

PostScript

Fall/Winter 2019

Volume XXXIV No. 1

SDSU Retired Faculty/Staff News

“WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO SDSU?”

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Cover: San Diego State, 1931. This image shows the historic campus core—campus, panicle, Hepner Hall, academic buildings, power plant--surrounded by open space yet to be developed.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

*Dean Popp,
Economics*

I trust you have all had a wonderful and happy holiday season and are looking forward to a prosperous 2020. The Retirement Association has had a good year and is anticipating 2020 to be even better. Now, "the big ask." I do ask each of you to think about taking a more active role in our organization. Right now, we need a person or two to join the Activities Committee and a person to participate on the Membership Committee. Both of these committees are vital to the operation, longevity, and future of our group and we truly need new ideas and the interest of some of you who may have just been waiting to be asked. Consider yourselves asked!

Looking ahead to this summer it will be time to select a new President. In July I will be completing six years as President and it is time for someone else to grab hold of the reins and take the organization on to new accomplishments. I have enjoyed my time as President, have made many new and trusted friends, have participated in new activities but feel it is now time for new leadership, vitality, and enthusiasm to come on board. It is time for someone new to enjoy the opportunity to impart their ideas to the Retirement Association. Dan Gilbreath is the chair of the Nominating Committee for the Association so please contact Dan or myself if you have an interest in more involvement in the RA.

Lastly, I would like to follow up on the enrollment at SDSU in the fall of 2019 which was the subject of my last President's Message. As you may recall, SDSU receives thousands of applications, admits a few of the applicants, some of those applicants indicate they intend to attend SDSU, and that is where the last President's Message ended. How many students actually showed up for class this past fall? Below is the table that was included in my previous message with an additional column added showing the number of students in each category who actually enrolled in Fall 2019. As you can see most of the students who said they intended to enroll actually enrolled.

The application, admission and then the students who actually enroll is a difficult-to-accurately-estimate process. It is, however, crucially important to the well being of the University.♦



*Dean at Oktoberfest 2019, with singers
Karen and Jim of Sentimental Journey*

FALL 2019 ADMISSIONS DATA

	Applications	Admitted	Intend to Attend	Enrolled
1st Time Freshmen	69,726	23,648	5,461	5,219
Undergraduate Transfers & Readmits	24,860	5,473	4,002	3,911
New Post Baccalaureate	842	573	470	465
Graduate Students	6,656	2,595	1,660	1,584

Note: In Fall 2018, there were 34,881 students enrolled—30,392 undergraduates and 4,489 graduates.

SDSURA SCHOLARS REPORT

Dear SDSU Retirement Association,

I would like to start by saying thank you for selecting me to receive this scholarship. I was motivated to choose SDSU because I have always loved my hometown of San Diego. SDSU is especially great because it fosters a culture of diversity and inclusion unlike any other college. I decided to study Computer Engineering because for as long as I can remember, I have enjoyed solving problems and experimenting with computers. My major allows me to do both. My parents, both of whom work at SDSU and are in the technology field, and my grandparents, have encouraged me to pursue higher education. I have long wanted to be the first person on my dad's side to receive a college degree, and the first person on my mom's side to earn a Ph.D. This financial support will allow me to make both these dreams a reality. Thanks to you, I will be able to make my family proud and contribute to my community through my future achievements. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Avi Martin



Avi

Dear SDSU Retirement Association,

Thank you so much for awarding me the SDSU Retirement Association Scholarship. Upon arriving at SDSU, I began working at the SDSU Children's Center and that led me to declare a second major in Child and Family Development. I hope to combine my love of children and event planning in the future and will continue to explore possible career paths through my studies at SDSU.

This is the second time that I have been a recipient of the SDSU Retirement Association Scholarship. After receiving the scholarship last year, I have been able to pay in full to study abroad in Athens and Chios, Greece for two weeks this summer. While there I will have the opportunity to work with the HOME Project, Caritas, and the Image Project who are committed to assisting refugees in Greece who have fled from countries like Turkey and Syria. This will be my first trip out of the country and it would not have been possible without you. Your financial support will help me immensely in the upcoming year and I am so grateful to have found such generous people here at SDSU.

Sincerely,

Abigail Castro



Abigail

Avi Martin and Abigail Castro were two of the six SDSURA scholarship awardees for 2019. Thank you notes are a required part of the scholarship process.



THE Q B

Ron Young, Spanish

1970 was a good year for a faculty job search. Linguistics was just coming into its prime and a Ph.D. in both Linguistics and Spanish was a winner. Interviews were plentiful (even one over the phone from a lonely motel in the middle of Nowhere, Texas, while on my way from “Chambana” (the University of Illinois) to Mexico City. Rinda and I might have ended up at U. Mass, Georgetown, UTEP, U. of Arizona and a couple of others, everywhere except where we wanted to go.

Rinda’s mom and dad lived in Del Mar and we spent holidays and summers with them. Summer of 1969 we rented a 75 foot yacht and ran 2 day cruises from Pitcairn Marina on Shelter Island to Ensenada in Baja, California. Our company, South Coast Cruises, had a very nice writeup in *Sunset Magazine* that summer. So where we really wanted to find a faculty position is pretty obvious. Unfortunately, Governor Reagan had put a freeze on all state hiring at that time, so there were no openings available in CA.

But not to be deterred, and with a little free time and just on a whim, while we were spending the Christmas holidays in San Diego, I called the Spanish Department at San Diego State College. The Secretary told me what I already knew about the hiring freeze. We were chatting away and she asked me where I was finishing my degree. When I told her University of Illinois she said, “Why our Chair has his degree from there, too.” He just happened to be on campus that day and so she put me on hold and connected me to his office. Come to find out, we both not only went to the same university, but also had the same dissertation chair. He commiserated with me about the hiring freeze, but there was nothing that could be done.

