The background of the cover is a photograph of a white, multi-story tower with a bell tower at the top. The tower is partially obscured by the branches and leaves of a tree in the foreground, which are in shades of yellow and brown, indicating autumn. The sky is a clear, bright blue. The entire image is framed by a thick red border.

PostScript

SDSU Retired Faculty/Staff News

Fall/Winter 2018

Volume XXXIII No. 1

The Pets Issue

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dean Popp, Economics

In keeping with the theme of this issue of the *Postscript* I have enclosed a picture of our dog, Montezuma; he prefers the moniker, Monty. Monty is a Lab mix (strong on the mix) which seems to include the flavors of Weimaraner, Vizsla and perhaps Greyhound. Monty is nine years old and has been a loyal and favored pal of ours.

As many of you know, there is a statewide organization, Emeritus and Retired Faculty Organization, ERFA, that is the state association that mirrors the campus retiree organizations. The San Diego State University Retirement Association is a participant in ERFA. ERFA was founded in 1985 and devotes most of its efforts to protecting and enhancing the rights and benefits of CSU retirees. For those of you with an interest in learning more about ERFA I have informative pamphlets which I can provide to you. Having introduced you to ERFA I would like to inform you of a recent change in the structure of the organization that has substantially broadened its potential membership.

It is obvious to all of you that the SDSURA is an organization comprised of both staff and faculty. Since its inception in 1986, the year after ERFA was founded, our group has always been open to both staff and faculty. However, several CSU campus retiree organizations have only faculty members and



Monty and Dean

ERFA followed this practice, as well. In the past several years a few campuses, those with both staff and faculty membership, began to advocate for a change in the eligible membership in ERFA (this advocacy predates my service as President and Pat Koppman was a vocal spokeswoman for opening the membership in ERFA to staff). As with any bureaucracy, change comes slowly but I am pleased to report that within the past few months the membership of ERFA voted, with a strong majority, to invite staff to join the organization. Accordingly, ERFA has been renamed as ERFSA, to include staff explicitly in the title of the organization. So, I encourage our staff members to check out ERFSA and see if you have an interest in membership. SDSURA is ably represented at ERFSA by Tom Donahue who serves as the Chair of the Pre & Post-Retirement Concerns Committee. ♦

SAVE THE DATE: DESERT ESCAPE 2019!

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 12, 2019 through Friday morning, March 15, 2019**. Whether you plan to stay one night or all three, you can make your reservations now by calling the resort at **1-760-767-5341**. When making your reservation, be sure to identify yourself as part of the SDSU Retirement Association group.

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 ♦

Cover: *Hardy Memorial Tower. The leaves in the foreground belong to a Western Sycamore tree. Per Professor Michael Simpson of Biology and Curator of the SDSU Herbarium, the Western Sycamore, *Platanus racemosa*, is a San Diego native, found in riparian areas of the county and throughout the campus.*

SDSURA SCHOLARS REPORT

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for honoring me this year with your scholarship. As a recipient last year and this year, I am truly grateful for the opportunities that this scholarship has and will continue to bring into my life. I have the ability to study at San Diego State University for my last year in the nursing program without the stress of financially supporting myself on my own. I now have the opportunity to focus on my education and follow a career path that I am incredibly excited about.

This scholarship last year helped finance my nursing brigade to Thailand, where I had the amazing opportunity to help give healthcare to more than three hundred members of communities within rural Thailand. This experience was insightful, beautiful and life-changing. I wouldn't be able to reflect on the incredible experience I had without the help of this scholarship. The gracious, appreciative people of Thailand may not have received the care they had without the help of this scholarship.

I am one week away from embarking on my last academic year at San Diego State University. I recently finished my last clinical for my pediatric rotation at Rady Children's Hospital. I have gained so much knowledge and so much experience throughout my time on the pediatrics unit. I now truly know that my heart lies within the walls of a pediatric unit. This scholarship will allow me to follow my passion and help many people throughout the remainder of my academic career.

Thank you, once again, for allowing me to pursue a career that I love and most importantly for supporting the students of San Diego State University,

With sincere thanks,
Devin M. Queen



*2018 awardee Devin Queen with
Scholarship Committee Chair Nancy
Carmichael*

Dear SDSU Retirement Association,

I began my college career at a different university, which ended up not quite being the right fit for me. In my search for a better-suited school for my personality and academic goals, SDSU stood out as my best opportunity. I transferred to SDSU as a junior. And I can confidently say that after only two semesters I have been warmly welcomed into the community and have found my place as an Aztec. My grandmother had also attended SDSU, receiving her bachelor's degree in Speech, Language, and Hearing Sciences. As my inspiration, my grandmothers's passion for speech therapy transferred on to me, and now I am a SLHS student as well. After I obtain my bachelor's and master's degrees, I plan on becoming a speech pathologist and working with children.

This summer I am having a two-week experience abroad in Belize, where I will be working under speech pathologists in homes, schools, and hospitals. This amazing academic opportunity will provide me with a unique hands-on experience, which will help me identify the exact career path and work setting as a speech pathologist that I am most drawn to. My participation in this program, which is a dream come true for me, is being made possible because of your generous scholarship. Your financial help is allowing me to expand my academic knowledge as well as my passion for this major, and it will allow me to explore what career path as a speech pathologist I am most interested in for my future. I am incredibly honored to have been selected for this scholarship. In addition, I cannot seem to find the words to properly express the magnitude of my appreciation, so with as much meaning as it can have, thank you!



*Lucille Wendling, Christine Provencher,
and Laura Wendling. Christine was honored
with the 2018 Dr. Aubrey Wendling
Memorial Scholarship.*

Sincerely,
Christine Provencher

Note: Thank you notes are a required part of the scholarship process. SDSURA has received notes from each of our 2018 awardees; we are sharing two of those notes in this issue. Devin Queen is the daughter of Marcia Queen; Christine Provencher is the niece of Russell Block.



Nathan Harrison sits in front of the cabin he built on his hillside homestead. Photo courtesy the Nathan "Nate" Harrison Historical Archaeology Project.

THE NATHAN "NATE" HARRISON HISTORICAL ARCHAEOLOGY PROJECT

Seth Mallios, Anthropology

Few individuals in American history embody the democratic ideals of the United States more than San Diego County 19th-century pioneer Nathan "Nate" Harrison. This former slave from the Antebellum South achieved pronounced advances in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that few of his contemporary peers attained. Despite being born into slavery in the early 1830s, facing the many hazards of California's Gold Rush, and witnessing the mania of the Old West, Harrison lived well into his 80s (to 107 if you believe some accounts!), gained his freedom, and became a beloved pillar of Southern California's Palomar Mountain community. At a time when most enslaved African-Americans died before their 40th birthday and when most non-white residents of the Golden State faced omnipresent and often lethal racial hostilities, Harrison not only persevered; he succeeded in gaining acceptance from nearly every ethnic group in the county.

