PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE
Dean Popp, Economics

In past President’s Messages I have described some of the physical changes to the campus, such as the new buildings. In the past five years the face of the campus has changed dramatically with the new Aztec Center and the most recent Gateway to the campus on Campanile Drive. While the appearance of the campus has changed there has been a more subtle change in the average or typical student at SDSU. Some of you may have heard from relatives or neighbors complaining because their student was unable to successfully enroll in SDSU. There are several reasons for this but the upshot is there are many more applications for a precious few slots at SDSU. In this message I will address some of the changes in the admission standards and the increase in the number of student applications at SDSU.

Prospective students today have additional hurdles to surmount as well as higher hurdles than existed in the 1970’s and 1980’s. First, high school students must successfully complete, with a grade of C or better, a 15 unit comprehensive pattern of college preparatory classes (known as the a-g requirements) to be considered for admission. Then there is the eligibility index which is calculated from the student’s high school GPA and the SAT or ACT score. The upshot is that the typical student at SDSU in 2016 is better prepared for university level coursework than was the case thirty years ago. There are many ways to measure the academic preparation of the student body. One simple comparison is the average SAT score (Scholastic Aptitude Test). In the 1980’s the average SAT score for incoming students to SDSU was in the mid-900s, in 2016 it was 1174. This is a dramatic increase and partially explains why some students today are not admitted to SDSU when those same students would have been easily admitted in the 1980’s.

To complete this message allow me to provide you with a few undergraduate application and enrollment statistics for the years 2012 and 2016 which demonstrate the continuing interest in SDSU by prospective students.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Applications</th>
<th>Admitted</th>
<th>Enrolled</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2012</td>
<td>70,000</td>
<td>21,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2016</td>
<td>84,000</td>
<td>26,700</td>
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</tbody>
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As you can see the number of applicants to SDSU, the number of applicants admitted and the actual enrolled students have continued to grow. It may seem surprising that only about one third of the admitted students actually enroll at SDSU but this is a reflection of the fact that all applicants to universities today apply to several schools and most are admitted to several universities. Accurately estimating the number of admitted students who will actually enroll at SDSU is a very important calculation. This represents a significant change from my experience, and Sharon’s, in applying to universities when we graduated from high school. Sharon applied to one, and thankfully was admitted, and I applied to just two universities. Other students we knew at that time (dark ages) applied to just one or two schools. Students today have to apply to multiple institutions to maintain their options for being admitted. It was much easier back in the “good old days.”

Cover photo: Northwest corner of the Main Quad, now also known as Hepner Quad. The background buildings are the original Mission-style Revival structures dating from 1931, the year the campus opened on Montezuma Mesa. The WPA benches have been painted by student artists in recent years.
There has been a cultural change on the San Diego State University campus over the fifty years I have been here, not the least of which is the change from San Diego State College to San Diego State University. I came from Arizona State University and a project in which I had Head Start training responsibilities for 54 tribal councils in Arizona, New Mexico, Southwest Colorado, and Quechan on the river at Yuma. I was happy and fulfilled working among the tribes and the people. I thought I would spend my career there.

Then prodigious good fortune shone on me, and I drove here from Arizona for an interview. It was 109 when I left that morning in a VW bug with no air conditioning. What did it matter? I had lived in Arizona for six years by then, and I survived the summer heat. Past Yuma, I was farther west than I had ever been. Between El Centro and the mountain, I was in territory I hadn’t the words to describe to anyone who was never there. Dateland looked like an oasis. I had a tuna sandwich and a Coke, soaked the towel I kept around my neck until it dried in what seemed like about ten minutes, and realized that I was going uphill. In a VW of that vintage, uphill means speed drops to 40 with the accelerator on the floor.

I remember the stark landscape, strewn with what reminded me of the glacial rock formations in northeastern Pennsylvania, except these were brown, round, and foreboding.

But that isn’t what I came here to tell you about. (Thank you Arlo Guthrie.) You see, when we go uphill for a while, it is inevitable that we go downhill, which is what happened, and as that little bug descended, it felt like the temperature dropped a degree per mile, and the world turned green. When I crested the rise out of El Cajon, passed La Mesa, and closed in on San Diego State over to the left, I laid eyes on that shining city on a hill. (Thank you Ronald Reagan.) Okay, that is a tad overdramatic, but after that drive through the desert, what I could see from I-8 looked like it shone.

I had three delightful interviews the following morning and every indication that if I wanted a career on a college campus, I might want to start packing. With that in mind, I meandered the campus and found that quad under the bells. I sat there, flawless sky a blue I’d never seen before, eucalyptus trees swaying in the breeze, wrapped in those old buildings, green grass, and a sense that this is what a college campus is supposed to feel like. I wrote a note in my pocket notebook, which I was, and remain, wont to do, that this is where I belong, and if I am up to it, I have a place to be for the duration. (The note is somewhere still; I save everything.) I have loved every moment on this campus, the people, the buildings, the classrooms (save for the wretched room over that College Avenue coffee shop). When I walked away in 2013, I took with me the mental and affective images that fed me for so many years. I wonder how many faculty and staff who have come aboard in the last couple of decades feel encased in such images. I wonder how many love to walk into a classroom here and feel at home. I wonder how many will take with them warm memories of scores of colleagues who were also good friends with whom they shared family holidays.