Meanwhile we had returned to Urbana and a few weeks later I received a call from the chair of my U of I department telling me that he had received a call from SDSC trying to locate me.

As it turned out, a new tenure track assistant professor in the department decided not to pursue his tenure (actually, not by choice) and moved away, leaving an unfilled position. An administrative decision opened that slot to be filled without actually adding an additional faculty hire.

They asked me if I could make it back out to San Diego during spring break (known as Easter break back then) for an interview. So back we went for this interview which was to take place off campus at 6344 El Cajon Blvd. I drove up and found this establishment to be the “Quaff Barrel,” a small, smoky Mexican cantina. When I entered I found my future colleagues had arrived quite a bit before me and there were numerous empty beer pitchers on the tables. Needless to say it was an interview to be remembered. My Spanish was very “fluid.” Thirty-eight years later I started my FERP at SDSU, taking students to Madrid the beginning of every semester for 5 years.

If anyone wants to know how to be hired during a hiring freeze, the answer is “beer.” Lots of it.♦



The Minnie Lee, the featured yacht in Ron and Rinda's South Coast Cruises during the summer of 1969.

OKTOBERFEST 2019

Rick Schulte, Psychology

This year marked our 30th annual Oktoberfest celebration, held once again at the Santee Lakes Recreation Preserve on Fanita Parkway. The weather cooperated with a beautiful day and we all enjoyed the comaraderie, food, drink, and entertainment provided. It was especially exciting to see so many new people joining us. We had far more than in previous years.

Beer, wine, and soft drinks were plentiful and members enjoyed seeing and talking with old friends and many of the new members there for the first time. 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 number of members had a great time on the floor.

Bekker’s Catering provided the usual wonderful bratwurst and sauerkraut lunch with salad, green beans, and potatoes. Their apple cobbler is always delicious with plenty of whipped cream. We consumed many of the brats they cooked with a few left for the still hungry. We also did well drinking Michael Brooks’ fine collection of beer that was provided. Always a good measure of a successful Oktoberfest!

As previously mentioned, the turnout this year was excellent with about 58 members attending, indicating it is one of our favorite activities. 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.♦

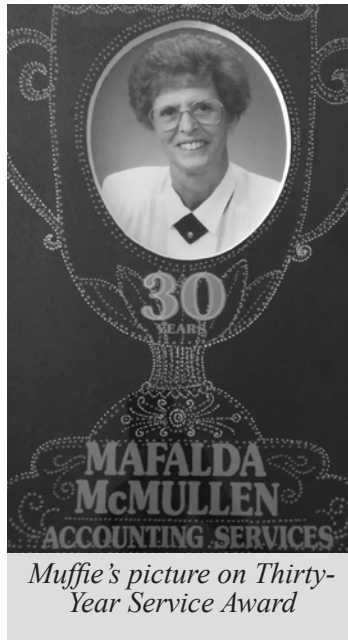
HOW I STARTED AT SDSU

Muffie McMullen, Accounting Services

Arriving in San Diego in 1959 from a close-knit, large, Italian immigrant family, we, my husband and I, were awestruck by the overwhelming enormity of what life presented us in moving to San Diego. John, my husband, was recruited by General Dynamics to work on the first manned space program, "Project Mercury." I, on the other hand, wondered what I wanted for myself in this new chapter of life.

As luck would have it, I met a woman in a store, Safeway, I think, and in conversation told her I was new to the area and was feeling a bit lost. She mentioned checking out San Diego State College, as it was then called. At the time, we lived in La Mesa and realizing how close we were to campus, I decided to apply.

In 1961 there was no problem getting on campus. By that I mean, no security, no gates or other access issues. I took the written and typing tests, which I failed miserably. Since all my other jobs required numbers, I did not realize how much my typing skills had suffered. I



brushed up on my typing skills, went back to be retested & passed. Mr. Folger, who was our Personnel Director (today it's HR), said to keep checking in periodically as the new budget year started in July.

From May through September, I called once a week to check on openings for anywhere on campus. In the interim,

however, I gradually became ill due to loneliness, and my doctor suggested it was time for me to see my family. I was one of 11 children and the only one to EVER leave the roost. So John and I planned a visit to Rochester, NY. While we were there, I kept calling Mr. Folger, despite long distance phone call charges in those days. I paid dearly for those phone calls.

When we arrived back in San Diego from our trip home, I was still unemployed. Around October 1st, 1961, Mr. Folger called to notify me that there was an opening in the Business Affairs Office but it was as a Floater for the whole 3rd floor—Personnel, Purchasing, Accounting, Accounts Payable, Housing, and the Business Manager. These departments made up the 3rd floor, which was a new building at that time. It wasn't the job I expected, but needless to say, I took the job and never regretted it. When a permanent position came available in the following budget year, I applied and became the student payroll clerk.

I thank God every day for the persistence and determination on my part to want to spend the next 30 years at SDSU.♦

A SIXTEEN YEAR ODYSSEY 1965-1981

Penny L. Wright, Management

The sixties and seventies were life changing for institutions of higher education. We were embroiled in a VERY UNPOPULAR WAR. Students were protesting, burning draft cards, moving to Canada, asking psychiatrists to write letters to the draft board saying they were unfit for service because of their being gay, having bone spurs, and other serious reasons. President John Kennedy (1963), Robert Kennedy (1968) and Martin Luther King (1968) were assassinated. At a student protest at Kent State University in 1970 four students were massacred and nine were wounded by the Ohio State National Guard. Bomb threats became a norm. The Women's Movement was attempting to change the status quo (none too soon!), and SDSU established the first Women's Study Department in the US in 1969.

