

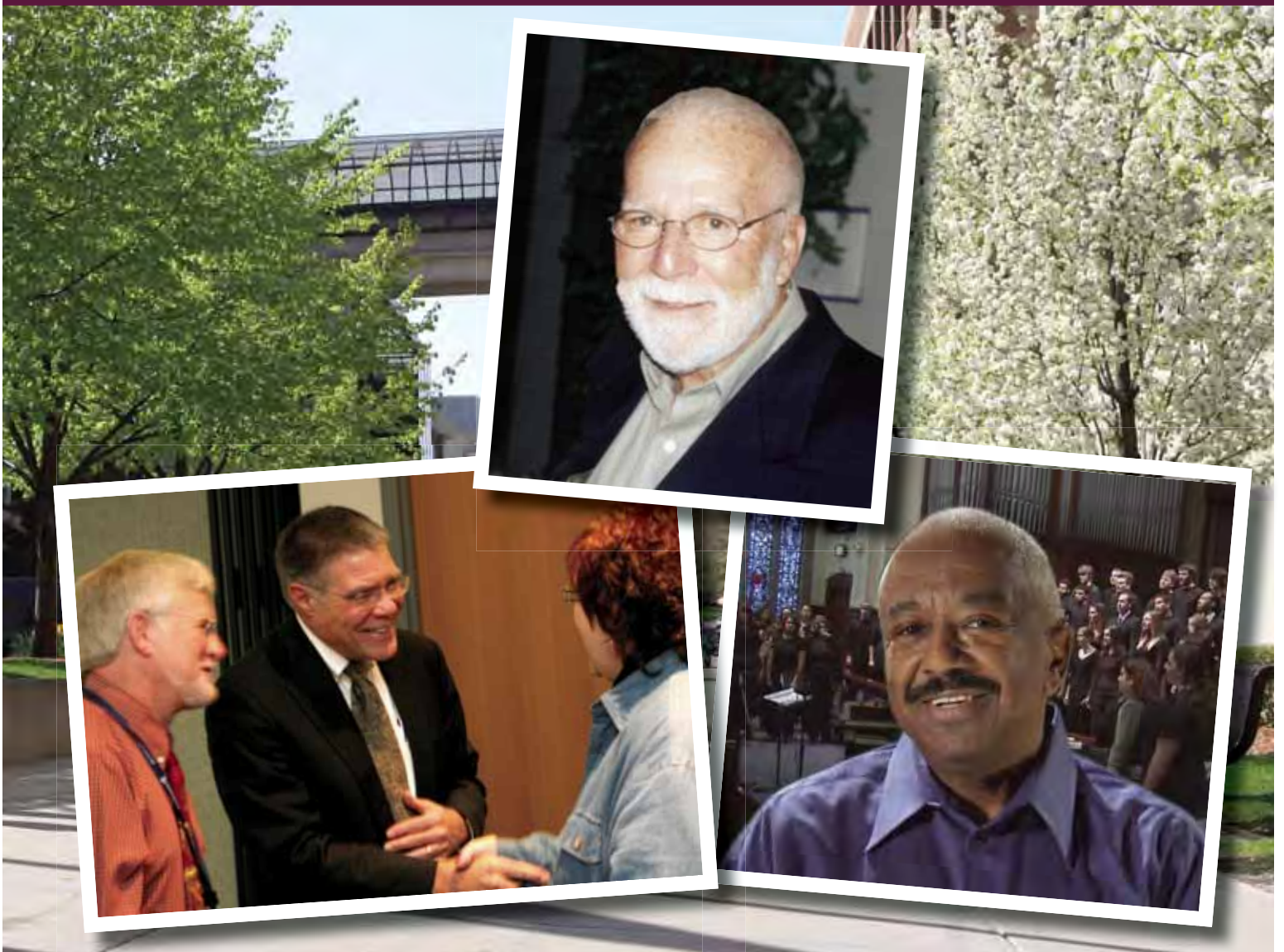
GRCC

*Eighteenth Edition
April 2009*

\$3.00

A Publication of the Office of Retiree Relations

RETIREES' *Quarterly*



The GRCC Retirees' Quarterly is published each January, April, July, and October by Grand Rapids Community College Office of Retiree Relations. The publication is mailed to all GRCC retired faculty and staff.

Please send your article, with photo if desired, by the 12th of the month before the month of publication. Digital files are preferred.

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On the cover:

Top photo:

The friends of Bud Elve pay special tribute to him as a valued friend, esteemed colleague, and master teacher. Bud retired from GRCC in 1989. He is the 1992 recipient of the Emeritus Faculty/Administrator Award, and is also the former Chair of the Physical Science Division.

Lower left photo:

Dr. Steven Ender is slated to take over as Grand Rapids Community College's new president on May 15. The official inauguration will take place in early fall.

Lower right photo:

Duane Davis will be retiring at the end of this academic year after 39 years of distinguished service. On March 17, The friends of Duane Davis honored him with a fundraiser at the GRCC Winter Jazz Concert, and endowed the Duane Davis Vocal Jazz Scholarship Fund.

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Off the Cuff

I took the suggestion from “The Reading Room” in our last issue of this publication to read Ted Sorensen’s book, *Counselor*. Reading the “back story” of the major events and the people who played key rolls in the Kennedy years was a fascinating informative, and worthwhile experience for me. I strongly recommend it. It’s an excellent book.

* * *

For the July issue of the “*Quarterly*” we are asking for articles about retirees’ first cars, or a car that had some special significance to them early on. It is now March 4, and I have already received one such article with a nice picture from a retiree who has not written for the *Quarterly* before. That’s great, and we appreciate this cooperation. There are lots of good stories connected with our first cars. Please tell us your story. This should be a lot of fun. Personally, I bought my first car before I was old enough to drive. Believe me that was a hard sell to my parents. Read the story in July. Send us your story, and please supply a picture of yourself and the car (or one like it) if you can.

* * *

For the October issue of the *Quarterly* we would like to get articles about humor in your classroom, or on your watch at GRCC. It was not all serious at the College, of course. So let’s think back and see what humor we can recall from our work at the college. Copy will be due September 10. No jokes from the Internet, etc.

* * *

We would like the *Quarterly* to be self-funding, and this will require your cooperation in the form of a check for this year for whatever amount you are willing to contribute. If every reader would send in a check for \$20 or more we would be in good shape for a year. Please send your check to the GRCC Foundation, 143 Bostwick Avenue NE., Grand Rapids, MI, 49503. Please write “*Quarterly*” in the memo space.

* * *

Ed Sosa, GRCC Office of Retiree Relations in collaboration with your Retiree Advisory Gold Team, are busy coordinating a variety of retiree events. This issue of the *Retirees’ Quarterly* contains Save the Date advertisements. Mark your calendar for the activities you desire to participate in. Events are open to GRCC retirees, spouses and their friends.

* * *

We received a letter from Van Swets expressing her appreciation to colleagues of Marinus who wrote tributes to him in the *Quarterly*. She also thanked the editors of the *Quarterly* for their work, and the College’s administration for its generosity in publishing the special edition that was distributed after the memorial service. Marinus knew we were working on the tribute edition, but didn’t seem much impressed with the idea. That predictable reaction of his was one of the qualities that made Marinus special to us.

KL

Experiencing Acupuncture in China

By Winnie Fox

During our China trip we were scheduled to go to West Lake one afternoon. From our hotel we took our motor coach to the train station. It had rained so the streets were slippery. After arriving at the train station we hurriedly made our way with the tour group to catch the train. Of course there were stairs and while descending I slipped near the bottom and caught myself before falling, but could feel I had pulled muscles around my ankle. It was early in our trip and I thought, "Oh no!" My anxiety was based on the fact that two years earlier I had sprained the other ankle and it was painful for weeks. We did make the train and settled in for a 3-4 hour train ride. It gave me an opportunity to evaluate my foot but an ice pack was not available. We did have a comfortable coach and the train ride went smoothly. After arriving at our destination we were taken to our hotel. Their routine registration was necessary and we completed a variety of forms.

On the counter was a sign for a clinic, giving the hours it would be open. It gave us enough time to have dinner before going to the clinic. In the hotel's lobby I noticed there were a few shops with beautiful displays. It's amazing how the lure of shopping can overcome physical discomfort.

After dinner we went to the clinic. The Chinese doctor wore a long white coat and a small white stand-up cap. It had been a rainy day and he was wearing rubber boots. He bowed and greeted us warmly and since our guide was not available we resorted to an elementary form of sign language. He seemed to understand and after bowing several times he ushered us into his office. On display was a large chart of the human figure showing veins, arteries, etc., all giving a pattern for acupuncture. Throughout China wherever we saw a clinic a similar chart was on display.

Chinese people were always helpful to the tourists and the doctor quickly saw my plight and nodded saying, "Yes, Yes!" He took me into his inner office where there was a small, low examining table where he had me lie down. He quickly pulled off my low-heeled walking shoes and examined my foot, which was beginning to swell. Next he moistened a cloth and wiped the area where he planned to insert the needles. He used three needles, each having a pointed end, while the opposite end had a small filigree top. Then he inserted the three needles which never caused any bleeding. It was a timed procedure and he kept checking his watch and would turn the needles at intervals, none of which caused any bleeding or pain. After the required time he carefully removed the needles. Next he took my foot in both hands and vigorously moved it in all directions which hurt and was very painful. I grabbed the sides of the examining table and said a quick prayer to God to help the doctor know what he was doing because it was very painful.

