THE VOLUNTEERING ISSUE
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On May 12, 2016, another lovely, though slightly overcast day, the Retirement Association gathered for its annual luncheon-meeting at Tom Ham’s Lighthouse. The room buzzed with conversation as we chatted with friends, met our scholars and their families, until Dean Popp, our president “called us to order” to begin the formalities of the day. He welcomed members and guests, and acknowledged members of the Board in attendance. He then invited Pat Koppman, our immediate past president, to join him in commenting on our 30-year history, and recognizing the several Charter Members, including Lucille Wendling (PostScript’s founder and current Historian), Norma Summersgill (first vice president then twice president), Paul and Marilyn Erickson, and Flavella Orton in attendance. There were several photo albums memorializing the Association’s activities over the past 30 years, and we were encouraged to browse through them.

Following a tasty luncheon, completed with a celebratory “Anniversary Cake,” and cut and served by restaurant staff, Dean turned attention to the business meeting at which Maggi McKerrow was elected as a new Director-at-Large. Following that was the announcement of the 2016 Service Award honoree, Ann LePage…and was she ever surprised!! Ann is co-chair of the Activities Committee, and thanks to her dedication, loyalty, and hard work, much of it behind the scenes, we enjoy multiple events throughout the year. THANK YOU Ann! She joins a very special group in the Retirement Association.

Last on the menu came the Scholarship Awards for 2016-2017. Nancy Carmichael, Scholarship Committee chair, announced the eight scholarship recipients. Sadly, the luncheon date coincided with finals and graduation, and only four of the students were able to attend with their families: Kylie Dessel, Accounting, granddaughter of Karen Peterson; Devin Queen, Nursing, daughter of Marcia Queen; and Kellie Quinn, graduate student in Public Administration, daughter of Julie O’Connor. Each was recognized with their guests, and invited to speak briefly about themselves, their interests and goals. An award certificate was presented to each one, and photos were taken. (Certificates will be forwarded to those students unable to be at the luncheon.)

A more complete look at this year’s scholars (listed below) is being planned for a later issue of PostScript.

Congratulations to our Retirement Association Scholars, to Ann LePage, recipient of the 2016 Service Award, to Maggi McKerrow on her election to the Board of the Retirement Association, to our Charter members, and to the SDSU Retirement Association on its 30th Anniversary!!!

2016 SDSURA SCHOLARS: Kylie Dessel, Accounting major, granddaughter of Norman and Marydale Dessel; Matthew Dessel, Mechanical Engineering major, grandson of Norman and Marydale Dessel; Robert Diaz (The Dr. Aubrey Wendling Memorial Scholarship recipient), Criminal Justice major, nephew of Janet Castro; Sean Horgan, Journalism major, nephew of Karen Peterson; Joseph Olivieri III (The Dr. Kurt and Julie Bohnsack Memorial Endowed Scholarship recipient), Biology major, grandson of Joseph Olivieri; Devin Queen, Nursing major, daughter of Marcia Queen; Kellie Quinn, Public Administration major, daughter of Julie O’Connor; and Ava Wetjen, Art major, niece of Anita and Terry Gee.
As this issue is devoted to volunteer efforts by the membership I thought I would share a volunteer activity to which Sharon and I devote some time. Our daughter, Amy, is a kindergarten teacher in San Diego. A part of each school day in her class is devoted to “centers” during which students are divided into groups of four to five students and the groups rotate from one center to the next, spending about 15 minutes in each center. A “center” may be reading or puzzles or computer math games or playing with wooden blocks, to mention a few activities. Some of the centers are play while others are academic. Our role in this process varies from pulling out individual students for number or word recognition (flashcards) or having students read letter combinations or words to us. We are also involved in the occasional dispute resolution exercise although both of us quickly learned that the ultimate authority in the class is not the eldest but is our daughter. Part of the challenge for us is that the students’ first language is Spanish (Amy is fluent and we are not, “no hablo español”) but Sharon and I are learning our numbers and the alphabet in Spanish. It has been great fun and very rewarding to watch the students learn to read, add and subtract and make some initial explorations into writing. Kindergarten has changed in the past 65 years, expectations have increased dramatically. Public education is an easy scapegoat for many societal problems but this experience has been an eye opener for us into the challenge of meeting the multiple needs of all of our children. Our schools always need volunteers.

STELLAR VOLUNTEERING
Stephanie and Harry Meyer, Professional Studies and Fine Arts

Since 1988, Harry has been a volunteer at the Riverside Telescope Makers Conference (RTMC), now called “RTMC Astronomy Expo.” The conference was then in its 20th year. It usually meets over the long Memorial Day weekend. Harry met Marishka Emry (Ish) through the Sierra Club, and she talked him into attending RTMC for the first time in 1998.

The conference was and is held at YMCA’s Camp Oakes, about five miles outside of Big Bear, California. Most attendees camp out, although there are a few spots in the dorms and some lean-tos with three walls. Harry recalls how he almost turned around and went home when he saw how crowded the camping was. That year there were over 2000 attendees. Harry then regarded camping as something that was done in isolation, so he found a camping spot far away from the crowds. His friend Ish talked him into volunteering at the Info Booth, and the need to keep the booth staffed during meeting hours made the walk to and from the tent impractical, so in following years he camped nearby in front of the meeting hall.

It also snowed that year, and “I survived the 1988 RTMC” became a t-shirt slogan. The weather near Big Bear is changeable. In the years I’ve attended along with Harry, I have seen snow, rain, and winds that blew tents away and stirred up dust. These conditions are not good for telescopes, and the last few years’ attendance has been around 500, but we persist.

While working in the Info Booth, Harry also advocated networked computer communication when it was less widespread. He printed a handout that he distributed there. The main focus was on convincing people it was worth their while to get the necessary equipment and learn to send and receive messages over a computer network. At this time the Internet was mainly available to academia and government, but was not accessible to much of the general population. Most people did not have a way to connect to the Internet without incurring heavy telephone charges with the slow modems then available. One purpose of the handout was to help people in different places connect to worldwide email with a local phone call.

