open to the public.

The birds in the foreground, left to right, are a Willet and Long-billed Curlew.
This year’s luncheon marked our return to a favorite venue, Tom Ham’s Lighthouse. President Popp extended a warm welcome to everyone including our special guests, the scholarship winners, their family and friends. We enjoyed a delicious buffet, topped off with an excellent cheesecake.

Following a brief business meeting, Ron Young, Chair of the Awards Committee, introduced Barbara Barnes, the 2015 Service Award honoree. Barbara has been our secretary for a number of years and provides invaluable service in the set-up and design of PostScript, including terrific photographs. She presently serves as editor of our newsletter, while continuing as secretary to the Board.

President Popp then turned his attention to the scholarship awards, and spoke briefly about the scholarship mission and tradition of the Retirement Association, and how it is supported through annual contributions combined with the interest generated by the Scholarship Endowment Fund. The introduction of the scholarship winners was handled by the Scholarship Chair, Nancy Carmichael.

We were delighted to recognize six students for scholarship awards: Kyle LeMaire, Mathematics/Applied Mathematics; Aaron Mannis, Political Science; Joseph Olivieri III, Biology (The Dr. Kurt and Julie Bohmsack Memorial Endowed Scholarship); Rachel Platz, Liberal Studies (The Aubrey Wendling Memorial Scholarship); Timothy Platz, Information Systems; and Erika Rodriguez, Liberal Studies. Erika and Timothy were unable to attend, as they were taking final exams. The other students introduced their guests, then spoke briefly about their goals and aspirations. Each student received an award of $4,500 and was given an elegant certificate recognizing his or her achievement. I would be remiss not to note that the certificates are the creation of Dorothy Romano.

In closing, I would like to say that once again, we have been fortunate to recognize and honor this wonderful group of students. The Retirement Association is justly proud of each of them and extends its hearty congratulations and good wishes to this year’s scholars.

How the awardees are related to SDSU faculty or staff:

Kyle LeMaire, Applied Mathematics, is the son of Tricia Blumhardt of the Office of Advising and Evaluations.

Aaron Mannis, Political Science is the stepson of Debbie Brighton of the SDSU Research Foundation.

Joseph Olivieri III, Biology, is the grandson of Joseph Olivieri of Facilities Services.

Rachel Platz, Liberal Studies, is the granddaughter of Marvin Platz of Secondary Education.

Timothy Platz, Information Systems, is the grandson of Marvin Platz.

Erika Rodriguez, Liberal Studies, is the niece of Joe Villegas of Associated Students.
CURIOSITY DID NOT KILL THIS CAT!
Frank Medeiros, Academic Affairs

“I have no special talents. I am only passionately curious.”
Albert Einstein

Defining terms is always worthwhile (unless you’re trying to fool someone!). Here is a succinct definition (#8) of “passion” from the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary: “A strong enthusiasm for a (specified) thing; an aim or object pursued with strong enthusiasm.” As will be seen, I’ll be making a case for substituting the concept of curiosity for enthusiasm, I hope to good effect. And then back to passion and reading.

My lifelong passion has been reading. Many of us know the story well. Perhaps a somewhat isolated upbringing (pre-Internet, of course; maybe not even TV!); exciting/grateful trips to the public library; discovery of worlds previously unknown, stoking ever more the fires of curiosity. No limits, all possibility!

The most fortunate of us manage, by whatever means, to keep these fires burning (smoldering?) throughout a lifetime and—if we’re truly determined and persevering, or perhaps just lucky— to extend our newfound curious nature into many other domains. In this vein, reading is a primary vehicle, powered by curiosity, that can lead us—however modestly—to a sense of passion in our lives.

Along these lines, I’ve just finished a book entitled A Curious Mind: The Secret to a Bigger Life (2015) by Brian Grazer and Charles Fishman (his ghostwriter), which attempts to explore the phenomenon of curiosity in a very straightforward and interesting way. Grazer is a longtime Hollywood film producer (e.g., A Beautiful Mind, Apollo 13, J. Edgar) who over 35 years ago began a practice of initiating/conducting “curiosity conversations” (usually weekly) with all manner of famous and accomplished individuals from diverse fields, notables such as Jonas Salk, Edward Teller, F. Lee Bailey and on and on. Indeed, the roster of interviewees reads like a “Who’s Who” of the latter 20th century.

Despite its title, this is not a “self-help” book, and there is really no “secret” revealed. Nor is there a scholarly/rigorous analysis of the concept of curiosity (the general lack of which the author laments). What we do have, though, is an appealing and altogether fascinating anecdotal accounting of it, which makes for an informative and refreshing read.

Additionally, the book serves to initiate an “interior conversation” of sorts as to the power of curiosity and its part in the potential development of our passion(s); one way, in other words, of choosing how we lead our lives. After this very brief look at curiosity, let me return to my passion for reading. Grazer alludes to this in the following passage: “…you can be as curious as you want to be, and it doesn’t matter when you start. And your curiosity can help you be smarter and more creative. It can help you be more effective and also help you be a better person.” Sounds good to me! After this very brief look at curiosity, let me return to my passion for reading.

