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PCC'S 100 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE

This year, Pasadena City College celebrates its 100th birthday. In 1924, it was established in response to the community's need for higher education. College classes officially began on the campus of Pasadena High School. The college opened with approximately 270 students. Today's enrollment is close to 27,000 students. Since that opening day, more than 1 million students have passed through its doors seeking an education.

At first, the college courses were set up as grades 13 and 14, extensions

of the high school curriculum. After years on the high school campus, the new school became Pasadena Junior College, the first two-year college in the Southwest. Many of PCC's retirees have been associated with the college for more than 50 years. In 1948, the college dropped junior in its name, and it became Pasadena City College.

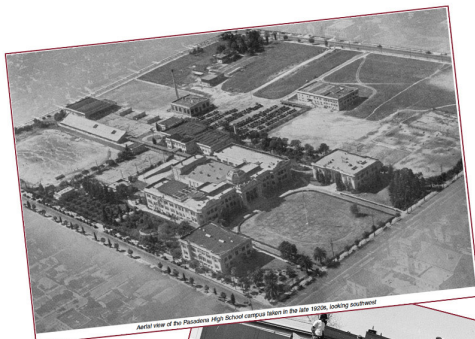
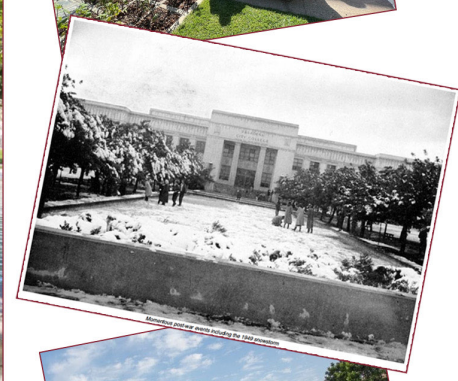
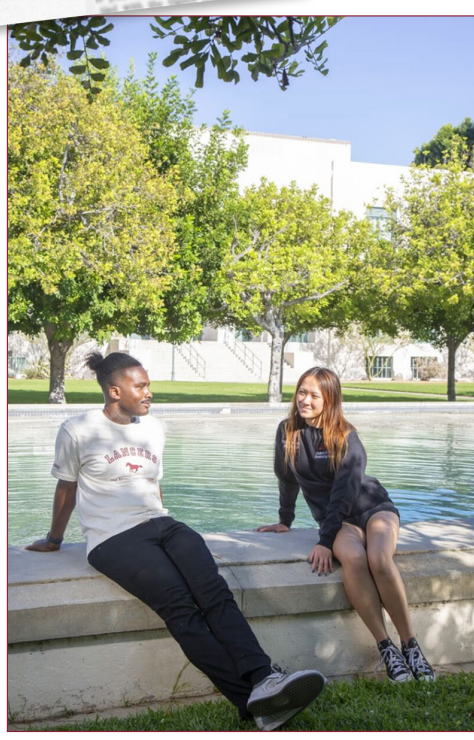
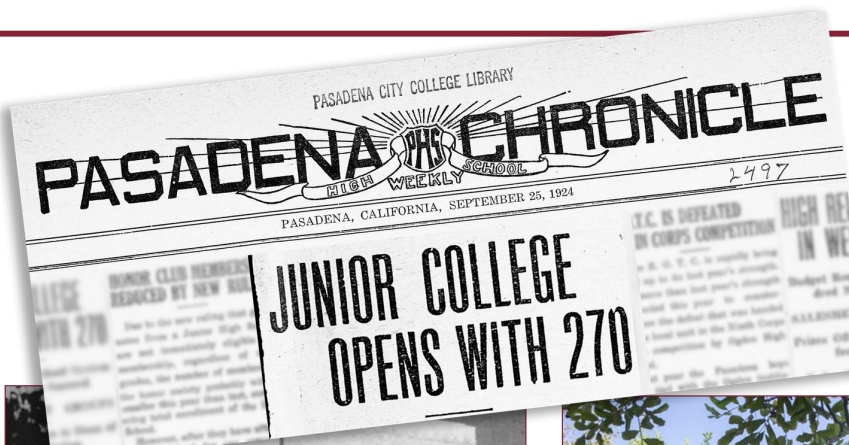
The nursing department was created in 1953 as part of a nationwide pilot program with only five colleges selected from the whole country. The nursing program at PCC is still going strong

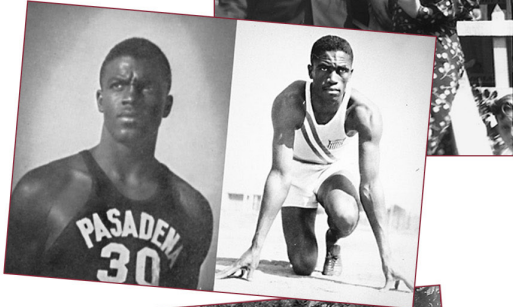
today helping to meet the health care needs of Pasadena and surrounding communities.

