

Summer 2018

Volume XXXII No. 3

PostScript

SDSU Retired Faculty/Staff News

The Transformational Art Experiences Issue

Recharge Yourself



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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dean Popp, Economics

In keeping with the theme of this edition of the *PostScript* I will describe for you my “brief but spectacular” passage into the artistic realm. For those who know me, art appreciation is not exactly a foreign concept but it is not a familiar stroll for me. So, when I saw the summer catalog for the Osher Program at SDSU advertised a course titled “Introduction to Furniture: Making a Shaker Table” I figured, why not? Even all of my thumbs cannot screw this up too badly. So, I signed up and showed up and was pleasantly surprised to find nineteen other seniors interested in eating a bit of sawdust. Our intrepid instructor, Liz Koerner, graduate student in the Furniture Design Program at SDSU, slowly but surely shepherded us through the six class periods required to complete the table. We were provided with the necessary pieces of wood and with access to the equipment in the wood working shop on campus. The class was a bit laborious at times as Liz was a stickler for caution and the safe use of the machinery which made for many opportunities to chat with classmates as we waited our turn to use the band saw, jointer, domino machine, etc. What, you do not know about a domino machine? Guess you will just have to take the course. There was a fair amount of cutting, tapering, and a surprisingly large amount of time spent sanding by hand. For the perfectionist in the class it was difficult to know when to stop. There was always one more rough spot to sand or one joint to square up. I fairly quickly came to the conclusion that my table was perfect just as it was and needed no more sanding. The next to last step in the making of the table was the gluing together of the legs



Shaker Table, made by Dean

and the connecting aprons with little wood pegs (no nails) for which I did not have enough hands. To add insult to injury all of the glue had to be applied at once, the pieces fitted together and then clamped in place, and the drying time for the glue is fifteen minutes max. PRESSURE!!! Luckily, the instructor recognized a disaster in the making and provided me with considerable assistance. Last step was applying the finish which was time consuming but not too difficult. I recognize that making a table is a rather broad definition of “art” but then that broad definition is needed if I am to pretend that I created a piece of art. It was a fun and different experience and I am proud of my little Shaker Table.♦

Coming this Fall . . .

The PostScript Committee would like to hear from you. We will be sending out a questionnaire requesting ideas for themes to feature in future issues and suggestions for content that would interest you. We want to know how we can serve you better.

Front cover: *One of the many benches on campus custom-painted by students, this one in the Performing Arts Plaza. In the background is the Conrad Prebys Aztec Student Union.*



Left to Right: Katie Martin, Devin Queen, Camarina Krasae-Flaherty, Rebecca Pierce, Abigail Castro, Ty Williams, and Christine Provencher

THE GREAT SPRING LUNCHEON AND SCHOLARSHIP EVENT

Nancy C. Stewart, Chair, Scholarship Committee

San Diego, April 25th, 2018. Weather: warm, sunny, and clear. A perfect day for the Retirement Association's Annual Spring Luncheon/Business Meeting at Tom Ham's Lighthouse, and a day to celebrate and recognize the RA scholars for 2018 and meet their families. President Popp welcomed everyone and recognized the Board members in attendance. He then introduced



Service Awards Chair Ron Young presenting Tom Donahue with the 2018 Service Award

Laura Shinn, Planning, Design & Construction, to present SDSU's plan for the redevelopment of the Mission Valley site at SDCCU Stadium. The plan sounded intriguing, and the visuals were eye-catching.

Following upon Tom Ham's delicious buffet luncheon, a very brief business meeting was conducted to elect two officers for the RA Board: Deborah Quiett, Vice President, and Robin Fishbaugh, Treasurer. Thanks to them, and to Dean Popp, who has agreed to serve as president for a third term.

Next on the agenda, Ron Young, Awards chair, introduced the 2018 service awardee, Tom Donahue. Tom is a loyal member of the RA Board, and our resident expert on retiree benefits especially in the health arena. He also serves as our liaison to CSU-ERFA, and is Chair of their Pre/Post Retirement Committee as well. Congratulations Tom, you deserve this honor, and we're proud of you.

And at last to the very happy part of our annual luncheon—the presentation of this year's RA Scholars. The students introduced their family, spoke briefly about themselves, and received an attractive award certificate, designed and prepared by Dorothy Romano. Their names and majors are listed in the sidebar.

We were delighted that all seven were able to come to the luncheon, and that their family members were able to enjoy the scholarship presentations with them. Thank you one and all!♦

SDSURA 2018 Scholarship Awardees

Abigail Castro, Hospitality and Tourism Management, Daughter of Janet Castro

Camarina Krasae-Flaherty, Biology, Granddaughter of Frank Beale

Rebecca Pierce, Kinesiology, Daughter of William and Paula Pierce

Devin Queen, Nursing, Daughter of Marcia Queen

Ty Williams, Sustainability, Grandson of Dorothy Jane Riggs

Christine Provencher, Speech, Language, & Hearing Sciences/ Language & Communication. (*The Dr. Aubrey Wendling Memorial Scholarship*), Niece of Russell Block

Katie Martin, Public Health (*The Dr. Kurt and Julie Bohnsack Memorial Endowed Scholarship*), Granddaughter of Barry Jones

RETIRING FACULTY AND STAFF HONORED

Glen Broom, Journalism/Media Studies

President Sally Roush honored retiring faculty and staff at the Retirement Association’s reception May 1 in the Faculty Staff Club.

After Association president Dean Popp introduced President Roush, she tucked away her prepared remarks and spoke from her heart to congratulate and recognize the retiring faculty and staff.

She expressed her gratitude for the retirees’ service to SDSU and acknowledged that she too would be retiring soon...for the second time.

Retiring faculty included those from Anthropology, Art, Biology, Communication, Engineering, Exercise and Nutrition Science, Nursing, Music and Dance, Public Affairs, and Social Work. Retiring staff represented Business Affairs, Computing Services, Enrollment Services, Extended Studies, Health Services, KPBS, Library, Research Foundation, and Student Affairs.

