

Staying Connected

PCC Retirees Association

May 2009

Alice Corey Gives Up Post as Newsletter Editor After 14 Years and 38 Issues

When you picked up this edition of the Retirees' Newsletter, you probably had to take a second look to confirm that it was indeed from the PCC Retirees' Association. The format has changed and so has the editor.

Alice Corey, who has served as the newsletter editor for the last 14 years, has decided to give up her position. Alice, who produced 38 issues of this publication, officially passed her editing pen to Mikki Bolliger, starting with this issue.

"We owe Alice Corey a huge debt of gratitude for her exceptional years of service to the Retirees' Association. Being responsible for putting out 38 issues of the newsletter is truly an incredible accomplishment," said Harry Kawahara, president of the association.

The new name for the newsletter is "Staying Connected," and that is exactly what Alice has been about all those years. She has managed to keep members informed about their friends and colleagues by getting people to write articles about their trips and the activities that are filling up their days. Her newsletter articles have encouraged retirees to attend the group's excursions scheduled throughout the year and to attend mixers that allow friends to stay in touch. Alice has also kept members informed about the happenings at the college, along with a myriad of other things.

Alice was seriously injured in a fall several months ago, but she hasn't let that stop her from attending to her duties as an Association Board member. Although she has given up the newsletter editorship, she will still be working on the board and helping the new editor learn all nuances of getting members to stay connected.

For those who like to get their news on-line, you will also be able to read the newsletter on the group's website. In addition to the new edition, the older newsletters will soon be accessible in the archives section of the websites.

This Group Has Patagonia on Its Mind

What happens when five teachers, four of them retired, travel to the far reaches of South America under the leadership of the only one still working? They have a well-planned trip full of fun, adventure and exotic meals.

Thanks to Jane Hallinger's handling of the logistics, the rest of us, including Rosemary Aragon, Pat Savoie, Jan Sutherland and me, Elvio Angeloni, took tango lessons in Buenos Aires, rode horses on the pampas and marched with the Penguins in Patagonia.

Argentina certainly lived up to its promise with its tasty beef, good wine and skillful gauchos (cowboys). And what could be more dramatic than the Perito Moreno, one of the most active glaciers on the planet?

Its stunningly verdant setting and almost constant, thunderous calving were a challenge to the senses and made for one of the most beautiful glacial sights one can ever hope to take in. Having spent five days in Argentina, we crossed the border into Chile by public bus, much safer and more comfortable than it might seem, except for the rigorous customs check.

Using Puerto Natales as our base, we visited Torres del Paine National Park, a UNESCO Biosphere Reserve, with its Patagonian foxes, guanacos and condors, as well as Bernardo O'Higgins National Park with its spectacular Serrano and Balmaceda glaciers, the latter notable for its receding path which is clearly a result of global warming.

Moving on to Punta Arenas, situated on the Straits of Magellan, we were able to take a boat trip to Magdalena Island, home of the incredibly amusing, tame and hospitable Magellanic penguins— about 130,000 in all, on an island that is considerably smaller than Catalina.

At Puerto Varas, that other "City of Roses," we learned about the German settlement of the town of Frutillar, had a lunch that included the best boar meat one can imagine and scaled one of the most active volcanoes—Osorno—in the southern Chilean Andes. We also took a trip to Chiloe Island, where we visited more penguins and saw otters, seals, red-billed oyster catchers, cormorants and whales.

Our final destination on this trip was Santiago, a truly beautiful yet modern city. From here we went to the Curacavi and Casablanca valleys for wine-tasting. We also visited the port cities of Vina del Mar and Valparaiso, the latter founded in 1536 in addition to playing an important historical role as a stop-over between the Atlantic and Pacific in the 19th Century.

Our last two days were spent in Santiago itself, where we enjoyed the ambience of the central market, visited one of the homes of the celebrated poet, Pablo Neruda and attended an Easter Island-themed dinner show.

Finally, my travel companions will not let me end this without admitting to the fact that, for some reason, I was singled out to dance with the tango teacher/choreographer in Buenos Aires and then, again, with all of the Easter Island dancers in Santiago. Believe me, I am a better gaucho.

Sam Maloof Trip Impresses Attendees

Thirty-six members of the PCC Retirees' Association and their spouses spent April 2 touring the historic home, workshop, gardens and art collection of Sam Maloof, the 93-year-old woodworker and furniture maker, considered one of the finest craftsmen of our time.

