I have been pondering this President’s Message for a few weeks and decided to follow up the last message on staff at SDSU who were beneficial to my career with a discussion of “mentoring.” Most organizations, including Universities, rely rather heavily upon existing employees to assist new employees in acclimating to the organization. The mentoring can be fairly formal, with new employees actually assigned a mentor, or informal mentoring taking place on an individual basis. My experience at SDSU is that mentoring is usually informal and is partially dependent upon the two individuals involved having a personal connection and common understanding. I think this is true in academic departments as well as in units located in Physical Plant, Communications, Admissions, or in other departments. Some of us, including myself, have really benefitted from the attention given to us by one or more senior colleagues.

Mentoring involves both a mentor and a mentee and many of us have performed both roles at one time or another in our careers at SDSU. Typically, mentees are newer employees who are guided or advised by more senior employees, although some of us have required mentoring at more than one point in our careers. For example, a new employee may receive assistance at the time of initial appointment and then several years later finds herself in a new role at the University and once again seeks out a mentor. This would especially be the case for those who advance into the ranks of management or administration. It is also quite likely that SDSU employees, such as yourselves, may have played both mentee and mentor roles while employed. In reading the “Lest We Forget” articles in past Postscripts, I see many individuals described who very clearly performed mentor-ship, i.e., do not just check the box.

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I think it healthy to think back to the mentor-mentee roles we have played at SDSU but also to recognize and be aware of the mentor and mentee roles we play at our current place in life. Some of us are again serving as mentors to our children and/or grandchildren in adapting to the roles they are playing as they mature. Some of you may be the primary guide to a teenager or young adult trying to cope with the stresses and strains of living in this modern world. In many ways this form of mentoring is more important than some of the on the job mentoring we undertook thirty years ago. A few of us are also finding the need to seek out a mentor(s) as we approach some major decisions surrounding where we choose to live and how we cope with new changes in our lives. It seems as if we are never too young nor too old to progress from one mentor-mentee relationship to another as we find new challenges in our lives.

I recently read an article on mentoring that suggested a successful mentor follow these guidelines:

1) Put the relationship before the mentorship, i.e., do not just check the box.

2) Focus on character (values, empathy) rather than competency.

3) Shout with optimism, keep quiet about cynicism.

4) Be more loyal to the mentee than to the employer.

## ON BUCKET LISTS

The expression “to kick the bucket” has been in use since at least the late 1700’s (per Wikipedia) but the term “bucket list” surfaced more recently. Justin Zackham is credited with coining the term in his screenplay for the 2007 film The Bucket List, and it is understood by most of us to mean a list of things to do before you die. Bucket List is the theme of this issue and in the following pages you will find lists and articles on what our readers look forward to doing, and what they have already done.
On April 27 more than 70 SDSU-RA members and guests gathered at Tom Ham’s Lighthouse for the Annual Spring Luncheon and Business meeting. What a beautiful setting! Even with grey skies, the view of the harbor and the skyline was stunning and almost everyone commented that they should try to “get down here more often.”

First on the agenda was a pleasantly brief business meeting. Master of ceremonies and SDSURA President Dean Popp asked if there were any matters to be discussed, then turned his back on the audience. He was kidding of course, but there was no business that would need attention this day other than the awards.

Next came the luncheon, a yummy buffet of salmon and sirloin, clam chowder and salads, vegetables and rolls. As the lunch course ended and before dessert was served, the awards ceremony began. The first award to be presented was the Service Award. Each year SDSURA honors a member who has donated time and energy to the organization above and beyond the call of duty. This year’s award went to two members—Nancy and Jack Stewart—a couple who has given to SDSURA for more than twenty years. Awards chair Ron Young summed up their contributions. Nancy is the SDSURA representative to the Faculty-Staff Club Board and has been Chair of the Scholarship Committee for the past four years. Jack was president of SDSURA from 2008-2010 and has been “com-missioner” of the Duffers golf group and organizer of “Day at the Races” for at least twenty years. Both Nancy and Jack are regular attendees of SDSURA events—Oktoberfest, the Valentine’s Luncheon, Desert Escape, Kentucky Derby, the Holiday Party, Days at the Theatre and more—and can be counted on to help with everything from set-up to cleanup. SDSURA events are better due to Nancy and Jack’s contributions, as is the organization as a whole. Our heartiest congratulations and thanks to the Stewarts!

Then it was time for the presentation of the Scholarship Awards. Five students were honored this year (see sidebar), four of whom were able to attend the ceremony. Each awardee gave a short presentation to the audience, introducing him or herself and telling about plans for the future. From their talks, we learned that this group of honorees shared a common and positive goal—they would dedicate their talents and energy to serving others and improving the quality of life for all of us.

Congratulations to the 2017 SDSU Retirement Association Scholars!♦

### 2017 SDSU RETIREMENT ASSOCIATION SCHOLARS

**Marinela Elane**, Biology major, Niece of Arlene Elane, Enrollment Services

**Jaycee Kertzman**, Finance major, Daughter of Jill Kertzman, Student Account Services; Granddaughter of Patricia Wilmot, Admissions and Records, (The Dr. Aubrey Wendling Memorial Scholarship)

**Camarina Krasae-Flaherty**, Biology major, Granddaughter of Frank Beale, Astronomy, (The Dr. Kurt and Julie Bohnsack Memorial Endowed Scholarship)

**Robert Piper**, Counseling major, Son of Suzanne Sorger, Physics and Larry Piper, Facilities Planning

**Devin Queen**, Nursing, Daughter of Marcia Queen, Physics and Astronomy
When I had some health issues about eight years ago, I began a kind of bucket list, not knowing if I would ever be able to do any of them. My husband and I, along with four other very good friends had been traveling for a number of years to different locations around the globe in what we assumed were unusual ways. We flew to three different areas of Chile, rented a van, stayed in estancias and hotels seeing the Torres del Paines, a penguin colony at the tip of South America, an active volcano, etc.; we toured New Zealand in rented motorhomes; cruised in our rented boat down the Canal du Midi in France from around Toulouse to the Mediterranean and just last September drove the whole of Iceland and continued on to Holland where we toured Amsterdam for a week, then rented a 53’ boat to cruise the waterways and canals of Northern Holland, ending in Amsterdam.