The 100-year celebration was kicked off on Sept. 28 with a free party for the entire community. Entertainment included several bands, dancers, choral groups, food trucks and free birthday cupcakes.

It was a great start to the celebration which will continue for the entire school year. Anyone interested in attending the activities planned for the rest of the year can check the college's

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COURIER

PASADENA CITY COLLEGE

100 YEARS
Serving Pasadena
1915 - 2015

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Lisa Sugimoto Shares Her Fish Tales

By Lisa Sugimoto

ALOHA!! From the great state of Alaska!!! Oh, you thought I was going to say, "Hawaii"? Well, Shelter Lodge, is almost more Hawaiian than Hawaii. Mammoth seemed to be a warm-up to our travels to Shelter Lodge in Juneau, Alaska. Fishing went much better for me in Alaska than in the High Sierras. We knew the routine given our previous visits to the Lodge. We flew into Juneau, retrieved our luggage and began the waiting game for our 4 p.m. pick-up.

The majority of the anglers at the Lodge, more often than not, originate from Hawaii and, as usual, we were the only mainlanders (although Don and I are not of European ancestry, Haole, foreigner or non-Native Hawaiian, is the term to which we would be more commonly referred) in the group. Jonathan, Glenn and Jason were new to Shelter Lodge and were excited to be included in the total party of 20, who would soon be good friends.

Our first evening, we all shuffled into the gear room and were fitted with our rain attire (overalls, jackets, and boots) before the dinner call. The chef has been with the Lodge for many years and with his penchants for Asian/Hawaiian fair, the food was always beautifully plated

and delicious. Every morning prior to our trips on the water, we had a hearty and amazing breakfast.

Before we headed to the fishing grounds, we set the crab traps in one of the small bays across the channel from the Lodge. After dropping our traps, we were on our way for our first day of fishing. Our target fish was Black Cod (sometimes called Butter Fish or Sable Fish). Not a very pretty fish, but very good eating. These fish live in the deep waters of the Alaskan archipelago and

to entice them to take your bait, one must fish about 1,700 to 1,800 feet below the surface of the ocean. Needless to say, no one wants to reel in a fish from those depths. Therefore, electric reels to the rescue! Sooooo...it doesn't feel like the type of fishing to which most of us are accustomed. Two hooks are baited with pieces of salmon and maybe the skin of the cod. We cast, figuratively speaking, our bait to the appropriate depths where the captain indicates the fish are hiding.



Quite literally, when a Black Cod bites, the tip of the rod may move $\frac{1}{4}$! If you aren't paying attention, the captain may yell, "YOU HAVE A FISH! Hit the button!" The button begins the laborious electric reeling from the depths of the sea. Finally, the electric reel stops winding (and whining) and you get to reel in the last five to ten feet of line. Fingers crossed, you have a prized Black Cod or maybe two!

The weather ended up being perfect. The day began with clouds in the sky, however, as the day progressed, the sun broke through, and we were blessed with blue skies and a boat with daily limits of Black Cod. Arriving back at the Lodge, the routine of being transferred to the transit/ferry to shore began for all five boats. From my observation, all boats did well. Each boat's daily catch was on display prior to the job of cleaning the fish. Also, the larger fish were weighed to be entered into the daily cash prize and a solid gold (not really, but it sounded good at the time) trophy with a fish adorning the top of the grand prize (it looked like a trout and not any Alaskan fish I had ever seen). Fortunately, the staff and crew of the Lodge take care of cleaning, fileting, packing and freezing our catch for its flight home. After the weigh-in, and our lunch orders for the next day submitted, we scurried to the gear room to shed our protective outer layer. Then it's time for a quick shower and dinner at the main dining room. A shower is just what the doctor ordered after a long day of fishing. A delicious and hearty dinner consisting of a salad, lamb chops and shrimp was waiting for us.

Dinner talk was all about the day and sharing stories. It was now the big moment, "Who caught the biggest fish?" The fishing tournament leaders (Don and Jonathan) decided the five biggest fish would be in the running for the prizes. However, there was a twist to the contest; the names of five anglers who caught the biggest fish were written on a piece of paper. All five pieces of paper were then in a drawing. You may have caught the biggest fish, but you might not win the prize. This added a certain amount of anticipation and excitement to the competition. Sure enough, the first night's winner went to the second biggest Black Cod that was caught.

After the cheers and congratulations to the winner, the next day's prize money was collected from each angler which saved them a spot to compete the next day. The competition on the second day was still Black Cod. The two-day individ-



ual limit on Black Cod was four a day, eight annually. Once limits of Black Cod were landed, the skippers began trolling for salmon. Although we trolled for salmon (Kings, Silvers, Chums, Sockeye and Pinks, or Humpies) our competition was still Black Cod.

After the weigh-ins were concluded and all guests cleaned-up, dinner was served. Gyoza appetizers, salad and Macadamia Nut crusted Halibut...YUM! And the piece de resistance, mango sticky rice...to die for. Prizes were distributed with the eldest member of the 20 visitors winning the big prize and trophy.