By the time our guide had been alerted and she rushed in with her hair dripping wet because she had just taken a shower. She apologized for being late and kept repeating, "Mr. and Mrs. Fox what can I do to help? Now our communication barrier had been eliminated and we could understand what was happening. The doctor did give us a few pills to take that evening and the next day. He also suggested getting a cane so that I would have added support. Canes were available on the beach at West Lake Resort.

The next morning I discovered that I could walk without pain even though I had a severe sprain which caused the bottom of my foot to be black and blue. That was similar to the sprained ankle I had two years ago when walking without pain took three months. As predicted bamboo canes were being sold on the beach for sixty five cents U.S. It had a Chinese inscription on it "Welcome to West Lake." I brought it home for a souvenir; little did I know then that it would become a necessary walking cane in later years. Using a Chinese bamboo cane seems less burdensome because it is light weight and very strong. In China and other places in the Orient, bamboo poles are used for scaffolding in construction of new buildings instead of metal pipes and rods.

Our itinerary included visits to hospitals where we saw many patients being treated by acupuncture. Patients had needles in various parts of their bodies. One of the doctors we met was a woman from London.

She had come to China for several months to study acupuncture because it had been helpful in treating stroke patients.

The most fascinating experience was observing open heart surgery with acupuncture being the only sedative. The observation deck was directly over the operating room and we looked through a circular glass floor surrounded by a railing on which one could lean. The patient seemed to be conscious during the surgery and at one time the heart was taken out while the surgeons continued working. Toward the end of the surgery a drainage tube was pulled through the rib cage which looked painful. When the surgery was completed the patient looked up and waved to us as he was wheeled out.

In our tour group there was a medical doctor who taught in a New Jersey Medical school and a dentist from Pennsylvania. Both were invited to wear "scrubs" and be in the operating room. They verified the fact that acupuncture was the only sedative used. They were also told that open heart surgery was not available to anyone over 50 years old. Needless to say I became a believer in acupuncture used by the Chinese for thousands of years. Friends have reminded me that my prayers for help may have been instrumental in the success of my treatment with acupuncture.

GRCC Retirees' Breakfasts for 2009

We meet at The Breakfast Nook, corner of Plainfield and Fuller,
at 9:00 A.M. on the following last Thursdays of the month:

April 30 • May 28 • June 25

*July (GRCC Retiree' Picnic July 23, 2009)

August 27 • September 24 • October 29

**Save the Date!*

THE FIRST ANNUAL

GRCC Retirees' Picnic

Thursday, July 23, 2009

Join your retired GRCC colleagues, family and friends for an afternoon of socializing, fun and a barbeque chicken dinner.
Stay tuned. Look for a flyer in the mail during the month of June.

Date: Thursday, July 23, 2009

Time: 11:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Place: Johnson Park (covered pavilion)
(4223 Butterworth Dr. SW, Grand Rapids, MI 49534)

Cost: \$10 for Adults • \$7.00 (Children under 12)

Includes: BBQ Chicken breast, potato salad, baked beans, corn on the cob, watermelon wedges, rolls/butter, lemonade

Sponsored by your **GRCC Retiree Gold Team**

*Bring a
Lawn Chair
and Kick Back!*

Retirees Enjoy Working in the Bookstore

By Beth Foster

Twice a year that desire to be on the GRCC campus hits a few retirees. It usually happens in late August and again in early January. What do you do when that urge hits? Simple, hire on at the College Bookstore for a couple of weeks. That is what this group of retirees did this fall. All come from different areas of the College and bring much knowledge of the campus and collegiate operations. All share one thing and that is a love of working with students. They try to make the student's time at GRCC enjoyable and successful. Bookstore manager, Hailey Mabrito, appreciates the willingness of the retirees who come back to work and readily accommodates them with leaving a bit early for those needed doctor's appointments or other events that happen. She finds the retirees are dependable and show up when scheduled to work.

Working at the Bookstore brings a new appreciation of the work of Stewart Krulikowski as the textbook manager. He is knowledgeable about the materials used for each of the courses and the problems with which he has to contend as orders are turned in late from instructors or shipments are late from publishers.

A major change in the operations of the Bookstore is the Internet. Students can check availability and prices of books on the Bookstore Web site. They can order all their texts on line, come into the store, pick them up, and avoid the infamous "lines". There is also new technology that students use for certain online courses. Retirees keep current on these new teaching techniques.



This year's workers include retirees who retired from various areas of the college (L to R) Kathy Hartig, B&TT; Pat Kobel-Poll, Health Division; Jerry Benham, Food Service; Beth Foster, Biology Department; and Jan Kolkman, Financial Services.

If you are interested in working in the bookstore for a few weeks at the beginning and/or end of a semester, please contact Jerry Benham at (616) 234-3995. Please call Jan Benham at (616) 234-3905 for other on-campus employment opportunities for retirees.

The Commissioning of the George H. W. Bush Aircraft Carrier

By Dee Palmer, Secretary, Dean of Arts and Sciences

On January 10, 2009, as my husband, Barry and I drove towards the Norfolk, Virginia naval base we came upon a motorcade with police escorts front and rear with three black vehicles. Excitement mounted as we followed. We were sure it must be the President of the United States or former President George H. W. Bush. Turning off on Military Road, we continued following. Then a larger motorcade with more black vehicles gave way to guesses of who could be in these vehicles. Soon we were on Pier 14 at 9:30 a.m. Our grandson, Eric, is in the Navy and was assigned on the George H. W. Bush Aircraft Carrier. So this day we would see the commissioning of that ship and its entrance into active duty with our grandson on board. This was very special to us.

Upon arriving we were directed by Navy personnel to a large area in which to park our vehicle. There was a steady line of traffic. After parking our vehicle we followed everyone else to a gated area where we were met by buses. On the side of the buses was one word, "Quick." We boarded the buses and were driven to Pier 4 where we met with about 25 other buses shuttling people to the site of the commissioning of the ship.

Once on the bus a fellow in naval attire read off a list of instructions. Number one was to be sure that you returned by the same buses, which were called Helipad buses. Upon disembarking the bus was a long line of at least 25 port-a-potties with the name "Elite Seats on each one. Next we came to security. Everyone had to have his or her ticket along with picture identification available for inspection. Navy personnel checked for weapons. We then stood in long, but orderly, lines, for entrance onto the pier. While we were waiting to get into the pier area I could hear music over loud speakers. The U.S. Navy Band played patriotic songs and the Navy Choir sang some of them. Books with the history of the George H. W. Bush Aircraft Carrier were distributed along with the agenda.

There were rows of seats divided into three sections—the red section, white section and the blue section. Our tickets led us to the "Blue" seating section, which was closest to the ship. The "blue" section was for family members of the sailors assigned to the ship. As we sat facing the George H. W. Bush aircraft carrier, there was another ship behind us which might have been placed there as a barrier for the brisk, cool air. I felt like a grain of sand on a beach as the monumental aircraft carrier loomed over us. The band played on and occasionally the choir would sing.

Suddenly there were four dark jets flying dangerously close in formation flew over us. They appeared and were gone before anyone could say anything. More patriotic songs continued to play over the speaker system, "America the Beautiful," "America," "God Bless America" etc. Two helicopters landed on the aircraft carrier resulting in a great deal of excitement. I could hear comments of "This must be the vice-president." Soon the spectacular event began to unfold as I could see secret servicemen all around the ship and many dignitaries.

The ceremony began with an announcement of the Platform Guests, followed by Honors to President George H. W. Bush. The national anthem performed by the Navy Choir followed by the program began with an invocation, a welcome, an introduction of the speakers, and finally The Honorable George W. Bush.

The Captain Kevin E. O'Flaherty assumed command of the aircraft carrier from the Chief of Naval Operations. More speeches. The climax of the ceremony was now to unfurl when Dorothy Bush Koch, the Honorable G. W. Bush's daughter, gave a short speech which ended with her stating, "Let us bring this ship to life." Immediately sailors (male and female) in uniform entering onto a platform from the left and the right which led them into an ascending open stairway to the flight deck of the ship until the entire ship from

one end to the other was outlined with sailors standing about 6 feet apart from each other. Those sailors stood at attention in uniform (no coats or jackets) in the cool ocean breeze for approximately one hour.

I'm sure that everyone in the "blue" section felt an immense sense of pride in their sons, daughters, husband, wives, grandsons or granddaughters as they scanned the perimeter of the flight to see their loved one. The ship's flag was raised up to fly above the ship as the cool winds whipped it back and forth. And the official proclamation was made that the USS George H. W. Bush (CVN 77, the last of the Nimitz-class of atomic ships, was officially proclaimed to be a part of the U.S. Navy. Instantly the flapping flags were joined by the blowing of every whistle on the ship, all lights lighted up, and the radar started spinning. The ship was alive and breathing. That was the high emotional point as everyone stood facing their loved ones and praying that this ship will be a safe haven for all those fine young men and women.

I was overcome with pride and joy to have been given the privilege to witness such an impressive occasion. As I walked away I said a prayer for each sailor who has offered to provide us protection and prayed their safety on duty. We are fortunate to live today with all of our modern technology. Cell phones and computers connect us to our loved ones almost instantly. And my grandson, while serving his country, plans to begin his college career while in the Navy. Am I proud? You better believe it! I'm proud of every American who serves in our Armed Services, but especially my grandson, Eric.