Most people who signed up for the trip had no idea what treats were in store for them other than they were going to see the work of this master

woodworker and artisan. Most were surprised at all there was to see on this six-acre site nestled in the foothills of Rancho Cucamonga.

The docent-led tours took the visitors through the beautiful gardens that were “designed to create a water wise landscape that complemented the onsite lemon grove of the compound.”

According to information provided about the Maloof Discovery Garden, the area “includes more than 350 varieties of native and Mediterranean climate plants. It is creatively organized into zones designed with different planting

combinations of color, texture and form.” The garden is a Certified Wildlife Habitat.

Next on the tour was a close-up look at Sam Maloof's craftsmanship in a visit to his hand-built home and workshop which is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The house, which is now a museum, was relocated to the present site after the state decided to build the 210 Freeway right through Sam's old homestead.

Unlike most museums, this one allows visitors to touch the extraordinary wood furnishings. Nobody could resist running their hands over the tables, chairs and counters tops throughout the house. Everything was smooth to the touch, even the undersides of the furniture. Door locks and latches were also handmade of wood. A lot of “wows and ahhs” could be heard throughout the house as people saw some unique items beautifully crafted from wood. In addition to Sam's work, the home was filled with hundreds of items from his personal art collection.

Although visitors could touch as they walked through the house, they could not sit on the furniture. After hearing about people paying between \$25,000 and \$45,000 for one of Sam's chairs, everyone wanted to sit in one. At the end of the tour, one chair was available for just that purpose. What a treat to ease down into that chair! It didn't matter how tall the person was, and some were short and some over 6 feet, everyone commented about how comfortable that chair was. Although everyone loved the feel and the comfort, nobody took out a checkbook to buy one. However, even if someone wanted to own one of Sam's chairs, there is a three-year wait time.

The day's outing ended with a delicious meal at Antonino's Italian Restaurant and a bus ride back to Pasadena.

Staff Members Get Ready to Move into Three New Buildings

Anyone walking through the V and T Buildings on campus can sense the excitement as faculty and staff members get ready to start packing up to move into their offices in one of three new buildings.

Construction on the Campus Center, Industrial Technologies Building and the Bookstore is scheduled to be completed on June 12, and it looks like moving day will be not long after that. "Things are really exciting around here," said Jack Schulman, director of Measure P construction projects. "All the furniture and equipment has been ordered and will start arriving soon," he said.

Workers are finishing up all the detail work on the projects now. Not only will the buildings be finished on time, they came in on budget as well.

Although staff members are anxious to get into their new offices, not everyone will be moving at once. Because the move involves so many people and departments, the logistics are quite complicated. Rick van Pelt, director of facilities services, is putting together a schedule that will allow for an orderly and efficient move.

The Hill Street side of the campus, which has always been rather nondescript, will now have an imposing new face.

The Campus Center Building will include a student lounge with Wi-Fi access. Offices for student activities and journalism will be located in that building, along with a food services, which will include an all new kitchen, service areas and dining rooms.

The Bookstore will also house the PCC Campus Police station and Student Business Services. The Industrial Technologies Building will be home to the electrical and electronics departments, drafting, building construction, automotive, welding, and machine shops.

The construction dust will barely be settled when the next phase of the Measure P projects begins. Construction on the Center for the Arts is scheduled to begin in the late Fall.

The following members and friends attended the Maloof trip: Rosemary Aragon, Mikki and Dave Bolliger, Joan Brandlin, Stephanie Schmidt, Suzanne Bravender, Martha Burkard, Dick and Carol Chamberlain, Jon Clute, Wayne Pepler, Laura Davis, Wanda Drown, June O'Brien, Carter Gengler, Martha and Robert Hager, Doris Hart, Evelyn Jandegian, Anne Holland, Dorothy Walleck, June and Harry Kawahara, Sheila and Alan Lamson, Drew Emm, Bob Levis, Mary McQuire, Skip Morkisch, Jeanne Porush, Sylvia Ryan, Patricia Savoie, Marjorie and Mike Vickers, Al DuPonte and Brenda Adams.

The Carters Experience 'Darkness in the Desert' During the 2008 China Eclipse

By Bruce Carter

As the dark cloud moved across the sun, abruptly shutting off all light, people screamed, groaned, cursed, prayed and even began madly running in a futile attempt to reach a nearby hillside still in sunlight. This ultimate disaster came crashing down on the throng of travelers who had devoted years of planning, traveled thousands of miles from all across the globe and deployed millions of dollars of equipment here on the high arid grasslands of central Asia in the Xinjiang Autonomous Province just west of the border with Mongolia.