The next day we were after Halibut. Competition was on hopefully for fish under 40 inches or over 80 inches. Anything over 80 inches would be probably over 200 lbs. Needless to say, no one caught anything over 80 inches. However, there were a few caught that were over 40 inches that needed to be returned to the deep blue sea.

Don and I were fishing with Captain Eric on our final day. The chocolate Labrador Retriever, Huck, was Eric's pup and we asked for Huck to join us on our adventure. Poor Huck. He is allergic to almost everything, it seems, and his eyes were very swollen and weepy. He was such a great boat dog, and it was fun having him aboard.

Eric had us into Salmon almost immediately once the down riggers were out. Silvers, Chum, Kings and even Sockeye were moving through the waters as they made their way back up

to their breeding grounds. Much like Halibut, Kings can only be kept if it is 28 inches or longer. We caught a number of Kings, but only two were 28 inches or longer. I caught one of those 28+ inches. I am not sure if my fish or Alan's was the white King, but one of our two fish was a special and rare white King. I had no idea that one of our Kings was a white King until Don and I arrived home and began unpacking the catch.

You see, we divide up the catch by boat and therefore, with four of us on the boat, Alan, Sheila, Don and I each received one quarter of the catch for each day. We didn't know who really caught what. Even if someone didn't catch as many fish, s/he would receive one quarter of the catch.

Although I didn't know which King was a white King, at weigh-in, both Alan and I knew which fish was ours. As it turns out, Alan's and my Kings were the largest of the day and both were entered into the drawing along with three others for the grand prize. I lucked out and my name was drawn for the big prize and "SOLID GOLD" (NOT) trophy. I have a very funny feeling that my trophy will somehow end up as one of next year's prizes. Oh well, for now it sits on a shelf for me to admire.

Well, after four days of fishing the pristine waters of Alaska, it was time to bid Aloha to our 49th State of the Union and bid farewell to our friends from the 50th State. Until next year, to Shelter Lodge a big Mahalo!

Lance Johnson Starts his 53rd Year of Teaching

He reminisces about growing up in the Wild West and his Journey to PCC

I was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 23, 1943. I spent much of the first years of my life moving and traveling with my father, mother and brother. We traveled all through the United States but especially the Southwest. My Dad, built the "first" motor home. It was a 1936 White Motors bus that my Dad gutted and then put in bunk beds, sink, icebox, tables and seats. My Dad was an electrician and he worked at many job sites, but especially in the copper mines. For a while, he parked our mobile home in Tombstone, Arizona, next to Boot Hill.

At other times we stayed at old working ranches where ore mining was taking place. My brother, Bruce, and I would ride the old mining cars up and down the rickety tracks! For a while, we lived in an old-converted chicken coup. Since my Dad was often out working the mines, and it was still the Wild West, my mother would sleep with a Colt 45 under her pillow. The ranch hands were told never to go to the coup unannounced. At times we would all be startled awake as the wild horses would brush up against the coup to scratch themselves.

My brother, Bruce (9), attended many schools as we traveled around the OLD WEST. Two of the schools were on Indian Reservations. One was called the Indian Reservation School in Tombstone, Arizona. The other was called the Curley School in Ajo, Arizona. Needless to say, being the only "white boy" in these schools caused a lot of problems. He had to fight many times to prove himself. And he did!!

When I was 5, my family and I moved to Russell, Ohio. My Dad bought a three-acre



parcel of land, and there began the next journey. He purchased a large army tent and erected it on our property, dug a well, built an outhouse and off we went! We lived in the tent for many months. Then, my dad and brother built a small structure that was to become a garage. It consisted of a living room, kitchen, bath and a loft where we all slept. We lived in that small area as my dad and brother built our house. We moved in just as it began to snow.

The next 12 years were uneventful. I attended the Russell schools from grade 1 to 12. I graduated high school, and seven days later I was off with my buddy, Rob Christensen, on my next adventure. I spent the next six months living, working and bumming in Southern California.

After returning to Ohio to spend Christmas with my family, I decided I could not take the cold and snow. I convinced my brother that we should go to Miami Beach for the Winter. We had a great time, working, going to the beach and clubbing at night.

Finally, at the age of 19, I entered the United States Air Force (1962-1966). I went through combat training, survival school training, learned how to fly planes (I hold a commercial pilots license with a multi-engine and instrument rating) and belonged to the Sky Diving Club until a malfunctioning chute landed me in the hospital for a few weeks!

After being honorably discharged from the USAF in 1966, I applied and was accepted at PCC. Dr. Lewis (a retired Air Force Colonel) was the Dean of Admission, as well as, in charge of the new Veteran's program. He helped me and other returning veterans get into the right classes and helped us apply for the new G. I. Bill.

After one year at PCC, I transferred to

California State University, Long Beach, where I received my BA (1968) and my MA. (1970) in Psychology. Next, I was accepted into the Clinical program at USC received my Ph.D. (1974), did my clinical internship and received my Clinical license to practice psychology in California.