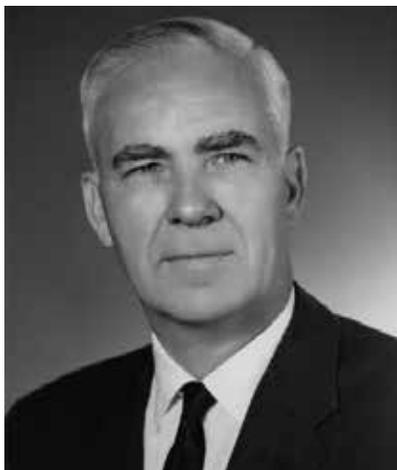
The SDSU Retirement Association resurrected the formerly Faculty-Staff Club event last year after a long lapse in



Retiree Reception, May 1, 2018

order to celebrate and recognize retiring colleagues. Co-sponsors included Aztec Shops, Faculty Advancement, Business

Affairs, Faculty-Staff Club, and University Relations and Advancement. ♦



President Malcolm Love

MEMORIES ABOUT SDSU PRESIDENTS

Charles J. Stewart, Chemistry

The appointment of Adela de la Torre as the 9th president of SDSU made me think about our Presidents. How many did I know? How many knew me, or at least knew my name.

Since I entered State as a freshman in the Fall of 1947, I could start with

the third president of San Diego State College, Walter R. Hepner. During the 1950 Graduation Ceremony, I shook his hand. That was the first time I ever had any contact with a campus President.

Hepner retired in 1952. The California Board of Education appointed Malcolm A. Love as the 4th President of San Diego State College. To me, Malcolm Love was the epitome of a college president. He had a very distinguished appearance, tall, handsome and possessing an aristocratic bearing. The campus was still small, about 5,000 students. At the beginning of each fall semester, President Love held a faculty meeting in the auditorium of the Campus Lab School and new hires were introduced to the faculty.

President Love knew “his” faculty. I can remember in the middle 60s, walking from the new Chemistry-Geology building toward the Administration Building and President Love was coming toward me. As we passed, he greeted me with “Good morning Dr. Stewart.”

Malcolm Love left his mark on San Diego State. He was president as the state colleges were moved from the California Board of Education to the California State College system. He changed the

administrative structure of the campus and its name. We became San Diego State College, not “California State College, San Diego,” as Chancellor Dumke wanted. Divisions were restructured and turned into Colleges. He wanted vigorous graduate programs and for the campus to be able to grant the Doctor of Philosophy degree. He succeeded. SDSU became the first campus in the CSU to grant a Ph.D. (in Chemistry).

In 1971 Love retired. Vice-President Don Walker administered the campus while the Board of Trustees conducted a search. The faculty assumed Don would get the position. However the Board of Trustees appointed Brage Golding, a chemical engineer, as the official 5th President of SDSU.

I accidentally met Golding very, very early in his time at SDSU. He was making a tour of campus buildings. I was running an experiment and in going from lab to office, there was Golding looking at a bulletin board in the hallway of the fourth floor of the Chemistry-Geology building. I don’t remember the conversation, if any, except to welcome him.

Golding wasn’t here long enough

to alter the campus atmosphere. As a member of the Faculty Senate, I remember meeting with him two or three times in small groups. The impression was that he was unhappy with the relationship between the campus and the Chancellor's Office. In 1977 Golding resigned to become president of Kent State. While the Board of Trustees conducted a search, Vice-President Trevor Colbourn governed the campus.

The Board of Trustees selected Thomas B. Day to become 6th President of SDSU in 1978.

Of all the SDSU Presidents I have known, I am most familiar with Tom Day. Tom's graduate degree is in physics. He carried over the scientific method into his style of administration: gather all of the data, study them, then make a decision. Unfortunately, he didn't consider the human element.

The campus had experienced a period of rapid growth during the late 1950s and early '60s. But by the late 1980s, the budget was slowly eroded. Maintenance and janitorial services were slowly being cut back each year.

The SDSU budget for the 1992-93 academic year was cut by about 10%. Tom's decision was to cut programs and faculty positions. This provoked a rebellion by both faculty and students. Fortunately, Chancellor Barry Munitz intervened and reversed Tom's decision. Munitz was able to get legislative approval for a systemwide "Golden Handshake" which effectively encouraged early retirements, including

SDSU PRESIDENTS

1. Samuel T. Black	1897-1910
2. Edward L. Hardy	1910-1935
3. Walter R. Hepner	1935-1952
4. Malcolm A. Love	1952-1971
5. Brage Golding	1972-1977
6. Thomas B. Day	1978-1996
7. Stephen Weber	1996-2010
8. Eliot Hirshman	2010-2017
9. Adela de la Torre	2018

mine along with about 100 other senior SDSU faculty.

Regrettably, Tom's 1992 action has clouded his other achievements. The campus grew in size and program quality. As a member of the National Science Council, he enabled SDSU to become nationally recognized. He increased the number of doctoral programs, making ours a true University.

Thomas B. Day retired in 1996 and Stephen Weber became the 7th President of SDSU.

I didn't really get to know President Weber. As a Professor Emeritus, I would meet him occasionally at a fund-raising event or say hello on passing. My impression is that President Weber was a good president and had an excellent staff. The campus continued to develop and improve academically.

Weber retired in 2010, after 14 years of service. The board appointed Eliot Hirshman as SDSU 8th President.

Luckily, I met President Hirshman

early in his term as President of SDSU. As one of his early presidential duties, he attended the annual Mortar Board* ceremony honoring a retired member of the administration and a member of the faculty for their service to SDSU. I had the opportunity to chat with him and to introduce my wife and three daughters. He was amazed at my long association with the campus.

Eliot Hirshman was an excellent fund raiser, more than doubling SDSU endowment funds. He supported strong academic programs and kept the public aware of SDSU as a major university. However the East and his family called, and he retired in 2017, to become president at Stevenson University in Maryland.

The Board of Trustees appointed Sally Roush to be interim President for one year while they searched for a permanent president.

