

# Staying Connected

PCC Retirees Association

Oct 2017

## Mike and Margaret Bloebaum Discuss Their Life-Changing Experience

By Mike Bloebaum

“Relinquishment.” It’s a cleaned-up term for the most difficult decision a woman can make: giving her baby to someone else to raise and love. My wife, Margaret, had to make that choice 50 years ago.

Margaret was 22 and pregnant by a man who was not available emotionally to support her and whom she knew would be a mistake to marry.

This was 1967. Being 22, single, and pregnant was not a good thing. Abortion was illegal and dangerous. This was not a back-seat-of-the-Chevy child. This was a child conceived in a loving relationship. But Margaret knew that she was not prepared to care for and raise a child alone. In 1967, society did not look kindly on single moms.

Keeping her pregnancy a secret from family and friends, she started researching adoption facilities. She was living in Washington, D.C., and was looking for somewhere out of town—a place where she could be safely away from family, where she would have good care, and could guarantee a placement with a family that met her requirements.

She found an agency in Houston and on Oct. 29, 1967, gave birth to a baby girl, a baby who, had she seen one earlobe, she could not have given up. She signed the papers on Oct. 30, never having seen her baby.

For the next nearly-50 years, she dreamt of the day she would meet the daughter she gave up for adoption. Adoption in those days was private. Privacy laws permanently separated birth-moms from their children.

Margaret lived and worked in one place so at least she would be findable if her daughter decided to look.

The day her daughter turned 18, Margaret started her own search. A few years later, she called the original agency. Could they at least give her a first name—something to call her child? No.

The search continued. Years later she posted on an adoption website. After an expensive, heartbreaking stumble, she connected with a volunteer “search angel” whose goal was simply to unite people.

The volunteer found 39 girls born on that date in that place. They further narrowed the list to six names.

Margaret had insisted that the adoptive family love music, respect education, have an extended family, and that her daughter would not be an only child. Only one of the families had adopted a second time. Bingo.

The daughter’s name was Margaret, called “Molly.” Her adoptive parents knew nothing about Margaret, including her name, when they named their baby. What are the chances?

With that information and thanks to the Internet, Margaret continued to gather as much information as she could. She found Molly’s Facebook page and followed the little that Molly shared about her life. She found photographs. But to protect Molly’s privacy, Margaret never shared this information with anyone but me.

Then during the summer of 2015, she discovered that the adoption agency had shut down. Now there was no way Molly would be able to find Margaret if she ever wanted to. No way.

The next step took a lot of courage. In June 2016, and with the help of an intermediary, Margaret wrote to Molly— a beautiful letter.

Weeks went by with no response. Despair set in. And then... We were driving in Northern California on July 29, 2016, when Margaret’s phone pinged with an email from Molly. It said, in a word, “Yes!”

I almost ran off the road. Neither of us will ever forget that moment – it doesn’t take more than a second for the world to turn upside-down.

Then the emails started flying. And I noticed the wording, the sensitivity, the intelligence expressed in the emails - the genes were connecting. Margaret told Molly her father was Irish Catholic and Margaret’s family was German Jewish. (Molly was raised and is still active in the United Methodist church. She has several generations of UMC pastors in her family.) Margaret also mentioned that there are a couple of Nobel Laureates in her heritage, to which Molly replied “And all this time I thought I was just a li’l ol’ Southern belle!”

After hundreds of emails and one amazing FaceTime call, Molly invited us to visit, and on Oct. 13, 2016, Margaret saw her daughter for the first time ever, almost 49 years after she’d been born. “I was frozen when I first saw her. I had been thinking of this every day for 49 years,” Margaret recalled. They look exactly alike.

We spent five days with Molly and her two wonderful daughters, including a trip to visit Molly's adoptive father, Del, who at 92 is living in a care facility. With tears streaming down his face, Del said, "I was always afraid I would die before I met you." Of course, he wanted to know all about Margaret's story, her family's escape from the Holocaust, and how and why Del and his late wife got so lucky to be Molly's parents.