All these trips had been so exciting and amazing, but my list was not complete yet, and still isn’t. I wanted to go on a safari in South Africa. I longed to see big animals in their natural surroundings and my husband, Dave, wanted to add to his already extensive life birding list. We hired a guide (who brought her sister to help) and with two of our best friends, went on the most spectacular, exciting trip of our life.

We started in Cape Town on May 12th, after a VERY LONG trip from San Diego through London. We spent 5 days in perfect weather (75-85 degrees) touring in and around the city, ascending Table Top mountain in a funicular where the floor turned as you gained elevation or descended, the Cape of Good Hope, a penguin colony and Kirstenbosch Gardens. One day we drove out to the wine country, Franschoek and Stellenbosch, where we toured a few vineyards and had a delicious lunch outdoor with Ibis wandering through the parkland surrounding the winery.

We then flew to Upington where we met our guides, two ladies in their 60’s who drove us up to the Kgalagadi Region of the Kalahari Desert. We stayed 5 1/2 days in two different camps, Twee Rivieren and Mata Mata, seeing the most incredible animals—cheetah and leopard that came right up to the van and around it on their way to a water hole or to find prey. There were also giraffe eating from the trees as well as crossing the road in front of us and jackals hunting for leftovers from our lunch. We experienced sights our guides said they very rarely saw on trips, and even nocturnal animals in full daylight.

We then flew to Johannesburg and stayed two nights while the guides drove across South Africa to once again pick us up and drive to the Kruger National Park. We stayed in three different parks, Skukusa, Satara and Lower Sabie, each with their own unique experiences. We found a leopard in a tree just after filling up with a prey animal, possibly an Impala; a male lion leading cars down the road, many birds for Dave, a very large herd of elephants crossing the road in front and back of our van, Cape Buffalo eating grass just alongside our van and crossing in front of us, zebra with their young, and nocturnal animals in the daytime (wild dogs), plus so much more. Each camp was a different and wonderful experience; the only difficult part could have been getting up at 0-dark thirty (4:30AM) to be at the gate by first light. Because of the exciting sights awaiting us everyday, it really was not hard to do.

After Kruger, we drove to Swaziland, where we spent the night at a nice B and B, toured a glass factory and candle shop, then continued on down to Hluhluwe-Imfolozi Park (pronounced Shush-Louie with the accent on the Shush). It was a very hilly landscape with our camp, Hilltop Camp, on top of one of the higher hills with beautiful vistas. Here we saw many rhino, which are being poached at a tremendous rate. Nine were poached just days before we arrived, so very sad—they are extraordinary creatures.

This was truly a trip of a lifetime and I encourage any and all to experience a South African safari. Just a small hint, hire a private guide as the larger tour groups did not see half of what we experienced by having our personal guides. With a personal guide, you just yell STOP, and you are there for as long as you want to view whatever animals are in view.

On to the next place on the bucket list…..whatever that may be. Ireland, Scotland, England, Germany????

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**CLASS OF 2021**

*Lucille Wendling, Sociology*

At the age of 96 I can truly say that I’ve “been there, done that” physically and virtually. However, I do wish to experience one special event before I “kick the bucket!”

Daughter Laura’s twins, Marisa and Travis, will enter high school this fall as the Class of 2021. Since I was born in January of 1921, I will reach 100 that year. I am determined to attend their graduation ceremony at Rancho Christian High School in Temecula physically fit, mentally alert, and walking on my own. Nothing will make me happier. Wish me luck!
ASSOCIATION HOSTS RECEPTION FOR RETIREES
Glen Broom, Journalism and Media Studies, and Michele Schlecht, PSFA

It was a dark and stormy day (possibly) sometime in the mid- to late-1990’s when the Faculty-Staff Club hosted the last reception for retiring faculty and staff. The reception was part of the Club’s annual schedule of events for many years, as was the annual holiday party for retired faculty and staff.

The Club hosted and funded the event with some support from Faculty Affairs and Aztec Shops. It was a way for Club members to congratulate and thank retiring colleagues. Things changed, however, when the then-Club manager left and Aztec Shops assumed Club management. The Club stopped hosting both the reception and holiday party, but the SDSU Retirement Association continued the holiday party tradition.

Fast forward to 2017: The Association board of directors approves and funds our proposal to resurrect the reception for retiring faculty and staff. May 1 at 3:30 p.m. was set as the date and President Elliot Hirshman agreed to personally congratulate and thank the retirees in attendance. We contracted with Aztec Shops to provide bar and food services. The hold-the-date notice went to almost 70 retiring staff and close to 30 retiring faculty.

After almost 20 years of absence from the campus calendar, we expected a modest turnout, but hoped for at least 20 retirees. With five Association hosts attending, we contracted with Aztec Catering for 25 guests and reserved the Faculty-Staff Club patio. Two things happened to cause last minute changes: First, late RSVPs meant that the guaranteed guest count had to be increased to 40. Second, it was a bright and sunny day (really) when the 90-plus temperature on the patio prompted moving bar and food service indoors to the main reception area.

Highlights included Dean’s welcoming remarks, President Hirshman’s expressions of gratitude and congratulations, and presentation of new SDSU Retirement Association membership cards designed by Amy Walling. The buzz in the room indicated a most enthusiastic response, but unfortunately drowned out much of the beautiful background music provided by guitarist Sean Bassett, a lecturer in classical guitar in the School of Music and Dance.

We can immodestly say everybody had a grand time. All involved want to do it again next year and hope the reception returns as an annual event on the campus calendar.

On the morning of July 28, in a carefully planned march across campus, ten intrepid members of the SDSURA AARP-inspired assault team laid siege to the JAM Center (the new women’s and men’s basketball practice facility).

We entered rather peacefully (our grizzled appearance, measured stride and gray hair seem to have disarmed the locals), having disabled a locked door (only players, coaches and a few others are allowed into the facility via their identification cards) and immediately demanded access to several basketballs so we could strut our stuff on the two basketball courts (one for men and one for women). Gene Stein and Karen Tom exhibited heretofore well camouflage at the projectile toward the hoop. The women’s basketball coach, Stacie Terry, provided us with intelligence on her team, some of her players showed us the “film room” and otherwise made us feel welcome.