It started at an early age (as with most of us) and, obviously, it started with stories. I mention this because over the years I have come to realize (not originally) that everything is a story, whether in familiar print form across all modes of inquiry, to all manner of creative/artistic endeavors, back to oral tradition from the dawn of communication. Indeed, one would be hard pressed (unless I’m missing something here) to cite any aspect of the human condition throughout history that is not reducible to a story.

Who doesn’t like a good story? One can become passionate about reading precisely because of this attraction to, enthusiasm for, and curiosity about a well-presented tale (fictional or not) that touches our life in some way— profoundly or trivially: just for fun, as in “summer read” detective/crime novels, or the impact, say, of War and Peace.

I realize, given our readership, that I am perhaps “preaching to the choir” here. So for this reason (I suspect many of you are more familiar than I about the topic) and due to limitations of space, I’ll refrain from going on and on. I would conclude, however, with an important question to ponder (perhaps for a future contributor?): What place (given advances in technology, etc.) will reading have in the lives of our grandchildren and, even more interestingly, of their progeny? Given the widely acknowledged foundational impact of reading, this may well be the educational challenge of the future. How might we contribute?

Finally: for those interested in pursuing the subject of reading further, may I recommend two quite different works: A History of Reading (Alberto Manguel; 1996) and Harold Bloom’s How to Read and Why (2000). ♦

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One person with passion is better than forty people merely interested.

E. M. Forster
English Novelist
LEARNING AND SHARING WHAT I KNOW IS MY PASSION
Reynaldo Ayala, Geography

Early in life, I discovered that what really mattered was not only accumulating knowledge, but sharing this knowledge with others, not only within the classroom, but outside the classroom as well. So I devoted my life to achieve this goal through education and involvement in the community.

When I was a young boy in Mexico I sold popcorn in a movie theater in Saltillo. These were the war years of the 1940s, movies from Hollywood showing American culture and small cities with universities and professors with caps and gowns. I would say to myself, “Some day I want to be one of those professors.”

After completing my doctoral studies, we landed in Calexico, a small town next to the Mexican border where I was hired by SDSU/IVC to teach geography. There, I became truly aware of the Latinos’ struggles to get an education in an unresponsive system. Soon I realized that most teachers-to-be, Latinos or Anglos, had little knowledge of Mexico and its rich culture nor were they fluent in the Spanish language. But most of the students at the elementary, middle and high school level were Spanish speakers with limited knowledge of the English language and American culture and they were rapidly losing their native language. It was crucial these students develop English language skills while maintaining their Spanish. So it became my mission and passion to help develop a learning environment more responsive to the educational needs of Latinos and other minorities.

At SDSU/IVC we began experimenting with bilingual courses, offering the same course in English and Spanish. Also, we began taking some students from our campus to Mexicali at the U. of Baja California where I taught sociology and they earned credit from our university. We began experimenting with field trips into the US/Mexico border region, then came the summer study programs throughout Mexico, study tours done by bus which we used as a classroom. These were very successful not only for the registered students and teachers-to-be, but also for the teachers, principals and even faculty and administrative personnel already working.

At the same time, bilingual education was becoming popular but also very controversial and political. I became a believer in its potential and benefits, and became committed to its success. This led me to become an American citizen, register to vote and sign up as a candidate for the Calexico School Board. I was elected and served for 18 years.

As part of my commitment to teaching and education, I served on the Library Committee, the Arts Council, and the Planning Commission. I spent well over 12 years as a member and president more than once in the Calexico Neighborhood House.

Getting an education and helping others do the same has been a driving force in my life. For that I have received many awards and recognitions both in the US and in Mexico. My goal has been satisfied.

CREATING WITH WORDS AND PICTURES
Leoné D. McCoy, Secondary Education

You know that you are captured inextricably, perhaps forever enthralled by a fiercely absorbing passion, when you find yourself at nine or ten years of age, reaching for pen and paper to connect with someone. In my case, I’ve always enjoyed writing, illustrating and trying my hand at poetry.

Living in the countryside as a child with requisite amenities at a premium, where the library, movie theater and town hall stage were removed by miles, I spent my out-of-school days creating images, both figural and narrative in form. As I remember feeling at the time, I was safely ensconced like a chrysalis in a cocoon by the adults surrounding me. They, too, found great enchantment, both fulfilling and fun, in making, doing and generally expressing themselves.

Summer mornings with my young cousins were filled with our brand of playwriting and performance antics, followed by a parade of us ambling through the surrounding orchards in search of newly ripened and low-hanging fruit, while avoiding the singing beehives, noisily alerting us to their encampment at the edge of this rolling landscape.

We always invited our younger neighbor, Ann, to join us for she was a rather lonely child who spent her desolate summer days with her indulgent but stern and starchy and very senior grandparents. As the mornings turned into mid-days, I assigned myself the responsibility of walking Ann home across the fields that separated our families’ properties.

No one asked, but it seemed only proper and fitting for me to meet Ann’s gruffly genial grandfather and her dowager-like grandmother at their door with Ann in tow, then present them with Ann and a nicely written poem. I can still see their smiles at this handover ceremony, as I presented my gifts of “young girl and tribute poem.”

Many literary and art-filled escapades later, I must admit now to my chagrin how full of myself I was for having used words to make a difference. It’s a given that with such aggrandizement I continued pursuing this personal, bewitching passion.