In turn, he told us the details of the adoption from their perspective, including how they brought Molly home in a laundry basket and their entire small town turned out to welcome her.

It was a beautiful and life-affirming day. As we left, Del told Margaret that the family had never failed to include her in their prayers and, leaning over, said, "I love you."

This past summer we hosted Molly and her girls to a California tour and will be traveling to celebrate her 50th birthday on Oct. 29.

And now Margaret can rest easy knowing that the life-changing decision she made so long ago was the right one. Molly confirmed it in an email she sent on our return from that first meeting last October.

She blessed Margaret for giving her her corporeal life, but more, for giving her the life and family that have formed her. She couldn't think of a single way in which her childhood could have been better. "Thank you," she wrote.

## PCC's Fifth President Since 2009 Announces His Plans to Retire in June 2018

Dr. Rajen Vurdien, PCC's 15th superintendent- president, announced that he will retire on June 30, 2018. He became PCC's president in July 2015. Vurdien was the fifth president hired since the retirement of Dr. James Kossler in 2009. Kossler served 12 years as president and eight years as vice president of PCC.

Dr. Pauline Perfumo was the first one selected to replace Kossler, but she lasted only one year as president. The board of trustees chose Lisa Sugimoto to run the college as interim president. After a search for a permanent chief executive, the college hired Dr. Mark Rocha in 2010. After he received several votes of no confidence from faculty, staff and students, Rocha ended his rocky tenure at PCC in 2014.

Bob Miller was then hired as the interim president while the board searched for yet another permanent president.

Vurdien announced his decision to retire in a college-wide email. He said, "In only the last two years, PCC has accomplished a number of remarkable achievements that

stand out in the college's history. Last year, our college came together to make a number of improvements that led to the reaffirmation of our accreditation.

"This fall, we are prepared to launch the PCC Promise, which will allow eligible students who graduate from high schools within our district to attend one year of college tuition-free. We have made serious progress in our common understanding of equity, student success, and achievement. And last fall, we were recognized for these efforts by the prestigious Aspen Institute, which named us one of the top 10 community colleges in the United States."

Vurdien added, "I say without reservation that my time at PCC has been one of most satisfying periods of my service as a public educator. Thank you for all that you have done, and will continue to do, to make our college a success.

Once again, the board of trustees will begin the search for a new president for the college. If they are lucky, maybe they'll find one to stay more than four years.

### The Angeloni Family Travels the Back Roads By Elvio Angeloni

A road trip through the American West can be long and tedious, especially when you have a teen and a tween on board. And so when I decided to lead my 3-generational family to such places as Indian reservations and archeological sites in Arizona, Colorado and Utah (where I used to take students), I knew it would have to be interesting and, at least sometimes, fun.

The first day, of course, could be nothing more than a 500-mile drive to Flagstaff, Arizona, with the promise that the rest of the trip would be at least more scenic.

After a visit to the Petrified Forest (along I-40), representing some 200 million years of deposition, crystallization into stone and revelation of a Triassic environment, we traveled north to the Hopi Reservation where we spent the night at the Hopi Cultural Center.

The next day, we visited Walpi, an 1,100 year-old settlement that to this day has no running water or electricity. Our guide grew up in the village and, although he cannot own land (the Hopi being a matriarchal/matrilineal society), he is an important personage in the ceremonies, which have been conducted since the founding of the settlement.

I should point out that the Hopi represent the original farmers of northern Arizona. They are currently referred to as "Puebloans" because they live in settled villages. However, today they are surrounded by the Navajo who moved into the area as hunter-gatherers several hundred years ago. To this day, they live primarily in separate family settlements rather than villages. (However, most of them have adopted the traditional Puebloan crops of corn, beans and squash and raise livestock.) I mention this because

our next stop was in Navajo country—specifically, Canyon de Chelly (pronounced “shay”).