Our penetration of the facility culminated with entry into the women’s locker room, and then the men’s. The locker rooms made the SDSURA office look pretty unappealing. Some of us then toured the equipment and weight rooms (which was quite uplifting). We were very well treated and provided with lots of information.

It is truly amazing how some members of the San Diego community mobilized to raise the necessary funds to construct this structure. I think we need to get Steve Fisher to coach SDSU academia on how to generate comparable community support for our academic team.

Many thanks to Lesley Fong who was an informative and understanding leader for our SDSURA assault team.
WHO NEEDS A BUCKET LIST?
Frank Stites, History

I have never used the phrase “Bucket List.” Indeed, I had never encountered it until the 2007 movie with that title. Are there places I would like to go and things I would like to do before I “kick the bucket”? Of course, and there have been throughout my life, but their nature, number and duration were in constant flux in response to my life experiences. So, my list was neither static (as “Bucket List” suggests) nor tied to my departure from this mortal coil. It was instead dynamic, and the largest contributor to that dynamic was reading. The more I read, it seems on reflection, the more places and things I wanted to see and do.

But these places and things were never of equal value, and some were fleeting. Some examples will illustrate my point. World War II and especially the Pacific Theater dominated my childhood in, of all places, Indianapolis, Indiana, even before I could read. In large measure this was because my aunt was one of the first Women Marines having enlisted in 1943. She worked at Marine Corps Headquarters at Henderson Hall in Arlington, Virginia. She spent much of her time sorting personal effects of Marines killed in action, sending them to families and watching burials at Arlington National Cemetery from her office window. Seeing her in her various uniforms and listening to her tales of Marine heroism in places like Guadalcanal or Pelileu or Iwo Jima made me ache to learn more about them. The same was true for movies like the 1945 Pride of the Marines. As soon as I was old enough to get a library card I began to devour any book or article I could find about the war in the Pacific. Nothing in my immediate Indianapolis environment could help my mind picture the landscapes of dense jungle or coral atolls. The words of Richard Tregaskis and others were much better.

But how close were those authors’ descriptions to the real thing? I needed to see these places. And, though I have never made it to those battlefields, I did make it close. Through an accident of my career as an American historian I wound up teaching a class to an American submarine crew in Sydney, Australia with a stop at Nandi in the Fiji Islands. But still today I ache to see the Tenaru River and Bloody Ridge on Guadalcanal to name but a few.

My immersion in the American past—and in much reading that continues—also led me to the Civil War and to places that were part of that conflict. Happily, seeing them was much easier because many have been preserved as parts of the National Park Service. So, with one of my brothers who has a similar aching interest, I have visited almost all those battlefield sites: Bull Run, Manassas, Antietam, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, the Crater at Petersburg, Island Number 10, Stones River, Chickamauga, Franklin, Nashville, Shiloh to name but the most prominent.

I still have a vivid memory of a sweltering July day with cicadas buzzing when my brother and I walked across the open ground where Confederates had marched toward Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. Those Gettysburg feelings engulled me again as we walked to the Confederate trenches (still extant) at Cold Harbor. I believe that the baggage you bring to a visit powerfully determines what baggage you take from that visit. My reading had loaded me with baggage and enhanced my visit in every sense.

Another subject on which I have read extensively is World War I. My brother and I have discussed walking the Western Front because it is still possible. What stimulated this was not simply wide reading on the Great War but a book called Back to the Front: An Accidental Historian Walks the Trenches of World War I by Stephen O’Shea. We will probably never do it, but it is on my list.

For a long time I had a magazine photograph of four giant Sequoias called The Four Guardsmen pinned on whatever desk I occupied. I had resolved to see them someday, and as I entered Sequoia National Park from the south for the first time on The Generals Highway there they were. What a feeling to have life imitate art! I had the same reaction at Stonehenge which I visited before it was fenced, at Salisbury Cathedral, at the Bayeaux Tapestry and countless other places in which my reading had stimulated interest.

Lists of places and projects do not exhaust my lists. Another list is of questions that I long to answer. Such questions have made me an historian and shaped my career. One example traces to my fifth grade when a teacher read to the class the story of Leonidas and the 300 Spartans at the Pass at Thermopylae. It captured me because I could not then and still cannot understand what could make those men choose to die rather than surrender that pass to the Persians. Now such questions form a long list that will remain unchanged until I am dead. So, as I reflect on the coming and going of my lists, I think I would have to agree with the 1950 Hank Williams song that “My Bucket Has a Hole in It.”

IF WE’D HAD A BUCKET LIST
Frea Sladek & Bill Feeney, SDSU Research Foundation and Management Information Systems

We’ve never had one, but we have had lots of bucket-list worthy experiences together.

Some of What We’ve Enjoyed So Far

Maui. Got married in Maui 21 years ago, with families present. Warm breezes, beautiful scenery, restful.

Ocean Cruises. A great way to see the world and check off lots of potential bucket list experiences. A fewfavorites are Caribbean, Mediterranean, Asia, Amazon, Alaska, Panama Canal, South Pacific, Scandinavia & Iceland. We especially enjoyed ones with our whole families (Mediterranean) and separate ones for the grandchildren (Caribbean) and grandsons (Alaska).

Machu Picchu. Gorgeous scenery and wonderful history. Took a 2-day tour off a cruise to get there. Some people hike; we took a train down from Cuzco.

River Cruises. Amsterdam to Budapest with an ending tour to Prague (on the Viking Freya); Vietnam to Cambodia. Lots of local tours included in prices.

Norway Mail Packet Ship. Crossed the Arctic Circle. Missed seeing the aurora borealis due to hanging on to each other on the icy way to the art gallery at night.


Turkey/Greece Road Trip. Rented a car, found lodging at $12/night, managed to get to Greece from Turkey.
by boat, after sleeping in the Rhodes Island wall. Beautiful scenery and famous architecture. Got lost in illegal red poppy fields overlooking the ocean. Untrustworthy maps! But fun.


**Driving Across the United States.** In a Roadtrek van visiting national parks between Wisconsin and San Diego.

**Iguazu Falls.** Spectacular! In Brazil and Argentina. Enjoyed them last year with family. Gorgeous jungle-walk to get to them. Got wet.