In 1968, I worked for McDonnell-Douglas Astronautics alongside Neil Armstrong (1st man to walk on the moon)! I participated in the precursor to Apollo 11, as a crew-man astronaut. I also got to know another famous astronaut, General Bill Anders, who took the famous picture of the earth from the moon. He crewed the Apollo 8 flight. Unfortunately, he died two months ago in an aircraft accident flying his T-34 while he was practicing for an upcoming airshow. Gen. Anders was 90 years old!

In 1971, I was hired full-time to teach psychology at PCC. Over the years I have worked in counseling, and as head psychologist in the Psychology Center and as professor of psychology. In 2007, after 36 years of full-time teaching, I was leaving campus when the Dean came running up and said he needed my help for a couple years. He said the college was just notified they were in a hiring freeze and could not replace the three psychologists that were retiring.

Well, 17 years later, I am still teaching as adjunct professor of psychology. At 81 years old, I am starting my 53rd year of teaching at PCC.

I am not only the oldest teacher at PCC but the oldest veteran. I still enjoy visiting the Veteran's Center on campus and talking to some of the young veterans who are returning home and going back to school. I was in their shoes 58 years ago.





YOGA

Throughout my adult life, I've practiced yoga intermittently. Up until my late 50's, I may have gone to a studio a few times a year. That changed for me in 2011. When I'd hit a low point in my life—my mother was beginning a cognitive decline, along with other stressors at the time—I went on my first yoga retreat in Ojai in search of respite. It was a wonderful, nurturing experience. After only four days, I could feel a definite change in my body. When I got home, I knew I wanted more of this liberating experience.

Yoga is not a practice of just stretching—a common misunderstanding. Certain styles of yoga involve poses that use body weight to strengthen, continual motion (flow) from pose to pose for cardio, and poses that build balance and flexibility. There are literally hundreds of styles of yoga. And, for better or worse, the westernization of the practice for profit has contributed to this.

At the age of 59, in 2012, I joined a studio. After retirement, I went as often as a five to six times a week. It became my passion and my community. I enjoyed the urban vibe, with boisterous music, and sometimes irreverent teachers.

I'm 71 now, with 12 years of regular practice on my mat. After lots of encouragement from my teachers, I have a 200-hour yoga teacher certificate from YogaWorks. I also have other certifications which I earned online during the pandemic shut down. I was geeking out on yoga.

I've traveled on yoga retreats—that first life-changing one in Ojai, one in Peru a few months after I retired, one in Cabo, another in Santa Barbara, Mallorca, Spain, and Palm Desert. In early 2020, a year after my first teacher training, a friend pushed me to audition at the YMCA in San Marino where she also taught.

After a month of practicing teaching a 90" session (with my daughter, her friends, my brother...), I auditioned and got hired to sub. After my first sub class in March 2020, the students applauded!

Then COVID happened and that was the end of my subbing job. After that YMCA location opened up again, they offered me a Saturday morning class, but the commitment didn't appeal to me. Over the COVID years, I kept up my regular practice with my teachers over Zoom. Now studios have opened

up again, and I relish the community practice.

I've recently taken an online 300-hour teacher training and I may try to sub again. Not sure I want to be held to a regular schedule, but I've discovered I could offer live or recorded sessions online via various platforms, including volunteer sites.

A lot of work is involved in building a yoga session: it's necessary to help people get acquainted with the nuances of their bodies, to breathe deeply, to counter the effect of sitting, to awaken underused muscles, to move their bodies in optimal ways and rhythms that build strength, balance, flexibility, and emotional equanimity for on and off the mat—all while having some fun.

I am grateful for what the practice of yoga has given my body, my mind and my spirit. I'll close with a favorite quote used at the conclusion of class: ***Lokah Samastah Sukhino Bhavantu. May all beings everywhere be happy and free, and may the thoughts, words, and actions of my own life contribute in some way to that happiness and freedom for all.***

Dr. James Crayton Was Named to the California Library Hall of Fame for his Many Contributions

The California Library Association (CLA) selected founding leaders of the California Librarians Black Caucus, (CLBC), Dr. James E. Crayton and the late Joyce Madkins Sumbi, as two of the 2024 inductees into the California Library Hall of Fame.

Dr. James Crayton, has been referred to as the “Godfather of the California Librarians Black Caucus (CLBC).

Dr. Crayton’s researched discrimination practices operating in the Los Angeles County Public Library System against minority librarians in the 1960s and early 1970s.

This information challenged the administration about its promotion of African Americans to middle management and administrative positions.

The information also led to a class-action lawsuit filed by Crayton and two other County Librarians, Louis J. Moses and Joyce Sumbi, with the state’s Fair Employment Practices Commission (FEPC).

Simultaneously, Crayton, Moses and Sumbi worked with the officers of the Black Caucus of the American Library



Association (BCALA) to form the California Librarians Black Caucus (CLBC) in 1972.

Known as an advocate for African American Librarians, Crayton and his associates brought resolutions before

the CLA Council to 1) To support the Black Librarians Fair Employment Practices Commission (FEPC) class action suit against Los Angeles Public Library and 2) To assure that there will be a definite percentage of minority representation on the California Library Association Council.