Harrison undoubtedly lived an exceptional life, yet his factual biography has evolved wildly over the century since his 1920 passing. He is now celebrated as nothing short of a San Diego legend. Mythical stories abound in local lore and place Harrison at nearly every major early U.S. American moment in Southern California history. For example, the long list of highly entertaining yet entirely dubious claims regarding this Palomar pioneer include his active role in:

—serving with Frémont's Battalion in the Bear Flag Revolt in the summer of 1846, helping the United States defeat Mexico and acquire California,

—marching with the Mormon Battalion in 1846-47 as it made the longest infantry march in U.S. history,

—sailing the treacherous waters around South America's Cape Horn on the way to California in 1849,

—and driving an ox team with the first wagon train over Tejon Pass in 1854, opening the primary route to Southern California.

Archaeology is especially well-suited to discern historical fact from fiction and can often identify what was left out of the written records. I chose to start the Nathan "Nate" Harrison Historical Archaeology Project to investigate the life, legend, and legacies of Harrison, with special attention on how he managed to prosper during such volatile times. Whereas Ben Franklin insisted that nothing was certain in this world except death and taxes, archaeologists like myself see truth in a similar human inevitability of death and garbage. All people—regardless of wealth, ethnicity, nationality, gender, etc.—lose the battle against Father Time and along the way produce a wealth of refuse that professional diggers delight in finding, studying, and interpreting.

Since 2004, I have led teams of student archaeologists in survey and excavation on Palomar Mountain in search of Nathan Harrison's material past. These field schools have produced spectacular results, including discovery of the buried foundation of Harrison's original stone cabin and over 35,000 artifacts dating from 1865-1919. The archaeology revealed that Harrison's cabin was a small one-room struc-

ture—only 11.0' square in plan—that was strikingly similar to slave quarters from the Antebellum South and unlike any other contemporary historical dwellings in Southern California. Likewise, the artifact assemblage was typical of an Old West rancher, revealing a daily life of raising sheep and horses and subsisting on various large mammals, canned meats, and bottled alcoholic beverages. Nevertheless, the material remains also included a variety of items that contradicted the historical records and prominent narratives of Harrison. Writing implements, a mix of Native American goods, and numerous fired rifle cartridges suggested that—unlike the popular stories of Harrison—he was literate, closely affiliated with the local Luiseño Indians, and well-armed.

Our work continues on an annual basis at the Harrison site as questions persist regarding his water source, survival strategies, and gift-based economic practices. Although this archaeology project culminates in the year 2020—the centennial of Harrison's passing—my students and I are working on ways to make this history relevant long after we put our trowels away, including online exhibits, school curricula, and outreach programs for all ages.

About the author: Seth Mallios is the University History Curator, professor of anthropology, and director of the South Coastal Information Center at SDSU. His 10th book, "Born a Slave, Died a Pioneer": Nathan Harrison and the Historical Archaeology of Legend," is due out in late 2019. ♦



San Diego State students participating in the 2018 archaeological field school excavate in the midden area of the Harrison site. Photo courtesy the Nathan "Nate" Harrison Historical Archaeology Project.



A PICTURE WORTH 1,000 WORDS

Leoné McCoy, Teacher Education

*Smile. Say “partners.” Caught on camera, here in this assembly, we are meeting in collegiality both figuratively (as in this visual image) and literally (as in reports to the City School Board) to develop strategies to put our project on the map. For our narrative, we produced a guiding document, *The Academy*.*

We produced a useful document, *The Academy*, referencing our work as *The Academy for Research and Teaching: A Partnership between SDSU and SD City Schools*. (The latter, it should be noted, was and is the second largest school district in California.) We received an executive, multi-agency imprimatur in the Memorandum of Understanding (MOU) signed by President Thomas Day, School Superintendent Thomas Payzant and the site principal Dr. Leonard Sherr. With the persuasive management efforts of COE Associate Dean John Chamley, we received a modest boost of funding from the SDSU Foundation.

One of the uniquely empowering and noteworthy features of this partnership

was our affiliation with KPBS (one of only two PBS stations in the State so engaged). They would be launching satellite communications from their studios on campus, connecting with our designated high school. Pat Abbott, Professor of Geological Sciences, stepped up to be the campus lecturer for these original broadcasts. What better topic might he have chosen than earthquakes and related geological events? I say to “shake things up.” (Thankfully, we can watch him today on TV whenever local broadcasts call for commentary on the earth’s physical changes.)

On schedule, he stood before the cameras in the KPBS studios and presented a series of scholarly lectures, transmitted in real time to a class of high school students gathered in their school library, prepared to watch and take notes. Later critiques by the students found them to be motivated and engaged; in fact, proud to be learning from a college prof.

Several years after the launch of this partnership, with pride, we held a celebratory luncheon on campus, seen in the gathering here. I ask you to take stock of each member, as they look directly out at you, their images a reflection of their expertise, talent, and commitment to the

same mission, both progressive and bold. Pictured are cadres of SDSU and City Schools faculty and administrators, along with several political powerhouses.

Let’s name a few of us from SDSU and City Schools whose roles have been identified in this article. (All numbers refer to their position from left to right.)

Front row:

- (1) Oscar Graybill, Chair of Teacher Education Advisory Council, Master Teacher
- (2) Myrna Ringen, Chair high school foreign language dept, Master Teacher
- (3) Frank Stites, History Professor
- (4) Janet Mullen, Intern and liaison with SDSU Student Affairs

Middle row:

- (1) Carl Emerick, Associate Dean for Student Affairs
- (2) Tom Donahue, Linguistics Professor
- (6) Garold Tisue, SDSU Director Student Resource & Information Center
- (7) Pat Abbott, Geological Sciences Professor

Back row:

- 1) Mark Steckbauer, Teacher Education Professor, Partnership co-coordinator
- (2) Gina Molise, SDSU/KPBS television project PROFNET
- (3) Jeanne Jehl, City Schools Coordinator for Partnership Programs
- (7) Leoné McCoy (It’s I.) Teacher Education Professor, Cofounder & Coordinator
- (8) Leonard Sherr Principal, signatory to MOU Partnership
- (10) Eloisa Cisneros, City Schools Assistant Superintendent
- (11) Susan Davis, City Schools elected trustee, now U.S. Congresswoman
- (13) John Chamley, COE Associate Dean

What a dynamite team! They took on the challenge and task of creating a model for change, a decision that has served to this day to advance the science of learning and extend our reach beyond our campus. It stands as a durable template and granite-solid platform for partnerships to follow. ♦

WHISKEY

Shirley Forbing, Special Education

Some years ago, I went down to the Humane Society to adopt a dog. The first one who came up to me acted like he was saying, “Choose me, choose me.” His name was Whiskey. What a name, I thought, for a teetotaler like me. He was great and very protective.