A corollary follows that predictably and shamelessly I felt compelled to illuminate my stories with illustrations and indulge my interest in drawing. Such was the case when my junior high school principal hung my version of a Salvador Dali painting in her office. What a thrill that was! Thus, it has been for me to formulate my observations and thoughts in words and pictures. These times have always given me immeasurably exhilarating, often transmutative experiences, filling me with a deep and rich passion to create.
UNEXPECTED PASSION
Glen Broom, Journalism and Media Studies

As a farm boy growing up in Southern Illinois, I was passionate about caring for my 4-H projects (Guernsey and Holstein heifers), making things (crystal radios, models and simple furniture) and fantasizing about world travel (wondering where all those big planes were going or returning from). Then as a junior in high school Latin class (I had put off the two-year language requirement as long as I could), I developed a passion for the pretty freshman sitting in front of me. None of these passions had anything to do with writing a book, but that would become my unexpected passion.

That passion did not develop during my ten years of professional practice or even later during my doctoral studies at the University of Wisconsin. During my four years on the Wisconsin faculty, however, I decided that public relations education needed a research methods course and, therefore, a book. My senior colleagues suggested that I put the book part of that aside until after earning tenure. Good advice.

Move to SDSU

Betty and I liked Madison and were happy with our respective careers. (Betty was teaching at a school of nursing.) It did not take many Wisconsin winters, however, for me to develop a passion for a life in either Tucson or San Diego. This became a serious passion while watching televised golf tournaments—the Dean Martin Schaumburg Open in January and the Andy Williams San Diego Open in February.

Winter 1978-79 meant shoveling snow seemingly every day in February. In addition, I nervously awaited word from a New York-based foundation to learn if my research project would be funded. Well past the notification deadline, I called my friend Allen Center, who served on the foundation board.

Center lived in Rancho Bernardo and taught part-time at SDSU after retiring as vice president of Motorola in Schaumburg, Illinois. He said that my project was funded “back in November.” Great news. In jest, I asked if there was an opening at SDSU. “So I can get out of this snow bank.” He responded, “Are you serious?” With no forethought whatsoever, I said, “Sure.”

Big Change

Center and Scott Cutlip co-authored the seminal public relations textbook—Effective Public Relations (Prentice-Hall, 1952)—the book made public relations a legitimate field of study at universities. Even The New York Times reviewed it. Cutlip was the “dean of public relations education” and the professor whom I replaced when he left Wisconsin to become a real dean at the University of Georgia. After five editions, however, both wanted a new co-author to take over the book. Over lunch in the Faculty-Staff Club, Center said he wanted me to take over the book, but that Cutlip probably would not agree. A few weeks later, Cutlip called me from Georgia. He said that I was his first choice but that Center probably wanted someone else. My life was about to change, big time.

Being responsible for updating “the bible of public relations” for its sixth edition (1985) stirred an unexpected passion. Like my co-authors, I wanted the book to make public relations a force for social good and felt that my duty was to protect and extend its legacy.

The new edition put yours truly and SDSU in the international spotlight of public relations education. Prentice-Hall editors suggested that my name be listed first on the cover of each new edition. I reminded them of the book’s legacy and that many in the field know it as simply “Cutlip and Center.” After both were deceased for several years, however, we put their names above the title beginning with the tenth edition (2009)—Cutlip and Center’s Effective Public Relations.

Bey-Ling Sha was my co-author for the eleventh edition (2013). Sha is director of the School of Journalism and Media Studies. Our new faculty colleague, Kaye Sweetser—who we hired away from the University of Georgia—will join us as co-author for the twelfth edition. After that, it will be my turn to pass the torch.

By the time we do the twelfth edition, “Cutlip and Center” will have schooled practitioners worldwide in ten languages and served as the emerging profession’s basic reference for 65 years. I know that the new co-authors will carry the torch with passion for many more editions.

Even as I phase out, I am still passionate about the book, as well as for that pretty girl I met in Latin class. With my passions intact and golf with the “Duffers,” life is good.

PASSION OVERLOAD
Maggi McKerrow, Theatre Arts

Ever since I read the recent Postscript and the article about Barbara’s birding I have been trying to decide what I am most passionate about so I can write an essay. Tough decision. I am mad for BOOKS of all kinds—especially literary novels. Could not put down Anthony Doerr’s All the Light We Cannot See which I just re-read for my book club and am currently alternately reading A God in Ruins by Kate Atkinson and a book called Mrs. Miles Diary which was written in England by a woman journalist during WWII. Amazing detail about the daily hunt for food, the terrifying noise of the bombing, the cold. Sadly there is no entry for the day of my birth in London in October 1939 but I did learn it was a Tuesday.

I read a lot of books in the old style by just turning the pages, but I am also passionate about RECORDED BOOKS. What a fascinating genre that is. The best make you feel that a great actor is in your head performing just for you. Stephen King’s Mr. Mercedes and the follow up book Finder’s Keepers are, for me, made even better by the lively reading of Will Patton. He also read King’s clever book 11/22/63 about a man who goes back in time to try to stop the assassination of Kennedy. You can see it on TV as a mini series in 2016. Recently I got an almost free Audible version of Jane Austen’s Northanger Abbey read by the British actress Juliet Stephenson. To my mind Northanger Abbey is not one of Jane Austen’s best books, but as read by Stephenson it is positively laugh out loud funny!

