For me the ending of the holiday season and the beginning of a new year is both a time for reflection and a source of anticipation as the new year is imminent. 2016 is particularly meaningful for the Retirement Association because it marks our 30th anniversary. In 1986 a few stalwart souls had the idea of a faculty and staff retirement association and persevered to bring it to fruition. The initial President was Aubrey Wendling and he and the founding members had the vision to see the value in such an organization. You will be hearing more about events celebrating this anniversary in the coming months.

Many of you attended the SDSURA day at the SDSU Theatre on November 1st to see Into The Woods. The Association is planning a spring day at the SDSU Theatre and hopes you will be able to attend. Your Board of Directors is always looking for activities that may interest the membership. If you have any ideas for events or outings that you enjoy and think others may enjoy please let me know. My email is dpopp8@cox.net. I am looking forward to a great year.

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THIRTY YEARS OF SDSURA

In March 2016, the San Diego State University Retirement Association will mark its 30th anniversary. As we look forward to celebrating, we thought it timely to share Aubrey Wendling’s 1986 account of the founding of the association which appeared in the first issue of PostScript—Volume I, Number 1. You are currently reading Volume 30, Number 1. Quite a journey, and thanks to Aubrey and those original members and supporters, both the SDSURA and PostScript are still going strong.

After Eighty-Nine Years

SDSU-RA Comes to Life

San Diego State University was founded in 1897 and eighty-nine years later the SDSU Retirement Association is established! Proposal for a retirement association was an outgrowth of independent interests and needs of numerous retired personnel. Success of the retirement associations at UCLA, USC, and particularly at the University of Washington was extremely encouraging in helping us to establish our Association. Support from President Day by providing the inaugural reception, an office and advice was crucial to our early progress, as were the many contributions by the Planning Committee.

A SDSU-RA brochure has been mailed to members and non-members. It is designed to be informative as well as to encourage other retirees to join the Association. We thank Glen Conklin of Conklin Lith who graciously donated the printing of the brochure.

Marjorie and Bill Campbell and their Newsletter Committee have our appreciation for publishing the first copy of “PostScript.” It is hoped that members will send in articles of related interest for future publications.

Hopefully, the Association office will open around the end of July. Tim Hallihan is busy getting the office ready. Initially, we are going to staff the office by volunteers. We will have an answering machine in service when the office is not open in order to serve you better.
A note of appreciation is due to the great support team of the elected officers and to Mike Lewis of the University Relations and Development office. He has provided the University support and has volunteered wise counseling in getting the Association going.

The Board of Directors will establish committees to coordinate the needs and interests of our members after a telephone survey is completed.

We plan to have a general meeting and social get-together this Fall.

This article was reprinted from the Special 25th Anniversary Edition of PostScript, edited by Jerry W. Koppman, with co-editors Lucille Wendling, Norma Summesrgill, Andrew Olson, Pat Koppman, and Dan Gilbreath.

SDSURA SCHOLARS REPORT

Katie Martin

The Retirement Association Board and Scholarship Committee have taken on the task of contacting past recipients of SDSURA scholarships to see how the student scholars are progressing in their academic endeavors and, in some cases, in their careers. In this issue we are sharing reports from Katie Martin and Sierra Cronan. Katie was awarded scholarships in both the 2010-11 and 2011-2012 academic years, and is the granddaughter of Barry Jones, Communicative Disorders. Sierra Cronan received the Veva Link Scholarship for the 2014-15 academic year. She is the niece of Terry Cronan and Al Hillix, Psychology. Here are their reports.

Katie Martin. I am so honored to have been a Retirement Association Scholar, and it certainly has had a profound impact on my educational course and professional career. I am sure my late grandfather (Barry Jones, Assistant Dean for the College of Health and Human Services, and Chair of the then-Communicative Disorders Department) would be extremely grateful for the Association’s support of my education.

As a Retirement Association Scholar, I used my generous funding to get a double major in International Security and Conflict Resolution (ISCOR) and Political Science. Freeing up my budget from tuition expenses allowed me to take advantage of a number of other opportunities that had ripple effects on my professional projection—most notably studying sustainability and indigenous development in Ecuador and interning in the White House during Spring 2013. I was honored to graduate Summa Cum Laude with the Henry L. Janssen Honors Council Award, representing the ISCOR Department as the Class of 2013’s Outstanding Graduating Senior.