One day when the doorbell rang, he started barking. As I walked to the door, I kept saying “Whiskey, stop barking.”

As I reached the door, there were two religion witness members from down the street. As I opened the door, they backed up and walked away saying, “We don’t think you would be interested in our message!”

I patted Whiskey on the head and told him he shouldn’t be barking at women. Whiskey was just protecting me. ♦

OUR MISSION

To serve the mutual benefits and interests of retired and near-retired faculty and staff. To facilitate continuing contributions by members to the furtherance of the scholarly and other professional objectives of San Diego State University.



THE PUPPY

Barb Huntington, Pre-Professional Health

When you retire, everyone has advice. "Travel." "Stay home and garden." "Spend time with your grandchildren." "Take time for you." "Start sleeping in." "Get up early and stay fit." "Get a dog." "Don't get a dog."

I had opinions of my own. I was going to travel. A few days after I retired, chatting with my neighbor over organic, herbal tea and fair trade chocolate, I told her, "No way am I going to get a dog right away. I want to see the world, foot-loose and fancy free. When I am actually old, I will get some nice middle aged poodle who is already housetrained." With that, I packed my bags and took off for a wonderful two weeks in San Miguel de Allende in Mexico.

Then I came home. The house was quiet and I was there all day. It was cold so I didn't feel like gardening. Friends suggested I watch TV, so I set it up for Amazon Prime and watched their suggestions. I got as far as the bloody bathtub in *Breaking Bad* and maybe the fifth episode of *Dr. Who*, but after fifty years of not watching TV, I couldn't get interested in it.

As I stared out my window at a few goldfinches at the feeder, the middle-aged poodle I could cuddle began to sound good. Maybe I could even get interested in TV if I had a little warm mop on the couch beside me. I went on line and contacted shelters and rescues, but "what do I do when I travel?" continued to battle with "special friend to come home to" so I was still, "just looking."

I had not planned any new trips because my former college students had asked me to speak at their *Catch the Wave to Success* premedical conference and I had invited an old friend, Ed, a medical school admissions officer to come early so we could visit the zoo the Friday before.

San Diego was in the middle of a serious drought; no rain had fallen for months, so we thought we were assured of a sunny day at the zoo. That Friday, it rained, and rained, and rained. The zoo was out. Ed was missing his chihuahua, Stella, and I began to tell him about my plans for a nice small, adult poodle. One thing led to another, and soon we were off to the shelters around San Diego, jumping over mud puddles and, in some cases, walking in the rain to visit cages. How was this different from the zoo?

In place of zoo lions, tigers, and elephants, we saw pit bulls. Rows of pit

Our Companions, Past and Present

bulls in cages, sad eyed babies, wagging tails or snarling, pacing, barking wildly, looking up from torn blankets and cushions, but no poodles. With a whole day to not go to the zoo, we headed an hour north to Rancho Santa Fe to the last shelter I knew of. There were still lots of pit bulls, but there was a terrier or two, and one sad little puppy. Maybe I could cheer her up. The attendant smiled and unlocked the cage.

She was mostly black with perky ears, a white stripe down her nose, white feet, a white tip on the end of her tail and one brindle forepaw. As I walked into the pen, she held my gaze with her melting brown eyes as her tail slowly thumped back and forth. I hugged, she licked my face and ear, then turned on her back and wiggled those white feet in the air. Love.

But I was tough. She was not a middle-aged small poodle. Probably a Border Collie-Australian Shepherd mix, she was already fifteen pounds at twelve weeks of age. I girded up my loins and said “no.” My friend and the handler were shocked. “But you bonded!”

I was not going to be a sucker. Puppies always make you want to snuggle, but this one was going to be big and want to herd and would probably require me to be much more active than the life I envisioned after retirement.

Actually, that was Ed’s argument for why she *would* be a good fit. We left the shelter, had dinner, and I took him back to his hotel. I went home alone, and I cried. Not just that little poor me type sniffing, I howled! There was a hollow place in my chest, and my brain, the same brain that had told me to be tough, was now telling me I blew it.

The next day, I was supposed to give my presentation at *Catch the Wave* at 10 am, the same time the shelter opened. Calling my daughter, Melody, who had three dogs of her own and is a sucker for puppies, I tried to turn my mushy sentimental longing into a logical argument. Melody took one look at the webpage picture from the shelter and pronounced she was in love and would be happy to puppy-sit if I wanted to travel. I could have a puppy and travel? Ah, the final barrier crumbled. I did several pirouettes around my den, cell phone clutched to my ear. That was it. Joy filled my heart; happiness is a warm puppy. Cliché after cliché sprang forth. I wrote a three-page email to the shelter telling them that I loved the puppy, would be happy to give them a check, credit card number, my first born child—no I had to strike that, she was the one who would puppy-sit—and



Tashi

that my daughter would call them when they opened at ten to secure the deal.

When I got to the conference, I learned my presentation was at 10:30 instead of 10. At 10:05, my daughter called to tell me the shelter wouldn’t hold dogs. She had bundled my grandson into the car, she still had on her jammy bottoms, and had started driving the hour up the coast to get my puppy.

I don’t remember how I did on the presentation. But the rest of the day I kept myself busy talking to students, since I needed to stay until after the closing ceremonies at three. Melody sent pictures of the puppy with my grandson—on his lap in the car, taking her out in their rain-soaked back yard, toweling her off, the pup standing on his chest, tearing apart a toy, a video of her jumping for treats. Toward early afternoon I started getting texts about the puppy being perhaps more than my ancient sixty-something self could handle. More and more clichés about boundless energy filled the textways.

By the time I arrived at her house with a car full of gift baskets and bouquets and a bit teary from my students’ loving send-off, the puppy was asleep on my son-in-law’s lap. She turned over, wiggled a little, and licked my face. This was the hyper dog I couldn’t handle? But my contemplation was short-lived as I was greeted by two lists—one for more food, pet treats, dog beds, enzyme spray for puppy mistakes, and crate liners from my daughter, and another waved frantically by my grandson, Nathan, as he pulled me back out into the pouring rain for absolutely-necessary-can’t-wait-until-tomorrow toys. Leaving the warm house and warm puppy, we headed out to the mall, piled the shopping cart high, raced it back through the torrent to the car, and managed to drop

the new dog bed in the lake that had been a parking lot when we drove in.

Back at her house, I wrote my daughter a check for my new baby’s adoption fee, chip, spay, collar, leash, food, crate, and the toys she had purchased before the absolutely-necessary-can’t-wait-until-tomorrow toys, and bundled a sleepy puppy off to her new home. Half-an-hour later, I opened the trunk of the car where the lid to the large spray bottle of enzyme cleaner had come loose providing an equal opportunity soaking and de-scenting of gift baskets, bouquets, the already wet doggie bed, and many, many toys.