I love ANIMALS—especially my two young cats, although this morning I am irritated with one charmer because it is so difficult to catch him and put a drop in his infected eye. Yesterday I picked him up to give him the medication and he shot himself right out of my arms and half way across the room. But this morning he gave such a loud purr when I fed him a bonus to his breakfast that I forgive him. Isn’t that the way it goes with passions. Can one be so trite as to say they run hot and cold?

Amazingly enough I am passionate about EXERCISE. I get a lot of it. Daily walking, yoga, pilates. Pretty amazing turn around for a kid who was always being told to “Stop reading that book and go out and get some exercise”. Yoga is my favorite because when you are doing it you can’t think about anything else!

FRESH FLOWERS brighten my life. Pink peonies in a pitcher from a North Carolina potter effectively chase away May-grey and June gloom. I bought the pitcher in the 1970’s when my parents retired to the Southern Pines area of that beautiful state, the pitcher makes me think of them, their lovely house, and how much they loved gardening and flowers. Is that another part of passions? Do they bring back memories?

MUSIC—all kinds, but especially musical theatre. I am an ardent fan of Stephen Sondheim and his rich canon of musicals, but currently am binge listening to Fun Home and Sting’s The Last Ship. Fun Home won the Tony award for best musical this year. It is based on the 2006 graphic memoir by Alison Bechdel about growing up with a domineering father and dealing with the realization that you are gay. The Last Ship, another recent musical theatre piece, is about Sting’s childhood in a gritty British ship building town. It wasn’t even nominated for a Tony Award. What were they thinking? Maybe I should go back to listening to Steven Sondheim’s dark musical called, of all things, Passion! That show explores a variety of “passions” particularly passions which turn to obsessions, a topic I will not explore here.

THEATRE—For me a weekend when I don’t see a play is sub par, so San Diego is a good place to live. I thoroughly enjoyed seeing a fresh and funny produc-

“No one has ever loved me As deeply as you. No one has truly shown me What love could be like until now:

Not pretty or safe or easy But more than I ever knew. Love within reason — That isn’t love. And I’ve learned that from you”

Stephen Sondheim
WE STAND ON THE ABLE SHOULders OF THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE
Leif Fearn, Education

David W. Anthony begins his introduction to The Horse, The Wheel, and Language (Princeton University Press, 2007), his study of archaeological linguistics, with an observation, spread over several pithy sentences. “We stand always on the shoulders of our ancestors” (p. 3) is the essential point of the book. (He didn’t indicate whether Isaac Newton inspired his sentence.) Having noted that it can be troubling that so few of those who follow us, by three generations, or four, won’t know us, won’t know our names, and won’t even know we were here, he asks, “How many of us can imagine being so utterly forgotten just three generations from now by our own descendants that they remember nothing of us—not even our names?” (p. 3-4)

I came to San Diego State in response to an invitation from an extraordinary gentle man who had heard me work from a speake-
I recall many years ago, I was on my way to our usual College of Education faculty meeting, when someone came up to me and asked me if I would be one of three faculty members to speak for five minutes on what being a professor meant to me. Before I could answer, they rushed ahead, leaving me in a quandary about what I would say without any preparation at all! In desperation, I said a quick prayer. “God, tell me what to say.” I have no idea what I said, but perhaps it was something like “being a professor goes beyond teaching. It is a passion.” Later in the morning, I was surprised to have a number of notes in my mailbox requesting copies of my speech. I couldn’t remember a word!

I remember as a child in grade school having other children asking me for help in their reading. Also, when I visited my grandparents during vacation, my grandfather would have me listen to my younger cousin, Gene, read his book to me. Neither Gene nor I wanted to do this, but being obedient was not an unwritten law in our home.

When I became of age, the only choice that I could see open to me was to become a secretary or a teacher. I could take dictation up to 150 words per minute and type 50 words per minute which gave me the job skills to help me earn my way to becoming an elementary school teacher. One skill was perfunctory, and the other challenging and exciting.

In my first teaching job at Bostonia School in El Cajon, I taught 40 second graders on double session. One boy was a great challenge. Buddy was unkempt and belligerent to the other students. At that time, there were no courses at San Diego State about disciplining students. However, I relied on my earlier experience as a nanny which I did in exchange for board and room while I worked my way through high school.

Being a mother is a great experience for being a successful teacher. One day I decided to take Buddy home in my car to meet his mother. Stopping for gas, Buddy bought a candy bar and wanted to share it, but I declined. Arriving as his trailer park, his mother met me and proceeded to tell me that Buddy’s problems were the fault of the kindergarten teacher, then the first grade teacher. As she slurred her words, she yelled at Buddy. This encounter told me all I needed to know, and I left. I could still hear her screaming at him. The next day, Buddy was at his desk drawing a picture of a woodpecker. As I came by, I exclaimed, “Oh my, that is a beautiful picture, Buddy!” For the rest of the year, I had a picture of Woody, the Woodpecker on my desk. I have often wondered what happened to Buddy. Is he in prison, dead, or is he an artist?

