



PostScript

Summer 2021

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SDSU Retired Faculty/Staff News

The GREATEST ADVENTURES Issue

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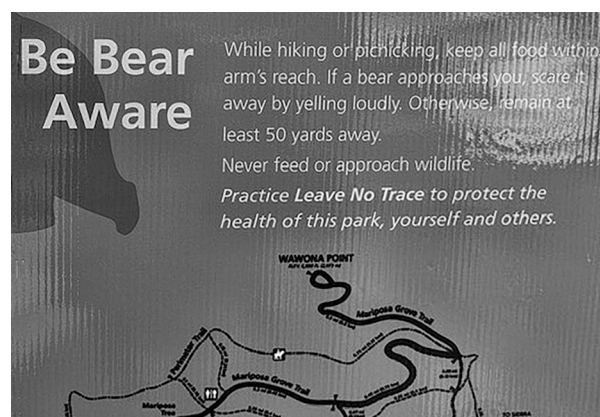
Cover: *Jacarandas and Hardy Memorial Tower*

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Nancy Farnan, Teacher Education

I recently returned from a trip with Leif to visit my family in Ohio—the first in nearly two years. Southwest Ohio has had a spring with lots of rain, so it was lush and green. Forests lined the roads with wild growth and huge trees. On many days, humidity levels were uncomfortably high, a climate conducive to mosquito proliferation. Speaking of flying insects, the nighttime brought the flickering signals of lightening bugs, also called fireflies; and I have memories of chasing them around the yard with neighborhood friends when I was young. My mother has lived in her home for many years, surrounded by what have grown to be towering oak and maple trees.

Speaking of trees (and also relevant to this *PostScript* issue's theme), Leif and I and another couple traveled this spring to Yosemite National Park. The massive granite walls (e.g., El Capitan and Half Dome, see picture) and the Redwoods are magnificent. We hiked trails with posted signs to Watch for Bears. (See the sign posted along a trail.) We saw only one bear, and it was meandering through a small meadow outside of the iconic Ahwahnee Lodge. John Muir (Apr 21, 1838-Dec 24, 1914), naturalist, conservationist, and one of the first environmentalists, also known as "Father of the National Parks," was especially awed by Yosemite's immense Sequoia trees. He expressed it this way: "The big tree is Nature's forest masterpiece...the greatest of living things." Muir wrote extensively about the natural world, and perhaps you've read some of his writings. If you're interested in reading about trees, as I am, I recommend two books published fairly recently: *The Hidden Life of Trees* and *Overstory*.

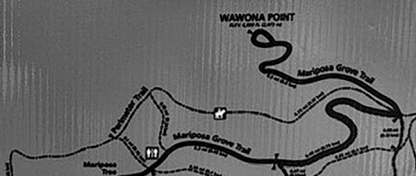


Be Bear Aware

While hiking or picnicking, keep all food within arm's reach. If a bear approaches you, scare it away by yelling loudly. Otherwise, remain at least 50 yards away.

Never feed or approach wildlife.

Practice *Leave No Trace* to protect the health of this park, yourself and others.



Watch out for bears!



Half Dome, photo by Nancy

Before I close, I would like to acknowledge the completion of my first year as president of the SDSU Retirement Association. I've learned a lot and have been able, thankfully, to rely on those with experience on the Board, as well as those who are new as I am, people who have been supportive and ever gracious in responding to my questions. It has been an active year for the Board, in spite of the pandemic; and I would like to highlight the work of Board members throughout the past year. We met every month, staying connected, through Zoom, in spite of the pandemic; we awarded our association's scholarships and planned future events.

In addition to myself, the following represent the Executive Committee of the Board. **Dan Gilbreath**, Vice President, and **Dean Popp**, Past President, have extensive knowledge not only of the association's connections to SDSU and its personnel, but also historical knowledge of the association and its processes. **Barbara Barnes**, in her role both as the association's Secretary and *PostScript* editor, does amazing work. In her latter role as editor responsible for design and layout of the publication, she works with an Editorial Board comprised of **Leif Fearn** and **Maggi McKerrow**. **Robin Fishbaugh** in her service as Treasurer maintains up-to-date financial reports and also supports processes associated with event contracts. **Gordon Shackelford** is the association's rep-

representative on the University Senate. He keeps us apprised of current SDSU proceedings and events, a critical role because, while we are retired, we are an integral part of SDSU. I want to thank the Directors-at-Large, **Patrick Papin** (who is new to the Board this year), **Gloria Ross**, and **Rich Schulte**. They provide invaluable support for activities and processes related to the association.

The following are our Standing Committees. **Ann LePage** is Chair of the Activities Committee, aided by others including **Marti Gray**, **Joan McArthur**, **Rick Schulte**, and **Cheryl Trtan**. This is a critical committee that works to keep us all connected through fun and interesting events. Our Membership Chair is **Kim Reilly**, also new to the Board this year. Kim brings expertise in technology as we work to make the website increasingly useful, and also has done much to enhance our communications within the association. **Tom Donahue** is Benefits Chair and keeps us apprised of information relevant to our California State University (CSU) benefits and other statewide discussions. He is also the newly elected vice president of the CSU Emeritus Retired Faculty and Staff Association (ERFSA). **Cheryl Trtan**, Chair of the Bylaws/Rules Committee, and **Lesley Bryant**, also new this year, have worked diligently with the Board to clarify and update the association's bylaws. **Nancy Stewart** has for many years chaired the Scholarship Committee and continues to do so during a time of much change in the university's scholarship system. She also serves as the association's Faculty and Staff Club Liaison. **Ron Young** has, likewise for many years, chaired the Awards Committee. This year, he also assumed the role of Website Liaison, a role that is critical as we interact with the university to update/make website changes. I mentioned **Barbara Barnes** earlier for her exemplary work as Board secretary and *PostScript* editor. In addition, she has assumed the role of Historian, a role that **Lucille Wendling** held for many years as a Charter Member of the association. Finally, I would like to mention **Amy Walling**, SDSU Assistant Vice President for Planned Giving & Estates, who attends our Board meetings and serves as our University Advancement Liaison.

I am grateful for all of the freely given time, expertise, and support I've received over the past year from each and every Board member. I look forward to seeing you at upcoming events as together we commit to fulfilling the SDSU Retirement Association's purpose to remain a vital part of our university through activities and service, including our commitment to provide scholarship opportunities to students who "have a family member currently working for or retired from San Diego State University or its auxiliaries" (Bylaws, Article II).♦

NEW MEMBER SPOTLIGHTS Tom Karlo and D. Emily Hicks

SDSURA welcomed 232 recent retirees to the association in 2020/21—our member total is now 551. In this issue, we are spotlighting two of the new members—Thomas Karlo and D. Emily Hicks. We will share a roster of all new members in the next issue of PostScript.

Thomas Karlo

PostScript (PS): What did you do as your career at SDSU? When did you retire?

Tom Karlo: *I transferred to SDSU from a community college in the Bay Area in January 1973. I enrolled at SDSU to be a TV/ Radio & Film major. I was lucky to get a part-time job at KPBS while an undergraduate. It was the best of both worlds, as I was working in my chosen profession while getting my degree in the same field. I graduated in 1975 and was able to get a full-time job at KPBS right out of college. I never left and retired at the end of December 2020. I was fortunate to not only attend SDSU but continue working throughout my career. I was the general manager my last 12 years before retiring.*

PS: Where did you grow up and what brought you to San Diego? If you are from San Diego, what kept you here?