I didn’t leave home much for a while. We went out to “go potty” several times a night and then slept in. Our nighttime forays into the back yard reminded me of traveling by air. You know how they tell you to put on your oxygen mask before assisting your child? Well, with my “bladder of a certain age” and her puppy bladder, I learned to remember to go potty first before venturing into the California cold at three in the morning as she learned to eliminate while on leash, in the dark, as I exercised my memory to avoid stepping in the wrong place.

In the next few weeks she learned sit, down, shake, stay, and other commands, but mostly we just cuddled. She went crazy with my daughters’ dogs, but with me she was gentle. My vet said there was a rancher in the San Diego suburbs who let folks bring their border collies to herd his sheep. I looked forward to hiking and rattlesnake-aversion-training and dog beach. Instead of flying that summer, we traveled by car to my son’s in Wichita. (Add \$95.00 on Amazon for a bunch of books on hotels and campgrounds that accept dogs.) I named her Tashi—“auspicious” in Tibetan. But perhaps it is me who should be Tashi—I am lucky that for once I let my heart rule my head—one more cliché for the road. ♦

IN MEMORIAM

June Cummins Lewis
English and Comparative
Literature,
February 22, 2018

Vytas Dukas
German and Russian
September, 2018

SEVEN AND COUNTING

Maggi McKerrow, Theatre

When SDSU hired me in 1971 I moved to San Diego and bought my first cat. She was a Siamese kitten and came free with the purchase of a cat dish. I named her Gillian. She was a great retriever. We lived in a town house near Lake Murray and I used to sit in bed and throw wooden thread spools down the stairs. Gillian raced after them and brought them back. I'd throw them again and again. On and on. We both slept well. When I moved out a couple of years later I was embarrassed to notice numerous dents in the wall where I had missed the stairs. Oops.

Soon I realized that one cat was not enough. Next came a treasure of a Chocolate Point Siamese I named Pippa. She was in permanent training for the high jump at the Feline Olympics, but a bit klutzy. Once she fell from the top of the kitchen cabinets into the top rack of the just-emptied dishwasher. I was shocked but she just walked away. She was always at my side (or above me) so had several other kitchen adventures usually involving falling from high places and dish breakage. There is a still to be seen big dent in my dining table. Once when my father was visiting he blew a very loud note on an old bugle I had picked up in an antique store. Pippa was so startled she leapt about 8 feet straight up into the air landing on top of the same kitchen cabinet. We laughed and laughed. It was quite a while before she came down.

Most of my cats lived long lives. When Pippa died I went to the San Diego Cat Show to check out the options since I wasn't sure I wanted another Siamese. I had no intention of buying a cat. I wandered around looking at cages filled with extraordinary creatures. Skinny cats with sharply pointed faces, long haired cats, short haired cats, huge fluffy

cats with round flat faces, cats with and without tails, cats that looked like they slept all the time, friendly cats, skittish cats, standoffish cats. Confusing. One booth had a breed of cat I had never seen before. They were called Scottish Folds and were smallish short haired cats with ear tips that pointed down instead of up. Adorable. There was one white kitten with gold spots for sale for \$250. I picked her up and she leaned into me and purred. "You should get that cat," said the breeder. "She loves you."

Of course I paid the \$250 and took her home in a cardboard box. I named her Gemma. She fit right in and kept on purring. My friends were shocked that I had paid so much money for a cat but they loved her too. One friend went right out and bought a Scottish Fold for herself.

Three Scottish Folds later I am still in love with the breed. Miranda, my second Fold, was a small fluffy calico with beautiful coloring and a sweet personality. She always looked like she was posing for a magazine cover—providing multiple photo ops every day. For several years the SDSU Theatre Department held annual retreats in my big living room. After the meeting began Miranda worked her way around the room giving everybody a friendly greeting, then found a suitable spot to take her picture-perfect nap. You had to laugh. She was a great tension reliever. Toby, my next Fold was a sleek and skinny pale grey guy, another lover of a cat. He enjoyed riding around on my shoulders like a tiger at the circus and slept in the crook of my knee. I will always miss him. Every cat I ever owned has had the ability to totally disappear even though you know they must be in the house somewhere. Frustrating creatures. One morning a burglar smashed a sliding

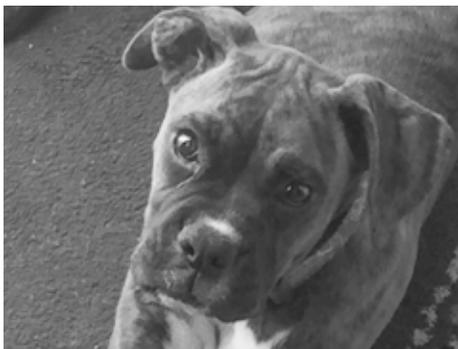


Matilda and Robin

glass door and broke into my house. I came home shortly after the event and called the police. Miranda emerged but Toby was nowhere to be found; I was terrified. I thought he had run away and searched the neighborhood. Six hours later he emerged, still shaking, from the back of a closet I had searched ten times. Whew!

My current cats are Robin, another white and gold Scottish Fold and something new—a charming dark grey British Shorthair named Matilda. I saw her and was smitten. She has big dark gold eyes. Robin is the most active cat I have ever owned, upstaging even Pippa in a search for the heights. Less klutzy though. He drives me crazy with his antics, especially the Irish jigs on the headboard of my bed at 3 am, but I love him. Matilda sleeps a lot but adores company. She rushes to greet people when the doorbell rings and especially enjoys welcoming workmen. "Who is it this time?" she thinks as she heads to the door. "Oh good, the plumber. I can help!" To my amazement they are usually as delighted to see her as I am.

Every cat I have ever owned has brightened my life. I can't imagine life without one. What will the next one be like? Can't wait to find out...♦



WRIGLEY

Rick Schulte, Psychology

Last April my grandson Brady, who is living with me, asked if he could get a new

puppy for us to have at the house. After considerable internal debate I agreed to go ahead with the usual admonition that he would be responsible for its care, feeding, clean up, etc. He agreed and brought home the cutest Brindle Boxer I've ever seen, and named her Wrigley after Wrigley field in Chicago being the sports nut that he is.

I have had dogs in my life, back to my childhood and did miss having one around, although with all the travel we had planned, we resisted getting a new one after our German Shepard, Arthur, died at age 13 about 10 years ago.

Wrigley immediately displayed the usual puppy behavior of being out of control, although she did become house broken rather quickly. So far, we have had to rescreen two windows and a sliding

glass door screen. It was ripped again, so we decided to wait until she matures to redo that again. Until then, we'll live with the flies and bugs. We have also lost a pair of flip-flops, towels, and a few knick-knacks left lying around. She will be one next February and the hope is she'll settle down some by then.