Economic Conditions Have Impacted the GRCC Foundation

By Dr. Andy Bowne, Associate Vice President for College Advancement

I cannot start this article like *A Tale of Two Cities*. It isn't both "the best of times and the worst of times." I can say that there's bad news and not so bad news. The huge drops experienced in the investment world have impacted the GRCC Foundation. Between July 1, 2008 and December 31, 2008, the investments of the GRCC Foundation dropped 13.78% or roughly \$2.2 million (they have slipped even further in the first two months of 2009). That's the bad news. The "not so bad news" is that our two fund managers, Fifth Third Bank and Geneva Capital, have outperformed their investment benchmarks. And, for the most part, they beat their benchmarks significantly. I've heard of other foundations that have experienced 20-25% reductions in their investments.

The GRCC Foundation's Investment Committee and Board of Directors operate under long-term policies and procedures related to investment strategies. Their responsibilities are guided by a long-term investment strategy policy (and asset mix) that pays off in the long run. In the short run, there can be bumps and bruises, and conversely, incredible gains. The Investment Committee met in late February and recommitted itself to the long-term investment strategy. The Investment Committee is made up of investment professionals who have worked in the field for many years and care deeply about GRCC students and the Foundation.

As retirees, you might ask the question that if the funds are down, what is the impact on awarding endowed scholarships? The Foundation operates on a 5% spending rule based on a three-year running average (of individual "fund" balances). Scholarship awards for the 2009-2010 year are based on fund balances as of June 30, 2008. Foundation staff have evaluated how the individual scholarship funds are impacted by the investment woes. The endowed scholarships can be awarded in the coming academic year. However, we are, in essence, eating into the assets of the fund. Annual scholarships are similarly impacted by the investment challenges. These scholarships will be awarded on available funds and award criteria. We will be asking scholarship/fund "owners" within the next couple of months to consider a one-time gift to cover the cost of scholarship awards for 2009-2010. Our hope is that we can use this strategy to further

reduce the impact of the market by reducing the need to use the principals that have increased in value over time.

We are also evaluating other strategies to reduce the negative impact of the current economic conditions on the ability to award scholarships while maintaining the integrity of the individual funds. These are challenging times for us all and we are looking at all of our options to meet the intended purposes of the GRCC Foundation. We are committed to our donors and to our students. Our students need the scholarships and we will continue to offer them. Our donors want to know that we are doing the best we can to see that their gifts are managed effectively. My peers across the state and country are making similar moves.

Some Commentary on Hats

By Dave Holkeboer, English Department

John F. Kennedy made an important fashion statement when he came on the scene. Unlike his predecessors, he usually didn't wear a hat. The great figures of his day all wore hats. Even the rum runners of the prohibition era wore stunning and finely crafted Borsalinos. Winston Churchill always flashed the "V" sign wearing a Homburg. Eisenhower, Truman, Tito, Hirohito—all wore hats. A 1940 movie scene in either Manhattan or London would depict crowds of men in fedoras. British bankers showed up for work in Bowlers. You could see Derbies on Bourbon Street. After Kennedy, however, the hat business went into a deep slide.

I'm not sure why headwear for men has faded into oblivion, with the possible exception of rappers who wear their baseball hats crooked or baseball aficionados whose hats express their sporting allegiances. Of course, businesses are happy to give away cheap baseball hats with logos on them to turn you into a walking advertisement.

Chauffeurs wore obligatory billed caps as emblems of their trade, much like the pinstriped hats of the railroad engineer. Greek fisherman wore distinctive caps, as did ship captains in part as a statement of their trade. Rural Australians adapted a leather hat with a curled brim unique to their culture. Civil war leaders wore felt fedoras emblazoned with two crossed swords and a hatband with tassels knotted at the front. Of course, the military has always embraced hats as a form of class identification at least since Napoleon's tricorne hat, a pretentious and impractical testament to one's position in the military hierarchy.

Women have continued to wear hats in recent times but on a limited scale. Lavish, eye-popping hats are still on display in Louisville during the Kentucky Derby but these stay in hat boxes the rest of the year. Female headwear is even scarce in a Catholic mass today. And who remembers the veil, a sartorial appendage designed ostensibly for modesty but which ironically imbued one with a coquettish sense of mystery? After all, we are attracted most to what we can't see. A few months ago I ordered a poofie hat from the Skagway branch of the Alaska Fur Gallery made of whitish gray Alaskan fox fur for my friend, Annie. Wherever she goes, women of all ages, most of whom don't wear hats, are drawn to it like a magnet and want to feel it and pet it. So I know that women who don't wear hats would like to emulate those who do.

I like hats. I probably wear a fedora to subconsciously emulate my father who, summer or winter, was seldom without one—an ecru Panama hat in the summer and a grey felt fedora in the winter. But one thing I never understood was the feathers in the hat band. Much of what hats are is simply practical. They retain heat in the winter and provide a baffle from the sun in warm weather. But the feathers? Only a peacock would understand.

Other than my father's example, I can't account for my love of hats. During a period of my life when I owned buildings and stuck my head into many furnaces and attics, I appreciated the protection they offered. They were a cheap insurance policy from injury from sheet metal edges, protruding nails and the like.

The truth is I like hats for their own sake. They are wonderfully engineered artifacts, emblems, protective devices, statements of social class, and protection against rain and snow, heat and cold, all wrapped up into one. Want proof? A week ago I thought I lost my red leather racing cap that I bought 20 years ago at Henry's Hatters on 8th Avenue and 43rd Street in New York—the kind you would want to use driving a 1948 MG. I looked high and low for it most of the day and finally found it next to the computer on which I am now typing this manuscript. It made my day.

I Have to Admit it: My Mother Was Right!

By Keith Longberg, English Department

You know the story: When I was a kid I had to walk ten miles to school, uphill both ways, rain, or shine, blizzard or no blizzard. Actually I did have to walk, but it was only one mile which I would usually run as fast as I could, not because I was late but for a reason I can no longer understand: I just loved to run. Later when I finally got a bike, a rusty, second-hand, one-speed, bike, I rode that to school. In cold weather and in the winter my mother always wanted me to have a warm breakfast in my tummy, and she also wanted me to wear something on my head, a baseball cap or preferably a stocking cap because I would be able to pull it down over my ears. “Keep warm son!” I hated to wear anything on my head because it mussed my hair, but much more importantly, it just wasn't cool. Yes it was cold, but not “cool.” I remember frequently taking my cap off when I was a block or so from home, putting it in my pocket, and running to school bareheaded. Remarkably, I didn't catch pneumonia, which my mom had warned me would likely happen.

When I was an early teen my older brother, two years older got a part-time job at the Betty Lou Bakery on Plainfield Avenue, and once in a while he'd bring home some freshly baked goods, a cake or donuts, which I thought was really great. He was always a good example for me. I looked up to him, and I still do. I started looking around for a part-time job also. I was very interested in working for Creston News, a small printing and publishing company on Plainfield Avenue, owned and operated by Jack C. Zaremba, which published *The Creston News*. I was taking a printing class in junior high school and thought it would be a good trade to get into on the grounds that there would always be a demand for printers. No one could have predicted otherwise then. But Creston News had no interest in a skinny twelve or thirteen year old kid who apparently liked the smell of printers ink, but whose only other recommendation amounted to having hand-set and sorted a little type in a junior high school printing class. Their lack of interest didn't surprise me, but neither did it diminish my interest in working there.

I soon got a job at a clothing store right beneath the printing company. It was Henderson's Clothing Store, operated by Ollie Henderson, a very rotund elderly Swedish man. I say “elderly,” but he was probably not as old then as I am right now, and I firmly deny being “elderly,” of course. My job was to sweep up, make sure the place was nice and tidy, and also to take care of the trash. The big cardboard boxes that clothing came to the store in were tossed down the basement stairs, and another of my jobs was to bust up all those boxes and put sheets of the cardboard into a hand operated bailer, pull down firmly on a long wooden lever and smush the cardboard down as much as possible, put metal straps around the compressed bails and crimp the straps securely. The bails of cardboard and paper were periodically collected, and I assumed Mr. Henderson got some money for them.

I made only a few cents an hour, but the point for me was having a job like my big brother, not the money I earned, although it was good to have some coins in my pocket. Another advantage in working in the clothing store was its proximity to Creston News Printing Company. I could hear the printing presses upstairs, and I often went up there and talked with the men in the shop. I loved the smell of the place, the smell of the printer's ink and the gasoline used to clean ink off the type after the printing was done. That smell got stuck in my brain just like the odor inside my grandfather's granary on his farm up by Cadillac.

Even now, decades later, when I get a waft of those smells, they instantly bring back fond memories for me, and for years I'd go to a feed store every spring just to walk around sniffing and recalling my boyhood summer days on Grandpa's farm.

