

PostScript

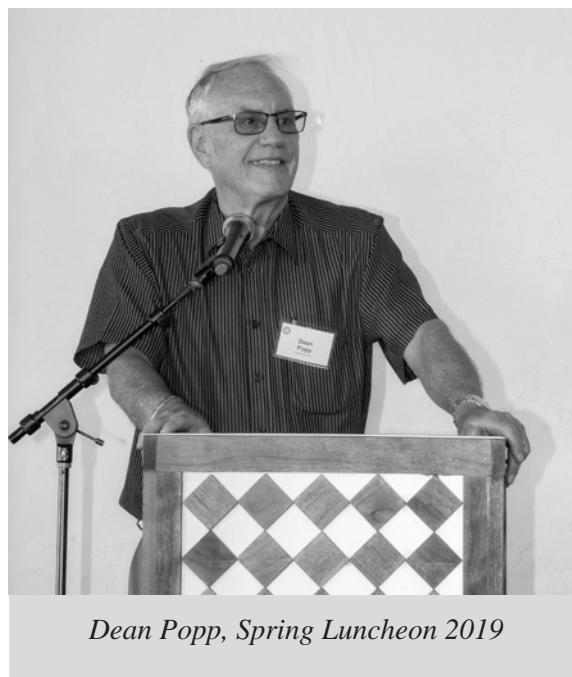
SDSU Retired Faculty/Staff News

Spring 2020

Volume XXXIV No. 2

“WHAT DO YOU COLLECT?”

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Dean Popp, Spring Luncheon 2019

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dean Popp, Economics

I wish to take the opportunity to describe to you an organization that some of you are aware of and may be members but which many of you may not be aware of, ERFSA, the Emeritus and Retired Faculty and Staff Association. ERFSA was founded in 1985, just a year before our retirement association, and is available to all CSU retired faculty and staff. In a sense, it is the conglomeration of all of the campus retirement associations. The San Diego State University representative to ERFSA is Tom Donahue who sits on the Executive Committee and serves as the Chair of the Pre- and Post-Retirement Committee of ERFSA. In this role Tom keeps us well informed of the activities of ERFSA which is quite useful at times. Retirees from the CSU system may choose to join a campus retirement association and ERFSA or may

choose to join just one of the organizations or neither.

ERFSA has more of a political and lobbying role than do the campus retirement associations. ERFSA has secured voting membership on the CSU Academic Senate so has a voice in creating and deciding the direction of policy within the CSU. ERFSA is regularly represented at the Board of Trustees meetings and is able to provide input on issues that come before the Board. ERFSA also coordinates with other retiree organizations to monitor legislative actions in Sacramento and to advocate for legislation that is beneficial to retirees of the CSU. In this regard, ERFSA is able to alert the membership to support or oppose specific bills

under consideration by the legislature and has labored to maintain and preserve the status of retirees and their benefits.

ERFSA works closely with CalPERS to safeguard the pensions of CSU retirees as well as health, dental, pharmaceutical and long-term care benefits. Every legislative session there are bills introduced that significantly impact these benefits and representation of retiree interests and advocacy of retiree interests are necessary in the legislative process in order to preserve the benefits. The staff of ERFSA can assist members who are experiencing difficulties with health care providers by providing direction to the appropriate office at CalPERS. Lastly, ERFSA supports SDSURA by returning 15% of the dues paid to ERFSA by SDSURA members back to our organization.

I encourage you to give ERFSA a careful look.♦

As this issue of *PostScript* was finally coming together in the midst of the pandemic, we witnessed and were horrified by the tragedy of George Floyd, Breonna Taylor, Ahmad Arbury, and all the others who were victims of brutality, racism, and unfairness. We stand with those who commit to peaceful change in our social systems, who raise their voices against racism, and who act daily to recognize the humanity in all of us. We hope that the pages in *PostScript* can help us connect in a positive way and to continue that work, which we started in our careers, towards a more just, fair, and better world.

Cover: *Conrad Prebys Student Union viewed through the sustainable landscaping that borders Centennial Walkway.*

SDSU RETIREMENT ASSOCIATION'S FIRST HISTORIAN

English novelist H. G. Wells once said, "Human history, in essence, is the history of ideas."

Preserving and revisiting the important ideas that led to the wonderful organization we have today makes the role of SDSU-RA's Historian valuable in both archiving past activities and providing Board members with a context for understanding the mission and vision of those who came before.

Since the earliest planning sessions to organize a retirement association at SDSU, Lucille Wendling worked alongside her husband, Aubrey (Sociology), who was RA's first president. She continued her involvement by helping to create this very newsletter and served on the RA Board for seven years as the *PostScript* Representative. It was Lucille who suggested the name of *PostScript* because the "p.s." written at the end of a letter is designed to provide the reader with a continuing thoughtful addition—just as the RA provides



*Lucille
October, 2019*

its members with a continued sense of community with each other, and the university, after the end of one's career.

When Pat Koppman became RA President in 2010, she established the position of Historian and felt Lucille would be ideal to serve in this role. Lucille says it kept her brain sharp coming up with something to share at each Board meeting, whether refreshing everyone's memory on an aspect of the by-laws, suggesting a needed correction to maintain consistency across the years, or telling the origin story of the RA logo's design. In addition, as Historian Lucille collected essential RA documents throughout each year before giving them every five years to the University Archives.

After enjoying ten years as Historian, Lucille says that she feels it is time to retire from the Board, lest the position be renamed "Centenarian" to match her 100th birthday next January!♦

SDSURA SCHOLARS REPORT

Dear SDSU Retirement Association,

I am writing with immense gratitude for the scholarship support that you have awarded me for the 2019-2020 academic year. It is an honor that I do not take lightly and will carry with me as motivation to continue to thrive in my Master of Public Health program. After graduating Summa Cum Laude and Phi Beta Kappa from SDSU as the ISCOR Department Outstanding Graduating Senior in 2013, I began my public health career in Washington, DC as an intern for Vice President Biden's Domestic and Economic Policy team in the White House. After working with his team on comprehensive efforts to improve mental health care, I transitioned to the global health field.

SDSU's Master of Public Health program has proven to be the perfect place to hone my skills in epidemiology and refugee research. I currently boast a 3.95 GPA, a feat I am quite proud of considering I am currently juggling my MPH courses, thesis research on child marriage in war-time Iraq, Arabic training, and a harrowing fight against multiple autoimmune diseases. In addition, I recently launched my own 501 (c) (3) humanitarian literacy nonprofit, Millie's Bookshelf. In 2019, we are partnering with the Jordan Health Aid Society to implement our programs in Za'atari Refugee Camp in Mafraq, Jordan, which serves Syrian refugees. JHAS operates the sole maternity clinic in Za'atari Camp—the Women and Girls Comprehensive Center—where we will install a micro library and run pre-literacy programs for the children of child brides.