As you can predict, much of her care and clean-up has fallen upon me since Brady works various shifts for the SDPD and isn't around a lot for her feeding. Also, Brady's inclination to clean up after Wrigley is quite erratic, e.g. will do it if nagged. Much of my time is spent filling in holes Wrigley has dug looking for gophers

continued on page 9

OUR BELOVED NOODLE CAT
Requiescat in Pace



she never demanded more than
our undivided attention
while greeting us in the patio
each morning
with her engaging conversation
consisting of variations on a
meow

unlike her canine counterparts
she didn't rush straight for her
dish
but insisted on some existential
affirmation
like a soft pat on the head
or some human conversation to
which she responded
with her soft purrs and variations
on a meow

when we were away from home
she liked to sit outside our gate
and regale the neighbors with her elegance
and feline sophistication

she began her life as an unwanted kitten
when her purebred Persian mother mated
with some nondescript tomcat
resulting in her owner seeking adoptive homes
for the entire litter

Georgia said she wasn't interested
but when the owner just happened to drop by carrying a tiny
ball of fur fitted with ears, legs, a fluffy tail
and two bright eyes it was love at first sight
and not of the puppy variety either

Noodle became a member of the family
as surely as the other children
but (unlike them) never left the nest
for either college or spouses

years passed, children came and went, but Noodle
remained close to home for more than seventeen years

when her mistress married she had to share her feline space
with Em's old tomcat in the condo on diamond street
but when Thomas died
she resumed her place as head cat

friends and neighbors all made her acquaintance
and every grandchild save one bore witness
to the speed and sharpness of her tiny claws
while grabbing instead of stroking her soft fur

there was no meanness in her demeanor
and even when she hunted rodents and birds in her early years
she chewed on them without rancor
before leaving their neatly gnawed skulls on our doorstep

after more than seventeen years
we might be excused at taking her for granted
but when she began to falter near the summer solstice
we knew that her kitty lifespan was
nearing its ordained culmination

Dennis and Cheryl took her in when we traveled to Spain
and helped her regain a measure of health
leading us to hope that she might
make it through another year

but time and age prevailed (as they always do)
and when Georgia held her tenderly in her lap for her final ride
she purred contentedly in her arms
trusting her caregiver as she had throughout her
previous eight lives

Son Victor dug her tiny grave in our back yard
(because Em was in Michigan at the time)
and laid her down for the last time
wrapped in a beautiful appliqué from Dublin
covered in suns and hearts

she was just a cat, and in the larger
scheme of things her value wasn't much
but in her own engaging way she
added to the store of human pleasure
and fulfillment, which is all a cat can do
or I can say

Em Cummins
Counseling

Wrigley, continued from page 8

in the yard. She also has a fondness for apples torn off the tree as far as she can reach by jumping, which is surprisingly high. In addition, she is now pulling green oranges from the tree and even though they're bitter, she keeps biting and playing with them. Who knew a dog was a fruit lover? None of my other dogs were. I've tried spraying the fruit with apple cider vinegar, but doubt that will deter her. Certainly scolding has had no effect.

In spite of all the trouble, including my arms being scratched to blood at times, she has been a positive addition in many ways. The constant companion will lick you to death and do funny things to entertain you. For example, when I throw her a tennis ball, she almost always overruns it and tumbles over trying to reach back for it. No coordination at this point. She also does wind sprints along the fence with a neighbor's dog as they bark back and forth. She has worn a path in what was once my flower garden, now a very limited flower garden.

The best part of having her around is the safe feelings provided by her barking at any stranger who approaches my property. I doubt if she would bite anyone, but she might scare them away.

All in all I'm happy to have her around. ♦

MY PET CATS

Mary Nelson, Aztec Shops

My first cat was a grey Persian named Fluffy. She actually was a family pet that had been given to my sister around the time I was born. We grew up together and as time passed I became the “nanny,” as my siblings were all older with other things to do than to take care for Fluffy. She was never neutered so I spent many hours taking care of kittens. When she got so old she could no longer feed them, I used my dolls’ baby bottles to feed her. When she passed away I was at summer camp for a couple of weeks about 50 miles from my home town. One day my father showed up and told me old Fluffy had died. What a great Dad to drive 100 miles round trip to tell me so I wouldn’t have to find out when I came home.

The next black cat that came into my life was a cute little kitten with white paws and white stripes up the side of his legs Also a white chest that gave him the appearance of wearing a tuxedo. I named him Tuxedo, Tux for short. My dad always called him Thomas so he became Tuxedo Thomas Nelson. He was given to me one summer when I was grounded for the summer, not something I had done but what my older sister had and I got the blame. He lived an exciting and exotic life. The food he liked best was hardboiled eggs. Wherever he was in the house, if you cracked a hard-boiled egg, he was there in a jiffy. One time he disappeared and my mother went to look for him. About two blocks from home some gypsies had moved into a house. When my mother was in their yard calling for him, she heard him cry. He always had a loud yowl and she recognized it. Two little boys came out of the house, and she paid them a quarter for them to give her Tux. After that another name was added on. He became Tuxedo ThomasTwobits Nelson. I went off to college and during that time, my parents decided to sell one of the farms. They moved to one of the farms to get it ready to sell, and of course Tux went with them. One night he got into a fight with a skunk and the skunk won.

The last cat I had was here in San Diego and of course he was black too. A long-haired black cat that was probably the most loving one of all the cats I had. He started out as a pet for my niece and nephew whose dad was a Marine pilot. They got transferred to Hawaii and didn’t want to put him in quarantine for 90 days so they asked me if I would adopt him. I eagerly said yes, and we had 12 great years together. He was a real head bumper. When anyone sat on the couch,



Jet

he would jump up behind and bump their heads with his. At two in the morning, he would jump on the bed and bump my head to wake me to put him in the garage for his box. I always checked on him and let him out before I went to work. One morning I couldn’t find him so I opened the hood of the car and sure enough he had crawled onto the engine. I even taught him a few tricks. He would roll over when asked. Needless to say, we had many good and sometimes bad times. The worst was when I took him to the vets to get his teeth cleaned. Unbeknownst to me, the vet anesthetized him and he didn’t wake up. He’s buried on my back hill.♦

PETS, GOOD AND BAD

Ed Deaton, Mathematics

I was born on South Davis Street in Sulphur Springs, Texas in my mother’s bedroom because I wanted to be near her. Within the next few years, Pat, my first cat, twice gave birth to litters in my bed. I was happy, my mother was not. Through high school, we always had one or more cats, but never a dog. Skip to SDSU in the ‘60s. It was time again for a cat. This time it was Pouchine, a Siamese. She could go out when she wanted, but she slept inside. She was followed by Kody, another Siamese.

