

Staying Connected

PCC Retirees Association
October 2019

Jo Ann Lee Experienced the Wondrous Colors and Beauty of Butchart Gardens in Full Bloom

By Jo Ann Lee

Our Eugene, Oregon, group drove north and boarded the M.V. Coho ferry from Port Angeles, Washington, across the Juan de Fuca Strait to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia.

Upon arrival at the Canadian Border, we sat on the coach as agents took our passports, inspected them, stamped them, and eventually returned them—all but one. The agent singled out our coach driver, who was asked to pull his suitcase from beneath the bus.

The agent proceeded to search it thoroughly, looking for who knows what. Eventually, the suitcase was closed, and the passport was returned. He asked the agent for the reason for the seizure and search. The answer: The driver did not look the agent in the eye when speaking to him! And this was at the border of our neighboring country!

After a brief tour around the greater Victoria area, we enjoyed Easter brunch at the Oak Bay Marina Restaurant situated in a sheltered bay with views of Mount Baker, and we saw the estates in the Oak Bay neighborhoods. We drove through the University of Victoria, with our local guide explaining that the original proposed name of this university was Juan de Fuca University.

Juan de Fuca was a 16th century explorer employed by the Spanish who gave his name to the east-west strait between Washington State and Vancouver Island. However, knowing how people tend to abbreviate names, our guide said it would likely be referred to as “Fuca U.”

At the Butterfly Garden, we found plenty of fluttery butterflies (supposedly over 3,000) in the giant conservatory filled with lots of tropical color and aromas. Trying to catch butterflies for photos was challenging—they don’t sit for long. Within the conservatory are also flamingos, rare tropical birds, and Koi in the stream and pond.

All 55 acres of Butchart Gardens were in full bloom! As usual, everything was beautifully and artistically manicured to show off nature’s bounty. Spent most of the time in the 5-acre Sunken Garden, which took nine years to create. There are 151 flower beds, with 65,000 bulbs planted each spring. A staff of about 50 full-time gardeners oversees the gardens, with more than 500 other workers during the peak season.

Jennie Butchart, wife of the owner of a cement company, turned Turformer Quarry into this spectacular attraction The Gardens celebrated its centennial in 2004. As I wandered about taking photos at every turn, I kept thinking about the “olden” days of film cameras and how many rolls of film one would have painstakingly used to capture all the glorious colors and varieties of flowers!

Our next morning started with a tour of Craigdarroch (“Craig derrick”) Castle (Gaelic for “rocky oak place”), built in the late 19th Century by Victoria’s first millionaire, Robert Dunsmuir, whose luck and determination made his fortune in coal, shipping, and railroads.

However, he died before its completion, so he never occupied his dream home: a 39-room, 25,572 square foot mansion with 4.5 floors (with 87 stairs) with exquisite stained-glass windows, intricate white oak paneling, ornate Victorian furnishings, 17 fireplaces and 7 chimney stacks.

His widow and three of their daughters and two orphaned grandchildren lived on the original 28-acre site. Although we had to climb up the 87 stairs, we didn’t have to tread down that many because of the way the house was built: the tallest point is a tower from which we walked seamlessly down to street level.

Since Mrs. Dunsmuir’s death in 1908, the Castle has been used as a Military Hospital; Victoria College, an affiliate of Montreal’s McGill University; the Victoria Conservatory of Music; and offices for the Victoria School Board. Today it is the Craigdarroch Castle Historic House Museum.

Mr. Dunsmuir’s son James built his own Hatley Castle 9 miles west of Victoria, a 40-room mansion intended to be a copy of a 15th Century Scottish castle. Our group also visited The Empress, the turn-of-the-century hotel known as the oldest and most famous in North America—and likely the priciest, with rooms going for over \$600 a night. Built in the early 1900s, it has played hostess to kings, queens, and various stars of stage and film.

It recently underwent a \$60 million renovation of its 464 rooms, lobby, meeting rooms, and spa.

We experienced the 101-year old tradition, Tea at The Empress, with elegant table settings and a variety of sweets and savories.

