

“Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Teach a man how to fish and you feed him for a lifetime.”... Except if that man practices catch and release.



Lisa Shares Her Passion for Fishing

Editor’s Note: At 9 years of age, Lisa Sugimoto was enjoying the sport of fishing with her family. They would often travel to the High Sierras or to the Redondo Pier to cast a line. Her dad supported her early interest in fishing and her younger brother and she learned quickly the science of fishing. There was freshwater and ocean fishing. Freshwater could be a lake, stream, pond, or river. Ocean fishing, well, it could be shore fishing for fish that like spending their time in the waves; boat fishing for Epipelagic fish (blue fin/yellow fin tuna, yellow tail) that spent their time migrating from place to place; or boat fishing for rock and bottom fish (cod or bass), that are often found in kelp beds. There are different rods, reels, line, hooks, bait and techniques used for the variety of fishing one can experience.

Fishing is not for the faint of heart or for those who suffer from

ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder). There were times when you could fish for hours and not even get one fish to pay attention to your bait - not a bite, a nibble, or even a bump. You would just wonder what was going on below the surface of the water. While fishing a lake sometimes the wind would blow and the rod would bend enough to imitate a fish taking your bait, but, alas, the wind and your hopeful imagination would fool you.

As Lisa continued to hone her fishing acumen, she discovered she could combine her love of fishing with her love of art and creating. At 36-years of age, she enrolled in a fly tying class. She was the only woman in the class and soon was tying the tiniest flies with precision.

When she expertly tied her first fly with tiny wings, her instructor told her not to show it to the other students in the class. She

Lisa Has Plenty of Fish Tales To Tell

was proud of her first winged fly and was surprised at the response of the instructor. "Oh well," she said and shrugged.

Lisa learned to tie flies before she had the opportunity to fly-fish. Her first time flyfishing was "tubing." She sat in a donut like tube that had a seat. Her feet, adorned with swim fins, dangled

beneath her as she paddled out onto Crowley Lake with her 9-weight rod and reel, and her hand-tied fly. The size 10 hook black and purple Woolly Boogger brought in the first trout (a nice rainbow) Lisa ever caught while flyfishing and as they say, "She was hooked on flyfishing from that day forward."

By Lisa Sugimoto

That early morning last November, the sun had not even peaked over the ridge of the canyon where the San Juan River was meandering through. Yes, it was cold, very cold and I was dressing warmly for a day on the San Juan River. I had a layer of silk thermos, a wool turtleneck, wool socks, gloves and my chest waders and wading boots. I stepped out of my modest two-room home away from home and met-up with my fishing buddies.

Rick, Mike, Mark, and Ron were ready to go. Rick and I grew-up with each other. Our mom's were best of friends when they were growing-up. For Rick, the trip to the San Juan River was an annual trip and this time, I was able to tag along. We walked over for our morning breakfast and then our guides arrived to transport us to the head of the river for a slow drift and a full day of flyfishing.

The sun was dancing on the ridge of the hills that framed the river when we arrived at the boat launch. I helped to maneuver the three-man boat into the near freezing water. Mark, Mike and Ron were in two other boats that were also being readied to launch.

I knew the water was cold, because my hand skimmed the water as we moved the boat off the trailer into the cove. Our guide, Brad, put me in the front seat and Rick in the back.

As we pushed back from the shoreline, the canyon was alive with colors; there were reds, oranges, and yellows. I looked down into the water and I could see the fish!

The water was moving slowly and so were we. Brad positioned us close to the

far shoreline and tied a very small (size 26 for those of you who know hook sizes) fly to the end of my tip-it (the tapered line used for flyfishing). I cast my line close to the shoreline, where Brad instructed, and as we drifted down the river I mended my line periodically to ensure the line was always somewhat in front of me.

"GET 'EM," Brad softly but sternly in-



Lisa and her mom enjoy a day of fishing on Mammoth Lake. Fishing has been a family affair since Lisa was 9 years old.

structed me. I missed. I brought my line out of the water to check my fly. Then another cast and another miss. We detoured around a large rock and I mended my line again and again. Another miss and still another.

"GET 'EM," and I set the hook. This time I didn't miss. My fly rod bent and my reel squealed as the fish ran up river to free itself. My reel was just the right tension as Brad kept testing the drag to ensure I wouldn't snap my line and lose my

very first catch on the San Juan. I reeled and then the fish took another run. One more run and one more reel-in and Brad leaned over with his net and I had my first trout! What a beautiful fish!

