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Off the Cuff

by Keith Longberg, English Department



GRCC Print Solutions deserves our appreciation and thanks for speeding up the publication of our last issue of the *Quarterly*, and we salute them for their gracious cooperation. They do professional work, are very cooperative and friendly, and a pleasure to work with. They pulled out all the stops and rushed through the printing of our last issue of this publication. It contained, as you know, some heartfelt tributes to Bud Elve from some of his close associates at the college. We knew his health was failing, his remaining time short. We wanted to get copies of the *Quarterly* to him and his family quickly so the tributes could be read to him. Through the outstanding work of GRCC Print Solutions, this was accomplished. Fritz Bruder's account of this is on page 17.

* * *

There are valuable stories that many of you have that need to be told, collected, and published. I am appealing here for your help in getting these stories articulated so they can become a permanent part of the record of what we accomplished at the college.

A clear and comprehensive plan for faculty/staff giving to produce a million dollars for scholarships for students was presented to you for the first time in the mid '80's. You responded in a collective force that had never occurred before, with more than 86% of faculty and staff participating. You created more than 100 new scholarship funds. You greatly increased the endowment of many existing funds. You also substantially increased the flow of contributions from outside donors who were touched by your extraordinary generosity. Some of that money was used to match your payroll contributions. Your collective, selfless, and faithful giving each pay period to the Foundation over many years has directly benefited thousands of individual students in the years since then. This is a remarkable and largely unheralded achievement of which we can be unabashedly proud.

Many faculty and staff have first-hand knowledge of how scholarships produced significant improvements in the lives of individual students, sometimes making the difference of whether the student could continue in college or not. These are stories that have not been solicited, and have not been told or recorded. They need to be published. When a student tells you that the scholarship you made possible has "changed his or her life," it makes a huge impression on you about the power that we donors have to help others. It is not just millionaires who can do such things. We have that power also. The publication of this fact can encourage a whole new generation of GRCC faculty/staff to realize that they too can make such a difference.

Many faculty and staff donors have very warm feelings, and are privately justifiably proud about having had the opportunity to make such significant help possible by modest payroll contributions over many years. Stories of the emotional benefits donors have received from helping students are another kind of untold story that also needs to be published. There is no need to be modest or embarrassed about the pride and personal satisfaction you have received from your contributions to the Foundation. For example, I know for a fact that Marinus Swets took enormous pleasure and pride from awarding scholarships that he made available, and he mentioned this to me countless times. Many of us feel this way too. Information about our positive feelings about our giving reveals how much we have cared about our students and about this College. This information is way past due for publication. We aim to correct that.

These stories can serve as examples and inspiration to a new generation of professionals who have replaced us at the college, professionals who have not yet seen the benefits that can flow to students, and even to themselves, by joining together with their colleagues in contributing to the Foundation with modest payroll contributions over the coming years.

In the January *Quarterly* we hope to publish stories of how individual students have been helped by faculty and staff contributions, and what personal satisfaction we have received as donors because of our giving. This will be possible, of course, only with your cooperation. No one has asked me to solicit these stories. I just know they deserve to be published as part of the record of our having been here and having cared enough to help others. The stories can have a favorable impact. Please send copy by September 10 to keithlong@hotmail.com

Letter to the Editor from an Alumnus

I read about the passing of Marinus Swets and subsequently discovered the *GRCC Retirees' Quarterly* on the school website. The tributes brought back memories to me of some of the greatest teachers that I was ever to have as a student.

David Holkeboer: Finally, there was someone who could explain the importance of grammar and style. Each time I reference *The Elements of Style*, I remember and appreciate his introduction to my lifelong friends Mr. White and Mr. Strunk.

Joann Wojewski: She gave me an appreciation and knowledge of American Literature.

Dick Bezile: His Psych 100 class gave me the tools that allowed me to achieve a bachelor and masters degree.

Charles Buffham in Humanities 270: He believed that although one cannot play an instrument, read music, or sing; one can and should appreciate all music.

Jay Liefers: You were right. Marshall McLuhan was way ahead of his time.

I did not have **Doc Swets** as a teacher, but I was fortunate enough to have met him. In one instance I was part of a small contingent of students complaining about something a teacher had done in class. (This was 1968, after all.) I received a great lesson about the chain of command and supporting the people that do the daily work in a department. It took me a few years to realize the lesson. The principles that I “learned” from Doc Swets have served me well in a long management career.

