

# Staying Connected

PCC Retirees Association

Oct 2013

## Traveling to the Baltic and Beyond

**Elvio and Ceci Angeloni Find the U.S. Can Learn a Lot from Other Countries**

By Elvio Angeloni

As our plane descended toward the airport outside of Amsterdam (Holland), doubts began to surface as to whether or not I would be able to experience anything new or unique. It would be the one city out of the coming seven that Ceci and I (along with her brother, Raul, and his wife, Ann) would be visiting that we had been to twice before. Indeed, much of it was familiar: the buildings that date back to the 1600's in the heyday of the Dutch overseas trading empire (some of which are still leaning one way or another, a few both ways); the museums, including Ann Frank's house; the canal tours; and, of course, the always fascinating Red Light District.

Yet, there really was something different. The first hint came while walking through the terminal in search of a receptacle for my ear-popping gum. I had to make a choice among three recycling containers. Three? At the airport? Even though we had been doing this kind of weekly recycling at home, it was a surprise to see such a public commitment to not wasting...waste.

Then, as we rode a taxi into the city, something else was odd: no traffic to speak of, into or out of town. This was in spite of the fact that we had arrived around 5 p.m. on a Thursday afternoon, precisely when freeway congestion would be horrendous in Los Angeles. The closer we got to the city center, the more obvious the answer: there were a lot of bikes. We even found a 3-level parking garage for bicycles near the train station and yet, not even one parking lot for cars—anywhere.

Finally, at the hotel, we were bothered by the non-functioning air conditioner in our room—until we learned from the desk clerk that we had to close the windows first. What made all of this and other aspects of our experience with the northwest European lifestyle so fascinating was the contrast with the carbon footprint laid down by Americans who, in a lifetime, will send to the dump a world-record 102 tons of garbage per capita. In contrast, the Netherlands recycles 64% of its waste and most of the rest is incinerated (with the carbon captured) to generate electricity.

Should we even be calling waste “waste” anymore? Perhaps the relative lack of space (no wild west here), increased environmental awareness and the fact that Holland is a country below sea-level are reasons enough to become green. I had to wonder what it would take to shake the United States out of its complacency.

Overall, throughout our three-week journey through northwestern Europe, we found the airports to be more modern, spacious and user-friendly than ours, the roads better maintained, the public transportation more efficient, ubiquitous and widely used, the parks more plentiful, and the people healthier and more educated (it was hard to find anyone who didn't speak English).

Just as one example, we were told that Finland is tied with South Korea in terms of overall education and ranks number one in the world in math and science. Perhaps a partial explanation for these differences lies in a statement made by President Eisenhower in 1953 (quoted in the Nobel Museum in Stockholm): "This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children."

In moving on to Bruges (Belgium) we found a medieval city with an architectural quaintness that gives it the look of the Santa Claus town portrayed in "Polar Express." Apart from the plague and the German occupation during WWII (which resulted in no physical damage), the major historical events seemed to have been a fire in the belfry (hundreds of years ago) and the filming of "The Nun's Story" with Audrey Hepburn in the 1950s. (We happened to be in town during the once-in-five-years reenactment of what they seemed to think were life-changing events.)

O.K., we did not learn much about history here, but I won't be the first to say that Bruges is beautiful. Stockholm (Sweden), with its lakes and Baltic Sea archipelago, has been called the "Venice of the North," but, then, so have Amsterdam, Bruges, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Hamburg and Manchester, even London. Apparently anything with more than two waterways qualifies.

I mentioned this to the historian on the cruise ship—referred to below—who replied that this was an insult, not to Venice, but to all of those other cities. His argument: "Have you seen Venice lately?" In any case, Stockholm is a beautiful city, whether you stay in the Gamla stan (meaning "old town:") district, where we stayed at the beginning of this trip or the newer, more northerly section (where we spent our last days before returning home).