In 1965, I needed a job. Someone suggested I apply for a secretarial position at the university. What good fortune. I got one of the most important jobs on campus as a half-time department secretary in the Division of Social Sciences, a department with three faculty members.

For five years, I pursued my BA de-

gree in Social Sciences and worked, and in that time was promoted to a full-time department secretary position. My degree program required a minor. What could I study that would hasten my time to graduation? Aha, Business Education. I already had credits in shorthand and typing.

Upon graduation in 1970 I was offered the opportunity to enroll in the MBA program with a TA position in the newly whelped Information Systems Depart-



Penny Wright

ment. It was the era of Fortran programming and BIG IBM computers. Four years of punching data into Hollerith cards, feeding them into the IBM, and waiting, waiting, waiting to see if it worked or if you had an error, perhaps even a hanging chad.

In 1973 I graduated with an MBA and a job offer at a private institution. However, the Dean of CBA offered me a staff position to develop an advising center for undergraduate business students. Hey, a female MBA was valuable, but a staff position was not my goal. So, he offered a faculty position with half-time release to establish an advising center. I taught accounting and management classes. The center helped usher in the Assistant Dean for Student Affairs positions in all colleges. However, this title caused a big problem: "Without a Ph.D. we cannot call you a dean."

Wow, another learning opportunity. While working, I completed a Ph.D. in Management at UCI in 1980. In 1981, as luck would have it, the WOMEN'S POSITION in Management was open. I, along with two other women, applied. I got the job, not because I was the best (actually, I was), but because I couldn't not get it. And then, the real fun began.♦

COMING TO SDSU IN SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

*Madeleine Swidler Scott, French
and Italian*

For twelve years, Buffalo, New York was my home. My position as Concert Manager in the Music Department of the University of Buffalo was a happy one. However, my personal life was in shambles and I needed to find a place to start a new life, on my own.

Pauline Oliveros, a professor in the Music Department at UCSD in San Diego, California, came to Buffalo in the Music Department to give a summer workshop on inspirational new music. We formed a friendship. She offered me a chance, which I couldn't pass up, to visit at her home in Leucadia, California. That trip to San Diego changed my life. I fell in love with the area. On my return to Buffalo, I decided to move to San Diego. I made my plans. Resigned my position, sold my furniture, loaded my car, and with a close friend, on June 1st, 1975 drove my little Volkswagen from Buffalo to San Diego to start my new life. During my last year in Buffalo, I formed a serious friendship. Eventually we reunited in San Diego and married. We then moved from Leucadia to La Mesa into our own apartment. Since he worked at Grossmont Community College, and I wanted to find a job at SDSU, the location was very convenient. All of my working days had been in universities and that is where I wanted to work.

I went to the university's personnel office and put in my application. No concert manager positions were available. Feeling that all my experiences at different universities had to be useful, I returned to the personnel office over and over again, each time filling out an application stating different types of experiences, depending on the open positions requested from an applicant. My persistence permitted me to form a relationship with the personnel office manager. She knew my position, she tried to help. Meanwhile, as I waited for a job to open up, I could not stand idle. I took it upon myself to carry my Selectric IBM typewriter to a little printing store, right by the university. Most of us remember it as Kinkos. I asked the manager if I could sit by the window, and



Madeleine and Clarence

type resumes, term papers, and whatever else came my way, anything that could benefit me or him, as students or faculty needed to have copies of their work. He saw the value of my request and set me up, right by the window. I immediately started typing jobs. I must say that being in Kinkos store was important since I was near SDSU and could check on job possibilities. I was worried, by that time, about finding a permanent position.

Every day, I kept returning to the personnel office at the university. One day an offer of a CETA position was offered to me. This was a federal program to help reinstate in the public arena anyone who had been out of the working market for some time, or had not worked at all. After a year of not working and wanting to be on campus, I accepted the position. The purpose of the CETA program was to give enough experience to anyone who entered it so that eventually they could get a full time position on campus and get off the program. The perfect place to be was the personnel office, and I was assigned there, and all newly opened positions were posted right where I was working. I knew it would be helpful for me to be on the spot, when positions came through, and I felt I could handle them.

I was appointed as the assistant to Mary-Lou Walden-Beach who ran

the training program for staff development on campus. She quickly took me in hand, and I was a good learner. This was an opportunity to learn the campus and all who worked in it. The whole campus participated in that program, and I soon became well known to the staff and their departments.

Within the year, a position opened in the French and Italian Department, requesting a bi-lingual secretary. I had never thought about my native language as something I could rely on to get me a job. This was a new opportunity. I knew I could do the job, so I applied for the position. I made sure my native French was clear. After a couple of interviews with the chairman of the department, I was accepted for the position.

In 1976, the chairwoman of the French and Italian Department was Elizabeth Jackson. She knew all facets of her Department, and every day taught me many ways of handling the work, the students, and the faculty. Now, I was working on a full-time basis and communicating in my native language every day, and I was speaking French! There were so many tasks demanded of a department secretary, and so many procedures. It took me almost a year to feel comfortable. I had to deal with almost 1000 students every semester. It was hectic, but also very enjoyable. On the campus, graduates came from many countries, in pursuit of graduate degrees, some to teach, and others to master the English language. The French graduates from France were hoping to eventually remain in the United States. The employment in France was not promising to these young people and they looked towards America for a better life and positions. Some of these young people married American students and did make a new life for themselves away from their original countries. A few of these students became our extended family, and we enjoy them still.