The continued generous support of the SDSU Retirement Association Scholarship will help to blunt the financial hardship associated with my health conditions and enable me to continue to work on my humanitarian nonprofit while finishing my MPH degree. From the bottom of my heart, thank you for believing in me. I promise to represent the SDSU Retirement Association with honor and make you proud.

Sincerely,

Katie Martin

Katie Martin and Rebecca Pierce (see page 8) were two of the six SDSURA Scholarship awardees for 2019. Thank you notes are a required part of the scholarship process.



Valentine's Day Luncheon 2020



Day of the Dead Magnet

**COLLECTING TRAVEL-RELATED MEMENTOS:
STIMULATING INTERNATIONAL
INTEREST AND PROVIDING
MEMORIES**
*Frea Sladek, SDSU Research
Foundation*

The collector bug hit me early. And it seemed to relate to far-away places from my small university town in Orono, Maine.

When I was seven years old, my Uncle Walter gave me his stamp collection. What an interesting collection it was, with intriguing pictures of countries, animals, and strange currencies worldwide. Europe, Asia, Africa, South America! Monkeys, llamas, elephants! I had fun buying packages of stamps to add to the collection, pasting them in new stamp books, and trading duplicates with my friends.

Then, in fifth grade, my classmates and I had an assignment to send a picture postcard from Maine to a fifth grader in another state. We were to request a post card back from the recipient's state. Aha! I thought. I'll send postcards to a fifth grader in all 48 states. Which I did. And I ended up collecting postcards with glorious photos of Yosemite, New York City, the Grand Canyon, and so many more fascinating places. I even started a pen pal correspondence with a fifth grader in Utah, and later visited her in Salt Lake City and swam in the lake.

Although I stopped collecting stamps and postcards after high school, I was ready to travel, based on the inviting pictures I'd seen on the stamps and

postcards. And I imagined some day I'd be visiting these countries and states.

And some day came. Days, actually. I have since traveled to many wonderful, exciting U.S. and far-away places for my SDSU Research Foundation job, and on many family land trips and cruises. Although I started collecting bulky, heavier tourist items such as Middle East carvings, Asian wooden sculptures, South American framed paintings, and Jamaican rum during some of these trips, I decided to find something easier to collect.

Refrigerator magnets were it. They could be found almost everywhere tourists go. They represented countries worldwide, were cheap, lightweight, colorful, interestingly-shaped, and easy to display. My refrigerator doors are loaded.



My most recent magnet was a gift from my husband Bill's sister Kathy. While Bill and I were cruising the Mexican Riviera with Kathy and her husband, Fred, we attended a lecture on Day of the Dead. And Kathy gave me a magnet commemorating our trip and our shared new interest in the Day of the Dead.

The refrigerator door provides a great way to display the collection. Bill's and my grandkids know me as their Travel Grandma. And they love to look at my refrigerator doors, ask questions about the magnets, and play with them (sometimes dangerous to the magnets). I hope these magnets contribute to our grandkids' interest in the world and future travel. It is not only kids and grown-up visitors to our kitchen who have fun looking at the magnets. I do too. When I open the refrigerator door, I enjoy looking at a magnet and reminiscing about the trip involved. Sometimes it was forty or fifty years ago.



The magnets are a great memory aid. I look forward to adding to the magnet collection. Bill and I may need another refrigerator! ♦

IN MEMORIAM

Robert Underhill
Linguistics
August, 2018

Vy Beatty
German/Russian
December, 2019

Frances Atchison
Wife of Tom Atchison
Management
December, 2019

Jeannine Mitchell
Student Health Services
February, 2020

Jerry Elliott
Art Design and Art History
April, 2020

Mary Nelson
Aztec Shops
May, 2020

Ruth Leerhoff
Library
May, 2020

Leoné McCoy
Teacher Education



The Cottrell's San Diego family at Thanksgiving 1978. Top: Ann Cottrell, Jack Garrison, Don Cottrell, Steve Roeder with Roland. Middle: Betty Garrison, "Nana" Roeder, Jack's mother. Bottom: Johnny Garrison, Lance Cottrell, Phoebe Roeder with Adrienne.

NO PLANNING. LOTS OF LUCK TIMES TWO

*Ann Cottrell, Sociology and
Don Cottrell, Physics*

We came to SDSC in 1967. Neither had thought of applying to SDSC; in fact Don hadn't even contemplated an academic career.

Ann's story: I had my heart set on the East Coast. As part of job hunting I met regularly with my Michigan State men-

tors to discuss safe places for a female to apply. During one such session Jack DeLora, SDSC Sociology Chairman, called his former MSU mentor to boast that he'd been playing handball outdoors. It was January in Michigan and snow was thigh deep. During the conversation Jack asked why no new MSU PhDs had applied to SDSC. I was handed the phone and Jack suggested I send a resume, which I did. After another short phone conversation, no formal interview, I was hired. It helped that a number of sociology faculty had just left in a dispute over teaching vs. research, and that the department had recently hired two women, Shelly Chandler

and Joan Werner, who were doing well.

Don's Story: I was applying for positions in industry and had come to Los Angeles to interview at Aerospace Corp. in El Segundo. While in the area, I visited my friend and University of Washington colleague, Bob Piserchio (physics). He arranged for me to give a presentation on my research to the physics department. Bob then suggested that on the drive to the airport I should tell department chair,

Jack Garrison, more about the theory in my research. I did, why not? It never occurred to me that this might be a job interview, though apparently it had to be. When I got home, I had an offer to join the physics department.

Novelists have young couples meeting in romantic, exciting settings. Well, we met in "ye olde worlde" faculty lunch room shortly after arriving, married during midterms of our second semester, welcomed our first child a year later, and shortly thereafter established a local fictive family, as anthropologists call non-kin families.

Jack and Betty (Math) Garrison had a son shortly after ours was born. Steve Roeder (Physics, Chemistry) was also new to SDSC and his mother served as in-loco grandmother to the Cottrell and Garrison boys. We became an extended family, including Phoebe Roeder (Natural Science, Liberal Studies) and Roeder kids. The family grew when we had another son 12 years after the first, as wonderfully nerdy as the other four in this SDSC family. Even after the kids were grown we continued sharing our lives, especially holidays.

Our original view of SDSC as just the first of many academic positions fell victim in particular to that fictive family. But of course in 35 years we also developed close professional ties and came to love SDSU and San Diego. We were lucky indeed to stumble into positions in a growing university in a great location. That was certainly a different world of universities in need of new faculty. ♦

HOW I STARTED AT SDSU

John McLevie, Teacher Education

It took a bomb to bring me to San Diego State some 50 years ago! A real bomb!