There have been a lot of changes over the years. In the first years there, the restrooms in the main building were in such bad shape that I had to tie a rope to the handle on the inside of the stall to keep the door closed. The only way you could get a cell phone to work was to drive into town or climb one of the nearby hills. Now, alas, many things have been modernized. There is a cell phone tree in the middle of the YMCA camp, and they remodeled the bathrooms.

Harry now works with the audio-visual crew, and both of us help where needed, although I’m not a regular volunteer, because sometimes the altitude gets me.

OUR MISSION
To serve the mutual benefits and interests of retired and near-retired faculty and staff. To facilitate continuing contributions by members to the furtherance of the scholarly and other professional objectives of San Diego State University.
Since 1982, I have been working as a volunteer at the Pacific Southwest Railway Museum. My work there began when my friend and colleague Ted Kornweibel (Africana Studies) called and asked if I wanted to drive fifty miles east to the museum’s new facility at Campo and help him put a new skin on a 1924 wooden caboose built for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. Ted knew that I was a woodworker (“wood butcher” in RR parlance). Because his invitation offered the challenge of working on a project unlike anything I had ever attempted, I jumped at the chance and launched unwittingly an adventure that brought me more fulfillment than I could have imagined.

To begin with, putting new clear fir tongue-and-groove siding on that caboose took much longer than I had anticipated. First we had to experience the sheer fun of demolition. Real railroad cars are BIG and old ones challenge your ability/skill and often require fabricating copies of parts no longer available. During that time I came to know many skilled craftsmen whose help was critical at certain stages as we wood butchers worked away. All were friendly and no one ever asked me what I did for a living; what counted was what I was doing there and how well I was doing it. And a helping hand or advice was always available. Topping it off was the opportunity to learn skills I otherwise would never have learned and to learn more about railroads: their history, types, and working parts. Before Ted and I had finished the caboose I had become a devoted Campo volunteer eager to expand my knowledge. Too, because Ted and I drove to Campo together, those 100 mile round trips each Saturday deepened our friendship. Our conversations covered everything from our historical research to our families and the day’s agenda. Wonderful fellowship and treasured shared experiences.

When I joined the museum I was part of what was then called the Restoration Department. So, after the caboose there were other challenges among the museum’s rolling stock, and each one presented new and peculiar challenges. We next moved to a Union Pacific steel caboose that looked fine on the outside but whose inside middle was badly twisted from some sort of collision. As always this restoration turned out to be more complicated than anticipated.

Our previous caboose work, however, solved many of those problems. One small incident during that project will, I think, stick forever in my memory. We were using Phillips head screws to fasten the new plywood interior—hundreds of screws! One day a volunteer walked through and said that we could not use those screws; railroads were not using those screws when that caboose had been built. He wanted us to use slotted screws. Now that would have dramatically increased our workload. So, I asked when they had started using Phillips heads. He didn’t know, but stuck to his assertion. Well, the historian in me kicked in. I was going to find out. Some research—this was before Google—told me that the auto industry had started using them in 1938 and they were in common use in the 1940s. The caboose had been built in 1952; we continued with the Phillips heads and finished roughly on schedule. Talk about satisfying!

Often Ted and I interrupted our restoration work to do other kinds of work and always in the way such work had been done in the 1930s. One unforgettable job was laying a small section of track that old-fashioned way. As an American historian I knew that laying track was a hard job, but actually doing it gave a whole new meaning to hard. Here were two fifty-year olds digging the trenches for the ties and assuring that they were of the right depth. Wooden railroad ties are heavy, and it took both of us to carry each one and put it in place. How did we carry them? With tongs, one of us on each end. Physically demanding especially in the east county heat. With the ties in we had to carry up the individual rails. These are about 15-20 feet long sections of steel and very heavy. Then we had to lift each rail section onto the ties with a steel tie plate underneath each tie.

With the rail in place we had to join it to an in-place rail and connect the two with steel joint bars. The joint bars have holes in them so that bolts and nuts can complete the joint, but holes had to be drilled through the new rail. That job fell to me, and I had to use a 1930s hand drill. So, picture me sitting on the roadbed with this large drill hooked over the rail, the sharpened bit pressing against the rail’s inside and my arms cranking away until the bit went through. Then on to the next hole and the next. Ted was installing and tightening the bolts and nuts. Then we had to repeat the whole process for the rail on the other side. That done the next step was to set the gauge right between the rails and finally to finish the section of track by driving spikes into the ties through the holes in the tie plates. That, too, we did the 1930s way by hand with a spike mahl. None of this went quickly; muscles unused to such strain gave out. Backbreaking labor that gave me an appreciation of the past that few other things could have. Track laying never became one of our regular projects.

From cabooses and track laying we moved to the partial restoration of a 1926 Pullman diner/lounge car built for the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. This involved making new windows, cleaning the brass fixtures, discovering whether a similar carpet pattern was available, and painting the interior to match the original color. After completing this one we began working on the complete exterior/interior restoration of a 1927 Pullman Railway Post Office car also built for the ATSF that would occupy us for the next ten years. There is only so much time two men can work on a car, and the museum is always short of volunteers and money. Memories flood as I think of this project. For it was a decade’s worth of learning by doing that taxed all of our acquired skills and necessitated learning new ones. When finished this car won a national prize for restoration. Scarcely had we finished the RPO than we began another ten-year project: restoring a wooden passenger car built in 1886 that had spent a portion of its life as a segregated Jim Crow car. This, too, won a prize, and both of these prize winners are on display inside the museum’s Display Building at Campo.
Before we had finished the Jim Crow era I had retired from the History Department at SDSU; Ted retired a few years later. That, however, only freed more time to volunteer. So, I did and am still volunteering, having gone from being called “laddie” when I was in my 40s to being one of the oldest continuously active volunteers at the museum (the PSRM is an entirely volunteer organization). In the course of my decades-long endeavor I moved beyond wood-smithing and restoration to serving on the weekend train crews as Trainman, Brakeman, and Conductor. Each new step helped supply the museum’s crying need for volunteers and brought what my first step had—a world of challenges, learning, and fellowship. Too, as in the case of the Phillips head screws, I was continually drawing on my career as a teaching and writing historian. As Trainman on Saturday train rides and trips to Tecate, Mexico, I assured that passengers had a good trip and taught them about a range of topics—railroads generally, our historic railroad, Camp Lockett and the Buffalo Soldiers at Campo—and fielded their questions. No end to the variety of tasks at Campo and at the historic depot the PSRM maintains at La Mesa! That’s why I am still working on the railroad.