Canyon de Chelly is one of the bestkept “secrets” in the United States. Not only is it one of the most beautiful places in the world, but most Americans seem to be unaware of its existence.

The Grand Canyon is certainly larger and better known, but Canyon de Chelly—with its “mere” 1,000 foot drop at its deepest—has dramatic red sandstone walls, water running through the bottomland most of the year and flanked with the greenery of Navajo orchards and farmland.

An added feature: many of the cliff overhangs along the canyon floor shelter ancient, multi-storied pueblos that were once inhabited by the ancestors of the Hopi and other Puebloan tribes that still live in the Southwest (such as the Zuni and those that live along the Rio Grande in New Mexico).

One can view the canyon (as did we) by driving to spectacular overlooks along both the south and north rims, by taking a Navajo-driven truck tour down below and by hiking to White House Ruins—the only place where one can enter the canyon without a Navajo guide.

Driving into Colorado by way of Four Corners (a bit off because of a surveyor’s mistake), we used Durango as a base for the following: Mesa Verde with its spectacular cliff dwellings; a jeep tour into the scenic mountains above Silverton; a ride on the famous narrow-gauge train through spectacular scenery for our return to Durango; and a truly “mild to wild” river rafting experience on the Lower Animas.

Heading back west, we stopped at the always impressive Goosenecks overlook where one can view the San Juan River as it makes four grand and spectacular hairpin turns, we passed Mexican Hat—a curious geological feature that is true to its name—and we stayed in the very unique and scenic Monument Valley where so many John Wayne/John Ford westerns were filmed.

Our final stop was Zion National Park, famous for its steep red cliffs, forest trails, hanging gardens and emerald pools. Since I first started taking students here, cars have been banned which I must say, for those who have not visited it for 15 years or more, is a vast improvement.

One final note: I have had students on the anthropology field trips that never before had the opportunity to go beyond the borders of California, and I thought it wonderful that Pasadena City College enabled them to experience such a larger, wonderful world. But I have also known people who had been in all 50 states without ever setting foot on an Indian reservation. (They apparently think that driving the interstate qualifies as having been in a state.) We live in a beautiful country and I hope more people will get off the main road.

# Jeff and Mary Ann Laun Exchange Homes and Cars with a Family in Ireland for a Grand Adventure

By Mary Ann Laun

I am grateful that several years ago, I took the plunge and listed my home on [homeexchange.com](http://homeexchange.com). We had traveled on an exchange to Switzerland in 2000 but we had known the family that lived in our neighborhood. He had been working at JPL for two years, and after a year, their family wanted to return for a visit. We exchanged homes as well as cars and had a fabulous time.

I then found a website called [Homeexchange.com](http://Homeexchange.com) where you pay a fee of \$100 to list your home with descriptions and photographs. In addition, you list the places where you would like to travel.

Last fall, we were ready and were contacted by a wonderful Irish family for a summer exchange, 2017. After a bit of negotiation about the dates, we settled on a three-week period in July. The Irish family would be doing five exchanges over the course of two months, and we were just one of the five. We had several email exchanges and one Skype visit before we decided that we were in!

July 11, we left for the airport just as the Irish couple was driving from Sacramento to Arcadia. They would turn in their rental car as soon as they arrived and then drive our car.

We flew into Shannon airport where the previous exchangers had left a key at a kiosk. Included were locations where their car was parked at the airport. They could only insure one driver so Jeff elected to be my chauffeur. The tank was full and the GPS was set to their home so off we went on this great adventure.

We traveled to our “home town” of Tralee, which is a “working town” in County Kerry. Their home was just as it looked online. Modern and well supplied with all the modern conveniences. We unpacked and settled in and then took off to explore the town of Tralee. We loved the town of Tralee, which is not a tourist destination (except during the Rose of Tralee festival in August).