I got to know the guys in the print shop well, "Slug" Anderson, the compositor; Joe Berger, the foreman; and Sy Sikema, the pressman. When I'd go up there, I'd grab a broom and sweep around the place, mainly as a way of seeing what was going on and getting to know the place. Sometimes I'd sort some type for them. I was there so much I was soon hired there as a "printers devil." I worked there all through high school and "Slug" helped me to become a skilled compositor. Also I started turning in short articles to Mr. Zaremba, the owner-editor, usually stories about Creston High School activities and eventually started getting some small articles published in the paper, some even with my by-line! I got to know Mr. Zaremba well and he started giving me tickets to the Civic Theater, in which he was very active. He had a big influence on me. He later sold the business, moved to Hollywood and worked as an actor, appearing regularly in several TV shows.

Henderson's Clothing Store had what I thought was some really classy clothes for sale, but what really impressed me most was the large collection of hats on display. They impressed me not because I wanted one or would wear one, but they were obviously a very high quality product of which the owner was very proud and they were expensive too. He had several long shelves holding dozens of hats, black, brown, beige and shades in between, some with plastic covering on them. Also there were several showcases with dozens more. Some were top hats, fedoras, homburgs, derbies, pork pie, Aussie, western and other styles. The fedora was the most popular on the street. I didn't know anything about hats then, of course, but I knew they were very special and Mr. Henderson lorded over them with great affection and care. They surely must have been genuine beaver felt hats, something I didn't know about then and had no appreciation for. I tried on some of the hats once, looking and grinning in one of the big mirrors at my ridiculous profile, an oversized hat awkwardly atop an unlikely beanpole, but I quickly realized, without being told, that Mr. Henderson didn't want me to handle the hats.

I worked there after school, sometimes on Saturdays for a couple years, but I never saw anyone buy any of those hats or even look at them. As near as I could tell, Mr. Henderson didn't actually sell much of anything, and I didn't get the feeling that he had to either. He just had this store and this old inventory, and he would sit at a desk at the back of the store and drink his tea, basically stuck in a time that was no more, his inventory having been largely bypassed by changing styles and preferences.

I can remember when nearly every man always wore a hat on the street. It was almost a required piece of clothing; without it you were basically not fully dressed. A person's hat became part of his persona and also conferred some dignity and authority to its owner. The higher the crown and the wider the brim the more authority the wearer seemed to have. When I worked for Mr. Henderson, shortly after WWII, men's hats were still worn by most men. Soon printers would be on the way out because of the invention of offset printing, but I didn't know that then and I'm sure that the printers upstairs, Slug, Joe, and Si didn't know that either. I suspect the owner, Jack Zaremba knew what was coming, and it probably motivated him to sell his business when he still could and take up a new career, acting, at which he apparently became rather successful.

I would often go upstairs to the printing company to talk with the guys either before or after work, and sometimes I'd take a break from making bales of cardboard and go up there, pick up a broom and sweep up a bit or sort type while talking to the guys. I got to know the main compositor, Robert Carl Anderson very well. We called him "Slug," and he was a jolly WWII veteran who gave me a lot of good advice. One such piece of advice was "Buy a house just as soon as you can." When I got out of the army after serving abroad, I bought my first house, at age 20 on Slug's advice. A year later I bought my first investment property, also something Slug had recommended.

That was about the time I finally started wearing a hat. I don't know exactly what prompted that purchase. My father always wore a hat, but I don't think that made my decision. More likely, I just got to

the point where I thought I was finally adult enough, a veteran, a married man, property owner, investor, and wearing a hat just seemed like the adult thing to do. I was old enough, or mature enough, to admit that my mother was right. (Wow!) I had finally figured it out: Your head, like your hands and feet are radiators, containing large surface areas. Ears too are very efficient radiators. You lose a lot of body heat from them. When you are cold you start to shiver. It's the body's way of trying to warm itself; it gets the blood flowing. A hat keeps cold air and the wind off you head and traps a bubble of body heat there to keep you much warmer. It's just like wearing mittens or gloves, shoes, boots or ear muffs—or a stocking cap pulled down over your ears.

Hats then were not required to be well dressed, not for a young person like I was, but by that time I was strong enough not to be all that concerned about what other folks thought about how I dressed or what supposed to be “in style.” I felt free to wear what I wanted to wear, and that was, and still is, a liberating feeling. Now I usually wear a hat, and always do when it's cold. Others can shiver their way through life if they want to, but I'm going to wear a hat, thank you.

But now if you are looking to buy a hat, Henderson's Clothing store with its dozens of very high quality beaver felt hats no longer exists. Many clothing stores, even expensive ones, don't carry hats for men at all. In Woodland Mall I found only one store with men's hats. They had just four of them. They were made of wool, none of beaver felt. *The Yellow Book* for Grand Rapids, a metropolitan area of more than a million people, remarkably lists only four places that sell hats locally, but one of them doesn't sell hats at all, only caps. The best option now to find a good hat here in our city seems to be the Internet on which I recently bought a classy leather “Aussie” style hat.

Years ago, shortly after the Applied Technology Center (ATC) had just opened up, I attended a faculty meeting there before classes started for the semester. That day I was wearing, for the first time, a very nice new genuine beaver felt hat that my daughter had bought me as a birthday gift with money she had saved, about \$250, from her part-time job. I was really touched by her generous sacrifice for my birthday gift. I hung the hat on a hook in the hallway outside of the meeting room. After the meeting, the hat was gone. It was a huge disappointment to me, of course, and not fun to tell my daughter about it either: “What kind of place is that down there, Dad?” Whoever took my hat probably had no appreciation of its value either. Possibly some student wandering the hallway picked it up as a lark and then tossed it away using it as a frisbee.

Someone asked me why men's hats are so expensive, and expensive they are. You can buy wool felt hats for well under \$100, but genuine beaver felt hats will likely start at twice that amount. It is not unusual for a classy beaver felt western hat to be priced above \$1,000 and prices go skyward from there. Personally, I can't imagine paying so much for a hat, but I can easily imagine George Bush and Dick Cheney buying two or three of them, and, of course, deducting the cost as business expenses. A man needs a hat, of course.

I've looked for such hats in thrift stores in Texas near where my older daughter lives, but people who buy expensive beaver felt hats keep them forever. You are not likely to find one in a thrift store. Beaver felt hats are expensive because they are, of course, made from the fur of beavers. Beaver fur has the characteristic of bonding together very tightly if it is wet, heated, compressed, and rolled, and that is the essence of the felting process, the process of making felt. You get a sample of this process if you put a wet wool sweater in your clothes dryer. It will shrink considerably as the individual fibers bond together making a much more dense material. But felt is not a woven material like the shrunken and ruined sweater you take out of your dryer. The individual hairs of a beaver fur, like the fur of many animals, have scales that spread open and interlock in all directions when wet and heated and rubbed together producing a thick, very strong fabric that has no grain to it, and it is therefore nearly impossible to tear.

Beavers are scarce, and if you find one and catch it, you have to persuade it to participate in its conversion to immortality in the form of a hat. Not a quick or easy task. And it is very likely that several beaver pelts would be used to make a single felt hat and sometimes rabbit fur, a much less expensive product, now supplements the mix. A beaver is a sizable animal, but an expensive hat may require several pelts. In descriptions of hats for sale, the number of pelts used in a hat's manufacture is indicated by an X designation

after its size such as 7 X2, which means size seven (large) and the X2 indicates that two beaver pelts were used. The higher the number after the X, the more beaver pelts, and, of course, the more expensive the hat. The skin or flesh on a beaver hide would have been cut away from the fur, not the other way around like the shearing of sheep. The delicate process of cutting the skin away from the fur is done with a finely tuned milling machine. Then the hairs of the fur are sorted, the heavy coarse “guard hairs” are removed leaving only the soft underlayer of fine hairs used in the felting process.

I’ve read a couple of articles that claimed men’s hats are “making a comeback” now. This fashion trend, if it exists, hasn’t reached us here in West Michigan yet, and don’t hold your breath. Times change and products that were once commonly available sometimes just disappear without a trace from the stores. Bow ties are now nearly as hard to find as hats. Many stores don’t carry them at all, and if they do they are likely to be the pre-tied variety, making them look just too perfectly tied. When I asked about a bow tie in an expensive local men’s store that didn’t have any hats, the clerk told me, “We don’t sell them. I wish we did though. I’d like to have a couple of nice bow ties myself.” I replied, “I have a suggestion for you.” “What is it?” “You sit down and write a suggestion to President Barack Obama. Tell him you need his help in growing your business. You’d like to see him wearing a nice felt hat and a bow tie. It could easily start a trend, and soon you would be selling lots of hats and bow ties.” He looked skeptical. “This kind of a trend has already happened with one candidate, hasn’t it?” I asked. He thought a minute and said, “You mean Sarah Palin’s glasses?” “Yes, that’s exactly right!” If I were in the clothing business, I’d send Obama a hat and a tie, with the offer to replace it with a different size or color that would be more suitable. I doubt that the salesman took, or even seriously considered, my suggestion about writing the letter. “That’s not my job!” is an unfortunate attitude firmly ingrained in the minds of many workers, and even institutionalized by unions. It routinely limits efficiency, production, and, especially, innovations. I once thought I’d buy one of those green eyeshades accountants and other office workers used generations ago. I wanted one to use as a gag gift for a friend’s birthday party. I never did find one, not even on the Internet, and clerks in local office supply stores seemed to regard me as some sort of nut who had somehow escaped from a time warp for asking about them. “Nobody ever uses those any more,” one of them told me. No kidding? That’s why I want one!