And I wonder if I am the only one, not because of the campus and the people but because I came here wanting it that way and expecting it to satisfy my plan.
ENRICHING ELIXIR OF PRINT AND PICTURE
Leoné McCoy, Secondary Education

My two favorite hangouts at SDSU were the old Love library and the media center. To find a place to meditate in and, for me, to relax in, there was no better hideaway than among the books and stacks and cubbyholes and nooks, where the ceilings were majestic, and, of course, where there was no better friend than the librarian, always ready to provide information about new acquisitions and remind us of old favorites.

Down the way was the home of those entrusted with our collection of media, and their staff, who could turn 1,000 words into a single, dramatic and tapestried picture. In some of our pilot programs in Secondary Education we documented our work with photographs to “let the world” know what we were doing. So to visit the center and then plan for media events was a special place to be. In the accompanying picture, you see their photographic legerdemain, capturing principal John Cornelius and his librarian, Mrs. Bailey, assisting Hari, a student at El Cajon Valley High School.

I particularly like this photo created by staff from our media center because it embodies a sense of authentic and vital cooperation among all concerned. How to convey the qualities of what we considered a marquee project? We needed story-telling photos, and that’s what we got from some of the best photographers on campus. I must say that this collaborative effort, with its visual images showcasing our report, provided a springboard which catapulted us to national recognition and led us to an excellence in teacher education award from the AACTE and put our college in the mood for a happy dance.

The supportive talents of its staff and space filled with collections of our media provided yet another hands-on experience for me and my students, when I assigned them what was termed “microteaching” vignettes. It was a great hideaway where we could burrow down and take up the task of creating and capturing narratives on tape.

The media staff rolled out their videotaping systems, using clunky 70-pound machines, far more massive and cumbersome than what we see now in the shoulder-worn cameras. Relatively novel at the time in this pre-computer era (Stanford had pioneered the system in the 1960s), it was a means for my students to record their lessons on tape, for immediate or future review and assessment by them and their peers or even possibly by future employers. Everyone was involved and on their toes, and the approach had a way of putting the students in the spotlight, a kind of “Mr. De Mille, I’m ready for my closeup” moment. After releasing their butterflies, it gave them genuine pleasure to put their best foot forward, a feeling I shared and remember still, all happening in great campus venues.

As a postscript, recalling these times reminds me of how by the wildest of serendipities, they can build international connections. Several Japanese educators, on tour in the U.S. scouting out cutting-edge approaches, had learned of our use of videotaping and came to interview me. It was in the pre-Toyota boom period, and they were on the lookout for the next big thing to bring technology into the classroom. Faultlessly gracious, they returned my hospitality with a lovely Japanese-inspired gift. So even in the quiet and seemingly remote corridors of our media center, where my students and I found opportunities to create, the word about the work of our campus touched others far beyond our shores.

MEMORIES OF SDSU
Mary Nelson, Aztec Shops

I worked for Aztec Shops Food Service from 1959 to 1980. I have many good and some unpleasant memories of my years at State.

Here are a few of the memories.

I often left work early on Thursday afternoons in the summer to get in a golf game. One afternoon we were playing at Torrey Pines golf course when a cart came rushing toward us.

It was two men from the FBI and they wanted me to go back to the office and find something in our files for them. As I remember, I did go back and found some files but I no longer remember what they were for. What a way to end a beautiful day of golf! I think it may be about a company that we purchased foodstuffs from. A few days later, some people from Washington came and we had to give a deposition under oath for a Congressional hearing. That was the last we heard from them.

On a more pleasant note, when I first started at State, I think we had a few hundred resident students. They wanted pizza and we weren’t equipped to make that many pizzas. Hormel Meat Company had won our bid for some of our meats. In talking to the salesman, I mentioned to him the pizza problem. He went back to his plant in Anaheim.
and talked to Mr. Hormel, his boss. A few days later, Mr. Hormel came in with a pizza made up in a sheet pan that just needed baking. We tried it out and it was a success with the students. He had gotten the crust from a bakery in Anaheim next to their plant. It was such a success, he bought the bakery. That is why there is now Bridgford bread in the freezer cases at your local supermarket.

A more serious note, one Friday afternoon the chef and I were in the kitchen at one of the tables going over some items. Suddenly we were hit by someone throwing gelatin at us. There stood a stranger who had gone into the salad walk-in refrigerator, put his hand in a #200 pan of gelatin made with fruit cocktail. He said he was working for Caesar Chavez and there was a strike going on and we were not supposed to be using grapes or lettuce. Of course there was no way for the salad makers to get rid of the grapes in fruit cocktail. At the time I was dating a lawyer and I told him of the incident. (As a side bar, we had been getting many threatening phone calls.) My friend sent a letter to our university president, Caesar Chavez, and Harvey Goodfriend. To make it short, after all parties met, it was decided we could sell lettuce and grapes if I, my staff and Aztec Shops didn’t sue. Which of course we didn’t. Later I had gone out in front of Commons East where there were students picketing and carrying signs. I had a pleasant conversation with one of the co-eds who carried a sign against lettuce. A few minutes later she come in and had a lettuce salad.

There are so many great memories: Staff Women’s Club, setting up the Faculty Staff Club, the building and opening of Commons West, Betty’s Hot Dogger, opening of Aztec Center, birthdays celebrated with the employees, dressing up for Halloween, visiting other campuses across the country and knowing their directors, being president of the Western Region of the National Association of Colleges and Universities Food Services, meeting with our “lunch bunch” on the East Commons patio (you eight ladies all remember too I’m sure), the many student employees we had, and of course some sad things such as an employee’s wife being killed in a car accident after he had arrived at work, or an employee who lost his home in a fire.