Over the years I have had a positive influence on many students. Just last month, my niece was flying from Seattle and happened to sit next to a Special Education teacher. When the woman sitting next to her happened to mention she had gone to SDSU, my niece said I had been a professor in Special Education there. When the woman asked my name, the woman responded, “Oh my God, your aunt changed my whole life around!” That was 20 years ago! Cultivating the talents of students, which in turn affects the growth of their students, is much like planting a rose garden that rewards one with beauty and fragrance as the years go by. That is what the passion of life is all about! ♦

PASSION, GOING TO THE GYM
Pat Coffey, Business Administration

I have had many interests in my life and these things change. I always loved art and science and still enjoy them. I used to listen to Science Friday on KPBS but they no longer broadcast that program, so I listen to the podcasts. I wanted to major in chemistry in college but discovered that my math ability was non-existent, so I changed my major to art. Over the years I have done pottery and photography and am always doodling with cartoons. One thing that I hated was sports. I was never good at them and was always the last one chosen on any team, usually with the epithet of “We’re stuck with her.” I went to school way before Title Nine, so there were no women’s varsity sports in our high school. It happened that a friend asked me if I wanted to go to the rifle club. I went, was good at it, and the rifle team was the only co-ed varsity sport. I made the team and was the only girl to get a varsity letter in that school. I also had the highest average and became captain of the team.

When I retired from SDSU, I decided to start going to the gym. I started with water aerobics and then added Zumba to my routine. When the pool was down for several weeks for repair, I tried another class called Turbo Kick Boxing. TKB is a floor exercise with no hitting or sparring. I think I was 70 when I tried TKB. They have replaced one of the TKB classes with another boxing exercise called Body Combat, and I do that one too. So here I am, 77 years old, going to 24 Hour Fitness 6 days a week. When I started Zumba, I could not jump, and now I love to jump. So, I guess going to the gym is my passion. Who woulda thunk it? As long as nobody is throwing a ball at me, I’m OK. ♦
WHY I WENT TO WORK FOR THE CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL

David Sleet, Public Health

I was a graduate student on a study tour to Paris—my first solo trip to the city of light. It was dusk and a group of classmates and I made our way to Boulevard de La Madeleine to shop. The narrow, seemingly pedestrian-friendly Boulevard was alive, and it was cluttered with tourists and Parisians taking in the last minutes of light.

As we strolled in the street looking at shops on either side, a car suddenly appeared behind us traveling right toward us blinking its headlights. I was at the front of the crowd and the last one to take notice. The car, a 1965 Citroen DS-21, was traveling with only its parking lights on—as is customary for Parisian motorists. Everyone but me quickly peeled off toward the shops. As I looked back, the car was aimed right at me! I arched my back to avoid a direct hit, but I could not. My head hit the top of the car and I was thrown back into a brick wall facing a flower shop.

The Citroen never stopped. My friends picked me up and escorted me—injured and bleeding—to the nearest policeman directing traffic in the middle of an intersection. The officer didn’t seem to care in the least about the hit-and-run driver, but motioned us to go to the nearest hospital, Hotel-Dieu de Paris (the oldest in Paris) where I received 20 stitches in my face in a make-shift emergency department, with no anesthetic! Although my holiday was ruined, I became much more aware of the dangers faced by pedestrians, especially when traveling in an unfamiliar city overseas.

Although I have my own personal "pedestrian story" and was lucky enough to tell the tale, many are not so lucky. As many as 35% of victims of road traffic crashes around the world are pedestrians. Walking is a major component of travel globally—every trip virtually begins and ends with a walk. And according to the World Health Organization, between 150,000 and 400,000 people lose their lives in pedestrian crashes every year around the world. In the US alone, one pedestrian dies every two hours; a pedestrian is injured every four minutes. These injuries are largely preventable—as was mine. This is why, when I retired, I headed straight for the CDC, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention’s National Center for Injury Prevention and Control, in Atlanta, Georgia.

As an Associate Director for Science at CDC’s Injury Center, I try to understand the causes of injuries and what works to prevent them to keep people safe on the road. Such efforts include built environment strategies that can help reduce injuries by separating pedestrians from vehicle traffic, building pedestrian overpasses, reducing vehicle speeds, and setting aside space for more sidewalks. Some cities have even established Pedestrian Safety Zones which are restricted to pedestrian traffic only—no vehicles allowed. This alone would have prevented my injuries in Paris.

Countries such as Germany and the Netherlands have already figured out ways to reduce pedestrian-vehicle crashes and reduce injuries. Their rates of pedestrian injury and death are four times lower than in the United States. For example, in order for vehicles to see pedestrians better, additional lighting is added around roads. To keep pedestrians from being struck while getting off buses, bus stops are relocated away from intersections. Installing small roundabouts at intersections (with two or fewer lanes), speed bumps on residential roads, and four-way stops at intersections are all ways we know to reduce vehicle speeds and hence reduce injuries. These prevention methods are being developed globally to lessen the chances of a serious injury if a pedestrian is hit.

Of course, while we are called on to collaborate with our global partners, we remain committed to our motor vehicle safety work here in the United States, where more than three million people are treated in emergency departments for crash-related injuries each year and over 30,000 die (92 every day) as a result of their injuries on the road.

Built environment strategies, such as those developed by Dr. Jim Sallis, once a Professor of Psychology at SDSU, help us tell a different story about pedestrians—one that shows promise for changing the environment to protect everyone. My unfortunate Paris injury could have turned out very differently if some of these environmental changes had been in place at the time. And through my work at CDC’s Injury Center, I am confident that we can use these activities to make roads safer for all—pedestrians, drivers, passengers and cyclists—and all those who use the road for transportation and pleasure.