It is a “working” Irish town with a character all its own. I loved walking around and shopping in their markets and shops thinking no one thought I was a tourist (ha!). I went into a yarn store and the women were all speaking in Gaelic. As I browsed, I was struck by the “lilt of Irish laughter” of women who probably have known each other all their lives. I purchased some blue yarn to make a crocheted flower for my daughter’s crocheted wedding bouquet.

After lunch in town, we headed out to explore. Our objective was to avoid “tourist spots” and head for quieter, rural locations. We love to “geocache” which is a GPS “game”

which takes you to locations throughout the world, and often to beautiful sites off the beaten track.

We headed north to the towns of Listowel and Ballybunion and we quickly discovered “The Great Atlantic Way” which runs along the western coast of Ireland. Since I am an “urban farmer” with gardens, chickens and bees, there was nothing better for me than to gaze at all of the farms, bordered by hedgerows. The shades of green in Ireland are remarkable. We found the Ardfert priory outside of town where we were the only ones there. We felt like we were discovering it for the first time. We wandered around the ruins, reflecting on what life was like in the 13th century. Luckily, the geocache descriptions gave us great history of the places we visited.

There is so much to share. Some of the highlights were:

Discovering other priories, castles and “Mass rocks.”

Killarney, the pubs, and the beautiful national park where we did a walking tour  
Muckross Estate in Killarney where we traveled through the “living museum” of country life in the 30s and 40s.

Brandon Point, the Connor Pass, Dingle, Inch Beach

A boat trip to Skellig Michael islands

Delicious Piog meat pies sold at the local farmer’s market in Tralee

Siasma Tire, national folk theatre of Ireland (in Tralee)

The “Ladies Day” at the Killarney Horses Races

The Galway Arts Festival

I am grateful to Jeff for introducing me to geocaching. We explored so many byways off the beaten track and away from tour buses and loads of people.

Some of the caches we found left us in awe and it was incredible to be experiencing that for the first time alone. I am thankful to all the great geocachers who took the time to include so much history on their sites so that we had a good introduction to the history of each site.

Having family enjoy this trip with me was so special. My daughter Amy and her boyfriend Christian joined us for a week and my sister Janet came the last week. They were all such good sports, trekking off the beaten track with us for geocaches as well as coming up with their own ideas to enjoy such as a walk in the park, a trip to Cork, a wonderful stay in Galway, shopping and exploring. It was also so great to have friends and family following us on Facebook.

This heritage trip made me grateful that my ancestors escaped the harsh conditions of the potato famine years and braved the hard journey over the rough seas for a better life and future.

We walked some of the roads they walked, visited the Father Mathew statue in Cork commemorating our great, great grandfather Jeremiah “Darby” who, like thousands of others, took the pledge not to drink. He kept that pledge all his life. We loved walking

around Cork and in the harbor area where no doubt, they also walked. To walk these lands triggered strong emotions and lifetime memories. I'll be back.

## In Memoriam

### Haroldine Gardner, PCC's Longest Serving Employee, Loved Working at the College

Haroldine Gardner, the longest serving employee in PCC history, passed away after an extended stay in the hospital. She was 78 years old.

Haroldine is being remembered as PCC's most dedicated employee, with 54 years of service to the college. From her first day of work – Feb. 1, 1963 – until she stepped down from her duties roughly two months ago, she worked in nearly every department on campus, including public relations, human resources, purchasing, and many others.

Many veteran employees looked to Haroldine for guidance and support, and she came to be seen as a “den mother” for the college.

She was also a key member of the classified union, advocating for employees from the group's inception as a bargaining unit and through its current representation through the California Federation of Teachers.

Haroldine was part of a core group that felt classified staff deserved representation similar to other categories of employees, and organized in response to those needs.

By 2012, when the union officially voted to affiliate with CFT, there were 180 dues-paying members at the college.

Outside of PCC, Haroldine dedicated her life to raising her twin daughters and spending time with her family.

Her mother lived in Washington State to the age of 100. She had many friends through her work at the college, and even into recent years enjoyed trips to the mall for shopping and coffee conversations.