I like wearing a hat. I like seeing other men wear them too. A man wearing a hat is not all that common so a hat wearer is likely to stand out in a crowd: there’s someone different, someone who thinks for himself, perhaps a trend-setter. I think hats look good, and they feel good on your head too. I remember how distinguished and sharp JFK looked in a hat (although he usually went without it promoting the hatless trend), also on many previous political leaders such as FDR, Truman, Churchill, as well as pop figures like “Old Blue Eyes” Sinatra and Bogart. After Kennedy, the felt hat was rapidly losing its grip on men’s heads. The new fashion was to go bareheaded. By the time I went to work in Henderson’s Clothing Store, probably about 1945, men were wearing hats, but they sure weren’t buying them any more, not from Olie Henderson.

During the recent campaign for the presidency, I didn’t see either of the candidates for the office, either McCain or Obama wearing a hat. Senator McCain regularly wore a baseball cap early in his presidential campaign, but seemed to discard it in the later weeks. It didn’t appear appropriate at all to me, and maybe someone with good taste and influence convinced him of that. If he were playing or viewing a baseball game or other sporting event, I’d say it would be fine, but not for campaigning for highest office in the land. I’ll give him credit though, a little, for not wearing it backwards, although that might actually have won him some votes with the hockey-mom, Joe-six-pack crowd if they would actually vote. Senator Obama would look very distinguished in a hat, a bow tie too, and it might even start a trend, suddenly energizing the clothing industry.

As I write this little article, the current issue of *Time Magazine* (November 24, 2008) is on the newsstands. Conveniently for this article, the cover shows a picture of President Elect Barack Obama in the driver’s seat in an open car (It looks to me like a 1941 Cadillac convertible, and that would place it at the beginning of FDR’s third term.) wearing a felt hat, probably courtesy of some computer graphics program. The FDR-like image of Barack Obama highlights the magazine’s feature article, “The New New Deal,”

which address the topic “What Barrack Obama can learn from FDR—and what the Democrats need to do.” Perhaps I will soon finally be right in style wearing a hat. If you live long enough, anything is possible.

The other day as I entered a building a woman said to me, “Oh, I like your hat. You look very dapper.” Dapper? I hadn’t heard that word in ages. It caused me to check its definition on the handy one-click dictionary on my computer: It said “Smart, spruce, trim, debonair, neat, well-dressed, well-groomed, well turned out, elegant, chick, dashing, snappy, sharp, spiffy.” Wow! That’s a lot! Well, at my age I’ll take any one of those. I can use all the help I can get and if that’s what a hat will do for me, all the more reason to wear one. Mind you that was not some young chick talking either, and that makes it all the better. Hats are due for a comeback and I’m ready.

Hang on to Your Hat!

By Carole Redwine, English Department

As a young girl, my mother often insisted that I put a hat on in the wintertime so that I wouldn’t catch cold. Later I was told, “You lose half your body heat through the top of your head.” No wonder Mom was so adamant about my wearing that hat. (I have since heard that the notion is either an old wive’s tale, a medical myth, or both. But true or not, if you know what’s good for you, you won’t call my mother an old wife!) Still, I have always worn a hat, and as I get older, I find that I do have fewer colds when I begin to wear one as soon as the temperature dips into the forties.

Hats seem to be optional fashion accessories for most folks these days. Many women don’t want to mess up their ‘do and men find them unnecessary, except for the obligatory baseball cap when they are hanging out with the guys. Military personnel and those in some professions have to wear them as part of their uniform, of course, or for safety. But for the general public, I’ve noticed that the hat-wearing style as part of everyday dress appears to be connected to age. If young people wear them, they are often perched atop tousled hair and denim duds, signaling a casual breeziness. They are worn at jaunty angles, and are decorated with embroidered brand logos or remarks that give you something to think about (or not). When older folk wear them, they are either strictly utilitarian, such as for keeping warm in winter, or as part of the business attire that attests to a certain formality—maybe even professional social class.

If hats are optional now, there was a time in the recent twentieth century, however, when they were not. Men wore them and routinely “tipped their hat” to acknowledge a lady, then removed it when they entered a building. You would NEVER see a gentleman eating in his hat in a restaurant as you often do now. Ladies also weren’t considered fully dressed, either during the week or on Sundays, if they did not have one on: a sun hat for everyday and more elaborate hats with netting and ribbons for Sunday. Hats for women had to be seasonably correct as well. Woe be unto you if the fashion police caught you wearing a straw hat after Labor Day! It was a time of fashion rules and dress codes and they were strictly followed.

For many African American women, hats have always been a part of our culture. We wear them less than we used to perhaps, but still more than other cultural groups, especially for church or other special occasions. Go into certain African American churches on Sunday morning and you will find the women, especially those over 65, wearing their “crowns.” So popular were these hats of all sizes and elaborate decoration that a book was written to honor their wearers and to showcase their cultural significance. Its title is *Crowns: Portraits of Black Women in Church Hats*, and it honors the queen mothers who wear these elegant hats with grace and dignity. In fact, if you watched the inauguration of President Barack Obama, then you couldn’t miss the “Queen of Soul” herself, Ms. Aretha Franklin. Apparently, since her appearance, many people have asked to purchase the hat she wore. Men are even inquiring about it for their wives and mothers, but that one was only for Aretha. The Detroit designer is offering a variation that has a satin bow instead of the crystal one and at a much lower price point. Now that was a crown!



Women aren't especially fond of revealing their age, but one group exists that encourages women to say it loud, "I'm fifty and proud!" Then, as if to flaunt that magic number, all members of this group don bright red hats, gather together periodically for social events and call themselves The Red Hat Society. Those not ready for red are our younger sisters, and they join us in their pink hats to celebrate the joy of maturing and mature womanhood. I belong to one of the chapters here in Grand Rapids, but no matter where I go, any member will welcome me. Similar to the Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants, this sisterhood uses the red hat to show unity among its members. Even though I own four, I'm always on the lookout for another, because "Red Hatters" love a unique red hat. It's our calling card and our password.

Hats will always be an individual fashion statement. As diverse as those who wear them, they too will be wide or short brimmed, felt or straw, fedora or beret. They will indicate age or station, occasion or profession. But no matter what, the hat speaks to an identity, a mood or simply a reason to be topped off—even if it's just to keep from catching a cold.

A Word from Our Interim President

By Dr. Anne Mulder

I love hats, absolutely love them. As a young Southern lady, hats were a way of life . . . big brimmed beautiful hats with roses or large wonderful bows were popular. I wore them to the races at Keeneland or to the Derby, of course, and, oh yes, on Easter Sunday, most Sundays really. What was Easter Sunday without a hat? . . . Remember: "In your Easter bonnet with all the frills upon it . . ." I remember one especially beautiful big brimmed hat that I bought after I was married. I paid far too much for it, and afraid that my husband at the time would be angry, I kept it hidden away for a long time. After we divorced, I would don my gown and robe and my hat, now taken out of its hiding place . . . and stare at my image in the mirror. I kept the hat a long, long time.

I loved cloches, too . . . elegant, mysterious, I thought. Once at some ladies' luncheon I won this magnificent cloche . . . an ornate silk print . . . lovely. And then, there was my hat all made of pheasant feathers . . . magnificent. Ah, yes, I love hats.

My Hat History Runs for 50 Years

By Philip Jung, Philosophy

"Wearing a hat is a pure joy," Opie Cornwell.

I don't know if I'd go so far as to back Mr. Cornwell's claim, but I do like wearing hats. For most of my years I've covered my head with everything from beanies and baseball caps and berets to snap-brims and pork pies and fedoras, stiff ones and crushable, you name it. Well, that's misleading. So far I've resisted cowboy and coolie hats and sombreros. And tam o'shanter. But who knows? I've got some years left and a shiny thin-skinned head that remains timid under the summer sun and the brisk winter wind.

My first hat was a flaming red straw Stetson pork pie with a white band that I bought when I was thirteen. No specifics about the purchase, such as intention or cost or location, come to mind. I do remember I thought it was quite cool, so that might hint at a reason for buying it: some weird need to demonstrate an incipient sense of bad taste. I didn't wear it much because back then the high school years weren't kind to nonconformity, but occasionally I'd wear it to a beach, brim pulled low to shade my eyes and protect me from seeing the scorn of other kids. Usually I wore it around the house.

I suspect that one of the reasons I took to head coverings was my reactions to my mother's constant admonitions from the age of ten that if I wore caps too often, my hair would fall out. As a contrarian (my

mother's word) from birth, I found that carping sufficient to nurture my absolute devotion to headgear. Not only that, but I happened to be cursed—I thought—with a crown of coarse, very wavy hair, which I found difficult, even with handfuls of Brylcreem and rosewater, to straighten like Elvis's or James Dean's. So I actually thought that if it did fall out someday, I'd be more than happy to buy a wig and fashion it any way I desired.

I went to caps as a freshman at GRJC in the fall of 1963, buying a \$5.00 woolen snap-brim lid, brown with dark gray stripes, from a men's store in the Pantlind Hotel on Monroe Avenue. I bought it because the style had been adopted by beatniks I'd seen hanging around the Near South Side of Chicago and in magazines like *Life* and *Look*. If beatniks in Chicago wore that style, then it certainly wouldn't be seen much in Grand Rapids, and sure enough it wasn't long before insults were hurled from passing cars at this by now fully confirmed contrarian. I wore that cap for some years before watching the current in the Pine River take it away as I struggled to recover from a fall while fishing. I bought a new one the next week and have been wearing that style ever since.