Of the interim presidents, Don Walker, Trevor Colbourn and Sally Roush, I think Sally had the toughest year. She faced two large problems, the Aztec name controversy, and a football stadium. In my opinion, Sally resolved the problems quite well. We are still Aztecs and, if the voters approve, we will have SDSU west.

Such is a sampling of my random thoughts about the SDSU presidents I have known.

*Jane K. Smith Cap & Gown Chapter of Mortar Board♦

A LUCKY BLUNDER

Bill Hektner, Drama Department

It was on a spring evening in 1956 when I was walking back from the "old" library and across campus when I saw a sign in front of the Campus Lab School that announced a concert. I had some free time so I went inside the "cafetorium" and found a seat amongst that rather sparse audience.

There were four music stands and four chairs arranged in semi-circle. At the appointed time, the stage lights (what few there were) came on and the house went dark. Four elderly men in tuxedos entered with their instruments and sat down. Applause greeted them. Nothing was said for a few moments and then they placed their instruments under their chins and with a nod of one of the men, began to play. The depth of the music (composer long forgotten) filled the room and entered

me. I was raised in North Dakota where symphonic music was seldom heard. I used to listen to the Texaco Metropolitan Opera broadcasts on the local station on Saturday mornings. But here were live artists playing as one and making it look effortless. I just sat there like a sponge and took it all in, and never forgot it.

I was lucky to have blundered into the Budapest String Quartet on their last American tour. Their music inspired me to take a much greater interest in classical music, especially Baroque quartets like those Mozart wrote. Fifty years later touring Budapest and seeing Mozart's birthplace in Salzburg reinforced the experience yet again. Now one of the push buttons on my car radio is set for an all-classical station like KFSD used to be before they sold out to go with current top 40s.

I wonder what would have happened if I had just kept on walking back to my apartment, had a beer and watched TV?♦



Bill Hektner, Technical Director for the Drama Department from 1957-1994.



KENTUCKY DERBY PARTY 2018
Barbara Barnes, Enrollment Services

Forty-four SDSURA members and friends gathered at the Santee Lakes clubhouse on a toasty May 5 for the Twenty-First Kentucky Derby Party. (Thank goodness the clubhouse was air-conditioned!) Prior to post time, partygoers sampled abundant hors d'oeuvres (including Mary Nelson's special liver paté and other goodies supplied by Dan Gilbreath, Dorothy and Al Romano, Sharon and Dean Popp, and Nancy and Jack Stewart), dined on fried chicken, desserted on pecan pie, and enjoyed, throughout the afternoon, Tricia Moulton's famous Mint Juleps. And even though they couldn't be at the event, Pat and Jerry Koppman were in everyone's thoughts, forever part of SDSURA's Kentucky Derby tradition.

As for the 144th Run for the Roses itself, "Odds Maker" Cheryl Trtan directed the luck-of-the-draw wagering, circulating a Derby hat with the contenders' names inside. When the race was finally run on one of the wettest tracks in Derby history, the chestnut colt, *Justify*, had won. Six SDSURA members finished in the money as well, having drawn *Justify's* name: Mary Nelson, Rinda (and Ron) Young, Joan McArthur, Barbara Barnes, Joyce Wright, and Carolyn Balkwell. This was Joyce's first time at the Kentucky Derby party, and Carolyn's first SDSURA event ever. Beginner's luck maybe, or a little bit of SDSURA magic going on? Whatever the reason, congrats to all the winners and a warm welcome to Joyce and Carolyn.

For the team who coordinated this year's celebration and gave their time, energy, and resources—Tricia Moulton, Cheryl Trtan, Mary Nelson, Ann LePage, Joan McArthur, and Ann Burgess—a huge thank you! And as always, much appreciation goes to everyone who attended SDSURA's Twenty-first Kentucky Derby party and made it a fun time for all. ♦

LET'S DANCE

Leoné McCoy, Teacher Education

Since I entered this world, I have taken time for the art of dance. Consider its place in our evolutionary history. Before the revelatory cave petroglyphs were drawn, and the soaring vocalizations from the wild were sung, there was expressive movement, for dance has its roots in antiquity.

You see me here in the accompanying photograph, holding a poster which depicts me at four years of age, along with my cousin at three, ready for our dance recital. I was presenting this story at my induction into the downtown San Diego Lions Club, fourteen years ago. The Club asks its new members to introduce themselves with a look-back at their experiences. I chose to champion the power and artistry of dance in my life.

There have been other dance-infused moments for me. My grandmother, who was a business wiz, had a matching interest in show biz, so she supported me when I entered my teen years and auditioned for the San Francisco Opera Ballet School. (I learned that I needed more preparation for that gig, and soon academics took over.) It should be noted that the directors of the school, the Christiansen brothers, were accorded the unique distinction of having introduced Tchaikovsky's beloved Nutcracker Suite Ballet to American audiences in the 1940s.

Of my many transformational art experiences drawn from dance, perhaps the most exhilarating and memorable occasion was witnessing one of the Russian Bolshoi Ballet Company's touring productions in San Francisco. Their disciplined, yet lyrical, and exquisite style



Leoné holding early photo of herself and cousin at Lions Club induction

was otherworldly, displaying a fantastical aesthetic, beyond what I knew.

The premier ballerina was a dance phenomenon, both ethereal and earthy, and as swiftly darting in her grand jetés as she was subtly smooth en pointe in her rond de jambe floor-tracings, and her pirouettes and arabesques. I wonder now if she were the celebrated ballerina Galina Ulanova, described as "prima ballerina assoluta," and according to her biography, "born in 1910 in Saint Petersburg, Russian Empire." (Yes, I too think that particular historic and geopolitical reference brings the past closer to us.) I remember at the time having purchased a copy of Miss Ulanova's biography, although I cannot locate the old playbill.