On a most pleasant note, one of the nicest and best things that happened after I retired was receiving the Mortar Board Award for outstanding staff. I do check my plaque by the bookstore occasionally to see if the ivy has covered it and remember all the great times with friends and members of the SDSU community.

AUNT MARY’S
Stephen F. Barnes, ARPE

“Large cup of coffee and a poppy seed muffin, please.”

That familiar refrain has been repeated countless times, literally tens of thousands, on the campus of San Diego State University. A visit to Aunt Mary’s coffee and pastry window, near the entrance to East Commons, quickly became an endearing campus tradition.

The idea for a specialized food service offering only gourmet coffee and in-house pastries dates to the early 1980s. Harvey Goodfriend and Mary Nelson kicked the idea around a while, and with the ingenuity of Roy Kaderli, came up with the storefront idea. The appeal was immediate and faculty, staff, and students enroute to somewhere on campus would hit the window and place an order “to go.”

Initially, all of the pastries were baked on-site, and busy chefs could be seen through the windows. However, as Aunt Mary’s grew in popularity the bake shop, under head baker Jan Copher, was moved to West Commons. At its heyday, there were 5 or 6 full time bakers and a number of student assistants. Their scrumptious creations—muffins, cookies, brownies, Danish, donuts—were distributed across the campus, including the residence halls.

The coffee was a special product from a wholesale company that Roy Kaderli worked with in creating the correct blends. All of the coffee served at Aunt Mary’s was freshly ground. It wasn’t left to stand more than an hour at which time it was dumped and fresh was made.

One of the most popular pastries was the poppy seed muffin. Mary Nelson, aka Aunt Mary, got the recipe from a bakery in a small Texas town through her relatives who lived there.

Former president Tom Day, the vice presidents, and most of the dean’s frequented Aunt Mary’s, along with everyone else. You never knew in advance who you might see waiting in line for that morning cup of hot coffee and a muffin.

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.
The Oktoberfest was held again at the Santee Lakes Recreation Preserve on Fanita Parkway. Even the weather cooperated as it wasn’t as warm this year. The shade trees and a little breeze as well as the good company made it a pleasant experience. A few people even tried out their skill on a Bean Bag toss game which was a challenge.

Beer, wine, and soft drinks were consumed with gusto as members enjoyed seeing and talking with old friends. The entertainment was again provided by Peter Seltser on guitar. He played and sang many of the old favorites and had quite a group of avid listeners around him.

Bekker’s Catering provided the usual wonderful Brat & Sauerkraut lunch with salad, green beans, and potato salad. Their Apple Cobbler, topped off with plenty of whipped cream, was delicious as well.

We had a good turnout this year with over 50 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.

It seems that Santee Lakes is an excellent place to continue this popular tradition.♦
FINDING A SPOT: P* A* R* K* I* N* G AT SDSU
Maggi McKerrow, Theatre

When I arrived at San Diego State in the Fall of 1971 there were no parking structures. Theatre faculty usually parked in the area of the campus where Cox Arena now sits and walked by the tennis courts to the Drama building. I don’t recall it being very difficult to get a spot—especially if you got there before nine in the morning. My worst experience in that lot was the day my car wouldn’t start and a colleague volunteered to jump start it for me. It was the afternoon of an incredibly hot Fall day. We had to push the car out of the space to jump start it. I actually got burns on the palms of my hand from hanging onto the steering wheel to turn the car. Parking can be dangerous. Yuck.

I don’t remember when parking at SDSU started to get difficult, but it certainly did. I came to SDSU directly from The University of Maryland and before that the University of Michigan. Parking for theatre faculty at Maryland was easy. The building was on the edge of campus and was backed by a huge lot. Lovely. Parking at Michigan was not so easy, but terrific training for parking at SDSU. There was a tall parking structure next to the theatre building. As I vividly recall the structure had eight identical floors. Each floor was divided into two identical halves, A & B. Finding a space was not difficult. Finding your car at the end of day was if you did not imprint on your brain your EXACT parking level and side. Horton Plaza anyone? The good news was that by the time I left Michigan I had learned to park my car and walk away saying out loud "7B, 7B, 7B or whatever it was. It was always a problem if you had to leave campus in the middle of the day, then rush back and repark. At the end of the day you usually remembered the morning, not the afternoon spot and had to search the levels of the parking structure to find your car. Sound familiar? At SDSU I have walked all the way to my morning parking spot before remembering that, after a trip to the dentist or some such, I had to park on the absolute other side of campus. Shoot. Stupid Me. Darn it . . . .

During the worst period of SDSU parking it wasn’t bad for faculty and staff if you came at a reasonable hour in the morning. 8:00 am seems normal for many, but I directed plays and for weeks at a time had rehearsal from 7 to 10 pm and didn’t get home until 11 pm. On that schedule 8:00 am is definitely too early so I often arrived later and had to go on a hunt. Usually you could find a spot if you arrived right after a class session ended using the familiar, but demeaning technique of following somebody walking to their car. Not fun at all! And I have bad parking karma. Once or twice I got so desperate I puffed my way up from the pit parking area below the Art Building. Eventually parking structures arrived at SDSU and made parking life saner. Faculty Staff parking was monitored for a few days at the beginning of every semester. Spaces could be found even at 10:45 am! 1:30 pm! We all heaved a sigh of relief. Hurrah. Well, hurrah except for the continual ringing in our ears from the cacophony of car alarms (universally ignored) that were a constant in every parking structure at SDSU for several years.