About 1969, while I was out of the country, my son talked his mother into letting him buy a Basenji. I had told him no way earlier. I came home and there was Neffy. Actually Nefertiti of the Nile. Registered. Barkless. Trainable. Of course, did my son train her? What kind of a question was that? What did Neffy do? Eat shoes and anything else of value. Run away, of course; dig under the fence, of course. Chase our cat Pouchine, of course. BUT when Pouchine got tired of the chase, she would jump on the couch, slap Neffy on the nose with her claws, and he would quit, until he forgot and did it again. And again.

When my son decided to move

out, he thought we should keep Neffy. NO WAY. So he kept her. A few years later, and about \$2500 in expenses, Neffy ended up in Cincinnati, Ohio. Was Neffy fun? Was Neffy a companion? For one cent, I would have sold you Neffy. In fact I would have paid you a LOT to take that animal away. Anywhere.

To end this on a positive note, I will tell you about Mitchell. Mary Dee Dickerson (Family Studies) and I lived in Del Cerro. An unpleasant man named Mitchell moved in next door and began a campaign of anti-Semitic rants at neighbors. We held neighborhood meetings, talks with the city, made recordings of his ranting. After about two years, he died. His cat chose Mary Dee, who named the cat Mitchell after his previous owner. Mitchell, the cat, was happy.♦

OKTOBERFEST 2018

Rick Schulte, Psychology

This year marked our 29th annual Oktoberfest celebration, held once again at the Santee Lakes Recreation Preserve on Fanita Parkway. It was another beautiful day, and we all enjoyed the camaraderie, food, drink, and entertainment provided. The decorations were especially nice this year thanks to Ann LePage & Mary Nelson. Many thanks also to Dean Popp who did the risky job of hanging them and taking them down.

Beer, wine, and soft drinks were plentiful and members enjoyed seeing and talking with old friends, some of whom we seldom see any more. We also had new members there for the first time in a while, happy to see them. The entertainment was once again provided by Jim and Karen Evans of the *Sentimental Journey* who played many of the old favorites. Dancing is limited in our group anymore, but a few members had a great time on the floor.

Bekker’s Catering provided the usual wonderful Bratwurst & Sauerkraut lunch with salad, green beans, and potato salad. Their Apple Cobbler is always delicious especially when topped off with plenty of whipped cream. We consumed almost all the brats they cooked with a few left over for the still hungry. We also drank approximately 45 beers (of Michael Brooks’ fine collection) in celebration, so the two really do represent the tradition well.

There was another good turnout this year with about 40 members attending. Overall everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and there were many comments about how beautiful the setting was with all its shade trees, lakes, and wildlife present.♦

SDSURA Fall 2018 Events



Oktoberfest, October 19



FALL DAY AT THE THEATRE

On Friday December 7 a group of SDSURA culture lovers enjoyed a very special event in the Don Powell Theatre—the performance of Leonard Bernstein’s *Mass* presented by the School of Music and Dance and the School of Theatre, Television and Film. The 350 performers overflowing the stage included the SDSU symphony orchestra, two choirs, a children’s choir, a rock band, and twenty musical theatre actors. There was even a marching band parading down the aisles. Quite an experience—made even better for the SDSURA group because the conductor Michael Gerdes met with us before the show and introduced us to Bernstein’s challenging work. All in all a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Lucky us. ♦



Holiday Party, December 9



A TRIBUTE TO GRETTEL

Our puppy's name was Gretel
We loved her very much.
We stayed together all the time
'Cause we just loved to touch!

She really was a family dog
and loved to be inside.
She'd put her backside on the couch
leaving us no place to ride.

You see, she was a Great Dane,
We went to pick her up.

Some Black Labs showed up at the door.
They said, "No, that's your pup!"

She loved to go to swap meets.
Her tail wagged side to side.
All the folks would move away—
They only wanted to hide!

She spent just nine years with us.
They're too big for their heart.
She died one night while we were gone—
It tore us all apart.

We buried her behind our house.
We had a country home.
We put a marker by her grave.
So she'd know where to roam!

That dog, she meant the world to us.
The memories are strong.
We think our lives were much more fun
Because she came along.

*Jerry W. Koppman
Psychology
12/2/18*

BUZZ MUNSON *Al Hillix, Psychology*

Approximately 75 years ago I was in the Navy V-5 program with another "sailor" named Buzz Munson. We were both 18 or 19 years old. Buzz was a quiet kid, a bit on the stocky side for a male his age. WWII was over in the east, but still in the pre-atomic-bomb stage with Japan. I wasn't a close friend of Buzz's, and I never contacted him after the war. I have no idea whether he is alive, or what he did post-war. But I discovered recently that I remembered, word for word, a poem that he had written while we were in the Navy. I never wrote it down, and never quoted it in anything I wrote. For me, it's nostalgia plus, and it might remind other veterans of things they can never forget. It's a miracle that I remember it, for I don't think I ever made a special effort to memorize it—and, these days, I seldom remember where I left my glasses.

Here's Buzz's poem

The Seashell

*I gave to my sweetheart a shell from the sea
That she might listen, and think some of me.
My sweetheart took it, and smiled on me then,
A smile I remembered those weary months when
The sound of waves meant the front gates of hell,
And not just the sounds you'd hear in a shell.
Then came the day, as days always do,
I turned my steps homeward, my voyages through.
It might have been loneliness, or maybe just fate
She'd married another; I'd come home too late.
So it's back to the ocean, the waves and the spray.
I'm hoping she'll find it, and think some of me
As she fondles the shell, the shell from the sea.*

So, here's hoping that Buzz had a great life, or is still living, and that the world stumbles through its present and future wars as it did through WWII, rather than being completely destroyed by hate and murderous stupidity. Let's go to the beach and find some shells.♦

HE KNOWS TOO MUCH

Patricia Geist-Martin, School of Communication

I am at the mall. The sounds of fake yapping, barking, and whoof-whoofing snorts grow louder and begin to irritate me. I strain to look up ahead to my left. Sure enough, there on the ground, outside of the K-Bee toy store is a pack of pastel-colored, miniature stuffed dogs, bumping and clustering into each other, like five year olds on a soccer field. As I stand now, outside the store, but far enough away not to be noticed, I feel drawn to, mesmerized by the continuous, rhythmic, familiar echo. As I squint my eyes, just a little, there he is, our own real-life dog Corky. I can hardly remember the last time I saw him. But I can feel the memory warm the chill in the air.

His black spots stand out on his tiny white fur. That black snout is punctuated with those tiny wisps of brown eyebrows that move endlessly up and down with every angry word, whoop of excitement, and just plain silliness. He can't help himself. He pumps back and forth, narrating each and every moment in our family history.