Hearing over and over again about my connections with dance, my older daughter booked us into a UCSD-sponsored lecture and film study with the illustrious choreographer Agnes de Mille,

niece of the mighty movie mogul Cecil B. de Mille. She was the creator of the magnificent dance sequences for the smash Broadway musical "Oklahoma," collaborating with the award-winning composer Aaron Copland and his stirring work "Appalachian Spring"... a triumph she savored. We, her audience, sat spellbound, as she in words and with a few movements, although slowed by age, gave us entrance into her magical creative techniques. She had pioneered a unique amalgam of ballet and modern dance, a joy to behold.

Agnes de Mille went on to lament how devastating it was for her, recalling at this time in her 1980s national tour, that few dance performances had been memorialized on film, while they were performed live on stage. She was, however, proud of the limited images that she presented to us from her prized collection of kinescopes, grainy as they were.

I am pleased to report that my younger cousin, sister to the one in the photo, has continued our family's fascination with dance. When she designed her home on the Olympic Peninsula, she chose to include a grand gathering room. Her surrounding apple orchard, bursting each spring with wild bouquets of extravagant blossoms, sitting atop a carpet of spreading yellow dandelions, and the lilting lavender fields across the road, paint a scene fit for a Monet canvas. Once inside, her guests help her roll back the rugs and joyously move into her dance parties, often accompanied by a live band.

Together, she and I highly recommend that you heed Agnes de Mille's advice, echoed here by my own transformational art experiences, and let yourself be spirited away by your inner terpsichorean muse. Let's dance! ♦

MY PAST WENT OVER THE HILL

Al Hillix, Psychology

Sixty-eight years ago I wrote a very short poem as a friend of mine literally disappeared over the hill west of my house on his way from Missouri to California; I never expected to see him again.

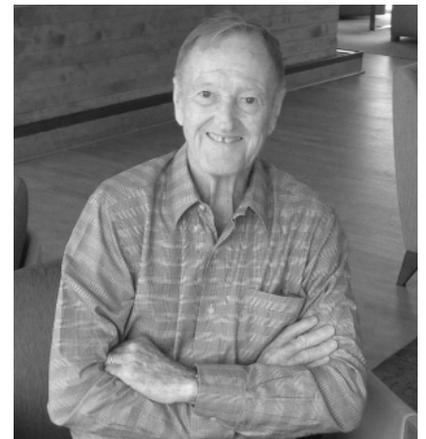
It has become more relevant every year since, although I eventually followed him to California!

My past went over the hill

Against my will

With that fine finality

That constitutes reality.



Al Hillix

**LEST WE FORGET:
HOUSTON M. BURNSIDE**
Leif Fearn, Teacher Education

I don't recall when I met Houston Burnside, but my guess is it was 1969. That would have been about the time when he and Bill Wetherill, department chair in what was then the Division of Education, met and talked. Houston was pastor at the church at the corner of Del Cerro Boulevard and College Avenue. Bill lived down the street and one day asked Houston something like, "What do you know?" Houston answered with enough to make Bill ask if he were interested in teaching. Houston said he would be, and that began his start at San Diego State, with classes in history and philosophy of education. We did things like that long ago. Many valued colleagues came to the faculty because someone found someone who knew something valuable. Over his 27 years on the faculty, Houston also taught mathematics for teachers and the law for teachers. He also supervised student teachers.

But he never left his foundations in the pulpit. That is not to say he preached in his classes, though many of us would have to acknowledge in our more honest moments that "preach" is some of what we did in our classes. What Houston carried from the pulpit and into his classes was a profound and unshakable commitment to the worth and well-being of those in his momentary care, and an endless search for truth.

Houston's search for truth is best expressed in his book, *A Pew-Sitter's Search for God*. An army chaplain wrote that when he finished the book, he stood up and cheered. A university colleague wrote that Houston's message is unpretentious and uncommonly enlightened. Houston's own pastor lauded the message as a reminder that spirituality is a journey.

My first professional association with Houston occurred over several months when he and I served on an informal committee to formulate a pre-school teacher credential. I was there



Houston Burnside

because of my years in Southwest tribal Head Start programs. Houston was there because it was a laudable effort, and good people gravitate toward laudable efforts. Houston gravitated toward many laudable efforts during his nearly three decades on the faculty. He planned and taught in experimental teacher preparation programs. His course in the law was the only one at the time. His student teachers universally reported that he provided professionally valuable feedback, but more, his observations and recommendations were delivered tenderly, as though his entire professional life were committed to that one novice teacher in that one moment.

Houston was a widely knowledgeable scholar in the historical, social, and theological foundations of his ministry. A little over a decade ago when my son and I were writing about what to teach when we think we are teaching the social studies, we sent our chapter on world religions to Houston for his comments. We expected something like "Good show" and assurance that we didn't err in our narrative about the major theologues we selected for K-12 instruction

in historical, biographical, and geographic perspectives. Houston read the 27-page chapter and sent back 25 page-specific notes/comments/corrections plus 17 margin-notes. Each of the 44 notes, and the 44 collectively, made the chapter one of the three best of the nine in the book. Houston's contribution was especially important, for world religions is one of the three content elements in the nine social studies least well, and typically dreadfully, handled in K-12 schools. (Personal Finance and Native Peoples are the other two.)

I never knew Houston as an ordained minister. I didn't know him as a high school dropout, either, nor as a United States Marine who served four years in North China. However, I did know he was some sort of minister, so when Nancy and I were planning to marry, I asked Houston to officiate. He faced

us in full white regalia before the fountain outside the Old Globe Theater in Balboa Park and cemented our marriage with pure words, thoughts, and feelings.

In almost fifty years, I never heard anyone who knew Houston say anything other than what can be captured in the phrase, "Houston Burnside is one of the best people I have ever known." ♦

**HOUSTON BURNSIDE:
EM CUMMINS REMEMBERS**
Em Cummins, Counseling

Leif invited me to add a few words to his eloquent recollections about our recently departed colleague, the Rev. Dr. Houston Burnside, who dropped out of high school to join the US Marine Corps—yet went on to earn graduate degrees in divinity and philosophy before joining our faculty in the College of Education.