Frank and mobile canteen vehicle used by volunteer support group

EMT and paramedic levels of training. In 1968, I moved to San Diego to accept a position at SDSU. There were no volunteer firefighters in the big city. I joined the local Firehouse Museum. Some fellow museum volunteers would also “show up” at major fires. We’d buy out of our own pockets refreshments for the firefighters. One volunteer had previously been a member of a “canteen group” near New York City. Discussions led to forming such a support group here. In 1975 we formalized this relationship with the San Diego Fire Department. The department provided an old Reo civil defense rescue rig (remember the TV series Rescue 8) which we converted to carry supplies of snacks and drinks. This rig was replaced in 1982 and served until 2015. A new mobile canteen vehicle was placed in service in June 2016.

Initially, we purchased our own radio pagers. Our current pagers are provided by the SD Firefighters Credit Union. We are paged on long duration incidents or at the call of the incident commander on wildland fires. We are typically on duty for four or more hours, much longer on wildland fires. Average calls per year vary from 18 to over 30. I don’t know how many fires I’ve responded to over the years, but know it is in the thousands. The adrenalin surge of youth has tempered with age—the 3 a.m. pager call is no longer that exciting but still gets my response.

Some major incidents locally that fellow retirees may remember include the Aerospace Museum and Old Globe Theater fires in 1978. Then in September 1978, there was the PSA plane crash in North Park. The Normal Heights fire of June 30, 1985 brought fire equipment from Costa Mesa to Brawley to our city—97 engines. There have also been the 2003 Cedar fire (3 days on duty), the 2007 Witch Creek fire (canteen in operation for a week) and more recently, the Berardino fire in 2014 (three days on duty).

I was also involved in committees at the regional and national levels for professional organizations in financial aid and student recruitment during my SDSU working years. I continue involvement in scholarship foundation boards, church committees, and others during my active retirement. But my main interest continues in the realm of fire departments. With retirement, I now also enjoy world traveling so sometimes miss local canteen calls. When in town, though, I’ll respond to the pager regardless of the hour.

ON CALL
Frank Jonasson, Student Services

A life-long interest in fire departments has led to volunteer experiences, both informal and formal. As a small child, if my parents couldn’t find me in the immediate neighborhood, they knew I was probably at the fire station, about four blocks from home.

The night before I started high school, I was a volunteer (very unofficially at age 14) riding a water tanker in a small forest fire west of my hometown of McMinnville, Oregon. My job was to open and close gates through farm fields while the tanker supplied water for the firefighting efforts. I came home in the wee hours of the morning stinking with smoke while my mom tried to get me cleaned up for my first day of high school a few hours later.

Also during high school years, on many brush fires I carried a five-gallon back pack to put out hot spots. Although I wasn’t old enough to be a real volunteer, life in small town Oregon was casual enough that I was able to do a lot that today’s litigious society wouldn’t allow. It was common for the community to respond in times of need, whether officially in the fire department or not. I was also called to serve as an ambulance attendant at times—completely as an unofficial (underage) volunteer. Later I officially became volunteer number 79 in the McMinnville Fire Department.

During my college years at Oregon State University, I was a volunteer in the Corvallis Fire Department, living in one of the fire stations during the summers when not working as a resident assistant in the dorms. After receiving my masters degree I worked at OSU for a few years and was a lieutenant in the fire department. The fire department also operated the local ambulance service. Ambulance attendants needed first aid training. I became an American Red Cross first aid instructor. Basic and advanced first aid back then was a far cry from today’s
MARY NELSON’S LIVER PATÉ

1 pound liverwurst or braunschweiger
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 Tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 hard boiled eggs, chopped
Bacon Bits, to taste
Nuts, finely chopped, and dried parsley

Mash the liverwurst and stir in mayo, Worcestershire, eggs, and Bacon Bits. Shape in a log and roll in nuts. Sprinkle with dried parsley. Chill. Serve with crackers.

Per Mary: “I grind the nuts in a coffee grinder, which makes them finer than if you chop them, then spread them on wax paper. It’s easier to roll the pâté that way as it’s pretty soft.”

KENTUCKY DERBY PARTY 2016
Barbara Barnes, Enrollment Services

Around 40 SDSURA members and friends gathered on Saturday, May 7, for the Annual Kentucky Derby Party and the 142nd Run for the Roses. This year’s event was held at the Santee Lakes Clubhouse, a new venue with all the essentials for celebrating—a bright happy room, lots of tables and seating, a well-appointed kitchen, and a big screen television.

In keeping with tradition, Tricia Moulton served her famous Mint Juleps, accompanied by a variety of appetizers, including Mary Nelson’s “to die for” liver paté.* Then followed the main course—platters piled high with Southern fried chicken, ham, biscuits, and coleslaw. And for dessert? Pecan pie, of course.

As for the race itself, Cheryl Trtan was in charge of passing the bowler that held the names of the thoroughbred contenders. For one dollar a chance, attendees got to pull a name from the hat—the luck of the draw determining whether you would be a winner. As race time drew closer, everyone gathered in front of the television and joined the crowds at Churchill Downs in a sentimental chorus of “My Old Kentucky Home.” And though only one horse, Nyquist, could be the Derby champion, six lucky winners had drawn his name—Stephanie Meyer, Joan Curry, Joan McArthur, Nancy Carmichael, Tricia Moulton, and Cheryl’s mom, Ann.

Many thanks to Ann Lepage and Mary Nelson for all the work they did to make the event happen, to Trish Moulton for stewarding the drink and food, to Cheryl Trtan for helping place bets, and to everyone who participated. We all went home as winners.♦

*MARY NELSON’S LIVER PATÉ

1 pound liverwurst or braunschweiger
¼ cup mayonnaise
2 Tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 hard boiled eggs, chopped
Bacon Bits, to taste
Nuts, finely chopped, and dried parsley

Mash the liverwurst and stir in mayo, Worcestershire, eggs, and Bacon Bits. Shape in a log and roll in nuts. Sprinkle with dried parsley. Chill. Serve with crackers.