Grand Rapids Junior College was three buildings on a hillside when I attended from 1968-1970. The knowledge and quality of all teachers made up for any short-comings in the physical plant. Please feel free to share this with any of the above named teachers. Also, please thank all of the other teachers at your retirees' breakfast and picnic for the great work they did that helped students like myself to be successful.

James W. Drubert, Court Administrator
Montgomery County (Ohio) Common Pleas Court
41 North Perry St. Dayton, OH 45422

Memo from Van Swets:

Dear Keith

April 18, a gorgeous spring day, Jody, Joel, Jon and I scattered Marinus' ashes on the GRCC campus. Joel chose the top of the ramp, and we watched as Marinus flew over the campus. I chose the war memorial and the space under his office window. John scattered Marinus among the daffodils of the plaza and Jody put him among the azalea bushes at the rear of the library building. There was a sense of completion to a good life.

Stay well, Van

Dear Van

A day later Phil and Joni Jung and I found the ashes, placed, rather than scattered it seemed, in the locations Van described. I thought how appropriate it was that our remarkable colleague and caring friend would continue to nourish the college in death just as he always had in life... outside of the box.

Keith Longberg

Flowering Marinus

GF Korreck

Not mere ashes but
countless instances of you
freed to marry
the common ground
of places green and growing

It could be said
you were a sunflower
tall and reaching ever higher
with the abundant grace
of azaleas in full bloom
the seductive embrace
of nasturtiums finding their way
the always curious
tilt of daffodils

The powdery remains
mingle with the early blooms
delicate accents to a new season
seeds of meaning
in a world absent of your fullness

In time these fragments will find their place
fill the small pockets of emptiness
return color to that which lacked identity
unfold in images of unending subtlety and light
with a smile everyone knew
was coming.



GF Korreck, poet, is a former student of Dr. Marinus Swets



“Once in a while there is someone who passes through our life and we never forget that person. Geneva is one of those people to so many.”

– Julie Johnson



Introduction to Tributes to Geneva

by Julie Johnson, Enrollment Management/Registrar

It is with pleasure that I introduce a collection of tributes to someone I have known for about 20 years. Geneva Hosler, aged 95 and an employee of the college for over 50 years, has been a mentor and friend to me. Her personality characteristics include: a sense of humor, a gift of caring for others, a great love for students and the College, and I might add a very stubborn streak.

She grew up in Coopersville and later married Theodore Hosler. She has twin daughters and a son, 5 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. Her husband died in 1977. Geneva remains in her beautiful home that her husband “Hos” built on the Thornapple River in Caledonia. She drove from her Caledonia home with a zest that usually describes a mailcarrier. In rain, snow, or sunshine—Geneva always “delivered” her work! She never had a car with an automatic transmission. A straight shift was the only kind she would ever drive.

She started working as a secretary for Grand Rapids Public Schools in 1948 and stayed employed with GRPS/GRCC for 54 years! She also made hundreds of hats for Santa Claus girls and tutored children in the Godwin Heights School System.

She likes birds, Drummond Island, Detroit Tigers, pizza, cats and chocolate. She doesn’t like to cook or gossip. I want to be just like Geneva when I grow up!

Geneva, a most special person

by Carol J. Natte, Registrar’s Office

When Geneva “retired” as evening token lady in our office, she and I would call each other every spring with bragging rights for who saw the first robin! Both of us are avid birders and the excitement of birds returning in the Spring was always most welcome after the long winters! First red-wing blackbird... first blue bird...! I remember touring her beautiful gardens and she gifted me with an unused purple martin

house, which I happily took home, set up but never attracted purple martins, so it became a big ole sparrow hotel! I even bought a purple martin “scout” CD which was taunted to attract the birds and blasted it out my windows early in the morning as instructed but only got strange or irate looks from my neighbors! Well, at least Geneva was successful at attracting them, living near the river, and their aerial acrobatics certainly provided her hours of entertainment!

After Geneva retired, she and I would call each other with “dibs” on being the first to see a robin in the spring! That would always generate excited, verbal reports of who saw the first bluebird, redwing blackbird, purple martin, etc., after a long, cold winter! We both have gardens designed to attract birds and bird feeders everywhere - guess you could say we’re both “strictly for the birds!”

My Friend, Geneva Hosler

by Janis Qualls

I first met Geneva Hosler (it was then “Mrs. Hosler” to me) when I entered Riverside Junior High as a 7th grader where she worked as the school secretary in the principal’s office. Little did I know that many years later we would some day work together in the registrar’s office at Grand Rapids Junior College.