All through the long afternoon we had wiled away the time on the arid plain, huddling under a few small umbrellas trying to escape the searing August sun, setting up elaborate equipment or just snapping photos of our huddle of a few thousand people almost lost in the vast surrounding plain. To the west the massive jagged peaks of the Tian Shan Range, clad in brilliant white glaciers wrapping around their upper slopes loomed over the harsh landscape, grasslands in the spring, but now dried out to a barren rocky desert.

Rousted out of bed at 4:30 that morning, we had stumbled sleepily out of our hotel carrying only water bottles, daypacks and equipment cases. City streets were beginning to stir as the busses drove through the outskirts of Hami, capital city of Genghis Khan. As the dreary petrol

stations, repair shops, small nondescript apartment blocks and occasional unidentified government buildings became more widely scattered, the countryside gave way to a dry, rocky desert slope climbing upward towards the barren desert mountains rising to the north.

The surface gravel became boulders as we approached the dark mountains, the harsh gravel and rock landscape softened only by long rows of small poplar trees planted along the roadside and a few distant green patches marking springs where faults cut along the mountain front. And then the road entered the mountains, following a river that slashes a deep gorge between high slopes exposing black and grey rocks contorted by massive forces that uplifted one of the planet's great mountain ranges.

Following the twisting gorge above the raging waters of the stream, we crossed short bridges spanning numerous side canyons, each bridge guarded by a small group of red army soldiers, perhaps part of the same unit that had manned the security checkpoint as we climbed the alluvial fan leaving Hami.

After a few miles, occasional stunted cottonwood trees appeared clinging to the rocky side of the river, then a few isolated yurts on benches above the river, and then we emerged out on the north side of the mountains into rolling foothills with groves of scattered conifers, a few small clusters of yurts and broad swaths of green grasslands. Another 75 miles through increasingly arid hills, a 2-hour interlude at the military camp where all equipment cases were unloaded and inspected and finally we arrived at our destination near the small Uygur village of Wipu where we settled in for the grand event.

We had begun the adventure 2 weeks before in Xian, the ancient capital of China and the beginning of the fabled Silk Road of antiquity. Bicycling the massive walls of the imperial city, visiting the Neolithic village where the Han people began thousands of years before, and marveling at the massed ranks of terra cotta warriors, we prepared for the arrival of our tour group.

The group journey began as we boarded the Orient Express and began the long trek out into the far western deserts of China.

Ours was the first tourist group to ever ride the train that had previously been reserved solely for high party officials, military officers or foreign dignitaries. Comfortably ensconced in our private compartment, waited on by the 24-hour attendant, surrounded by polished mahogany and shiny brass, we had the best possible conveyance as we rumbled through tunnels, over bridges and across the dusty yellow fields up the Wei He River, across the Yellow River and up the Gansu Corridor to the desert fortress city of Jiayuguan and the western end of the Great

Wall. Except for the first night on the train, we rode by day and stopped for sightseeing and hotels in the afternoons and nights.

When the railroad ended we transferred to busses for the later parts of the journey.

Through the Jade Gate and on out into the vast western desert, we visited the Mogao Caves of Dunhuang with their incomparable wealth of Buddhist manuscripts, wall paintings and statuary. Riding camels through the dunes and viewing the famous Wupu mummies reminded us that we really were at the ends of the Earth.

We passed through the famous Flaming Mountains, a riotous palate of color as if the red cliffs of Zion had been upended and superimposed on Arizona's Superstition Mountains rising up out of the desolate desert of central Asia.

This is the locale of the famous fight between the Monkey King and the fire goddess during his great journey to the west to bring back the sacred Buddhist texts to China, probably the only legendary epic journey familiar to even more people than Homer's Odyssey.

As we passed the scorching depths of the Turpan depression (second in depth only to the Dead Sea), we sampled the famous Hami melons and visited the Valley of Grapes.

Surrounded by high desert mud walls, the half mile wide valley is bisected by a turbulent gurgling river of icy water rushing off of the glaciers on the heights of the nearby mountains.

The valley is almost completely covered by grape vines growing on extensive arbors extending for miles along the valley and providing a cool space sheltered space from the 100-degree days.