"We have to take our three little girls out of here," I cried. It was my fourth year as a member of the Faculty of Education at the University of Hong Kong and demonstrators were leaving bombs in paper bags in the street. My fellow rugby player—a policeman—kicked a bag to the curbside. It blew his leg off. That was in 1968. I immediately applied for a Student Visa to attend Michigan State University!

By August, 1970 my wife (English Literature) and I (Curriculum) held doctorates from MSU. I accepted a position as Assistant Professor at SDSU, and taught three years in Secondary Education. In 1974, I was appointed to serve in Brasilia as "Chief of Party" of

SDSU's contract Team with USAID. The Team of 9 Educators, mostly from California, worked in the Brazilian Ministry of Education and on-site with State Departments of Education in 23 of the 27 states and Territories of Brazil. The program developed junior high schools with a technical curriculum and created methods of assessment to ensure that schools were serving the needs of their communities and could successfully plan, evaluate, and report. The program was completed in 1976.

I returned to teaching at SDSU in Secondary Education. The San Diego Unified School District was under a Court ordered plan to meet diverse student needs. Judge Lewis Welsh had been appointed by the court to ensure that objectives of the integration program the District had instituted were being met. He asked SDSU for two consultants to report on the quality of the new programs for he was beginning to



John McLevie

doubt the positive reports from District administrators. Tom Nagel from Elementary Education and I, from Secondary Education, were appointed. Our report was submitted to the Judge through the Board Chair, for action.

On my return to SDSU, I was elected Chair of Secondary Education

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COLLECTING THINGS

Leif Fearn, Teacher Education

There was a full-page newspaper article recently about Doris Kearns Goodwin. I like her writing, and I like what she writes about, so I can't just discard the paper with her in it. I used to file that stuff and post it in my classroom(s) to let my students know that what we were doing in class had relevance in the world off-campus. But I don't have classes any more, and I wasn't in the "commercial" (secretarial) track in high school, so I never learned how to file stuff properly.

There was Doris Kearns Goodwin with no place to go. But more than a few years ago, as the pile of stuff grew on my side table (where there was also a pair of scissors), I discovered a place to put my cuttings. I don't recall where or when it started so I can't name the first clipping that started the system. I must say, however, that the system does require a fair amount of applied connective memory.

Doris' landing place illustrates the process. We know Doris as a biographer, and a baseball freak. She's not unlike George Will in the latter instance. I read his *Men at Work* some years back, so when he writes something pithy (which he usually does) about baseball (which he sometimes does), the clipping goes between the pages of his *Men at Work*. Good. Now we all know where this is going.

But baseball and George Will is an easy one. Doris Kearns Goodwin is not so easy. I searched my copies of *Reader's Guide to Contemporary Authors*, and Doris isn't referenced. She isn't in *Dictionary of American Writers*, either. I think the omission isn't about Doris; it's a shortcoming of those two references. She isn't in the 1998 *The Paris Review on Women Writers at Work*, but maybe 1998 is a tad early for her; however, she's not in *The Paris Review* from 2007, and that's not at all early.

So what to do with the newspaper piece I didn't want to discard, but didn't appear to have a home. On a whim, I pulled Brian Lamb's 1997 collection of *Book Notes*, and there she was, interviewed by the C-Span host on New Year's Day 1995. The interview focused on her *No Ordinary Time: Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt: The Home Front in World War II*. Bingo! There's the place for Doris.

But wait. Here's the part about applied connective memory that makes the system so interesting, at least for a compulsive bibliophile for whom books become treasures once I've read them. I dialogue with the writers I read, I highlight in several colors throughout, and I write a commentary on the inside of the back cover. I wish someone had showed me how to read that way when I was about fifteen.

With Brian Lamb's collection in-hand, I'd have slipped the newspaper piece into the *Book Notes* and been done with it. But I remembered Goodwin's *Team of Rivals* about Lincoln and was within a nanosecond of putting the piece there, when I remembered a terrific read from several years ago, a 2014 book by Aaron David Miller titled *The End of Greatness: Why America Can't Have (and Doesn't Want) Another Great President*. The newspaper piece about Doris Kearns Goodwin was about aspects of leadership displayed during Franklin Roosevelt's nearly four terms in office. Goodwin's book about Lyndon Johnson also put leadership under the microscope. Greatness, she argues, is about leadership, whether it's Franklin Roosevelt, Lyndon Johnson, or Abraham Lincoln. The newspaper piece went into the Miller book.

Some books are magnets for clippings, for me, because the book opens a door to a world I didn't know. *Half of a Yellow Sun* (Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, 2006) is one of those treasures. She's Nigerian. The book is mostly about the break-away Biafra. It's fiction, but it's informed fiction. Isaac Asimov said that for science fiction to work, the science has to be right. In *Half of a Yellow Sun*, the history, geography, and sociopolitical foundations feel like they're right. And the book is filled with those foundations in print media I'd not have even noticed had I not read her book. And four more. She did a TED Talk if anyone's interested.

And that's the end of that. But I reminded myself when I started this piece that the word "stuff" appeared more than once in the early paragraphs. I can hear my English teachers saying we have to avoid that. But what if it's the right word for the right reason? "Stuff" is the right word, and no one understands and uses it better than George Carlin. I have three of his books on the shelves. He's better on U-Tube. ♦

How I started at SDSU (continued from page 6)

and then, two years later as Chair of the newly created School of Teacher Education. Under Dean Dennis Gooler, we took on a more community-oriented role and developed off campus M.A. programs as in-service for teachers. I taught courses in Carlsbad and in Tijuana. During this time, Claremont Graduate School and SDSU Department of Secondary Education created a joint doctoral program in Multicultural Studies in Education. I was designated an Adjunct Professor at Claremont and developed the syllabus and taught three classes in Curriculum on that campus.

At the end of 1984, Dean Dennis Gooler moved to De Kalb, Illinois, to become the Dean of Education, and I moved for five enjoyable years to Texas as Associate Dean of Education at the University of Houston, Clear Lake. In 1989 I returned to California and worked for five years as a consultant to the State Department of Education in Sacramento, making evaluation visits to California's Colleges and Schools of Education. My wife was, by then, completing five years as the Academic Vice-President of the College of Marin. A two-year appointment to direct a doctoral program for foreign students took me to Northern Illinois University, De Kalb, to join Dean Gooler and this "rounded off" my university teaching career. My wife, joined me on faculty there for the two years.