**Middle East.** Egypt, Israel, Morocco, Jordan, the Palestinian Authority. Bill joined Frea on some of her business trips for the SDSU Foundation’s USAID Arid Lands Agriculture Peace Project. So many highlights, especially working with our international colleagues. The pyramids, Luxor tombs, the Sinai desert, Petra, an historical meeting in Ramallah, Palestine with seven Nobel Peace Prize winners speaking.

**The Grand Canyon.** Awesome! We hiked it with Bill’s family, 24 miles north to south end, overnighting at the Phantom Ranch. Also, Bill has run it with runner friends many times, while Frea drives to the other end to pick them up and enjoy the views (and brunch).

**Marathon Cities.** Boston, Chicago, St. George, Big Sur, Honolulu and more. Bill runs and Frea cheers.

**San Diego County Mountain Grandkid Hikes.** Bill organized hikes on all the local mountains. Ice cream after. Lots of fun; Bill led, Frea brought up the rear and girls vs. boys ran in between.

**White Water Rafting.** With friends. Three to five level, wearing hard hats. Frea fell out—cold water!

**What Will Be in Our Future Bucket List?**

Over the past biggest percent of our lives, we’ve enjoyed lots of glorious nature, history, culture, and adventures. We’re ready for more. So our future bucket list includes: a Suez Canal cruise; Spitzbergen; Cape Town; a Rocky Mountain Train trip; Hawaii and the South Pacific more times; and Trips with Family to Places on Their Bucket Lists. If we run out of ideas before we run out of time, we have our 1,000 Places to See Before You Die book handy.

**WHY A BUCKET LIST?**

*Ed Deaton, Mathematical Sciences*

The answer is that it is fun. I created a bucket list on January 20, 2013. It had 10 items on it. I have achieved two of them and one cannot be achieved since Melanie Branca’s grandson graduated from Columbia University this year and I did not get to see him play soccer for the Columbia Lions. The two I achieved were to take the seven-day Norwegian Cruise from Bergen to Kirkenes and to visit Abu Simbel in Egypt. Melanie was with me on both of these trips. We got ice water and ice cubes poured down our backs from King Neptune as we crossed the Arctic Circle on the Norwegian trip. In Egypt we had a private car take us from Aswan to Abu Simbel at 9 am rather then take the bus at 4 am, gasp. The advantage, in addition to sleep, was that we were almost by ourselves at Abu Simbel.

There remain eight of the original items plus two additions. I could go to Mexico tomorrow and take a flight in the little plane that takes off and lands on the beach at La Fonda.

Iraq is on my list. My daughter, Evelyn, will come; who else would like to join us?

In the 8th grade we studied the Fertile Crescent in geography. I have wanted to go ever since. Also Sinbad is from Baghdad. A ride on a flying carpet is probably out of the question.

The Khyber Pass is between Pakistan and Afghanistan, barren and forbidden. I have read about it a lot, so I must go.

I want a “round the world ticket air ticket.” I could stop in the Netherlands in May and see the tulips, visit Cappadocia in Turkey, see the flying fishes on the Road to Mandalay and make my tenth visit to Nepal.

I have been working with a family in Lukla, Nepal since 1992. The father was my guide on three treks to Mt. Everest base camp and one attempt to climb Imja Tse (Island Peak). He died from injuries suffered from a fall in 2010. One of his daughters gets her MBA this year, another is in college and the third is finishing high school.

Finally, I would like to go to Antarctica. Al and Sharon Romano went with Alma Marosz a few years ago; Melanie Branca went last year. Now it should be my turn.
If you ever walked with Doris Meek, you had to pick up your pace, for she might get ahead of you. She was the original “lean in” gal, well before the recent book of the same title became a best seller. Both plucky and lively (an impressive tennis player), yet steely serious in demeanor (bravely, held all accountable), Doris Meek was a blend of both the Jazz Age and the Great Depression of her youth. If you don’t believe all this about her, she would smilingly remind you, “The meek shall inherit the earth.”

When Doris Meek joined the faculty of our College of Education, she found excitement and reward in developing community college programs, for which she earned a national reputation. The present Chancellor of San Diego City, Mesa, and Miramar Community Colleges, Dr. Constance (please do not call me ‘Connie’) Carroll, once told me that Doris Meek was a rock-solid mentor to her, who could ‘walk the talk’ and be counted on in tough times (think financial cutbacks) and good times (alliances with the CSU campuses).

In those days, the CC’s were having growing pains and had yet to achieve the legitimacy and importance that they are now accorded. You may remember that our state legislature recently voted to allow certain CC campuses to grant bachelors degrees in specific applied fields. I hear some readers groan now as you read this, thinking that such degrees should remain the purview of our long-standing CSU institutions, along with the UC system. That is another conversation. Doris Meek would provide us with a healthy debate on the matter, for she knew full well the community colleges’ unique position and growing significance in educating our society at large.

If Doris Meek were ready to rumble when she came to SDSU, it was because she arrived from her position as Dean of Instruction at Merritt College in Oakland, California, where she boldly faced and convincingly met tough challenges. It was during the growing ferment of the civil rights era, when among the Oakland students were the likes of Cleaver and Carmichael, two nationally powerful leaders in the Black Panthers movement. It got its start on Grove Street in Oakland, their headquarters less than 15 miles west of Doris Meek’s office. She told us that her sit-down talks with the Panthers were filled with a few sparks, to say the least. A solid cornerstone of their manifesto was demanding increased educational opportunities for African American youth. They meant it, and from “tales from the vault,” many of us recognized that Doris Meek helped champion their cause.

Doris Meek had a strong commitment to involving community wherever she recognized the need to get the job done. As acting dean of our college, she was truly a no-nonsense trailblazer, ready to participate in the hurly-burly of real-world debate. Here in the accompanying photo, I am introducing Doris (seated on the far left) and two other speakers who were known as San Diego activists and education leaders, participating at one of our Community Advisory Council meetings, including several movers and shakers from Sacramento. The purpose of the CAC was to engage community members in evaluating and offering their perspective on future planning of our teacher education programs. After all, they were major stakeholders, for it was their children whom we were educating.