Each has good restaurants and shops situated along pedestrian zones offering a lifestyle much to be admired—at least in the summertime. We were fortunate to have Swedish friends who prepared a delicious traditional meal for us. Highlights in the city included a visit to the Nobel Museum, the City Hall (where the Nobel Banquet takes place) and the Vasa Museum, which houses the huge trading ship Vasa.

The Vasa sank on its maiden voyage in 1628 after sailing but 20 minutes. An inconclusive inquest indicated that it was overloaded with cannons and the ballast was improperly weighted. The low saline waters of the harbor (a fresh water lake connected to the sea by locks), resulted in almost perfect preservation, thus providing us with a testament to the technology and culture of its time.

Moving on to Copenhagen (Denmark), part of our strategy was to get the Copenhagen Card which provided free use of public transportation and free admission to the top attractions such as palaces, castles, museums, canal tours and the Tivoli Gardens.

One of my favorite stops was the more than 150-year-old Carlsberg Brewery which offers two free drinks and (for purchase) the best grilled salmon sandwich I have ever had. It was in Copenhagen that we boarded the 500-passenger ship, the Silver Whisper, for our first (one week) luxury cruise. We had been on smaller, more educationally- oriented cruise ships to Alaska and the Galapagos Islands, but this was almost purely hedonistic.

(There were a few lectures relating to the cities we would visit). Considering that our stateroom was more spacious and more lavishly appointed than any hotel room we've ever stayed in, need I say more? Our first cruise stop was in Helsinki (Finland), where we made one historical visit—to Suomenlinna, a one-time island Fortress built to protect the city and now a UNESCO heritage site. I chose to spend my limited time there somewhat bent over as I made my way through a French-built submarine. It was interesting to experience the claustrophobic quarters sailors had to endure during some of their WWII action.

It was so cramped that a sailor had to ask permission to use the toilet so that another crew member could be positioned somewhere else in order to counterbalance the weight lest the boat tip too much to one side. (Perhaps they took note of the Vasa experience.)

In contrast, our other stop in Helsinki was to the Stockman Department Store, the Finnish equivalent to London's Harrods, but perhaps even grander in its selections, especially with respect to meats, vegetables and desserts. This was all in the basement since, given our predilection for chocolate, we did not take the time to visit the other floors.

Our next stop, St. Petersburg, Russia, owes its present-day grandeur to just two Tsars, Peter the Great and Catherine the Great. Peter planned the city right down to its street layout and architectural details. As a young man, he had spent two years touring Holland, England and France in order to learn about such things as ship-building, city planning, architecture and warfare. Having fought a 21-year war with Sweden in order to establish and maintain a Baltic seaport (St. Petersburg) he sent his most talented young people abroad to become proficient in everything that the West had to offer in the areas of science, technology and the arts.

Catherine the Great followed suit in continuing the building program and arts acquisitions, although she failed to democratize the country because of aristocratic opposition. It is hard to believe that St. Petersburg is such a relatively young city—just three hundred years old, compared to Moscow's thousand years and Rome's more than 2,000 years. It has such a Renaissance flavor with its ornate buildings, broad

thoroughfares, picturesque churches, palaces, gardens, canals and, of course, its huge museum collections, including one of the grandest in the world—the Hermitage.

Tallinn (Estonia) is a city of gingerbread houses designated as a World Heritage site on the Gulf of Finland. Its most interesting attraction is the beautiful Alexander Nevsky Cathedral, built during the period of the Russian Empire. As with Brugge, Tallinn is beautiful to look at and worth a stroll.

We disembarked from the cruise ship in Stockholm, where we were able to spend more time with our Swedish friends and have another wonderful traditional meal, this time at their summer home on a beautiful island in the archipelago. We owe them dearly.

Touring the Baltic was a wonderful experience. For me, as an anthropologist, it was especially fascinating to see not only what we share with our European brethren, but also to learn more about the different social, cultural and economic choices we have each made. We have a lot to learn from them.