Alvin Toffler published his bestselling book *Future Shock* in 1970, addressing the personal and social effects of "too much change in too short a time." We were both so impressed with this

Lest we forget...

We invite all of our readers to consider writing about colleagues past, certainly not eulogies; rather, meanderings, reminders for those who knew the subject and personal memories for those who do not.

book that we created a 2-week Intersession class to present our students with the challenges facing their own generation. (Intersession fell in the brief hiatus between spring and summer terms, providing an opportunity for strapped faculty members to earn a few extra dollars—as well as for students to pick up some needed extra credits.)

We named our course “20th Century Identity Crisis” and attracted 70 or 80 students each summer. Seeking to offer something that would both inform and challenge students concerning the radical social/cultural changes taking place during that era, we included topics like these:

- The Vietnam War protests
- The Black Power phenomenon
- The La Raza movement
- The Stonewall Riots and subsequent Gay Rights crusade
- Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers strikes
- The Sexual Revolution, including the rise of Feminism

We invited local spokespersons representing these causes to our class. Our efforts had an impact because many students reported us to the university administration for presenting controversial material inappropriate for a university classroom. (One irate student became so confrontational with a presenter that we had to call the campus police to have him forcibly removed.) However, the Vice-President for Academic Affairs defended our right to address these provocative topics—largely because we did so in a fitting professional manner.

In retrospect, without the gentle demeanor of Houston Burnside providing cover for such potentially volatile material, such a class might have crashed and burned. His quiet confidence and ministerial persona enabled us to deal successfully with these emerging themes.

It was my privilege to attend his private graveside ceremony last March at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery where a US Marine Corps Color Guard presented Connie (his widow) with a folded American flag and bade him farewell with the sounding of taps. Rest in peace, dear Houston. You made a difference in our world.♦



Presentation of American flag to Connie Burnside at graveside ceremony

ART SIMULATING LIFE

Steve Barnes, ARPE

Editor's Note: This a single page torn from a fictitious novel, demonstrating how an author might attempt to capture and freeze complex human emotion.

Chapter 3 – EMPTY SPACES

Page 37

Madam Bouquet, bejeweled and pensive, suddenly turned around as if spun by a human-sized lazy Susan, and looked directly at Whitcomb. “Where the hell is he?” she demanded. Considerable time passed. Nothing in the room moved or emitted sound. Then, pouring himself a second single malt, drawing up his breath and seemingly stretching two inches taller, Whitcomb uttered:

Love neither contemplates its co-conspirators nor plans its retreat. At the very moment of its human expression it struggles to survive against stiff odds, therein lies both its irresistible appeal and wondrous gift to those fortunate enough to be touched. You and Gunther were somehow picked in heaven, perhaps randomly, there simply is no other conceivable explanation for your ardor and agony. His disappearance at this time is equally baffling but predictable just as one waits for rain to stop or witnesses a field of whooping cranes explode into flight and head southeast at precisely the same instant. It is beautiful, intoxicating, precious, all of it.

She said nothing, understanding perfectly well the layers of meaning in his words but the misery of the message lingered on. Audible only to her was the unhurried tearing of a human heart.

AESTHETIC / ANAESTHETIC

Tom Donahue, *Linguistics*

We all like to think that an aesthetic experience offers something transportive, transcendent, perhaps ennobling, and that we look forward to repeating the experience in the near future. At times, a person also gets back in touch with deeply felt personal feelings, as well. By any perspective the film *On the Waterfront* is an aesthetic experience for me. The story, which has a plaintive and heart-tugging tone, is set near the docks in New York City, where at the beginning there is a mysterious fall from the roof as a warning to those who would buck a corrupt stevedore's labor union. The account features a damaged ex-boxer, a pliant fixer-lawyer, and a group of rugged men who are temporarily cowed

into cooperation with vicious bosses.

There are some loose similarities with the personal background in my own childhood and youth. My parents lived in a steel mill town in Ohio where my father and his brother were structural ironworkers—a group of extraordinarily tough men. My uncle was a middleweight to light heavyweight boxer with a record of 300 wins and 3 losses in the 1920s, and my father was his sparring partner. Visitors to our house included their past and present work friends, an assortment of strong and able men who had polite and agreeable manners, but brought off with an air of silent menace. My father (bless him), sensing that I was always going to be just an overgrown

cub in the wolfpack, was at the same time strongly supportive and respectful toward me and my school life. As it happened, he died in a fall at his work.

So in my house at present the movie always sits newly recorded from its frequent appearance on TCM on the cable system—rather like *The Deer Hunter*, another story actually filmed in part in my hometown, and showing a milieu very much like that of many of my high school classmates. Some aesthetic involvements, particularly those which revisit times and places that are more intense than anyone needs to prepare for adult life, are deep enough that you don't have to bring them back that often.♦

TRANSFORMATIONAL ART EXPERIENCES

Pat Coffey, *College of Business Administration*

I grew up in the 1940s and 1950s during the Golden Age of radio. There were dramas and mysteries on AM radio all day long. For kids, we had *Superman*, *Captain Midnight*, and *Tom Mix* every afternoon as well as *No School Today* with Big John and Sparky on Saturday. We also enjoyed adult programs such as *The Shadow*, the *Lone Ranger*, *Edgar Bergen*, *Jack Benny*, *Fred Allen*, and *Phil Harris*. I cannot forget *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *My Friend Irma* and the *Lux Radio Theater*, where I would listen to movie reenactments. When tuning in the radio, we would skip over the music stations, so I basically grew up without music. It wasn't until my senior year in high school that I started to listen to pop music.

When I entered college, I started out majoring in chemistry and took German because it was suggested for chem majors. My second year German professor was Guy Stern who had escaped the Nazis in 1937. Our textbook was *The German Heritage* by Phelps and Stein. The book taught German by using German cultural writings. We read about Dürer, Luther, Goethe, Schiller, and Beethoven, among others. When we studied Schiller, Dr. Stern played *Ode to Joy* from Beethoven's ninth symphony and I was hooked on classical music. I played *Beethoven's 9th* in my dorm room



Photo of a 1958 performance of *Faust* from Pat's German text book

over and over and joined the Columbia Record Club and got a new classical music record every month.