High tea ranges from \$82 to \$122 per person. Having enjoyed high tea at several of our local tearooms (namely, the Langham Hotel in Pasadena, the Rose Room at the Huntington Library and Gardens, and the T Room in Montrose), I would say those experiences were comparable to that at the Empress, at less the cost and “glitz”; but, hey, when in Rome...

The Royal British Columbia Museum featured its collection of cultural and natural history, exhibits of pioneer days, especially about the First Nations.

It houses a full-sized replica of a woolly mammoth. Of particular interest was the section on orthography, “a set of conventions for writing a language. It includes norms of spelling, hyphenation, capitalization, word breaks, emphasis, and punctuation.”

In this context, the exhibit showed how the First Nations’ natives learned to translate their spoken language into written words.

There has been concern that the native language would be lost if not taught in schools, so as I understand it, both private and public schools attempt to incorporate this native tongue into the language curricula.

Leaving Victoria, we once again boarded the M.V. Coho and disembarked in Port Angeles around noon. U.S. Border Control involved our walking through, showing our passports; no one bothered looking at our Customs Declarations. We left Port Angeles for our return to Eugene. Even stopping a few times to stretch our legs, it was about an 8-hour coach ride. A long day’s journey indeed!

Springtime in Victoria was the perfect time to enjoy all the wondrous colors and beauty!

You Are Invited to Join PCC PTSA

The PCC PTSA is one of a kind—the only community college PTSA in the country. The organization was established in 1954 as an advocacy group for students and staff at the college. Members raise funds to support PCC students and projects that benefit them.

A few of the group’s projects include raising funds and volunteering for the PCC Child Development Center. Members provide funding for the PCC Lancer Pantry on campus, supports the Veterans Resource Center on campus, and provides scholarships. It also hosts the college’s Honors at Entrance Program. Its members hope to be involved in the proposed Family Center on campus, construction beginning in 2020.

The PCC PTSA invites everyone with a connection to PCC to join the organization and help the group continue its work. A \$10 donation will get you a year’s membership. You can make checks payable to PCC PTSA and send it to Marcia Montez, 2375 Paloma St., Pasadena 91104. Include your name, address, phone number and email.

Meetings are held the second Wednesday of the month from 9:30 – 11:30 a.m. in C217.

Retirees Association Presents 16 Scholarships to Deserving Students at Annual Luncheon

This spring our Retirees Association scholarship committee selected 16 recipients for our annual scholarship—the most we've ever given.

We often have to trim the list of deserving students for lack of funds, but this year our donors were especially generous, allowing us to award this large number of recipients. Fortunately, most of them (14) showed up at the University Club for our awards luncheon along with many of our adopt-a-student donors, each of whom introduced one of the recipients.

The event began with a sumptuous buffet lunch in the Club lounge followed by the introduction of scholarship recipients in the downstairs Club Pub.

PCC's newest president, Dr. Erika Endrijones, joined us and introduced one of the students, Zarsanga Parwiz, who wrote in her personal statement that she grew up in Afghanistan, "which is no country for women."

She wants to study law but could not do that in her country, so she and her husband emigrated to the U.S. with one child and another on the way.

Both received scholarships and both plan to attend Berkeley in the fall where they have been offered free housing. They are very grateful for the opportunities that PCC has provided for both work and study.

All of the students who were introduced spoke about how moved they were that our association had recognized them for their efforts to continue their education. That recognition meant more to them than the financial award, though all said that the money would certainly help with living expenses.

Patricia D'Orange-Martin Honored for Service to Vets

Eleven years ago, when Patricia D'Orange-Martin took over the Veterans Resource Center at PCC, her dream was to have an amazing program for all student veterans.

She realized that most of the student veterans are the people community colleges are designed to serve. In many cases, they are first generation college students, low income, culturally diverse with high potential. Patricia had a vision of what was needed to serve these students.

She expected that it would be difficult to get all of the things that were needed, but she persevered.

When she wanted more space or staffing, she would hear the same refrain—no money. However, she knew what needed to be done and she just kept at it.