By my mid-30's most of the hair on the top of my skull was gone and I found it imperative to cover it pretty much year round. By then I was in the market for something new and unusual, and the fedora, which had fallen out of favor long before 1980, beckoned me from some shelves at Mays Men's Store downtown. My first purchase was a small brimmed hat with a fairly high crown and a feather in the band. Cool, I thought. Nobody wears these things anymore. "Now do you know how to put it on?" asked the clerk. "You do it this way, both hands on the brim, never by the crown." Yeah, sure, I thought. I'll put it on the way Boston Blackie and Clark Kent (from the 50's TV) did it. I don't need no instructions. But I have to admit that I initially felt more self conscious wearing this hat than I did anything else since a whirlybird beanie when I was six, and it took a couple of weeks before I began to feel comfortable wearing it.

The trouble was that as distinctive as the hat was at that time, it wasn't as cool as those worn by Boston Blackie and Clark Kent. Theirs were broad brimmed lids with deep dimples. I remember going into Penney's at Woodland once and asking a woman clerk, who was at least sixty, old enough to have seen thousands of men in such chapeaux, if there were any of the type I wanted. She pointed to some woolen Scottish caps and Irish hats with floppy turned down brims. I carefully described the kind of fedora I wanted and she looked at me as if I were demented. Then she led me to some baseball caps.

Finally Hats in the Belfry opened downtown and I found the perfect light gray felt fedora with a darker gray band sans feather. It set me back about \$70 back in the late 80's but it was a treasure to me. I wore it with pride in the assuredness that no one else I'd seen or probably would see had one like it. Three months after I bought it I wore it to a silent auction at a local high school's fundraiser and left it along with my topcoat at a student run service. When I went to retrieve it at evening's end, the students handed me my coat without the hat. "Where's my hat?" I asked. "What hat?" a young man asked. "The gray fedora I handed to you with my coat." He shrugged, asked a couple of others who disappeared into a back room for several minutes. When they returned they shrugged too.

"What the hell did you do with my hat?" I growled.

"There is no hat."

"You mean you lost my hat?"

"No. We didn't lose anything."

I saw something click in the face of the first young man. He snapped his fingers, then reached into a sleeve of my coat and triumphantly extracted an ugly gray wad. My heart sank and then my voice screeched: "You wrecked my hat. You wrecked my hat."

The boy smiled and looked at the lump. Firm round brim folded like cardboard. High stately crown smushed like old Pampers. He looked at it and then ceremoniously began to unfold it. When he handed it to me it looked like something thrown out of a box car still on a hobo's head. I looked at it, then glared at the kid.

"You don't do that kind of thing to a dress hat," I said, outraged. Helpless. I mean, what was I going to do with the kid? Rough him up? Tell his parents? Have the Boosters Club buy me a new hat with the money I paid for admission? "Come on," said Joni, tugging my arm. "Let's just go."

Nothing could save that hat. The broad brim looked like a dry dirt road, pocked and accorded. There was no place in town that did hat blocking, so I had it sent to Chicago and paid \$30 to have it blocked and returned in what I then knew was its perpetual condition. So I gave it to a local theater company in case they ever put on "Of Mice and Men" or some such Depression era play.

To replace it I bought another broad brimmed piece, but on this one the front and back of the brim turned downward and, after constant references to the Crocodile Dundee and the Harrison Ford look, I came to regret the purchase. In fact, that style was then the rage, so I returned to my wool snap-brims. Finally, one cold day at Chicago's Marshall Field's, I found two more genuine fedoras, wide brimmed, high crowned, one almost identical to the poor victim of an innocent high schooler and the other a dark gray crushable beauty. Since then I've added to my collection a wonderful brown wool Bavarian hat with a tall somewhat pointed crown, a corded band, and a broad brim hat I bought in Bamberg, Germany; a dressy cream colored summer hat and a brown one I can use for hiking; a black leather Henschel pork pie that I found in a window of Arnold Hatters on Eighth Avenue in New York; and most recently from the same shop, a gray-blue fine straw honey with a wide band and three colorful feathers. I'm not crazy about feathers, but if one comes with the hat then who am I to be contrary?

When I was young and possessed all that course wavy hair, whenever a wind blew in my face, from behind, wherever, the disagreeable stuff on the sides of my head wouldn't blow along with it. Rather, for reasons that run contrary to all laws of physics and probability, it stood straight out like an electrocuted lion's mane. (Short hair, by the way, didn't suit me. It made too much sense.) Then when I started losing the hair on top, a half hour under the sun would leave my scalp throbbing for two days. But with a hat on my head—or a good cashmere or wool snap-brim cap—I've been able to weather any wind, bask in burning sunshine, conserve my precious body heat in the coldest of winters, in short, I've been able to enjoy a little bit more of a sheltered life.

And that makes me more of an agreeable person. I find some joy in that.

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Bud Elve, Valued Friend, Esteemed Colleague, and Master Teacher



From Fritz Bruder

I had heard of Bud Elve long before I ever met him. I was in junior high at Creston High School and Bud was attending Davis Tech Senior High School. However, Bud did peek our interest at Creston because he was not only known as a fine halfback, but a real speedster. In fact the last I heard, he is still the holder of the 220-yard dash state record. Davis Tech was going to shut down and seeing that the Elve family lived in the Creston district, we hoped that he would attend Creston.

My memory is vague at this point. Those were the World War II years. Therefore, it was a time when the military draft was being employed and some seniors were merely leaving high school and joining the services. Thus it was considered that if too many juniors and seniors joined the military it could possibly decimate a high school football team. Therefore it was discussed and possibly somewhat implemented that eighth graders should be exposed to the plays being used and to a conditioning program. This would ready a student to be better prepared to be player as a freshman and very possibly as a sophomore.

My interest? Bud was a right halfback and so was I. All we heard about his biography was through the neighborhood grapevine—that he was a good student and a nice kid. I did meet him personally about a year later and was impressed with his attributes. This is all I remember about my early years with Bud Elve. I remember he was friendly, but reserved, very considerate and easy to look up to. Bud was regarded as a NICE KID—a tag that has been used to describe him through the years.

Moving fast forward, after seven years of college, working six years with a major oil company in the U.S. Rocky Mountains, and in Southern Europe and Africa, I returned to Grand Rapids and took work with a real estate company who was involved in developing the Grand Rapids Baptist College, now Cornerstone University. One day I noticed they were looking for an executive secretary for the Deans office. I told my wife, Ruth, she applied and got the job. Within a few weeks Ruth called me and said they were looking for some people to staff the science department. Having degrees in Biology and Physical Science, and work experience in both fields, I applied. I was hired to develop, get state approval, and teach one basic biology course and one basic Physical Science survey course and also design the respective labs.

I first thought to visit good old J.C. where I had previously attended. I looked up the division professors and was surprised to find Bud Elve was the Chair of the Physical Science Division. I promptly tried to make an appointment with him – to no avail I jumped in my car, drove down to the College, walked into his office and introduced myself – I was crushed! He didn't remember me or the relationship we previously had. Fortunately, Bud was still the nice guy I remembered. He was kind enough to let me expound about some old mutual acquaintances from the good old Creston High School days, and reiterate the many events that took place on and off the field—even his old injuries. After the conversation, if Bud couldn't remember our previously relationship, he certainly knew that I existed in his past life.

Bud introduced me to Roland Constant and Harvey Meygaard from the Life Sciences Division. They were instrumental in helping me set up a course similar to J.C.'s Biology 101. I was also able to buy some cast off equipment, which was still very functional, from both departments.

Thus, in time, the Baptist College science courses were approved, the equipment and instruments from J.C. were installed in the new labs – and we were on our way. Shortly thereafter, Bud suggested that he would like to implement a PC 101 Survey course to correspond with the Biology 101 Survey course presently being taught at J.C.

This idea was presented to the leadership of the biology Division as well as all of the staff of the physical science division. After much discussion, mostly within the physical division, the concept of a PC 101 survey class was approved. Following, through various circumstances, a geology department also was established within the physical science division. In the early years, this gave me the opportunity to become a full time instructor at GRJC teaching in the biology division and the physical science division and I am forever grateful to the teaching staff of the biology and physical science division for their help and kind consideration both negative and positive in enabling the geology department to succeed. During this time, Bud and I developed not only a good working relationship, but a very good personal relationship as well.

Our relationship also grew outside the educational realm, although still on campus. Bud had four sons who attended JC and I had a daughter and two sons who also attended about the same time. It was not unusual for one of the boys to sit down with both of us at coffee or at one of our offices and want to discuss some situation if not a problem. This allowed Bud and I to have some interesting follow-up conversations about fatherhood and I believe we both gained some respect for each other during these discussions. I also couldn't help but note that Bud handled his students somewhat in a fatherly way, with the same concern and considerations.

Another unusual event happened in the physical science department. In a very short period of time, four of our faculty member's wives were found to have cancer. After about a year or so, my wife Ruth succumbed to the disease. Shortly thereafter, bud also lost is wife, Ruth. These were trying times for both of us to be sure. While going through this set back, the considerations allowed for plenty of time for mutual thoughts during which we bounced various ideas peculiar to our own situation off each other. I'm sure this verbal hand holding placated a lot of concerns and anxieties. Regardless, it was a bonding experience.