## The Sky Above and the Earth Below

### **Bruce and Kathy Carter Get a Close-up Look at Two Volcanoes**

By Bruce Carter

Last year Kathy and Bruce decided to view another solar eclipse—this one in the South Pacific. In October, we started by joining Richard and Wendie Johnston by flying to Hawaii for about a week where we celebrated Bruce's birthday by viewing the sunset from the summit of Mona Loa standing among all the fabulous observatories arrayed along the top of this peak.

Over the next week we enjoyed the island, particularly exploring Kilauea National Volcanic Park. A lot of driving, walking, viewing, etc. gave us a good experience of this park, but the best was a helicopter flight over the eruption areas recently covered by molten lava erupted from Pu'u 'O'o over the past 20 years. From the air we viewed the impressive flows, but the most remarkable was looking straight down into the lava lake at the summit of this cone. Our pilot enjoyed talking geology with Bruce, and gave us a special close up view—a little too close for Kathy's comfort!

After this great experience we boarded the Celebrity Millennium cruise ship and set out to cross the Pacific. It was a luxury ship and was a great experience including stops in Fiji and Samoa. We rendezvoused with the eclipse track just north of New Zealand and had a great view of totality from this remote part of the world. About 400 people were there specifically for this event, and there were many lectures covering astronomical topics, including one by Bruce talking about Hawaiian volcanoes and their relevance to studies of the Martian environment.

We arrived in New Zealand a few days after the eclipse. In Auckland we left the ship, rented a car and set out for three weeks exploring the wonders of this beautiful South

Pacific land. A few days later as we reached the volcanic center of South Island, news came that one of the great stratovolcanoes there had exploded the day before. Hundreds of people had just been evacuated from the Tongariro Alpine Crossing—one of the most famous volcano walks in the world. Bruce and Kathy acted quickly and booked a helicopter flight for the next day. A woman who seemed younger than most of our PCC students expertly flew us across the cloud wrapped summit where the weather cleared just enough that we got good views of great streamers of steam boiling up out of the crater.

We then had nearly three more weeks to explore these wonderful islands—a fabulous experience, but one for a later article.

So we set off to see a wondrous heavenly display, but had the opportunity for a close up examination of some of the Earth's most dramatic processes. We got to see two very different volcanic eruptions at opposite ends of the Pacific Ocean.

Certainly a lifetime experience for any geologist and two somewhat scary rides for Kathy!

## The Lamsons Visit Quirky Newfoundland

By Alan Lamson

In early September of this year, Sheila and I landed in the port city of St. John's on the south east coast of Newfoundland. We were there because a Canadian friend, Sara, recommended that we sign up for a National Geographic voyage around the Maritime Provinces. She said that the people in Newfoundland had a quirky, fun sense of humor compared to other Canadians. Since we were coming to Stratford, Ontario anyway for the Shakespeare festival, we decided to extend our trip and join the expedition.

Our first sense of the quirkiness of Newfoundland happened as we walked along the waterfront near our Sheraton hotel in St. John's. We immediately noticed that all of the Victorian style row houses were painted in bright colors; the locals call these "jelly bean" houses, which now dominate the downtown area. As to the origin of their bright colors, one popular story says that the bright colors helped local fishermen find their way home in the dense fog.

But a local authority on architectural heritage gives a more plausible explanation: that the idea of brightly painted houses came about in 1977 when a local Heritage Foundation took on the project of painting a sample block of houses in bright colors. The idea proved to be so popular with tourists and locals that homeowners throughout the downtown area started painting their houses in bright colors.

Our friend was right: the people on this remote island are quirky or "cramp," in the Newfoundland dialect, meaning someone amusing because of clever or humorous speech. At our first stop, Twillingate Island, a day's sailing north of St. John's, we met

our first “cramp” character—Dave Boyd who runs Prime Berth Fishery and Heritage Center. Dave has been a fisherman his whole life as had his father and grandfather. But he said: “I now git most of my money from tourists like you. (We laugh as does he). You see, you just can’t make anything fishing anymore. The “fishing mafia” controls the prices and pay off the government to pass stupid laws that are terrible for us fishermen.”