Our guide quickly removed the fly from the corner of fish's mouth and handed the two-pound rainbow to me for a picture. Click...Click then I leaned over the port-side of the boat and released my first catch

on the San Juan. Then we were back to drifting the river.

The sun was beginning to warm my face as we came around a bend and Brad decided to anchor our boat in the shallows.

Rick and I climbed out of the boat into the river. Rick is 6'2". OK, so I was not following where he was going to fish. I stayed in the shallows and Brad stood by my side as we scoured the surface of the river for rising fish.

The morning sun awakened the teaming hoards of tiny insects and a huge hatch was occurring.

Brad and I could see the cloud of bugs tapping the surface of the water and soon, the fish were rising to feast on their breakfast.

Brad pointed to a fish that was rising on a tempo. I cast me line up river from the huge fish and let my line and fly drift by the fish. Not even a look.

Then I cast again and my line drifted just above the behemoth. Not even a glance. I continued to cast a little bit to the right and then a little to the left in hopes of teasing the fish to take my fly. Then another cast

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Pasadena's Digital History Collaboration Needs PCC Retirees

The Pasadena Digital History Collaboration is asking for your help in identifying and clarifying photographs in their digital collection. You can start today by going to the site: <http://pasadenadigital-history.com/> and Click on "Help us identify mystery photos."

Then, click on a photo. If you know anything about it, the location, the people, the story behind it, please go to the bottom part of each page and click on Comments. Tell us what you know! Your

comments will be added, as appropriate into the record for each photograph. Also, as you search this database, there are many photos that need additional information. Please comment on any others as well.

PCC Retirees have a wealth of information about the college and Pasadena. Your help would really be appreciated. Please consider taking an active part in recording Pasadena's history!

... More About Fishing on the San Juan River

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and I watched as the fish took sight of my fly and rose slowly. The fish took a gulp and it was mine! I looked to my side for Brad. He was gone! He was in the middle of the river wading across and couldn't get back to me quickly enough. Brad turned, saw me, and put his hands in the air. Rick had to wade over to me and net my biggest fish of the day.

No pictures this time. Rick didn't have time to take a glam shot of my fish and me. He had to get back to fishing himself.

When Brad finally got back across the river, shaking his head and exasperated, he convincing declared, "I just knew once I left you alone you would catch a fish. I don't think you need me to help you anymore."

The rest of the day was more than fish catching satisfying. The scenery couldn't have been lovelier and the bond over fishing and catching heartwarming.

At the end of our day of fishing and once all the drift boats were out of the water, we traveled back to the Soaring Eagle Lodge.

After a shower and a change it was time to relax and share stories before we were called to a delicious steak dinner and homemade apple pie for dessert.

Life is good on the San Juan River and the fishing, well, it's not easy, but remember, that's why it's called fishing and not catching. And for me, it's fishing, catching and releasing.

Wishing you Tight Lines,

We Need Your E-Mail Address

The Retirees Board would like to be able to e-mail you information about upcoming events. Sometimes last minute things come up and there is no time or money for snail mail. If you have e-mail and haven't sent it already, please send a message with your e-mail address to Lisasugimoto@yahoo.com



Welcomes the PCC Retirees!

The Beaux' Stratagem

BY George Farquhar | ADAPTED BY Thornton Wilder & Ken Ludwig

Sunday, May 5 at 2pm



A Fundraiser for
the PCC Retirees'
Scholarship fund!

TICKETS | \$50

(Half the price of tickets will go towards the scholarship fund)

TO RESERVE YOUR SEATS: contact Alan Lamson
amlamson@sbcglobal.net | 626.794.1049

www.anoisewithin.org | 626.356.3100

The Lamsons Experience Another Interesting Adventure in New Guinea

By Alan Lamson

Recently a short news item about Papua New Guinea in the L.A. Times caught Sheila's eye: "Alleged witch is slain in public." (Feb. 8, 2012). The accused woman was stripped, tortured with a hot iron rod, bound, doused with gasoline, and then set on fire amid a pile rubbish and car tires. She had been accused of sorcery by the relatives of a six-year old boy who had died the day before. Her husband is suspected or making the accusations; he has since left town. This happened in the western highlands, near the town of Mount Hagen, not far from where Sheila and I recently traveled with a group from National Geographic.

Accusations of sorcery are common in New Guinea. We spent the first day of our journey on the island of New Britain off the coast of New Guinea. On a tour of the capital, Rabaul, our young native guide—when I asked about her family—commented that she lived with her father because her mother "was killed by sorcery last year." She said that her relatives killed her "because they wanted her land."