Of course, we retired to San Diego in 1998 and now live in Carlsbad—near our daughter, Anne McLevie-Spooner, who teaches as an Adjunct for SDSU's Child and Family Development Department. I suspect that, as a badge of honor, I am still the only New Zealand-born-and-educated full-time Faculty Member to teach in the College of Education at SDSU! ♦

LEST WE FORGET PAUL SEWARD ANDERSON

Leif Fearn, Teacher Education

Paul Seward Anderson was a gentleman, a gentle man. I didn't meet Paul until I arrived on campus in 1967. That is when I learned he was responsible for me coming to San Diego State (college then). He had heard me when I shared a speaker's platform with six White Mountain Apache Head Start boys and girls at the Arizona State Reading Conference in January 1967. I'd been working with native speaking Navajo and Apache boys and girls on English oral language and early reading. The invitation letter didn't come from Paul, and I didn't pay much attention to the letterhead, so I assumed initially the invitation to teach was in Indian histories and cultures. It turned out to be Education.

Meeting Paul Anderson and coming to know him was a treat. Soon after I arrived, he said I should meet people around the state in my teaching field. So came time for the annual English Teacher Specialist conference at Asilomar, he drove us to Monterey for a weekend among the prime movers in K-12 and university English language arts.

Paul was like that. He knew I had a new wife and daughter and no context for holiday celebrations in this new city. To remedy that he invited the three of us to Thanksgiving at the University Club, and he tended to not-yet one-year



Paul Seward Anderson

old Bridget as though she were his own. He invited us to his home in Kensington several times to share dinner with other people he wanted us to know.

He wrote what was then the most widely used language arts textbook on the market. I remember someone who knew Paul talking about Paul's publications, "He makes twice his salary in royalties."

Paul was personable and absolutely secure in his own skin. Widely sought

nationally as a consultant to school districts and university teacher preparation programs, he commanded the podium as an accomplished actor would command the stage. His expertise ranged through the language arts, to include children's and adolescent literature. And he was on both personal and professional terms with the other movers and shakers in his field.

Paul was a connoisseur of fine food, so when one went to Paul's home for dinner, the evening featured fine food, always prepared by Paul. He even attempted to spread his conception of fine dining to the commercial market. He leased a property on El Cajon Boulevard just east of the El Cajon/Montezuma split, set up four tables for three-to-four guests each, and served one entrée with sides appropriate to the main course, charged one price, and took guests by reservation only. It didn't work out very well. The restaurant business is precarious, and Paul didn't account for the narrow profit margin. His mission was food, not business.

Paul grew up in Colorado and completed his graduate work at the University of Wisconsin. He came to San Diego State in 1955 and taught reading, language arts, and children's literature in the then Department of Elementary Education. Over the years, San Diego State's College of Education has brought its teacher candidates close to the major players in the fields across the curriculum. Paul Anderson was one of those major players. I was and remain fortunate to have known him. ♦

Dear SDSU Retirement Association,

SDSU RA Scholars Report (continued from page 3)

Thank you all for supporting my journey at San Diego State University. The aid you've gifted me has helped pay for my education as well as all of the extra expenses at school such as parking passes, textbooks, and lab equipment. I am very grateful for your investment in my college experience!

I am majoring in Kinesiology with an emphasis in Pre-Physical Therapy and I am just finishing my sophomore year. After doing 17 years of competitive Irish dance, I was exposed to many athletic trainers and physical therapists. I was always super interested in the healing process and the biomechanics behind my movements, so I thought Kinesiology would be a perfect fit! After almost two years of the major, I know I am in the right place!

Your help has been incredibly instrumental in my academic success as I have been able to receive tutoring for my difficult classes such as Chemistry, Physics, and Statistics. This semester I took my first Anatomy class and I have absolutely loved it. I feel proud to learn about the medical sciences and be able to help people in the future. After graduating, I hope to attend San Diego State's Doctor of Physical Therapy program to become a licensed physical therapist.

Currently, I am working in a Sports Biomechanics Lab on campus and I assist in injury prevention for the Basketball and Volleyball teams. During the summer, I plan on continuing research in the lab as well as volunteer in the inpatient physical therapy unit at Balboa Naval Hospital. Every year, my Irish Dance school puts together summer camps for the little kids and I have a dream to create a strength training warm-up routine to assist with the athletic aspect of the dance. Words cannot express how much this scholarship means to me.

Thank you again,
Rebecca Pierce



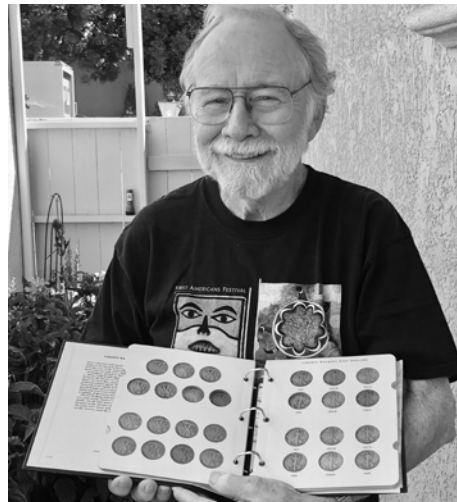
Last year's SDSURA scholars, left to right, Rebecca Pierce, Katie Martin, Abigail Castro, and Avi Martin

ACCUMULATION OR COLLECTION

Francis Stites, History

Lord knows, I have accumulated enough stuff over the last fifty years or so to send Marie Kondo into ecstasy. Take for example the nearly sixty tee shirts that I bought from each of the many places my wife and I have visited such as national parks. They serve as mementoes of a trip and always evoke memories of the trip in the finest detail, but these tee shirts and hundreds of photographs are not a collection. For me they are just an accumulation.

A collection is the product of deliberate action, a decision and a plan to pursue certain things and to look at them often. That definition would leave me with only one collection out of all the stuff I have accumulated, and that collection is of coins. It's true that this collection began by accident. In maybe 1980 during a trip to New Orleans and the French Quarter we visited the old United States mint and while there I bought a few old coins as mementoes. Before the decade was over I had become interested in the first Lincoln Head pennies known as Wheaties for the



Frank with some of the coins in his collection

stalks of wheat on each penny's reverse.

That led to a decision to collect Wheaties, and after a few years I had a Wheaties from every year and every mint. I continued my collecting of Lincoln head pennies even after the change of the reverse image from wheat to the Lincoln Memorial. I have collected all of those, but the latest change to the shield reverse killed my interest in those pennies.

