

Staying Connected

PCC Retirees Association

April 2015

Northern Lights in the Greenland Nights Glaciers, IceFjord and the Aurora Borealis

By Bruce Carter

Two years ago Kathy and I heard about a trip to Greenland to view the Aurora Borealis. It was sponsored by the Friends of the Observatory (the Griffith Observatory) with the explicit goal of viewing the Northern Lights. So, we signed up and traveled with a group of 24 people to Greenland in October 2013.

Flying from Los Angeles we first spent a few days in Copenhagen before flying about half way back to land at a large airport at Kangerlussuaq deep in a fjord on Greenland's west coast just north of the Arctic Circle. In World War II this was a major stopping point for allied aircraft flying from North America on their way to Iceland and Great Britain.

The first day we visited the Sondrestrom Research Facility established to study the upper atmosphere and its interactions with space plasma, the Aurora being one of the most widely recognized and spectacular phenomena produced by these interactions.

The station features a 105 ft parabolic dish antenna that measures ionospheric particles and their properties. The presentation at SRI provided a great introduction to the adventure that lay ahead.

The next day we drove 22 miles in a 4- wheel drive bus up to the margin of the Russell Glacier. This glacier is particularly active currently, estimated to be moving more than 100 feet a year, about double the historical norm. This is attributed to increasing temperatures producing greater fluidity under the glacier.

The dirt track we followed was built by Volkswagen in the late 1990's and originally continued up onto the ice cap where they established a test track for the VW Touareg 4WD vehicles.

We parked and then took a short 30-minute walk over the old disrupted road, torn apart by continuing movement of the ice, over an eroded gravelly landscape, past walls of rock-covered ice, skirting deep crevasses and meltwater channels and then up onto the surface of the glacier. Here near its terminus we enjoyed a panorama of cracks, crevasses and mounds and cups sculpted by the icy wind constantly blowing down off the higher parts of the glacier in the distance. Intermittent showers alternated with periods of bright sunlight producing spectacular scenery.

A short flight the next day took us to Ilulissat, one of Greenland's busiest tourist destinations and home to the UNESCO World Heritage Ilulissat Icefjord site. This is the home to Greenland's largest fishing fleet.

There is a single town water pump since most homes in Greenland do not have running water. The local hospital with 3 resident doctors is the second largest in Greenland!

That night we viewed the aurora from a platform behind the Arctic Hotel, our cozy and very comfortable lodging in Ilulissat. The display of lights was spectacular.

The aurora has been known since antiquity. Local traditions mostly regard these lights as the souls of people who died a violent death, while Norse legends consider the aurora to be light reflecting off the shields of the Valkyries who flew their horses over battlefields to bring the souls of warriors who died violently to Valhalla, Odin's great hall in the afterworld (Asgard).

The aurora is the fluorescence of gasses in the upper atmosphere about 60 miles up. Green is emitted by energy released by oxygen while pinks and reds result from reactions with nitrogen.

We saw great displays of color-but this involved standing still out in the freezing cold for hours. It was freezing and I didn't even have a heavy coat.

This experience reminded me of why I decided to study the Earth rather than pursue astronomy!

Another day we boarded a boat to view the towering icebergs at the mouth of the Icefjord.

As giant bergs break off of the glacier inland, they move down the deep fjord at a rate of about 60-100 feet per day until they get stuck on the bottom in the shallow water at the mouth of the fjord.

This one glacier produces more icebergs than any other in the northern hemisphere. It began retreating rapidly about 70 years ago and gives graphic evidence of the changing climate. It is thought that it was iceberg from this glacier that sank the Titanic.

On a subsequent day, we boarded a helicopter and flew up the fjord to its head where ice continuously calves off into the water.

From a thousand feet up as we arced over the iceberg-packed fjord the vast landscape of ancient rock and ice intertwined in infinite undulations and textures.

At one point on one of our boat trips we scooped up some floating glacier ice and used it to enjoy a taste of single malt scotch. As this ice melts the compressed air trapped in the ice thousands of years ago pops and crackles.

Studies of air like this trapped in glaciers thousands of years ago documents how our atmosphere has changed over the past 20,000 years.

On our long flight back to Los Angeles from Copenhagen we had ample time to reflect on our experiences.

Next time I will definitely bring a heavy down jacket and gloves. I was the only person on the trip with no gloves. And I did the walk up onto the ice cap in street shoes-I had forgotten and left my boots in the hotel room.

So, next time I plan to be better prepared. In March 2015 we will travel much farther north to Svalbard to visit the northernmost settlement in the world.

We will climb through an ice cave under the glacier, ride a dog sled and take a 7-hour snowmobile drive. The highlight will be a total solar eclipse. So, we will still spend time looking up at the sky-but at least it won't be in the middle of the night this time!