To Dave the “fishing mafia” were the merchants who controlled the prices paid for cod and other fish. For the cod he catches, he said he was paid only 50 cents a pound, and he caught his quota of 5,000 pounds in two days. “You know what,” he asked? That same fish is sold twenty miles away for \$9 a pound!” So to make ends meet, Dave runs this heritage center with his wife. While she minds the museum, he demonstrates the correct way to split a cod—talking all the while about what it was like in the old days when cod fishing was once the mainstay of the Newfoundland economy.

Not only does Newfoundland have quirky characters, it has some quirky, out of the way places. One of these is L’Anse aux Meadows (Jellyfish Cove), on the far north coast, another day’s sailing from Twillingate. In the 1960s two archaeologists, Helge and Anne Stine, used information in medieval Norse sagas to discover the site of an 11th Century Viking settlement, the first European settlement in North America. You might recall hearing in school that Leif Erikson was thought to have visited North America centuries before Columbus. It turns out that Leif did indeed visit North America and establish a settlement, called Vinland, at this very location.

The day we visited it was quite windy and chilly, but the wood framed peat-turf long house we visited was quite comfortable, especially with a fire inside that was heating a meat stew. Inside were several locals, with long hair and full beards, wearing traditional Norse clothing. The man tending the stew greeted us and offered us a seat on a bench covered with fur. As if back in Viking times, he talked about how he and the others lived from fishing and hunting. He said that several families lived in the longhouse and that several children had been born here.

How long were they here for? He said that eventually the site was abandoned, after maybe 10 years, because of attacks by a local native people called skraelings. In another building near the longhouse, there was a reconstructed workshop where a Norse woman was spinning cloth. After greeting us, she asked if anyone had anything to exchange. Our Geographic tour guide said, “Sure,” and pulled out a bottle of berry wine that she had bought at a winery in Twillingate. The woman searched about and found nice piece of Norse jewelry to exchange for the wine.

Another quirky site we visited was Gros Morne National Park, a World Heritage site on the east coast of the Newfoundland What’s unusual about this site is that it is one of those few places in the world where the rocks on the surface were once part of the earth’s mantle and ocean crust. As a result of the collusion of two tectonic plates, the rocks from below have been thrust up and now form the Tablelands in the park. The place looks like a desert because the rocks contain metals that are poisonous to plants.

Bruce Carter would know their names and understand what happened here more thoroughly than I do.

Another day of sailing took us away from the coast of Newfoundland to the Magdalene Islands a cluster of wispy islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Our tour guide, Gil, was another one of those quirky characters that we kept running into. Gil is a musician by trade as might be guessed from the way he looked. He wore a fedora type hat, had a pony tail, a neatly trimmed gray beard, and a ring on one ear.

He told us that his people, the Arcadians, settled the islands in the 18th century after being expelled by the British from Canada during the French and Indian War. Some of these Arcadians ended up in Louisiana where they are called Cajuns. Gil said he had lots of relatives on the islands. He himself came from a family of 13. As we drove around, he pointed out the houses of several cousins. Gil loved to talk. He told us that he— like most of the people on the island— did whatever he could to earn a living so that he could stay on the islands where he loves the way of life. Besides being a musician, he works as a tour guide, a fisherman, a gardener and who knows what else. He said it was really cheap to live on the islands since the houses are inexpensive and you can eat cheaply if you can fish and grow your own vegetables.

As for what people do in the winter, he became animated in describing the “kitchen parties” that people hold to relieve the boredom of winter. People meet in selected houses to eat, drink, dance, and enjoy live music, which he often provides. In one evening the party moves to several different houses. “It’s great fun,” he said. Each person contributes a few dollars for the food and everyone takes part in the singing and dancing.

Our final visit was to Cape Breton Island near Nova Scotia, home of another quirky character, Alexander Graham Bell who built his summer home in the small town of Baddeck. Bell quirkiness and persistence led him to experiment with listening devices that he used to help communicate with deaf people, including his mother. These experiments eventually led to his invention of the telephone. Bell later became one of the founders of the National Geographic Society, which is celebrating its 125 anniversary this year. In honor of the event, Bell’s great grandson, Gil Grosvenor, was on board the ship as guest speaker.