I didn't know what to make of her comment, so I asked Bob Tonkinson, our resident anthropologist. He said that accusations of sorcery often arise after someone has died. The relatives who killed the guide's mother evidently did get her property.

After touring Rabaul, we boarded our ship, the Oceanic Discoverer, to begin a

ten day voyage to eight islands along with a journey up the Sepic river on the mainland and another to the town of Madang, called "Jewel of the Pacific"—an over-rated title. On our visits, we witnessed traditional "sing sings," singing and dancing by villagers in traditional costumes and body paint. We were amused by one

uled to fly to Tari in the southern Highlands, we waited several hours for our morning flight, getting frequent updates from Michael, our representative from National Geographic. Eventually, he found out that our plane had been commandeered by a group of "big men", so we would be flying on a smaller plane, one

that couldn't accommodate our luggage. It would arrive the following day, the gods willing. They were and it did the next morning.

The Huli are one of the larger tribes in New Guinea with about 150,000 members, but they are only one among more than 800 tribes, each speaking a separate language. The tribes communicate with each other using the universal pigeon language called Tok Pisin common



of the dances on the island of Kitava in the Trobriands, where young men performed a sexually suggestive hip-grinding dance, much to the delight of the locals—as well as us. In his book on the Trobriands, **The Sexual Lives of Savages**, Bernard Malinowski comments: "the Trobrianders are very free and easy in their sexual relations."

As interesting as our visits were to the islands off the coast of New Guinea, our visit to the highlands, home of the ornately decorated wig men of the Huli tribe, became the highlight of our trip.

Getting to the highlands is a chancy affair. There are no roads and the few flights from Port Moresby are often subject to delays. The day we were sched-

throughout all of Melanesia.

The Huli have lived in the highlands for over a thousand years and have been extensive traders in both the highlands and lowlands; however, they were unknown to Europeans until the late 1930's when gold was discovered in the highlands.

After landing at the tiny airport in Tari, greeted by a huge throng of locals waving madly from behind a high wire fence, twenty-two of us boarded several land rovers and drove up a dirt road for an hour to reach Ambua Lodge located at about 7,000 feet. Ambua, an eco lodge with striking views of the valley below, is the only accommodation for Westerners in the area. As we entered the gate to the lodge,

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... A Look at Life New Guinea Style



I noticed is a sign in Pigeon warning that the gatekeeper has a shotgun to keep out unwanted guests, such as the “raskols” (criminals) that cause most of the violence in New Guinea.

The morning after we arrived, we were driven to nearby Luma Village to observe the daily lives of women and men, who live separate lives: they live in separate housing, have separate responsibilities, and seldom meet except when necessary, such as to have sex, which they do in their yam gardens.

When we arrived at the village, several women greeted us while putting on the final touches to their makeup. The oldest of the women appeared quite happy to see us and have her picture taken. She was undoubtedly the head woman of the village and appeared at ease with visitors. She and the other women soon busied themselves making various items using pandanus leaves—one woman making a grass skirt, another weaving rope, and the older woman making mats, all the while carrying on a non-stop banter with the others.

After watching them for a while, some of us ventured further into the village where we saw a woman in her garden—with a sleeping child hanging on her back—leading a pig to a part of the garden that needed cultivation.

Pigs are useful as cultivators of soil, churning it up with their snouts. They are an important source of wealth in the highlands, second only to land. Before a man can marry, he must acquire 31 pigs to pay

the “bride price”—his wife’s dowry. A man’s wife is third in importance after land and pigs.

We next visited the part of the village where the men lived. An older man, Mr. Naba, was introduced as the head guy. When we arrived he and another man were sitting in front of their hut with handmade articles for sale. Mr. Naba greeted us warmly. I asked if we could look inside and he nodded yes. Not much was visible inside, except the smoldering fire in the center of the hut. The only pieces of furniture were the cots on which the men slept; one man was lying on a cot at the rear of the hut, perhaps suffering from some ill-

ness. Four men lived inside the hut and prepared their own meals, mostly yams roasted in the fire. Huli men forbid women from preparing their food—or living with them—because they think that the menstruation of women will weaken their power

The men we saw didn’t appear to be as busy as the women, but we were told that men were responsible for building houses, for clearing the land for gardens, for hunting, for taking part in ritual ceremonies, and for making war with other groups. Perhaps the older men we saw were semi-retired. One older guy showed off his skills with the bow and arrow and invited us to

try our hand. A few tried but found it very difficult to shoot an arrow even near the target.