House Swapping Equals a Great Vacation

So Nice To Relax in A Home Instead of a Hotel

By Pat Savoie

Almost every July my three daughters, their families and friends, and I spend a week or two in Santa Cruz and love it. This year, however, I followed my daughter Amy and her family (husband Kirk, twins Madeline and Emma, daughter Annabelle, and son Ben) to Europe for two weeks in France and two weeks in England.

With three teenage girls, and a 7-yearold boy, it was not an Elderhostel trip. I had to remind the girls to turn around every so often to be sure I was still in sight.

I had been to most of the places we visited, but two things made this trip different—getting a view of things through the eyes of the grandkids and living in other people's homes while there.

Through homeexchange.com, Amy had set up house swaps, which turned out to be wonderful. So nice to be able to make your own meals, take a day off, enjoy the neighborhoods, and strike out for other places at will.

The owners of the first house we stayed at picked us up at the airport in Paris and drove us to their home in Bazoches-du- Sur, a lovely little village near Versailles.

The house was built in the 1400s and though nicely modernized still retained its thick stone walls and beamed ceilings. The family moved in with relatives before flying to Las Vegas (a good deal, it seems) and driving to stay at my house from July 4 through the 26th. They later e-mailed that they had done far less traveling about California than they

had expected to since they enjoyed my village so much. (Well, that was a new take on Altadena.)

We began our trip in France because Madeline was in France with six other students from her French class at Monrovia High. Turned out we were very happy to have her as our translator. After a few visits to Paris, we drove to our next “home” in Montelier south of Lyon.

This time we were up a narrow street with connected houses made of stone and concrete. Ours was across from a lively old church and garden.

We had met this house’s owners before we left for Europe. They spent an evening in my house, and the next day the father went to pick up a camper while the three sons went to Amy’s house in Monrovia to swim.

When the dad returned, they all took off for the Grand Canyon, etc. and returned to park in front of Amy and Kirk’s house the night before we left. From the house in Montelier, we traveled to spend some time with friends of Kirk’s family near Geneva and then on to the parents’ home over-looking Lac Lemman (Geneva).

On other days, we visited many interesting sites in and around Lyon, Valence, Bordeaux, and also over to Die to visit another friend of my daughter Ann. He and his wife had bought an old stone barn and have spent five years making it into lovely home.

Back to “our” first house, we spent a few more days including July 14 on the Champs-Elysees and had dinner just a block from the Arc de Triomphe. Nice easy and important day after museums, catacombs, great monuments, all of which had long lines of tourists—even Notre Dame. Last day in France was a visit to Mont Sainte Michelle.

Then under the channel to London and to South Croydon and our next home, a very nice relatively new parsonage. (This family had moved into Kirk and Amy’s house.) After picking up a car we drove to Ellesmere in Wales to take a narrow boat trip down the lochs to Llangollen. On the way back we stopped in Buford and Oxford to see the families Amy and Kirk had stayed with during their semesters in Oxford.

Kirk had to go back to work and Ben missed his dog and friend, so both went back to stay with neighbors. We “girls” got to roam London, see a couple of plays and go back to Oxford, etc. It was a lovely trip. During the month we got to chat with Emily and Ann and family both at home and in Santa Cruz via Facetime.

When we returned home, we found our very own homes is great shape, and I think they were as happy to see us as we them.

The PCC Courier Celebrates Its 100 Year Anniversary

By Mikki Bolliger

The PCC Courier is marking its 100- year anniversary this year. The student run newspaper has been publishing continuously since Feb. 4, 1915 with the exception of a few weeks during WWII. When I stop to think about it, it is hard for me to believe the number of transitions the Courier made just during my 35 years as the paper's advisor. When I retired in 2009, I had advised more than 1,100 issues of the Courier.

When I first started working at PCC, the newspaper looked nothing like it does today. It was broad sheet, and it was only four pages.

In 1973, the newspaper office was located on the bottom floor of the C Building. There was a classroom, instructor offices, and a newsroom with desks and just a few typewriters.

I can still remember how thrilled the students were when we moved to the B Bungalow and they got a lab with 20 manual typewriters so that reporters didn't have to wait to type their stories.

It was such an exciting time, but I do recall grumbling every time I had to change a typewriter ribbon.

The newspaper was first published when the college was still part of Pasadena High School, and the paper's name was the PHS Chronicle. When Pasadena Junior College was established in 1924, the Chronicle came along, but its name was changed to the PCC Chronicle.

It wasn't until 1954 that the newspaper became the PCC Courier, and that name has stuck for the last 60 years.

When I worked on my first issue, the paper was produced on a letter press, which means that the type and photos were printed from a raised surface. The typed lines that came out of the typesetter were the mirror images of the letters. In other words, the entire paper was set in forms with all of the stories reading backwards. It was an important skill at that time for the journalism instructor to be able to read those pages.