That lively and engaged side of Doris Meek that I mentioned above comes to mind when I remember our celebrated and popular College of Education parties. There was Doris, the fine polished ballroom dancer that she was, taking to the floor with her adoring husband Ray. We were watching someone who could command the floor and, come what may, conquer whatever platform the trail would allow her to blaze.

REMEMBERING DORIS MEEK: NO-NONSENSE TRAILBLAZER
Doris Meek, Secondary Education

In 1968, fully one year before Neil Armstrong took his “small step” on the lunar surface, professor Fred Harris became a member of the Electrical Engineering faculty at SDSU. Fred (he prefers his name not be capitalized) brought to our campus his expertise in the new and expanding field of digital signal processing (DSP). In January 1978, he submitted and published a paper entitled: “On the Use of Windows for Harmonic Analysis with the Discrete Fourier Transforms” in the Proceedings of the IEEE*. The document summarized a number of years of his research findings in DSP and was 40 pages in length (most submissions were less than 20 pages). Today, some 50 years after its publication, this paper is still recognized as one of the foundations for DSP. According to Google Scholar Citations, it has been cited over 6750 times in other technical publications. Professor Harris’s paper presented a mathematical formula, often called an algorithm, that is used in computer programs to manipulate raw data. His algorithm was unique in that it reduced the distortion or errors in the gathered information. Harris’s pivotal work, was immediately recognized and its adoption and implementation was swift.

As the digital age expanded in the 1980s-90s, the development and application of digital signal processing advanced until today where it is so ubiquitous we seldom consider its impact. DSP is an integral part in the cell phone, MRI, HD TV, digitally enhanced photography, hearing aids, side scanning radar/sonar technologies, and yes—is even...
employed in the modem that connects my PC’s word processor to the printer used to publish this edition of the SDSU PostScript.

In the ensuing years since his work was published, professor harris has been actively involved in offering seminars on DSP and working with practicing engineers (harris holds 33 US patents). He has lectured in over 30 countries as well as in 40 cities in the US. fred has consulted for dozens of companies and governmental agencies including: Lockheed, Hughes, Cubic, NRAD, Raytheon, Loral, Martin Marietta, Comstream, Motorola, BAE, Qualcomm, M-14, NSA, Boeing, SPAWAR, L-3, NSF, and many more. He spent a year at Northrup supporting the B-2 development.

I would be remiss not to mention that fred enjoys a personality that is as unique as his understanding of DSP. A number of years ago fred could be seen riding a skateboard on campus between his parking place in the eastside structure, then by the BA building, zipping past the confines of Geology and Chemistry and completing his journey in a sweeping curve in front of the engineering center. When he was in his early seventies Campus security finally "pulled" fred’s skateboard driver’s license but he still has the board in his office and is often seen riding it in the halls in the late evening hours.

A visit to fred’s office is an interesting experience. Like others on the faculty, it contains stacks of technical journals, research reports, books and perhaps four or five pieces of test equipment. What’s unique about his office is the mind-boggling number of slide-rules on display. Incredibly, fred has over 200 unique slide rules in his collection, some 6” in length and others which are 6’ long. His office door is always open and students are always welcome.

Professor harris had long considered 50 years of serving on the SDSU faculty to be his career goal but it didn’t take long after his retirement announcement that fred’s office phone started ringing. It seems that some folks out in La Jolla wanted to talk to him. As a result, starting in September 2017, fred harris will be joining the faculty of the UCSD’s Jacobs School of Engineering thus extending into a sixth decade his most remarkable career.

*The Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, IEEE, is the largest professional technical association in the world having over 430,000 members. harris is a Fellow of the IEEE.♦

EARLY MEMORIES OF SDSU
Charles J. Stewart, Chemistry

In September 1947, I entered San Diego State College as a Freshman. The campus was small with a student body of about 4500. Early aerial photos of the campus from 1930 to 1950, exhibiting its Spanish Mission-like structure, are all about the same. On a rainy day it was possible to go to any class and not get wet.

To handle its rapid growth following World War II, about a dozen small temporary huts were built as 40 seat class-rooms, to the west of the campanile and Library. The bookstore was in a Quonset Hut, placed on the “Main Quad” south of the Campanile. The present Physical Science Building was the Campus Lab School and it truly reflected SDSU’s origins as a state teachers college. A small traffic circle, centered around a flagpole, ended College Avenue in front of the main arch. Across the street from the student cafeteria was Scripps Cottage. Nearby, a temporary structure contained an extension of the cafeteria. The “Greek Theatre” was located in a small canyon south of the traffic circle. Dirt from construction of the theater was used as a landfill for a small path leading across the canyon to the Gym. A large parking lot was located adjacent to, and south of, the Greek Theater.

On my return in September, 1955, I found the campus had grown, with addition of several buildings. These were Physics and Astronomy, Administration, Art, and Industrial Studies. College Avenue now ended at the parking lot. A single story Campus Lab School had been built in an area now holding the Student Services West. Storm Hall was under construction. Although architectural drawings were underway for a Chemistry-Geology Building, we were still teaching freshman chemistry labs in the same temporary buildings.♦

BUCKET LIST
Tom Donahue

1. A railroad trip through the Canadian Rockies.


3. A return to strolling along the Champs-Elysses.

4. Be present when Congress places restraints on private equity firms.

5. Time spent in the “Winds”: the Wind River Range in Wyoming.

6. Attend my grandson’s various graduations.
MY EARLY BUCKET LIST
Glen Broom, Journalism and Media Studies

As a farm boy growing up in Southern Illinois under the flight path to the St. Louis airport 50 miles to the west, I spent many long spring and summer days on tractors wondering where those planes had been or where they were going. At that time, big jet planes were replacing the four-propeller Lockheed Constellations. I decided I wanted to travel to see new things and places.

Decades before I heard the term “bucket list”—and before hormones redirected my attention—I had set my life goals. My first goal was to see a bullfight, like the ones I read about in Hemingway’s *The Sun Also Rises* and *Death in the Afternoon*. After reading about Egypt and the pharaohs in *National Geographic*, my second goal was to visit the pyramids of Giza.