I must say my move to San Diego was a big success, and it brought me the life I wanted. After my retirement from SDSU, I joined the Retirement Association, which after more than 25 years, still brings me close to my old friendships from my time on the campus. Retirement has been good and life as a private citizen very satisfying. ♦

**HEAVE A SIGH AND SAY
GOODBYE: ANN ARBOR TO
COLLEGE PARK TO SAN DIEGO**
Maggie McKerro, Theatre

*"And when we're in the distance
You'll hear this
Whispered tune . . .
So long, fare thee well
Pip! Pip! Cheerio!
We'll be back soon."*

Lionel Bart's lyric from the musical *Oliver* captures the way I felt when I left Ann Arbor and the University of Michigan in the Fall of 1968. I hoped to "be back soon." I arrived in Ann Arbor in the summer of 1963, right after completing an MA at Northwestern University, and I loved everything about my life there. The U of M hired me as a low ranked theatre faculty member with a mandate to supervise the costume shop for two years and then start directing plays and teaching courses in Creative Drama and Theatre for Young Audiences. I got the job because I was probably one of few people in the United States qualified for such a quirky position. It was a challenging charge, but with help of a strong woman mentor in an almost all male world, I matured, flourished, and soon realized that I loved teaching and wanted a career as a university professor so needed a doctoral degree. The University of Michigan was a good place to get it so I quit my job and took up course work which was challenging but engrossing and mostly fun. In the Fall of 1968, with my doctoral degree complete except for my dissertation, I got a job as an Instructor in the Theatre Department at the University of Maryland in College Park and sadly left Ann Arbor for a new life in the suburbs of Washington D.C.

Did I love my new life? Hmmmm. Parts of it. More maturing on my part, both as a teacher and a theatre director. I got to know some wonderful undergraduate and graduate students. I learned a lot from two talented (male) theatre professors. But there were negatives. I did not much like the theatre or the theatre building or my office. There were even fewer women faculty in my department than at the University of Michigan; the one who became my friend quickly left for another university. It was hard to take advantage of the cultural pleasures of Washington



Maggi receiving a proclamation from San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson, 1979

D. C. as I was told over and over again not to drive into the city by myself. Too dangerous. Why? It was a turbulent and sometimes scary time. One semester there were frequent threats of bombs in campus buildings and agitating students (including some of mine) took to the streets, closing Route One in front of the campus.

My dissertation loomed gloomily over my head, still needing to be researched and written but my brand new job gave me little free time to work on it. Escaping hot and humid Washington D.C. I returned to Ann Arbor for two summers, happy working with friends building costumes for U of M summer theatre productions. Each time I hoped to fit dissertation work in but it didn't happen. Knuckling down I finally made progress researching at the Library of Congress in D.C. and at Lincoln Center Library in New York City. It took a while, but finally, research complete, I bit the bullet and focussed on writing instead of sewing.

In the spring of 1971 while teaching at the University of Maryland I got a phone call from Mack Owen, one of my best Ann Arbor pals. We had been on parallel paths to doctoral degrees in theatre, frequently taking the same classes and, most memorably, spending one summer reading up on everything about theatre, quizzing each other over coffee breaks and lunches, preparing for the dreaded two days of "prelims" that you had to pass to qualify for an "ABD" (all but dissertation) status.

We both passed. He with distinction. Smartly he stayed in Ann Arbor and quickly wrote his dissertation. In 1971 Mack was teaching theatre at San Diego State College and called me to find out if I was interested in the Assistant Professor of Theatre position in Child Drama they were currently advertising. I don't think I really knew where San Diego was. My only visit to California was a few days in 1953 when I was thirteen. I applied, got the job and resigned from my position at the University of Maryland with few regrets. I never really felt I fitted in.

In August of 1971 I drove across the country to San Diego to a new city, a new climate, a new job, a new life. Immediately I felt at home. I was teaching at San Diego State when my dissertation was approved and I was able to add Ph.D. to my name. Definitely Yeah! On top of that San Diego State and San Diego turned out to be places I wanted to stay—and have stayed. So, in the word of the clever lyricist Oscar Hammerstein I finally said goodbye to Ann Arbor—though I will always miss it.

*"So long Farewell
Auf Wiedersehen, Goodbye
I leave and heave
A sigh and say Goodbye
Goodbye. Goodbye."♦*

HOW I GOT TO SAN DIEGO AND SDSU

*Pat Coffey, College of Business
Administration*

I grew up on the east coast and always wanted to live in California. During WW II, we had a neighbor who moved to California, and my mom kept in touch with the family. They would always send us cool Christmas presents. That may be why I wanted to live here. Little kids are easily influenced by trivial things.

A year after college graduation, my college roommate wrote me that she was moving to California and asked if I wanted to come. I had just gotten accepted to Columbia to get a teaching credential, but I dropped that plan and drove to Cleveland to pick her up, and we drove off to California. We settled in the San Francisco Bay area and that is where I got my first computing job at SRI (Stanford Research Institute) and even-



Dewitt and Pat

tually met my former husband, Dewitt Coffey, who was working on his post doc in physical chemistry. He was looking for a research and teaching job and accepted one at SDSU. I was working for

Control Data at the time, and they paid for our move.