A year later I met my present wife, Marilyn, and we were married shortly thereafter. Bud was obviously invited to our wedding. In the meantime, Marilyn and I were occasionally meeting with the retired or nearly retired faculty of Cornerstone College. One evening coming home from one of these meetings, Marilyn suddenly and excitedly spoke up and said, "You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to set up a date for Bud with Cleo," a lady who Marilyn liked very much who was also involved with the Cornerstone group.

I must admit I wasn't too happy with the idea. Maybe invite both of them to dinner, but set them up with each other on a date? I figured that this didn't leave a way out for either one of them if things didn't go over well. We compromised. Marilyn would set it up so that Bud would pick Cleo up and then they would meet us at a restaurant.

Bud was a minute or two late picking up Cleo, because he chose to stop on the way to her house at a jewelry store and pick up some things he had previously left off for approval. Other than this small glitch, everything went well. They had a chance to meet each other and I'm sure engaging in some "investigative" conversation before meeting Marilyn and I. During the dinner, everything was going along joyfully. Both Bud and Cleo are not the bashful type and fortunately, both have a great sense of humor – Bud's can be a little "way out" but it is humor. During an ever so slight break in the conversation, Bud grabbed Cleo's hand, took a diamond ring out of his pocket and said, "I had long personal involvements, so I thought I'd ask you to—". At this point I don't recall what Bud had said, But!! I was shocked – and prepared to give him a swift kick under the table—when laughter broke out between them. I quickly cooled down and I must admit, Bud's little act was the major event with many quips and laughter being thrown around the rest of the evening. We went home. Bud and Cleo left for home. However, this was not the end of the story.

The following morning Bud and I, as usual, met in his office at 10:00 a.m. for a quick cup of coffee between classes. Upon our arrival, the phone rang. Picking up the phone, Bud's typical answer was, "Elve here." I recognized Cleo's voice. "Hello, Bud, this is Cleo. I just wanted you to know that last night at a dinner date, I think I met my future husband."---And the rest is history.

As it turns out, both Cleo and Marilyn were members of the Grand Rapids Ladies Symphony Committee and both held offices, and participated on various subcommittees. This resulted in many meetings,

luncheons, and pre-symphony dinners. Some of the events, the sponsors were invited. Although we each had some previous acquaintances to each other. Thus Bud and I developed social relationships with various Grand Rapids business people due to the activities of these ladies. And the follow-up of some of those events when I introduced Bud were so typically the same.

For example, walking into Herknens one day, my late friend Wally, manager and part owner, mentioned my friend Elve whom I had introduced to him was in the store earlier. He remarked, "He is certainly one nice guy." This statement exemplified comments I heard time and time again. Personally, Bud not only helped me in many ways, in my academic career, but little known in my professional career as well. This allowed me to enjoy the best working years of my life all while I was on the staff of GRJC.

I was fortunate to have the privilege to speak on Bud's behalf at various events. I was honored to give Bud's nominating speech for his election to the GRTC Board of Directors. I also participated in Bud's retirement programs, one for the JC faculty, one with church friends and with his business associates. Bud's friends are varied and many.

Invariably after each program, many would come up and say how much they enjoyed the presentation. I knew what they really meant. It wasn't the presentation per se, but the subject himself, because their congratulatory statement was followed by "Ya, Bud is one great guy." Everybody likes Bud.

From John Dersch, Mathematics

In the Fall of 1980 I had just finished my Master's in Mathematics and was beginning a one-year full-time appointment as a visiting instructor at Calvin College. One evening about a week into the semester I got a call from the Chairman (no one called them Chairpersons back then) of the Physical Sciences and Mathematics Division at Grand Rapids Junior College, Dr. Bud Elve. Bud said he had gotten my name from Paul Boonstra, former GRJC mathematics instructor and current Calvin mathematics professor; in fact I had been a student of Dr. Boonstra's in 1975-1976. Bud further informed me that a night class of Ma 110 - College Algebra was without an instructor, and asked if I would be interested in teaching the course.

At the time I had barely even heard of GRJC and needed a map to locate it. And while I had wanted to teach mathematics since the 6th grade, and had in particular wanted to teach college-level mathematics since my senior year in high school, the idea of moonlighting at a junior college did not seem like such a great idea. I was already busy enough. So I did something that I later found out "no one ever did to Bud": I said thanks very much, but I'll have to think it over; could I get back to him in a couple days. There was a slight pause at the other end, after which Bud said "We need someone right away. A sub has already taught the first class. Let me know tomorrow morning." I asked if I could come by GRJC to talk to him tomorrow morning; another slight pause was followed by "OK. My office is at the south end of the second floor of the main building." He did not sound annoyed. He didn't sound pleased, either.

The next morning, Tuesday, Bud and I met and talked for about thirty minutes. I asked questions such as what was the text, how could I find out what had been covered so far, where the class met, etc. I got reassuring answers, very important to a 25-year-old rookie. It was immediately apparent that Bud was kind, professional and concerned about students, which is another way of saying that he was concerned about whether I would do a decent job. I accepted the position. Bud never told me how much I would be paid and I never asked; I only found out when I got my first check a month later. I went to talk to the person who had taught the class the first night (Dave Steinfort) and took over teaching responsibilities Thursday.

Winter semester 1981 began. I had no idea if I would teach at GRJC again, although I had told Bud that I had thoroughly enjoyed my first class. I was lucky and got another class, which I discovered I would be teaching the day before it started. Then, a week later, I got another call. The usually unflappable Bud sounded a bit agitated. A Wednesday night section of Ma 107 had met the previous night, but an instructor never showed up. Could I take the class? I explained to Bud that that would mean three nights a week away

from home, and it would be a fifth preparation, and I was already very busy. He pressed for an answer. Slow learner that I am, I said “Let me think about it and I’ll let you know tomorrow.” There was a short pause. Then he said “You told me this last time, then you took the class anyway. How about we skip that part this time?” I took the class.

So here I am almost thirty years later wondering how I could have been so lucky. Bud gave me my first job at GRJC, and was on the committee that hired me full-time several years before he retired. Most memorable to me was his wisdom. Bud had the gift of knowing what to say, along with how and when to say it. I admired his simple take on complex issues. Once, when a department was mired in some kind of hiring issue, Bud said “Hiring faculty couldn’t be easier. Just pick the best people and get out of their way.” Bud’s record of 26 years as a Division Chair will probably never be broken, and his compassion, optimism and wisdom will surely never be forgotten by anyone who ever worked with him.

From Roger DeVries, Chemistry

For me it is a labor of love to share some of the highlights of one of the greatest friendships a person could experience, and that is my friendship with Bud Elve. This has included not only shared beliefs in the goals of the college but our friendship also reached into the lives of our families.

I started my teaching career in 1961 at Hamilton High School and believed this was my work for life. After all, \$4800 a year had us up to the poverty level. But in 1965 during a time-out in a basketball game, which Cal Fleaser was referring and I was timing, Bud told me GRJC had an open chemistry position.

To make a long story short, Bud still insists that he rescued me from Hamilton (beautiful chicken and pig farms) to the safety of inner city Grand Rapids. My first impressions were of the ancient 1900’s classrooms and labs and his willingness to share his office cubicle with me. But soon it became apparent that the college had a long and rich heritage built around strong leadership, a rich curriculum and a gifted faculty.

Highlights of teaching when Bud was chair of the Physical Science and Math Division: He led by example. His students appreciated his teaching skills, kind attitude and humor. He guided the division through a period of great growth and changing diversity. He was always our strong advocate in dealing with other levels of the administration. Bud encouraged our attendance at educational institutes and seminars. He respected the staff and facilitated the introduction of new methods and courses. He encouraged us to reach out beyond the college for involvement in our own communities.

Bud also had a full life outside of the college. Bud and Ruth had five sons who were raised with a strong family bond. We all suffered and cried when Ruth died of cancer. But we celebrated when Cleo became part of the family and they have enjoyed 20 years of marriage.

Bud had a long history of service in the Navy and a resulting love of the waters. His family has built and continues to live in several cottages on Lake Michigan. Fritz Bruder says his do-it-yourself projects indicate that he never was an electrical or plumbing apprentice.

Bud: thank you for being the best mentor I could have had both at the college and in other aspects of my life. It is an honor for me to share our Emeritus Faculty Scholarship funds. What a blessing our 44 years of friendship have been. The wise man is known by his common sense and a pleasant teacher is the best. (Proverb of Solomon)

From Nancy Forrest, Mathematics

I first met Bud Elve when I interviewed to teach an adjunct class at GRJC for the spring 1983 semester. He had a coffee can on his desk, catching mysterious drips from the ceiling. Because his office was only on the second floor of the Main Building, I didn't even want to know where those drips were coming from. Fortunately for me, he was able to assign me an Introductory Algebra class, and gave me some wonderful advice. He said "What they really need is just some tender loving care". That semester was a lot of fun and tremendously rewarding. I have applied his advice to every class I have taught since, and this is still the best job in the world. Thanks Bud.

From Joseph J. Hesse Ph.D., Physical Science Department

As the Department Head of the Physical Science Department, Bud and his wife, Cleo, regularly entertained faculty members at their cottage on Lake Michigan. The cookouts were an event with everyone bringing a dish to pass and a beverage to taste. Bud was a master of 'working the crowd' making newest to oldest faculty members feel welcome. A lot of laughs and a little business helped colleagues become friends.