What does this all mean? Here are my parking axioms—useful at SDSU, Balboa Park and?

Keep calm while searching for a space. Getting frantic just leads to misadventures, missed spaces, and even arguments. Let’s face it. Hunting for parking while aggravated is bad for your blood pressure. Cool it you dodo.

Remembering where you left your car every day is superb brain training. Right brain left brain stuff. I almost never look for my car on the wrong level of a parking structure and can retrieve it from Horton Plaza Style Parking Garages with ease, even if I forget my fruit. Now all I have to do is remember the new numbers of the Parking Garages at SDSU. Oops. Haven’t quite mastered that yet . . . . . .

Walking a distance to and from your car, especially if uphill, is excellent aerobic exercise. No wimpy close parking. The more times a day the better. Leave something in your car and have to walk back to get it? Good for you! Parking at SDSU helps you to live longer. Who can complain about that? And after all it’s downhill at the end of the day.

Advantage you. If you have spent most of your working life parking in the small spaces found in University parking structures you have highly refined driving skills. In one shot I can fit my car tidily into a really small spot. Hardy Parking Structure anyone? Maybe you can’t open the door, but you are within the lines. Twisting your body to get out the passenger door is excellent for your core than yoga or even pilates. Those dings don’t matter. You have developed a life skill. With SDSU training you can park anywhere!

May the Parking Gods Bless You and Your Car.
There are many people we meet in our lives, but a precious few make a life-long lasting impression. Bob McCabe left such an impression.

In the early spring of 1969, I first met Bob. I had traveled from Michigan State University to visit San Diego State College in search of a teaching position. Bob also had completed a degree at MSU following a tour of duty in the U.S. Navy. Wow, almost preceding an invitation to join the faculty at SDSC, there was an invitation from Bob and his wife Mary to make our first stop in San Diego at the McCabe home. As we drove up Fletcher Parkway that June morning, 47 years ago, we were greeted by Bob’s smile as he rushed up to our car and handed me a beer to greet and welcome us. And then, just as quickly, he gathered our two-year old son Jim into his arms. Bob and Mary ushered us into their home and later to their master bedroom, having set up a temporary bedroom for themselves in their garage! We knew then that our family had been extended. That was Bob.

Those of us fortunate to remember Bob can validate his love of computers. It started in 1970! He was certainly avant-garde. His computer was always with him—at home, and/or on campus. He was always connected. That was Bob.

Dr. McCabe’s work at San Diego State was celebrated at Commencement 1994. He was recognized as the “Honorary Marshall” and a quote presented on this prestigious graduation occasion read: “On this campus, it is hard to identify anyone who does not know Bob or does not like him. He personifies the caring, devotion, and commitment so crucial for the success of the educational community and our youth. A trouble shooter, ombudsman, teacher, counselor, and walking advertisement for San Diego State, Bob’s contribution is a human contribution and his legacy to the University is not in buildings, research, or new knowledge but upon human souls.” What a true and appropriate message! That was Bob.

Bob’s office, one that he shared with Leif Fearn, was adjacent to one that I shared with Phil Halfaker. Together Bob and Leif wrote the Supplementary Idea Guide for the Human Development Program, known then as the Magic Circle. Bob and Leif joined several other consultants who conducted Human Development Training institutes across the nation. During this time, Bob was well known for saying, “Give me five minutes to plan, and I’ll give you a three hour workshop—on any topic.” He could do it! He was that widely read. That was Bob.

Many of us remember having coffee at the Commons or the Faculty-Staff Centre and proclaiming how fortunate we all were to be on State’s campus and to have the positions we held. Bob never expressed otherwise. “What could be better,” he’d say. I never knew a person who loved coming to our campus more. He loved all of the roles he played and the hats he wore. Some of us remember Bob’s leadership and commitment to innovative programs such as Mercury and Project Point. Others might remember Bob as the Director of Upward Bound. Heading Upward Bound for a decade, he designed a program that received National accolades. He was able to identify, motivate, and inspire to success hundreds of young people who just needed some extra support to help put themselves on life’s positive track. He loved his students and he loved teaching. That was Bob.

Bob’s involvement with Kappa Delta Pi, an international honor society in education, was typical of his total commitment. A student exchange program between San Diego State University and the Netherlands began under Bob’s tutelage. He journeyed to Holland and under the authority granted to him, the Hogeschool Gelderland was inducted as a new Chapter in this international society. Closer to home, Bob enjoyed his work with the Native American Technical Assistance Corporation in Albuquerque. He worked with many native tribes, most specifically Muckleshoot in the Northwest. That was Bob.

My memories of my first and best friend in San Diego could include greater “typeset,” but I hope these words of remembrance, appreciation, and love might rekindle and/or create a vision of Dr. Robert E. McCabe.

I’ll finish with a remembrance of Bob’s 50th birthday party. So many came to celebrate him. Who in attendance could ever forget his decision to take a short nap in the middle of his long party—but, everyone agreed, it was his thing to do. That was Bob.
TWICE A MENTOR
Tom Donahue, Linguistics

Here is a memory piece on a colleague at SDSU.

For the larger-than-average cohort of Assistant Professors hired in 1968, the Department of English at SDSU provided an experienced faculty as a mentor for each new person. The mentors had been asked to guide the new hires in their first stint at teaching here, with emphasis on teaching approaches and college policy, as well as with practical advice in moving into the San Diego area and in starting a home here. The faculty member assigned to me was James Hinkle, who had been here for about 8 years.