Following graduation, I worked briefly with defense and intelligence officials on a nine nation communications program with the US Navy and Army at Naval Base Point Loma. I then decided to transition into the international development industry and move to Washington, DC. Since then, I have been working at Management Sciences for Health on a USAID-funded contract that delivers leadership and management training to health professionals in sub-Saharan Africa. Personally, I lead a training program that has reached over 100 midwives in ten countries, improving maternal, newborn, and child health. I have been able to travel extensively to this end; I am currently planning a trip in late October to South Sudan and Tanzania to study the effect of male involvement interventions in reproductive health. My long-term career goal is to be a professor at, you guessed it, San Diego State! As a result, I am currently applying to Master of Public Health programs at Columbia, Yale, and Johns Hopkins to do research on health disparities in refugee populations. It is my hope to then return to SDSU to complete my PhD in Global Health.

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Sierra Cronan. Since receiving the Veva Link Memorial Scholarship from the Retirement Association a lot has happened! I completed my honors thesis through the Psychology department where I was awarded the Parker Award for Outstanding Undergraduate Paper in Psychology and have since graduated from SDSU last May. During my senior year I applied to several graduate schools in different areas of psychology. I was accepted into University of California Riverside’s social/personality doctoral program, University of California Merced’s health psychology doctoral program, University of Colorado-Denver’s clinical health doctoral program, and University of Utah’s social psychology doctoral program. Ultimately I have realized that I would like to do research looking at the influence social relationships and the support they provide have on health—specifically that related to cardiovascular disease. Because of this focus I decided that University of Utah was the best fit for me and accepted my offer of admissions. I started my program there this fall and am currently working alongside Dr. Uchino. Without the financial support the SDSURA scholarship provided I would not have been able to afford to apply to these schools and would have never had the opportunities that were presented to me. I am so thankful for the support the Retirement Association has provided me in pursuing my Ph.D. I feel so fortunate to have received this scholarship as it has profoundly affected my life.
My parents (SDSU social work professor Jack Stumpf and social work youth activist Jo Stumpf) took me on countless adventures, including to L’Anse Aux Meadows on the northern tip of Newfoundland one year after archaeologists discovered the Viking site, to the wilds of the Hudson Bay where we had to keep a mad and lethal bear at bay using Halloween noisemakers, to dancing at an authentic Plains Indian congregation we stumbled upon, and many others less dramatic.

But for me the most memorable will always be the month we spent driving the length of what was then (in 1972) Yugoslavia. It was experientially a trip through time, with all five senses involved, standing in other centuries three dimensionally. We were driving, few locals spoke English, and it was February, the dead of winter. There were many modern facilities along the way; in fact, we swam in a 21st-century pool housed in a glass dome that was breathtaking. But it is the sense of having travelled through centuries past that lingers.

We started in the present, visiting a social work friend and his family at their apartment in Zagreb. We then headed for the coast, traveling through snow-covered fairy tale forests and across frozen farm fields. From then on “time” jumped back and forth across centuries. Our first stop was Pula, site of a very well preserved and quiet Roman colosseum carpeted simply with green grass. Then south along the Dalmatian Coast where the mountains plunge directly into the Adriatic, the beaches are rock not sand, but the gentle climate nurtures orange trees and a comparatively sunny climate. One day buying our typical “picnic lunch” of cheese and bread at a local market, we were approached by a fellow who’d emigrated to Michigan for several years. He invited us to his family home, where we got to meet everyone and have lunch. On south through cities like Split, where present-day shops are literally built in the multi-story Roman Forum ruins.

It was south of beautiful Dubrovnik—a walking history book in itself—that the trip truly became otherworldly. On one “picnic lunch” stop by the side of the road along a deep valley in the mountains of Montenegro, we met a farmer who we discovered actually lived and farmed on the other side of the valley. As usual, we had our binoculars out, and realized that he had never seen binoculars before. The experience of watching him look through the binocs and see his children playing on the other side of the valley was poignant and unforgettable. As we drove further up into the mountains, we picked up two young men with musical instruments and ended up at a smoky café/bar with a dirt floor. We stayed overnight in a different little town at an even higher elevation. When we went to get into the car the next morning, we discovered the rearview mirrors had been ripped off. We just quietly left, almost immediately attributing even the theft to the otherworldly experience we were having as this area had historically been known as a land where thievery was prevalent.