The pennies, however, had kindled my interest in other old coins. Since the pennies I have acquired an almost complete collection of Jefferson nickels, a complete collection of Walking Liberty half dollars, and of Mercury dimes (actually the coin represents Liberty's head with wings representing freedom of thought). My most treasured complete (minus one) collection is of what we used to call Indian Head nickels but that are now known as Buffalo nickels. These are my complete collections, but I have many other coins such as Liberty Head nickels, Standing Liberty quarters, Indian Head pennies, coins from the Civil War. The list is very long. Regularly I take them out or look through their albums for sheer delight. I have learned much about their metals and their designers. Many of them trigger memories of the coins that used to jingle in my pocket. And my interest is still keen. I am still hungry for a 1916 Mercury dime. It's been a wonderful thing to have done, but I guess that's true of all collections. Lest I forget, my accumulations still grow. ♦

HUNKERING DOWN

Barbara Huntington, Pre-professional Health Advising/Sciences

After twenty-five days of sheltering at home, I wake as usual, when light crawls in around the draped sliding-glass door. Half-asleep, I remember the trip to Penney's, probably thirty years ago, to buy those drapes with my now late husband. I close my eyes and recall the compromise he sold me: by buying a set that included the same pattern on everything, sheets, shams, towels, even a strip of wallpaper along the ceiling, we could conclude the trip quicker and get out of there. We often conducted these reversed-gender-stereotype trips this way as he loved to shop and I hated it, but it was our new home and we had agreed to make decorating decisions together.

I doze again briefly until my left hand under the pillow moves in a dream and conducts a scratchy rumble to my good ear I cannot ignore. On the foot of the bed, Tashi sighs. Sometime during the night, she has joined me and now sleeps upside down, four legs in the air. One ear pops up as I reach for my cell phone. As I contemplate my morning ritual, I wonder how I can be so compulsive in some ways and so uncaring in others. The morning ritual must be completed, but two loads of laundry sit in the baskets below the bed



Tashi

and implore me for days to hang or fold them. When I can find no other excuse for my inconsistencies, I pull up the old Gemini ruse—compulsive but disorderly, introverted extrovert, the one who loves to garden, write, read, but who never seems to find the time to pull the weeds that grow among the flourishing pea vines, to read the books piled precipitously next to the bed, to observe the admonishment to WRITE DAMMIT on my daily calendar.

...I check out *The Guardian*, and post an article on Covid in Italy. I was there in October, no Covid-19, just sharing sun and cypress and vineyards with my daughter. I wonder about the woman who taught us to cook in her country garlic-

scented kitchen and fed us by the garden with home-grown tomatoes. I worry about the winemakers and olive oil pressers, the folks at the farm with the truffle-sniffing dogs and the huge white dogs that tended the sheep. My daughter loved those dogs and became almost as upset as if it were her children she must leave behind on those green hills. I picture the lazy pig who slept under the barbeque and the cellar with cheeses and olives and almost drift off again.

...As I take vitamins and sip my sludge, Tashi announces a delivery truck. I instruct the unmasked driver to place the packages on the step, wait until he leaves, spray them with my only can of Lysol, coat my hands with sanitizer to hold the scissors to cut the cardboard, spray the contents, place the boxes outside to the left of the steps, leave the contents inside the doorway with other assorted supplements, gluten-free flours, and some plastic thingamajiggers that are supposed to collect dog hair in the dryer. Then I will wait a few days before I put them away. ♦

Editors' note: The above passages are excerpted from a story Barbara has been writing during the pandemic. The full story, along with other works, are on Barbara's blog at: <https://barbarahuntington.com>

A NOT VERY GOOD COLLECTOR

Ed Deaton, Mathematics

When I was younger than I am now, say 80 years ago, I began to collect stamps. We did not get much mail so I was not very successful. There was no possibility of buying stamps for a child's collection. One could buy packages of used stamps. We did not. End of stamp collection.

The Sinclair Oil Company, in the 1940s, distributed wonderful dinosaur stamps. Very interesting to a 10 year old. I would walk to the Sinclair Gas station and get the new stamps. I was not driven, as we had no car. Sinclair stopped giving the stamps before I got a good collection.

About 1960 I began to collect coins. I had a quasi respectable collection in 1979 when a thief broke into my house and stole my collection. Mary Dee Dickerson (Family Studies) lost 40 silver dollars, which had been given to her by her parents for her 40th birthday. We

both were angered by the thought that the thief probably bought drugs using the coins at face value.

Now we skip to the present day.

I have visited 48 of the 50 US states. One I have not visited is North Dakota. I should have visited North Dakota since I have been to South Dakota twice. The other is secret. Since I do not collect, I will not visit the secret state. But I just might visit North Dakota.

I have visited six continents. Since I do not collect, I am not concerned about Antarctica. If I could find a traveling companion, I would go.

I lived in Europe for 15 years. I have visited all but four European countries. I meant to visit two of the countries I have not visited this spring, but the virus interfered. I doubt if I will ever visit any of these countries.

I do not know if I have been in 100 countries. I am sure I am close but not interested enough to actually count. There are at least two companies that give awards based on number of countries visited. One uses actual

countries, the other counts countries and possessions differently. For example Alaska and Hawaii, Hong Kong and Macao, Gibraltar. If I am short of the actual number of countries, the easiest way to increase the number of countries is to meander around the Caribbean or meander around Africa.

For a very interesting collection there is a man whom I met many years ago. He was a professor of mathematics at Bates College. He was a county collector. He wanted to be in each of the 3142 counties (or county equivalents) in the United States. He had a county map of the USA and colored each county that he visited. I saw a map that showed his driving from Maine to San Diego as he wiggled and waggled to increase the number of counties he drove through. I do not know the result of his quest.

Let us suppose he succeeded. Now what?

There is a great advantage in knowing collectors. If you want to give them presents, you know what to give. ♦

Having read Leon Uris's TRINITY many years ago, I've long been fascinated with the story of Ireland. When I visited the Ould Sod in 1992 I was moved to write this ode.

Dublin

Find a modest river resembling the Moldau.

Call it Liffey. Fill it with tears.

*Add a brewery capable of quenching the Irish thirst
and assuaging its sorrow. Call it Guinness.*

Find a university named for the Trinity.

*Garnish with selected bishops, philosophers, poets &
playwrights.*

Decorate with early Celtic MSS and let stand for 400 years.

*Stir in centuries of heartless oppression, broken dreams, shattered ideals, and despair drowned in
pints of stout
and sanctified by tears.*

Locate a post office that launched a nation.

*Throw in a pond-studded green, a shopping street,
a pipe factory and a bronze likeness of Molly Malone.*

Add a cup of Bewley's Coffee—the strongest, richest, hottest drink in all of Ireland.