I worked at Control Data here for many years but wanted to work at SDSU, which was much closer to home. Control Data was having problems and had a series of layoffs. I got caught in a layoff five months before Dewitt's sabbatical in Japan. I planned to just collect unemployment until the sabbatical but discovered that you must prove that you are looking for work in order to collect. I updated my resume and sent out employment letters that included information about my future absence. I expected to get all rejections, but Bob Swanson at SDSU needed someone with expertise on Control Data computers. I got a part time job for 4 months and then went on sabbatical. How cool was that? Anyway, when I returned to San Diego, I got rehired and worked at SDSU for 24 years until I retired.♦

MY JOURNEY TO SDSU

Rick Schulte, Psychology

My journey to SDSU could best be described as a serendipitous one. I started my academic career by wanting to be an engineer with a slide rule like most everyone during the Sputnik era. I became disenchanted with the field, as it was too rigid and equation-filled for me. Of course, running into calculus and the prospect of more difficult math courses helped turn me away. I took a psychology course as an elective, having been exposed to it for the first time in college. It seemed fascinating, with its many fields in which to specialize. As I was finishing my degree from Michigan State University, I went to a counselor and asked what kind of employment I could seek with this degree. Unfortunately, one couldn't even teach psychology in Michigan high schools at that time, so I asked about alternatives. His suggestion was to go on to graduate school for an advanced degree, and that would open many more options. Not quite knowing what was involved, I decided to do just that. I was fortunate late in my undergraduate career to work on a number of research projects with the professors there who encouraged me to apply and offered to write letters of recommendation.

After the usual deliberations and comparisons among other offers, I chose the graduate school at the University of Illinois in Champaign/Urbana, where one of my professors had attended. I also decided to focus on Clinical Psychology which seemed the most interesting to me

and offered a way to help others. I would say that the exposure to graduate school was one of the biggest shocks of my life to that point. As all of you know, it often involves considerable new information in a stressful environment. The U of I faculty made it clear from the beginning that many of us in the class of about 45 would not get through. Very true. As I recall, there were about 25 of us interested in clinical, and I graduated on time with only seven of my peers. It was a time of great friendships and continued stress about succeeding. Not sure I would have made it without the help of a study group that four of us formed to deal with the reading load. Fortunately, we tend to remember the good times more than the bad, with the possible exception of my dissertation defense, which I may never forget.

Next step in the career involved choosing an internship site, which all clinical students were required to do before finishing. This involved the greatest serendipity. One of my study group friends had served two years in the Navy and convinced me there was no place like California and the entire West Coast, which I had never visited. I applied for three west coast clinical internships and eventually decided upon the one at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute with its excellent reputation. We packed up everything we owned, including our six-month old baby, in a U-Haul trailer and headed for California. I won't begin to describe that experience.

While at UCLA, it happened that the American Psychological Associa-

tion held its annual convention in Los Angeles. One of my favorite Illinois professors, Don Shannon, came out to the convention and called to ask if he and his wife could come to the apartment to see the new baby. He also asked if he could bring a friend of his from graduate school at Stanford University, Bill Hunrichs and his wife Jackie, and I agreed. We met at our apartment in West Los Angeles and during their visit the topic of what I was going to do for the next step in my career came up. Bill Hunrichs mentioned that SDSU was hiring, and if I were interested, I should go to the APA convention site and talk to Oscar Kaplan, the Psychology Department chair. Bill described SDSU in glowing terms and that he and Jackie were very happy to be there. I had never heard of it and was expected to return to the midwest by my U of I professors. I learned that Jerry and Pat Koppman also loved SDSU. Jerry was a fellow graduate student with me.

I went to see Oscar and was invited to come down to an interview, with an undergraduate dean as I recall. While in San Diego we discovered the zoo, the beach, etc. which very much impressed Mid-westerners like us. I was pleased to receive a job offer soon thereafter and immediately accepted. This was for the 1965-66 academic year, and I retired officially in 2002 but stayed on for 5 years of the FERP until 2007. Those 42 years were enjoyable, for the most part, and I made some very good long-term friends, including Bill and Jackie Hunrichs, of course.♦

HOW I ARRIVED AT SAN DIEGO STATE

Robert Metzger, Chemistry

Sometime in the Spring of 1961, a little while before U.C.L.A. would award me a Bachelor of Science in Chemistry, I found myself on a Continental Trailways bus travelling from Los Angeles to San Diego and listening to old men talking about going to "Dāgo". I was invited to San Diego for an interview because I had applied for admission to a college that I never heard of until I saw its advertisements in *Chemical and Engineering News* (a magazine published for members of the American Chemical Society). The college was San Diego State, "College" at the time. I applied because my grade point average at U.C.L.A. was less than outstanding, somewhere in the "C" range, leading me to conclude I would not be accepted to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton for graduate studies. I was gratified to receive an invitation to visit San Diego State College **at its expense**. I am not sure I would have come if the College did not pay my way. My family was somewhat impoverished.

Upon arriving in San Diego, I took a San Diego Transit System bus from downtown to the campus. I found the then brand-new Chemistry Building and met Professor Arne N. Wick and, I believe, Professor Charles J. Stewart. They gave me a tour of the facility and interviewed me. I returned home the same way I came, in the opposite direction. Happily, this time there were no elderly men talking about going to or coming from "Dāgo."

Shortly after my visit, I received a letter from San Diego State written on 6 by 4 letterhead in an envelope of approximately the same dimensions. I mention this to illustrate the waste of paper in most of today's written communications. It was my official invitation to enter the graduate program in chemistry. I was also offered a half-time appointment as a graduate teaching assistant. I accepted the offer and, upon arrival for the fall semester, Professor Wick supplemented my salary by, I believe, one hundred dollars a month. Thus, it was to be that the San Diego graduate program in chemistry would be the only one to which I applied, and Professor Wick would be the faculty member under whose direction I would conduct my research.