To emphasize the urgency of this problem, our office, with the help of CDC, the World Health Organization, and global partners such as the FIA Foundation, the United Nations General Assembly passed a resolution declaring a “Decade of Action for Road Safety” (2011-2020) which is designed to save half the number of road traffic deaths, worldwide, by 2020. Our work at CDC (http://www.cdc.gov/motorvehiclesafety) to improve public health through injury prevention helps partners worldwide by providing technical assistance and training as well as the tools and support to reduce pedestrian and other motor vehicle injuries. And when we do that, we also protect American citizens, like you, when traveling overseas.

David Sleet retired from SDSU in October 1997 to join the Centers for Disease Control.
IN THE DAY—SAN DIEGO IN AND AROUND THE 60’S
Don L. Bosseau, Library Services

In a time that for many of us represented our introduction to academia as students or faculty/staff members, San Diego was a sleepy town. The following recollections reflect memories conjured up between senior moments. Only their accuracy may be questioned; nevertheless, let’s begin.

It was in January of 1960 that I was introduced to Miyako’s restaurant, a mixture of Japanese and Chinese cuisine offerings. The food was good and the atmosphere remarkable, especially because it involved the sounds of koto musicians from Japan who played during prime hours.

At the time, its main competition was a restaurant called China Town in the Rosecrans/Midway Drive area. Lacking the atmosphere of Miyako’s, it compensated with large portions of food. Here’s a reminder of what one got at Miyako’s in the day. A tempura dinner: price = $2.25, which included soup, tea and cookies. A deluxe teriyaki dinner cost $4.50 for a New York cut. The most expensive dinner from the Cantonese menu would set you back $2.50, and that was for lobster.

In general there was a dearth of ethnic restaurants. When the search for a Greek restaurant ended in vain, colleagues recommended the Greek Village in Los Angeles. Thai restaurants? I don’t recall any, but a few adventurous groups did, on occasion, venture up to a wonderful French-IndoChinese restaurant in Santa Monica for exquisite Southeast Asian cuisine. Good Italian restaurants were in relative abundance with names, some still in existence, like, Pernicano’s, Filippi’s (originally Filippi’s Cash and Carry on India St.), Old Trieste Restaurant, plus others too numerous to mention (in sharp contrast to other cuisines).

There were some good Mexican restaurants around town, and the one that almost universally received rave reviews was the La Rancherita restaurant on La Jolla Blvd. Buzzy, the chef/manager sported long sideburns before they became popular in the hippy era of the late 60’s. The taste, in my estimation, has never been duplicated. If you ever dined at the little hole in the wall near Marine Street, you undoubtedly had to wait, lined up on La Jolla Blvd. Buzzy always craved a modern, all stainless steel kitchen, and eventually got his wish in a larger venue in the Bird Rock area. But some things never change. No longer did one have to wait outside, instead you waited comfortably while sitting at a table inside, because Buzzy didn’t increase the size of his staff. There were certainly other good Mexican restaurants, including Casa de Pico, which opened in Old Town, and was known for its “Bird Bath” margaritas. It relocated to La Mesa ten years ago. And there were others.

There was back then, seemingly more “local color” than now; or, at least, it was more visible. Mickey Finn’s was the place to go for some raspy piano (by Fred Finn), Roaring 20’s banjo music and his wife Mickey’s vocals, and the food was mostly memorable for the peanut shells on the floor and the flow of beer. The El Sombrero restaurant served up some tasty Mexican food, but was perhaps better known for its guitar nights which featured Flamenco and other musical varieties performed by local guitar artists. In Pacific Beach, at the end of Garnet Ave., the shack known as Maynard’s served Spanish omelette breakfasts for 25 cents on Sunday mornings; and the Courtroom restaurant in La Jolla had some similar offerings, including a Thursday evening 25 cent spaghetti dinner that was popular with grad students from the Scripps Institute of Oceanography. Maynard’s also had a Taco and Spaghetti night for 25 cents.

The Roxie theatre in Pacific Beach screened “second run” movies for bargain prices. And the Unicorn theatre in La Jolla featured foreign arts and some cult movies, along with free popcorn and tea. The Cove theatre on Girard and the Ken on Adams Ave. presented other inexpensive movie venues. If you ventured up north, the La Paloma in Encinitas had similar film programs.

Those who were around likely remember the dairy farm in Mission Valley, and some cattle walking on the east side of Highway 101 in the Rose Canyon area. If you ever attended a San Diego baseball game in the old Pacific Coast League, there was a baseball card in the box of popcorn you bought with an ad for ice cream and dairy products. Eventually these examples of another time disappeared, as did new ones, e.g., Planet Hollywood came and went, etc…

And so has the amount of space allocated for this article.
SLOW-PITCH SENIOR SOFTBALL
Michael Harvey, Theatre

Slow-pitch senior softball, though a nationally-embraced activity for both men and women over 55, is particularly attractive in Southern California where rainouts, blizzards, and tornadoes are rare. We thumb our noses at less fortunate players in other climes. Prior experience in either softball or baseball is not necessary to join one of the leagues; the door is open to join just for the pleasures of playing and socializing. Many continue playing on into their 80’s. I recently played on a team containing one 90-year-old who ran for himself. It took him a while to get from home plate to first base, but for me his enthusiasm and eagerness to keep playing was worth the wait for him to get there.