The journalism students would write and edit their stories, and they would take them to the printshop where Stan Coutant would use the Intertype Machine to set them in hot metal.

I had gotten through my first few issues of the paper with just minor problems, but soon my ability to read backwards came in very handy. A student had obviously spent hours counting letters and spaces for his story so a nasty message would appear if you read the words that were formed when you looked at the first letter of each word running vertically down the left-hand column. The message was a not-so-nice comment about how the college president should go screw himself.

As a newspaper advisor, those kinds of things tend to jump out at you, so I asked to have a space inserted into the first line of type. It was a pain for the typesetter to do that, but he added the space. That did the trick—there was no more message.

The writer was the last student to check the page before it went on the press, so he was expecting everything to come out just as he planned. What he didn't realize was that I always got the last look. When the paper came out the next day, the student couldn't figure out what happened because not even one word he had written was changed.

I am sure what the student tried to pull off didn't escape the notice of the printers. I think they just wanted to see what this new advisor would do. I believe I passed a big test that day because nobody ever tried anything like that again.

When the printing industry moved to cold type, the Courier changed too. We added a special key punch machine for setting the type.

Students wrote and edited their articles, and then they took turns keying in their stories. They printed out a punched tape that corresponded to the words in the story. It was not an easy task to perform since the display screen only showed two lines at a time. Richard Jones was hired as a new employee to do paste up for the paper. Hot metal was gone, and cold type and paste up were in. Things changed quickly after that because we were now hearing people talk about something called a computer that would help us produce the newspaper faster.

My first introduction to the computer was downright frightening. This thing was supposed to make life easier, but by the time the four-hour introduction was finished, I was ready to run back to the security of my now electric typewriter. However, progress couldn't be stopped, and the Courier moved into the age of computers.

Because the only place that had online access at the time was the library, I had to take the journalism students there to be introduced to the Internet. Dan Haley would do these introductions for the classes, and his computer knowledge was definitely light years ahead of most people on campus at the time.

His lectures went smoothly until one of my students told me about a search engine that was supposed to be newer and better than anything else. Since Dan covered search engines in his lecture, I told him about the one the student heard about.

The problem was I didn't hear the name correctly, and when I told Dan what to type in, it turned out to be a pornographic website.

Poor Dan was talking and hadn't noticed the picture that was spread across the wall-size screen behind him. The whole class gasped. The students were as shocked as I was.

When Dan finally looked up, I thought he was going to go into cardiac arrest. He tried to close the site immediately, but it wouldn't close. Every time he tried to close it, a new pornographic picture popped up. He started yelling, "Class dismissed, class dismissed." That class lasted only 10 minutes that day. I apologized several times, but he wasn't ready to forgive me just yet.

The student who gave me the name of the search engine was waiting outside, and he said he was sorry about the problem but I spelled it wrong. I said "hot bod" when he had told me "hot bot." I bet Dan hasn't had anything top that day.

I think that was the last time we had an intro to the Internet in the library.

Things moved pretty quickly after that. In 1996, we still didn't have online access in the Courier lab, but we did have an online edition of the newspaper. Done Dennison, a Courier staff member, had Internet access from her home. She taught herself HTML, found us a free provider and put the Courier online every week.

Our site wasn't easy to find because you had to type in about 30 characters to get to it, but the PCC Courier was one of the first college newspapers with a web edition. The newspaper has been online ever since.

During the first few years, the editors just put all of the paper edition's stories online. Today, stories go online in real time. Reporters no longer have to wait until Thursday to get their stories published.

The biggest change for the Courier was the switch to desktop publishing. Except for the actual printing of the paper, the students were able to put the newspaper together by themselves on the computer.

At first it was a struggle to learn the design program, but the students caught on fast.

Pretty soon, the computers we had were too slow, but it was too expensive to get new ones. Each year we would add one new one, but the older ones would become obsolete. Finally, we got all the same computers in the lab with all the same software. (They were not new computers, but they were new to us.)

As the years went by, the Courier got better and newer equipment. Everything today is digital, including the photography.

The library has organized an exhibit in the rotunda showing copies of the newspaper throughout its history. The exhibit also features the Intertype machine that was first used to produce the Courier on campus.

It is hard to believe that the Courier went from hot metal to digital in my 35 years and more than 1,000 editions as advisor.

As I sit here typing this story on my computer, I can't help but think about the fact that the Intertype machine on display in the library is now an antique. Do you think they call those of us who worked with those machines antiq . . .? Nah!

The Lamsons Take Two Pilgrimages in Japan

By Alan Lamson

Sheila and I lived in Japan, in the city of Mishima, for over a year in the late 80's. I taught English classes at the Mishima campus of Nihon University and its adjoining Junior College, along with private classes for Toray International, and a local Rotary group. Sheila also taught private classes, along with an English conversation class at the local high school, and occasionally gave cooking presentations to groups of ladies in city sponsored classes.