Crayton received his PhD from Claremont Graduate School in 1980. He has a M.A. in Education, Instructional Media, M.L.S. in Library Science and B.S. in History.

He participated actively in professional local, state and national organizations. Crayton is a lifetime member of the NAACP, has served on the Board of Governors with the Urban League and was active both with the American Library Association (ALA) and CLA.

Dr. Crayton, retired from PCC after an extensive professional career.

The California Library Hall of Fame honors the historical significance and lifetime achievements of the many librarians, library workers and supporters who have helped promote and improve library services in California.

Pasadena City College Starting its Next 100 Years

website, Pasadena.edu, and click on the icon that says, “Join the Celebration.” A calendar will pop up, and you can click on Upcoming Events. Check it periodically for new events.

When you look at the next two pages of the newsletter, you will see some photos you may recognize and some you may not.

For example, bungalows served as classrooms and offices on the campus for many years. Not many know that those bungalows came from the Japanese Internment camp at Santa Anita. Most of those bungalows were located where the pool is now.

Faculty could park next to the bungalows if spots were available. Only a lucky few could snag a spot in that area. For everyone else, parking was a problem. Since the campus opened, there were too many cars for too few spaces. One of the photos shows the west parking lot in 1934.

The parking crush eased when the

college built the parking structures.

For many years students enrolled in building trades constructed houses on campus in what is now the pool area. Students did everything from plans to completion. The homes were later purchased and moved to new locations. Building on campus stopped after the 210 Freeway opened because it limited how far the houses could be moved.

Sports have always been big on campus. Jackie Robinson and his brother Mack played multiple sports. They are two of the college’s most famous alumni. Mack was a world-class sprinter who finished four tenths of a second behind Jessie Owens in the 1936 Olympics.

Of course, we all know Jackie from baseball and breaking the color barrier. He also played football, basketball and ran track and field. The photo shown on the top of page 3 is PJC’s first football team.

Often people ask where he played his games when he was on campus. Not

many still remember that the college had its own baseball field on campus. It was torn up to make room for a parking structure and Robinson stadium.

In addition, some may recognize the photo of Albert Einstein who was on campus to dedicate the planetarium. Although not many people today will remember the event, it was quite exciting because more than 8,000 people showed up to see Einstein in person.

Did you know that until 1966, only students attending PCC could become the Rose Queen? Every fall semester, the college enrollment swelled with women hoping to become Rose Queen or be in the court. However, as soon as the queen was selected, enrollment plummeted.

PCC has an interesting history and an exceptional present. If you are interested in learning more about the college, you just have to Google History of Pasadena City College and there will be plenty to read.

Retirees Group Tours the Historic Gamble House

By James Arnwine

Twenty PCC Retirees met at the Gamble House on Sept. 17 to enjoy a guided tour of the home, a Greene and Greene architectural masterpiece. The docents who led the tours were knowledgeable and entertaining, and discussed not only the beautiful designs and characteristics of the home, but also discussed aspects of the construction and the roles of the various people involved, including David and Mary Gamble and Charles and Henry Greene.

I was struck by how detailed the designs are. Each room has a unifying theme, often based on a work of art such as a lamp or vase. This design would be incorporated in the woodwork of the furniture and architectural details of the walls, ceilings, staircases, lamps, chandeliers, and fireplaces. The rooms were beautiful and left all of us with uplifted spirits. I heard from some of the participants, and they felt the same way as I did. Even though some had toured the house on earlier occasions, they discovered new delights again this time. Afterwards, 10 of us gathered at Urban Plates for lunch, conversation and a fun time.

The Retirees Association members take several trips throughout the year. Postcards and emails go out in plenty of time to RSVP for the event. Plan to join the group next time. It is always fun.



It's Almost Time For the Holiday Mixer



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. Last year, we had the biggest crowd ever for the holiday event, and we are hoping for an even bigger turnout this year.

The mixer will be held on Dec. 11 from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. at 1715 Homet Road in Pasadena. 91106. Remember that mixers are always casual get-togethers, where friends and former colleagues spend a relaxing afternoon. Please call or text Liz Polenzani at (626) 710-6436 or email her at LGpolenzani@gmail.com only if you are coming. Because everyone at the mixer enjoys chatting and munching, feel free to bring hors d'oeuvres, a dessert or wine to share.

Mark the date on your calendar now so you don't forget.

Harry Smallenburg Travels to Some of the World's Most Exotic Places

By Harry Smallenburg

Looking back on all my years of traveling, I've managed to get to quite a few places. From destinations connected to teaching (Turkey, Israel, Greece, India, England, France, Ireland, Italy) to destinations inspired by a random remark of my mother's (the Silk Road countries—Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan), to destinations related to human history—they all are, of course—(Africa, Egypt, Morocco), or curiosity (Cuba, Iceland, Antarctica, Belize, St. Martin). I also went to hear music I'd written performed in Japan and once addressed Spanish-speaking art students in Puerto Rico. Ten days here, 14 days there—it adds up.