Continuing east . . . out of the mountains onto the two-lane highway running south right down the middle of the broad Plains of Kosovo. Ahead we could see wagons, wagons and more wagons going to Saturday market across old stone bridges over the highway. Then a sporty, high-stepping rig came up behind us, pulled by two gorgeous horses sporting red plumes on their heads. The rig was driven by two (we soon learned) dare devilish young men who decided to race us! They pulled alongside, smiled widely at us, and spurred their horses to take off. We of course let them win! Later that day we visited and became immersed in heavy incense in an Orthodox Christian church. And the end of our Yugoslavian time travel was at Lake Ohrid with its gorgeous Byzantine church mosaics. All unforgettable.

“All that is gold does not glitter, not all those who wander are lost.”

J.R.R. Tolkien

“I am not the same, having seen the moon shine on the other side of the world.”

Mary Anne Radmacher
This year Oktoberfest was held for the first time at the Santee Lakes Recreation Preserve on Fanita Parkway. The weather was warm but there were some nice shade trees and a little breeze at times so it was tolerable. We had the usual wonderful Brat & Sauerkraut lunch with salad, green beans, and potato salad served by Bekker’s Catering, a favorite of ours. Of course the Apple Cobbler was delicious as well, topped off with plenty of whipped cream.

Beer, wine, and soft drinks were consumed with gusto as members enjoyed seeing and talking with old friends. The entertainment was provided by Peter Seltser on guitar. He played many old favorites and a number of people made positive comments about his singing.

We had a good turnout this year with around 45 members attending. Overall everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, and there were quite a few comments about how beautiful the setting was and how convenient it was to get there.

The Santee Lakes staff said they would be happy to have us again next year!
GOING PLACES, THE JOURNEY TO MOUNT WHITNEY
Ed Deaton, Mathematics and Computer Science

In the summer of 1986 I went on a diet and exercise program. In the mornings I would walk around Lake Murray with my wife, Mary Dee Dickerson, Family Studies, and Nancy Carmichael, Biology, and her Sheltie. After a few months I began to climb Cowles Mountain several times a week.

In July 1987, I decided to reward myself by climbing to the lowest of the four lakes in Sequoia National Park. I told several people I was going to Pear Lake. OOPS. Pear Lake is the highest of the four lakes. Heather is the lowest. Naturally, I had to go to Pear Lake.

In 1988 my son, Bruce, and I hiked out of Sequoia through Bear Paw Meadow, over Kaweah Gap, down the Big Arroyo, ending at Sky Parlour Meadow. We tried for a longer hike. Bruce, my daughter Evelyn, and I left Sequoia for Mt Whitney on the High Sierra Trail in July, 1989. This was to be an eight-day hike covering 72 miles. We crossed Kaweah Gap heading down the Big Arroyo when I noticed Evelyn was hurting. Her knee had been injured. We pushed on down slowly and found a Boy Scout group. We spent the night with them, then hiked up to Little Five Lakes. At the ranger station we found a ranger named Lo. She was 6 feet tall, sun burned, and wonderful.

We were concerned about getting Evelyn out of the mountains. Ranger Lo called for a government helicopter to take Evelyn to Mineral King. The next morning the helicopter arrived. The pilot took Evelyn and Bruce’s and my backpacks. We walked 18 miles to Mineral King. I expected a $600 charge for the helicopter. We were told, with apologies, that it would be $75. We never received a bill; there was no charge. We met Evelyn lying in a hammock, drinking a 7-Up, and asking us why we took so long!

We still wanted Mt Whitney. In August, 1990, Bruce and I went to the trail head in Onion Valley, West of Independence. Bruce talked the ranger into letting us leave a day earlier than our permit authorized and go three miles into the mountains. That night a bear came for our food. We had hung it as high as we could way out on a limb that would not support a bear. Mama bear was smarter than the average bear. She sent her cub into our tree; the cub climbed out on the limb, and lowered the food. When it fell, Bruce caught one bag of food and Mama bear caught the other. They pulled briefly, then Bruce, wisely, let go and Mama ran off with both bags.