The many holidays at the university allowed us to travel often, which we did to other Asian countries as well as to tourist sites in Japan.

Our favorite destination was Kyoto where we visited most of the better known Buddhist temples and some of the local villages, such as the farming village of Ohara. Since Kyoto and surrounding areas have more than 1,600 temples and Shinto shrines, we only scratched the surface of the many layers of this historic city, Japan's ancient capital for over 1,000 years.

While living in Japan, we had never heard of the Kumano Kodo pilgrimage trail. Kumano is the traditional name for the southern part of Kii Peninsula, located south of Osaka; Kodo means ancient.

In prehistoric times, the Kumano was a sacred site associated with Shinto, the worship of nature, and later with Buddhism, which arrived in the 6th century from China. Today the Kumano Kodo is a special place for Japanese people because of the many important Shinto shrines located along the pilgrimage route, especially the three grand shrines, called the Kumano Sanzen, which combine the worship of both Shinto and Buddhism.

The entire route consists of seven trails that snake through the Kii Mountain Range in Japan's Wakayama prefecture, about 100 km south of Osaka, the second largest city in Japan. Last year, for the first time National Geographic offered a walking tour of the trail—not the entire route but a section of it called the Nakahechi route or the Imperial route. After reading about the itinerary: four days of moderate hiking through cedar forests, visits to significant Shinto shrines, overnight stays in rural villages, and a three day visit to Kyoto, we were hooked—even though Sheila's arthritic knees didn't welcome much hiking, especially after she fell in the lobby of our hotel in Tokyo.

She was comforted, however, by the promise that those who couldn't hike would be provided transportation. As an added benefit, we planned to visit afterwards with old friends from when we lived in Mishima.

One of them, Kimiyo, was Sheila's best friend. She has had renal failure for nearly 20 years and receives dialysis three times a week. Recently she had been diagnosed with cancer, so our visit would be a good-bye visit—a more personal pilgrimage than the Kumano Kodo.

After brief visits to Tokyo, Asuka—the first capital of Japan where many of the early emperors are buried—and Osaka, we traveled by train from Osaka south to Tanabe and then by bus to the village of Takijiri where we began our pilgrimage.

We stretched our legs with a twohour, mostly uphill hike to the farming village of Takahara where we stayed the night. We were staying at an inn called Kiri-no-Sato Lodge, often called the Organic Hotel. It is built of wood by local craftsman and offers spectacular views over the surrounding mountains. I found Sheila relaxing in our room and suggested we sit outside and enjoy a local beer while watching the stunning sunset over the Hatenashi Mountains.

Even more memorable than the sunset was our sumptuous meal prepared by John, the proprietor, an acclaimed chef who uses only locally grown produce. Over the next two hours, we enjoyed wild vegetables, peanut tofu, fatty blue fin tuna, and Hokkaido salmon simmering in a pot with special mushrooms that cost “as much as a Mercedes”, John informed us. He must have meant pound for pound. After dessert, which I don't recall, he entertained us with Japanese melodies on his guitar.

The next morning we left the lodge, with some regret. Today would be the day of our longest walk, about seven hours. It was described as moderate, but after a few hours my legs shouted— “strenuous”. As the hours passed, I kept thinking, “It can't be much further,” especially since we were hiking at a fast clip, hoping to outrun monsoon Vongfond that was heading our way.

I kept picturing myself immersed in an onsen (hot tub), enjoying a cup of sake. I envied Sheila who would have already arrived at our destination— and would be warm and well rested. Finally, in the late afternoon, we descended a hill above the small village of Chikatsuyu. We were all dragging by this time and delighted to see the village, especially since the monsoon rains had finally arrived. There were only a few places to stay in the village, all of them “minshikus”, small inns in private houses with only a few rooms. Because of the size of our group, we had to stay in two separate inns. Seven of us would be staying in this inn, owned by an elderly couple who had raised four sons in the house, one of whom still lived with them.

Sheila was nowhere to be seen. The woman, who owned the Inn, didn't speak English, but when I said the word “okusan” (wife) she repeated the word, smiling and bowing, then pointed out the window to a nearby building. Sheila appeared shortly afterwards.

She said that she had enjoyed a wonderful day as guest of the woman in charge of the local Kumano Kodo Nakahechi museum. The woman spoke English and was delighted to practice her English by giving Sheila a detailed tour of the exhibit followed by a cup of tea.

After Sheila arrived, I asked about having some sake. Sake didn't need any translating. Soon a large glass appeared. I then asked about the location of the onsen (hot tube) and followed her downstairs. Soon the combination of sake and hot water provided the perfect remedy for sore legs and cold feet.