We didn’t see many young males in the village. We were told that males live with their mothers until about seven, and then move in with their fathers who instruct him in the lore of the tribe along with the skills of how to hunt, acquire pigs, become a warrior—in other words, how to be a man.

Finally the young men live apart from the rest of the society in special places where no woman or married man may go—but we tourists were allowed.

These hidden places are called wig

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schools, which bachelor males enter for at least 18 months, the time it takes to grow a crop of hair for an everyday wig. We visited one of these wig schools which was run by an older bachelor male who serves as a sort of headmaster.

He instructs the males on how to properly grow a wig, including what foods to eat, what rituals to follow, and what prohibitions to observe, including abstention from sex.

One ritual involves sprinkling the hair with water several times a day to insure growth and to tint the hair the proper color. After 18 months the hair is harvested and made into a wig. The young man can then leave the school or continue for another growth of hair.

It wasn't clear how long a man could stay at the school, but the oldest student there had been through seven growths of hair and he was scheduled to leave after his next harvest.

To purchase a wig is fairly expensive: about \$250 to \$300 for an ordinary black wig to around \$450 to \$500 for a red ceremonial one.

In Huli society, men clearly occupy the position of power: they own the land and pigs (though women can own pigs as well) make the decisions regarding their clan, take the lead in warfare, and can take more than one wife.

As to what women think about their place in Huli society, we found out one woman's view from Alice, a Huli woman who worked at the Lodge. One evening she talked about women's roles in Huli society: how women get married and what

is expected of them after they are married. A man, she said, looks for a woman who can work hard and bear children—not for someone who is attractive. If a man finds a woman he wants to marry, he has to receive her permission as well as that of her parents.

Alice's husband treated her well at first, but then he began to physically abuse her after she began working at the Lodge; he even broke her arm. He demanded that she give him her wages, which she refused to do.

He then took another wife, and spent most of his time with her. Finally she was able to divorce him by paying back her bride price of 31 pigs; she was able to take her daughter with her, which is unusual.

Now she is married to a younger man who treats her very well. She said she would like for her daughter to become educated and perhaps work in a big city like Port Moresby.

After two days, we left the highlands on a plane that arrived on time. And luckily, the plane was able to carry all our luggage,



too. We returned to Port Moresby and our well-guarded hotel, pleased to have seen a part of world that is mostly unknown to the Westerners.

One member of our party commented: "It makes you wonder what civilization really is." Were we returning home to a more civilized place than the highlands of New Guinea?

Pasadena Schedules Events for 'One City, One Story' Program

Every year, the City of Pasadena chooses a work of fiction for its One City, One Story Program in March. The book selection for Pasadena's 11th One City, One Story community reading celebration is *The Age of Miracles* by author Karen Thompson Walker.

Luminous, haunting, unforgettable, *The Age of Miracles* is a stunning fiction debut by a superb new writer, a story about coming of age during extraordinary times, about people going on with their lives in an era of profound uncertainty.

One City, One Story activities and events will be scheduled throughout Pasadena. Details of book discussion groups, film series, lectures and other events will be announced on the One City, One Story web

According to the website, "In March or April, the programs begin, with all sorts of cooperative ses-

sions being offered. There are often book discussions throughout the community, in churches, stores, and libraries. Colleges and schools sponsor related events like panel discussions, art shows, concerts, or lectures. Everyone gets involved. The Pasadena Public Library buys 200-300 copies of the book; usually the schools get another hundred or so, and PCC has many copies available for their students as well.

"The Pasadena Public Library is very pleased to continue to present this strong community effort. We believe it creates a colorful and varied conversation, whether folks are talking about the book at the grocery store, at a soccer practice, before a church service, or over the back fence. And that's what it's all about: One City, One Story, many ideas." If you want to join the discussion, visit www.onecityonestory.com for a listing of programs and events.

Lisa Davis Finds that Her Curiosity About South Korea Has Turned into an Obsession

By Lisa Davis

It started with an exhibit here, a lecture there, some films, and a few books on Korea. I met several Korean Americans, and found them warm and friendly. It was one of the few Asian countries Elton and I had not visited. I wanted to know more about Korea, or better yet, see it for myself. Also, one of my grandsons taught English there for a year and loved it.

Some years ago, I became a docent at the Pacific Asia Museum in Pasadena.