At a midnight conference we decided to continue. Bruce hiked and hitchhiked to Independence, bought food, and returned. I stayed at our campsite. Several times I saw Mama eating our food a few hundred feet away. Several hikers on their way out gave me their left-over camp food.

On the fifth day we arrived at the Guitar Lake campground, a desolate area west of Whitney. We camped with a dozen other hikers. At 2 in the morning, we woke up and saw people moving in preparation for the ascent. We packed up, headed for Whitney, and made the top by eight that morning. There, we celebrated my 60th birthday.

“\text{It is good to have an end to journey toward, but it is the journey that matters in the end.}”

Ursula K. Le Guin

“\text{Broad, wholesome, charitable views of men and things cannot be acquired by vegetating in one little corner of the earth all of one’s lifetime.}”

Mark Twain

IN MEMORIAM

William Hunrichs
Psychology
September 2015

Donald Berdan
Husband of Emma Berdan
Library
September 2015
IT’S THE JOURNEY?  
Deborah Quiet, Business and Financial Affairs

The most memorable trip I ever took, and one of the best, was also the most fraught with disaster. It was possibly the epitome of “It’s the journey, not the destination.”

We started one day in May of 1984. My husband, Steve, and I drove Wilma, a big ol’ 4 wheel drive Ford F250 truck. I have no idea why we called her Wilma; that just was her name. On top of her we had a cab-over camper that was our home away from home. The two of them together were an imposing pair. We made a lot of great journeys in them.

This was one of our New Mexico trips. We had a bit of a love affair with New Mexico, and this might have been the trip that started it. We left home, headed east, and made it to just east of Tucson before we got the first flat tire. Steve installed the spare and we limped into Benson. At that time, Benson was not an ideal place to find a decent tire for the truck, but we took what we could get. It was used but useable and we also picked up another spare.

We headed to Las Cruces and camped there a night, then headed to Carlsbad Caverns National Park, which was awesome. So far so good. From there we backtracked a bit to White Sands National Monument which was beautiful in its own way. Somewhere between there and Albuquerque we had our next “event.” Our camper flooded—a water pipe burst while we were out and filled the floor with an inch or two of water. OK, we weathered that with a mop and a bucket. We stopped for a day or so in Albuquerque to meet up with good friends Roger and Susan. We all wanted to see Santa Fe so we left Wilma in a campground and the four of us drove there in Roger and Susan’s car. When we came back and went to carry on with our journey, the starter in the truck went out. Luckily our friends were still around, and because we were not yet members of AAA, Roger ferried Steve to a local auto parts store. Fortunately, Steve was enough of a “car guy” to remove the bad starter and install the new one.

With Albuquerque and Santa Fe under our travel belts, we were off to Chaco Culture National Historical Park. This was truly the highlight of our trip, but part of the road to get there was a dirt/gravel road and that is where, in the midst of seemingly empty New Mexico we had our second flat tire. The spare from Benson was placed in service. From Chaco we headed west to Canyon de Chelly National Monument, another beautiful place in Chinle, Arizona, in the midst of the Navajo Reservation, now Navajo Nation. As we were headed south toward Gallup, we had yet another flat tire and at the same time noticed that one of the last remaining original tires was soon to depart. So we limped into Gallup and did what we should have done before we ever started out—purchased four brand new good quality tires and another spare.

From Gallup we visited Sunset Crater Volcano National Monument and spent a couple of days of hiking before heading home.

It might seem that we would give up on camping after all that trouble. Not at all. I have graduated to a small motorhome. Or readers might assume we’d never want to go back to Arizona or New Mexico. Again, not at all. We made many more trips there. We were young and adventurous then, and none of the mishaps did us in. We had a wonderful journey, saw beautiful places, and began our love affair with that amazing part of the country.

DAY AT THE THEATER  
Barbara Barnes, Enrollment Services

About 25 SDSURA members journeyed to campus on November 1 for a matinee performance of Stephen Sondheim’s Into the Woods. Like many a fall day in San Diego, the afternoon was hot and dry, so the shade of the Music Building’s Rose Garden was a welcome setting for the pre-curtain-time reception. Refreshments of coffee, lemonade and cookies were served, and as a special treat, Into the Woods director Paula Kalustian spoke to playgoers about the production.