TK: *I was born in San Francisco and grew up in Millbrae just south of the city. I got interested in broadcasting while attending College of San Mateo before choosing SDSU. SDSU's broadcasting department was (and still is) highly rated. Also, my uncle Paul Marshall was one of the founding fathers of KPBS. He encouraged me to come to SDSU. Paul retired from KPBS in 1992 and is one of the most highly decorated producers in the history of KPBS. I owe much to my uncle for opening the door for me early in my career.*

I had not planned to work my entire career at one place, but I was always moving up and I loved being an Aztec! I'm proud to be an Aztec for Life.

PS: Do you have a memory about SDSU that stands out and that you would like to share?

TK: *There are so many. Being season ticket holders of SDSU football and basketball has been exciting. Being on the President's Cabinet, and working hard to make sure KPBS was representing SDSU throughout the community.*

PS: Do you have a hobby, special interest or volunteer activity you would like to share?

TK: *What I enjoy most is being with my family. I have 3 grown kids and 4 grandkids. My wife Julie and I are lucky that they are all living in the county. I like hiking, golf, and spending time up at our vacation home in Lake Tahoe. I make birdhouses out of wine corks and give them away to non-profit organizations. I also like staying connected with SDSU.*

PS: What was the last book you read? Do you recommend it? If so, why; or if not, why not?

TK: *I just recently read 2 books : Front Row at The Trump Show by NYTimes reporter Jonathan Karl. (I would recommend this book as it chronicles the Trump White House as an insider). The other was On Desperate Ground by Hampton Sides. The book is about the US getting involved in the Korean conflict.*

PS: Do you have a favorite quote? If so, why is it your favorite?

TK: *I really don't have one. I try very much to make a difference each day and enjoy what I am doing.*

PS: What are you looking forward to in retirement--any special plans; or if you've been retired, what have you enjoyed doing?

TK: *I am going to spend more time with my family and in Lake Tahoe. I also want to stay connected with SDSU. SDSU has been my life since 1973 and I want to give back.♦*

NEW MEMBER SPOTLIGHTS *continued*

D. Emily Hicks.

PostScript (PS): What did you do as your career at SDSU? When did you retire?

D. Emily Hicks: *I was a professor in three departments (joint appointment): Chicana/o Studies, English and Comparative Literature and Latin American Studies. My FERP ends in December of 2021.*

PS: Where did you grow up and what brought you to San Diego? If you are from San Diego, what kept you here?

DEH: *I was born in San Francisco and I grew up in San Diego. I was living in Los Angeles when I received an offer to teach at San Diego State. My family and my interest in the U.S.-Mexico border have kept me in San Diego.*

PS: Do you have a memory about SDSU that stands out and that you would like to share?

DEH: *Three memories stand out. First is being mentored by Nick Nichols, a faculty member in English and Comparative Literature. Second is the time I spent with Palestinian students at parties when I first arrived at SDSU. Third is the occupation by students ("the wall") when Tom Day was the president of SDSU.*

PS: Do you have a hobby, special interest or volunteer activity you would like to share?

DEH: *I am interested in immigrant rights, environmental issues, the Rain Forest, and medicinal plants. I am looking forward to learning more about drought in California, canals, mining and reservations. I am also interested in genealogy, the color line and mixed ancestry.*

PS: What was the last book you read? Do you recommend it? If so, why; or if not, why not?

DEH: *I am re-reading Herbert Marcuse's Eros and Civilization. I recommend it because it is a philosophical inquiry into Freud and the "aesthetic dimension." Marcuse's work (especially One Dimensional Man) is relevant in the current state of higher education.*

PS: Do you have a favorite quote? If so, why is it your favorite?

DEH: *I have two, Martin Niemuller's "first they came" (there are many versions of this) and any part of the **Haudenosaunee Thanksgiving Address**.*

PS: What are you looking forward to in retirement--any special plans; or if you've been retired, what have you enjoyed doing?

DEH: *I am completing a book on higher education, writing, Frankfurt Theory and Complexity Science (due date December 2021). I am a member of a lab group at CASPO, Scripps, UC San Diego directed by the complexity scientist and geophysicist B.T. Werner. We meet weekly (on Jitsu). I am a performance artist and I am currently working with a curator in Tijuana, Mexico on a border project. I plan to continue spending time with my family and friends, working as an artist, writing, doing research and educating myself about policy issues in an international context. I enjoy participating in policy-related Zoom calls.♦*

To the Membership: FYI

Join a group

The SDSURA currently has a golfing group that meets each month. In addition to this group, we are recruiting members to join other special interest groups. They may meet in person, use Zoom, or a combination, depending on the group.

Potential New Groups

- Walking Group
- Book Group
- Movie Group
- Travel Group
- Baking Group
- Gardening Group



If you are interested in joining any of these groups or would like to start a different group, please contact us at retire@sdsu.edu.

35 YEARS OF *POSTSCRIPT*

Lucille Wendling (Sociology)



Celebrating high school graduation 2021—Lucille with grandchildren Travis and Marisa

Upon retiring in June 1984, Aubrey Wendling started working to develop a SDSU Retirement Association. It took two years of planning with President Thomas B. Day's encouragement and support, followed by the formation of committees to write the By Laws, select Executive Officers and Directors at Large, as well as locate and be given an on-campus office space, which was the kitchen of a Campanile Drive apartment building converted to faculty offices. The

first wave of 300 charter members included faculty, staff and spouses.

The final planning step was to create a newsletter. Marjorie Campbell's husband, Bill, having recently retired as editor of Colorado's *Weekly Journal*, was selected to head a newsletter committee. Those serving on the committee decided that the newsletter should also be an outlet for SDSU-RA members to share their memories, experiences and perspectives with each other as a way of staying connected.

Lucille Wendling suggested that "PostScript" might be an appropriate name for the newsletter noting that the term refers to something added at the end of a letter or, in this case, added after the conclusion of one's career. A "P.S." notation shows there is still more to say!

SDSU-RA was formally established at a general membership meeting in March 1986. Four months later, the first issue of the *PostScript* newsletter was published. Over the years, our newsletter

has grown from four pages in black and white – to an average of 16 colorful pages filled with photos and a broad range of interesting topics. Of note, the photograph of Barbara Barnes has showcased the beauty of SDSU's landscape since spring 2012. Appreciation is extended to the many members who worked on the editorship of *PostScript* over 35 years (below).

POSTSCRIPT EDITORS

Bill & Marjorie Campbell
Aubrey & Lucille Wendling
Grant Nielson
Kate Seidmen
Marjory Ham
Norma Summersgill
M.S. Bigelow
Margarite Strand
Pat & Jerry Koppman
Muriel Ingham
Veva Link
Helen Savage
Ramon & Gloria Ross
Joan Curry
Maggi McKerrow
Don Bosseau
Barbara Barnes
Leif Fearn

EVERY-DAY CHINA

Joyce Wright, College of Education

The minute I heard the door on the Northwest Orient plane snap shut I pinched myself. The first leg of our long-anticipated trip to China was actually starting. I first became interested in the country in 3rd grade when my class presented a play about China, and I got to wear my silk pajamas with the mandarin collar and embroidered fasteners in my role as a mother. My interest grew over the years. It was now 1985 and China was slowly opening to visitors—17 years after President Nixon made his diplomatic overtures.