Gill, a past president of National Geographic, talked about the lesser known work of Bell, such as his early experiments with airplanes and hydrofoils. He also talked about spending long summers at the huge Bell estate in Baddeck where Gil also has a house, as do other members of the Grosvenor clan. We didn’t get to visit the Bell estate, but we did get to board the schooner Amoeba and sail by it on a gloriously sunny day.

So we left Newfoundland with a new appreciation of the quirky people who live on this remote island. This appreciation was enhanced when I recently learned that the city of Gander, Newfoundland hosted thousands of airline passengers stranded there when American airspace was closed after the 9/11 terrorist attacks. The citizens of Gander

went all out to insure that their guests were treated as family, putting them up in their homes, schools, and public buildings.

A recent e-mail posting by a stewardess from one of the diverted plans, Delta Flight 15, describes the lengths to which the citizens of Gander went to ensure the comfort of their guests who “happened to literally drop in among them.” As a result, the passengers on the Delta flight set up a trust fund for the high school students in a nearby community where there were housed in the high school. On the anniversary of 9/11, President Obama sent a letter to Prime Minister Stephen Harper, saying: “In one of the darkest moments in our history, Canada stood by our side and showed itself to be a true friend.”

## Join the Retirees Association for a Trip to See the Palm Springs Follies Farewell Season

The Retirees' Association has reserved seats for the Farewell Season of the Palm Springs Follies on Wednesday, Dec. 4. Mark your calendar and plan to join your friends and colleagues when they go to see this year's hilarious performance of the world-famous, Broadway-caliber celebration of the music, dance, and comedy of Mid-Century America with a cast old enough to have lived it! The ladies and gentlemen of the Follies range in age from 55 to 85.

More than 3 million people have seen the Follies since it began 23 years ago. The headliner for the Dec. 4 show will be Susan Anton, who gained stardom in film, television, Las Vegas and Broadway.

This is a “now or never” opportunity to see the Follies which will close forever at the end of this season.

The group will meet at the CEC at 9 a.m. and board a motor coach for the trip to the Follies. We'll arrive around noon, and everyone will be on their own for lunch. There are a lot of restaurants near the theater, so you'll have plenty of time to eat and get back for the start of the show.

The show is almost three hours long, so the group will head back to Pasadena around 4:30 p.m. Watch your mail for a flyer giving price information for trip.

If you want to reserve a spot, call Sally Shuster at (626) 798-3744 or Terri Marsala at (626) 449-5717.

## Stay Connected

If you enjoyed reading about your friends and colleagues in the newsletter, there is a good chance they are anxious to hear about what you are doing these days. Consider

dropping a note to the Retirees Association or sending an e-mail to Mikki Bolliger at [MRBolliger@pasadena.edu](mailto:MRBolliger@pasadena.edu). The news you share will be included in the next issue.

## Letters from Scholarship Winners

### Dear Retirees Association:

My name is Arman Mohsen Nia and I joined Pasadena City College (PCC) in the Fall of 2011. After attending PCC for two years, I transferred to Johns Hopkins University majoring in Materials Science and Engineering (Biomaterials track) this Fall. Currently, I work at the Johns Hopkins Translational Tissue Engineering Center as a research assistant.

I am very thankful to the PCC Retirees Committee for their generous scholarship. The scholarship was a great help for me to pay my educational expenses. I greatly appreciate your kind consideration.

*Best regards Arman Mohsen Nia Materials Science and Engineering (Biomaterials Track) Johns Hopkins University, Class of 2015*

### Dear Scholarship Committee:

Currently, I'm in the process of taking the last few classes I need to fulfill the requirements for the Cal State universities. As a side activity, I decided to volunteer for the ACCJC (Accrediting Commission for Community and Junior Colleges) as a student proofreader. Beyond PCC, I have already begun contact with the Art Center College of Design, and am ready to prepare my portfolio for the head of the illustration department.