When we read Goethe's *Faust*, the textbook had very moving photos from Gounod's *Faust*, and they caused me to want to see that opera one day. After I moved to San Diego, I befriended an SDSU art teacher, Marybelle Bigelow. She had season tickets to the opera, and I decided to get my feet wet and ordered season tickets as well. I had never been to an opera, but after seeing my first one (*Turandot*), fell in love with the medium. One of the operas they eventually performed was Gounod's *Faust*, and a lifetime ambition was fulfilled.

Guy Stern got me to appreciate the humanities. I struggled with my chemistry major for two and a half years, and in the middle of my junior year, I switched my major to art. I got to take courses in the humanities and got good grades for the first time in my life. Because of Guy Stern's German class, I developed a love for music and opera as well as for the visual arts.

Editor's Note: After writing her article, Pat decided to see if she could share it with Guy Stern, now 96 years old. She found his email address online, sent him the piece, and waited. His reply was delayed --he was traveling in Europe. When he returned, he sent the following reply. Here's an excerpt:

Among the many emails that awaited me upon our six week hiatus from working at the Holocaust Memorial Center (was lecturing in Germany), I was thrilled to receive your lovely email. It is so gratifying to hear from former students, particularly one that was influenced by being in one's class.... it is a pleasure to hear from you and to know that fifty years of teaching bring rewards beyond retirement. Your email is certainly one of those "pay-offs." ♦

DAY AT THE RACES 2018

ARTS EXPERIENCES: TO GO OR NOT TO GO, THAT IS THE QUESTION

Maggi McKerrow, Theatre

Years ago a friend and I made lists of plays you would have to pay us to see again. Haven't updated my version recently but I could—if you paid me! As I remember Strindberg's *Dance of Death* was high on my list, mostly because I saw it three times in one year. Too many hours of angst. A downer indeed. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* was high on my friend's list though not on mine. The language is so beautiful and the action, while tragic, is all believable. We mutually agreed on our dislike for Neil Simon's 1963 romantic comedy *Barefoot in the Park* and vetoed getting tickets for it at the Old Globe this summer. I couldn't take another two hours of watching actors pretend to be totally out of breath from climbing five flights of stairs when you know very well they just walked ten steps or less from backstage to onstage. Doesn't work for me—and anyway it's dated. Young people today work out! They could handle those stairs.

I enjoy seeing a wide variety of plays (last year I saw over 100) but over the years have become able to predict what will work for me. I am wary of plays or musicals based on successful movies or collections of songs. *Margaritaville* didn't work for me. Cute Jimmy Buffet songs. Sketchy plot. I admire bold plays and playwrighting, especially on difficult topics. I enjoy updated Shakespeare and other classics, musicals, and any play that explores the human condition on this planet now. These are difficult times so there is a lot to say. I often admire shows that are quirky, (*Squirrels* at the La Jolla Playhouse), emotionally upsetting (*A Thousand Splendid Suns* at the Old Globe), or even violent (*Guards at the Taj* at the La Jolla Playhouse). I want to come out of the theatre not just entertained but with food for thought. I'm really picky about comedies. My most recent favorites being the silly but delightful *School of Rock* (unfortunately at the too big Civic Theatre) and the deliciously ridiculous *Spamalot* at Cygnet.

I am a big movie fan but choose carefully. Great performances inspire me. But I avoid most movies which come in parts, disdain thrillers, gratuitous violence designed to thrill, and bad acting. I only go to the good stuff. There is a lot to see this year. Loved the visually stunning *Black Panther*, *Incredibles 2* (I about fell off my seat laughing at the super powers that baby had), *The Death of Stalin* (it is hilarious), *RBG*, *Won't you Be My Neighbor* (fascinating look at Mr Rogers), *Leave No Trace* (quiet, intense and moving), and of course *Mamma Mia Here We Go Again* with the talented Lily James a delight as the young Meryl Streep and British star Julie Waters a standout as Rosie. Silly but oodles of fun, especially in the last hour.

So here is my philosophy. Go. I'm selective

(Continued on page 12)



Twenty-four SDSURA members gathered at the Del Mar racetrack on July 25 to enjoy the twenty-first *Day at the Races*. Coordinating this year's event for the first time was Bob Yonemitsu. Bob took over the reins from Jack Stewart, *Day at the Races* host for seventeen years. (Many, many thanks, Jack!) Per Bob, it was a fun time for everyone.

(Continued from page 11)

but I go. I go to the theatre, go see movies on the big screen (yeah no commercials!), and I regularly watch the great shows now available on alternative tv. I admire excellence in writing, directing, design and acting in any medium. I read reviews because they help me figure out what to go see. I think about what I saw and talk to friends about it. What does this play/movie have to say about life today? Why did this playwright/screenwriter want to write this play? What did I learn or better understand? I feel free to walk out if I don't feel the experience is worth my time. I support all the performing arts. I hope you do too. Plays and movies will take your mind off the heat. They will enrich your life. Guaranteed.

If you go often enough you too can develop a list of shows they would have to pay you to see again. It will add clarity to your life. You too can say firmly No I Will Not Go!♦

**GOOD EATS: RESTAURANT
REVIEWS FROM POSTSCRIPT
READERS**

Tip Top Meats in Carlsbad
6118 Paseo Del Norte, Carlsbad, CA
92011
(760) 438-2620
Open 6am to 8pm daily

What You'll Find: Deli meats and cheeses. Full-service meat market. Imported beer, wine, and things German in the market. Sitdown restaurant serving breakfast (6am to noon), lunch, and dinner. I usually go for the Octoberfest plate—sausage variety and the works. You won't be disappointed!