A standing-room only crowd honored Haroldine at a “Celebration of Her Life” in the Creveling lounge. Current and former employees filled the room telling stories about how much Haroldine meant to them and to PCC.

In lieu of flowers, Haroldine's daughters are requesting donations to the Pasadena Humane Society, as a way of honoring her lifelong love of animals.

## Joseph Probst, Professor of Speech and Charter Oaks School Board Member

Joseph Probst, former professor of speech at PCC, passed away a few months after being diagnosed with pancreatic cancer.

The following information about Joe is from an excerpt of what he wrote in 2012 on the Rancho Alamitos High School class of '62 webpage:

I went to Cal State Long Beach and received my degree in Speech. I was not able to find a good job with a 1A draft classification and was almost happy to be drafted in the Army. I was engaged to Jo Anne Wagner the daughter of Irv Wagner who owned the Garden Grove Book Store. Did my Army time, including most of a year in Vietnam. Married Jo four days after my return from Vietnam.

Started work on my masters at Long Beach three days later. While I worked on my Masters, Jo finished her B.A. and teacher's credential at UC Irvine.

My first job was teaching at the University of Wisconsin, Oshkosh. I taught speech and coached the forensics team. We also had our first child, Lynette. After two years at Oshkosh I went to Kent State University. I was a Teaching Fellow and worked on a Ph.D. I quit after just one year to take an offer from Pasadena City College. We had kid number two, Alan.

I just finished my 34th year at Pasadena City College and as of June I am a Professor Emeritus.

During my tenure at PCC I coached the forensic team, was Faculty Senate President, was an exchange teacher to the Republic of China, had a sabbatical leave to serve on the Los Angeles County Grand Jury. Also, a couple of years of great fun serving as the Speech Consultant to the Tournament of Roses, Queen and Court.

During this time I was elected to the Governing Board of Charter Oak Unified School District and now serve as president. I am the immediate past president of the Los Angeles County School Boards Association, and a member of the Delegate Assembly of the California School Boards Association.

Joe was still a member of the Charter Oak School Board when he passed away. Joe was scheduled to take a seat on the PCC Retirees Association Board in January, but his cancer diagnosis made that impossible.

## Dick Chamberlain, Chair of the Math Department and Twice President of the PCC Retirees Group

Richard Chamberlain was born Oct. 24, 1929, to Bernard and Irma Chamberlain. His father was a civil engineer for the City of Pasadena. Dick died May 4, 2017, after a year of declining health.

He was born in the Pasadena Hospital (now called Huntington) on the day that he liked to tell people, the stock market crashed.

He had a long and full life that he described as feeling so blessed with good things, a life of the mind enjoyed as a teacher of math students, and a lifelong learner of many subjects.

He liked practical work, too: working on cars, roofing the house, or adding a room.

From the Cradle Roll at Lake Avenue Church, where he was the third generation of his family to attend, the church was central to his family life and path. He attended Pasadena Schools, roller-skating to grade school and attending Pasadena Junior College when Jackie Robinson was a rising star.

He graduated from Westmont College, earning a degree in psychology. Dick joined the Navy near the end of the Korean War, graduated from Officers Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island, and was sent to be Officer in Charge of the Fleet Post Office at Pearl Harbor.

His experience in the military was an important part of his life. Years later he still enjoyed talking about it with others who had been in the service. The assignment in Pearl Harbor brought him two loves that endured: his wife, and love of the Islands.

After the military, Dick studied mathematics a U.C.S.B, earning a Master's Degree. He first taught at Cal State L.A. where he is remembered for his leadership when the math department was in crisis, and for hiring four who would become department stalwarts and good friends.

Then later Dick taught first part time and then full time at Pasadena City College, becoming Department Chair and Interim Dean.

He loved the new friends he made there. He never tired of the family car trips and the many camping times with the friend group. This small camping group of couples and children became another family, celebrating holidays and helping in times of need.