Per Mary: “I grind the nuts in a coffee grinder, which makes them finer than if you chop them, then spread them on wax paper. It’s easier to roll the pâté that way as it’s pretty soft.”
Wednesday and Thursday mornings at 9:10 am I head out for my power yoga class at the Y. It doesn’t start until 9:45, but parking is iffy and anyhow I like to get there early so I have time to chat with my fellow yogis. Who has traveled where? What is the state of the world? You know how it goes. They are an assorted bunch. Mostly retired. Mostly professional. Many more women than men. The regular group includes at least three medical doctors, at least two PhD types, a pharmacist, a minister, a variety of teachers, an accountant, an engineer, several youngish mothers who put their children in day care during class. Variety is the spice of my life so this class fits the bill especially since I think the teacher is excellent. Different poses every session.

The class is popular. There are at least twenty people who go regularly and most days there are twenty-five or more participants. And there is the rub. According to the Fire Department the room can only hold thirty people. Several years ago the Y instituted a card system to control class size. When you check in at the Y for yoga you pick up a laminated numbered card. The teacher is supposed to collect one from each class member. No more than 30 admitted.

Early on I decided to volunteer to collect the cards so that the teacher didn’t have to use valuable yoga time on such a fussy administrative task. Most days it is easy. My friend Bronya and I walk around the classroom starting ten minutes before class. We collect a card from each yoga student, putting them in numerical order as we go. If you don’t put them in order immediately you are sure to regret it because the laminated cards are slippery little devils and thirty out-of-order cards are impossible to put in order without getting down on your hands and knees and organizing them on the floor. Easy peasy—except when it is not—especially on days when the class is full or nearly full. Every day it is surprisingly hard to be sure everybody turns in their card because the laminated cards are slippery little devils and thirty out-of-order cards are impossible to put in order without getting down on your hands and knees and organizing them on the floor.

Everyday talks so the noise adds to the confusion. Some people come flying in at the last moment sans card and have to be politely instructed to return to the desk to pick one up. Most days when we have collected the cards and put them in order some are missing. “Anybody have number 8?” is a standard cry. Sometimes #6 or #26 or #7 never turn up. AWOL. Sometimes AWOL for days or even forever. The Y had to make and laminate a new #8. Why? Who knows? Somebody took it home and was embarrassed to return it? Somebody donated it to Goodwill? A yoga mystery.

The tough days for the card maids are when somebody turns in card #30 and card-less yoga students turn up. Complicated. OOOOOH. Nobody wants to be out for the count. That is when the cards need to be in order so we know if any are missing. If we know #13 is AWOL for the day or for a week we can admit one more. Yeah! or is it Boo! because today we have all the cards. One day a determined shut out student did yoga out in the hall while peeking through the window in the door to figure out the poses. Crazy. When I returned from my recent trip to Spain I was told that while I was away there were a couple of days when both my friend and I were gone. The count was so messed up that more than 30 people had to be admitted. Confusion all round. Oh no! Lucky the Fire Department didn’t turn up to check. My return was much appreciated. I guess the organizational skills I learned through forty years of teaching occasionally pay off. It’s nice to be needed even for such a humble task.

“Everybody can be great. Because anybody can serve. You don’t have to have a college degree to serve. You don’t have to make your subject and your verb agree to serve.... You don’t have to know the second theory of thermodynamics in physics to serve. You only need a heart full of grace. A soul generated by love.”

—Martin Luther King, Jr.

“You make a living by what you get. You make a life by what you give.”

—Winston Churchill
REMEMBERING HELEN PROUTY: A TRUE PIONEER
Leoné McCoy, Secondary Education

On the occasion of Helen Prouty’s 90th birthday on November 21, 1998, her niece gave her a marvelous party. Because she knew that Helen had been a mentor to me, her niece asked me to make some remarks at the celebration. Here is what I said, presented to our readers now in the present tense, as I spoke these words in 1998, in a way appropriate, because Helen Prouty’s persona lives on in her good works.

In these days of databases and computer searches, we need a few descriptors to surf the web for www.helenprouty.prof.edu.

YOUNG ADVENTURER: at 19 years of age, taught at a one-room Nebraska schoolhouse, even during the unrelenting and untamed snow-driven winters. Then literally drying her clothes and shoes off, she went off to college, earlier having received certification to teach out in the prairie.

PIONEER: first female professor in the School (now College) of Education at San Diego State (then) College.

INITIATOR: developed with her colleagues the first master’s degree program at SDSC.

ORGANIZER: created first school nurses’ program at SDSC.

STANDARD-BEARER: established chapter of a national education honor society at SDSC.

TRAVELER: loves exotic places like India, 30 years ago (then). Ask her about her turquoise silk sari, and at-home pleasures like taking the San Diego-Coronado ferry to work with student teachers at Coronado High School. There was no bridge then. What an assignment, 40 years ago (then)!

LOVER of MECHANICS and NATURE: taught physics and mechanics to raw recruits in WW II; years later built a geodesic dome on her property, almost singlehandedly, then added hydroponic troughs to grow cabbages the size of watermelons.

DELIGHTED WITH WORDS: enjoys evocative descriptions. One of her best is the word “opalicious,” her word for a sunset, as she told a group of us one day at dusk, admiring a sunset from the Hotel Del. Try it the next time you see an opal-colored sky. Say, “Thanks, Helen.”

HOST-EST WITH THE MOST-EST: used to plan annual faculty retreat at Glen Ellen with colleagues and still likes to host friends at home with special treats...freshly ground coffee, windowsill-grown alfalfa sprouts, and grapes hand-rolled in crystalline sugar. So good!

HOB-NOBBER: has known five San Diego State presidents and other noteworthy people, like Alfred Kinsey of the famous Kinsey Report. After he gave up his study of fruit flies and took on people, he went to interview graduate students around the country. When he arrived at UC Berkeley, he interviewed Helen, on her way to becoming a licensed clinical psychologist.