I don't know how Corky came into our lives. I don't know where he was when he died or even how he died. All I know is that after mom died, the ache that wouldn't dissipate from my 17-year-old body was intensified as I watched our little Corky wander around our house looking for her. Sometimes he would wait outside mom and dad's bedroom door, head stacked neatly on his front paws. He looked as if he were peering under the door, hoping for a glimpse of her tucked away under the sheets of the double bed. But she never stirred. And she never walked through that bedroom door.

When someone would ring our doorbell or knock on our front door, Corky was there before anyone else, just in case. But she never walked through that door, even with Corky's hopeful brown eyes staring that wish into being. Corky wanted what we all wanted, a chance to follow her all around the house, be side-by-side with her, to have her be what she was for all of us—our core,

our sure thing, the person we could count on. But really Corky had this comfort food more than any of us. In that last year before my mom got sick, we were all busy—Dad with Jehovah’s Witness, my 18-year-old brother Bill with his friends, and me with my new boyfriend, Greg. But Corky was always there. Mom and Corky could count on each other no matter what. Mom knew it. Corky knew it.

One time, like a detective, I followed Corky downstairs on one of his mysterious disappearances, keeping an unnoticeable distance. I watched. One loop, two, and a third for good measure, he made the rounds from rec room to laundry room. On the last loop, the click of his nails on the cement floor ended abruptly. I stopped short of the doorway into the laundry room and peered around the corner. There he sat, back to me, snout facing up toward the washer where my mom might have stood. And he sat, still as could be, meditating? Willing her back? Seeing her? Being with her for just that moment? A tear meandered down my cheek. I forgot, but now I remember. Corky stood up and turned toward my stifled breath and ran to me. On one bended knee, I reached for him as he jumped into my arms. I held in tight, let him lick my face, and rubbed my hand over those delicate eyebrows.

Mystery solved, or maybe just beginning. He knows so much more than we do. He was with her day in and day out. They created their daily rituals. Perhaps she talked to him and told him, like she had instructed me, “Fold the corners of the bed sheet this way when you make the bed. They stay in better that way.” And maybe at that moment he would jump up to the middle of the bed, making her laugh as she tried to pull the sheet toward the corner with his tiny body offering comical resistance. I know too that at even a hint of sadness in her voice or a stifled cry, Corky would have moved in close, with front paws on her folded knees, head cocked slightly to one side, listening compassionately. She would have told him things she was afraid to tell us, let the hidden tears fall as he licked to catch them in midair. Maybe too, they had plans to be together to the very end, something we could never speak of. He knows so much more than we do. And if I had paid a bit more attention to him after she died, I may have learned more about what these two best friends shared together day in and day out.

I guess we are all creatures of habit. And our little Corky tried in his own way to re-create those daily rituals. And bit-



Stella and Lucy

by-bit they disappeared—the day my mom died—the day five months later when I left for college. My dad called me one day in my first semester at college to tell me that when he came home, Corky was gone. He had escaped from our back yard. It was a sad day for my dad. I can only imagine what it must have felt like for dad to walk in that door to silence. Gone was the gleeful, pumping back and forth announcement of my dad’s return from a long day at work. And gone was that moment when dad bent down on one knee to pick up that little guy, to give him the hug of recognition of what they both had lost. I imagine, just like mom, dad could tell Corky what he couldn’t tell us. The strong front could melt with Corky’s whimper.

Corky was the last remaining touchstone we all had to my mom, and now he was gone. A few days later, when a woman called to say she found Corky and asked my dad if he wanted to come and get him, my dad said no. He told the woman about my mom and how lonely Corky had been and asked if she wanted to keep him. She did. So I never saw my little Corky dog again. I imagine that he found his way home to a new place to live that day. It was a home where he didn’t know too much, a home where he could begin again.

I realize now that we all went our separate ways, and when mom went hers, I think Corky tried to follow. And I hope in some small way he may have found my mom in this new woman who told my dad that day over the phone, “I love this little guy already!”

This memory of our family dog Corky inserts itself often and with it my mom, whom he adored. When I see a rat terrier, there’s Corky, but also my mom appears, searching for and naming our dog Corky, the exact same breed as my cousin, Nancy’s, rat terrier Corky. Mom fell in love with Nancy’s Corky and decided that

was the type of dog and the name she wanted for our dog, as well.

Even now, when my part lab/part German shepherd dog Lucy follows me around the house and nudges her nose into my lap for a pet, I see Corky and the affection he was always demanding from my mom. He devoted himself to knowing her whereabouts, just as Lucy devotes herself to knowing mine, sitting in the doorway of my office, following me outside when I need a break from my work, lying directly under my feet when I sit on the couch. When I trip over Lucy, I feel my mom tripping over Corky; shadowing us was their way of reminding us.

I guess that’s really the message in this moment. Absence can be a presence; that longing reminds us of what we loved and appreciated. The longing stands in for the lost loved one, holding a place in our present lives. They shadow us in ways that allow us to trace their path, then and now. I’m beginning to sketch those traces of my mom, recognizing that recovering from the shock of her death is a longer process than I anticipated. When the ground shifts in such profound ways, trust, fear, and confusion result. Repairing the faultlines that have stretched across time and place takes time and a willingness to go back over the ground that shifted.♦

LOKI AND ODIN

Loki darker and Odin bright,
in bookend stature bemuse,
how love given is love received,
by signaling this inscrutable news.

*Brian Spitzberg,
School of Communication*



WHAT'S GOING ON WITH INVESTMENTS IN PRIVATE EQUITY FIRMS?

Tom Donahue, ERFSA/Benefits

In its latest news releases, CalPERS reports on a continuing policy to move forward with Private Equity investments: for 2018 the plan is to place 8 to 10% of its funds in such positions. There are two views of what private equity [PE] practices do and produce for investors: in the ideal case a PE firm takes over a business, streamlines its methods and procedures, and finally yields a leaner, more productive, and more profitable company for investors. In reality, PE firms operate in a way that is extremely complex and substantially more controversial.

There is a fascinating discussion of such PE procedures reported closely by Brian Alexander in his book *Glass House* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2017), which presents an account of the steps followed by Cerberus Capital Management from 2004-2007 and Monomoy Capital Partners from 2007-2015 in their ownership of the Anchor Hocking Glass company in Lancaster, Ohio. If one may generalize about such PE procedures, one can trace the following steps:

I. A PE firm always begins a project with its own amount of investable capital. The first step is to augment this initial sum with a large amount of capital solicited from investors.

II. The PE firm next buys a company which is characterized as in need of reorganizing and restructuring. Anchor Hocking and a picture frame business

called Burnes of Boston were acquired by Cerberus for \$310 million in 2004. The PE executives then proceed with these steps:

1. The acquired company's pension system is converted to a 401(k) arrangement, which may then be unfunded in a very brief time.