She would report to work in the late afternoon as I was ready to leave for the day and we would catch up on the latest news—the Tigers, our pets and my former junior high school teachers who were her friends. I would often make a trip back down to the college during the evening hours, bringing along my dog for a visit. She loved to see my dachshund Chelsea and always wanted to scratch her “soft” ears. Even though she prefers cats, every time I see Geneva or receive a birthday or Christmas card from her, she always asks about the “pup”.

We were able to attend a few Tiger games together years ago with our good friend and co-worker, Jud VanderWal, and she is still a loyal fan today. It has been such a privilege to know Geneva for all these years.

One Amazing Lady

by Debbie DeWent, Academic and Student Affairs Office

One of my favorite memories of Geneva is her coming in on summer nights and listening to the Detroit Tiger ball games on the radio, while knitting a scarf or hat. Even while doing this, she had time for a quick chat with students and staff.

She is one amazing lady!!

Geneva Held Us Together

by Alice Donahue, Nursing

Alice Donahue was a department head for OTA (Occupational Therapy Assisting), which was a part of the Health Division.

I knew Geneva as the “glue person” who held the college together in the evenings. She could answer any question for faculty or students with graciousness and knowledge. Back then (1980’s) there was minimal use of computers, no cell phones and any emergency messages for students or faculty came through Geneva.

She could handle good news and bad news with courtesy and empathy. Geneva also sold those dreaded tokens to the students. I think she kept a personal stash of her own money to lend to a student when they went to buy a token but couldn't find the cash in their pockets (no back packs at that time). I know that students appreciated her generosity and would pay her back "next time" they were on campus. Geneva would offer encouragement to adjunct, evening faculty and would offer her own "Road Condition and Weather Report" when faculty would stop by her office to drop mail off (remember mailboxes) on a snowy and blustery evening after class or when tornado warnings were out. She would remind faculty to drive safely, take their time and scrape the snow off the windshield (no covered parking for all faculty at that time) before driving. All this energy and concern coming from her at 9:30- 10:00 PM in the evening! When I found out that she drove to Caledonia after she closed up shop for the evening, I was truly amazed at her stamina. Evening faculty could count on Geneva to slip them a high energy treat in form of a Snicker's candy bar or the appropriate goodie for any holiday such as heart candies for Valentine's day, Halloween candy, Christmas candy and Easter candy, and once in a while, if you really looked hungry and tired after teaching till late in the evening, she would give you two treats! Somehow those candies were comforting on the long, late night drive home.

Geneva would inquire about my family members and how they were doing (she knew my sister, Dr. Joan Webster) and she would also ask how classes were going, how the students were doing and also how I was doing. She cared about so many of us, and she still does.

GRCC was fortunate to have her "running the place" in the evenings. A sweet, gentle, seasoned citizen who loved what she was doing and was so very good at doing it. Thanks, Geneva, and may you have many more years to enjoy this beautiful world! Oh, Geneva, in case you haven't been back to "your little corner of GRCC," I think your office window has been replaced with a bigger window!

Geneva Is a Gracious, true Friend

By Beth Berry

For those GRCC retirees who have known Geneva and learned to love her, we have that in common. I can attest to the consistency of her character. We have known each other for the last forty-nine years, and she has always been a gracious and true friend.

Geneva and I have crossed paths three times in our lives, none of them planned. The first time I met her was in 1960. When I went to Riverside Junior High School, I was very frightened, and this led to a lot of confusion for me, mostly because I had been so sheltered from the public school system. When I was confused and needed some answers or directions, I would trot down to the office and there was a sweet little lady with her hair in a bun. That was Geneva Hosler, and she was always willing to answer my concerns.

Years later in the 1980's, I was employed as a cashier for Eberhard's Foods. Well, who do you think was a weekly customer of mine? Yes, it was Geneva and her sister. It was so great to see her again and catch up with the events of each other's lives once more.

In 1989 I started working in the GRCC Registrar's Office, and to my surprise the circle was completed and there was Geneva working the Registrar's Office. It has been a blessing and a privilege to know Geneva all these years, I can't wait to see what the future holds for us both.

Geneva Was a Friend to Students Too

by Alice Beckwith

Geneva. It's almost a magical name. It sure is a magical feeling to have her for a friend. I remember looking forward to her coming to work every day around 4 o'clock. She loved the college, the students, and all of us. And we all loved her right back.