Dick's retirement years brought good times with family, travel to places he never dreamed he would visit, and opera, which he first learned about from his father who faithfully listened to the Met on the radio Saturday when he was young.

Throughout his retirement he maintained his close ties with PCC, savoring his connection with his peers there. He and Carol traveled with the PCC English Department several times to see plays in London and in Ashland, Oregon.

Dick also stayed involved with PCC through his participation in the Retirees Association, serving as president for two terms and as secretary for several years. He even contributed travel articles to the retirees newsletter.

He stayed in touch with friends and colleagues by attending the Retirees Association get-togethers and excursions.

Dick leaves behind his wife Carol, sons Craig, Doug, Monty and David, daughter Cynthia, sister Phyllis, and treasured grandchildren and great grandchildren.

## Bill Sandstrom, Former Football Coach and Athletic Director, Passed Away at 77

Bill Sandstrom, who served Pasadena City College as athletic director, chair of the physical education division, and head football coach, passed away at 77 after a long illness.

Sandstrom was Physical Education Chair and Athletic Director from June 1974 to September 1991.

During his tenure as athletic director, PCC won three state titles in men's swimming (1976-1978) and two state titles in men's track and field (1978, 1984).

The football program won five Metropolitan Conference titles, the 1977 JC Grid-Wire national championship, and it performed a successful 7-1 record in postseason bowl games.

Thirteen members of the PCC Sports Hall of Fame from nine different sports attended the college during his time as AD.

After joining the PCC family as an assistant football coach in 1968, Sandstrom served three different stints as head football coach (1970-72, 1976, and 1985-86). His '72 Lancers were one of PCC's great sports teams.

He directed Pasadena to the Metropolitan Conference title and JC Grid-Wire national regular season title with a sparkling 12-1 record. PCC went 10-0 in the regular season and won two state playoff games over West Los Angeles and Saddleback. The fairy tale season ended when Fresno City beat PCC, 21-7, in the Potato Bowl for the state championship.

Overall his PCC head coaching record was 36-24 and 116 of his players earned four-year university scholarships. Among players he coached were former NFL All-Pro receiver Anthony Miller (1985).

His 1970-72 coaching run featured an impressive three consecutive seasons of 1,000-plus yard running backs in Sylvester Youngblood (1970 All-American), Albert Youngblood (1971 All-American) and Elvin Momon (1972 All-American, who went on to become a superintendent for the Victor Valley Union High School District).

Sandstrom's players from 1971-72 broke then PCC passing, rushing, and receiving records. Current PCC head coach Tom Maher played for

Sandstrom as a tight end and team captain on the '72 squad. From 1997 to 2004, Maher held the annual "Bill Sandstrom Scrimmage," a pre-season event and Sandstrom was a regular attendee who gave motivational speeches to the team.

Bill is survived by his wife of 51 years, Sidney and their six children. The Sandstroms were long-time residents in Big Bear.

## June Walton Was Supervisor of Admissions

June L. Walton passed away peacefully on Aug. 13, 2017 in Lake Forest, CA. June was born May 9, 1930 in Pasadena, CA. She had been quite ill for the last several years.

June attended Pasadena schools and was a life-long resident of the San Gabriel Valley.

Her working years were spent at Pasadena City College where she retired after 20 years as supervisor of the Admissions Office. She retired in 1997.

June met her husband, Don Walton, on a blind date. They were married soon after and raised their family in the Monrovia-Duarte area. Don passed away in 1992.

June loved to garden, knit, upholster furniture, and spend time with her family.

Much of her time early in her marriage was spent being actively involved in supporting her two children and their youth activities. Many hours were devoted to the Monrovia Youth Baseball League (MYBL) where Don was the Commissioner.

June always maintained close contact with her close circle of high school girlfriends and they enjoyed many activities and special outings over the years.

June is survived by her daughter Judy Gunton of Lake Forest, CA, and her son Ron Walton of Glendora, CA. and her grandchildren Vic Walton, Jason Walton and Ashley Gunton.