If winter is completely barren of classes, I will find some temporary work after the fall semester, to further build my financial cushion before finally transferring to my chosen school (hopefully by spring).

It's been tough so far, but ever since I've received the Retiree's Scholarship, I've gained a small, hopeful realization that possibilities can still be open to those who seek them.

*Sincerely, Christine Carreon*

### Dear Scholarship Committee:

I want to thank you for all your help which give me the opportunity to continue pursuing my education and my dream. As of now, I am taking my last Welding class. By the end of this semester, I am eligible to receive at least 3 welding certificates from Pasadena City College. By receiving these certificates, I would gain an advantage once I enter the

workforce. At the same time, it would be a great asset to have one as an automotive technician.

By receiving scholarships through the Retirees Scholarship Committee, I did not only receive recognition but it also opened doors for other opportunities. Through a referral from one of the board members in the Retirees Association, I was able to meet Chancellor Dr.Scott.

Currently, I work for him on occasional basis which allows me to have more shop experience. By next semester, I will be focusing on my general education classes so I could get my Associates Science Degree by 2015.

I am still going through surgeries because of my previous cancer history. So, I am really striving hard to make school work for me. Again, I cannot thank you all enough for helping students like myself and giving us a second chance to get our lives back on track.

*Respectfully Yours, Marcus A. Franco*

**Dear Pasadena Retirees Association Scholarship Committee:**

Thank you again for sponsoring this scholarship, which made such an immediate and positive impact in my life as a student and parent.

Since our meeting on May 10th my life has changed drastically. My daughter and I live in Student Family Housing at the University of California, Santa Barbara (UCSB) where I am majoring in history. During the summer I worked consistently towards two goals; securing a mentor for an undergraduate research project focused on the San Gabriel History Museum (SGHM) and finding a way to be part of a process that improves the way that UCSB responds to the needs of its parenting students.

On the first, I was successful and after several meetings with faculty members I have found a professor who is very supportive of my project and together we have begun to envision how my work at SGHM will unfold. I intend to apply to the McNair Scholars Program in October.

On the second, I have had two very positive meetings with the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs, Michael Young. It would be ideal to secure an internship as a liaison for parenting students, while examining the ways that UCSB can restructure the way parenting students are served. Through my interactions with them, I can say that the faculty at UCSB is incredible, understanding that the faculty at PCC set a high standard.

On a more personal note, I cannot fully express how rewarding this new community has been for my 12-year-old daughter. She now attends a local school which she can walk or bike to. She has also begun to discover her strength as an athlete and is in the

middle of a very successful soccer season. Being a part of her community is something that is new for her and has given her a level of joy and confidence that I have not seen before.

This scholarship made much of this possible, by providing the resources I needed to secure housing and essentials. I am sure that the impact on other recipients was equally positive and life changing.

*Yours Truly, Adela L. Contreras*

**Dear PCC Retirees Association,**

I cannot begin to express my gratitude for your contribution to my academic career. Thank you again!

Currently, I am continuing my path towards an AA in Music at PCC, which I will earn next Spring. I am pursuing composition as well as vocal performance.

Thank you for the opportunity to share with you.

*Very Best, Dorothy Chui*

**Dear PCC Retirees,**

Thank you for supporting my path to opportunity. With aide I am able to buy books, supplies, pay for transportation, and some food, soap and personal items; these make it can be possible for me to participate and pass classes.

Every bit of your input directly impacts my life output now and forever; everything I am doing now is creating and laying a foundation of who I can be for the rest of my life. When I can go to school fresh with food in my stomach and go home with books to stay up late and wake up early to study, then I can believe in the possibility that I will graduate with a BSN and become a nurse; and I will do it better.

I appreciate you considering me and value the success that scholarship provides me so that I can work hard on school now and as a nurse later. This financial hardship ease that you give me helps me to better graduate and be a great nurse so that I can always help others.