Dinner was served early. It was a sumptuous country meal: miso soup, tempera vegetables, fresh water fish, a hot pot with mushrooms and vegetables, and chauwanmushi, literally "tea cup steam", an egg custard dish with mushrooms, vegetables, and boiled shrimp in a tea cup like container.

We were all stuffed after the meal and retired to our rooms. We read on our I-pads and fell asleep to the sounds of wind and torrential rains slamming against the building. Monsoon Vongfong had arrived in full force, one of the most powerful monsoons in recent years we had been told.

Even though our inn had been built over 100 years ago, it was designed to withstand the monsoons that frequent Japan this time of the year. It had large wooden shutters to protect against the winds and rain that accompany monsoons. We were cautioned not to open any windows while the monsoon was blowing. During the night, the house twisted nonstop, at first lulling us to sleep but occasionally waking us. By morning, however, Vongfong had moved north toward Tokyo; the winds and rain had both died down. The local river, however, so shallow and slow the day before, was now full and charging through the village at great speed.

After another two days of hiking, we traveled by train to Kyoto where we spent the next few days visiting familiar sites.

On the last day, we said good-byes to our fellow travelers and tour guide, and departed by train to the city of Okayama, about two hours away, where we were to meet with our friends before going onto Kurashiki, a short distance. As memorable as was the Kumano Kodo and visit to Kyoto, the emotional high point of our trip was visiting with old friends, especially Kimiyo.

I mentioned that we lived in Mishima nearly 30 years ago. We were there as part of a sister city relationship between Pasadena and Mishima. We lived in a company apartment complex owned by the Toray Company in an area with the charming name—Asahigaoka—sun rising hill.

We were the only foreign couple living there. We were treated as special guests by the families who lived there, especially by one couple, Kimiyo and Norio Tani. We bonded with them immediately perhaps because we both had no children. Over the next year

and half, we became close to Kimiyo and Norio. Sheila became especially close with her and often consulted with her about where to shop for sales, what to buy, how to get a telephone, and an endless list of how-to-do items that confront the foreigner in Japan.

Kimiyo also organized language lessons for the ladies in our apartment complex. They talked about various subjects, but were especially interested in married life in America.

During a language session one day, one of the women asked, “Do you often kiss?” She said she had seen us kissing in the parking lot before I left to teach at the nearby Nihon University. Sheila said that yes, we often did. The ladies looked at each other. One commented, “We seldom do that.” That led to my wife to suggesting that as a class assignment they tell their husbands that they loved them.

At the next class session, the ladies reported in studied English that their husbands were mostly unresponsive. One woman said that she greeted her husband one evening—dressed seductively—hugged him and said, “I love you.” He responded by saying by patting her on the head and saying: “We’re too old for this.” She was crushed. Kimiyo was the only one who said that she and Norio hugged and kissed.

Flash forward to the present. We met Kimiyo and two of her two closest friends, Fumiko and Kaoru, in Okayama, about two hours by train south of Kyoto.

Kimiyo, we knew, had been recently diagnosed with lung cancer and wasn’t expected to live much longer. Her friend Fumiko said she very much wanted to have an outing with us in Kurashiki.

When we saw her, we were surprised how healthy she looked, as attractive and stylishly dressed as we remembered.

After checking into our hotel in Kurashiki, we walked to a local ramen place for lunch; it was both tasty and inexpensive. Afterwards we walked about the local historic village, a popular tourist attraction for the Japanese.

It contains no electric poles to make it look as it did during the Meiji period when Japan first opened to the West. The old merchant quarter is called the Bikan historical area. It contains many fine examples of 17th century wooden warehouses painted white with traditional black tiles.

Kimiyo had to stop occasionally to rest, but otherwise appeared in good spirits. Later that evening, all of us enjoyed a meal at a Japanese restaurant near our hotel. During the meal, Kimiyo was again in good spirits, and said she ate more than usual.

The next day we accompanied Kimiyo to the train station. She needed to return to her home in Shikoku for a scheduled dialysis treatment. All of us accompanied her onto the train and gave her a good-bye hug. When she was alone with Sheila, she said: “I’m sorry, Sheila, but this will be the last time we see each other.” Both broke into tears.

She told Sheila that she was having her best kimono made into a jacket and pants for her and would have them delivered to our hotel in Mishima.

As we stood outside her compartment, Sheila pressed her hand against the window as Kimiyo pressed hers on the other side—a common gesture of close friendship in Japan.

Our trip began as a pilgrimage along an ancient trail to places of early worship in Japan.

But its deeper purpose became our farewell visit with an old friend whose kindness and good humor helped make our stay in Japan the most memorable of our lives. May she rest in peace.