Travel has vanquished many misconceptions and naive expectations. I first went to Rome expecting to see horse and buggy transportation, like in a Henry James novel. No. Traffic everywhere. All the modern stores, upscale and downscale. McDonald's. Tuk-tuks and motor scooters everywhere in India. I discovered, on my first overseas adventure, that America was not the only place in the world I could find aspirin.

My passport was stolen in Johannesburg—but a guide's well-placed phone call and \$150 got it back. (I sign up for tours where the culture is so different that errors could make the trip worse

than it needs to be. In India, we passed run-down, unwall buildings with "Hotel" signs—I would not have wanted to book one of those by accident.) The Japan trip, which included Kyoto, Osaka, and Nagoya, was special. I had been asked to write jazz arrangements of several Disney tunes, including a medley of music from *The Incredibles*. The Japanese love all things Disney, especially salubrious romantic ballads. That wasn't my mandate, though. The band, all top-level Japanese musicians (with a few Americans living in Japan) gave a series of concerts. Very exciting and inspiring to hear my music so well-played. *The Incredibles Medley* has become one of the band's signature pieces.

Of course, I walked all over the cities, visiting as many temples as possible. When you can't read the bus signs, and no tour guide is making sure you get where you want to be, you depend on your feet and Google maps.

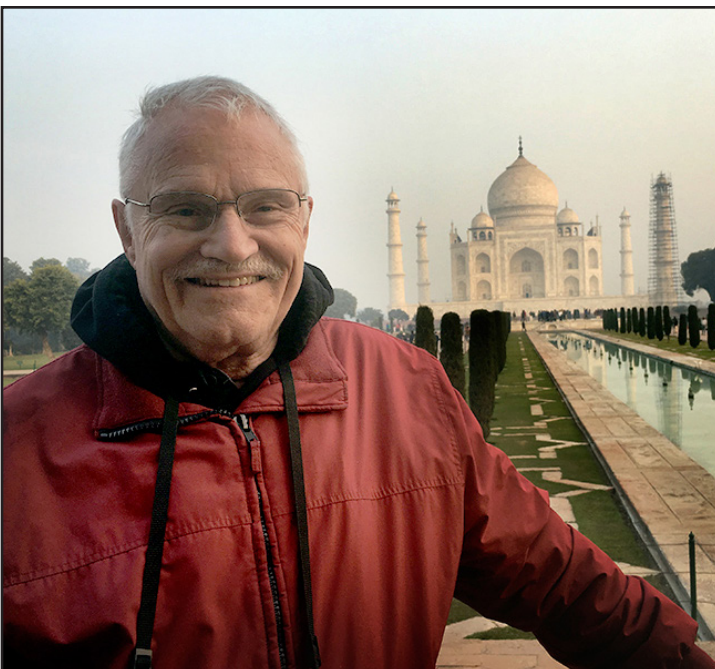
Of course, travel is beautiful landscapes, architecture, art, and historical sites. Travel is cuisines: ostrich, snake, and warthog in Africa (they were all fine); fried beetles in Vietnam (fine also, but I don't hanker after more). And trying to decipher restaurant menus, whether in Paris, Florence, Kyoto, or Hanoi. Perhaps most importantly, travel is meeting "the other" face to face, gradually piecing

together, as best I can, the jigsaw history of humanity, and the history of histories themselves, especially the mostly prejudicial and destructive ways we have framed our own western "Judeo-Christian" history and European culture as "superior" to other histories, religions, and cultures. Travel exposes fantasies for what they are.

There are Moroccan mosques that dwarf the Vatican, Buddhist temples in Asia as ubiquitous as neighborhood churches here. Along the many intersecting routes of the ancient Silk Road, you can see the remainders: dreary office and apartment buildings of the Soviet Union. People reinstated their customs and traditions, reinvented their civic societies, and had to re-learn how to conduct their economic life.

It all changes your perspective. The exotic open bags of spices and tables of fresh produce in the bazaars are where Africans, Arabs, Israelis shop everyday. The masks, the sculpture, the ceramics, the intricate geometric designs on mosques and temples, monumental structures like Angkor Wat, the Taj Mahal, and the pyramids—you realize there is creative genius in every culture, ancient and modern.

Bulldozers, earth movers, cranes, computers and 3-D printers are relatively recent, but only a bizarre kind of ignorance could propose that therefore



Harry's Travels Continues



A scarecrow in a rice field in Laos.

aliens must have built the pyramids.

Travel is self-discovery. The broader one's sense of human achievement, the broader one's sense of self. Unfortunately, that goes for human destructiveness as well. Travel expands, and travel humbles.

Finally, though, travel is hope—in Vietnam and India, we ran into groups of recently-graduated students. The girls in India all intended to be teachers. They were invariably excited to meet Americans. Whatever news media might say about American post-graduation anxieties, these kids were excited about their futures.