How did I receive such an offer from San Diego State, especially



Robert Metzger and Arne Wick

one from the truly distinguished and important biochemist Arne N. Wick? Two possibilities come to mind. The first is the members of the faculty of the Chemistry Department, including Professor Wick, were so desperate to acquire graduate students that they were willing to accept anyone. The second possibility is that letters of recommendation from my professors (James Hendrickson and his graduate teaching assistant Marty Feldman) in "Qualitative Organic Analysis," a course in which I had to identify unknown organic compounds and then identify the compounds based on results of appropriately selected tests. I performed well in this course and my deluded teachers suggested I apply to famous university graduate schools. I told them about my undistinguished G.P.A. They continued to help me. I am very grateful to Professor Hendrickson and Dr. (possibly Professor) Feldman for their encouragement and support regarding my quest for a doctorate.

I served as a teaching assistant during my entire time in the graduate program at San Diego State College/University, both Masters degree and Ph.D. Upon receiving my doctorate, I accepted a position in the now-defunct Department of Physical Science/Natural Science and, in 1992, I was moved to a Professorship in the Department of Chemistry. I truly emulated "The Man who Came to Dinner" in that after my arrival at SDSC/SDSU, I never left.♦

FROM POSTSCRIPT'S PAST . . . SPRING 2010

THE JOURNEY TO SDSU'S FIRST PH.D.—A MEMOIR

*Charles J. Stewart
(Chemistry and Biology)*

In June 1967, SDSU conferred its first Ph.D. This is how I remember the confluence of many diverse events that lead to that program at San Diego State and in the California State University System. It started with the growth spurt of all higher education institutions after World War II, the appointment of Malcolm Love as President of SDSU (1952), the impact of Sputnik on science education (1957), and the passage of The Donahoe Act or the Master Plan for Higher Education (April 27, 1960).

President Love changed the character and the name of San Diego State College. His insistence on hiring well qualified faculty triggered the evolution of the institution from college to university. Love made the San Diego campus a leader and unique among the state colleges. Sputnik's launch more than doubled the budget of the National Science Foundation to \$134 million. The Donahoe Act created the California State College (CSC) System and granted legal permission to confer doctoral degrees. However the doctoral programs had to be joint programs and limited, between a CSC campus and a University of California campus.

Love wanted the campus to have the name San Diego State University and he wanted a traditional research based Ph.D. program. The name change (1972) had to wait for the Ph.D. The first program (1965) was in Chemistry.

Why Chemistry? Chemistry had a history of "Firsts." Chemistry was the first department in the State College System to be certified by the American Chemical Society (1950). The system of rotating Chairmanships had developed a farsighted chemistry faculty. They learned the political game and how to exploit it. While San Diego State was still under the jurisdiction of the State Board of Education, chemistry requested permission to develop Master Degree programs. Starting in the late 1940's the faculty in chemistry were doing research. Dudley Robinson, in 1948, had a small research grant. Drs. Isensee and Walba obtained a National Science Foundation grant in 1953. When I joined the faculty, in 1955,

Chemistry had the following faculty: Neil Harrington, Bob Isensee, Lionel Joseph, Vince Landis, Amby Nichols, Dudley Robinson, Bob Rowe, John Spangler, and Hal Walba. Eight of the nine had Ph.D.'s and I added the ninth. The department had the authority to award Master degrees and it was in the final stages of designing the Chemistry Building. I got to add a walk-in-cold room for biochemistry.

The Chemistry building was cleverly designed: each teaching laboratory was attached to a "preparation room," approximately one hundred sq. ft., with a lab bench, a chemical hood and, almost always, a door to an adjacent "one man" faculty office. In other words, research space for faculty was created. Remember, this was the middle 1950s when line item budgets, office space, and staff were tied to departmental F.T.E.s, and all faculty mail was distributed individually in the basement of the Administration Building. The basement mail room was also where we signed for our pay checks. By the time the building was constructed and dedicated in 1960, Chemistry offered MS and MA degrees. Now it acquired real laboratory research space rather than a bench in a temporary "T-building."

The faculty grew. We added Lars Hellberg, Earl Wadsworth, Jim Malik, and Reilly Jensen. Lionel Joseph, as Chairman, convinced Dr. Arne Wick to leave Scripps Clinic and join our faculty in 1958. Arne had a strong research reputation and grant funds. We wanted a Ph.D. program when we moved into



Charles J. Stewart in the chemistry lab

the new building with research space. We agreed to hire only individuals with either post-doctoral training or industrial experience. Then in 1960, Hal Walba, as Chairman, was awarded an N.S.F. Departmental Undergraduate Research Grant. This provided seed money for our recruits. With Hal's guidance, we recruited vigorously, and by June 1963 had acquired Ed Grubbs, Walt Jones, Ed O'Neal, Bill Richardson, Morey Ring, Clay Sharts, Bill Ware, and John Woodson. We became a very active research faculty with grants. Even I had one.

UCSD was founded in 1960.

Following the signing of the Donahoe Act, Drs. Spangler and Robinson had some early unofficial talks with the chemistry faculty at UCSD. As UCSD was adding faculty they indicated their willingness to negotiate later. With active research and grant money coming in, President Love, in August 1963, informed Chancellor Dumke of his intent to enter negotiations with UCSD. An official negotiation committee, comprising Maurice Lemme, Dean of Graduate Studies, Donald Watson, Vice-President, Dudley Robinson, Dean of the Division of Physical Science, and Professors John Spangler and Arne Wick, was appointed by President Love in October 1963. The committee negotiated an agreement with UCSD, which was approved by The Senate. President Love then forwarded the *Proposal for a Joint-Doctoral Program in Chemistry between University of California and San Diego State College*, dated Oct. 10, 1964, to the Chancellor's Office for final approval.