I love Asian Art. Korean ceramics fascinate me, especially celadon, which Chinese artisans brought to Korea in the 10th century. The museum had some fabulous Korean exhibits: ceramics, hanbok (native dress,) and others. I was intrigued. I wanted to see the country where these lovely objects originated.

To learn more about Korea, I took a week-long Korea seminar given by the Korean Cultural Center in Los Angeles. Eighty teachers and art educators from all over the U.S. attended.

Off I went every morning for total immersion into Korean culture. I heard lectures about Korea's culture, economics, politics, and educational systems. I was amazed to learn that having been one of the world's poorest nations when the Korean conflict ended, it had now become the world's 11th largest economy.

I saw dancers, drummers, martial arts demonstrations, and a tea ceremony. I went to temples, ate Korean food, and shopped Korean markets. All this in Los Angeles' Koreatown. It was a fabulous week, so good that I took another seminar in 2011. Now I really wanted to see Korea!

Around this time, Alan Lamson started a "friendship program" between the Pasadena Sister City Committee (PSCC) and Paju, a town in South Korea. I attended meetings, met some Korean officials from Paju, watched Korean films, and hoped to teach there. The group



planned a trip to South Korea in the spring of 1911. That trip fell through. My application to teach in Paju for two months fell through. But I still wanted to visit Korea.

Meanwhile, I was asked to be president of the Korean Arts Council at the Pacific Asia Museum. Because I couldn't speak Korean, and I'd never been to Korea, I felt like a fraud! Why did I accept? I needed to find a trip to Korea, but most trips were designed for American-Koreans visiting their motherland. Korea stayed elusive!

Then last May, out of the blue, Jane Hallinger called me, and asked if I wanted to go to *North* Korea with a small group, including the Lamsons. Of course, I did, and four weeks later we were headed for Beijing, the entrance to the Hermit Kingdom. I figured if I couldn't go to South Korea, North Korea was a close second. I hope you read about that trip as reported by Alan Lamson in the last issue of this newsletter.

When it rains, it pours. While getting ready to go to *North* Korea, I heard about an "educators' tour" to *South* Korea. So I signed up for that too.

Three weeks after getting back home from North Korea, it was time to leave for *South* Korea. Again it was a small group: seven adults, a 5-year old and a baby, and a roommate from hell. Bad combination! The five-year old was rambunctious. The baby fell out of her stroller on her head. The guides were mediocre. Educational? Yes, but no more than a tourist type of trip. However Tracy, another traveler, saved the trip for me. We

hung out together and enjoyed all the sights and once more, the incredibly good food.

Korea is beautiful. We started in Seoul, and what a difference between this vibrant city and Pyonyang, North Korea's capital. Seoul was noisy, busy, commercial, with lots of traffic.

Pyonyang had been quiet, slow, with few stores, and hardly any traffic. Not many

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Korean women shop on a street in Seoul. Areas like this one are typical of so many streets in that city.



(Left) It is not an easy climb up the steps leading to the entrance to the Bulgusaka Temple. (Above) The beautifully decorated tea pot is an example of some of the fine ceramics created by Korean artisans.

A Closer Look at South Korea

people were seen in the streets.

The following are some of the highlights of the trip. We spent the first three days in Seoul. One morning, our small bus headed to the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ,) which a few weeks earlier I had seen from the North Korean side. There we had walked in single file to be sternly lectured on what we were seeing. Now, on the South Korean side there were food stalls, souvenir stands, amusement park rides, and masses of people. It was nonetheless moving to peek from a tower over to where I'd been on the North Korea side; politically, light

years away. Poignant also were the thousands of notes that South Koreans had attached to the fences - messages to their loved ones across the border.

Another excursion took us to the Gyeongbokgung Palace complex. Traditional Korean architecture is stunning, with its tile roofs, upturned eaves, and colorful decorations. The palace was impressive. The Folk Museum, part of the complex, had galleries full of everyday objects and handicrafts, as well as a reconstructed traditional village. We drove by the Blue House, which has a blue roof, but is the equivalent of our White House.