She is also survived by her brother Eugene Porter of Arcadia, CA, seven great grandchildren, and numerous nieces, nephews, and friends.

She was predeceased many years ago by her sister, Obera.

June will be remembered by her family, friends and colleagues as a loving and caring wife, mother, sister, grandmother, great grandmother, and friend.

## Art Talaro Wrote Textbook for Microbiology, Lab Manuals for Anatomy and Physiology

Arthur Talaro, formerly a resident of Pasadena and Altadena, passed away on July 23, 2017 at the age of 77. Art was a professor in the Life Sciences Department from 1972 until 1995, where he taught courses in microbiology, anatomy, physiology and biology.

After retirement, he made his home near the little village of Pioneertown in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains. Being something of a Renaissance man, he stayed active in many pursuits, from writing and photography to woodworking and metalworking. He designed and created whimsical and beautiful wood and metal art pieces. Art nurtured a lifelong curiosity and passion for science, he continued writing and illustrating about diverse topics in biology and chemistry right up to the last week of life.

Art began his life in Haina, Hawaii in 1940, the seventh child of Filipino immigrants Arsenio and Florentina Talaro. He had a carefree “Island Boy” childhood exploring the forests and sugar cane fields of the Big Island.

He attended Honokaa grade school and high school, where he became known for his quick wit and academic achievements. He attended the University of Hawaii in Honolulu from which he graduated with a biology degree that he hoped would help launch a medical career.

He moved to the mainland to attend graduate school, first at Buffalo, New York and later at Idaho State University in Pocatello in 1966. It was here that he met another biologist, Kathy Park, whom he married in 1968.

After completing their degrees, the young scientists moved to Pasadena, found jobs, and settled down to raise their daughter Nicole.

Art decided to apply his biology background to college teaching and was hired as an assistant professor at PCC in 1972. He was an idealistic teacher with high expectations of his classes. Students appreciated his quirky humor and unique style of teaching, and he instilled a desire in them to understand and apply the subject to their everyday lives. Working in collaboration with Kathy, Art helped to develop several laboratory manuals in anatomy and physiology and a textbook in microbiology. Art and Kathy later divorced but remained friends and close partners in science writing and illustration for many years.

Art will be fondly remembered by a large number of family and friends, former students, and colleagues from PCC and the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. He is survived by his daughter Nicole and former wife Kathy, sisters Caridad Rufo, Norma Blomberg (Walter), Stella Meinzer (Rick), and brothers George (Kiyoe), Peter (Jean), and Stanley (Vangie). He was the proud uncle of dozens of nieces and nephews in Hawaii and Idaho.

Art was an intensely earnest and proud man, never forgetting his origins and always striving for greater learning and insights into the natural world. We will miss his deeply-felt philosophy of life and generosity of spirit. Those of us who got to share time with the "Guru of Pipes Canyon" will feel a big void, even the menagerie of desert pets that flocked daily to his yard.

## Make a difference

The Retirees Association is once again making a plea to get members to donate to our scholarship fund. Each year we give 10 scholarships to worthy students, and we cannot do it without your help.

For the first-time last year, some members opted to Adopt-A-Scholar by choosing to donate \$1,000 to fund one scholarship. Others decided to split that amount and went in together to fund the award for one student. Adopting a scholar is still an option this year.

While it is wonderful to have people who can afford to do so make the large donations, the majority of our funding comes from smaller amounts given by members like you.

Please write a check for any amount to the PCC Foundation, and mark it Retirees Scholarship. Send it to PCC Foundation, 1570 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena 91106. If you prefer, you can also call the Foundation at (626) 585-7065 and make a donation by credit card. For those who prefer to donate online, you can go to [www.give.pasadena.edu](http://www.give.pasadena.edu). All donations are tax deductible.

Unlike a lot of other charities, every cent you donate to the Retirees Association goes to scholarships.

Please Donate to the Retirees Scholarship Fund