Paula began her career at SDSU by choreographing Rodgers and Hart in 1989; this production of Into the Woods was completing her SDSU career. Rather than the larger Don Powell Theater, Paula said her choice was to direct this play on the smaller Experimental Theater stage. While a large theater might lend itself to elaborate special effects, Paula hoped that the smaller, more intimate space of the Experimental Theater would celebrate the play’s words and lyrics. It did. The set design and the performances by the MFA and undergraduate students told the story, one that was moving and fun to experience.

Many thanks to Maggi McKerrow for making SDSURA’s “Day at the Theater” happen, to Dean Popp for coordinating the logistics, for everyone in the SDSURA office for their assistance, and to SDSURA members for supporting the event. The response to this theater day was so positive—all available tickets were sold—that another one is planned for the spring. When you see the announcement, don’t hesitate. As Into the Woods’s Cinderella said, “Opportunity is not a lengthy visitor.”
REMEMBERING PHILIP HALFAKER—ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE AND VALUED FRIEND
Leoné McCoy, Secondary Education

Anyone who called Philip (Phil) Halfaker an esteemed colleague and valued friend was fortunate, indeed. I team-taught with Phil, and I never heard him express a hurtfully unkind or mean-spirited comment about anyone with whom we worked. Perhaps that is a reflection of the fact that others held him in such high regard, and he responded in kind. It was simpler than that. The truth of the matter was that people liked Phil and trusted him.

Phil Halfaker practiced humility and fair play with no bias or fuss. Don’t be mistaken. If he didn’t respond with rancor, he could still have a good laugh, his infectious humor ringing true over the strange behavior of some players. His actions as strong as his strong handwriting. Ask anyone who ever received a memo from him. You dare not disregard it, for you read his determination in his powerfully shaped script.

Phil Halfaker came to SDSC (later SDSU) after serving in a civilian administrative post at the U.S. Army Dependents School in Hamburg, Germany. It sensitized him, he would later recall, to cultural and linguistic and socio-economic differences that impact students everywhere. It lent an air of caring and diplomacy about him.

When he was elected by his peers as Coordinator of Secondary Education, he candidly described his leadership style with a baseball analogy. “I’m a good outfielder and infielder, if you need me to I can deliver a fast ball better than most, but I truly enjoy hitting the ball out of the park with all bases loaded.” He delivered on all counts. To put us in a problem-solving mode, he had a knack for asking good questions. He, for example, had a fascination for ‘the brass ring phenomenon.’ I remember his asking a few of us faculty over coffee, “Why do some people reach for the ring?”...his voice conveying genuine curiosity about the unknown.

At that time, he put his interest in applied research to the test. He asked the San Diego Unified School District if he might teach pro bono a class in business, his major when he was a student at Ball State University. Three times a week he would dash out from his campus office, beating all the traffic lights on his way to...
Lincoln High School. There he lent his time and talent to a somewhat strained school population. In fact, problems that Phil wrestled with then were reported just this past September, when CBS News described the area as an ‘austere’ environment, while heaping attention on two NFL golden quarterbacks, Allen and Terrell, both Lincoln High alums.

As Phil Halfaker reached out to the community-at-large, they looked to him for his even-handed guidance and elected him to two terms as a San Diego City School board member. With his fellow trustees, he would oversee 140,000 public school students and at least 4,000 teachers.

Phil Halfaker’s legacy continues to this day in the newsworthy university and school district partnerships which thrive in different forms and in different places. What a coup it was when Phil Halfaker helped negotiate an MOU (Memorandum of Understanding) with our SDSU President Thomas Day, Superintendent Thomas Payzant and the school site principal Dr. Leonard Sher, all signatories to the agreement. I believe that it was the first of its kind on the university scene at the time.

When Phil Halfaker completed his eight years of service as a school board member, his wife Marge wanted to give him a grand send-off celebration. Characteristically reserved, he demurred. He liked to camp, and he said something like, “Can’t we just go to the desert?” But Marge prevailed, and he agreed to enjoy the party.

During the gathering, I struck up a conversation with the superintendent’s secretary. She wanted us to know what a joy it was for her and the other school employees to work with Phil Halfaker. She said that he never failed to stop by her desk and acknowledge her. She added that he was always ready to help resolve thorny issues in a smart and winning way. Yes, Phil Halfaker grabbed the brass ring and caught it for the benefit for all of us at SDSU.