Thank you for who you are and what you do.

*Kind Regards, Naomi Devash Dechter*

## Dear Scholarship Committee:

I would just like to express my gratitude for all the help you have given me. As of today, I am still taking the last batch of my general education classes. I also have applied to different registered nursing programs sponsored by other community colleges. I am really hoping to get into the L.A.C.C. nursing program because they have a program bridge to Cal State L.A. for BSN.

So, if I happen to be fortunate I could get both my Associates Degree and BSN within three years. But, I also have applied to the registered nursing program at Pasadena City College for the second time. Recently, I got hired as an English T.A. for Professor Elise Gomez. I am also going to start working as her assistant for the S.T.A.C.C. program in Pasadena City College to help students excel on their academics.

In addition, I am also involved in forming the P.C.C. Kickboxing Club with Professor Sharon Newman-Gomez to encourage students to lead a healthy life in an enjoyable and affordable way. So, this Fall semester I have been really busy.

I want to thank you all for the scholarship you granted me last semester. Because of that fund, I was able to cover the expenses for all the materials I need to apply for nursing programs. At the same time, the remainder of it would help me to afford and pursue my nursing career when I get in to a nursing program. So, I cannot thank you all enough for your continuous support and generosity.

*Sincerely, Maria Capiral*

## Donate Today to Help More Deserving Students

Every year the PCC Retirees Association helps deserving students continue their education. As you can see from the letters from this year's recipients sent, our scholarships definitely have an impact on their lives. Please consider sending a check to the Retirees Scholarship Fund. We can't help them without your support.

Please send a check to the PCC Foundation labeled Retirees' Scholarship Fund, or call the Foundation Office and put a tax-deductible donation on your credit card. You can contact the PCC Foundation at (626) 585-7065.

In Memoriam

## Phil Mullendore Passes Away at 64

Philip Mullendore, chief of police at PCC for 20 years, passed away unexpectedly at the age of 64 on Aug. 8 in Lake Arrowhead where he and his family lived for more than 40 years. Phil, who retired from PCC in 2003, remained active in the campus law

enforcement community by participating as an expert with the California Commission on Peace Officer Standards and Training in the development of the Campus Law Enforcement Course.

During his tenure at the college, he started the first police cadet program in the state of California. As a recognized leader in campus safety, Chief Mullendore was often asked to provide consultation services on campus security matters for colleges and school districts throughout the nation.

Phil was born in Long Beach and grew up in the Imperial Valley. He earned an AA degree from Imperial Valley College where he played football. He went on to play football at Long Beach State University, where he earned his bachelor's and master's degrees. He also completed his doctorate in criminology.

In addition to his law enforcement work, Phil served on the Board of Trustees for the Rim of the World School District, volunteered with numerous organizations (including the Sheriff's Explorer program) the Arboretum, Boy Scout Troop 251 and the Historical Society.

Phil leaves behind his wife of 41 years, Florence, his daughter Jennifer, his son Philip Jr., his daughter-in-law Misty and two grandchildren Elizabeth and Philip III and countless friends and colleagues.

Phil spent his last day enjoying the beauty of nature, wonderful food, the love of his family and friends, a perfect mountain sunset and the satisfaction of a life well lived.

## Russell Mohn Was an Alumnus and a PCC Counselor

Russell Rogers Mohn, 96, died Monday, April 1, 2013, in Pasadena. Russ was born June 23, 1916, in Pasadena to Russell Reitzel and Ada Anna (Rogers) Mohn. He was raised in Pasadena and graduated from Pasadena Junior College. He earned a BA from the University of California at Berkeley in 1938 and an MA from the same university in 1946.

He married Lois Mary Stevens in Holliston Methodist Church in Pasadena on August 25, 1939. Their two children, Kari and Paul, were born in Riverside. The family moved to Pasadena in 1947 and Russ joined the faculty of Pasadena City College. He was the counselor in Engineering and Technology and delighted in sponsoring the Highlanders, the college's hiking club. He served with the Altadena Mountain Rescue Team.