*Recommended by Robert Osborn,
TNS/Business Affairs*



FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE BALLROOM DANCE CLUB

The lights are bright
The 10 male musicians in the swing band and the one female vocalist assemble
The males are dressed in their blue blazer jackets and grey slacks and wear
American flag ties
The female is dressed in a beautiful black dress

The lights dim
The band plays a loud chorus
Some jump at the sound, others rejoice
Several couples enter the dance floor

The intro sounds drift into a fox trot
Some complain of the sticky floor
Some complain of the slick spots
It takes more effort to go around the floor

The next three hours are bliss
The sweat pours from my skin and permeates every fiber of my shirt
The sweat feels cool but I continue to dance
My partners stay with me in spite of my dampness

I take my glasses off
Things look hazy
I put them back on
Things look clear

The music sounds great
My feet hum constantly
My feet want to make music
After a while they become sore
But I continue to dance
I will not stop
I know that it will soon be over
But I still want to dance

The grace and rhythm of the ballroom floor permeate my entire being
My partners feel the same way as I do
We dance the swing, the fox trot, the waltz, the rumba, the cha cha, the tango,
the polka, the samba
Each dance presents a separate challenge

The lights are bright again
The couples leave the dance floor
The night is over
Another Friday night goes into the books

*Jerry Sattler
Psychology*

We would like to thank Rob Ray and SDSU's Love Library for permission to use the photographs of Malcolm Love (page 4) and Houston Burnside (page 8). The images are courtesy of Love Library Special Collections and Archives.

QUILTS IN MY LIFE

Ed Deaton, Mathematics

When I was about eight years old, in 1938, I contracted pneumonia. This was before the miracle drugs of today. I was bedridden for well over a month. My foster parents, Pa and Miss Betty, (formally Professor and Mrs. Sam J. King) aged 77 and 67 at that time, were looking for something for me to do. I read a lot. I kept up with my school work. But I had lots of time on my hands.

Miss Betty suggested that I make a quilt! She had a lot of pieces of material and voila! I was a quilt-maker. She taught me to cut and sew the pieces together. She gave me overall instructions, then let me work on them. Fortunately there exists no evidence of my quilt. It probably disappeared as soon as I got well and went back to school.

I was living with foster parents because my mother was dying of tuberculosis when I was 16 months old. My birth parents moved to West Texas, hoping the dry air would help my mother, and literally gave me over the back fence to Pa and Miss Betty.

The ladies of the neighborhood and church made a "FRIENDSHIP QUILT" for my birth mother at this time. They sewed their names in their block of the quilt. I have that quilt, carefully preserved.

After Mary Dee Dickerson (Family Studies) and I were married in 1974, her mother made quilts as celebrations for the births, beginning in 1987, of our four grandchildren.

I have been to several quilt exhibitions. The one I remember best was in San Francisco at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park about 1993. It was an Amish exposition. The women were restricted as to the design of the quilts, but not as to the colors. They did marvelous things with their quilts!

The picture is of the quilt in my bedroom. It was given to me by Faith Williams, a friend I worked with for many years in Europe. She made it.♦



*Ed's quilt, handmade by
Faith Williams*

THE COLOR OF NATURE AND INSPIRATION THROUGH ART

Al Merino, Educational Leadership



*Watercolor by Al Merino.
See back cover for additional
paintings by Al.*

In her book, *A Passion for Horses*, Caroline Lemay describes our relationship with horses in the following way: "Throughout human history, man has enjoyed a unique relationship with the horse, which he began to domesticate in around 4,000 B.C., turning it from a small, primitive multi-toed creature into the magnificent animal that we know and love today. The horse offers us its strength and loyalty, and we nurture and have even worshipped it in return, shaping it to suit our needs until it has become an integral part of our history on earth." (Excerpt from the book *A Passion for Horses* by Caroline Lemay.)

I was born on a ranch in Silver City, New Mexico. Living on the ranch instilled my love for horses as well as nature. When I turned 18, I joined the Navy in which I served four years during the Korean War. When I returned home, I attended New Mexico Western University where I earned a Bachelors Degree in Industrial Arts and a Masters Degree in Education. During my studies, I had the opportunity to study the architect Frank Lloyd Wright and discovered his passion for nature. Wright states, "study nature, love nature, stay close to nature. It will never fail you." This statement has inspired me not only to paint horses, but to incorporate aspects of nature, by painting birds, flowers, and landscapes.

Over the past 10 years, I have attended various art classes at Warner Springs Community Center in order to further enhance and develop my skills as an artist. In 2016, I was fortunate to attend an art workshop given by Joe Garcia, a resident of Julian, CA, who teaches composition, value, and spontaneity through every medium. He has also been published in numerous magazines, including *Southwest Art*, *The Artist Magazine*, *Wild Life Art*, and *Watercolor Magazine*. My preferred medium is watercolor, because it is easier to blend colors and brings out the beauty of the art work.

Since my retirement from SDSU as Associate Dean at the Imperial Campus, I have had the privilege and opportunity to share my art with the Julian community. While I was a member of the Julian Art Guild, my art was displayed at the Julian Library and in numerous art shows. Every year I produce a calendar of my art for my friends and family. I believe that art is a wonderful way to express myself and capture the beauty of nature in a single moment. All these experiences truly have been transformational in art for me. I am thankful for this gift and all who have inspired me.♦

WHAT PROTECTIONS DO WE HAVE

Tom Donahue, ERFSA/Benefits

News is out from the New York Times that the Oregon Public Retirement Fund (OPERS) is in trouble. OPERS, according to the April 14, 2018 NYT article, forks out an eye-opening \$76,000 monthly pension to one of the system's retirees. The report shows overall that OPERS has some ill-considered practices in its system policies. One of these is to be found in the policy to provide "Match Money" to individuals who have earned income during their careers from sources other than funds given in Oregon state salaries. A football coach, Mike Beloit, has a pension from his original salary, and in addition "money from licensing deals and endorsements that the Ducks' athletic program generated"—yielding more than \$46,000 a month for the coach. The match money provision thus consists of sums unrelated to any that were paid into the system in the first place.