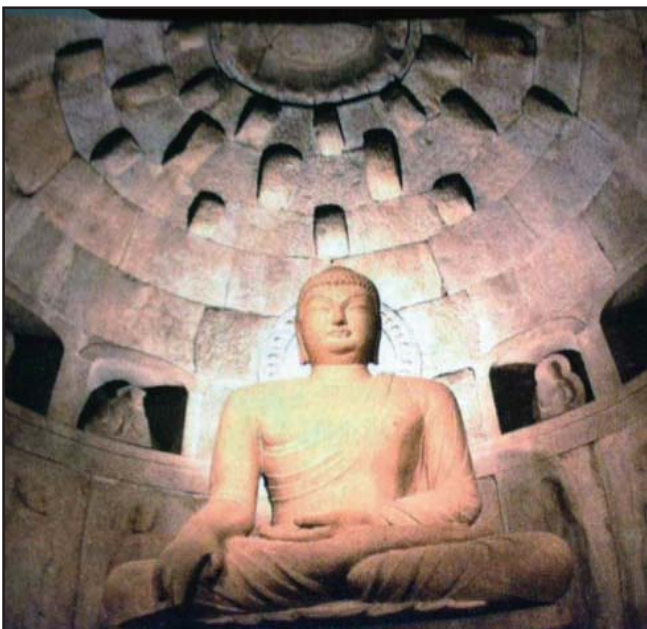
I couldn't wait to see the National Museum. Its treasures were breathtaking. I could have easily spent days there. We were however due for a treat at the Tosokchon, a famous local "ginseng chicken soup restaurant." We joined a long line to get in, but it moved quickly. Once inside, we saw a rabbit warren of rooms and servers scurrying back and forth at high speed. We shared a room with two Korean couples while waiting for the soup. Each person got a

big bowl with a whole boiled chicken swimming in the broth. Not the easiest thing to eat with chopsticks! Ginseng is supposed to be good for you, as is chicken soup, so we enjoyed a double benefit. But where were the matzo balls?

There were two sites I was eager to see: The Tripitaka Koreana, and the Seokguram Grotto. The Haeinsa temple complex, located deep in the mountains, is one of the three largest Buddhist monasteries of Korea. Its jewel is the Tripitaka Koreana, one of the world's most significant and complete Buddhist texts. It was begun in 1236 and took 16 years to complete. The birch wood of the blocks was soaked in sea water, boiled in salt water, dried slowly, carved, and covered with a preservative. The carving is flawless. The more than 80,000 woodblocks are housed in four adjacent buildings forming a courtyard. Its complex ventilating system has perfectly preserved this treasure for almost 800 years. How were these processes developed at that ancient time? I had learned about the Tripitaka, but actually seeing it was special. Koreans also invented movable type 200 years before Gutenberg. We didn't learn that in school.

The Bulguksa Temple and Seokguram Grotto, which I was also eager to see in person, were constructed in the mid-8th Century and are located on the slopes of Mount Tohamsan in Gyeongju. Here we

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Above is the Beomeosa Temple complex in Busan. At left, customers in Busan can visit the Jagalchi Fish Market to get fresh seafood.

stayed in a lovely resort town on Bomun Lake, with a view across the lake from our hotel windows.

Two staircases (now closed) lead up to the temple entrance. One of them contains 33 steps, representing the 33 stages leading to enlightenment. The man-made Seokguram Grotto is considered one of ancient Korea's finest achievements. It houses the Buddhist pantheon, carved in granite. In the middle sits the 11-foot high image of Sakyamuni Buddha on his lotus throne, smiling serenely. The domed ceiling is made of 360 stone blocks, and demonstrates a high degree of mathematical and engineering knowledge.

We visited many other temples. To reach them, I climbed many steps, some of which were too high for comfort. My knees really took a beating, and I missed Mr. Pong, one of our helpful North Korean guides who practically became my per-

sonal keeper by helping me up and down the many steps. (I was the oldest member in both groups.) I marveled at the Korean visitors, who seemed to have little trouble negotiating steps and the uneven ground.

Of course we visited craft centers and shops. I didn't want to burden myself, so I only bought small or light items. I am sorry, however, that I did not buy a sample of black pottery from a famous Korean potter whose studio we visited. The potter is world renowned and works in a small town full of shops selling pottery. The glazed pottery turns black only through the firing process.

Our last stop was Busan. South Korea's second-largest city surprised me by its beautiful location on the Korea Strait. Our hotel faced the beach, and the view from my room was phenomenal.

(Note: I had finally managed to snag a private room, albeit paying for it through the nose.) One cannot visit Busan without a visit to the famous Jagalchi Fishmarket and a

meal in the upstairs restaurant, and that's what I did.

The International Market carried anything one would want, from cheap t-shirts to upscale table ware, clothing, and what-nots. Korea is known for its "patchwork" fabrics. They are nothing like what we would call patchwork, but rather like simple, beautifully arranged geometric quilts. We had seen some in various museums. I bought a very small one.

Our group disbanded in Busan, and I managed to find the right train back to Seoul. A kind American who was stationed in Busan, helped me find my departing gate, and United Airlines whisked me back home.