Jim was extraordinarily helpful to an overawed novice like me. He shared his exultation at the freedom here—our capacity to choose our own texts, our own methods and emphases in scholarly interpretation, our own set of choices in creating a classroom atmosphere, and even our capacity to change classroom site if we followed a simple procedure (a freedom since curbed, as we know.) He spoke of places to buy quality but discount furniture, and he gave forewarnings about local real estate biases (“the first thing a stranger will ask here is ‘What part of town do you live in?’”) This was the kind of advice and guidance which persons new to any job would treasure.

But Jim and I shared a small bit of history. He was my professor for an American Literature course when I was a sophomore in 1960 at Denison University, a small-college-in-the-dell place in central Ohio. In those years we delighted at his reading list (lots of Hemingway and Faulkner, but also Jonathan Kozol’s Fume of Poppies). His was a close-reading approach, and he quizzed us daily on details of character and plot in the novels. He spoke without notes, but always seemed to draw from a ready supply of intimate personal anecdotes about the authors. He showed growing respect for our work throughout the term, and at the end he gave a final that tested our capacity for thought and organizational maturity. (“The subject of this final is the novels of Hemingway or Faulkner. WRITE.”)

And, quite gratifying in memory, he said that he would ask back for tests or would keep finals in which he learned something from our analyses and remarks. I was one of those blessed.

Most importantly, Jim could turn personal interaction into something positive and productive. Once, early in the term, I was struggling along carrying a heavy load of clean laundry up The Drag, the road on a steep hill leading from the town up to the campus. He drove past, stopped, and offered a lift. After a brief conversation about inconsequentials, he offered a tip to a very young man about his writing on quizzes:

“Your writing shows a nice vocabulary, but you are a bit . . . a bit . . .”

I offered: “Malapropish?”

With a grin: “Why, that’s the right word!”

I of course took this to heart, studied full dictionary entries whenever possible, and moved to an interest in language structure and linguistics in short order.

In rare asides during class, Jim revealed that his life as a younger man wasn’t ordinary:

—“I wanted to be a professional golfer before I was shot in the war.”
—“I was a sensitive child and disliked having my classmates see me brought to school in a chauffeured car.”
—“We taught our children to speak of their bathroom needs in French.”

And later, at SDSU,

“I chose to live near tennis courts and a golf course because it is very important that each of your children has the chance to be very good at something.”

Well of course he wasn’t the only sensitive child. Long time truth be told, I believe that if you have a successful mentor, that person has a temperament quite like that of your parents. My parents were convivial, open, kind, and generous to a fault. It was their misfortune that their preparation and job choices were permanently reduced during the Depression, although they put three sons through college on the wages of a structural ironworker and a part time helper in a high school cafeteria. It was a great pleasure later to meet a person who had had substantially different opportunities early in life, and was also convivial, open, kind, and generous to a fault.

Endnote: Jim Hinkle lived from 1925 to 1990, and taught here from 1962 to 1990. I don’t think these dates are all that important, because a person who lives on in memory isn’t really gone.
CLOWNING AROUND
Jerry Elliott, Art, Design, and Art History

He arrived at work bright and cheerful that pivotal morning. On that day Jim Yanizyn announced his story to the Public Relations Office Staff saying, “I’m a clown and I’m clownin’ with a big red nose and baggy pants.” Then he laughed.

Peeling away the Back Story

It was during those memory years when the Extended Studies Program was reaching out to grow offerings with experimental classes in an effort to expand their base. And it was then that a journalism student named Rich Wise would stop by the Public Relations Office seeking advice and counsel from PR Specialist Jim Yanizyn on how to grow ‘The Goal’. The Goal: explore ‘How to generate publicity for a new extended studies class that he, Rich, wanted to introduce to the campus community. It would be a first time class called ‘Clownology’. You see, Rich had a hobby. He was a Party Clown and wanted to teach others the ‘Art of Clowning’.

Jim was the perfect PR mentor to help this student build a publicity strategy aimed at introducing and growing a campus wide effort to promote this potential class. Jim served as a sounding board. Rich would visit with ideas and discuss various promotional techniques and possibilities. Jim would listen and guide. Rich did the work.

Jim did not plan to become a clown; however, during the mentoring process, he shared the emerging idea. It seems Jim would go home and tell his wife, Libby, work related stories one of which was that of a possible class in Clownology.

Libby became smitten with the clownology idea and declared she would sign up if the class ever got off the ground past the ideation stage.

The clown class idea took shape, was approved as a go and Rich began implementation of various clown promotional activities placing stories in the Daily Aztec along with staging a planned clown flavored campus event which included a campus wide crowd. The event, sanctioned by then President Golding, was to be held in front of Love Library.

Students were invited to gather and participate in a Pie-In-The-Face smash off. Other story ideas prepared by Rich appeared in the Daily Aztec along with random campus stunts designed to garner attention, generate, and promote attendance to the forthcoming class.

Successful campaign complete and under wraps… Time for the first evening class to meet. Libby on deck to go that evening. Jim would relax at home with daughter Katrina. However, Libby’s attendance was derailed. You see, they had a little quarrel and, as Jim relayed it, in order to “Save Face” he decided to attend opening night class in her place.

First Session basics included selecting a personal clown name that would play well to crowds. “So, what name did you select”, I inquired.

“Well, I thought about it and decided on ‘Bananas the Clown’ and now I have a big red nose and I’m a clown.”