[College Expects Sanctions After Accreditation Team Gives Preliminary Report](#)

At press time, the only information available about the team's preliminary report was a memo from PCC's interim president Bob Miller.

A 13-member accreditation team concluded its visit to PCC on March 12, and it submitted a preliminary report which included accolades along with the possibility that college will be put on sanctions when the final report comes out in July.

The team made several recommendations according to a memo to the faculty by PCC's interim president Bob Miller. "PCC needs to improve its governance structure by adhering to board policies, increasing transparency and participation, and improving collegial communication among all constituency groups." It also stated that "all constituency groups need to comply with their applicable Code of Ethics policy." The report also mentioned that the college "needs to engage in a regular and systematic evaluation of our shared governance structures and decision-making processes."

In addition, the memo said, "we need to systematically evaluate and improve our planning processes, and Program Review needs to be integrated with our overall planning processes and allocation of resources."

The team also indicated that "Performance evaluations for faculty, staff, and administrators with responsibility for learning or support services outcomes need to be revised to evaluate performance in those areas." The memo also stated that "Through participatory governance, we need to develop a comprehensive and coordinated professional development program for faculty, staff, and administrators."

Miller said in his memo, "We were not surprised by the recommendations, most of which had been identified by us as areas for improvement in our Self Evaluation. While we have already begun work in some of those areas, it is clear that we will need to dedicate ourselves to the hard work that is needed for us to meet the recommendations fully."

Miller said “it is likely that PCC will receive a “sanction,” meaning that while we will remain an accredited institution, we need to make improvements before we are reaffirmed.” He explained that the different levels of sanction include warning, probation, or in the most serious instances, show-cause. I will notify the campus as soon as we are notified of the outcome, Miller said. “If we are put on any level of sanction, we will be required to submit a follow up report and be visited by team members next year.”

Not all the news from the accreditation team was negative. Several areas received commendations. Distance Learning was praised for exceeding the standards required for online learning. According to Miller’s memo,” Specifically noted were the outstanding professional learning opportunities provided to faculty, our model-course design, and the overall integrity of the program.”

The college also received a commendation for its commitment to student success. Programs that were named by the team included Design Tech, First Year Experience, Veterans Services and its Graduation Initiative.

The memo also stated that the “campus community was applauded for promoting a welcoming and inclusive environment for students through our mission, values, services and campus life. Specifically named were the Cross-Cultural programs, advisory committees and veterans services.”

Facilities Services was praised for maintaining a beautiful campus.

“The Child Development Center was commended for its quality services, the way in which it has connected its instructional component to workforce development, and the grants which have provided additional opportunities for our students.”

Miller said, “For now, the work needed to achieve reaffirmation of our accreditation is crucial. We owe it to ourselves and our students to take the team’s advice to come together, do the hard work that is necessary and move forward together.”

Faculty, Administration Finally Agree on a Contract

The PCC faculty will finally be getting a raise. The board of trustees approved a salary increase of 10.79 percent through June 2016. The faculty has not received a raise since 2007. They will receive 2 percent retroactive pay for July 1, 2012 through June 30, 2013. An additional 2.79 percent will be paid retroactively from July 1, 2013 through June 30, 2014. Faculty will be getting another 3 percent for the current fiscal, July 1, 2014 through June 30, 2015, and 3 percent more added from July 1, 2015 through 2016.

During the 2015-2016 school year, adjunct faculty will be paid an extra 1 percent raise added to the 3 percent agreed upon for fulltime faculty.

The board voted unanimously to approve the terms of the agreement, and the faculty overwhelmingly approved the new contract, with 98 percent voting to approve it.

Retirees who were working in 2012 and 2013 can stop calculating how much their retroactive checks will be because they were not included in the salary agreement.

The increases only apply to employees on the payroll effective the date of approval. The board approved the contract on Feb. 18, 2015, said Joseph Simoneschi-Sloan, executive director of business services.

In Memoriam

Wally Bennett Passes Away at 97

Professor Wally Bennett, former faculty senate president and professor of printing, passed away on Nov. 7 at the age of 97. Wally spent most of his life sharing his knowledge with his students and with the printing and design industry. Wally taught offset lithography at PCC.

Wally was recognized as PIASC Pioneer of the Year in 1987, spent 35 years teaching at both PCC and Art Center College of Design. After retiring from teaching he had a successful career providing print production seminars for PIASC firms such as Color Graphics, Gans Ink and Overland Printers.

Wally served in the U.S. Marines from 1942-1945. He fought in Saipan and Iwo Jima and received a Bronze Star and Purple Heart.

Born in 1918 in Chicago, he married in 1946 and worked for the world's largest printer, RR Donnelly (Chicago), as a color separation dot etcher. He moved his family to Alhambra in 1950 and started teaching offset lithography and color theory in 1951. He was a member of the faculty ski club.