HOLLYWOOD OBSERVER: having grown up with the mighty power of the movies, after Vaudeville had waned, became acquainted with the Oscar-winner Gregory Peck, when her nephew took on the job of curating Peck’s cinematic trove. With a twinkle in her eye, she would admiringly refer to him as Greg.

PRETTY-IN-PINK: those who know Helen know she has a wardrobe full of pink, and directions to her place invariably include a reference to her landmark pink garage doors.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP: knows what she knows and doesn’t shout about it. She just does her stuff.

FRIEND: offers all these talents and more to those proud and pleased to call Professor Helen Prouty friend.

Collegially and fondly,
Leoné McCoy

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.

Correction
In the last issue of PostScript, I credited Sticks Rowland with starting the “Minority Concerns Committee” in the College of Education. Paul Erickson took me aside and corrected my memory. I defer to Paul. The beginning of the “Minority Concerns Committee” in the College of Education should be credited to Paul Erickson and Sally Anthony. I regret the error.

Leif Fearn
What they don’t tell us
About sisters and brothers
Is that being sisters and brothers
Is mere chance.

Sisters and brothers grow up together
Sometimes
But sometimes they merely grow up in the same building

And sometimes they go to school together
But sometimes they merely go to the same school

And sometimes they keep in touch
But sometimes they merely send holiday cards
And that can go on forever

But sometimes
Sometimes
They discover each other anew
After many years
Even sometimes decades

They come together
In different space
And they spend a day or two
Tentatively

Opening places in spaces
Closed for so many years
Learning from one another
About this new day
In these new spaces

This idea they never knew
Becomes relationships
They never knew
They come together
After so many years
Sisters and Brother
And it is good.

IN MEMORIAM

Dennis Gooler
College of Education
May, 2016

Ruth Walch
Wife of Henry Walch
Microbiology
May, 2016

Dorothy Mary Fitzgerald
Food Services, Aztec Shops
June, 2016

VOLUNTEER!
Elizabeth Olsen, Physical Education

To volunteer you have the enjoyment of giving to your community. You can volunteer at museums, local charities and neighborhood watch programs. Volunteer at a church to hand out food to homeless. Supervise at a back yard swim program. Read—out loud—a book to a blind person, perhaps one of their favorites.
Volunteering has been an integral and important part of my life since coming to San Diego in 1966, from preparing dinners at a woman’s shelter, to serving on professional association boards, to working on archeology sites to mitigate the impacts of developers. But my two most recent activities have been the longest and most enjoyable.

Mountains: Beginning in 1989 my wife, Phyllis, and I spent most of the ensuing 20 summers as volunteers on a national forest in south central Utah collecting oral histories, answering visitor questions about where to hike, bike, and fish. GPSing trails, preparing maps, presenting campfire programs about USFS history in general and the Fishlake National Forest in particular, and assisting the fisheries biologist to conduct fish counts and stream surveys. The Forest Service provided us with a ranger cabin overlooking beautiful Fish Lake while we performed these diverse and enjoyable duties.

City: Currently I volunteer with the San Diego Police Department as an RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteer Patrol). You have probably seen us driving around in your neighborhood in white SDPD cars with yellow lights on top. Most law enforcement jurisdictions and cities have RSVP programs. If you have visited Balboa Park, you may have seen us in a golf cart or on a three-wheeled bicycle, maybe on foot. One can volunteer to patrol in any of the nine SDPD areas, from the beach, north, south, and east. Fifteen years ago, I began in the Mid-City Division because I live in the SDSU area, but four years ago, I transferred to Central Division because I wanted to do more patrols in Balboa Park and experience a different part of San Diego. RSVP also has a traffic division that patrols throughout the city; that might be interesting to try.

We perform a wide variety of activities that make it possible for the sworn officers to do other, more important things. We do not carry guns, but we carry radios connected to the SDPD dispatcher who responds to our calls and relays special duty requests from officers. It is fascinating to listen to the diverse situations SDPD is called on to handle. We often are called to accident scenes or other emergencies to assist with traffic control. We are asked to check several locations in our patrol area that have been designated by the SDPD as potential targets for terrorists. We conduct “Vacation Checks” on the homes of citizens who request them, and we drive around schools, banks, and other locations as a way to deter crime by just being seen. Additionally, we visit elders whose relatives have asked us to stop in as part of the YANA (You Are Not Alone) program. One of our cars is equipped with cameras on the roof and a large computer in the trunk. As we drive the streets, it checks a national database of stolen cars and plates, among other things, and alerts us to call dispatch to send a sworn officer to the scene. That is one of our more exciting duties, especially when dispatch tells us the car is stolen, armed, and dangerous.

Another duty, seemingly mundane, but very important is delivering arrest information, contact Jack Stewart at cstewart@mail.sdsu.edu for more information or check https://www.sandiego.gov/police/recruiting/volunteer.

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, comradesry.
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
Our annual Day at the Races was on Thursday, July 21. It turned out to be a very good day. Our group of twenty-seven sat in the shade in what has almost become “our area” of Clubhouse Terrace Restaurant. The cool ocean air kept us comfortable and permitted us to attend to wagering, conversation, eating and drinking.

Tricia Moulton remarked this was the 19th year the Association had sponsored “Day at the Races.” (See Lew Moulton’s 1997 report below.) Sitting with Tricia were Cheryl Trtan, Michele Schlecht, and Rick Covey. At Dean Popp’s table were Deb Quiett, Linda Stewart and Amy Walling; close by were Allison Ohanian, Bob and Dorothy Yonemitsu.

Dan Gilbreath and Nancy Stewart were busy greeting and conversing with the members as they found their tables. This activity continued through four races.

The first race had only six horses in it, thus only 1 in 6 odds of picking a winner. Steve Barnes decided to improve the odds to 1 in 3. He bet across the board on each of the two favorites, Gunslinger ($4.80, $3.20, $2.40) and Far Out Kailee ($2.80/$2.40). Steve recovered 150% of his wager. Barbara reported that Steve’s winnings enabled them to buy their lunches. Mary Nelson reported that, although seated at the same table, neither she nor Anne LePage was able to acquire any of the Barnes’s good fortune. Al and Dorothy Romano and Pat Coffey and Sandy Gaudur, at an adjacent table, also could claim no enhanced luck.