“Jim, that sounds great. How did you come up with the name Bananas?”

Jim, without hesitation said, “Well, I chose Bananas because I thought Bananas clearly is quite appealing.” Then he laughed. “Drum roll please!” “KaBoom!”

100 YEARS, 100 STONES
Barbara Barnes, Enrollment Services

On the Campanile Walkway, between the Music Building and the Open Air Theatre, stands the “100 Years, 100 Stones” monument. Unveiled in 1997, this engaging work was designed by installation artist Eve Andree Laramee to commemorate SDSU’s centennial. The silhouette of the structure suggests ancient Aztec architecture and the dominant colors, shades of red and black, link it to our contemporary SDSU Aztec world. People-sized portals invite one to pass through, broken tiles outline random patterns on the surfaces, and if you decide to count them, you will find one hundred stones embedded throughout the walls. These stones were collected from one hundred sites within a hundred-mile radius of SDSU; next to each stone, engraved in a tile, is a note about the stone’s origin and connection with SDSU’s history.

The work also offers a surprise, something I discovered recently with a friend while waiting for a performance at the Don Powell Theatre. “Do you know about the ‘Echo Chamber’?” she asked, pointing toward the sculpture. We strolled over to the monument and she told me to walk inside, stand on the centermost circle, and start talking. Wow—how fun! My words echoed, amplified as though speaking into a microphone. The “100 Years, 100 Stones” monument is a treat to experience and one of my new favorite haunts on campus. ♦

IN MEMORIAM

Frances Clark
Admissions and Records
April, 2016

Brage Golding
President of SDSU
August, 2016

Lloyd Kendall
Education
September, 2016

Robert Benshoff
SDSU Research Foundation
December, 2016

David Shepard
Biology
December, 2016
HOLIDAY PARTY 2016!

Around 60 SDSURA members and friends came together on the evening of December 4 to celebrate the season at our annual Holiday Party. This year’s event took place at a new location—the festive Handlery Hotel in Mission Valley. Also new this year and welcomed by all was SDSURA support of the 2016 *Toys for Tots* campaign. Two U.S. Marines in dress uniform collected donations of toys and cash which filled three enormous crates—a successful campaign and highlight of the party. The evening concluded with holiday songs performed by the Friendship Connection who welcomed everyone to sing along.

Many thanks to Mary Nelson and Ann LePage for coordinating this year’s festivities, and to Ann for making the *Toys for Tots* drive happen, to Joan McArthur for the beautiful table decorations, to Rick Schulte, Linda Stewart, and Deb Quiett for staffing the welcome table, and to everyone who attended. A lovely way to wrap up SDSURA activities for 2016!
A CAMPUS MEMORY
FROM 1968

Em Cummins, Emeritus
Professor of Counseling

Back in the Age of Innocence—before cell phones, sexting, selfies and other vexations of the modern era—when I was a naïve and untenured assistant professor in the then-Department of Counselor Education, our faculty used to discuss a book over lunch on the third Friday of each month. We didn’t teleconference: we actually drove to a restaurant and sat around a table to converse, debate and argue over a book. In October, 1968 our title happened to be Ken Kesey’s One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest. My colleagues were Dave Malcolm, Paul Bruce, John Schmidt, Ralph Miller, Alice Cochran, and Jim Carnevale—all of whom have since turned in their final grades and resigned from this veil of tears. I miss them upon every reflection of our years together.

Our restaurant that Friday was the TOP SHELF, an upscale eatery in La Mesa—now the Brigantine. The political scene in that election year was even more tumultuous than it is today. Both MLK, Jr. and Bobby Kennedy had been assassinated within the past few months, and a 3rd-party candidate for president, easily as outrageous as Trump, was pouring gasoline on the cultural wars of that era. After carpooling to the restaurant I hurried inside to secure its private dining room, which we had reserved earlier that week. The manager informed me (rather apologetically) that the entourage of Alabama Governor George Wallace, presidential nominee of the American Independent Party, had preempted our reservation. We had been upstaged by celebrity, and I was indignant. However, seeking to take advantage of the manager’s contrite tone, I asked if he might invite the governor, who was occupying our reserved room, to stop by and chat with us. Even though my colleagues and I were adamantly opposed to his policies on race, we were eager to meet him in person. He agreed to my request, and a half-hour later George Wallace joined us with his bodyguard in tow—an armed, hulking Alabama state trooper.

The governor exuded extraordinary southern charm and proceeded to regale us with his love for Negras, as he called Black folk. This unapologetic segregationist bragged of having been nursed by a Negra maid, who was like a mother to him. He boasted of the number of Negra college presidents in Alabama—more than any other state in the USA (he claimed). And he projected the image of a gracious gentleman who held all Negras in the highest affection and regard.

We were taken aback by his comments on race, which contradicted everything we knew of his hardline practices in the past. Withal, we had no need to be combative with him, in part because of the menacing presence of his armed and scowling bodyguard—who never sat down. And while we were not deluded by his benevolent façade, having met him in person we could better understand his appeal to voters in the South.

On our drive back to campus we couldn’t help joking that we had briefly occupied an unexpected cuckoo’s nest at the TOP SHELF Restaurant.

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2016-17

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A POEM (WITHIN A POEM) TO READING

I had a funny dream last night.
The reading fairy came.
And while I slumbered deep in sleep,
She gently called my name.

She led me down a path, and to
A gentle, flowing brook.
And on the other side there stood
A grand and wondrous book.