In the photo, Phil Halfaker is with a group of student teachers. He was never more comfortable than in their company, and they returned his attention and respect in bountiful ways.

ARMISTICE 1918—COMPIÈGNE, FRANCE

Of centuries the twentieth, its eighteenth sun, eleventh moon, eleventh hour.
As the gunfire falls mute only the clock cries out.
Stikes once for peace, strikes twice for hope, strikes thrice for mothers,
four times for fathers, five times for widows,
six times for orphans, seven times for faith,
eight times for reason, nine times for the maimed,
ten times for the dead, eleven times for those who will die before noon.

The generals awake, their inkwells open, their pens stand poised.
Six months would languish by until Versailles, officiated peace.
Yet here the bleeding ebbs, the marching halts, the banners furl.

Songs in praise of war are whelmed by auguries of peace, peace beyond the eleventh hour, eleventh day, eleventh month, the eighteenth year, this twentieth of centuries. But underneath that surge of joy what is that snarling undertow I hear?

William Pease
Library
In my early days at SDSU Foundation, while working for its International Projects Center, I was assigned to be the Center’s summer Peace Corps Training Program volunteer coordinator for a month. To start the job, I flew to Philadelphia where I met 100+ Peace Corps volunteers, arranged for their lodging, passports, fingerprints, and allowances over the weekend. Next I flew with them to Barbados, where we were stationed for the first two weeks of the program. All went well, and the volunteers successfully finished the Barbados training.

I was then responsible for getting the volunteers and 40+ local Barbados staff to St. Lucia for the final weeks of the program. I like to be on time, so I arrived at the very small airport a bit early for the 5:30 a.m. flight. I had time to look around and checked out a postcard stand where a nice fellow was also looking at the postcards. We spoke briefly before the volunteers and staff arrived.

It turned out the plane we took was very old and very pink and purple! It did hold all 140+ of us and took off smoothly. I was happily sitting between and chatting with two volunteers (a retired priest and nun) when the flight attendant came by and asked me to follow her.

What a surprise! She led me into the cockpit area where it turned out the nice fellow from the postcard stand was the pilot. He invited me to sit between him and his copilot to enjoy the view and the flight. When he asked if I’d been to St. Lucia before and I said no, he decided to give me a flight tour of the island, swooping down here and there to point out special sites. A great adventure for me!

When the plane landed, the Barbados staff, who knew how the short flight usually flew, surrounded me immediately.

What happened? Why did we go off the regular flight path? Why was the plane dipping? Were we all safe?

I assured everyone all was well, but I didn’t go into the reason for the special island swoops.

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PLANES, BOATS AND FUNICULARS
Marion Kahn, Social Work

“When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him.”
Francis Bacon

Did someone say “getting there is half the fun?” I have many memories of getting to and from foreign cities—a funicular ride to Victoria Peak above Hong Kong, where hundreds of butterflies fluttered among bamboos and fern; a boat on the Amazon where Natives in canoes paddled up to sell their wares and an American pharmacologist almost tipped us over as he stretched to collect specimens from low hanging vines; a horse cart winding through the streets of Mallorca where our three-year-old carried on an animated conversation with the Spanish driver who understood not a word of David’s English chatter. Closer to home, from Eugene, Oregon to Walla Walla, Washington, a little Beechcraft 99 that flew so low, we could almost reach down to snatch a salmon from the Columbia River.

Disastrous travel adventures make some of the most memorable stories once we’re safely home. On a flight from Prague to Budapest, the smoking section was separated only by a narrow aisle from the non-smoking section, so every non-smoker was seated beside a smoker. On a flight from New York to what was then Yugoslavia, half way across the Atlantic Ocean, the pilot announced that instead of Zagreb, our scheduled destination, we would land in Belgrade “because more people want to go there.” Our luggage went to Zagreb and wouldn’t be seen again for days.

Another memorable airplane moment: somewhere between what was then called Canton and Peking, someplace between comical and alarming, all the oxygen masks abruptly dropped to dangle above the heads of terrified passengers. The flight attendants stood in the aisle giggling and smoking cigarettes.