In Africa and India both, we were taken to village schools. The African school had been founded by a Road Scholar tour guide, especially so students could get an education close to home rather than brave the distance and wild animals trying to reach (always accompanied by a parent) existing schools. In India, the school children sang a song the lyrics of which were unrecognizable until we sang it back to them. Then, we understood "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star." The teachers said one of the biggest obstacles to learning English was not having native speakers to practice with. Nonetheless, education, even with some obstacles is paramount.

The trainers at the gym say: keep moving, stay limber and flexible. I know I'm preaching to the choir here, but that advice is not just physical.

The photos on page 9 on the left show Harry with the Taj Mahal in the background, and on the right, Harry is standing between two laughing wise men in Buhara.

Group gets a Lesson on Why Recycling is Important

A group of retirees and friends toured the WWS (Universal Waste Systems) recycling center in Santa Fe Spring on Oct. 9. This was an informal outing, not a scheduled retirees' excursion, because the UWS could only accommodate six visitors for the tour.

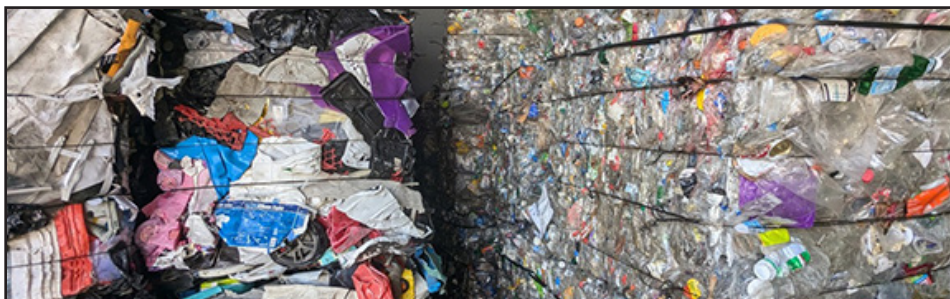
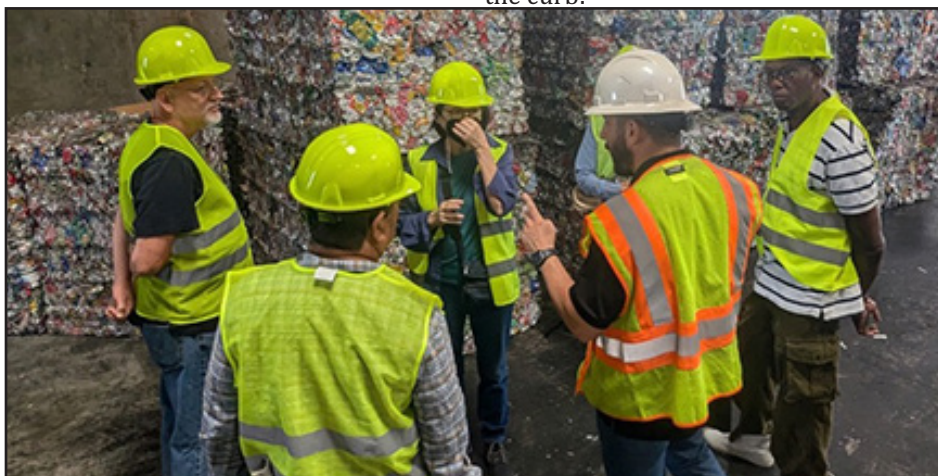
During the tour, which lasted about an hour and a half, we walked through various areas of the large facility and went up and down a lot of stairs to get a bird's eye view of the various routes that "trash" takes, so UWS can extract the maximum amount of usable (and marketable) recyclables and minimize the amount of trash that goes to landfills. We were impressed with the size and scope of its operation and were surprised to learn that it is only one of several recycling companies in southern California which service various cities in LA County.

Observations: At the end of the line for recyclables (such as plastic and aluminum), sat huge bales of crushed cans and plastic bottles. We discovered that if a recycling center such as UWS allows too much "unacceptable" materials in either kind of bale, the company will be paid a much lower amount. Thus, we observed UWS employees sampling various bales for extraneous materials to ensure uniform quality.

UWS deals with all glass materials by grinding it up and sending it all in a large container to another recycler which uses very specialized (expensive) equipment to reduce the amount of non-glass materials. That second company produces glass pellets which are then sold in bulk to manufacturers who create new glass products. We saw a room full of new equipment ready to start operation (pending county permits) that will process compostable waste from the green bins. Finally, we witnessed the "paper" recycling line, which uses both human and mechanical sorters to remove all the small "non-paper" items.

By the end of the tour, we were amazed at how much UWS extracts from the enormous stream of waste and how companies like this one greatly reduce the amount of materials that are sent to landfills.

Our tour guide Carey, who oversees the facility, told us the company's margins are extremely small, and they have to expend a lot to ensure that each waste stream is composed of only one type of material. After seeing how much work it takes to properly recycle thousands of tons of waste every day, I encourage all of you to diligently pre-sort your trash before you put it out on the curb!



In Memoriam

Whitney Rydbeck's Final Curtain Call

Whitney Rydbeck, a theater instructor for more than 23 years passed away on July 15, 2024 in Chatsworth from complications of cancer.