It was fun watching her settle in with her tokens and money for change. And soon the students were lining up, not only for parking tokens but for a little visit before their classes. Some of them grew very close to her and sought her advice on lots of things including girl friend and boy friend stuff. She never made fun of them; she took them very seriously and really was their friend.

Shortly after I retired, Julie Johnson invited me along on a breakfast one morning with Geneva and Marie Passaet. We would meet at the Red Lion on the East Beltline and Leonard. We had such fun talking about the old days together at the College and in the registrar's office. We lost Marie a couple of years ago and in the last year Geneva quit driving. But we still see each other. She is such a charming lady. Still living alone at 95 with her cat, Misty. Last time we talked, she said she was looking forward to cutting the grass on her riding lawn mower. Geeze, I don't cut the grass any more. But then I do need a hip replacement that is scheduled for September. Thank God I have two sons who help me with the lawn and gardening.. Geneva will be my inspiration. She had her hip replaced when she was in her 80s, and she recovered very well.

We (Julie and I) try to get her out for lunch once in a while. Here's a hint, she loves pizza. I remember sitting in her living room overlooking the river and about 10 bird feeders. She told us all about the birds and what breeds they were. There were flowers all around and some wildlife too. She has a "Wonderland" for a home and a friend called Alice who loves to visit her.

Thanks for being in my life and for being my friend, my magical Geneva.

Geneva Left Big Footprint at GRCC

by Bill Foster, Continuing Education

When I came to GRJC in 1985 as Dean of Continuing Education, Geneva was my evening/night secretary. She had been in that position with Ray Boozer and Pat Oldt prior to my appointment. Geneva informed me early on that if I just left her alone, she would do just fine. Well, I did and she did. I soon learned that she was a special person dearly loved by everyone around her. Monday through Thursday she sold evening parking tokens from a window in the registrar's office, and always had some kind of hard candy or chocolate for the students and staff which she purchased with her own money. She drove into work every evening by herself from Caledonia, even during the winter months when we would volunteer to pick her up and take her home. She is the only person who has the one-of-a-kind, specially designed "GRCC 50 years of service pin." President Calkins gave his personal approval to have it made and presented to Geneva at a Board of Trustee meeting. Geneva is an amazing woman with a huge heart and it was my pleasure to work with, and learn from, her. She left a huge footprint at the College.



My Chevrolet Convertible Opened Up a New World for Me

by Cork Eringard, Executive Vice President



When I got the e-mail requesting an article for the *Quarterly* about my first car, my eyes left the computer screen and turned to a corner of my desk where I have a scale model of my much-loved first car. It was buried below a pile of important papers, reminders of things I should do, but don't. This is not a plastic model, but a very intricately made



scale model made of metal. It has lots of moving parts: hood and doors that open, seats that adjust, a radio antenna, and a steering wheel that turns the wheels. It even has a spare tire in the trunk and an engine under the hood made to scale. When the paper work is cleared from this model, I see my old car and it all comes back again.

It was a 1950 Chevrolet convertible. I bought it in the summer of the beginning of my sophomore year for \$200. The wheels tended to vibrate at speeds over 55 mph, and it needed new breaks, but for a depression baby raised by a widowed mother and a grandmother, it was a wonderful car.

I drove it until I left graduate school for a teaching job in Algonac, Michigan. Thinking about this car is a real nostalgia trip about a wonderful time of life. There were country rides with my girl friend, back road trips to school, and making it back before the curfew time at the girls' dorm which was 10:30, and going off campus to dine at restaurants I could not afford like the Gull Lake Inn.

We did lots of double dating, and made occasional trips to the drive-in movies, a place where you did not want to have the top down. In the summer I'd drive to the beaches at Saugatuck, Holland and Grand Haven looking for girls. My friends and I would cruise up and down Monroe Avenue, then out South Division, then to Grandville and out Plainfield, and check out the drive-ins.

I still remember driving to two Louis Armstrong concerts at the Spring Lake Pavilion, events I appreciate more now than I did then. For me that car represented freedom, excitement, adventure, and hope for the future. I remember still most fondly driving home late one summer after a date with a girl who lived in the country. The top was down, the radio was tuned to the Eighteenth Overture with lots of heat lightning flashing across the sky, and I was very much in love. The world I lived in could not have been any better. Louie Armstrong was right: "It was a wonderful world."