Getting there is indeed half the fun!♦

Marion Kahn

ON MY OWN TWO FEET
Maggi McKerrow, Theatre Arts

For many years I have taken brisk daily walks in my neighborhood, usually by myself. No dog in my life. I listen to books, (currently walking my way through the fascinating thirty plus hours of *A Little Life* by Hanya Yanagihara), count cat sightings, observe roofers at work, note house color changes, and keep track of front yards transitioning to low water landscaping. Somehow walking puts my brain in gear. I just love it.

Several times my love for walking has provided exhilarating travel experiences. In the mid 1980s I went to Moscow with a group of Americans for a week long Theatre Congress. The first day or so we all felt jet-lagged and generally yucky. The hotel was grim, the rooms were probably bugged, the food was awful, and it was clear the Russians running the Congress intended to keep the American contingent under tight control. The second night we were bussed across the city to a theatre to see a play from one of the provinces. I have enjoyed many plays performed in languages I don’t understand, but not this one. All talk. No action. Who are these characters? Nap time! At intermission we asked one of the Russian guides if we could go back to our hotel. The answer was yes. He would show us the way if we were willing to walk. Yes indeed!

He led us on a half-hour walk through central Moscow back to our hotel. It was wonderful. Liberating! A never-to-be-forgotten experience. The walk freed us from supervision because it turned out our hotel was just on the other side of a surprisingly beautiful and brilliantly lit Red Square. We walked by Lenin’s tomb, The Kremlin, the GUM department store, St Basil’s onion-domed Cathedral. We got it. We were geographically oriented. We could go anywhere. Yeah!

For the rest of that memorable trip we tried to avoid buses. We took the subway but mostly we walked and walked much more, greatly helped by a German map of central Moscow that a friend brought along. It had all the streets on it. Definitely not true of the map the Russians gave out.

It was a fabulous Congress. Theatre Companies from all over the Soviet Union performed. Two shows were thrilling with audiences pounding their feet on the floor to express their appreciation. Most were excellent. Clever scripts, inventive staging, wonderful acting, scenery, costumes. You name it. We saw it. As a bonus we got very skilled at using a flashlight to study plot summaries at intermission. All in all a great experience.

Thank goodness I am a good walker. It really has enriched my life.♦
LIFETIME PHOTOS:
A NEW SERIES!

Almost everyone has all-time favorite photos, images that stand out from the rest. Maybe one of your favorites was taken when you were far away from home, in Scotland for example, playing golf at St. Andrews. Or maybe one summer you toiled daily in your garden and were rewarded with a bumper crop of heirloom tomatoes—you recorded your success with a photo. Maybe you have an image of your cat curled in her basket, napping sweetly. Or maybe you took a selfie in front of a spectacular San Diego sunset. Or maybe…well, you get the idea. The point is to let you know that PostScript is starting a new series called “Lifetime Images.” If you have any special photos you would like to share, please send them to us. We would love to include a favorite in our next issue.

We are launching this feature with the photo by Maggi McKerrow that inspired “Lifetime Images.” Here’s what she says:

"In October I stayed in the Park Plaza Hotel in London which is centrally located right next to Westminster Bridge. My room had no view but by the elevator on every floor cleverly placed windows displayed a stunning view of Big Ben. One evening as I walked to my hotel room I noticed that the window on the 10th floor had transformed into a piece of art. Amazed I took out my iPhone 6 and snapped this photo. I never saw the view look like that again."
A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

A place for everything
and everything in its place.

Combine parked tongue out,
tractor, front in.
a place for everything,
and everything in its place.

Shovels, rakes, sledge hammers,
peetunk*, wedges, axes,
always in their place,
just so.

Everyone knew where everything was.
and everything had better be where each of everything
belonged, for every farm had a farmer,
and farmer knew everything and had decided where
everything’s place must be.

Steel bench,
wiping cloth spread just so,
four wooden kegs cocked in a row,
each with nails or bolts or spikes of similar size.
Mix not the sizes
for each has its place and everything must be there.

Screw drivers arranged by size and function,
phillips to the left, then slotted.
two hand saws, ripper over cross-cut,
needle-nosed pliers,
four hammers,
three claw,
one ball peen,
in proper order, just so, all the time.

One boy between two girls,
each four years apart,
arranged just so, backs to the sink
facing the walnut table,
Mother at table’s side,
facing the children,
her place to agree with Father.