Bob Metzger, with Arne as Major Professor, was enrolled in our M.S. program. He officially entered the Joint Ph.D. program in the Fall Semester of 1965-66. President Love had his Ph.D. program. It was successful. The first joint Ph.D. Degree awarded in the system was conferred by SDSU and UCSD on June 9, 1967, to Robert. P. Metzger. Since Arne Wick was on Sabbatical in Norway, I had the privilege of hooding Bob, the first Chemistry Ph.D. earned at SDSU.♦

Calling all Duffers...

A DUFFER'S DOGGEREL *Charles Jack Stewart, Chemistry*

Our hero's perfect drive started play
With his ball sailing down the fairway.
A second stroke landed it near the pin.
The putt yielded a birdie as it fell in.

Oh, if were only so, I was in the rough,
Getting near a par would be quite tough.
The green was at least two strokes away
Thus a bogey was indeed my best play.



Why am I here suffering such agony?
Of course the answer is, comradery.
To be outside in fresh air with friends
Is what truly, the spirit mends.

This bit of doggerel is a simple plea
Set the first Thursday of the month free.
Join the Duffers for a golfing spree.
We do have fun, you will agree.

The Duffers play on the first Thursday of the month. For more information, contact Jack Stewart at cstewart@sdsu.edu

WHAT BROUGHT ME TO SDSU

Dan M. Gilbreath/Business and Financial Affairs, SDSU Research Foundation

I've always been fascinated by numbers, so it was predicable that my first part time job after starting college was with Bank of America, working as a teller. I don't know how I managed to get that job – perhaps because I was taking some accounting courses. But it was a great job, and I worked with B of A both in Monterey and in Los Angeles while attending school.

Then the Navy came along. It was either join up or get drafted, so I chose to enlist. Because of my numbers background, I was assigned to be a disbursing clerk – payroll, in other words. For my four years in the service, I worked in an office with a calculator, even when aboard ship for three of those years. My first electronic calculator was huge and did nothing but add and subtract. (Those were the days.)

Upon leaving the Navy in 1973, I assumed I would go back to working in a bank. Seemed obvious to me. I had not completed my degree before entering the Navy, so I knew I had to go back to college and I wanted to work part time at a bank. I applied at a couple of banks and did not get hired. I guess they weren't impressed by my lack of a degree. What was then a great disappointment turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me.

I visited the county employment



Dan with Marge Peet and Flavella Orton

office at 1350 Front Street, downtown San Diego. I will never forget that address. After an interview with the staff there, they thumbed through a pile of papers and pulled out a listing for SDSU (CSUSD at that time). SDSU was participating in the Public Employment Program (PEP), a federal program that reimbursed the university the salary cost of hiring veterans. Since I was starting at SDSU that fall to finish my degree, I thought that might just work, so I applied for a job.

I almost didn't get an interview. I failed to enter my telephone number on the application, so they were not able to call me! But Juanita Brents – an Associate Director of Personnel Services

at the time – went to great lengths to track me down. I have never forgotten her kindness.

So I began my happy association with SDSU working in Personnel Services (HR) – at the front counter answering the phones, even fingerprinting new hires. Yes, in those days you were fingerprinted and required to sign a loyalty oath. Remember?

On completion of my undergraduate degree, I moved over to the Accounting Department. I retired (the first time) as University Controller, the second time as Executive Director of the Research Foundation. I must say it was quite a ride and I never got tired of numbers.♦

A LIFE-TIME CONNECTION: FAMILY, FACULTY, STAFF AND ENVIRONMENT

Marilyn (Allen) Harder, Aztec Shops

My parents enrolled me at the Campus Elementary School when I was three years old. Nursery school was located off a little garden and patio that was next to the auditorium in what later became the Physical Sciences Building. The garden had grass and a huge banana tree. The nursery school had its own playground downstairs that edged the canyon. It was during WWII so when we “played store” we learned about rationing stamps. I felt “at home” and found myself reassuring new enrollees. The Pre-First classroom was located off the patio and had floor to ceiling wooden doors that could be folded back. The prospect of open-air school

enticed us to anticipate progressing.

After a year at U.C.L.A. and a year at San Diego City College I came back to SDSU to enter the Home Economics Dept. in Foods and Nutrition. Mary Nelson of Aztec Shops supervised my “quantity foods” practicum. Following an Administrative Dietetic Internship at University of Washington and a year in Restaurant Management, Mary Nelson again became my mentor at Aztec Shops Food Services.

After two years, and some classes in psychology, I felt a calling with the help of Henry McAdams of Counseling and Testing Services to enter the Counselor Education Master's program with a specialty in Vocational Rehabilitation Counseling. With the help of a fine faculty mentor, Thelma Manjos, I was hired by the CA Dept. of Rehab.

I attended SDSU for 13+ years. Staff

and faculty made a difference in my life. In my elementary years, the small garden oasis sustained my trust that all was well with my home away from home.

This garden of peace and welcome now expands to the whole campus as well as the new Mission Valley site. SDSU has blessed my life.

(See photo of Marilyn's garden, the Banana Quad, on back cover.)♦

OUR MISSION

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



DAY AT THE THEATRE:
SHE LOVES ME--December 7, 2019

Left: Theatre-goers at pre-performance reception.

Right: Cast of *She Loves Me*, curtain call.