This car took me deer hunting in the fall and trout fishing in the spring. No more did I have to walk to Plaster Creek to fish for suckers or take the bus to Reeds Lake to fish for pike. No more just reading *Field and Stream* and *Outdoor Life*. I could actually do what I had been reading about. About this time I started looking at sailboats, much to the boredom of the girl I was dating.

In the spring of my junior year, life was becoming more serious. Graduation and grad school looked closer. I pinned my girl friend, and we were serenaded by my fraternity in front of Schiedschlag Hall. "Serious" meant more study and less running around. I quit my second job downtown to give me more library time. Fortunately my first job was stacking books in the library so I just stayed on after hours and studied. Not having a second job meant a lot less money so in order to make it till summer break, I'd go out with my car in the afternoon and catch small brook trout and sunfish from a small creek and pond near campus. My roommate, who worked in the commissary of one of the dorms, was given bread. We lived on fish and bread for three weeks until finals were over. We had earlier that semester moved out of the fraternity house to save money. Luckily our landlord let us cook the fish on a stove he had in the basement.

My senior year went fast. Immediately after graduation I had the opportunity to study twentieth century German and Russian history out east. I had already been admitted to graduate school and was given the job of assistant dorm director for the next school year, so the venture out east was a kind of a post graduate vacation. When my schoolmates were spending their weekends studying at Widener Library, I was touring New England in my Chevy convertible visiting the historical sites of Bunker Hill, Concord and Lexington, Cape Cod and the like. I explored downtown Boston on foot, my car parked outside my dorm just across from the Yard. It was an exciting time! John Kennedy was running for the senate and his staff was everywhere around town. I watched the Detroit Tigers play the Boston Red Sox at Fenway Park. I remember a girl, a fellow student from New York City. When I was returning one late afternoon, she came running down from her dorm room in her bathrobe and asked for a ride around Cambridge. I was most happy to oblige. At the end of the term, I drove her home to her summer place in the Catskills.

My girlfriend from home came out to see me chaperoned by her parents. After revisiting the sites I had already seen, culminating with a long walk along the banks of the Charles River, I proposed marriage. Anyway, that's the way I remember it.

A series of incidents I encountered on my way out to Cambridge that summer is worth mentioning. They involved my car and me. I was worried about my tires. I could not afford new ones. When my tires wore out, I would look for other used ones not quite so worn out. Often they were retreads. Having never made a trip of that distance with such poor tires, I worried about having flat tires. I managed to buy four additional tires, which I put in the back seat. When the top was down, which was often, they were on display. The trunk was occupied by another spare and my luggage.

My route took me to Port Huron across Canada to Buffalo, NY. When I got on the New York Thruway, I was stopped by a state trooper and questioned about the tires. Where did they come from? How did I get them? What were they for and where was I going? I got stopped in this fashion six times going across the state towards Massachusetts. Each time the officers were more aggressive. "Get out of the car!" Sometimes I was dragged out. "Put your hands on the hood of the car and spread your legs," and then they would search me. After I told the police where I was going and what I was going to do, their mood would change, and I was let go on my merry way. The police attitude toward college students, particularly graduate students, was not tarnished yet by the events which were to occur a few years later.

I experienced the same thing in Massachusetts before I got to Amherst. This was summer of 1958. Later, during the student demonstrations of the sixties as a newly appointed college instructor at Ferris State University and again at Ball State University, I came to have real empathetic feelings toward student protestors and their reactions to authority. After all, I had been a good guy too, and yet look how they had treated me before they knew what I was about. I did not have a flat tire until I got somewhere between Ionia and Lowell, MI on the way home. I dumped the four tires from the back seat to make room for the girl I took to the Catskills. It explains in some way why a few years later I became a faculty advisor to Ferris Chapter of the SDS to the dismay of the Dean of Students.

That last year in the masters program went quickly. Just before school ended I took the car via Grand Rapids to Algonac, MI for the final interview for my first high school teaching job. The drive took me through Owasso where I was stopped and received my first traffic ticket. I got the job, or I should say that my wife to be and I got the positions. She would earn \$150 more a year because she had one year of teaching experience. I did not have any experience, and I hadn't received my master's degree yet. I always believed we were hired because they needed an elementary teacher. Driving back it was very windy and as we neared Owasso, the top blew off my car. The car, well rusted now, and I could see the street through the rusted floor. I realized that my relationship with the car was probably near an end. It had served me well, and I vowed to get another convertible someday.