Before we give in entirely to a question along the lines of "What were they thinking," it is useful to compare the Oregon retirement system with ours in

California. We will see that the problem in the newspaper account does not come from an obvious direction. CalPERS had 326.4 billion dollars under investment in 2016-17; the OPERS fund contains \$78 billion in employee contributions and investment returns. Receiving monthly allowances from CalPERS are 678,059 persons, combining the figures for retirees and beneficiaries / survivors; OPERS pays benefits to 117,000 people. CalPERS figures from 2016 show that 23,000 persons received pensions of \$100,000 a year or greater. The OPERS statement on its website reports that 810 persons receive more than \$100,000 a year. The unfunded liability for the pension systems—always a polarizing figure in the methods of calculation and in the results, and it will be such for the indefinite future—is \$136.8 billion for CalPERS and as of 2015 \$22 billion for OPERS.

Apparently, despite the reported extravagances, OPERS seems to be in no more jeopardy than our system—and we should notice that ours has strong

protections for the future. New hires at present have a pension that is capped at \$100,000. In addition, according to Professor George Diehr, an ERFSA member who was formerly on the CalPERS board, our system "would not include outside earnings such as those cited in the NYT piece on the Oregon pension system." Also, as an instance of continuing executive foresight on the matter, Governor Brown in 2017 lent CalPERS the sum of \$6 billion to improve the figure for unfunded liability.

A lingering look at these figures seems to indicate that the members of OPERS are getting a sensationalized treatment from their system. To those persons, discussions like those in the New York Times are symptomatic of the anti-pension mindset found in a large and diverse variety of places in national news reporting. The New York Times ordinarily is not guilty of such a politicized dragnet piece, but no one is perfect.♦

TREASURER'S REPORT

Deborah Quiett, Treasurer

SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of June 30, 2018

Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$211,468.25
Scholarship Fund	\$31,336.44
Operating Account	\$24,544.80
Activities Account	\$14,482.45
Sub-total	\$281,831.94
Bohnsack Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$52,437.63
Bohnsack Scholarship Fund	\$5,003.35
Sub-total	\$57,440.98
Total Assets	\$339,272.92

*It has been my privilege to be your Treasurer for the past six years.
Please welcome Robin Fishbaugh as the new Treasurer.*

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.

IN MEMORIAM

Marvin Platz
Secondary Education
January, 2018

Houston Burnside
Teacher Education
March, 2018

William Phillips
Physical Education
May, 2018

Robert Mitchell
Husband of Jeannine Mitchell
Health Services
May, 2018

Virginia Platz
Secondary Education
June, 2018

COMING IN THE NEXT POSTSCRIPT—PETS, THE CRITTERS WE LIVE WITH

Barbara Barnes, Enrollment Services

“I want to experience the world the way these animals do, just for a moment or an hour. They are fully alive Animals have to confine their awareness to the present moment out of necessity. Compared to them, I am as dull as a fence post.”

—Joe Butto

The theme for our next issue is the critters we live with—our pets. We hope you will send us stories about the furred, feathered, fishy, and scaly companions in your lives, and answer questions like the following: Why do you think Labrador Retrievers (substitute your favorite breed) are the greatest creatures that have ever scampered on the face of this earth? How did you come up with the names for your pets? Does your cat charm your houseguests or does he make a beeline for the closet as soon as someone other than you crosses the threshold? Does your African Grey say things that you wish she wouldn't? Have you rescued pets from animal shelters? Where do your pets sleep? How do you choose the pet that is going to come home with you, or as many have experienced, has that pet chosen you?

On the other hand, for whatever reason, not everyone decides to have a pet. I have a friend who travels out of the country frequently and feels it wouldn't be fair to a cat or dog to leave it so often. As a substitute for a house pet, she visits the zoo, observing and caring deeply about her favorites--the tamarins, the tigers, the flamingos. I can always count on her to know who's who in the zoo's nursery. Or maybe you grew up on a farm with animals like cows and chickens, and though you didn't consider them to be pets exactly, they were certainly part of your life. Pets or not, we'd love to hear stories about what the animals in your life mean to you.

For myself, I have always lived with at least one cat or dog; having an animal in my life comes as naturally as breathing. Those times when I've been without a critter companion, or more sadly, when a beloved pet has passed away, I feel the loss to my core. I muddle through, waiting to heal, until another animal to love and be loved comes along.

And so far, one has. My pets have always been happy, engaged creatures, and have taken me with them on that positive path. Currently I live with two dogs, four cats, two box turtles, and seventeen koi. Care for this menagerie is time well spent; pets give so much in return—affection, loyalty, fun. As I'm writing this, one of my cats, Ansel (who is black and white), has hopped onto my computer table and placed himself in front of me. It's his right, of course. I've moved the keyboard out of his way and Ansel takes over the space, purring, purring, purring. For me, time to take a break and enjoy the moment.

So, tell us about your experiences with pets, share any advice or tips you may have, and of course, send lots of photos. ♦



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2018-19

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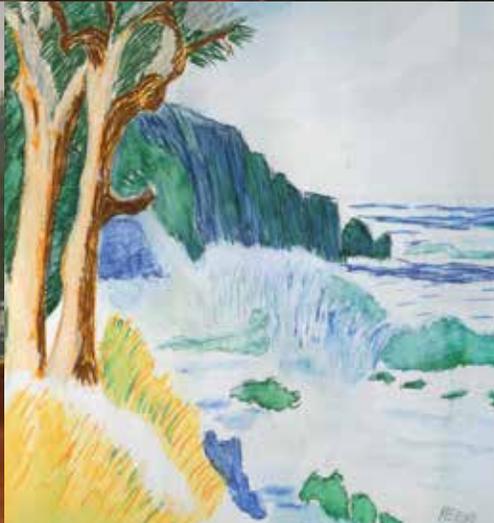
*Oktoberfest, October 19,
Santee Lakes*

Holiday Party, December TBA

*Coming in the Next
PostScript:*

*The next PostScript will
feature:*

“Pets”



*Left: Paintings by Al Merino.
See story on page 13.*

DEADLINE: November 10, 2018

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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