Wally was married from 1946 to 1996 when his wife passed away. They had three sons, James, Scott and Jerry and have four grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Retired Police Chief Peter Michael Passes Away Unexpectedly

Pete Michael, the college's former Chief of Police, unexpectedly passed away at his home last month.

He came to PCC in 2006 after a long and distinguished career with the Glendale Police Department. After graduating from the Sheriff's Academy, Michael worked patrol,

hostage negotiations and as the Air Unit's helicopter pilot. He also headed the Glendale PD's Community Resource Department.

Michael retired from Glendale as a lieutenant at age 55.

He came out of retirement and worked in the private sector before he applied for the chief's job at PCC.

The "Chief," who was always easy to approach by faculty, staff or students, quickly earned the respect of his department and the campus community. No matter who you asked on the campus, the comments were almost always that he was a great Chief of Police and a really nice man.

Chief Michael brought a commitment to professionalism and oversaw many innovations on campus. Among them was the design of the current department's offices, the introduction of the Business Center with LifeScan services, the deployment of the campus' video surveillance system, and the Emergency Operations Center. The state-of-the-art center is considered one of the best Emergency Operations Centers in the State of California, according to the Chancellor's office.

The Chief also introduced the department's motto: "Vigilance, Valor, Honor" – an adept description for his own career.

In 2011 Pete retired to spend more time with his wife, Sherri and his kids, Laura, 30, Paul, 28, and Andrew, 23.

His family, friends, and colleagues will miss his warmth and generosity.

Scholarship Winners Say Thank You

This year's scholarship winners are a very impressive group. The scholarship committee members were especially impressed by how all of them have been able to overcome many challenges in continuing their education and doing so well in their studies. The entire Retirees Association Board was even more impressed by them after hearing their presentations at the last meeting.

Dear Pasadena City College Retirees Scholarship Committee:

It is with extreme gratitude that I write this letter of thanks to Pasadena City College Retirees Scholarship Committee. I am just out of words and simply at awe of all of your efforts to help hardworking students like me succeed regardless of my difficult past. Thank you so much for this academic recognition.

I am pursuing a career in automotive industry. I am hopeful of earning my AA degree in Pasadena City College by Spring of 2016. Coming from a dysfunctional family, I have faced many challenges in life and made many mistakes. However, education is my second chance to redeem myself and rise above my past struggles. I am so grateful to all of you for giving me once again this opportunity to help me afford my education. I could never take this opportunity for granted as well as your faith in me.

I thank all of the members of the Pasadena City College Retirees Association for having confidence in me and reaffirming that my dreams are possible. I firmly believe that a person may make mistakes but that individual should never be judged by his past alone. I think everybody deserves a second chance so that they have something to fight for in life. Thank you again for sincerely believing in me.

Respectfully Yours, Marcus A. Franco

My name is Jean Abac, a PCC student, and one of the recipients of the PCC Retiree Scholarship. I would like to let you all know that I am truly and greatly honored to have received such generous financial assistance from your kind donations.

This opportunity will not only help my current financial situation as I go through my undergraduate years as a working student, it will also provide significant ease to my financial preparation for my future entry to medical school which I am saving up for. My humble gratitude extends to you and your families as I am forever grateful for this wonderful chance which will allow me to continue to focus in my studies and maintain a good standing as a student of PCC.

Thank you for your generous consideration.

Dear Mr. Lamson:

I am writing to thank you for selecting me as one of the recipients of your scholarship. It was truly a pleasure to meet all of you, and hopefully I will get the opportunity to meet with you all again when my schedule isn't quite so demanding.

The scholarship will be used toward the purchase of a vehicle which is desperately needed to travel to and from internships and job opportunities. I truly believe in the "Pay It Forward" concept and practice this by helping others with their projects or just sitting and listening to someone that may just need an ear to hear.

As a Radio and Television Operations/Production student, my goal is to learn all aspects of both mediums. As I study, I volunteer at Lancer Radio in order to build upon my skills. I also work in Lancer Lens creating new content for the new informational system on campus as well as content for different programs that enhance the learning

experience. My ultimate goal is to become a Technical Director, and this scholarship will help me achieve that goal. Thank you again.

Sincerely, Gina M. Harris

Dear Alan and the Retirees Association:

It was a pleasure and an honor to meet with everyone at the Retirees Association meeting. I wish I could have stayed longer but life and being a full-time student keeps me very busy these days. Being an art student requires much more effort than simply showing up to class and turning in homework. An artist must also produce new work constantly and maintain an impressive portfolio in order to be competitive. The extra hours needed to create art projects often far outweigh the time needed for even the most substantial of research papers.