Patricia was relentlessly student centered. She and her assistant Cynthia Olivo worked in collaboration with students, faculty, staff, administration, the board of trustees and the community.

Eventually, Patricia and Cynthia got the resource center they dreamed about. In the last five years PCC was named the Best College for Vets, and last year, a state evaluation report named PCC the best Veterans Resource Center in the state.

The VRC works collaboratively with on-campus services as well as outside veteran service providers and the Veterans Administration to provide services that focus on academics, community, and wellness.

A few months ago, Patricia decided to retire, but people in the community and veterans' organizations wanted to express their thanks for everything she has done for veterans. The Sierra Madre VFW Post 3208 honored her for her continued support for student veterans.

That VFW Post has given money and supported the student veterans at PCC for the last eight years.

A Geothermal Paradise in Peril

The Lamsons Enjoyed a Trip to Iceland and a Dip in Blue Lagoon

By Alan Lamson

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We had already been touring Iceland for two days when our guide, Jon, said that today we would visit the famous Blue Lagoon. Our group of four—me, my wife Sheila, her niece Jan and her husband Chris-- arrived at the Lagoon in the early afternoon when it was crowded with groups of tourists—as it usually is. It is by far the most popular destination in Iceland, much more popular than the Secret Lagoon that we had visited on the second day of our visit.

Jon had made reservations for us, but we still had to wait in the line to enter. While we were waiting, I saw Jon approach the woman checking reservations. He then motioned for us to switch from our line to the Premium line where no one was waiting. We switched lines and walked right in—except for Sheila who would wait for us in the lounge.

After showering in the locker room, Chris and I entered the hot milky water of lagoon, which is slightly over four feet deep. Clouds of steam lent a misty appearance to the

setting. When I took off my glasses to prevent corrosion, the scene appeared even murkier, like a foggy day at the beach.

The bottom of the lagoon, covered with silica mud, felt soft and mushy. Many of those already in the water were making their way to a floating station near the center. I followed them, thinking it might be a refreshment stand. But it wasn't; it was a floating bar where silica mud was being dispensed by several young ladies.

One asked me: "would you like some of this for your face?" I did and asked if I could give her my glasses for safe keeping. She smiled, then slapped some white mud on my hand and said: "Just wipe it on your face and leave it on for at least 30 minutes."

The white mud on people's faces lent a ghostly hue to the foggy lagoon. The mud is supposed to revitalize your skin and produce a younger look. After a while, I washed off the mud and examined my face. I didn't notice much difference. Perhaps you have to already be young to experience that youthful effect.

In addition to the silica mud station, there is also a floating walk up bar where you can order wine, beer, exotic alcoholic drinks, smoothies or fruit juices. You pay for drinks using a coded bracelet you are given at check in. I ordered a smoothie. Chris and his wife Jan had colorful cocktails of some sort.

After a few drinks, Chris said: "I can really feel this." Jan agreed, "Me too. "The effect of alcohol is hastened by the hot mineral waters that quickly dehydrates you.

After an hour or so, we hauled our dehydrated bodies from the lagoon and headed for the showers. We then joined Sheila and Jon in the lounge. Jon had promised that he would take us to a place that served the best lobster soup in Iceland, so off we went.

The lobster was a short drive to a harbor called Grindavik. On the pier at the harbor was a small café called Bryggjan. Formerly a fishing shop, it didn't look like much from the outside, but inside it was decorated with fishing buoys, sailing memorabilia, and old photos.

There were only a few tables in the place, but since it was early afternoon, we were able to grab a table for four. We asked Jon to join us but he sat at a separate table talking to some locals he knew.

The lobster soup is the main draw of this place; only a few other items were on the menu—a few fish entrées, open face sandwiches, and cakes. We all ordered the soup which we enjoyed with slices of buttered slices of French bread.

We were full after the soup and bread, but Jon insisted that we try the carrot cake that was on display. We did, and now we were really stuffed.