My overall impression of South Korea: beautiful scenery, inspiring temples, lots of history, friendly people, and not many foreign tourists. I feel I have only had the merest glimpse of this beautiful country, and want to see more of it. And yes, I ate lots of kimchee, which I love (and now buy at Trader Joe's.) Did you know kimchee is very high in antioxidants?

Ever since friends heard about my preoccupation with Korea, I have received books, videos, and articles, such as three disks of "The Kimchee Chronicles." My obsession has been satisfied, at least somewhat. One of the things I would like to do on my next trip is a "temple stay." Is anybody interested in joining me?



Tourists and locals enjoy a meal at the famous ginseng chicken soup restaurant.



People in the south write messages to their relatives in the north and tack them to this wall.

In Memoriam

'Huddy' Scott, Player and Coach at PCC, Dies at 89

Hudson Lewton Scott, beloved husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, uncle and friend passed away Saturday, Jan. 12, 2013 at the age of 89.

Hudson was born in Sioux City, Iowa on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1923. He was born at home during a heavy snow storm and only weighed 3 pounds. His mother and father, Irene and Clyde Scott placed him in a shoe box on top of the radiator hoping for him to survive the night. At the age of 6, he moved with his family from Iowa to sunny Southern California and settled in Pasadena. Hudson was affectionately known as "Huddy" or "Scotty" to his family and friends.

After fulfilling his military service, Scotty attended Pasadena City College earning an AA Degree and played on the men's basketball team where in 1947 he was named to the "All Southern California Junior College Basketball First Team" as a guard. Scotty went



on to attend the University of California at Santa Barbara where, in 1950, he earned a Bachelor's Degree in Physical Education and also played on the men's basketball team. Scotty then attended the University of Southern California where he earned a Master's Degree in Education.

After graduation he started teaching junior high school in Coalinga, California where he also met the love of his life, Lila.

After a few years in Coalinga he returned to his childhood home of Pasadena to teach at Pasadena City College.

At PCC, he taught classes such as Health Education, First Aid and Backpacking. In addition to being a life-long educator, Scotty spent many years as the men's varsity basketball coach at Pasadena City College and also at California Institute of Technology "Caltech."

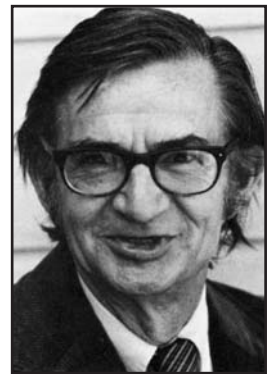
In retirement, Scotty joined Lila as a volunteer docent at Descanso Gardens in La Cañada Flintridge. His volunteer services included operating the "Enchanted Railroad" (1/8 scale train) on the property and playing Santa Claus during the holidays.

Scotty is survived by his wife of 60 years, Lila, four sons: Kevin, Marshall, Mitchell & Leslie, four daughters-in-law: Jacqie, Wendy, Teresa & Kathy, 15 grandchildren. Scotty would always greet you with a smile, some story-telling and a joke.

George Feinstein, 99, passed away last Sunday—probably our oldest retiree. Those of us who know him remember his jokes and his passion for running. He ran 5K nearly every day even in his 90s. When asked his age after running the L.A. Marathon, he said that he was 88 and commented that would be "a real competitor by the time he was 100."

George died in Altadena from complications following hip surgery. A devoted husband and father, a long-time professor of English at PCC, a humorist and an author of several English textbooks. A long-time resident of Altadena, he is survived by his loving daughters Susan Gurman and Margo Connolly, and five grandchildren. His wife of 69 years, Edith, passed away in 2010 and his daughter, Lisa, died in 2005.

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Francisca Neumann, Advocate for the Disabled, Passes Away

Francisca B. Neumann, 73, passed away on Nov. 22, 2012 of complications from a serious blood disorder.

Francisca was a 9th generations Californian and a Pasadena native. She worked with the disabled community at Roosevelt Elementary School, Children's Hospital, and at PCC where she was instrumental in getting the campus modified to serve that population.

She was the founding executive director of Day One, a non-profit that provides drug and alcohol prevention programs for local youths, helped start the Pasadena Police department's First Offenders Program.

She was also the director of outreach for Neighborhood Unitarian Church, and she played an active role in the establishment of a new non-profit in Pasadena, Jericho Road.

In addition, Fran was founder and first executive director of four other state-wide professional organizations.