The page I saw was full of words.
They all began with “R.”
It was a dictionary
That was standing there ajar.

But my... it had the strangest way
Of spelling words I know.
Like, “READ” was spelled, R-E-E-D.
I tell you, it was so!

And then as I looked down the page,
It was quite clear to me,
Each word would form an acronym
Of words it wished to be!

And “READ,”... it wanted lots more “E”s
It knew its duties well.
ENRICH, EXTEND, EXCITE our lives.
It knew no parallel.

ENCourage and ENJOYMENT
Was what Reading meant to be.
It would have loved to spell itself
With just one great big “E”!

And so, when I awoke just now,
I knew that all I need
Is lots of books throughout my life,
Because I love to REEEEED!

ENRICH your life.
EXTEND your world.
ENJOY what all you do.
ENCourage lots of reading.
Demonstrate EXCITEMENT too!

And now, I know, it’s not just I,
Who needs to read to live.
It’s everyone in all the world,
So this, I pledge to give...

To everyone I’ll ever meet,
And every place I go,
I’ll tell the world, “You have to read,
Or you will never grow.”

Jerry W. Koppman

SAVE THE DATE
2017 BORREGO DESERT ESCAPE!

SDSURA’s annual escape to Borrego Springs is coming up! We will be staying at the Palm Canyon Hotel and RV Resort (same place as last year) from Tuesday, March 14, 2017, through Friday morning, March 17, 2017. Whether you plan to stay one night or all three, you can make your reservations now by contacting Karen Haley, Director of Groups & Special Events at the Resort. Karen may be reached by phone at 1-760-767-5341 or by email at KHaley@highwaywestvacations.com. When making your reservation, be sure to identify yourself as part of the SDSU Retirement Association group. Deposit for the first night is $135.11. If you are a member of the Automobile Association of America (AAA), ask for the AAA discount!

Desert Escape is always a wonderful event, a time to take in the beautiful scenery of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, see wildflowers, do some birdwatching (don’t miss the Swainson’s Hawk migration), hike, play golf, relax by the pool, eat well, and enjoy the best company in the world. Come join us!

For more information, contact Rinda Young at: rindayoung@cox.mail
South America, and the most southern latitude as Buenos Aires and Santiago in part of South Africa is about the same of course the Mediterranean basin. This central Chile, southwest Australia, and climate like most of coastal California, dry summer climate or Mediterranean. The peninsula has a wet winter and a meet; the wind is strong and cold. here the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

33:48 degrees south of the Equator and peninsula, the Cape of Good Hope, is Town. The most southern point of the Cape Town in 1795 and in 1834 the slaves were emancipated upsetting the Dutch and contributing to the South African War over the control of the Johannesburg goldfields. In 1948, the government established apartheid or “separateness,” the struggle continued and Mandela was put in prison for 27 years; in May of 1994 democratic elections were held and Mandela was elected president.

Cape Town today is a modern, vibrant, urban center, with a sensational setting between the heights of Table Mountain and the Atlantic Ocean and a major center of culture and history, including the history of slavery. Tourism is a major element of the economy in South Africa and they do it very well, saw it in our stay in Cape Town from buses, taxis, and tours.

It was hard to leave Cape Town, but we had to go north for a classic safari at the Kruger National Park. We were taken by plane to Skukuza airport, by road to Skukuza rest stop, and then to our camp. We had selected a small camp with five bungalows. We were there four days, occupying two. No one else came so we had the services of the manager, a waiter, a cook, and the guide all to ourselves. The food was out of this world—three-course meals with wines and different but excellent desserts. Our bungalow faced a large water hole, with animals coming down in large groups, always with a leader. Hippos appeared to be permanent residents. They made noise 24 hours a day. The bungalow we used had an entrance on one side and the other side open up to a shower in the open air. We did not care if the animals saw us. They were also naked. Our bed, larger than a king size, had a net. Since electricity was not available, there was only power when the generator was on.

For four days, we started very early with coffee, tea, and rusks (dried biscuits), then off on the morning safari for about 3 hours. The guide was in contact with other guides so if they saw something interesting we would know and could rush to see it. One evening the telephone rang, announcing a pride of lions having a feast, a party. We got there with other tourist vehicles equipped with lights. We could see a large number of lions eating something. There was a baby lion on top of all of them trying to participate. I baptized the event as a “birthday party” and the cake was a water buffalo the larger lion had just killed.

In the morning our tour returned, we had breakfast, rested and left again for another tour; came back had an excellent meal and time to rest. In the late afternoon, before sunset, the night tour began travelling to areas where the guide had determined we could see nocturnal animals. We saw many wild animals, including the Big Five (lion, elephant, cape buffalo, leopard, and rhinoceros). It was wonderful to have spent four days without the things we had invented, but we did not miss them. What a difference it made to see all these creatures living in their own space, not the cages or containers where we keep them at the zoos.

VISITING SOUTH AFRICA
Reynaldo Ayala. Geography, Imperial Valley Campus

The summer of 2016 was the most travelled by Marta and me. We are doing what we agreed to do, travel and get to know the rest of the world. Guadalupe Xochitl, our daughter, told us in 2015 “we are going to South Africa next year.” I had never been to Africa but Marta had gone with our daughter and two of our granddaughters to Kenya on a safari. We flew British Airways from San Diego to London and then to Cape Town. The most southern point of the peninsula, the Cape of Good Hope, is 33:48 degrees south of the Equator and here the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet; the wind is strong and cold. The peninsula has a wet winter and a dry summer climate or Mediterranean climate like most of coastal California, central Chile, southwest Australia, and of course the Mediterranean basin. This part of South Africa is about the same latitude as Buenos Aires and Santiago in South America, and the most southern portion of Australia such as Melbourne.