We returned to our hotel in Reykjavik in the early evening and settled up with Jon for the three days of touring and the airport pickup on the day we were leaving. One of his staff would pick us up; he was going to Europe for travel business.

During the three days we were with Jon we saw dramatic examples of the natural environment not far from. We saw glaciers, volcanoes, geysers, and hot springs. Iceland has an abundance of these: 130 volcanic mountains and 30 active volcano systems, 269 named glaciers, about 30 geysers, and thousands of hot springs.

We also visited a mushroom farm, the only one in Iceland, that served the best mushroom soup we had ever tasted.

The day following our immersion in the Blue Lagoon, we visited the Perlan museum in Reykjavik, one of the most visited museums in the country. It has interactive exhibitions of volcanoes and glaciers, along with a large ice cave you can walk through.

We learned that there are major differences among the 30 volcanic systems in the country. The most common type are the stratovolcanoes with the classic cone shaped peak. Glaciers also have many types: ice caps, outlet glaciers, mountain glaciers, alpine, piedmont and cirque glaciers—to name the most prominent.

The glacier exhibition provides dramatic evidence of what is happening to the glaciers in Iceland. Global warming is causing them to melt very rapidly. Recently one glacier, the Okjokull, has been declared deceased. It is the first glacier lost to climate change. Others will follow. One scientist predicts that within 200 years there will be no more glaciers in Iceland.

Already the effects of this melting are being felt by the fishing industry. Because the melting of glaciers is causing the land surface to rise, fishermen will soon be unable to steer their trawlers in and out of the harbor.

As we flew to London, I glanced at the flight map on the entertainment screen and saw that we were just over Iceland. I looked out the window and saw a small island covered in white. Someday another traveler will look down and perhaps see a green island dotted with just a few pockets of white. Global warming will have taken its toll.

A Trip Won on Let's Make a Deal Turns Out to Be Bliss for Marcie and Daughter

By Marcie Ambrose

My daughter, Xandrea, didn't pick door #1, but the little box she selected on the Let's Make a Deal TV show revealed she won an all-expense paid trip for two to Bliss Sanctuary for Women in Bali, Indonesia.

After a 20-hour flight with a layover in Taiwan, we arrived safely and were greeted by Wayan, our Bliss driver at the airport in Ngurah Rai. About an hour later, we arrived at a 4000 sq ft summer villa with five bedrooms, a bungalow and swimming pool in Canggu. Our lovely hostess, Eka welcomed us and showed us around this lush, paradise. Our beds were decorated with fragrant plumeria.

Wherever you are, you can hear the soothing sound of running water. Before our gourmet home-cooked dinner, we were given a massage, which helped us unwind from our flight. We met the other ladies from London and different cities in Australia.

We joined them for our delicious family-style dinner. After dinner each night, we sat with our hostess, Eka or Ani who helped us schedule our 90-minute spa treatments and site seeing and/or shopping for the next day. It would have been easy to stay in the sanctuary, surrounded by peace and love, but we also wanted to see the beauty of the countryside and mingle with the locals.

After dinner, our hostess sat with each guest and wrote down our schedule and gave us a card so we could easily keep track of our activities throughout the day.

The staff at Bliss Sanctuary was humble and kind as they worked 12-hour days, six days a week. We were served three meals a day. We could select from their menu or order a custom meal. Snacks between meals were also available. We even had access to the kitchen if we wanted to prepare a meal.

We stayed in a rustic bungalow about 20 feet away from the main house. There were fragrant plumeria petals on our beds every night and a mosquito net draped around the bed. We could hear the geckos in our room at night, but they stayed away from us and ate the mosquitoes.

We showered, under the glow of stars or the gleam of the morning sun. We didn't have to go outside to shower under the stars—the tub and shower had an 8-9 ft. wall, but no ceiling and no roof. If it rained when we were in the tub, it rained on us. Rose petal baths were also prepared for us. When we eased into our beds, the water fountain outside lulled us to sleep.

The spa services included yoga, eight different massages, reflexology, color puncture, tarot card reading, bike tour, head massage.