Weekly conference,
Father at table’s head,
in charge,
a place for everyone
and everyone in place
like cows,
and pliers,
and combine and tractor
and tablecloth spread just so.

* Peetunk: hickory axe handle topped with steel wedge, for splitting logs

Leif Fearn
Education
BENEFITS: TWO ITEMS OF CURRENT INTEREST
Tom Donahue, ERF A Representative

Please recall that last time there was a preliminary discussion of carried interest, the term for fees which CalPERS has been paying to firms which provide investment advice and services. The latest news on this subject is available on the CalPERS website under the “Facts at a Glance.” By all means notice at the site the total of fees paid in two categories for management advice: the “Base Fees and Performance Fees,” or “Investment External Management” costs are reported as $930.7 million. You may recall from the last issue of PostScript that there was speculation that these would be between $600 million and $900 million. A separate category, “Third-Party Administrator Fees,” is listed at $294.6 million, and we may expect CalPERS to explain this in the future. In any event the management fees are certain to be reduced as the shift away from equity investments proceeds over time.

On another matter, you may choose to relax if you have been concerned about the matter of the up and coming excise tax for “Cadillac” investment programs. The issue, as you may recall, is that in 2018 under the Affordable Care Act a 40% tax is to be levied on all HMO programs which charge over $10,200 for an individual or $27,500 for a family. An example of how this may be applied is Kaiser Permanente Senior Advantage: the amount for me and my wife in actual negotiated subsidies are small—State Only: $705; Two Party—$1343; and Family—$1727. Our HMOs have negotiated smaller sums than that with the state in each case. The specific monthly subsidy for the retired employee and one dependent for Kaiser Permanente Senior Advantage, for example, is: $594.46. Other examples: for the PERS Choice monthly Medical Supplement for the employee and dependent, it is $732.76; for the CCPOA North and South Medical Supplement, it is $872.56. Multiply the sums for a year and you will see that the state offers a maximum subsidy of $8,460 for one person, $16,116 for two, and $20,724 for a family. And actual negotiated subsidies are smaller; the amount for me and my wife in Kaiser Permanente Senior Advantage is $7,133.52. The advice from here is relax—we aren’t near the Cadillac range at this point.

TREASURER’S REPORT
Deborah Quiett, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of 10/31/2015

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<th>Account</th>
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The photos of Aubrey Wendling and Don Harder (pages 2 and 8) were provided by the University Archives Photograph Collection, courtesy of Library Special Collections.
of heavy hors d’oeuvres. Everyone celebrated a St.Patty’s Day evening celebration Tuesday, dining on corned beef and cabbage, roasted veggies and soda bread, brownies and shamrock cookies prepared by head chefs Gloria and Ramon Ross and committee. Evenings were rounded off with a hearty song fest of oldies, jokes and more jokes and of course Harry Meyer’s obligatory telescope was much appreciated. Harry was challenged this year by Anne Burgess’ newly acquired computerized telescope. Not to be left unmentioned was the other obligatory element, Jerry Koppman’s rendition of Rindercella, a command performance. The Dessels unfortunately got locked out of their RV one night but felt fortunate to find the couches in our meeting room were better than sleeping under the stars. That event brought forth memories of the time Norm provided much amusement to the group gathered around the campfire when he got locked inside the bathroom of their motor home!

Daytime activities included rounds of golf, desert hikes, plenty of relaxation, conversation and making the rounds of dozens of fantastical new metal sculptures scattered around Borrego. Favorites included the scorpion and grasshopper, a mama pig with piglets and a jeep stuck on a rock.

Many thanks and appreciation are due to all chefs, dishwashers and general cleaner-uppers. The meal time by committee plan worked very well and most certainly will be continued.

Coming in the Next PostScript

The next PostScript will feature stories about SIBLINGS. Tell us about siblings you remember. Your siblings, your childhood friends' siblings, siblings you remember working with or for, siblings you taught, grand siblings, sibling pets? You can interpret this theme any way you like. We just want to hear the stories you have to tell—old or new, happy or sad. I particularly remember identical twin girls who took several classes from me at SDSU in the 1980s. They were delightful, but it was not easy to tell which twin was which. I was never quite sure. Did they try to fool me? Just don't know.

So. SIBLINGS is the topic. Tell us your story. We are eager to listen.

Maggi McKerrow
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.