None of the attendees boasted of huge winnings although this writer saw several make repeated trips to the wagering windows. Michael Brooks is rumored to have bet on the winner of the second race, Pico Chico paying $6.20. The winner of the third race was a longshot, Freddie’s Dream, paying $26.00, but there was little boasting heard. Another longshot, Lilac Street, won the 4th race and paid $72.40. And again silence. This writer can only claim he bet a total of $14 and over the course of 5 races won $14.

Thanks to the last minute purchase by Virginia MacDonald for herself and three guests, the Association can claim a success. It lost no money on the races.

Remember to plan for our 20th anniversary of “Day at The Races.” It will be in about the third week of July 2017.

A DAY AT THE RACES 1997

A Day at the Races, and what a day it was! The marine flow of the surf over the turf provided perfect Del Mar weather.

Forty-four tickets sold (viva Veva!) made for a thoroughbred gathering. Watering-trough drinks, feed-bag food, and serving grooms were most satisfactory for the field of horses, mares, colts and fillies. You might say...it was a good bet!

Everyone was seated together so that we enjoyed one-another. We even had a jockey named Sorenson! Photo finishes were provided by Andy Olson.

“Graduation Stakes” was won by Billy Black, with Professor Eddie Delahoussaye in the irons.

Let’s plan a larger stable for the Win, Place, and Show in 1998!

P.S. We missed Marybelle but enjoyed her on-the-money artwork.

Trainer Lewis C. Moulton

The “Trainer” was Lew Moulton, who was on the Retirement Association Activities Committee in 1997 when he organized the first “Day at the Races” in Del Mar. Next year in 2017 will be the 20th Anniversary of the outing, so plan now to be part of that special celebration.

Patricia Moulton
VOLUNTEERING CAN BE VERRRY INTERESTING
Ed Deaton, Mathematics

We have all volunteered, sometimes because we wanted to, sometimes because we were encouraged to, and sometimes because we had to.

In the spring of 1946 I was a senior in high school in Sulphur Springs, northeast Texas, a town of 6000 inhabitants. I was taking trigonometry and second year algebra. In January the algebra teacher was drafted; his replacement could not teach algebra. That became very obvious within two days. A female student and I talked about it and we went to the teacher and volunteered to teach the class. He was delighted. We did the lectures, assigned and graded the homework, made up the tests and graded them. We covered all of the text. He sat behind his desk. There were no (known) complaints from the rest of the students. We both received “A” grades.

On June 25, 1950 North Korea invaded South Korea. I was prime draft bait, single—no job, just out of college. Not being entirely stupid, I joined the navy. This gave a new meaning to “volunteering.”

Shortly after navy boot camp I was given the option of staying in San Diego and working on IBM tabulating equipment or going to sea; I volunteered to stay in San Diego. During my navy time I attended the First Methodist Church in San Diego. The youth group frequently went to Tijuana and worked at Casa de Todos, painting, plumbing—physical work. Casa de Todos was a social, medical, dental center in a poor barrio.

In 1960 I returned to San Diego as an assistant professor of mathematics at Sand Diego State. I resumed my interest in the Casa, worked there, became a board member, later chair, and organized the transfer of Casa de Todos to Project Concern International. When my youngest daughter was six and seven, my wife and I would take her with us to Tijuana while we were working at the Casa. She would go off and play with Rosalita, a girl her age who lived in a shanty nearby. That was Janice’s introduction to Mexico. She now works in Mexico City two weeks every month. She was the Alumna of the year for the Joan Kroc School of Peace at USD in 2016, mainly for her work in Mexico.

My family was volunteer hosts for several foreign students, some for a day or two, one for a year. One student was Daya Sumasundarum who spent a summer, then many weekends until he graduated with majors in mathematics and chemistry in three years from SDSU. He got his medical degree in India, became a professor, and just retired from the University of Adelaide, Australia.

I returned to San Diego in 2010 after being away since my retirement from SDSU in 1992. I became a volunteer usher for the San Diego Symphony and about 12 local theatres. I usher four or five days a week. My favorite is the Symphony for which I ushered 83 times last year. I hear a lot of good music. I see a lot of good plays, and some not so good plays. It keeps me off the streets. Actually it keeps me on the streets.

REDEFINING RETIREMENT
William Pease, Library

I have always liked the fact that a plant, intended for a garden plot, springing up in an unlikely spot—a rose in the driveway, a tomato among the roses—is called a “volunteer.” It bespeaks a breaking away from a regulated, orderly existence into an irrational context. It’s that way with being a volunteer. Why not be paid by others for work done for them? Nonetheless, unpaid, we do that very thing.

For most of the decade after retiring from the SDSU Library as head of collection development I returned every Friday as “original cataloger.” It was a task requiring a broad knowledge base as well as a specialized knowledge of the Library of Congress coding system. (Most books received by the library have previously been cataloged by the Library of Congress itself and are processed here by support staff.) Each name, personal or corporate, must be in a standardized form and supplied with cross-references. The subject matter of each book must be understood and classified so as to sit next to compatible neighbors on the shelf. Once completed in this manner the end data are shared with libraries worldwide. As it happened there were two major collections awaiting that kind of completion, a close fit with my ability to read Spanish and French. One was a gathering of rare books and pamphlets donated by Professor Emeritus Tom Davies in Peru. The other was an old collection of League of Nations documents, mainly in French, which oddly enough had not been fully cataloged anywhere.

As these library projects were completed, I decided to seek a volunteer post closer to my home in Rancho Bernardo. That I found at Interfaith Community Services in Escondido, an operation that provides emergency social services, housing, and basic groceries. I worked in the intake of new clients, a very satisfying interaction with people who broadened my knowledge of human needs and some times utilized my Spanish. After a few years ICS was reorganized so as to turn intake over to specialized professionals, and I sought an alternative not too far away. My retirement community, Casa de las Can pas, has for years provided tutors for “Everyone a Reader” at Felicita School in Escondido, encouraging needy youngsters in their reading skills. So that’s what I do now, sitting alongside primary grade students as they read and offering them prompts. To see them progress over the school year is gratifying.