Our long bus trip from Hami had brought us to the vast plains of Wipu by early afternoon. As we killed time waiting for the great event, scattered fluffy clouds lazily drifted through the blue sky without much threat, but were carefully watched by all eyes. First Contact came right on schedule at 4:35 and the excitement rose as the shadow of the moon slowly advanced across the face of the sun.

For more than an hour the shadow swallowed more and more of the sun as the light began to dim. And then, about 5 minutes before totality, the thin remaining crescent of the sun was blotted out!

We all reacted differently. Everyone had known of the real possibility of missing the eclipse. Some of our companions had missed previous eclipses, perhaps even more than one.

We had all known the odds, but it was heartbreaking to have our hopes dashed after such a perfect journey (only one of our group had died, and he really didn't much care at this point).

Cursing, praying or running, most of us just watched our clocks in despair and stared at that black (evil) cloud, hoping for even a glimpse of the tiny crescent of the sun as our time ran out.

And then— a tiny speck of light— then a few more, and all of a sudden —miracles of miracles—the thinnest of crescents was back in view, less than 30 seconds from totality. Just in time to fully enjoy the entire drama: first Bailey's Beads and the Diamond Ring, then full dark and the unbelievable show of the solar corona and massive red prominences.

For one minute and 58 seconds we had the full experience of viewing a star up close, one of the great experiences of a lifetime.

Previously Kathy and I had shared the 2006 eclipse in Turkey, immediately after our marriage at the Temple of Artemis in Ephesus.

This July, we will be joining a cruise into the western Pacific where, somewhere northeast of Iwo Jima, we will again have the opportunity to view another eclipse, this time a full 6.5 minutes of totality. But we will never forget that all of this is "weather permitting."

Trip to Cambodia Offered More than Ruins

By Alan Lamson

Anyone going to Cambodia will certainly visit the famed Angkor ruins, which have become Cambodia's prime tourist attraction. My wife and I did on a recent National Geographic tour to Cambodia (and Vietnam), a trip that included a stay of several days at the Grand Hotel in Siem Reap, the modern-day city near Angkor Wat, the famous 12th century complex built in honor of the Hindu god Vishnu.

As memorable as the ruins were, I must admit that my most vivid memories are of my daily visits to see Mr. Vuth, manager of the spa at the Grand Hotel. Ordinarily, I would never visit a hotel spa, not wanting to spend the extra money or appear to be a pampered senior citizen. However, my visit to this spa was occasioned by my left wrist, which I had inconveniently broken a month before the trip.

Before leaving on this trip in early January, Dr. Barnhart, my orthopedic surgeon, said that the smashed bones in my wrist had healed satisfactorily, but that the bigger problem would be getting my fingers and wrist to move as they once did. "Can you make a fist,"

he asked. Strain as I might, I was unable to clench my fingers to make a fist or move my wrist in any direction without considerable pain.

When I told the receptionist at the spa that I needed a special kind of massage, she said, “wait a moment,” and called the manager, Mr. Vuth, a muscular guy who spoke good English. He listened to the tale of my bicycle accident, looked at my wrist, felt it with his thick fingers, and said, “Yes, I can help you. I worked as a physical therapist in refugee camps. I’ve seen worse than this. Are you free now?”

For the next thirty minutes, Mr. Vuth applied his strength to forcing fingers, one by one, to touch my palm. Not all of them complied. He also massaged the muscles of my forearm, explaining that the muscles were stuck together and needed to be separated. After thirty minutes, Mr. Vuth said that it would be best to continue the treatment tomorrow. “The pain is part of the treatment,” he said. I readily agreed.

For the next four days, I faithfully saw Mr. Vuth, who vigorously worked my fingers, wrist, and forearm while I sat squirming in a chair near the receptionist’s desk outside the spa. Occasionally, I would notice patrons looking with some alarm at the pained expression on my face, perhaps wondering if my treatment was some novel variation of the usual soothing spa massage.

As I sit at my computer, typing easily with both hands, images of the solidly built Mr. Vuth come to mind along with those of the giant kapok tree roots that wind through the doors and windows of a temple in the Ankor Wat area. I’ll remember him far longer than I will the names of the temples and those who built them.

Marj and Mike Vickers Visit the Middle East

In January, Marj and Mike Vickers left for Cairo to meet 40 fellow travelers on an introductory trip to the Middle East. Mike had been in Egypt in 1946, and he always wanted to go back. The area never seemed to settle down politically, so in spite of Gaza, it was now or never.