So glad we had drivers because it would have been hard to drive on the other side of the narrow winding roads along with an equal number of motorcyclists.

The motorcycles carried up to four people at a time. Adults were required to wear a helmet, but children were not. Considering the amount of traffic, there was no road rage. All drivers respected other drivers.

On Mother's Day, we attended the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Pengunjung. There were more international member visitors than native members. The Balinese service was translated into English.

The Rice Terraces in Tegallalang were massive, lush and beautiful. The monkeys at the Ubud forest welcomed us into their domain. But we had strict instructions to not look the monkeys in their eyes, no running or screaming if they jumped on us, and do not carry any food or water. One aggressive monkey stole the glasses off the face of one of our Bliss sisters, but our driver was able to recover them.

We were now ready to do some serious shopping after we exchanged our \$100 for 1,412,500.00 Rupiahs. We were Bali millionaires for a while. Ubud has an open-air market where merchants are eager to bargain.

But it was hard to shop long when we were dripping with sweat from the humidity.

Talk about exclusive, there was a guard with an automatic weapon at the entrance to the popular Finnis Beach Club, sprawled along the oceanfront. This club has five pools, nine bars (including two swim-up pool bars, five restaurants, a sushi bar, DJs and singers. We had a great view of the beautiful sunset. I was overwhelmed by all the sterling jewelry at the silver factory.

They had cases and cases of bracelets, rings, necklaces, earrings all reasonably priced compared to U.S. prices.

Hundreds of butterflies of different species flew high and low, and landed in bushes and trees and walkways at the butterfly park. It was a wonder to behold.

Our seven-day bliss filled vacation came to an end, and our driver took us to the airport. Our flight from Bali was delayed an hour and we literally had to run to our connecting flight in Taiwan. We were able to hitch a ride on a cart, and we were the last to board the EVA Hello Kitty flight. We settled in our seats heading back to LAX. It was a bittersweet journey home.

We loved the Balinese people and the beauty and peace of their land. The people of Bali were welcoming, spiritual, kind, and loving.

Retirees Association Adds 26 New Members

Twenty-six faculty and staff members retired at the end of the last school year, and they are now officially members of the PCC Retirees Association. Everyone who retires from the college becomes part of the retirees' organization. They get all the perks of belonging without having to pay dues. What a deal!

Pilar Ara, Languages and ESL, 32 years

Sulprio Banerjee, Business, 16 years
Harry Bloodgood, Counseling, 37 years
Karen Carlisi, Languages and ESL, 21 years
Yolunda De La Fuente, Career Center, 39 years
Darryl Distin, English, 18 years
Janis Dwyer, Counseling, 32 years
Russel Frank, Languages and ESL, 26 years
Edward Glasscock, Gardner, 24 years
Sharon Gonzalez, Information Technology, 11 years
Mark Guterrez, Information Technology, 4 years
Ritsuko Hirai, Languages and ESL, 29 years
Alvin Hollis, Purchasing, 42 years
Josephine Howard, Assessment and Records, 40 years
Walter Lusk, Business, 24 years
Lucia Medina, Student Business Services, 22 years
Cheryl Mitchell-Samuel, EOP&S, 26 years
Barbara Pancoska, Office Services, 40 years
Diana Savas, Languages and ESL, 26 years
Brad Steed, Performing Arts, 12 years
Warren Swil, Visual Arts and Media Studies, 12 years
Alicia Vargas, Business, 25 years
Paul Visick, Information Technology, 29 years
Glenna Watterson, Natural Sciences, 40 years
Richard Wheeler, Engineering Tech, 36 years
Amy Yan, Counseling, 13 years

In Memoriam

Geralyn ‘Jeri’ Sherpard, Hall of Fame Tennis Coach, Passed Away at Age 90

Geralyn “Jeri” Shepard, acclaimed women’s tennis coach and Wimbledon doubles player, died on July 27, 2019, at the age of 90.

Known as a “hands-on coach who possessed a true passion for teaching”, Jeri began her twenty-two-year coaching career at Pasadena City College (PCC) in 1968. During her tenure, her Women’s and Mixed Doubles’ Teams were consistently competitive at the state and conference levels.