My husband and I arrived in Shanghai late at night. Only 2 small rows of lights lined the runway. Soldiers with rifles stood alert as we headed for the dark terminal. Not the welcome I was expecting—a little scary. Second thoughts were racing in my mind: was this trip really such a good idea?

But early the next morning we eagerly headed for the open-air market. Many stares were directed our way—we did not

fit in. It was obvious we were tourists amidst a sea of Chinese shoppers. Soon it was my turn to stare, as live chickens and geese were stuffed into shopping baskets, their heads peering out. They were seemingly enjoying their adventure, unaware they were going to be that night's dinner.

One of my reasons for going to China was to learn about the every-day lives of "real people." My favorite thing to do



Joyce in tunic from Kunming, sharing an appreciation of Chinese culture at her elementary school

was wander the streets where all kinds of activities took place. Men sat at small tables playing board games. The barber plied his trade with a line of customers gossiping while they waited. A woman rinsed her laundry in some rain water at the edge of the street. People carried poles across their shoulders with loaded baskets hanging from each end. Rickshaws passed by continually. Wherever we went, we saw a never-ending line of black bicycles parked at the edge of every street. I wondered how an owner knew exactly which one of the seemingly identical bicycles was his.

We visited a couple of schools. For recess, music played, and the students marched outside in a straight line, following a leader in a series of exercises. All were done in a perfunctory manner, no one out of step, even as they all followed the instructor back into the school. As a teacher I was amazed. When did anything ever happen at my school with the kids all in sync?

Continued on page 13

GREATEST ADVENTURES

Al Romano, Mathematics

I have had my share of adventures in my lifetime, and I have had perhaps more than my share of luck. But to speak of my greatest adventure, I need to start with when I got my Master's Degree in Biology at Washington University in St. Louis.

It was at that time that I was supposed to set out, according to plan, to get a PhD in Mathematics. But I did not know how I was going to do that. So I took a position with the corn genetics group at the University of Missouri with the understanding that I was going to take courses in Mathematics. I had had trigonometry and calculus as an undergraduate and so I signed up for upper division and graduate courses, three courses each semester.

I was truly in seventh heaven with the courses, but they were pure mathematics courses, and I did not think I would want to be a strictly pure mathematician for the rest of my life. So towards the end of the school year, when Dr. Gerald Neuffer told me he needed my position for someone who would go for a doctorate in corn genetics and would I be willing to do that, I had to refuse and I reached a crossroad. I did not really want to be a pure mathematician, so I had to leave my job.

Right at that time, as luck would have it, I received an offer from the Food and Drug Administration to come to Philadelphia and start as an Inspector. I took the job to keep solvent and to find my bearings. About three months into the job I got a letter from my dear friend, Sam Olanoff. He had received

an assistantship with the Department of Physics at Virginia Tech and discovered that Virginia Tech had a very active Mathematical Statistics Department. He supplied me with the particulars and recommended that I write to the Department Chair.

I wrote to the Department Chair, Dr. Boyd Harshbarger, and told him what my background was and the only upper division/graduate mathematics courses I had were those I had in my one year at the University of Missouri. I also told him I would need financial assistance, and I would be at my family's home in Brooklyn for Thanksgiving. I supplied him with their phone number in the event he was interested and wanted to ask me questions.

Well, I was home in Brooklyn for Thanksgiving when Dr. Harshbarger called and said he had a Research Assistantship available and would I be willing to start on January 2nd. Wow. Would I? You bet.

When I went back to the FDA office, I gave them notice and told them why. They graciously accepted and wished me well.

At Christmas, Sam was home and we then drove together to Blacksburg. He told me the person I should ask for as my major professor was Dr. John Freund. And that is what I did, and Dr. Harshbarger arranged it. I started classes and I had a lot of catching up to do because Tech was on the quarter system and I had not taken the first quarter of the courses. I caught up and started thesis discussions with Dr. Freund. Shortly after my oral exams, Dr. Freund told me he was leaving Tech to chair the Mathematics Department at Arizona State University. I continued my studies at Tech and did not ask for another thesis advisor. But within a few months Dr. Freund called me and told me if I would like to finish my thesis with him, he would try to arrange it with Dr. Harshbarger. The arrangement was made and I headed for Tempe, Arizona.

At Tempe I taught some mathematics courses and concentrated on my thesis. There were a few diversions of course, especially with Paul Livermore, a native Arizonan and member of the Mathematics



Dorothy and Al, photo taken on a pre-pandemic cruise

Department, who insisted I join him in double dating. This was the way it was until one day when I went to the Student Union cafeteria for breakfast. I saw Sophie, one of the department's student graders sitting with a very pretty girl. I went over to join them when Sophie got up and said, "Sharon this is THE Mr. Romano," and turned to me and said, "This is Sharon, and she just broke up with her boyfriend." Quite an introduction. Sharon was not only pretty, she was bright and alert and very upbeat. So I asked her if she would like to go out with me, and she said she would.

We dated a few times and then a little more regularly. Towards the end of the school year I asked her what she planned to do after she graduated. She said she would teach elementary school, find an apartment and maybe a roommate and go out. And then I said, "You are going to teach in an elementary school but you are also going to marry me." And she just simply said, "Okay." That blew my mind. Here I was born to immigrant parents in, literally, a Manhattan Lower East Side tenement and raised in Brooklyn tenements, while she was from a long line of American families. And she simply said, "Okay," No discussion, no questions, no hesitation, just "Okay." I could not believe my luck.

THAT was the start of my Greatest Adventure.

EPILOGUE

To her mother, father, and sister she was Sherry. To her nieces and nephew she was Aunt Sherry. I am not sure but I believe it wasn't until we filled out the Marriage License that I learned Sharon was her middle name, and that her given name was Dorothy. Whatever the name, she has provided me with almost 62 years of my greatest adventure.♦



*Al and Dorothy
in front of Dorothy's dorm*



Robert Hugh Miller

ANOTHER GRANDAUNT?

William Pease, Library

Genealogy is a good way as any to spin out one's isolated time during a pandemic, and there I am, delving into my ancestors, exploring and exploiting a variety of websites. Wikitree is a favorite for its collaborative access. So it is that I have traced the strands up to the Mayflower and beyond. Not too surprisingly, given the smaller population on the east coast—British-descended for the most part—esteemed cousinships have come to light, Emily Dickinson, Richard Henry Dana, William Clark (Lewis' fellow voyager) and of course Boston's Lowells and Cabots.

There is, however, always the possibility of a surprise to be discovered. Mine came about in a bonding of memories

and computer research. My mother's maternal grandfather, Robert Hugh Miller, founder and publisher of the Liberty (Mo.) Tribune, has an entry in Wikipedia; Mother appears as a young child in the photograph there of his antebellum home. At about age six I was taken to the Miller home to visit some grandaunts maintaining the old house. With them was an old servant woman who had spent much of her life there. She was born in slavery and was "Black." Or was she? I asked my mother how she could be so light-skinned and was told she was albino. Was it albinism really—or was that an easy explanation. My memory of the incident ends there. I wish I could recall her name. I will call her "Lilly" but that may be just a reflection of her fair appearance.