There was a time when the waters of Lake Michigan were unusually high. All along the coastline, cottages and homes were in peril of washing into the lake. Bud's cottage sat upon a high sandy ridge with a panoramic view of Lake Michigan. I recall Bud's dilemma as winter storms gradually eroded hundreds of yards of beach making the possibility of losing the cottage a sad reality. Here's where Bud's years as a Navy man with a science background paid off. Bud investigated all options for stemming the erosion and decided to bring in massive blocks of concrete the size of a Volkswagen to hold back the sand. Fortunately, the sand held and the cottage was saved. Today, with Lake Michigan water being low, Bud again has a beautiful sandy beach—and the blocks—almost invisible after being covered by drifting sand.

I want to thank Bud and Cleo for opening their summer cottage to us. I cherish the good times and beautiful sunsets. But there was another Bud, Bud the Master Teacher. Bud hired me. I was one of his last hires before he retired. Because I was the 'new kid', Bud took me under his wing to make sure I didn't screw things up. As a result, I had the opportunity to observe (as only a science type can do) how Bud operated as a teacher and as a leader. A nice story comes to mind.

Sheila and I were at a holiday dinner party with a large group, some we didn't know very well. During the party, a local physician introduced himself and said he had attended GRJC. He was complimentary of the college in general, but singled out his Chemistry Professor as the person who was most influential in helping him make his career choice a reality. He had forgotten his teacher's name, but could describe him to me. "He was this short, lithe man with a well trimmed white beard," the doctor began. "He always dressed professionally—a blue blazer with a crisply tailored blue shirt and a red-white & blue striped tie...very natty. I recall that I didn't do very well on my first test and he took me aside and told me that I was better than that, and that it was time to get down to work. For some reason, I had to listen to this guy," he concluded. When I asked him if his teacher was Bud Elve, the doctor replied, "Yea, that's him...the well dressed short guy. Elve, he was a great teacher."

Bud was a caring, dedicated teacher who, even near the end of his career, looked for ways to teach better. For Bud, teaching was a craft, an ongoing investment of time and energy to help students learn Chemistry. As a teacher myself, I respect those who have served as role models in the classroom, and by example helped raise teaching to the highest of the service professions.

From Barbara McCarty, Chemistry

It was great working with Bud Elve in the Chemistry Department. It always felt like we were all a team. He was there for the staff if we needed help and worked with us so that schedules and hours were satisfactory for both staff and students. He made GRJC/CC an enjoyable place to work. He opened his home to the staff several times for an end of the year gathering including the whole division, not just the chemistry faculty. He and Cleo are gracious hosts. Bud mentored our son through a challenging time in his life, and we are all grateful for his kindness and compassion.

From Dee Palmer, Secretary, Dean of Arts and Sciences

“You don’t have to call me Dr. Elve, you can call me Bud,” said Dr. Elve. But my parents instilled in us at an early age that you show respect to others when you call them by their appropriate title. So it is with the utmost respect, I still call him Dr. Elve.



Standing in the Information Office, which at that time was located at the end of the first floor Main Building, overlooking the “South Campus.” The lineup for using the copy machine was about 8 deep and apparently my anxieties were reflected on my face. “Dee,” spoke Dr. Elve. “Is something the matter,” he continued. Obviously I was running behind and Dr. Elve came over to me and said, “Please, let me make those copies for you.” And he did. This reflected his strong commitment to “teamwork, respect for others, and care” that were a part of him.

It was overload day before the fall semester began, an endless line of students thronged between the registrar’s office (148 Main) and the dean’s office across the hall. Lectures we could overload, but we never overloaded a lab as each student was required to have a seat. About 4:00 in the afternoon Dr. Elve came to our office and made the following request: “Dee, I just don’t have the heart to tell students “no” so please don’t send them up to get my permission to overload my lectures. I just can’t say “no” to them.

And that was Dr. Elve. His warm and caring love for his students just wouldn’t let him say no to them. Dr. Elve was always doing kind deeds for others and never spoke harshly about or to anyone. So please Dr. Elve, do not be offended that I still call you Dr. Elve. It is because I have such high regard for you, as you have had for others.

From Jud VanderWal, Life Science

Shortly after I began my teaching at J.C. (GRCC), I was introduced to Dr. Albertus (Bud) Elve by Harvey Meyaard. Having done my student teaching at Central High School, I was fortunate to have had Harvey as my directing teacher. After becoming acquainted with Bud, I found these two men were very much alike with respect to their moral characters, religious beliefs, academic expectations of their students, as well as with their infectious senses of humor. I felt very privileged to have such outstanding mentors (both were later honored as emeritus faculty at GRCC). I felt very comfortable approaching either of them with educational questions, even though Bud was in the discipline of Chemistry, and I taught in the Life Science Division. I also shared many stories and hearty laughs with both of these men. I have always considered it a blessing to have had Harvey and Bud as my close friends and colleagues.

I also learned 43 years ago that Bud and I shared a common personal life experience. I don’t think many faculty members are aware that one of Bud’s sons was born with a severe disability. When my second child, Vicki, was born unexpectedly with Down Syndrome, I witnessed and experienced the kind of compassion and empathy that can only be shared by parents with similar experiences. My wife and I are indebted to Bud for sharing his knowledge and understanding, as well as helping us in adjusting to our new life challenge. My appreciation of Bud’s spiritual and moral character became fully realized at that time.

I Announce My Candidacy for the GRCC Board of Trustees

By Ken Smith

With the economy faltering and unemployment at an all time high, especially here in Michigan, our college has the opportunity, and indeed the duty, as a community college to provide job training and job retraining to our many citizens in need.

Our new college president has indicated strong support for job training and retraining programs. A collaborative effort and cooperative spirit from the academic and vocational programs will benefit GRCC as well as the community and those we serve.

I initiated the Auto Mechanics and Technology Job Training Program at the college and developed it to a high degree of excellence. This was accomplished by cultivating partnerships and relationships with the auto manufacturers, their dealers, and independent garages. These efforts provided job opportunities for our students as well as support from the manufacturers in current model vehicles, tools, training materials, and technical product information. This training model is used to this day in our job training programs. In addition, I built a strong relationship with the State of Michigan Bureau of Auto Regulation to create a Mechanic Certification Tests format. All of this resulted in 100% employment opportunities for our students at the completion of their training.

I served as member of the Chrysler Corporation Customer Satisfaction Arbitration Board for eight years and am currently serving on the Board of Trustees of the church I attend. I am a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE) and have achieved Master Technician Certification from the National Institute for Automotive Service Excellence (ASE) as well as from the State of Michigan.

During a period of rapid technical innovation, I was selected by General Motors to teach their affiliate courses for all of West Michigan. With 31 years of serving this College, I am now interested in extending that record of service on the Colleges' Board of Trustees.

2009 DISTINGUISHED ALUMNI RECIPIENT

GARY P. SCHENK, J.D.

ATTENDED GRCC 1961-1963

Schenk, Boncher & Rypma, P.C. Attorneys at Law
GRCC Board of Trustee Chairperson

Tuesday, April 28, 2009

5:30 p.m. Reception with cash bar

6:15 p.m. Award Program

\$50 per person

(Business Casual)

The Wisner-Bottrall Applied Technology Center

(Corner of Fountain Street and Ransom Avenue)

Complimentary parking available across the street in the Bostwick Parking Ramp.

Please RSVP by April 22, 2009.

For more information please call Ann Marie Birr at (616) 234-3939.

Save the Date!

GRCC Retirees' & Friends *Casino Bus Trip to:*

FOUR WINDS CASINO RESORT

Everyone is invited to join GRCC retirees and their friends for a day-trip to Four Winds Casino Resort in New Buffalo, MI. *Stay tuned. Soon you will receive a flyer in the mail.*

Date: Saturday, June 27, 2009

Times: Depart GRCC at 8 a.m. • Return to GRCC at 5 p.m.

Cost: \$30.00 per person (plus gratuity)

Includes: Round trip transportation by deluxe coach, free parking at GRCC, coffee/muffins, and door prizes!

BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE! Upon arrival, everyone will be provided with a personal Players Card with a **\$15.00** credit that may be used for lunch or slot machines at the casino.

Sponsored by your

GRCC Retiree Gold Team



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MISSION

It is the mission of Grand Rapids Community College to provide the community with learning opportunities that enable people to achieve their goals.

VISION

Grand Rapids Community College is a vibrant institution of higher education dedicated to enriching people's lives and contributing to the vitality of the community.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY AND NON-DISCRIMINATION

Grand Rapids Community College is an equal opportunity institution and does not discriminate on the basis of gender, race, color, national origin, religion, height, weight, age, marital status, disability, sexual orientation, status as a disabled veteran or Vietnam Era veteran, and/or any other legally protected class not heretofore mentioned, in any of its educational programs and activities, including admissions and employment.

The above measures, in conjunction with other related state laws and the College's policies and procedures, will assure all individuals opportunity for consideration or redress of complaints of illegal discrimination. Equal Employment Opportunity and Americans with Disabilities Act information may be obtained from the Director of Human Resources/Labor Relations & EEO, 404B CPP, 143 Bostwick Avenue NE, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49503-3295. Telephone (616) 234-3972.

GRCC is a tobacco free campus.

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