Following his first wife's death in 1969, he married Jane Hutton April 16, 1970. Russ retired in 1971 and he and Jane moved to Paradise, California, where they were active in the Paradise United Methodist Church. As Russ neared the end of his life, he wanted to return to "where I began." He returned to Pasadena in October of last year and died in the hospital in which he was born.

## Dr. Bryant Giles Taught Spanish Language and Culture

Dr. Bryant Giles (1926) passed away on June 19, 2013. He graduated from the University of Utah (1947), where he became a member of Phi Beta Kappa and did graduate work at Stanford University and then at Yale University where he completed his doctorate.

He worked briefly with IBM and East High School in Salt Lake City before coming to Pasadena City College in 1959. Here he taught languages, especially Spanish language, culture and civilization until his retirement in 1994.

His principal pastimes were going to the theater and traveling. Dr. Giles was buried at a military location in Riverside.

## Ted James Retired in June 2013 and Passed Away in August

Professor Virgil Theodrick James I. Virgil, affectionately known as “Ted James” was born on January 31, 1934 in St Louis, Missouri and passed away on Aug.15, 2013. Ted started teaching at PCC in 1970, and he just retired last June.

After graduating from high school, Ted headed west to California. He settled in Pasadena and called it home for more than 50 years.

Ted, an Electrical Engineer and Professor of Technical Education, taught electricity at Pasadena City College and mentored students for more than 40 years.

As a licensed electrical contractor, Ted James traveled around the country and to the Netherlands Antilles, Aruba, teaching, consulting, lecturing, troubleshooting and sharing his knowledge of the field of electricity.

## The Angels Take Sister Mary Home She Spent 33 Years Tutoring PCC Students

By John Wood

On Sept. 9, I received a call in my office at 4 p.m. from a retiree who informed me that Sister Mary Scully was in intensive care at Huntington Hospital. Candy Avila (CTE Tutoring) and I went right over and walked up to the 4th floor of the hospital where we found Sister Mary in a bed on a breathing apparatus. When we spoke to her she opened her eyes to recognize us. We had a chance to tell her thank you for everything she did for countless students at PCC. We told her we loved her and said goodbye. I was informed this morning that she passed away at 6 p.m. last night.

Sister Mary worked from 1976 to 2009 tutoring ESL students in the Learning Assistance Center. Her tireless support of student success led her to enroll in reading, speech, ESL, study skills and special services classes for the purpose of developing an understanding of the curriculum, teaching techniques, and empathy for the students she tutored. She often worked with our most challenged ESL students, spending countless hours working sound-by-sound, letter-by-letter, word-by-word, story-by-story, leading them towards success and graduation.

Sister Mary was honored by the Board of Trustees at the 2010 commencement with the Campus Special Recognition Award which her brother told me, last night, was a proud highlight of her life. A true unsung hero of our PCC family has gone home with the angels.

## Al Kauti, Dean of Students and PCC Flea Market Founder

Alvar (Al) Kauti, a Dad, a Dean and a Coach died on Aug. 18, 2013 after a brief illness. Al was the former dean of students, spent 38 years at PCC as a professor, football coach, golf coach and then dean.

Al graduated from Rosemead High School where he became interested in football. He continued his education and football career as a center at both John Muir Junior College and UCSB. When he completed his master's degree at CSULB, he became a health instructor and football coach at PCC. He also coached golf.

It was Al who envisioned a PCC Flea Market that would generate scholarships for deserving students. Not only did he establish that Flea Market, it is still going strong today. The Flea Market has generated thousands of dollars in scholarships since it began.

Although the game of football was his first love, he was involved in many philanthropic organizations. He served as a member of the Pasadena Sister Cities Committee and president of the Pasadena Services Federal Credit Union and many others.

Al is survived by his son Timothy and his daughter-in-law Mary, his daughter, Heidi Shepherd and her husband Roger, his four grandchildren.