Jeri was named California Community College (CCC) Tennis Coach of the Year (1981) and inducted into the CCC Tennis Hall of Fame (1996), the CCC Athletic Association Hall of Fame (2005), and PCC’s Court of Champions (2006).

Prior to her coaching career, Jeri was an internationally ranked “amateur” doubles player. With her doubles partner, Joan Johnson, she competed in three of the four Grand Slam events: England (Wimbledon 1959), Australia, and the U.S. They played in France, Italy, and Switzerland and on the Hawaii, Japan, and Australia circuits.

Born on April 8, 1929, in Milwaukee, WI, Jeri moved from the mid-West to the Los Angeles area when she was 13. It was an L.A. neighbor, who had a spare “old used” tennis racket, that introduced her to the game. Largely a self-taught player, Jeri and her high school classmate, Poncho Gonzales, spent every possible moment at Exposition Park’s public tennis courts.

Jeri graduated from Manual Arts High School and received her BS and MS from Cal State University, Los Angeles. Before accepting a Physical Education teaching position at Montebello High School, Jeri worked as a parts inspector at Rogerson Aircraft.

Although Jeri was a resident of the City of Alhambra for over 50 years, her preferred retreat was the cabin at June Lake. From fishing to X-Country skiing, from enjoying the spectacular fall colors to the meadows of spring flowers, Jeri embraced the outdoors and its changing seasons.

Jeri is survived by her two brothers, Kurt and Paul Dypwick, and their respective families.

Ken Miedema, Social Sciences Dean

Ken Miedema passed away peacefully at Huntington Hospital, Pasadena, CA, on Aug. 25 surrounded by his loved ones. He was born in Pasadena and attended area schools.

In 1950 he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps served four years, including a one-year tour in Korea. Following his honorable discharge, he attended Pasadena City College and then earned BA and MA degrees in history from Cal State Los Angeles.

He continued his education at UC Santa Barbara in a Ph.D program in history. Ken was a history professor at Pasadena City College and later Chairman of the Social Sciences Department. His career at the college spanned from 1959-1993. He was an esteemed and charismatic professor, colleague and leader.

Ken was truly a renaissance man. His interests were as varied as they were deep, and included architectural and landscape history and design, bungalow restoration, gardening, thoroughbred horse racing, and Angel’s baseball, just to name a few. He was instrumental in Pasadena’s early architectural preservation efforts and was a scholar of the Arts and Crafts Movement.

He lectured widely on its social, architectural, and landscape design concepts for Pasadena Heritage, the Gamble House, Bungalow Heaven, and other groups. He

served as Chair of the Pasadena Cultural Heritage Commission and president and board member of Bungalow Heaven Neighborhood Association.

Ken is survived by Julie, his wife of 29 years; his children Sandra (Galen), Deborah (Mark), Scott (Linda) and Jeffrey (Nancy); 8 grandchildren; 5 great grandchildren. Memorial donations in lieu of flowers can be made to the Lewy Body Dementia Association.

Shirley Ann Knickelbein

Shirley Ann Cook Knickelbein passed away in June at the age of 87.

Shirley retired from PCC after 21 years of service. She spent most of her years at the college as a member of the support staff in the Counseling Department; however, she also substituted in a number of other departments over the years.

To Shirley, her family was everything. She loved her role as mother, grandmother and great grandmother. She enjoyed playing cards and cuddling her little white doggies. The ocean and beach brought her peace

Nick Martin, Language Instructor, Water Polo Coach and Olympic Gold Medal Winner

Nicholas "Nick" Martin, who served as Pasadena City College men's water polo head coach for 27 seasons, died at the age of 87. He had suffered a massive stroke 14 months earlier and passed away in home hospice care in Pasadena.

Martin spent not only a long career as a coach at PCC, but taught for 44 years as a full-time language instructor and associate professor teaching French at the college, retiring in 2011. He continued teaching part-time at PCC and stayed in shape with morning swims at PCC's Aquatic Center.