Cape Town is the oldest city in South Africa. In the middle of the 1600s, European interests, led by the Dutch East Indian Company, introduced farms for food production and later the slave trade. Today, many of the historic buildings are museums, such as the Iziko Slave Lodge. The British occupied Cape Town in 1795 and in 1834 the slaves were emancipated upsetting the Dutch and contributing to the South African War over the control of the Johannesburg goldfields. In 1948, the government established apartheid or “separateness,” the struggle continued and Mandela was put in prison for 27 years; in May of 1994 democratic elections were held and Mandela was elected president.

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TREASURER’S REPORT
Deborah Quiett, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of 12/9/2016

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ON AB 72 AND ITS OUTCOME
Tom Donahue, Benefits/ERFA Representative

Many of us were heartened at the news that the state legislature had forwarded AB 72 to the governor this summer. That bill promised to protect against billing surprises when a person, while away from his or her home network, had a need for sudden medical treatment. (An example: columnist Tom is traveling on a rural road in far northeastern California, stops and steps out of the car for a breather by the side of the road. After only the briefest of senior moments, he realizes that an elk is standing on his foot. Medical aid would likely involve some out-of-network costs. What is this pitiable tourist to do?) AB 72, one hopes, would provide help from the outset.

Governor Brown signed AB 72 on October 23. In the bill, which takes effect on September 1, 2017, the salient provision to the Insurance Code is Section 6, 10112.82, which reads “the insurer shall reimburse the greater of the average contracted rate or 125 percent of the amount Medicare reimburses on a fee-for-service basis for the same or similar services in the general geographic region in which the services were rendered.” This is a considerable relief from worry when we are traveling, and the bill is further helpful in providing for an independent dispute resolution process between providers and an HMO, and in forbidding constant billing of a patient over sums when these are under negotiation.

If you read through the bill, you are likely to have a “but wait” moment (as the advertisements say on weekend TV). The bill stipulates in section 1370 (6) (G) the following: “the provisions for treatment “shall not apply to emergency services and care.” But we may rest assured: according to expert Kevin Knauss at insuremekevin.com, it was previously the case that “all California health plans must treat any emergency room treatment and admission anywhere in the United States as in-network even if the providers are out-of-network.”

This should make any hospital visit for travelers a relatively simple matter. But this bill is complex, and some time may be necessary to sort out the details. If you have specific personal questions about where you stand in the provisions of this legislation, do get in touch with your insurer. In the sidebar, the phone number on top is for general information; a phone number, or the website on the bottom (these may be less directly helpful) will help persons concerned with specific matters on out-of-network cost policies.

A final word to the wise: as always, you should keep the medical bill and present it to your insurer before doing anything else.

For comments and questions about this column, please write:
donahue_thomas@ymail.com

COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT: BOOKS AND READING MATTERS

I am a re-reader of books. Like hearing a favorite song or watching an old movie, I find comfort in the familiar and look forward to revisiting pages I’ve traveled enjoyably before. One of my favorite books to read again and again is Two Years Before the Mast by Richard Henry Dana. I boggle at the bravery of the 1834 undertaking—sailing on a small and cramped wooden ship from Boston, around Cape Horn, through icebergs and Antarctic storms, finally arriving on the California coast. I could never imagine doing such a thing but I love knowing that some souls did. Another book I go back to is Kingbird Highway by Kenn Kaufman, the story of Kaufman’s passion for birding and how he spent 1973 hitchhiking across the country on a shoestring budget and seeing 671 species.

How it All Began
sympathize with their struggles. A more contemporary favorite is Penelope Lively’s which I like for the good-humored topping the list. The characters in these stories probably take living life on one’s own terms to the extreme, but I care for them and usually learn (or re-learn) something.

I have favorite works of fiction as well, several by William Somerset Maugham—The Razor’s Edge and The Moon and Sixpence—topping the list. The characters in these stories probably take living life on one’s own terms to the extreme, but I care for them and sympathize with their struggles. A more contemporary favorite is Penelope Lively’s How it All Began which I like for the good-humored storytelling and the thoughtful way the characters solve the challenges they face, and there are many. And for pure curl-up-in-an-armchair enjoyment, any of Mary Stewart’s mysteries have always worked.

Whether it’s fiction or non-fiction, I am not a fast reader: I plod, partly due to the fact that my favorite time for reading is in bed at night—I inevitably fall asleep after a chapter or two. One book a month is pretty much it.

So then, for the next issue of PostScript, books are the theme. Reading too. I’ve mentioned some books I’d recommend without hesitation—do you have must-reads you tell others about? Is there a book that has changed your life? Do you prefer non-fiction to fiction or magazines to books? Are you a re-reader or do you like to explore new territory? Do you devour the pages and have multiple reads going or do you focus on one work at a time? Are you a published author and if so, what stories would you share about the books you’ve written? Tell us how books and reading matters to you.

—Barbara Barnes
Save the Date

Valentine’s Luncheon, February 14
Borrego Desert Escape, March 14-17

COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT

The next PostScript will feature
BOOKS AND READING MATTERS

Left: The “100 Years, 100 Stones” sculpture is located on the Campanile Walkway. Story on page 10.

DEADLINE: March 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.