*Decorate with green double-decker buses and granite-gray buildings, lace curtains, colorful
Georgian doors and Irish pubs.*

Embellish with a rainbow,

*say a prayer for old Ireland,
and serve with sadness and pride
beneath pewter skies.*

—Em Cummins (1992)
Counseling/College of Education

FRUGAL BY NECESSITY

Dean Popp, Economics

My mother, Sophie, was born in 1916, the youngest of five girls, on a farm in Medicine Hat, Alberta. Unfortunately, her mother died in childbirth when my mother was two years of age. Two of mom's sisters were quite a bit older, having been born in Germany before my grandfather migrated to St. Paul to work in a meat packing plant. My grandmother and the two oldest girls joined him in the US a few years later after he had established himself. The three youngest daughters were then born in the US and Canada and eventually the family moved from Alberta to Portland, Oregon. When their mother died in childbirth, the three youngest essentially raised themselves during much of the depression of the late 1920s and 1930s, working as skilled seamstresses for White Stag and Jantzen sewing shirts, jackets, and swimming suits.

The point of this rather lengthy in-



Sign of the times

troductio to Sophie is that she grew up very frugal by necessity. Her frugality manifested in several ways. For example, if I or my sisters left a morsel of food on our plates, mom would either eat or save it for a later meal. She just could not throw away food. Also, she was

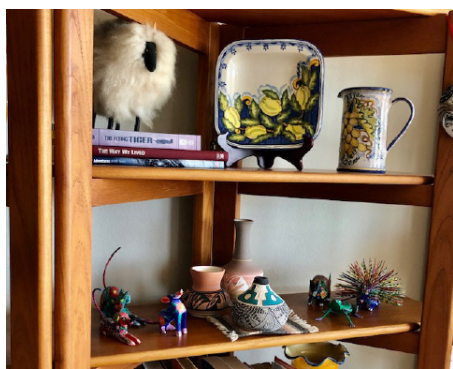
a notorious coupon clipper. The Sunday newspaper was shredded when she was done clipping the coupons from the paper, and she would then drive miles out of her way to purchase a discounted chicken or can of peas. She continued this coupon clipping until the day she died and was quite content to clip away even when she no longer drove and could not exercise her purchases. She just felt that if it were on sale, she had to buy it because someday she might need it.

At some point when our kids were about 10-12 years of age they discovered that the closet in the guest bathroom in my parents' house was full of rolls of toilet paper. I mean we are talking 100+ rolls of toilet paper in the closet and if toilet paper were on sale the next week, she would go out and buy another package. I can still remember our daughter kind of hesitantly asking me why grandma had so much toilet paper. Where is Sophie when we need her right now during the coronavirus toilet paper crisis?♦

ECLECTIC COLLECTING

Nancy Farnan, College of Education

From a traditional perspective, I don't think I'd be considered a collector, at least not of any one thing; but I do collect. I didn't plan to be a collector. As



Pieces in Nancy's collection

a young girl, I was enamored of china teacups and saucers, and I have two of them in a china cabinet; but that's about as far as that collection went; at least all that's left of it. However, as it turns out, I am a collector. Leif and I have been fortunate enough to travel to many countries and across America, and as I look around our condo, I realize that my eyes light on framed photographs, paintings, and objects that have come from those many places. They reside in the china cabinet, on our many bookshelves, on walls, and other available surfaces. It sounds cluttered, but it's not overly so.

However, I enjoy looking at these pieces every day because they remind me of where we've been and experiences we had in those places. I'm especially enjoying them now when our environment is for the most part confined to home while the coronavirus is still spreading. So as I look around our home, I realize that the things around me do represent a collection, albeit a very eclectic one.♦

FONDLY REMEMBERING S&H GREEN STAMPS

Lucille Wendling, Sociology

While organizing my file cabinet recently, I came across 17 booklets of S&H Green Stamps that I had collected many years ago. In the 1950s through the 70s, collecting these stamps was very popular. Grocery stores, gas stations, and other places gave them to buyers according to the dollar amount of a purchase. It has been estimated that 80% of American households collected the stamps during their heyday.

The enticement to collect S&H (which stood for company founders Sperry & Hutchinson) Green Stamps, and lick them into the 24 page booklets each worth 1,200 points, was that you could exchange the stamps for a wide selection of housewares through the S&H catalog, or go to a local Redemption Center.

I fondly remember how fun it was to view the range of enticing items available at the Redemption Center on El Cajon Blvd. near 70th Street where I once selected a lovely white ceramic fruit bowl that I still use today. (pictured below)



A Green Stamp treasure

Unfortunately, the S&H program disappeared suddenly from our area without notification, leaving many with a collection of stamps they could no longer redeem. According to Wikipedia, the recessions of the 70s decreased the stamps' value "...requiring either far more stamps to get a worthwhile item or spending money for an item that was barely discounted from the price at regular stores."

I can't help but wonder what delightful item I was saving up for with my 20,400 points!♦

CONFESSION OF A GRAND ACQUISITOR

Bill Pease, Library

My collecting passion was first applied, as for many, to postage stamps. I recall several beautiful items between “the Wars.” Some were from Tanganyika, Czechoslovakia, and other countries no longer among us. There were odd triangular ones, others with exotic birds and flowers. Now I wonder what ever happened to that collection. Then there was the board designed to insert pennies of various years and mints. This went on to a son, as did my more unusual collection—tea infusers. Yes, there are many kinds of these: balls, spoons, miniatures of various sorts. Every collector has the experience of the one that got away. One day in an antique mall I noticed a tea infuser set with mother-of-pearl, really unique. It seemed too costly, so I passed it up for the moment. Of course the next day when I returned it was gone.

In later years my acquisitive instinct was sublimated by my library



A few items collected in the Casa de Las Campanas community archives

career—in various jobs as acquisition librarian, cataloger, and head of collection development. This included the handling of gift books. From these I often turned up curiosities left between pages. There were of course the pressed flowers and decorative bookmarks, but there were other items I kept over the years—newspaper clippings, post cards, letters (alas, not from anyone famous),

concert tickets, bus passes. On my retirement from San Diego State I had a little open-house at my desk and displayed these for colleagues who wanted to look them over. Only one I have retained, an antique document clamp. On it is embossed “Hosmer McKoon, Law Library.” My research shows that the pioneer of that name was a New York attorney who settled in San Diego in the late 1800s and then was one of the founders of Santee. At the time of his death in 1894 he was president of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and a “Pilot Commissioner [?]” Perhaps it will be of interest to some historical society.

My collecting efforts did not end when leaving SDSU. I became the archivist of my retirement community, Casa de las Campanas, chairing our historical committee. We save all manner of bulletins and other in-house media as well as news notices about our establishment and the environs, Lake Hodges and the San Dieguito River Valley. With previous hobbies behind me, I count on this enterprise continuing into years to come.♦

WHAT DO I COLLECT?

Sandy Gauder, Business Administration

My mother made my overalls in the spring of 1941. They had pockets everywhere and were absolutely wonderful for me—a miniature collector in the making. I had the typical fascination with nature that all nearly four year old children exhibit. Everything bright and beautiful that fit in my hands went into one of my many pockets. However, after wash day, my mother dressed me in my clean overalls and my “collections” had been thrown away. I was devastated so my mom apologized and said that she would have me help her prepare them before the next washing.