Earlier in his life, he was known as Miklos Martin, a member of both the 1952 and 1956 Hungarian Olympic gold medal-winning water polo teams. In 1956, he was one of many members of the Hungary Olympic team that chose to defect because of political unrest in his home country. Martin defected to the United States and eventually received the first water polo scholarship offered by USC.

In 2012, Martin participated in a video interview at the PCC Aquatic Center that was broadcast by CNN/Sports Illustrated story, featuring members of the Hungarian water polo team and their plight during the 1956 Melbourne Games.

Martin coached PCC Sports Hall of Famer John Siman, a U.S. Olympic water polo player who played for him at PCC.

Another top player of Martin's was Erik Zimmerman, who set a PCC goal-scoring record with a state record 212 goals in the 1991 season. Men's water polo was discontinued at PCC in the late 1990s.

Martin is survived by his wife Chimene and one daughter.

Roberta Cole, Dean of Nursing

Roberta Cole former head of the PCC nursing department, passed away in July at the age of 90. Roberta had a B.S and M.S in nursing from Cal State L.A. After graduation, she worked at St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank where she was a staff member, a research nurse and then head nurse. She spent 20 years there doing what she loved.

She started teaching at PCC in 1978 and retired in 1998. When she retired, she was honored with a Professor Emeritus Award. Roberta spent most of her life in the service of others.

She dedicated her life to improving the field of nursing care—always with the wellbeing of patients at the forefront. Roberta generously contributed money for scholarship to the PCC foundation.

Roberta will be buried in New Mexico next to her Ivan Cole, her husband of 54 years who predeceased her.

Jon Clute, Director of Fiscal Services

Jon Clute, director of fiscal services, passed away on July 3 at the age of 68. He retired from PCC in 2000 after 30 years of service. He and his partner Wayne Pepler lived together for 45 years and were married for six years and two days.

As the head of fiscal services on campus, he oversaw a number of different departments on campus that involved collecting or paying out money. A few included Purchasing, the Bookstore and the Student Bank. Jon had a reputation for being very precise and detailed oriented.

He was born in Houston, TX during the Korean conflict. His father, John, was a pilot in the military. When he was stationed out of the U.S., his mother moved with her son to Wisconsin.

Jon was a military brat, and lived in different parts of the country until the family settled in Pasadena.

Jon attended all Pasadena schools including PCC. After earning a BA degree, Jon got a job selling Colliers encyclopedias and worked his way up to become vice president of the company. After that, he worked for Pasadena Unified in fiscal services and then moved on to his position at PCC.

Retiree Cindy Smith remembers seeing Jon on campus shortly after he retired. As she was walking to her car, she saw a gorgeous blue metallic sports car drive into the lot with the top down.

The driver was wearing sunglasses, a Hawaiian shirt, pink pants and a jaunty sports cap. She said she was surprised to see a smiling Jon Clute hop out of the car. She almost didn't recognize him because he was always impeccably dressed in a business suit any time he was working. When she commented about his choice of wheels, an Aston Martin, he said the car was like the one James Bond drove in the movies. Ever since he saw it, it became his dream car, and he was thrilled to finally own it. She congratulated him for living large in retirement.

Jon is survived by Wayne, his daughter Jennifer and his two brothers Mike and Steve.

Don't Wait— It's Time to Put the Holiday Mixer on Your Calendar

The Retirees Association Fall Mixer has become a popular holiday tradition with Bonnie Shimasaki once again opening her home to all PCC retirees. It's a treat to visit her home which is always beautifully decorated for the holiday season. Mark your calendars for Dec. 9, so you won't forget to join us. The mixer will be held from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. at 1715 Homet Road in Pasadena. Remember that mixers are always casual get-togethers, where friends and former colleagues spend a relaxing afternoon.

Please call either Sherry Hassan at (323)403-8421 or Dona Mitoma at (818) 952-2000 only if you are coming. Because everyone at the mixer enjoys chatting and munching, feel free to bring an hors d'oeuvre or wine to share.