It was not my sole experienced link to the Civil War, having known my father's grandfather, a Union veteran. In both cases these recollections were stored away until brought up again in the genealogy venture. What I encountered in the case of Lilly has proved to be an unanticipated awakening. Robert Hugh Miller's biography describes a long career but one in which you would hardly know that a Civil War had occurred. As not uncommon he had two marriages with many progeny, the first wife having long predeceased him. My grandmother was one

result of the second marriage. What is missing from Wikipedia and his obituary are data to be found in the census of slave holdings. In 1850 he had one female slave age 28. The 1860 census shows two female slaves, one 37 and one 11.

A court of law would not connect the dots, but I will: The older woman was mother of the younger. So it is that among the many listed sons and daughters of Robert Miller I add one not listed, the one I am calling Lilly. Since she spent her long life in his home, treated sort of as family but not really, I can presume her story ends there. But now it is part of my story. And I can ask: Did she in fact return "home" after some life elsewhere? In that case perhaps I have uncounted cousins out there, cousins whose blood is other than blue and whose lives indeed do matter. ♦



The Robert Hugh Miller home in Liberty, Missouri; at far right is Mrs. Miller with the author's mother

In Summer, 2018, Pat Coffey shared the story of her college German instructor, Guy Stern, and his impact on her life. Professor Stern was recently featured on 60 Minutes; the segment may be viewed at <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/world-war-ii-jews-escape-nazi-germany-hitler-60-minutes-2021-05-09/>. We are reprinting Pat's story about this remarkable man.

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 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. ♦

GREATEST ADVENTURES

Leif Fearn, Teacher Education

On August 9, 1961, having two weeks earlier graduated from college, I pointed my tiny French Simca west and within two hours passed through Indiana, Pennsylvania, farther west than I had ever been. Before it got dark, I was in Ohio where I pulled off I-40, meandered about until there was an opening from the road into a corn field, pulled in, and had a good sleep.

Next day, was western Ohio through Indiana and into Missouri where I slept in a Columbia motel, then farther west into Kansas, that was, for a Pennsylvania farm boy, the most beautiful landscape I had ever seen. I spent the night in Ellsworth and was introduced to red beer by a bunch of bib overalls at a swinging-door saloon.



Off I-40, farmland in Kansas, 1962

Then came the most breathtaking experience of my young life. I was unaware of a slow elevation change out of western Kansas and into eastern Colorado. Even my overloaded and underpowered Simca didn't know, but readers who have been there know what was happening. There were signs for Colorado Springs, but newly that I was, who thought the Delaware Water Gap in the Appalachians is mountainous, I had no idea what was coming.

In an hour or so, my Simca, accelerator on the floor and struggling to maintain 50, crested a hill and there, before me, in staggering splendor (and neither word captures the image), was my first sight of the Rockies. As far as I could see, north to south, sun setting west behind the expanse of mountains – I lost it. I had to pull over, the wonder caught in my throat and behind my eyes. It was near dark when I started the car and drove on toward the city.

In the morning I looked out the motel window to snow. The Highway Patrol was stationed at the bottom of the en-

trance road toward Red Mountain Pass. An officer advised I not go on, but what the hell, I grew up with Pennsylvania snow, so I asked if the road was closed. He said it wasn't, but it's dangerous. I asked if he was telling me I may not. He said no, and I remember his words precisely. "It's crazy to drive the Pass in this kind of weather."

So, arrogant crazy that I was, off I went up the mountain. I should be dead, but I was lucky. After nine hours of tension, I pulled into Montrose on the other side, stopped at a bar, and downed two 7&7s in about five minutes.

Two days later, I drove across oven-like I-8 from Globe, Arizona into Tempe. I arrived at 9:30 in the morning. I learned how to pronounce the city's name, found an apartment near campus and a job pumping gasoline and doing light mechanical work. At 4:30 that first day in Arizona, I was in uniform earning \$1.50 an hour to pump \$.22 a gallon gasoline for Blakely Oil Company (with cactus-etched drinking glasses for every fill-up).

But that's not what I came to tell about, as Arlo Guthrie said in "Alice's Restaurant." I came to tell about what happened one afternoon several years later that opened the door to the adventures of my lifetime. I had earned an M.A. and an NDEA fellowship for doctoral study, and having completed the coursework, my brilliantly insightful doctoral chair, standing between where I was and the advanced degree, turned down every research proposal I placed on the table, some of which weren't, in fact, all that stupid. He just said, "No! Try again." I realized much later that what he meant was, "No way I'm going to let some smart-assed 24-year old who has done nothing but show up for classes and write good papers walk out of here holding a doctorate with my name on it."

So I signed on as a fifth grade teacher in Phoenix and took a summer job supervising Neighborhood Youth Corps teens in Sargent Shriver's Poverty Program. In mid-July a member of my doctoral committee came into my little cubby-hole of an office and asked, and I quote, "What the hell are you doing?" I told him. He said, break the district contract. You're never going to teach a bunch of fifth graders anyway. I know a job that's got your name all over it.

I broke the contract, bought a trailer, arranged its transport, and in mid-August 1965, headed toward northeast Arizona for a place I couldn't pronounce (Kuchachukai), on the Navajo (at the time) Reservation (now, Nation). I can't begin



View of the Rocky Mountains in early August, 1962

here to do justice to the transformative experiences of the next two years. For one of those years, I served the tribe as Director of Language Development in their initial experiment in running a tribal school, that is, free of state and federal government and various churches, and under the direction of a local (Navajo) board of education. I wasn't very good at it, but I was earnest, and I rapidly matured from that narrow and shallow 24-year old into a 25-year old beginning to understand what a professional educator should look like.

I returned to ASU the following year to run tribal Head Start training programs for the 54 tribes on reservations in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, plus Quechan in Southern California. In January 1967, I was on a speaker's platform for the Arizona Reading Association with a dozen White Mountain Apache Head Start boys and girls who helped me show how to teach oral English and beginning reading to five and six-year old native-language-speaking Apache kids.

Paul Anderson, Chair of Elementary Education at San Diego State College,

Continued on page 12



Route 491 (today) between Farmington and Gallup, New Mexico. Leif's Simca and, in the distance, Shiprock

IN PRAGUE IN A PICKLE

Maggi Mckerrow, Theatre

"You haff to move" growled the grumpy hotel desk clerk. I can still conjure up sharp images of the small and dark lobby where that line was delivered to me—and the sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. It was the summer of 1966 but I don't remember the month. I was 27 and an Instructor in Theatre at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. I flew to Europe for part of the summer—mostly for my first visit to Prague where I was to spend a week attending the very first Congress of Assitej (the International Association of Professional Companies presenting Theatre for Youth) and seeing a wide variety of plays. Very Exciting! 1966 Czechoslovakia was a Stalinist state, with a slightly more relaxed atmosphere than the Soviet Union. In retrospect it is surprising that they were hosting a Theatre Congress, but students, intellectuals and artists were beginning to agitate for changes to education and an end to censorship. That all ended on August 20, 1968, when the Soviet Union led Warsaw Pact troops in an invasion of Czechoslovakia that cracked down on reformist trends in Prague.