How does it work? My league, the B League of La Mesa, contains nearly 100 players (of which five or six are women). Managers assemble 7 to 8 teams, knowing they will each field an 11-person team (the usual 9-person positions plus an extra fielder, and a rover who can play anywhere the manager wishes). Everyone on the team is guaranteed to play every game. These teams remain together for a three-month period, playing games Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. At the end of the period, all players on the team with the best record receive a small victory pin; and new teams are put together, starting the process all over again.

Can someone get hurt? Rules of play are designed to keep players from hurting themselves and others: e.g., no bunting or sliding into bases is permitted. Players with problems running or with replacement hips or knees may receive a substitute runner when up to bat.

Injuries or worse? As you might wonder, the league does keep a resuscitator at each of our fields; and local EMTs’s know the quickest routes to the games. Nonetheless, deaths do occur from time to time. I have seen two players die during games—one in a dugout and one in the field. I have likewise attended several funerals of players of various faiths and denominations. Often the family requests that league members attending wear their brightly colored team tee shirts to the funeral, adding a spectrum of color to the ceremony. Most league members agree that there are worse ways to go than while playing the game you love.

Interested in participating? Contact Bob Heideman at huskieflove@cox.net. The only requirement is the ability to throw the ball on the fly from pitching mound to home plate. Expenses? Just the cost of your personal gear (shoes, metal bat, and glove), the cost of two new tee shirts and cap of the color of your new team every three months (until you assemble all the colors from previous seasons), and a small yearly fee primarily to pay La Mesa for the rental of the two fields used by the league.

Want to observe? Games are open and held 9:00 A.M. and 10:30 A.M. MWF at Kuhlken Field (on University opposite the Senior Center) and at Sunset Field (near the intersection of Baltimore and Lake Murray). You will see a bunch of old guys having the time of their lives, enjoying both each other and the game they love.

A DAY AT THE RACES

It was Thursday, July twenty-third, and our tradition was to be observed. A “Day at the Races” had again begun, and we were there to see the horses run.

We were a group of eight and twenty. Which for seven tables was quite plenty. The Popps were seated at Table One. With the Brodericks to share their fun.

Betty Broom won a very wealthy treat. When she picked the winner, “Rocket Heat.” “Roy H” placed and was in Glen’s Quinella. The payout made him “A Most Happy Fella.”

Michael Brooks, on three races, wagers placed. His winnings more than twenty fold replaced. Sadly, both he and Dan, had an engagement elsewhere. After four events, no longer had any data to share.

I questioned Bob and Dorothy Yonemitsu. But found winnings and losses very few. We welcomed Roger Dunn and Allison Ohanian. And sincerely hope they liked their table companion.

I failed to question Anne LePage or Suzanne Ghorpade. Also the Atchisons, and Youngs, hence I’ve nothing to say. The Romanos and Sandy Gaudur have shouted out, “You have Pat Coffey and Virginia McDonald left out.”

To the many others, whose activities are not stated. And to their losses or winnings strictly not related. My sincere apologies for their names I’ve omitted. To report my own losses, I am truly not committed.

Charles J. Stewart
BENEFITS: CALPERS ACCOUNTING
Tom Donahue, CSU-ERFA Representative

In a recent issue of PostScript, there was a discussion of the new CalPERS plan to move four billion dollars of invested funds away from hedge funds because the fees were too high (about $100 million) and the returns were too low. At the time this was called a “back to basics” move, and it followed a newer strategy of investing money “in house”—inside CalPERS—rather than through money managers on the outside.

There is further news this month concerning that same strategy. According to the Sacramento Bee of June 8, at the beginning of this year there were 212 firms assisting in the management of the CalPERS portfolio for real estate, private equity, and other holdings. The Bee quotes spokesman Joe DeAnda as saying that the system is “moving toward 100 (firms) by the year 2020.” Among the firms undergoing evaluation, according to the Wall Street Journal, are Carlyle Group LP, KKR & Co, and Blackstone Group LP. The leadership effort behind the move planning for these reductions is headed by Theodore Eliopoulos, the chief investment officer of CalPERS.

But in an article by Randy Diamond in the June 15 issue of the Pensions&Investments newsletter, we see a report that there is at present no conventional approach for determining just how much money in total fees is paid to money managers by any large investment system. Reported results for 2014 show that CalPERS paid $1.6 billion in management fees to external managers, with $441 million dollars going to private equity firms. But this sum does not include a figure for an additional amount called “carried interest”—the term for the fees paid to reward those firms for performance fees, or the investment successes of those companies. According to board member J. J. Jelincic, this amount could be an additional $600 million to $900 million for a total approaching $2.5 billion. The amount under investment for CalPERS with those private equity companies is $58.9 billion, and it seems they are quite handsomely rewarded.

CalPERS, in a July 2, 2015 article on its website entitled “CalPERS to Report Private Equity Carried Interest,” has now warmed to the task of correcting this shocking oversight and reporting the carried interest figures in its new and revised accounting practices. In the future it will thus make its reporting procedures more nearly transparent, and at the same time it will reduce the number of management firms (and their fees) that it once partnered with. We all await the next reporting cycle to see what numbers Mr. Eliopoulos releases.