2. The company's Health Maintenance Organization becomes underfunded, or unfunded entirely.

3. Worker's pay raises are cut, with a canceling of any promise of future raises.

4. Previous plans for maintenance, repair, and replacement of equipment are cancelled.

5. Substantial worker layoffs begin. In the case of Anchor Hocking, illegal immigrants were brought in and paid lower wages (one worker noticed "they all had the same social security number" (Alexander, p. 143)).

6. Less profitable product lines are identified and removed, and layoffs increase.

7. If a competitor can be identified, a merger is attempted, and new investors are solicited. In 2011, Cerberus was replaced by the PE firm Monomoy Capital Partners II, and they brought in CalPERS and six other investment groups to invest \$420 million in the project (Alexander, p. 146). The new PE firm then acquired Oneida Corporation.

8. If possible steps 1-4 are repeated with the new acquisition, a move which proved to be impossible in this instance.

9. Assess the company or companies management fees at all possible steps in the acquisitions.

10. Near the end of the restructuring, borrow as large a sum from a variety of outside sources and attach the sum as debt

to the new company.

11. Offer the new and trimmed, but also newly indebted, company for sale.

12. Distribute to investors the profit from the management fees, the sale of the company, and a large fraction of the borrowed sum. These funds as received by the investors are taxed at a lower rate as capital gains.

The story does not end once Monomoy extracted as much as it could from the company. A PE firm, in pursuit of fees, assessments, sales profits, and surplus value and plain ordinary looting of all sorts, is continuously at risk of driving the acquired business into bankruptcy—and this, naturally enough, makes private equity ventures very risky. According to the website discussing Anchor Hocking, the credit reporting company bdcereporter.com mentions that the glass company entered bankruptcy in 2015. The PE firm Main Capital Partners then took over and has since then been attempting to retire a debt of \$300 million, but as of 2018 little financial information has been made available.

Any report on transactions such as these should contain a mention of the impact of such business practices on the local community. The area around Lancaster, Ohio, is deep in the heart of America's opioid crisis—which has been exacerbated through difficulties in unemployment and underemployment. For those who haven't seen the most recent statistics, in 2017 more Americans died from opioid abuse (72,000) than perished in all the years of the Vietnam War (58,220). If you feel a bit smudged up that CalPERS was present for some of this, that feeling is appropriate.♦

TREASURER'S REPORT

Robin Fishbaugh Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of December 13, 2018

Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$212,526.88
Scholarship Fund	\$34,292.98
Operating Account	\$28,112.95
Activities Account	\$16,485.17
Sub-total	\$291,417.98
Bohnsack Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$52,671.37
Bohnsack Scholarship Fund	\$3,500.92
Sub-total	\$56,172.29
Total Assets	\$347,590.27

THE TRUTH ABOUT GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

Steve Barnes, ARPE

They are frequently featured in magazines and on television, a dog that is affectionate, family oriented, adaptable.

Most are obsessed with retrieving, anything, and swimming wherever there is sufficient water source.

They are exactly 28 inches tall, perfect for petting.

Ours doesn't speak but understands everything said. Of course you have to speak slowly, repeating certain words and phrases for emphasis. In the neighborhood he greets everyone enthusiastically as if it were a birthright. When we run into friends, stop to chat, he waits patiently, listening. He likes some people more than others but he dislikes no one.

In the morning at precisely the correct time he is responsible for rousing each family member. For the remainder of the day he watches over things. All of this is time consuming and exhausting so for several hours he just rests.

The truth about Golden Retrievers is they are not dogs at all but a branch on the tree of human development. Only better.♦

COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT: THE FACULTY-STAFF CENTER

Note: The Postscript Editorial Board would like to thank everyone for their thoughtful responses to the PostScript survey—we will share highlights in the next issue. If you have more suggestions, we would love to hear from you anytime.

Faculty-Staff Center

The theme for the next issue is the Faculty Staff Center. Please share with us stories about your involvement with the center, events you attended, memorable meals, good and bad experiences. This theme was the suggestion of Ed Deaton, one of the people instrumental in founding the Faculty Staff Center which became fully operational in 1978.

He wrote:

Most of the people who were instrumental in creating the Faculty-Staff Center have gone to that Big Faculty-Staff Center in the afterlife. There are a few of us left though. Lynn Peters and I started the process. We were joined by C. Dale Johnson and Bob Hutchins. The four of us worked for a long time, then we were incorporated and were joined by others. A background of the Center is published on the FSC website. Here is an excerpt:

When the Bookstore, East Commons, and Aztec Center were added to the campus during the late 1950s and early '60s, President Love granted the faculty permission to use an old building as a faculty lounge-cafeteria and Senate Office. Then, on November 18, 1975, the Senate recommended and President Golding authorized the formation of the Faculty Club, a membership corporation. Original members paid an initiation fee and monthly dues to pay off the mortgage required for improvements, and with the start of fall semester 1978, the new club was fully operational. Later adding Staff to its name, the club operated as its founders had envisaged: an independently managed central meeting place where faculty and staff worked and relaxed together.”

Most of this information is correct. But not all. The actual process of getting it going is passed over. For example when we were very close to the opening process, we needed \$11,000 (to make \$100,000 in the bank). There were eleven board members. The solution was obvious. Two board members quickly resigned, one faculty, one staff. The remaining nine contributed \$1,000 each. We received an anonymous gift of \$1,000 from a person we all knew. We received another anonymous gift of \$1,000. I think only the treasurer knew the source.

Let us know your stories. Why did you join the Center? Were you encouraged to join by your Department Chair, a colleague, or a friend? Did you use the Center? Do you still use it? Do you remember the Christmas Dinners? And if you were not a member, why not? I encourage people to read the entire text regarding the Center and its origins on the FSC website (www.facultystaffclub.com). Any additions, modifications or corrections you would like to add would be of interest to readers.

And so, SDSU's Faculty Staff Center is the theme for the next issue of PostScript. We look forward to hearing what you have to say.♦

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2018-19

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Coming in the Next *PostScript*:

The Faculty Staff Center

Save the Date

*Valentine's Luncheon, February 14,
2019, Bali Hai*

*Desert Escape, March 12-15, 2019,
Palm Canyon Hotel and RV Resort,
Borrego Springs*

Annual Spring Luncheon, TBA

Left: *The Arts and Letters building at the northwest corner of campus opened August 28, 2006. It is home to nineteen departments offering programs in the humanities, social sciences, and interdisciplinary studies.*



DEADLINE: March 14, 2019

Please e-mail your double-spaced article of approximately 400-500 words to whitesagecafe@aol.com. If you have no access to a computer, mail your typed or clearly printed article to 4829 Beaumont Drive, La Mesa, CA 91941. Scanned photos may be sent as an attachment or mail photos to Barbara Barnes at the above address. Photos are appreciated and will be returned.

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