Before my visit to Prague I met my parents in London where we spent a few days meeting family and going to the theatre. Most memorably I caught famed drag star Danny La Rue in a hilarious musical comedy called *Come Spy With Me*. First time I ever saw a drag star. He was great! What a delicious show. Then off to Cannes in France where we rented a car and headed for Allasio, a scenic beach town on the Italian Riviera. There were five of us, my parents, me, and their very lively friends Betty and Peter Shaw. Mornings on the beach were followed by lazy lunches. Afternoons were devoted to shopping on the three streets in town and working on our Italian. One street was touristy, one for locals and one (definitely the best) sold elegant Italian wares. In the evenings we explored charming local restaurants eating a lot of fish. A mellow and relaxing week.

My parents and the Shaws set off for home. I set off for my conference flying to Switzerland—can't remember

if it was Geneva or Zurich—to take a plane to Prague. I spent a night at a hotel in Switzerland then off to the airport arriving around noon. The lounge for the flight was filled with Prague passengers, mostly drab looking men. Then they announced that the plane to Prague had



Maggi, Jeannine Mitchell and a friend on the Charles Bridge in Prague in 2010. Photo by Bob Mitchell

mechanical problems so was delayed—then delayed some more—then more—then we were told they were sending for another plane. More waiting. The plane eventually arrived but by then it was late in the evening. I had been scheduled to arrive in Prague early afternoon—but no longer. We landed in Prague after 11 pm. The airport was empty and gloomy. The first person I saw as I descended the plane stairs was a large woman in a military uniform complete with Sam Brown Belt. There was a lot more military presence. It was scary. I felt very alone.

I managed to get a taxi to take me to the hotel assigned to me by the Assitej Congress. Had I somehow acquired Czech currency? I don't remember, but I paid for my taxi ride and walked into the grungy lobby of a small hotel on a dark street. The grumpy desk clerk (male) demanded "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" I said Nein and handed over the paperwork from the Congress. He studied it, looked through his log books, studied my paperwork some more. It took minutes. He obviously had no record of my impending arrival. Yuck! Questions swirled through my head. What now? What on earth was I to do? It was well after midnight. I didn't speak Czech or German or ??? Sigh! And clearly I didn't have a hotel room. Finally, the desk clerk—also sighing—produced a room key, took my passport, had me

sign the register—and pointed to the stairs. I lugged my bag up the stairs to my 3rd floor room, also dark and dingy, opened the door and sank onto the bed in relief. Safe for the moment. Whew. It felt good to sit down. I used the nasty bathroom down the hall and got into bed thinking that this much anticipated trip wasn't going so well, wishing I was back in safe and sunny Allasio or indeed almost anywhere else. I was so exhausted I actually slept pretty well. In the morning I headed down the stairs to try to sort things out. There was a new clerk at the desk who had certainly never seen me before but, as I descended the stairs she caught sight of me and immediately yelled "You haff to move!" What? How did she know who I was? She didn't speak English but with hand signing and pidgin English she managed to communicate that I should go upstairs and get my bags. They were calling me a taxi for the "Move". Why? Where to? I had no idea but, in retrospect, perhaps foolishly, agreed to the plan.

Now for the good news. The desk clerk must have called the Assitej Congress to find out what to do with me—and they knew! I got my passport back and paid my bill. The taxi took me to an elegant international style hotel (I wish I could remember the name) with a big clean lobby where they welcomed me in English—Yeah!—and assigned me a lovely room complete with my own bathroom. Yeah! Yeah! It turned out that the other Americans at the conference were also staying there. Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! The Congress was fabulous. I learned a lot—saw some memorable productions—including a comical farce by the world famous Lanterna Magica (a theatre company that inventively combined film and theatre in their productions) and a cleverly designed production of the Grimm's Brothers fairy tale about twelve dancing sisters. Six beds flew up to the ceiling and down again in a dance of their own. I made friends with theatre artists from around the USA that I kept in touch with for years—met theatre artists from around the world, and saw a lot of Prague including a couple of castles. Altogether a never-to-be-forgotten successful adventure. Why was I assigned that horrible hotel? I will never know, but it makes a great story and was the start of an unforgettable experience. Lucky me. ♦

MOST MEMORABLE ADVENTURE

Rick Schulte, Psychology

In the year of my retirement my two brothers and I decided to start visiting some National Parks that we had wanted to do for years but never had the time to do. We agreed to visit what we considered the most impressive one first, the Grand Canyon.

Since my limited computer skills were the best among us, I was put in charge of making the reservations for the trip for early October after the summer crowds had left. Neither of my brothers liked to fly so they drove out from Michigan, visiting some other parks along the way, and met me in Phoenix when I flew in there. Other than not recognizing me (because of the hat covering my gray hair they claimed, more likely bad eye sight) our meeting was uneventful.

We drove through Sedona on the way north since they had never been there and then up to the Grand Canyon Village to stay at the Maswik Lodge. I had been trying unsuccessfully to book us a reservation at the Phantom Ranch at the bottom of the canyon but we were lucky to find out there had been a cancellation for a cabin there the next night. We had to accept what the other group had ordered for dinner but fortunately it turned out to be steak.

The next day we started at 5:30 to hike down the So. Kaibab trail which turned out to be a very difficult downhill drop with no water station, and many stepdown areas which were hard on your knees. The other obstacles were the mules coming down with those choosing not to hike down. The trails were not that wide and you had to back-up to the canyon wall when ever they appeared. I swear they enjoyed



Rick (center) with his brothers at the Grand Canyon

bringing the riders as close as possible to us as well. We made it down in about 4 hours and soaked our feet in the creek at the ranch. It was extremely hot down there even though it was October, and made it difficult to sleep even though exhausted. The food at the ranch was amazingly good in spite of the fact that everything had to be brought down by the mule trains. We left after breakfast in the morning and started up the Bright Angel trail which is the most popular.

The climb was very difficult with one switchback after another and we had to stop many times to rest and recuperate. Fortunately, there was a place to stop and get water, Indian Garden I think it was called. Still almost 5 miles to the top. Suffice it to say that it took 7-8 hours to reach the top and go straight to bed without eating, although a few beers to rehydrate of course.

We left the canyon to go to the Hualapai Lodge at the west end to go rafting on the Colorado River the next day. It was an exciting trip with numerous dunkings as you went through river rapids. We stopped a few times to visit waterfalls along the way which were very impressive in drop length. The raft trip culminated with a helicopter ride out of the canyon, a very white-knuckle flight believe me!

The next day we left to walk down to the Havasupai Lodge at the bottom of Havasu Canyon. There were a number of beautiful falls along the trail, most notably the Havasu Falls. What was most surprising was the fine sand in the area which reminded me of the Dolomite you use in pool filters.

Walked back out to the truck the next morning early and drove to Durango, CO to take the train ride to Silverton from there. Plenty of beautiful scenery along the river route to Silverton. Hanging out the window for picture taking involved fighting the smoke from the train engine usually. We had a lot of snow in Silverton and stayed there a few hours before returning to Durango. This is a trip you should try to take if you haven't yet, extremely beautiful ride in the forests of Colorado.