As I like to say, clean living and voting Democratic paid off early in my life. In 1965, after marrying my high school sweetheart and in my first full-time job less than two years, I was given a four-month assignment with the U.S. Agency for International Development in the country of Jordan. My job was to help my Jordanian farm counterpart develop informational programming to farmers for the Hashemite Broadcasting 200,000-watt radio station. (Television was not introduced in Jordan until 1968.)

We sold our black 1963 Volkswagen Beetle to pay for Betty’s airfare and booked our tickets on Pan American Airlines. At that time, one could stop as many times as you wanted as long as you were sort of heading toward your final destination. We spent three weeks following Arthur Frommer’s *Europe on $5 a Day* “on the way” to Amman, Jordan!

About midway, Barcelona, Spain, was the destination to achieve my first goal—see a bullfight. As I recall, we walked to the “Plaza de Toros” located on the city map, only to find an abandoned ancient bullfight arena. Now we had to take a taxi ($$!) in order to get to the “new” arena in time for the opening ceremony. It was not until the third 36-exposure roll of Kodachrome that I was no longer shaking with excitement. By then the sun was low and the arena in shadows, which meant the shutter was opened wider and longer. The only usable photos were on the third roll and many of those captured the bull and matador’s cape work in blurred motion. But, goal number one achieved!

The life-changing assignment in Jordan took us to every corner of the country—Amman, Bethlehem, Dead Sea, the Roman ruins of Jerash, Jericho, Jerusalem, the now-World Heritage Site of Petra, Zarqa—you get the idea. Our two-week trip home on Pan American included a return to Florence, and stops in Spain and Portugal, but our first stop was Cairo, Egypt, to see the pyramids of Giza.

The first day, we hiked around the pyramids at high noon, much to Betty’s dismay and protests. A camel driver speaking with something like a Southern US accent asked Betty, “Hey, Queen of Sheba baby, want to ride my camel?” After four months in Jordan, we knew how to politely decline in Arabic, “La shukran, Yahuue” (No thank you, Brother.)

We got a guided tour into one of the pyramids, stood by the Sphinx and visited the great Egyptian Museum, where many relics, mummies and gold treasures were in open displays. The desert sand flea bites I got while we sat in Cairo’s old market after the hike were a small price to pay for such an afternoon. Second goal accomplished!

I never made another bucket list. How could I top the quest for the first one?

BUCKET LIST
Leif Fearn, Teacher Education

I heard “Bucket List” for the first time several years ago. Most of what I think is on mine came before I knew the term. And most of it is beyond the pale for me.

I read *The Siberians* years ago during my Farley Mowat (*Never Cry Wolf* and a host of others) period. He had traveled on two occasions as guest of the Soviet Writers Guild, and upon seeing Moscow from an airport, told his hosts that he’d prefer to travel in places more like his wilderness (Brooks Range in Canada’s Barronlands). They took him to Siberia. His descriptions, especially of Lake Baikal, made me want to go. Irkusk near the lake seemed a good place to winter. As long as I’m dressed for it, I’m not cold. I’ve gone there only through reading.

I would like to go wherever I could sit through brunch or lunch with Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie (*That Thing Around Your Neck*, *Half of a Yellow Sun*, *Americanah*, *We Should All Be Feminists*, TED Talk, and more). She is a delicious writer who seems to understand feminism and race as I have never before read nor heard from movers and shakers on those topics.

I have read a fair amount on our origins as a species, and I visit the San Diego Zoo often, mostly to lunch at Albert’s and to watch the great apes, especially bonobo. I understand that *Homo sapiens* did not “come from” an arboreal ape-like creature nor a terrestrial ape-like creature, in a linear ancestral sense, but those two from eight to six million years ago appear to be somewhere on a trunk that branched along the way into what we are (*Australopithecus Afarensis*, *Homo habilis*, *Homo erectus* and two more millions of years for early *Homo sapiens*—at least that is the line shown in a graphic by Beckner in *Lucy’s Child: The Discovery of a Human Ancestor*, UC Press, 1976. I acknowledge that reading books on the topic and referring to a graphic that is four decades old does not pass scholarly muster, but the explanation in the graphic illustrates a way for a novice to conceptualize a complex picture).

And the bucket list from that paragraph? I think it would have been terrific to spend enough time in the wild observing chimpanzee and bonobo to understand how they differ. I saw a UCSD graduate student with two video cameras trained on bonobo at the San...
Diego Zoo in early March. She was focused, but I ventured a question anyway. She was filming what could be intentional cognitive behaviors. Her study gave me chills.

I am not unlike so many of us who have had the good fortune to spend a career in a world where knowledge is made and disseminated. I suspect I am also not unlike the rest of us who find coming to know on our own terms a major reason for being.

SDSU WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION
A CELEBRATION OF AN END
AND A BEGINNING
Rinda Young, Women’s Association

On Wednesday March 19, 2017, SDSU President, Elliot Hirshman, hosted a delightful reception to honor and acknowledge the historical significance of the relationship of the SDSU Women’s Association with the University. He especially recognized the organization as being one of the earliest organizations dedicated to providing financial support to students pursuing their education. The evening provided a musical program as well as a delicious light buffet but most importantly it gave the membership an opportunity to formally celebrate the life of the organization with bittersweet reminiscing of white glove teas while simultaneously celebrating the establishment of a $50,000 scholarship endowment with the Campanile Foundation.

The first seeds for what would eventually come to be known as the SDSU Women’s Association were planted in 1927, when a group of 17 faculty wives organized as a social group, to be known as Faculty Dames with the College President’s wife, Mrs. Edward Hardy, serving as President. The ensuing years saw the organization evolve with changes in membership, name and primary focus.

The organization initially provided a setting for faculty spouses, especially those newly arrived in San Diego, to meet and get acquainted, but from its beginnings, it also recognized and addressed the needs of women students by working with the Dean of Women. A loan fund for women students was established in the early 1930s with the first scholarship fund established in 1939 for women students with high scholastic averages and financial need.

Membership was opened up to faculty, staff and other friends of the university community, and the name changed several times until the early 1980s when the name was changed to the present San Diego State University Women’s Association. What began with formal, white glove teas grew into so much more. While many people have continued to enjoy the social camaraderie provided by interest groups like the Dinner Group and activities shared with the SDSU Retirement Association, the primary mission now had become the raising of funds to provide scholarships to students with financial need who struggle to return to school to complete their education.