KENTUCKY DERBY PARTY, MAY 2, 2015
Mary Nelson, Food Services

There were 48 raucous guests that came to eat, talk, laugh, and enjoy together the running of the Kentucky Derby. It was held in the clubhouse of Pat and Jerry Koppmans’ and Norma Summersgill’s mobile home park. Thanks for their hospitality and the use of the Koppmans’ television, and there wouldn’t be a party without Trish Moulton’s tasty and unique mint juleps. Special thanks to Michael Brooks’ computer knowledge in getting the races from his laptop so they could be shown on the TV, and Dan Gilbreath for making the flyers and printing the name tags and many unnamed things he does, and the support and help from President Dean Popp and his wife Sharon.

The appetizer table was filled with many delicious dishes provided by the guests: meat balls, liver pâté, chips and dips, quiche, shrimp, crackers and dips, etc. Thanks to all of you who participated. Wine and soft drinks were also available.

Before the race began there was a meal of fried chicken, biscuits, coleslaw, and, of course, pecan pie. We all ate as if we hadn’t just loaded up on snacks.

When the race started everyone stood up and lustily sang “My Old Kentucky Home.” The race was exciting and short. Six people picked American Pharoh and won $19 each. Thanks to Cheryl Trtan for handling the drawing.

A great big warm THANK YOU to everyone who participated and helped with the many tasks that made the party such a success.

TREASURER'S REPORT
Deborah Quiett, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of 6/30/2015

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The winners
EDITOR’S NOTES: GOING PLACES, THE JOURNEY
Barbara Barnes, Enrollment Services

I’ve had some wonderful vacations in my life but last October, on a visit to Washington D.C. to spend time with family—Auntie and a bunch of cousins—I had the trip of a lifetime. I traveled alone and was aware of some pre-trip anxiety, but once en route, everything came together. The trip was full of “firsts.” First time to see fall colors, the Smithsonian, to ride the Metro, to attend Sunday service at the National Cathedral, to eat crab cakes on the Chesapeake Bay, to gawk at mansions in Washington neighborhoods, to soak up the charm of Old Town Alexandria. And what made the experience so memorable, besides being with family, was another first. I rode the train across the continent.

Taking the train was my choice, one of several options for getting across the country. I am not fond of flying, had the time, ruled out riding the bus and driving myself. I started my trip in San Diego on a Sunday afternoon, boarding Amtrak’s Pacific Surfliner at the Santa Fe Depot; I arrived in D.C. on Wednesday morning—three nights, not quite four days later. Those who know me well did not raise their eyebrows when I told them how long it would take. My hairdresser, though, told me I was nuts. Oh well, I could not have enjoyed the journey more.

I loved meals in the dining car—tables seat four, always four, so as a single you are placed with people you don’t know, but get to know by dessert. I loved seeing the landscape of America—deserts and grasslands, the Continental Divide and the Mississippi River, fields and fields of golden corn and sorghum, tidy farmhouses, even the gritty train yards. I had a private sleeper compartment that was not much bigger than my living room couch, but it was big enough—a cozy, comfortable cocoon, rocked to sleep each night as the train swayed down the tracks. I was lucky in that the trains I rode stayed mostly on schedule; only one glitch affected my eastbound route—a derailed freight train in northern Ohio damaged the tracks ahead of us. We had to transfer to a bus for the Chicago to Toledo leg, delaying our arrival in D.C. by several hours. Fortunately I was able to email my aunt to tell her—I almost always had an Internet connection on the train—and she was there to meet me at Union Station when I arrived.

This way of traveling across the country, slow and steady, worked for me. It has always worked for me. When I was a child, before the bridge was built, I would look forward to the ferryboat ride to Coronado, not because it took me to the island, but because I enjoyed the float back and forth across the bay. After college and before marriage I bought a used VW bus, a Westfalia camper, because I thought it would let me take a lot of spontaneous road trips. It did. Packed tight with gear and dogs, not much oomph uphill, it chugged along throughout California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, and Arizona. I love walking, and will often choose tennis shoes over wheels to get from my house to downtown La Mesa for a breakfast at Swami’s. I have a cruiser bike that I like to pedal in middle gear on the quiet streets of Coronado so I can look at the houses. Maybe there’s a pattern here. Trains, ferry boats, VW buses, walking and cycling—my favorite ways to go places. Getting there quickly is not my priority, relaxing along the way is. But that’s just me.

So, how do you go places? Barefoot or with hiking boots? On a motorcycle with the wind in your face or tucked inside a tour bus watching a mama grizzly and cubs along an Alaskan highway? Maybe you’re an armchair traveler and books or a computer are your vehicles. Does how you travel depend on your destination, a partner’s preferences, perhaps both? Tell us where you like to go and how you like to get there. Write to us about your journey.♦
ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

Some places to find water on campus. Clockwise from lower left: Fountain Bowl in the Mediterranean Garden, Red-eared Slider in Scripps Pond, Scripps Pond, College Area Community Garden near the SDSU Children’s Center, Dan R. Cornthwaite Fountain in the Conrad Prebys Aztec Student Union.

Save the Date
September 19, Women’s Association Scholarship Luncheon
October 9, Oktoberfest
December 6, Holiday Party

Coming in the Next PostScript
The next PostScript will feature: Going Places, The Journey

DEADLINE: November 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.

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