Drove down to Albuquerque, NM for me to catch a flight home and they drove back to Michigan from there. All in all we packed about as much activity as possible into those 11 days. All our later trips involved simply staying in the park we visited and hiking trails there. The first one to the Grand Canyon remained the most memorable.♦

GREATEST ADVENTURE

Ed Deaton, Mathematical Sciences

In some class during my sophomore year in college, we were asked to report on the highlight of our previous summer. I was rather shy. I had entered college just one month after my 16th birthday, so I was barely seventeen at this time. I had no highlight to report. I had worked at a very boring job, lived with the people who raised me in a small town in East Texas, had little social interaction with anyone of my age. In short, there were a few lowlights but no highlight. Still, I had to make an oral report. I made a report on something I had actually done, and claimed it was my highlight. I knew it would sound silly, but I hoped it would be taken as a bit humorous. I was wrong. After I made my report, the class was given the opportunity to comment. The sophisticated older students (by two or three years) shredded my report and me. It was made painfully clear that I did not belong in that class with those students.

Seventy-three years later I am writing an article on my "Greatest Adventure." What has changed? Not much. There have been some highlights in my life, but "adventures?" I am not sure about the term and me. Military adventures? No. I served in the Navy for four years (1950-1954) all in San Diego, mainly at Navy Pier downtown San Diego. Exciting travels? Well maybe. There was one that was very significant to me, but an adventure? No. Anybody can do it. In each of 1994 and 1995 I spent a week in France climbing peaks in the Mt. Blanc area. Exciting? Yes. Adventure? I thought so. But the level was not above 5.7 for those of you who like numbers.

The most significant travel was in 1992. To me it was an adventure. I had done several back packs in the California Sierra with one or more of my children. In the summer of 1991 I contacted a mom and pop company in Pennsylvania to arrange a hike to Everest Base Camp for the next year. Bill Phillips (physical education) and Jack Garrison (physics) had contracted with the same company to arrange a trek around Annapurna for them in November, 1991.

Continued on page 11

ADVENTURES? LOTS! HERE & ABROAD

Frea Sladek, SDSU Research Foundation



Frea and Bill white-water rafting on American River

What has been my great EST adventure to date? If I must choose, raising and enjoying my family comes first. But along the way, I've been blessed with many work and vacation travel-related adventures, as well as a few, to me, physically challenging experiences. Some travel-related include:

- Being surrounded by Rastafarians at the West Indies Peace Corps office in Kingston, Jamaica and then "saved" by two Jamaican ladies who had studied at SDSU;

- Watching fireworks and eating hot dogs at a July 4th celebration at the U.S. ambassador's home in Brasilia, Brazil;

- Attending a Shimon Peres Institute for Peace annual meeting in Tel Aviv, Israel, including speaking on a panel there, and then traveling to Ramallah to hear 7 Nobel Peace Prize winners speak;

- Sitting on concrete steps along the Nile at Aswan, Egypt, listening to classical music with a small group of Israeli and Egyptian colleagues, as a beautiful sun was setting;

- While being driven alone, traveling miles through a dark Moroccan forest during the middle of the night from a Moroccan farm into Casablanca,

being stopped by and ordered out of the car by four tough-looking security guards who took my passport, searched my baggage, and only allowed me and the Moroccan driver to get back in the car and continue on after what seemed like hours.

- Getting accidentally lost driving into miles of illegal magnificent red poppy fields on a bluff outside of Istanbul overlooking the ocean, as my husband Bill Feeney and I explored Turkey;

- Gazing in awe at the gorgeous scenery in Machu Picchu, after riding a train to it from Cusco, Peru; and

- Taking a 3-week Beijing to Moscow trip on the Mongolian/Siberian Railroad, including Bill's fall while riding Mongolian horses and us visiting Siberian and Moscow hospitals as a result, but still viewing wonderful sights along the way.

As for physical challenges, I'm more spectator than participant. I'm fine with cheering my husband as he finishes marathons and cheering on kids' at Pop Warner and Little League games. But I turned down a granddaughter's invitation to parachute out of an airplane to celebrate her 18th birthday. However, I have been convinced to participate in a few physically-challenging adventures, including:

- Huffing and puffing up Cowles, Iron, Fortuna, the Cuyamacas and other local mountain trails during many weekend "Grandkid Hikes" led by my husband Bill, involving 6 active, excited youngsters ages 4 to 8, followed by visiting an ice cream parlor afterwards;

- Hiking down from the North End of the Grand Canyon, spending the night at the Phantom Ranch at the bottom before heading up to the South End during the "Feeney Family Rim-to-Rim Walk," a 24-mile journey (I practiced long up-hill walks a month ahead!);

- White-water rafting on the American River, paddling hard and then falling out of the inflatable 8-person raft on the first day of Stage 3 rapids (made it back in), helping carry the raft up and down rocky terrain to reach the Stage 4 (hard hat) rapids, all after expecting to lie back reading, drinking, and sunning on a large raft like the TV ads promote.

These and other adventures have heightened my senses (sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch) and feelings (awe, pleasure, excitement, fear, trepidation, relief, gratitude, hope, joy, and more). Indeed, LIFE itself has been a great adventure. ♦

Ed Deaton, continued from page 10

I was the only guest on the trek. We rode a bus for 11 hours to the town of Jiri. From there we hiked 12 days to Everest Base Camp. After eleven days we were at Labouche, 16,210 feet. At that time there were seven huts in the village. The next day we were to go to Kala Pathar at 18,500 feet.

It was evening, maybe, 7 or 8 pm. I was in a hut drinking tea. There was no heat in the hut, but it was warmer than my tent outside. I noticed two young couples (early twenties). It became obvious that the two women were sick. Altitude sickness. Cerebral edema. They did not know where they were. This can be deadly. I listened to them talk for a few minutes, then I said to the men: "You can take your friends down now or you can take their bodies down tomorrow. That is your choice. I will send my guide with you if you would like him to help you."

There were about 10 people in the hut. I was the oldest. That gave me some authority.

Very soon both couples left without my guide. There was no guarantee that the women would die or suffer significant brain damage over night; there was no guarantee they would not. But it was known that if they went down immediately they would recover after descending 1000 or 2000 feet. I wanted them to do that. Since we received no other information, we must assume all went well.

The next day my guide and I ascended to Kala Phatar, waved at Everest and came back to Labouche. Three days later we were in Lukla at my guide's parent's home waiting for a plane to Kathmandu. I did not go there again until the next year. ♦



Ed and Bruce Deaton



Marjorie Turner, 1981

**LEST WE FORGET:
MARJORIE TURNER**
Dean Popp, Economics

When I was hired into the Economics Department at SDSU in 1969 I was greeted by the Chair of the Department, Marjorie Turner. Today, having a woman chair an academic department at SDSU is no big deal but in 1969 it was “not the norm.” Marjorie was the only woman faculty member in the department but she sure appeared to me to belong in that chair. With kind of an annoying southern drawl she set me down and set me straight but she had a disarming style and soft way of speaking that put me at ease. I quickly learned that Marjorie had the complete support and confidence of her colleagues and was very knowledgeable about the university and what I needed

to know. The late 1960’s at SDSU was a period of time when department business was carried out in the hall on the third floor of the Social Sciences Building and in the offices of the faculty and in the department office. Most faculty office doors were open and it was common and normal to walk into a colleague’s office and talk. Sending an email or text was not an option. Marjorie excelled in such an environment.