I remember standing there with my little hand filled with all my trea-



sures and a big smile on my face. For the most part, I had collected rocks and shells but there were a few leaves and bugs and even one lizard. Then we had the talk:

1. *What happens to something after staying in a dark, tight space for several hours (I was no longer going to put living things in my pockets);*

2. *Where could my treasures be kept safely and appreciated (tiny things could only be kept in a box, bigger items on a shelf);*

3. *When I already had one that looked the same, I had to choose which one to keep.*

It was hard work for a toddler to become a collector but I persevered.

So, what did I, do I, collect?

As a child, my interests stayed with

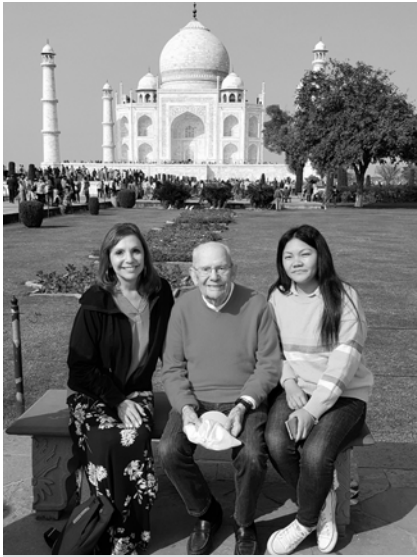
rocks & minerals, shells and added pennies and marbles to my growing collections.

As a young adult, I limited myself to collecting memorabilia of my travels: teapots, spoons, boxes, bottles, storyteller dolls, pottery, pictures, coins, and much more.

Later, fossils, ink wells, eggs and Nativity Sets joined the crowd. Finally, for the last fifteen years, I’ve been collecting paperweights and buttons.

We are down-sizing and, oh my, this is hard work too. I still love all things bright and beautiful but perhaps 300 paperweights would be a little difficult to take to a smaller place so I rarely add a new one. Buttons, on the other hand, are small, can be creatively framed, placed on tables or walls and are still fantastic to collect.♦





*Evelyn Deaton, Ed Deaton,
and Dawa Yangjii Sherpa in
Agra, India*

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

Ed Deaton, Mathematics

In March 1992 I went to Nepal to see, but not climb, Mt. Everest. I took a tour, on which I was the only guest, that began in Kathmandu. We walked 13 days from Jiri to Kalar Patar. Kalar Patar is a small brown hill standing 18,514 feet above sea level from which one has wonderful views of Mt. Everest. Everest Base Camp is a little lower, but with no views. We then walked four days back to Lukla (9383 feet) where my guide, Lhakpa Sherpa, lived. I spent two nights in his home sleeping in my sleeping bag on a table. He had an eleven month old daughter, Dawa Yangji, whom I got to hold.

In 1993 I repeated the tour, this time with Lou Williams, RAdm (ret)USN. Lou and I climbed Cowles Mountain fre-

quently. We used the same guide. The daughter was now almost two years old. We were in the guide's home for three days waiting air transportation.

In 1996 my son, Bruce, and I attempted to climb Island Peak (20,305 feet). Same guide. We had a climbing team of eight people, including two high altitude climbers, two porters, a cook and the guide. We failed. We could not cross the Bergstrom. I had quit earlier at the beginning of the glacier. But we walked out. The porters were the guide's teenage sisters. Another sister was working in the sex trade in Kathmandu.

I said to myself that this darling little girl, Dawa Yangji Sherpa, deserved more options. I asked her father for permission to send her to school. He agreed. She stayed home for her kindergarten year, then went to a private school in Kathmandu. Tuition, room and board, uniforms, books, etc. altogether cost \$1300 for the entire first year, and grew to about \$2200 by her senior year (tenth grade) in high school. Then came university and finally an MBA. She is now 28, single, living in Lukla and working for the government of Nepal. She has a 22 year old sister who is a sophomore in university and a 17 year old brother beginning the tenth grade. They are being helped. I am upset when people say "What a wonderful thing you are doing." Fun is the proper term. Both of her parents are deceased so she is the head of the family.

In January, 2020, my daughter Evelyn and I went to Mumbai, India and met Dawa Yangji. It was her first time outside of Nepal. The USA does not give visas to young single females from third world countries, not by law, but by practice, so she cannot visit the USA. We have tried. She is going to London in two months sponsored by the government of Nepal.

While waiting for Dawa in the airport in Mumbai I noticed a man, maybe 75 years old who arrived by himself. He was greeted by ten young men. Each of them bent down, touched his shoes, folded their hands in front of their chests and bowed. I asked what was the ceremony about. He was being honored, and respect was being paid to him.

Two days later, Dawa, Evelyn, and I were visiting Elephanta Island, off the coast of Mumbai. We noticed a group of six women in marvelous saris. Evelyn indicated a desire to take a photograph of them. Our guide asked the group for permission. They said yes and posed. The one on the right is perhaps 60 years old, the rest are younger. I was standing off to the side and to the rear.

After the photograph was taken, four of the women came to me, one by one, bent down, touched my shoes, folded their hands and bowed. I was in shock. I stood there with my hands folded and bowed slightly in return. My feelings were of intense humility. ♦



Women in saris, Elephanta Island

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.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Robin Fishbaugh, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of May 4, 2020

Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$206,305.24
Scholarship Fund	\$25,768.95
Operating Account	\$18,006.82
Activities Account	\$13,296.48
Sub-total	\$263,377.49
Bohnsack Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$49,143.69
Bohnsack Scholarship Fund	\$2,010.74
Sub-total	\$51,154.43
Total Assets	\$314,531.92

THAT CALPERS' DEFUNDING MOVE

Tom Donahue, *ERFSA/Benefits*

In the last *PostScript* there was an account of an experience with CalPERS in which the pension system asked for a re-certification that my wife and I were married on September 1, 1968, and have been married ever since. The pension system contested that we could prove that the funding for her health care costs at Kaiser was legitimate over the years, and remained so through the present time. We sent a copy of our marriage certificate issued from a church in rural northeastern Ohio. CalPERS claimed that the certification was "insufficient," and instantly terminated its support for her because our certificate was not embossed with the state seal of Ohio. Today I present the follow up of what occurred in the months after the move by CalPERS.

In a very short period of time we paid a web-advertised service to work through the marriage license office in Columbus, Ohio, to find the right document. That service completed its work in a week, we sent their verification to CalPERS, and we were reaccepted and re-instated with CalPERS again supporting the medical costs in

the way they had previously. After three months, our support stipend for Medicare was restored and all was just as it had been before, although we of course were left shaken and wondering after the event.