There is very little time left in the week to earn a decent income. It seems like every month there is a point where I seriously wonder if I will be able to continue attending classes full time and pay the bills while maintaining a high standard of craftsmanship in my work. Fortunately mysterious forces often come to the rescue and this time it comes in the form of the Retirees Association. Thank you so much for your support. Your help will make a big difference in my ability to successfully complete this semester, and will provide me with extra stability in my final semester at PCC. After the Spring semester I should receive my A.A. in studio arts and be transferring to finish my B.A. degree.

It has been a very good month for me so far because, in addition to receiving the Retirees Scholarship, I am also pleased to say that two of my paintings were recently selected to be in the annual PCC juried art exhibition that will have its opening reception this Tuesday at noon at the Boone Gallery and continue throughout the month. If anyone would like to attend the reception, it should be a very nice time. I received the jury prize last year and have my fingers crossed for another win. Thank you all again for helping me continue to achieve my goals!

Sincerely, Nathan Minier

Dear Alan and other board members:

Thank you for the opportunity in sharing a few moments of my life with you. I rarely tell people of my struggles in life because either they would not understand or they only see that as who I am.

I am grateful for all that you guys have given me and I will do you all proud as I go forward with my RN degree. Thank you again from the bottom of my heart. Blessings to you all this day and everyday hereafter.

Sincerely April Sandquis

Hello Mr. Lamson:

I just wanted to thank everyone from the PCC Retirees Association again for today and for having the pleasure of seeing and meeting everyone who had elected to help me. Truly a blessing! It is very heartwarming to know there are people who believe in me and support me in my education. I will always do my best, thank you again!

Sincerely, Annie Liu

Dear PCC Board of Retirees and Generous Donors:

I would like to express my deep gratitude for your efforts at making it possible for me to be a recipient of this year's scholarship. As givers of your time doing the holistic reviews for over 100 applications and as donors of your monetary resources, I am humbled by your choosing me for this opportunity. I was grateful to hear my peers speak about overcoming great circumstances and it reminded me that it takes a village.

Your dedication to returning students is a wonderful way to encourage the PCC community especially for those of us whose families cannot or choose not to acknowledge our growth in tangible ways financially or in emotional ways through encouragement.

It truly means a lot to be believed in and entrusted to be a good steward of this gift and I will make good use of it. Currently, nutritious groceries for the fridge and digital educational tools in preparation for multiple exams in the near future are at the top of the list.

I look forward to being in touch as the journey unfolds.

Sincerely and a big thank you again, Danielle Torres

Dear PCC Retirees Association:

Thank you so much for awarding me the PCC Retirees Association Scholarship. I am both humbled and honored to have been chosen for this award. I am a Business Administration major with plans on transferring to Cal State Los Angeles in the Fall of 2016 with the final intent of becoming a Certified Public Accountant. I have been attending Pasadena City College since the Fall of 2013 after a 20 year absence of formal education. I am a single parent to a son, and I realized that I needed to put my money where my mouth was and earn a degree.

With the scholarship you have generously awarded me, I will have much less to worry about when it comes to my finances. It is comforting not having to worry about my Spring semester book purchases.

Because of the Association's generosity, I will be able to focus on school and not have to worry about getting another job to offset my expenses. I will continue to apply myself here at PCC. I will work toward my goals to not only make myself better, but inspire others and my son that it is never too late and that hard work does go rewarded.

With my deepest gratitude, Michelle Spencer

Dear PCC Retiree Association members:

I am very grateful to you for your help. Your offer has come to me at another critical moment of my life. Three weeks before I receive your congratulation letter, I was so stressed by my daily obstacles, and I didn't know exactly what to do in this particular situation. I was struggling between my school works, the family responsibilities, and the necessity for me to find money for my nursing school applications.

Either keeping good work in class and taking care of my two babies is important, but I also commit to my nursing training. I have already spent enough time for my nursing prerequisites, so I have to make sure that I won't miss any application's deadline. With the nursing school requirements, I face many financing obligations such as paying for school applications, financing my TEAS test, requesting my official transcripts to be sent to different schools, and having my foreign degree evaluated.

Before your offer, I didn't know exactly where money was going to come from, but I had to satisfy those needs in order to pursue my goal. I was so stressed, but when I received your offer, I experienced a profound relieve, and I am more than happy that you have chosen me as a recipient of your scholarship.

I am again confident that things are really playing in my favor and that by continuing working hard, I will get to my goal no matter what obstacles I have to overcome.

Sincerely, Beatrice Segning.

Please Donate Today

Times are tough, especially for students who are trying to make ends meet in these tough economic times. Each year the Retirees' Association prides itself in being able to support outstanding students who need help to continue their education. However, without your donations, we can only fund a few scholarships. Remember, you can earn

air miles by putting your donation on your credit card. Just call the foundation office at PCC you are giving to the retirees' scholarship fund.