Marjorie was born in 1921 in Beaumont, Texas and her origins were reflected in her speech and approach to life. She earned degrees in Economics from the University of Texas, the Ph.D while a single mother, again not the norm in the late 1940’s. She began her academic career at the University of Arizona and then arrived at SDSU in 1954 where she served as the Dean of Women, Professor and Chair of the Economics Department and an early champion of women’s rights. The book *Distinguished Women Economists* by Ciccarelli and Ciccarelli, described Marjorie as “a practicing humanist, an ardent institutionalist, and a lapsed Methodist,” as well as “a rebel with a cause” a liberal Keynesian economist. She authored several texts including *Joan Robinson and the Americans* and *Nicholas Kaldor and the Real World*.

Marjorie married Merle Turner, a Professor of Psychology at SDSU and they made a splendid couple with varied interests including sailing internationally and traveling. Marjorie and Merle retired early and moved to Oregon to continue their personal and professional lives. She remained a lively and provocative person until her final days. We miss her very much.♦

Leif Fearn, continued from page 8

was in the audience. Up to that time, my association with Indian people* was my greatest adventure. The imprint ran, and runs, deep. When I left, a dear friend from Montana’s Fort Peck glared at me across a lunch table and said, “Don’t you ever forget what you learned here and about these people.” I never have.

Paul Anderson opened the door to another great adventure that I lived for nearly fifty years at San Diego State.

*Native peoples use tribal terminology when they meet and greet, and being decent folks who don’t want to embarrass the vast majority who don’t know what Quileute, Jicarilla, Metlakatla, and Assiboine mean, they say “Indian” and “Indian People” when nonIndians walk into the room. When asked the term he prefers, Vine Deloria (Ogallala) said, “I don’t give a dam what you call me. Just get the hell out of my way.” He was referring, of course, to BIA, which means “Batting Indians Around,” as in telling Indian people where to live, how to live, where to go to school, what to study, what to wear, whom to worship, and among a long list of others, what they’re supposed to find offensive.♦

IN MEMORIAM

John Donald
Computer Science
March, 2020

Charles Richard (C.R.) Webb
History
October, 2020

Nancy Thiesfeld
Wife of Nore Thiesfeld
Facilities and Planning
November, 2020

Diana Dessel
Associate Member
Daughter of Marydale Dessel
Natural Science/Physics
December, 2020

Gerald Hammer
Industrial Technology
February, 2021

Marjorie Turner
Economics
March, 2021

Lois J. Beland
Music
March, 2021

Patricia Fritzenkotter
Associate Member
April, 2021

Kathie Ross
Scholarships
April, 2021

John M. Hood
Natural Science/Physics/Business
April, 2021

Sigurd Stautland
Teacher Education
May, 2021

Tom Day
SDSU President Emeritus
June, 2021

Dominic Favaloro Ross
Husband of Kathie Ross
Scholarships
July, 2021

Editor’s note: We thank Amanda Lanthorne and University Archives Photograph Collection, Special Collections & University Archives, SDSU Library, for permission to use the photo on this page of Marjorie Turner.

SDSURA'S 360° View

SDSURA member Patricia Geist Martin, School of Communication, has recently published *Falling in Love with the Process: A Stroke Survivor's Story*. We are sharing an excerpt from an article written by Elaine Alfaro which talks about the book's background and its story—what it means to be a stroke survivor. The article appeared in the *Mission Times Courier*.

COLLEGE TIMES COURIER

BOOK EXPLORES STROKE RECOVERY, RESILIENCE

by Elaine Alfaro

In 2010, San Diego State University professor Patricia Geist-Martin approached stroke survivor Bill Torres on his daily stroll to feed the ducks at Lake Murray. Little did they know that this first encounter would morph into a timeless friendship and eventually a book covering Torres' life story and journey in recovering from a massive stroke.

In 2020, Geist-Martin and her previous student, now Rollins College professor Sarah Parsloe, published the book 'Falling in Love with the Process: A Stroke Survivor's Story.' Nearly a year later and during Stroke Awareness Month, Bill Torres, the real life champion of the tale, continues to advocate and help fellow stroke survivors — even at age 85.

'Falling in Love with the Process' is a written collage of fond memories, humorous stories, and San Diego history,

revolving around Torres' fight to recover and turn his story into an opportunity for advocacy. It is woven together with the voices of Torres, his friends, caretakers from the hospital and co-authors Parsloe and Geist-Martin.

"I knew I had to fall in love with getting better. That's how the title came about," Torres said. "I've met hundreds of people and the growth in myself has made me feel good. Many times I have felt like superman."

It was not always mountaintop moments of superhuman strength, however, and that is the beauty of the book according to Geist-Martin.

"The thing we learn from all of his stories is that he made this shift in his mind," she said. "He originally just wanted to crawl under the covers and hide because he didn't like to see himself in the mirror. The book really talks about his life story of resilience."

At age 69, Torres had an Ischemic stroke that shut down the right side of his body and affected his speech. However, he decided his disability would not deter his journey in recovery, instead, he exercised for the next 1,000 days and became fully mobile with no physical

impediments.

"This man doesn't give up. He just doesn't," Geist-Martin said.

Advocacy and helping others are at the center of Torres' recovery process.

"I said if I ever got better, I would dedicate my life to help other people get better," he said. "I would talk to rotary clubs and stroke survivors at the hospitals. It felt good. It felt like I was accomplishing something, that and feeding the ducks."

It is the little victories threaded throughout his story that demonstrate his resiliency. From regaining mobility first in his hand, to simply feeding the ducks everyday at 6:45 a.m. in Chollas Lake, the small triumphs are what made him love the journey to recovery.

To view the original and entire article, please visit http://www.sdnews.com/view/full_story/27802909/article-Book-explores-stroke-recovery--resilience?instance=sdnews_ane_page. To acquire a copy of the book, please visit <https://he.kendallhunt.com/product/falling-in-love-process-cultivating-resilience-health-crisis-stroke-survivors-story> ♦

SDSU NAMED AGE-FRIENDLY UNIVERSITY

by SDSU News Team, SDSU News-Center

With the number of older adults and their caregivers significantly increasing nationwide, San Diego State University has stepped up as a leader with new programs as part of its decades-long initiatives to provide social, personal and economic benefit to older adults and their communities.

As of July 2021, SDSU has now committed to being an Age-Friendly University (AFU), joining fewer than 80 institutions connected through the Age-Friendly University Global Network and Academy for Gerontology in Higher Education.

To view the original and entire story, please visit https://newscenter.sdsu.edu/sdsu_newscenter/news_story.aspx?sid=78490 ♦

Joyce Wright, continued from page 5

One day when we came back from a sightseeing trip, we decided to relax in a small park near our hotel. I took out my travel journal and was totally absorbed in recording the day's activities when I suddenly began to feel uneasy. I looked up and found myself surrounded by people—standing less than a foot away—staring down at me. Stunned at first, I realized they were curious about the writing of a Westerner, smiling and gesturing for me to write more of these strange symbols. One young man spoke some English and told me Chinese people were fascinated with foreigners. That accounted for their habit of peering through the iron fence surrounding the hotel in the hopes of getting a glimpse of us. I now understood how a chimpanzee at the zoo feels!