Other local organizations in which she was active include the Diggers Garden Club, the Old Mill in San Marino, both Pasadena and Altadena NAACPs, the



Pasadena Humane Society and the Boys and Girls Club of Pasadena.

She was a director of the Garden Club of America and at the time of her death was a trustee at Descanso Gardens.

She is survived by her husband of 37 years, Rick Neumann, a sister, Margaret Dalis, a brother William Brackenridge, one niece, one nephew and his children and numerous cousins.

Dorothy Burns Takes Over As Retirees Association President



The PCC Retirees Association has named Dorothy (Dodie) Burns, former-Payroll/Benefits Supervisor, as its new president. Dodie took over the presidency in January.

She replaces Harry Kawahara, who served four years as the association's president. Although Harry will no longer be serving as president, he will stay on as a member of the board.

Dodie worked at PCC for 23 years. She retired once in 2008, but continued to work part-time until 2009. That's when she was lured back to work full time. She retired again—this time officially in 2010.

The Retirees Board has also added three new members. Mary Ann Laun, dean of the Library, will add her expertise to the board. Mary Ann worked at PCC for 31 years. She retired in 2012.

Patsy Perry, human resources technician, spent 33 years at PCC. When she retired in 2012, the retirees board felt the loss because of all the help she had given to the

retirees over the years.

The association is lucky to have Sherry Hassan, former director of business services, join the board. Sherry has a lot to contribute after serving 32 years at the college. She retired in 2010.

The new president and the three new board members have a combined 119 years of service at PCC.

Two former board members, Elvio Angeloni and Kay Dabelow, will also return after taking a brief hiatus.

Long serving members who decided to leave the board this year are Joe Spiro and Marge Vickers.

In case you are wondering how you became a member of the Retirees Association, wonder no more. All retirees are automatically members of the Association. Active members are those who wish to participate in the activities of the Association. You can easily go from inactive to active by attending one of the mixers or joining the group at a scheduled event.

Things Not Going Smoothly for the Administration

What do a vote of no confidence, a lawsuit for sexual harassment and a porn star have in common? While some people wouldn't be surprised to find that the link was Pasadena City College, others would be shocked to hear that all of those things have been happening at the college over the last couple of months.

Students are up-in-arms because of a new student calendar was approved mid-year by the Board of Trustees without any input from either the faculty or students. The calendar, which essentially created a trimester system, eliminated the winter intersession, added a second summer session, and changed the start date of the Spring semester. Students who planned to transfer course work that they had completed in the winter session no longer had that option. The administration said that could be easily remedied by indicating on transcripts that the first summer session classes were completed in spring 2013. However, what sounded like an easy fix, turned out not to be easy at all. As students started getting rejection notices from universities, the ASPCC pressured the administration for answers, but they got none.

That's when the AS Board decided to act.

On Feb. 27, the Associated Students Board voted unanimously that it had no confidence in President Mark Rocha and his administration. The resolutions says, the "ASPCC condemns the irresponsible decisions to move forward with the recommendation for this calendar change when this administration had an inadequate understanding of college transfer; and the ASPCC condemns the process by which this administration pushed the calendar change through the Board of Trustees, bypassing the process, which is in place in order to ensure that failures of this magnitude do not find their way further than the drawing board."

The ASPCC also called on the "Board of Trustees to hold Dr. Mark Rocha, Superintendent/President, personally responsible for the actions and mistakes and calls on the Board of Trustees to remove Dr. Mark Rocha as the Superintendent/President, regardless of the contract situation."

At press time for the newsletter, the faculty was in the process of voting on a similar resolution regarding the lack of confidence in the college administration.

If that is not enough drama, Alfred Hutchings, one of the men charged with conflict of interest and misuse of public funds and removed from his position at the college, filed a lawsuit charging that he had been sexually harassed by Gail Cooper, the college's general counsel. Hutchings claimed that he was fired because he rebuffed advances by Cooper.

After the drama of the lawsuit and no-confidence vote, a porn star was added to the mix. PCC made almost every TV news program and most newspapers as well as The Huffington Post when Hugo Schwyzer invited alumnus and porn star James Deen to speak on campus as part of his class, "Navigating Pornography". Schwyzer scheduled Deen for a public lecture, but the administration intervened and cancelled the public talk and limited the audience to members of his class. News stories that just announced that Deen was speaking were replaced the next day with articles about the administration cancelling the speech. Deen ended up talking to the class with members of the press and several TV news crews in the audience. The lecture went off without incident.