They spent three weeks with two superb guides, satiated with Paranoiac, Nabatean, Islamic, Christian, Jewish, Greek, Roman and modern history.

In Egypt, the Great Temple in Luxor at night must be seen to be believed, as well as the Pyramids, the Sphinx and the Valleys of the Kings and Queens. The new library of Alexandria is an architectural marvel to rival the Sidney Opera House.

This was all new to Mike who had led a convoy of three-ton trucks from Alexandria to Cairo in 1946 when the road was only one lane each way, and it was only fit for camels and donkeys.

In Suez, Marj and Mike boarded a motor yacht, their home for seven days as they went around the Sinai Peninsula. Marj never got used to Middle Eastern security—an armed car in front and behind with two police officers with Uzis in each and an armed guard with the coach driver.

At Sharm al Sheik, they went by coach through rugged mountains to visit the highest fortified monastery, St. Catherine's, where legend has it that Moses was instructed by God from a burning bush to lead his people into the promised land. The bush still survives!

Marj and Mike were part of the first purely tourist group to be given visas into Saudi Arabia, so they were able to sail up the Eastern Fork of the Red Sea to Dubai, where the ladies had to dress in a traditional black abaya with black veils covering their heads (not a hair showing). Marj swore that if men had to wear such dresses for five minutes, the law would be changed overnight. The next leg of the journey was a 150-mile trip to Taube for lunch with a Bedouin tribe in a goat skin tent with beautiful Egyptian rugs on the sandy ground.

Leaving their sleek yacht at Elata, the group traveled through Jordan. The first stop was Petra, the Nabatean city not built, but carved out of sandstone cliffs.

One enters Petra through a gorge in places only a meter wide, and down almost 1,000 feet into the Treasury, an enormous temple the use of which was lost in the sands of time.

Legend says that the urn over the main entrance contained the treasure of Solomon, but no amount of Bedouin bullets fired at it has yielded anything.

The faint hearted either rode in a horse-drawn cart or on a donkey. Marj and Mike walked both ways, but the hike back after lunch was hard work.

The second highlight was Jerbas, a Roman city embedded in the modern Jordanian capital of Amman, with more remains than Rome itself. Most of a day was spent wandering through these remains, viewing the ruts in the pavement left by chariots nearly 2,000 years ago. Not many people in the western world seem to know about Jerbas, but stories about it could fill an entire issue of National Geographic, but even that would cover just part of it.

One of the members of the group who had degrees in Ancient Art and Ancient Architecture had never heard it mentioned in a single lecture.

The final high point of the trip was five nights in Jerusalem in a hotel room looking out over the old city with the Dome of the Rock and the Mount of Olives in clear view.

Here the 20 who opted to go changed guides from an Egyptian Moslem, Hazem, to a Palestinian Moslem, Freddy. The new guide, like Hazem in Egypt, was a walking encyclopedic history from the point of view of the Hebrews, the Muslims, and every branch of Christianity (all of which have their own Bishop of Jerusalem).

Freddy would hardly go more than two steps in the old and new cities without pointing out something that occurred there. He always quoted chapter and verse of either the Old or New Testaments or the Koran.

The tour group was able to touch the bark of an olive tree in the Garden of Gethsemane. The tree was 2,000 years old when Christ was born, and it is still bearing fruit today.

They had to walk down steep steps below the Church of the Nativity to visit the stable where Christ was born. They also walked the whole of the Via Dolorosa and visited the site of the Last Supper.

The tour group was even able to touch the remains of the wall of the Temple of Solomon. However, they could only wish for peace in separate areas since men and women are strictly segregated at the so called "Wailing Wall."

One day was taken up driving down to the Dead Sea, past Qumram where the scrolls were found, and on to Massada, which for two years was the stronghold of the Jewish rebels fighting against their Roman conquerors. When the Romans finally entered, they found all of the defenders dead. They had committed mass suicide rather than accept Roman slavery.

Today, the swearing-in oath of the modern Israeli army is "Massada shall not fall again," and Israel is a nuclear nation!