Those who loved him gathered to celebrate his life in Westerbeck Recital Hall at Pasadena City College on Sunday, August 18, 2024. Whitney was not only a dedicated teacher, but a friend to his students. These friendships continued long after his students graduated and pursued their careers. He encouraged his students to follow their passion for acting, singing, mime, improvisation, comedy, etc. He helped them refine their talents and encouraged them to overcome their fears as they stepped out on the stage to share their diverse talents.

Whitney was a kind, loving, humble man. He attended Pasadena High School, Pasadena City College and then Cal State Fullerton, where he studied theater. In the early 70s, he was a member of the Richmond Shepard Mime Troupe and the McLoughlin-founded L. A. Mime Company. He was a master of physical comedy.

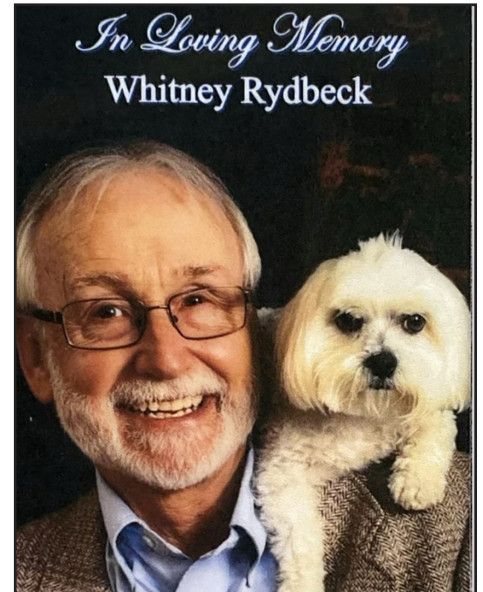
Whitney had a prolific career as a TV and film actor, appearing in more than 50 television and motion pictures. He appeared on the shows *Scrubs*, *7th Heaven*, Walt Disney's *Wonderful World of Color*, *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, and *Far Out Space Nuts*.

Rydbeck played Whitney in the children's program *Whitney and the Robot*. He also appeared on the silver screen in *Grand Jury*, *Battle Beyond the Stars*, *A Very Brady Sequel*, *Oliver & Company*, and *Friday the 13th Part VI: Jason Lives*. He is best known for his role in *Jason Lives: Friday the 13th Part VI* and for starring as an original crash test dummy in 1980s safety belt commercials."

Whitney started at Pasadena City College as an adjunct faculty. He retired in 2015 after more than 23 years of teaching, producing and directing his students in countless theatrical performances on campus.

Long time friend Tommy McLoughlin, American screenwriter and director wrote, "We lost not only a truly funny comedians and actors, but one of the most good-hearted

human beings I've ever known. God bless you and rest in peace, Whitney Rydbeck. Our loss is heavens' gain."



Mabel Duncan Served PCC and Her Community

Mabel Marguerite Duncan, "Maggie," as she was affectionately known, was born October 14, 1928. She was the seventh of 13 children. The Duncan family moved to Pasadena in 1920. They were the first African American family in St. Andrew's Catholic Church Parish in Pasadena. The family was featured in a 2009 exhibit mounted by the Pasadena Museum of History called, "Family Stories: Sharing a Community's Legacy" that shared the personal multi-generational stories of six families.

Mabel attended Pasadena area schools and graduated high school from Pasadena Junior College and received an AA degree from Pasadena Junior College. As a single parent raising a daughter, Mabel recognized that in order to provide any meaningful security for her daughter, she would need more education. She enrolled at California State University where she received her Bachelor of Arts degree in Speech Pathology. She went on to work for Pasadena City schools and later worked as a Speech Therapist for Los Angeles City schools.

Mabel applied for and was awarded a Ford Foundation Fellowship to USC's School of Urban and Regional Planning. In 1973 she graduated receiving her Master

of Planning degree from the Schools of Architecture and Fine Arts and Public Administration. She later received a Certificate of Completion in Environmental Management from the School of Public Administration and the Environmental Management Institute.

While she was in school, Mabel helped



her brother, John, who owned the Panama Glove Company in Pasadena. While assisting him, she started working part time for Pasadena City College in 1968. In 1990, Mabel became a full-time employee and continued working for Pasadena City College until her retirement in 2008. She dedicated over 40 years to teaching.

Mabel served at Pasadena City College, Community Education Center, as the Supervisor/Coordinator for the evening programs for six years. She also served as the Interim Director of the English as a Second Language program.

Mabel was a quiet force. She was involved with community activities as an active member of the Altadena Heritage and Altadena Town Council. She was involved with the Parent, Teacher, Student Association at Pasadena City College. She was in a community group that helped to financially contribute to emerging young artists.

Mabel enjoyed driving well into her 80s. She was ageless and didn't tell her age because her mother told her, "A woman who tells her age will say anything." Mabel cherished her family. She loved shopping, travel, fine dining, wine and roses. She enjoyed the company of her faithful canine companion, Chicco.