As the Association approached its 90th year with declining membership it gradually became obvious that a change was needed. Following much study and discussion a decision was reluctantly but unanimously reached by general membership vote to cease active status and endow the SDSU Women’s Association Scholarship which will ensure that both name and contribution to educational scholarship purpose of the San Diego State University Women’s Organization will continue in perpetuity. The endowment was begun with $52,600 with the hope that the total amount might eventually reach $100,000. Contributions may be made at any time to the SDSU Campanile Foundation in the name of the SDSU Women’s Association.

IN MEMORIAM

Tom Scott
Psychology
May, 2017

William Erickson
Business and Financial Affairs
July, 2017

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.
DAY AT THE RACES, 20TH ANNIVERSARY
Charles J. Stewart, Chemistry

We went to Del Mar on the 20th of July, of all places,
To celebrate our 20th anniversary of going to the races.
We were to be a group of twenty-five but two went astray,
Leaving twenty-three to rate horses and at wagering play.

It was only noon with the first post time set for two,
So eating lunch was quite the proper thing to do.
Linda Stewart and Deb Quiett found their seats,
As Rick Covey and Michele Schlecht chose their eats.

As horses for “Race One” are brought from their stable,
Frea Sladek and Bill Feeney joined the Poppys at their table.
Cheryl Trtan, Tricia Moulton and Joyce Wright sat quite still,
While Bob and Dorothy Yonemitsu were off to the betting till.

Allison Ohanian and Anne Lepage have yet the ponies to rate,
The Romanos and Brooms placed their bets and await their fate.
Meanwhile Barbara Barnes is quite busy, with camera handy,
Shooting photos of Bill Sherrard, then all, making us look dandy.

Suddenly the crowd grows quiet, a field of six is on the track.
Three year olds and up, what a beautiful sight to take back
As they serenely trot around the course to the starting gate.
It is now too late to place more bets, we can only wait.

They’re off, at first the race is very loosely contested,
In final turn, Finallygotabentley, the favorite is suggested.
Then Frac Candy and Oh Newman show a race to be run
The favorite places, Oh Newman shows, and Frac Candy won.

After seventeen years as host,
So it’s time to yield this post
And find something else to do.
Fondly I bid you farewell and adieu.
A HOT DAY AT THE THEATRE
Maggi McKerrow, Theatre

Forty intrepid theatre lovers headed to SDSU’s Don Powell Theatre on Sunday April 30 to see the SDSU School of Theatre, Television and Film’s production of the musical The Full Monty. It was a fun day. Before the show we gathered outside the theatre under umbrellas and any other shade we could find (It was unreasonably HOT) to enjoy snacks and cooling water and greet friends. I was glad I wore a hat! Stephen Brotebek the director of the show, welcomed us warmly, told us about his experience as a director and choreographer of musicals at SDSU and elsewhere and explained how the Theatre program selects the shows that they perform. Bottom line. It’s difficult to find shows that have roles for the eight talented students in the MFA Musical Theatre Program. He introduced us to Kimberly Moller, one of the MFA actors in the show. It was a pleasure to hear from her about her career choices and then later see her singing and dancing in the show.

Lucky us. Next Fall SDSU will present another musical theatre piece featuring the eight MFA performers and the Faculty/Staff Retirement Association will be there. Join us. It is sure to be a special experience. We are fortunate to have such a wonderful program at SDSU.

SDSU RETIREMENT ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES 20TH ANNUAL “RUN FOR THE ROSES”
Patricia Moulton and Cheryl Trtan, University Relations and Development

The SDSU Retirement Association celebrated their 20th Kentucky Derby event on Saturday, May 6 at the lovely home of Joan and David McArthur. Twenty years ago, the first Derby party was held at the home of Ethelyn and George Sorenson. The sign at their entrance read, “WELCOME TO THE SOUTHWEST CHURCHILL DOWNS JOCKEY CLUB’S 123rd RUN FOR THE ROSES.” This year, at the 143rd Southwest Churchill Down’s annual gathering, forty guests were in attendance—some donned Derby hats, others jockey caps. The “odds maker,” wielding a riding crop, elicited bets on the horses.

All enjoyed the menu of southern fried chicken, honey rolls, coleslaw and Pecan Pie. But, the highlight of the event was, by far Tricia Moulton’s classic “Kentucky Juleps”** better known as Mint Juleps! There was continuous activity at the bar throughout the three-hour party!

As traditional, guests sang “My Old Kentucky Home” at the start of the 143rd Kentucky Derby. Missed at this year’s party were Pat and Jerry Koppman, the “Spirit of Kentucky” couple for many years. The Koppmans joined us vicariously from their home. 2017 Derby winners were: Bill Broderick, Sandy Gaudur, Dan Gilbreath, Allison O’Hanian, Dorothy Romano and Rinda Young. Congratulations to all!

“The first Kentucky Julep, an alien drink, is a sensation, the second is a rhythmic benefaction, but the third is a grievous error.”
—Irwin S. Cobb

Treasurer’s Report
Deborah Quiett, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of 6/30/2017

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Total Assets $336,119.92
WHO ARE THEY?
Tom Donahue, ERF/Benefits

The Republican party at present is in the midst of its efforts to repeal and replace the Affordable Care Act, or maybe only to repeal it and replace it sometime in the future. Part of the partisan effort to do this involves drastically reducing the funds for Medicaid, or MediCal as it is known here. Any success in that reduction of assistance to the sick, the disabled, or the elderly will bind the state budget in highly compromising ways, and among other results will place severe stress on support for the universities and for CalPERS. Let’s work through some hypotheses and appropriate responses about who the partisan people are who want to do this.

Hypothesis: The partisans are people who believe that all taxation is coercive, and that the state should levy taxes only to support investment and the national economy.

Response: Any attempt to defend such values involves a descent into fascism, and the risk of that is insupportable.

H: Partisans believe that there is no right to national health care. Instead, because in ordinary circumstances widespread health care is paid for by persons other than the recipients, such care is a benefit.

R: If it is just a benefit, all citizens in the leading industrial democracy will at all times request it.