There were many expressions of sympathy and support from readers of *PostScript*, and we were heartened and buoyed up by those e-mails. Most of those writing in were surprised by the suddenness and sharpness of CalPERS action, and they wondered why they hadn't received such a notice—particularly after much more time than the three year interval had passed in their cases. One person offered the interesting piece of information that the embossed seal criterion had been on its way out: a notice from the Centers for Disease Control [CDC.gov] revealed that in California since November 1, 2013, at the California Department of Public Health "Vital Records no longer embosses certified copies of records." Persons responding also wondered what I would advise when they would receive the notice in the mail from CalPERS. The advice: call them, find out their specific objection, and move to fix the matter within the hour of your notice. Others were dismayed that CalPERS would make such a

move on a person whose status from the outset was not suspicious, and why the action was so draconian.

There should be a way to get a wider perspective of this matter. For the sake of argument, let's try to stretch our empathic capacity and take a CalPERS point of view. You as the reader might assume that you are in charge of a program of inquiry among the members belonging to CalPERS. The present total of sums invested by the pension system is \$378 billion, although that is sure to change after the March response of the markets to the Corona virus threat. But in any event let us assume that as an executive officer your charge is to hold a tight rein on fiduciary obligations. In the single case at hand, the system funds the medical costs of one's spouse at a premium of \$339.43 a month for the support of the Kaiser Senior Advantage 80 / 80 plan. If you could go large, and arrange to de-fund that sum by undermining the claims of 25,000 additional couples for example, with a (presumed) likelihood that one twenty-fifth of one per cent of the married couples were misrepresenting themselves to CalPERS, you could save the system \$40,731.60 a year.

So. Justified, do you think?♦

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Editors' Note: We would like to thank Rob Ray and SDSU's Love Library Special Collections for permission to use the photo of John Seward Anderson on page 8.

Coming in the Next PostScript: “What did you do while stuck at home?”

MY STORY

Maggi McKerrow, *Theatre*

Today is the 71st day that I have been quarantined in my house—bar a few outings to grocery stores, several trips to restaurants to pick up dinners, and a visit to my Foot Doctor that felt like a dangerous adventure. But as I write it is Memorial Day weekend and things are loosening up—Fashion Valley opened up yesterday (!), you can get books from libraries, parks are open—clearly we are in a new if mask-wearing version of life. Unimaginable in January—now almost normal, though it is hard to envision doing anything in groups for months to come.

As things change I have been thinking about how quarantine changed me. At first I was obsessed with the news, lonely, miserable and depressed, unable to concentrate on reading or anything else, and desperately missing my exercise and yoga classes and weekly trips to movies and the theatre. Sitting around all day never works for me. Slowly I adjusted. The third week in I started making myself take 45 minutes walks in my neighborhood every morning. Soon it became a habit. I entertained myself on my walks by listening to books and taking iPhone photos of chalked messages on sidewalks, signs of hope on fences or windows, boxes of fruit or plants or books or toys offered free for the taking, graduation notices and anything else I saw in my neighborhood that was Covid 19 related. My photo project helped me feel less alone.

My yoga class, exercise and book clubs took up Zooming. Yeah! So nice to see familiar faces. Journalists and television news commentators provided thoughtful and often fascinating articles about the current and past pandemics. Zoom television shows provided intriguing glimpses of at-home scenery, lots of book cases, paintings, plants and best of all: children and pets—usually cute, sometimes misbehaving—occasionally laugh out funny—just what I and most

everybody else needed. I got a ton of boring emails, but Museums I support started emailing links to YouTube lectures by curators, videos of current and previous exhibitions, projects for adults and children stuck at home. Cool stuff! I quickly became a critic rejoicing in

attached to a background by narrowly spaced rows of horizontal and vertical hand stitching done with thick white Sashiko thread. Just the other day I finished my first bag made with dark blue fabrics and started making another in greens and lavenders. Challenging and fun.

I was really missing theatre, but The British National Theatre and Globe Theatres made cleverly filmed theatre productions available for free on YouTube so afternoons, while I sewed on my Boro bags, I set up my iPad and enjoyed productions of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Jane Eyre*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Frankenstein* with Benedict Cumberbatch as the monster, *A Streetcar Named Desire* with Gillian Anderson as Blanche and, most recently a hilarious production of *Much Ado About Nothing* with David Tennant as Benedict. I am eagerly anticipating upcoming filmed productions even as I sadly accept that there will probably be no more live theatre this year.

Of course, during these months some things in my life stayed the same. I continued enjoying reading (and listening to) books and newspapers, communing with my two cats, gardening, cooking, exercising (zoom and regular), and watching tv, but other activities grew in importance. Talking to friends on the phone became necessary, I got better at Zoom and find it a challenging but satisfying form of communication, I found inner peace through stitching on Boro bags, and to my amazement found watching theatre on a my iPad or laptop remarkably satisfying. I got a slow start but eventually filled my days in new ways and found joy in a slowed down life style. I'm not exactly happy, but doing much better.

That is my story. What is yours? We want to know how you filled your time during the last few months. What did you do while stuck at AT HOME that you found satisfying? Incredibly frustrating? We want to know. Please write and tell all!♦



Boro Bag, designed and crafted by Maggi

videos and spurning written lectures. The best emails I got were the weekly “Membership Emails” from the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Always surprising. I loved a curated gallery tour of an extraordinary collection of old and new kimonos, a quirky video of two dancers moving slowly in two inches of water in the museum courtyard, a tour of spectacular items in the jewelry gallery, a video of one of the “War Horse” puppets arriving at the museum, and much more. Inspired by one of the V&A projects I started using my stash of beautiful Japanese kimono fabrics to make a traditional “Boro” Bag, a totally new concept to me. A Boro bag is a tote bag made of a collage of fabrics



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Save the Date:

Important Announcement regarding Summer and Fall events

Due to concerns regarding the coronavirus, we are canceling our Spring Luncheon on August 19 and Kentucky Derby Party on September 5. Both events are held at indoor facilities where, at this time, there is still risk in bringing large groups of people together. We continue to look forward to Oktoberfest, scheduled for October 18 at Santee Lakes, a venue where we can celebrate more safely outdoors. The Holiday Party will be a luncheon this year, scheduled for December 5 at Tom Ham's Light-house. We are hoping by then that coronavirus risks will be significantly less than they are now. We will monitor the situation, and if necessary, make changes to our scheduled events. We're keeping our fingers crossed that we can celebrate together in October!



Left: *The Koester Memorial Sundial in front of Hepner Hall. The sundial was dedicated in 1978 to Dr. George A. Koester, Professor of Education and Executive Dean of the University, in appreciation of his service to SDSU.*

DEADLINE: August 26, 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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