All the above are my away-from-home enterprises. At “Casa” itself there are all sorts of volunteer options. For me this means I am community archivist, also the resident who selects and shows weekly movies, and a tenor in our chorale. Retired? Well, sort of, Deo volente.
By chance I met a man who owned a Cobra, not the animal kind but the four-wheel Super Formula 550 horsepower variety, while heading to New Orleans on Amtrak’s Superliner Sunset Limited. Amtrak has a community dining policy—tables in the dining car seat four and if you’re traveling as a single, the dining car steward places you wherever there is an empty spot. So when I went to the dining car for lunch, I was directed to a table where a seventy-something man, with heavenly blue eyes the color of his chambray work shirt, had already been seated. I never got his name, nor he mine, so I’ll call him C.

Our encounter began with the usual small talk that fellow travelers exchange. “Where are you going?” “Where did you start?” C was returning to his home in North Carolina after spending a week in the South with an old friend exploring Civil War battlefields and the site where the Battle of New Orleans was fought. I was heading to Washington DC to visit family, including a cousin who had written a novel set, coincidentally, during the Battle of New Orleans. I confessed that I hadn’t read the novel yet but hoped to finish the book before seeing my cousin.

C pulled a pen from his shirt pocket and smiled, “This may help when you see your cousin.” He began drawing lines and arrows on the paper tablecloth, a schematic of the Battle of New Orleans, narrating as he went along. He finished by saying, “Victory at the Battle of New Orleans did not give our new nation more territory than before the war started, but it allowed us to keep what we had. And survive.”

Next C moved to a more recent story. He said he’d always had a talent for drawing and used that skill in a career that began with airplane wing design and eventually grew into system design for skyscrapers. Though he didn’t go into reasons why, he said that when he reached his fifties he decided to retire—without a plan, not knowing what he would do next, just believing something would find him. Then Hurricane Katrina happened.

Because he knew how to build things and thought he could help, he went to New Orleans. He was joined by hundreds of other volunteers, some skilled, some not. “You’d be surprised what can be accomplished when people of good will get together,” C led a team of volunteers in fabricating floor and wall units that could be hauled to building sites when and where needed.

C said he did a lot of good work in the aftermath of the hurricane, but believes there was another reason he was called to New Orleans. “I don’t know your belief system,” he said with a meaningful look, “but I’m going to call it divine intervention.” He was there “to free the soul of a hoarder.” For a moment I lost track of his words and found myself wondering what an angel would look like if one ever decided to ride Amtrak.

Back to what C was saying. One of the structures his team had been assigned to rebuild was a two-bedroom house owned by a woman who had accumulated so much stuff that, even before Katrina, she slept in a trailer in her front yard. “Like our homes,” C said, “our brains can only hold so much. Each of this woman’s possessions was connected to a memory that she could not let go—she had reached her limit.” As he spent time with her, C learned that her life hadn’t always been so full of clutter. In earlier and better days she had earned a living by finding and restoring antique dolls to sell at craft fairs. Her prized possession, though she hadn’t seen it in years, lost in stuff, was an old treadle sewing machine that she had used in her work.

Assessing the situation, C realized this woman needed something beyond the rebuilding help that he and his team had come to deliver. Yet they started anyway, tackling the clutter first. They cleared a path from the living room to a bedroom, and lo and behold, at the end of the path, they found the sewing machine. Sadly, Katrina’s waters had reached the machine before they had—its wooden table had rotted, its metal parts rusted.

What should they do now? They felt she needed to know, but should they be the ones to deliver such unhappy news? No, they decided. Better she make the discovery herself. They directed her down the pathway they had cleared and when she saw her sewing machine, she sunk to her knees and wept. “And after she wept,” said C, “she had an epiphany. What had happened to her sewing machine would not happen to anything else. She vowed never to let her life be consumed by clutter again.” And according to C, who has checked back on her several times, she is again trading dolls at craft fairs and living in her rebuilt clutterless house. She is free.

C said he put the story in writing and called it Sermon on the Gulf because he felt it shared some parallels with the Sermon on the Mount. He said if I wanted to read it I could find it on the Internet.

By then we had finished lunch, and as a fitting end to our time together, C asked if I would like to see a picture of his Cobra. He scrolled through many photos on his cell phone and finally came to the one of his car. It had been taken in Colorado while on a road trip with his wife. The photo showed the couple standing in front of the Cobra with the Rocky Mountains in the background. He smiled. “I really don’t need this car but it gives me a lot of pleasure. I can’t explain why, guess I’m only human.”

When I returned home, one of the first things I did was to search the Internet for C’s Sermon on the Gulf. I couldn’t find it, but no matter. I remembered his words, internalized the message, and set upon my own mission to declutter. During the project, which took weeks and weeks and weeks, I discovered a treasure or two—i.e. a set of cordial glasses that had belonged to my grandmother—but mainly unearthed items that I no longer wanted or needed and ended up donating to the Goodwill. And through those weeks, now and then, I found myself wondering what an angel would look like driving a Cobra.
TRICKLE DOWN?
Tom Donahue, Benefits/ERFA Representative

Assembly Bill 533 in 2015-2016 promised considerable relief from surprise medical bills not covered by your present plan. The ordinary example for such a predicament concerns an expectant mother who goes into labor far distant from her HMO, and is charged extraordinary fees for childbirth costs. But for retirees, consider this: you are on a trip elsewhere in California, away from your home network HMO, and you have a medical emergency. One or more of your attending physicians is not a member of your health plan, but they fix you up and you go home quite successfully on the mend. Back home, there may be a shock in store: the hospital bill might be a whopping jaw-dropper. If you have a large HMO like Kaiser, you should just present the bill to the HMO. But if you are not a member of a large HMO—do you have any recourse?

Under development in the California legislature in 2015 was AB 533, crafted and presented by Assemblyman Rob Bonta, (D—Oakland). In its latest version, this legislation provided that professionals giving non-contracted care would be reimbursed based on “covered services on the amount the individual health professional would have been reimbursed by Medicare for the same or similar services in the general geographic area in which the services were rendered.” (Article 1371.31.) The bill was amended twice in 2015 in the Assembly and passed 69-1; it was amended three times in the Senate in 2015, but failed by three votes last September.