H: Partisans believe state spending on human welfare undermines personal responsibility, personal initiative, and individual incentives to excel.

R: Any of us who have acquaintances who show a doctrinaire leftist turn of mind will be told that such values are a special kind of mythology-laden false consciousness. The rest of us will recognize that the values show a subjective, not an objective reality, and are merely delusional.

H: Partisans believe that state spending is wasted on persons with illness or disability.

R: Sick people get well and will become paying clients and customers.

H: People who become sick or disabled show weaknesses or flaws in personality and character, and the state has no responsibility to support such persons.

R: Any elected politician who becomes sick or disabled should be required to forsake special government sponsored health care and then enter the same market as their constituents.

H: Partisans are aware that they are members of an elite, and are unwilling to spend the money on healthcare that would share their advantages with the people who elect them.

R: They are getting the predictable and expected reactions to this presently in town halls with their constituents.

H: Partisans believe that elected officials should reserve the right to punish those dependent persons showing weaknesses in personality or character, and notions of cruelty are beside the point.

R: Although most partisans claim to be in the Judeo—Christian mainstream, they commonly do not manifest the ordinary Judeo—Christian values (if they did we wouldn’t be having this conversation in the first place.)

H: There is always a racist dimension to budget cuts: Medicaid serves the elderly, the sick, the disabled, and principally the poor. According to the Kaiser Family Foundation, in California in 2015, of the non elderly on Medicaid 22% were white, 7% were Black, and 56% were Hispanic (the gender differences in 2011 also were stark: 38% male, 62% female.)

R: This should not be news, although no one speaks of it—just as it is the case of that racial dimension apparent when the new administration on a slow news day, goes after some progressive accomplishment of the preceding President.

H: Partisans must show respect for the political platform and agenda of their new leader.

R: That platform and agenda are full of contradictions, and are compromised because the leader on an average day behaves as if he were eleven years old, and on a good day behaves as if he were fourteen years old.

H: If we were patient the leader would promote good policies.

R: Since day one of his campaign, the leader has acted as if all politics were a mere warmup to the Jerry Springer Show, and he only gives signs of becoming worse.

H: Partisans will stooop to claims ranging from stretchers to outright lies to support their views.

R: The New York Times of July 4 showed that Senator McConnell of Kentucky praised $280 tax cuts for the middle class, but the salient fact is that there would be a $250,000 cut for the upper 1%, while Senator Toomey of Pennsylvania claimed that there would be a Medicaid expansion, the actual result would be a 72% increase in premiums for the elderly in his state; Senator Alexander of Tennessee claimed that Medicaid funding increases at the rate of inflation, the rate at present is actually better than that; the White House claimed that billed premiums are doubling and tripling but does not mention that these raises are covered in the present ACA; Senator Johnson of Wisconsin claims that the Act causes a gap in coverage, all the while suppressing the fact that a gap occurs in just those states that refused Medicaid expansion.

H: The most able income earners have been patient too long, and the current effort to claw back funds to promote investment capital and tax relief are overdue.

R: This has been a conservative position for a very long time. Reasoned analysis holds that investors have never had it better. But we are approaching that place where the sleep of reason breeds monsters.

It is important to understand that, according to the Kaiser Family Foundation at KFF.org (whose analyses are invaluable during this crisis) the citizens of California are not under the same severe threat in the loss of Medicaid funds as the citizens of Kentucky, West Virginia and other states where the people are adherents and supporters of the President’s message and style.

Hypothesis: The administration does not care, and as conservative partisans they are not interested in meeting the personal needs of their constituents.

Response: Within a generation when the current partisans are gone and unalmented there will be a single-payer health system.

Note: Per Tom, “Who Are They?” is a hard-hitting piece that represents his perspective on the health care issue; he welcomes comments. Please send responses and opinions to donahue_thomas@ymail.com.

PostScript also welcomes your comments. Anyone wishing to share opinions on issues of interest to SDSURA members, please send to the PostScript Committee. We will publish your articles in future issues.
Pirates! During my years at San Diego State I directed dozens of plays. Two, sometimes three plays a year for three decades. That involved hundreds of evenings spent in rehearsal and an astounding number of student contact hours. Hard work indeed but also challenging and usually fun. I loved it. Certainly kept my brain engaged. When I got home from rehearsal it was hard to go to sleep I was so wired. I used to lie in bed trying to figure out how to solve this or that problem. In actuality my early morning walk was usually when I figured it out. All those plays—some are almost forgotten but others are vivid in my mind. Memorable rehearsals with frustrations but occasional totally rewarding break thurs. The constant is memorable students. Early on I had an assistant director who knew every line in the play. Perhaps she had a photographic memory. I didn’t ask. When we got to the part of the rehearsal process when you have to prompt to keep scenes moving she yelled out lines without even looking at the script. Remarkable. Give that woman a job. One play had three actors in it all named Mark. That turned giving notes after rehearsal into a comedy routine. On a never to be forgotten day all three turned up wearing identical shirts, just to make the process even more chaotic. Jokers! What fun.

One year I directed a version of Robert Louis Stevenson’s Treasure Island. As you can well imagine it involved a big cast of actors playing pirates. I don’t remember how many there were but some days it seemed like hundreds because when they were together they were totally unable to keep from talking. It was impossible to get them to stay quiet long enough to listen to directions. I have never forgotten it. Frustrating. All that energy! They drove me and the sweet and quiet young woman who was my assistant director absolutely crazy. One day she got so fed up that she actually yelled at them. I was amazed. Years later I had a chance meeting with that assistant director—who had moved on to a successful career. We laughed about those never to be forgotten irrepressible pirates. I loved those guys. They were memorable. Their energy was just right for the show. Good casting call. Who wants pirates who are calm and controlled? They made my life and the play better. I will never forget them.

So—you know the drill. We want to hear from you. Tell us about students who made an impact on your life at SDSU—memorable for whatever reason. We are eager to hear your stories.
Save the Date

Oktoberfest, October 13, 2017, Santee Lakes


Coming in the next PostScript:

Memorable Students

Left: A springtime view of Hepner Hall and Hardy Memorial Tower from the Campanile Walkway.

DEADLINE: November 10, 2017

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.