SAVE THE DATE--DESERT ESCAPE 2020!



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 17, 2020, through Friday morning, March 20, 2020**. 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. ♦

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE

Tom Donahue, Benefits/ERFSA

When the time comes to re-certify your spouse for retiree health care as supported by CalPERS, a number of us might wonder what happens if your paperwork is denied—after being accepted in previous years. Here is a first-person account of what occurs in such a case. If any of you have experienced this, perhaps this account will be of some help. What follows is a list of the events as they arose in this matter for my wife and me, numbered in first to last order.

1. First, we submitted the material—marriage certificate and proof of residency—as usual, ahead of the August 1 deadline.
2. Two days before the end of the month, there was a response from CalPERS that our material was found “insufficient.”
3. After a week or so we receive a letter saying that Kaiser dropped my wife from her fifty-one year membership.
4. Less than a week later we were advised that my wife could stay with Kaiser at “nonmember rates.” This was later amended to place her in the Kaiser Senior Advantage program, but it is my understanding that—absent support from CalPERS—we would pay for everything that Medicare would not cover.
5. A phone call to CalPERS revealed that our wedding certificate was a “church copy,” and the criterion required an embossed state seal of Ohio on the marriage certificate. I have not yet located that particular criterion on a CalPERS website. It is worth noting that this criterion is now on its way out. Information on the national level from the Center for Disease Control [CDC.gov] reveals that in California since November 1, 2013, the California Department of Public Health “Vital Records no longer embosses certified copies of records.” It seems odd that CalPERS demands this nonetheless.
6. A purchase from the Web (no advertisements here, but the company involved is the first one that comes up when you Google a request for copies of a marriage certificate) guaranteed an embossed state seal in about a month.
7. The newly purchased certificate with an embossed seal from Ohio was received in the mail two weeks early and sent off.
8. We received a letter from CalPERS on August 28 saying that my wife was now “verified” and “approved for continued enrollment in the CalPERS Health Benefit Program.”
9. But on the September payday we received \$135 less—the amount CalPERS sends to help with Medicare expenses. This deduction has continued through November.
10. We next received a chilly letter from Kaiser announcing that we were now no longer eligible and were dropped from the Medicare program.
11. In about a month, the spouse who was removed from CalPERS support will get many solicitations to join a new care group from such HMOs as Humana and Anthem—who were apparently informed quite early that CalPERS was no longer in the picture.
12. I should report that at all times, however, people on the telephone from CalPERS and Kaiser were scrupulously polite, successfully coping with my inexpertly veiled anger during this process.

An account of one experience in this matter of course is not a statistical sample. Our committee would appreciate hearing from anyone else who went through something similar this year. My wife and I have spent time wondering who at CalPERS decided to opine that our original document was insufficient, thus implying that our fifty-one year marriage had a taint of fraud about it. But we are glad the document season is over for this three-year span, although my wife said that “The stress and fretting over this thing has taken three years off my life.”

Please send questions and comments to: donahue_thomas@ymail.com♦

TREASURER’S REPORT

Robin Fishbaugh, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of December 12, 2019

Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$220,506.36
Scholarship Fund	\$32,542.97
Operating Account	\$21,547.42
Activities Account	\$16,620.36
 Sub-total	 \$291,217.11
 Bohnsack Scholarship Endowment Fund	 \$52,772.15
Bohnsack Scholarship Fund	\$2,002.84
 Sub-total	 \$54,774.99
 Total Assets	 \$345,992.10

IN MEMORIAM

David Dufault
History
September, 2018

Stuart Gilbreath
Public Administration and Urban
Studies
August, 2019

Jerry W. Koppman
Psychology
September, 2019

Norma Summersgill
Human Resources
October, 2019

Marilyn Erickson
Wife of Paul Erickson
College of Education
December, 2019

COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT: WHAT DO YOU COLLECT?

Leif Fearn, Teacher Education

So what do you collect? And why, and for how long? And when did it start? And maybe more important, where do you keep it? And if you think about it the way I'm beginning to think about it, what happens to it after the celebration of life, even if there isn't one? Maybe it's stamps or coins, napkins or matchbook covers, flags, Aztec or Longhorn paraphernalia, laces from discarded shoes, front pages of newspapers, or mechanical pens and pencils. Many years ago I collected pithy commentaries from *National Observer*. I discarded the commentaries when I realized all I had was a big box of newsprint that didn't fit with anything and wasn't organized. I didn't want to organize it, so I threw it away. Then I discovered a way to organize that sort of stuff, and I've been doing it since. I'll write about it for the next issue. What sort of collecting will the rest of us write about for the next issue? ♦



A few of the dolls in Barbara Barnes's collection. Most of the dolls were gifts her grandmother brought back from travels around the world.

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2019-20

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Editors' Note: We would like to thank Rob Ray and SDSU's Love Library for permission to use the cover photo, those on pages 8 and 10, and the photo of Jack Stewart on page 11. The images are courtesy of Love Library Special Collections and Archives.



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COMING IN THE NEXT *POSTSCRIPT*

“What do you Collect?”

SAVE THE DATE

Viz Center Tour, January 16, SDSU

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

*Desert Escape, March 17 - 20
Palm Canyon Resort, Borrego Springs*

Left: Next to the Physical Sciences building and fondly known as the Banana Quad to some, courtyards like this one were features of the 1931 campus design. The sub-tropical plants brought to campus in those early days--palm trees, eucalyptus, bougainvillea, hibiscus, bird of paradise, and banana trees--are, like SDSU's Spanish Colonial architecture, an intrinsic part of the historic campus core.



DEADLINE: March 15, 2020

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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