Professor Alan Wade, emeritus of CSU Sacramento who monitors legislation for CSU-ERFA, has written to the editor of the ERFA Reporter that the bill “was opposed primarily by organizations of health care providers” (some of whom are mentioned just below), but it may be re-introduced in a coming session. However, the pushback from the medical community itself is fascinating and in fact gripping. Perhaps we are overdue to see some sensitive and extremely concerned opinion from a medical practitioner. Remarks from a provider, Dr. Eileen Natuzzi, a vascular surgeon from Encinitas, gives an additional perspective and is worth quoting in portions from the web discussion of AB 533 for its assertions from an M.D.’s point of view:

“What insurance companies pay their in-network providers is a lot less than what out-of-network providers bill as usual and customary. This is the entire crux of the matter. Insurance companies hold the upper hand on contracts with doctors, underpaying their contracted in-network providers. This is especially true since the ACA was implemented and poor reimbursing exchange contracts were offered on the Covered California website. Ever shrinking reimbursement with rising costs, medical education debt and no ability to collectively bargain for adequate reimbursement from the likes of Blue Cross and United Health has left providers with one option: drop their contracts and charge usual and customary rates.

“Non-contracted providers must fight with health insurance companies regularly in order to be paid for services rendered, even life saving emergency ones. Currently emergency care is not factored into the equation, but should be as risk and acuity are higher than in elective treatment. For any emergency care health insurance companies should guarantee timely, hassle free payment to non-contracted providers that pays a reasonable, usual and customary amount. Emergency providers should agree to not bill excessively. But rates should not be the same as in-network rates.

“If the Bonta bill goes through in insurance companies win yet another big victory . . . If you layer the Bonta bill on top of California’s Medi-Cal expansion the business of medicine will simply become too expensive for many California doctors including surgeons and anesthesiologists to continue working. Consumers will lose as doctors leave, and provider pools shrink. The insurance companies will continue to net big profits while underpaying all providers contracted or not.

“No current presidential candidate is blaming, much less mentioning doctors as responsible for rising health care costs. But they are blaming insurance companies and drug companies for the persistent cost escalation. That’s because doctors and clinics only account for 18-20% of total healthcare costs. AB 533 will do nothing to correct increasing health care costs and will in fact feed current increases. Health Access California, the sponsors of AB 533, need to hold the insurance companies responsible for failing to pay providers adequately for services rendered and failing to provide robust provider networks for consumers. Attacking doctors who choose to be non-contracted is just not the right way to address the problem of undervalued Doctor services. The California State legislature should be focusing its efforts on the insurance side of this problem in order to make health insurance companies pay non-contracted providers what is a fair usual and customary rate.”

This opinion, obviously very strongly felt, is a necessary addition to the discussion of AB 533. We can now envision this matter as a kind of combat from four corners of a pugilistic ring: in one corner, Assemblyman Bonta and his effort to exert leadership on an issue, in another corner, we the needy citizens, in another the insurance companies, and in the fourth the practitioners—certainly the vocal ones.

There is some uncertainty over whether or not this precise bill will be re-worked; spokespersons at Assemblyman Bonta’s office say that the present focus is on Bill 72, which was introduced in 2014 to sustain a Medicare waiver in support of a Medi-Cal project, a considerably different focus than that of Bill 533. But this bill might be of much more than passing interest to us, because it shows a “trickle-down” effect of a form of retirement benefits to other people. If the bill is re-introduced, it is sure to undergo additional modifications. Thus the wait for recourse from unaffordable charges may be a long one. Watch here for future news!

TREASURER’S REPORT
Deborah Quiett, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of 6/30/2016

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Total Assets $314,089.04
COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT…

CAMPUS MEMORIES: FAVORITE HAUNTS

What was your favorite spot on the SDSU campus? For the next issue of Postscript we want to know where you liked to hang out. What spaces bring back memories?

Where did you meet friends? Take a break? Eat your lunch? Did you like the noisy or quiet spots on campus? When you were stressed did you retreat to a grassy nook or perhaps to the back of the stacks in the library? Search your memories and send us stories about spots on campus that bring back memories. As usual we want good and bad, comedy and tragedy. How about just plain drama? I wasn’t on campus when JFK came. I know some of you were. Tell us about it.

Just writing this has reminded me of campus experiences I had almost forgotten. When I needed an escape (from students or faculty or just my office) I headed for the bookstore to check out books, frivolities, and quirky items with SDSU logos. The time out put my brain in a happier mode. I miss being on campus in the Fall because, in late October, November, and December, standing on the steps of the Don Powell theatre when 5 pm rolls around is a treat. Quiet voices. Occasional shouts from nearby sports fields. Bikers. But it is the light that grabs you. Beautiful. The music and theatre buildings slowly glow pale pink then gently turn back to cream and darker as the sun goes down, lights go on and evening approaches.

Even though I am a chatty person I love quiet—something not always available on the bustling SDSU campus. One semester I directed a play that held early evening rehearsals in a room in the old part of campus that had big doors that opened to a courtyard filled with lovely trees. It was so quiet and peaceful. I often went early to rehearsals so I could spend time alone in that beautiful space. What a treat. I was always sorry when rehearsals were over, the play had opened, and I had no more reason to visit the courtyard.

So, search your memories and WRITE. Enquiring minds want to know your campus stories. We will supply an abundance of campus pictures and we would love to include yours.

Maggi McKerrow

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DIRECTORS-AT-LARGE

Gloria Ross, Ron Young, Maggi McKerrow
SAVING THE DATE
Octoberfest, October 7
Holiday Party, December 4

COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT

The next POSTSCRIPT will feature "Campus Memories"

Left: 2016 Annual Spring Meeting and Awards Luncheon, as well as SDSURA's 30th Anniversary celebration. Ann LePage (center photo) was the 2016 SDSURA Service Award honoree. (Story on page 2)

DEADLINE: November 10, 2016
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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