The Vickers' final day was on their own, because the travel agency was unable to get them out of Tel Aviv with the rest of the group. They spent that day climbing around those portions of the walls of the old city that were open (it was the junction of Mohammedan and the Jewish Sabbath, so much of the wall was off limits). The picture shows Marj negotiating some of the 18 steps with the railing at a full stretch above her head. Jerusalem has to be seen to be appreciated. Anyone who gets the chance to go, should grasp it with both hands.

Beware of Initiative on Pension Reform

By Hollis Stewart

Proposed Constitutional Amendment Would Renegotiate Retirees' Pensions

A proposed state constitutional amendment meant to destroy the provisions and benefits of PERS/CalSTRS and other public employee retirement programs for present and future retirees may be circulating in your area. Do not sign any petition for an initiative called “**Renegotiation of Public Employee Pension Contracts. Constitutional Amendment.**”

You may also find it referred to **as the McCauley Public Employee Pension Reform Act.**” No matter what it is called, this is not a pension reform act; it is an attempt by Certified Public Accountant Paul McCauley to vent his anger at currently employed and retired public workers.

While this petition is couched in “crocodile tears” and words about the taxpayers’ ability to afford the pension system, it is actually directed at public employees and their unions.

Taxpayers and taxes pay no direct costs of the Public Employee Retirement system—employees contribute to the system as do the employers through an assessment based on the number of employees, prior contributions and so forth. The public employee retirement boards invest the accumulated savings and multiply the funds through returns on the investments.

Following is the wording of this very short amendment with the changes in italic and bold type.

Section 3: California Constitution Article 1, Section 9 is amended to read: A bill of attain- der, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts

may not be passed, *except that public-employee pension contracts may be renegotiated, including reducing vested benefits for existing and prospective retirees, for the limited purposes enumerated hereinafter.*

(1) To enable the state government, local governments and taxing districts to meet the essential public services of fire and police protection, public health, education and prisons.

(2) To enable California and its political subdivisions to meet long- term public investment needs to provide for fire and police protection, public health, education, prisons, transportation and energy needs as well as to make an urgent response to global warming effects on the environment.

That’s it. Now, you might ask, “Why are only public employee pension contracts to be renegotiated?” Why not business contracts, credit contracts, contracts between customers and Certified Public Accountants.

The reasoning behind making public employees targets becomes clear in the “14 Findings made by the People of California” to justify the need for this change.

These specious and dangerous findings denigrate public employees in a many-faceted portrayal of retired public workers as greedy, over compensated piranhas eating on the corpse of the public during hard times.

The first of the 14 findings follows: “Past promises made to public employees for future pension entitlements were excessive at the time made and were based upon

undue influence by means of campaign contributions paid to public officials who made the promises for the pensions. The public believes that there was no meeting of the minds between the taxpayers and the public employees and therefore no contractual obligation obtained.”

Remember, this is not reform. The sponsors of these initiatives are trying to trick people into thinking they are going to improve pensions when the opposite is true. Please Beware. Do not sign any petition that calls for the “Renegotiation of Public Employee Pension Contracts.”

In Memoriam

Walter T. Shatford Passes Away at 94

Walter T. Shatford, a member of the college’s Board of Trustees for more than 30 years, passed away on May 5. He was 94 years old.

Shatford was much beloved by the college’s faculty and staff for his level-headed decisions, fairness, wisdom and his sense of humor. Shatford spent his life advocating for those less fortunate. He believed that everyone regardless of race, color or creed deserved a good education. He devoted his life to education and the law. He practiced law for more than 60 years, and he was as passionate about civil rights as he was

about education. Shatford believed that “the law was a tool to help those who were less powerful. “He lived his life working to make sure that everyone had an opportunity to succeed.

The campus library now bears his name. The college chose that as a lasting memorial to honor his many years of service to Pasadena City College.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests that donations be made to the Pasadena City College Foundation in memory of Walter T. Shatford. The family intends to establish a scholarship in his name. Condolences for the family may also be sent to the foundation.

Custodian Paul Carlson Passed Away in March

Paul Carlson, who worked as a custodian at the college for more than 10 years, passed away on March 10, 2009.

Paul decided to take an early retirement last November because of health issues.

He will be missed by his many friends and coworkers at the college.

Board of Directors for 2009

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Stay Connected

If you enjoyed reading about your friends and colleagues in the newsletter, there is a good chance they are anxious to hear about what you are doing these days. Consider dropping a note to the PCCRA or sending an e-mail to Mikki Bolliger at MRBolliger@pasadena.edu. The news you share will be included in the next issue.