We visited Kunming, where the karst (limestone) mountains dominate. Sticking with the guide was highly advised as we hiked the mountains because there were many twists and turns on the paths. (I won't mention whose adventurous husband decided to explore on his own and had to be found.) Upon returning to our bus, we encountered a group of Kunming ladies waiting for us. They were beautifully dressed in their native garments and insisted upon us buying some of their hand-sewn clothing. They wouldn't take no for an answer, which accounts for my owning the lovely tunic and hat I've worn when sharing about Chinese culture at my elementary school.

After spending 3 weeks in China, my interests deepened in this intriguing culture. My husband and I visited China again 14 years later, returning with an even greater appreciation of the people. ♦

ADDITIONAL USEFUL WEBSITES

Tom Donahue, CSU-ERFSA Representative, and CSU-ERFSA Vice President

This month here are additional useful websites for those of us eager to find helpful information on the World Wide Web on issues of aging. First, you might explore methods which multiply the usual outreach paths of Google. Here is how to do it: try Googling a topic like “Beneficial advice for the aging” in order to get an instant list of results. Then add “nih” after your topic line, and on linking to the National Institute of Health you will get a different list of results, with a focus on NIH scholarship. Next, do Google inquiries with the same topic line several times in addition, beginning with nimh (the National Institute of Mental Health), then nsf (the National Science Foundation), then nia (the National Institute on Aging), and lastly nhs (Britain’s National Health Service.) This practice multiplies your outreach inquiry in a very useful way. The results of the above topical inquiry will show underlying national cultural priorities: among the pieces of advice you will get from our NIH at nia.nih.gov is to focus on our diet, weight and shape, while the NHS in England at ageuk.org.uk asks you to “Look after your teeth”!

Let’s take another example. Suppose, in response to a matter mentioned in the last issue, you wish to gather information about helping elderly people avoid accidental falls. Try Googling at first ‘Helping the elderly avoid falls,’ and then contrast the results with ‘Helping the elderly avoid falls nih.’ and ‘Helping the elderly avoid falls nia.’ Included in the first results, from the National Center for Health Research at center4research.org, is the advice to be sure your eyeglasses prescription is up to date. From the NIH in the first inquiry is the suggestion at newsinhealth.nih.gov that you avoid unsafe shoes. And in Googling “helping the elderly avoid falls nia” at nia.nih.gov you will be told to have a cane or walker ready to hand at all times.

Thus Google will present you with a set of results that will save quite a bit of time. If saving time is not a particular issue, you of course should go directly to the National Institute of Health, the National Institute of Mental Health, the National Science Foundation, the National Institute on Aging, or the National Health Service. Each of these groups will then direct you to some of their own sites which have particular additional specializations and insights.

Here is a subscription site valuable for the sympathetic and sensitive insights of the sponsoring M.D.: <https://betterhealthwhileaging.net>, written by Dr. Leslie Kernisan. The current subject (as of the second week in April, 2021) treats “6 Ways that Memory & Thinking Change with Normal Aging (& What to Do About This).” If you connect with this person, you will be gratified with the delicacy and directness of her discussions.

For current and breaking news on medical policy matters, go to KFF, Kaiser’s daily discussion of what is going on in the world of medical breakthroughs and government responses, for informed treatments of medical topics. We may temporarily close this portion of our account with the mention, not of a website, but instead of an outstanding popular text: *Successful Aging*, by Daniel Levitin (2020). This is a review of pertinent findings in gerontological and geriatric research, including a discussion of a survey conducted among very long-lived people who commonly believed that the best year for an older person occurs at age 82. It seems that the best thing we can do as the years move along is to stay as physically active as possible, and to get involved in activities which pull a person into projects that have significant outcomes (rather like joining CSU-ERFSA!).

With a good turnout of readers offering information on health-related insights, we will postpone the discussion of issues of spending in retirement until next time. ♦

Website paths and websites mentioned:

Google a subject and then add **nih**, **nimh**, **nfs**, **nia**, or **nhs** at the end of the subject line. Thanks to Professor Larry Blakely of Cal State Bakersfield for passing this along. The Google articles listed are:

Google alone: “Beneficial advice for the aging.” Then: **nia.nih.gov**: “What Do We Know About Healthy Aging?”

nhs: “10 tips for ageing better”

Topic: “Helping the elderly avoid falls”

google: center4research.org. “How To Prevent Falls in Older People”

nih: newsinhealth.nih.gov. “Prevent Falls and Fractures”

nia: nia.nih.gov. “Prevent Falls and Fractures”

<https://betterhealthwhileaging.net> Thanks for this to Professor Rick Schulte of SDSU.

KFF.org—the Kaiser Family Foundation. Thanks for the information go to Professor Ted Anagnoson of Cal State Los Angeles. Ted is the editor of the Reporter for CSU-ERFSA.

See also: Levitin, Daniel. *Successful Aging*. New York: Penguin Publishing Group, 2020.

Please suggest and send additional sites for the topic Beneficial Advice for the Aging to: donahue_thomas@ymail.com

TREASURER’S REPORT

Robin Fishbaugh, Treasurer

**SDSU Retirement Association Accounts as of
August 11, 2021**

Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$284,671.34
Scholarship Fund	\$29,344.96
Operating Account	\$18,346.33
Activities Account	\$13,306.88
Sub-total	\$345,669.51
Bohnsack Scholarship Endowment Fund	\$59,748.33
Bohnsack Scholarship Fund	\$4,045.05
Sub-total	\$63,793.38
Total Assets	\$409,462.89

Coming in the Next PostScript: Television Worth Watching

Maggi McKerrow, Theatre



*Have you been watching a lot of television while stuck at home during the pandemic? I have. Just the other day I hunted down and binge watched Series Two of PBS's the **Indian Doctor** because it was about a smallpox outbreak in a small mining town in Wales. Even though a team arrived with vaccination jabs most of the villagers refused to take them. The series was first aired in 2012. Positively prescient. I also sorted out that the excellent actor who plays the Indian Doctor is the same one who plays the male detective in **Unforgotten**. Obviously I have too much tv time on my hands. Anyway—the theme for the next issue is Television. Tell us what you enjoyed watching—old shows or new. Inquiring minds want to know!♦*

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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.



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Coming in the Next
PostScript:
“Television Worth Watching”

Save the Date

*Scholarship Luncheon, Wednesday,
September 1, 2021*
Oktoberfest, Friday, October 22, 2021
Holiday Party, Thursday, December 9, 2021
Valentine’s Party, Monday, February 14, 2022

*Left: Footpath from Scripps Cottage to
the upper campus mall, Love Library
in background*

DEADLINE: December 31, 2021

Please e-mail your double-spaced article of approximately 400-1000 words to whitesagecafe@aol.com. If you have no access to a computer, mail your typed or clearly printed article to SDSU Retirement Association (see address below). Scanned photos may be sent as an attachment or mailed. Contact Barbara Barnes at whitesagecafe@aol.com if you have any questions.

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5500 Campanile Drive, Gateway 3528, San Diego, CA 92182-5000
Phone: 619.594.4701 email: retire@sdsu.edu
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