I did too, lots of them in fact, and I still have one. I am sure it was the age, the time of life, the anticipation of what was to come, yet none of those later cars could ever be what my "50" Chevrolet convertible was to me back then. The next Monday when I got back to the dorm, I put the car up for auction. I managed to sell it for \$75. My future wife picked me up at the end of the term in her new car.

Miracle on DeHoop Avenue

By Dave Hager, Counseling, Psychology

It was 1949 - the year I turned 16 - and the most important thing on my mind was that rite of passage into adulthood - getting that drivers license! It didn't matter that Shantytown had not yet recovered from the Great Depression and there were precious few cars in our neighborhood, I still yearned for that status symbol.

It was fortunate, indeed, that my friend Willie had access to his family's means of transportation, a 1931 Model A. I agreed to fill up the gas tank (21 cents a gallon at the 4-Star station on the corner of Godfrey avenue and Chicago Drive) and we did some practice runs around the neighborhood. That was about the extent of my driver training, which was fairly standard procedure in those good old days.

I had an appointment for a driving test at the Wyoming Police Department on DeHoop Avenue near 28th Street, and we drove the old Model A into the parking lot. The officer assigned to my case was a rather large guy who had a lot of trouble getting into the oversized 1935 Plymouth bucket seats that Willie had installed for more comfort. Finally the officer was settled in and the road test began. Unfortunately, those same big bucket seats didn't give much room to shift the gear into reverse. After several attempts the gears meshed and we crept backwards out of the parking lot. I'm sure that they normally have the license applicants turn onto 28th Street for a real test. However, Officer Walters instructed me to turn right onto DeHoop Avenue. Another problem surfaced immediately, as first gear didn't want to co-operate either, so I tried second and we shuddered off with a horrible clunk and a groan.

In those days DeHoop Avenue was a narrow 2-lane road between Burton and 28th Streets and never carried much traffic. The Model A reluctantly traveled about a half mile north when I was abruptly instructed to turn around at a wide spot in the road in the area which later became Pinery Park. We headed back toward the police station.

My heart sank! I just knew he would tell me to come back and re-take the test with a different car. We hadn't encountered any traffic, we hadn't even come to an intersection, and he hadn't asked for the dreaded parallel park!

Stumbling out of the Model A back at the Station, Officer Walters rather gruffly said, "Well, you passed your test - anybody who can drive this thing can drive anything!"

My First Automobiles

by Stu Meyers, Technology

It's hard to remember one's first auto when one is in his eighties. Should the first car be the Chev with side curtains? It got us to Grandma's house in Big Rapids via dirt roads. Maybe it should be the family Plymouth sedan. It became available in the thirties and lasted until after World War II. It also served as the vehicle which I learned to drive as a teenager.



Highways were still hard to come by. One had to open a farmer's gate north of Newaygo to get to Nichols Lake up by Bitely. Perhaps the first car was the Jeep with a 45 pistol strapped to a nineteen year old kid. He drove it about Palermo, Sicily on Shore Patrol. Or perhaps it was another Jeep relieved from the army for the

Captain of the AP67 Dorthea L. Dix. This was mostly because the now 20-year old kid kept it running for the Captain.

It was back to the old Plymouth upon discharge from the Navy. That is until Forrest Nelson, a neighbor car nut, thought a World War II vet should have his own auto. So with \$100, he purchased a 1934 Olds. It worked quite well for a goodly period of time, but after 35 or 40 miles it would shut down. A little wait and it would go another 35 or 40 miles. That was plenty good enough for a date in Grand Rapids. I solved the problem by placing an air stem on the gasoline cap. I could then use an air pump to put some pressure on the gasoline. Problem solved.

Love finally entered the picture. Marriage begat the idea of a new vehicle. I had saved \$1,500 while in the Navy and bought a post war Chevy coup with 10,000 miles on it from an elderly couple who no longer could drive it. That's my story and I'm sticking with it.

The Salesman Advised Me, “Don't Buy This Car!”

by Richard Reid, English, Foreign Languages



The 1965 Simca 1000 was the first car I ever bought. It was a small, rear-engined, four-door manufactured in France and imported to the U.S. by Chrysler. I bought it new for about \$1600 at Highland Chrysler-Plymouth. The salesman was Ed Ysseldyke. He gently discouraged me, but seeing that I was so resolved to buy a high gas mileage car, he relented to customer demand. The engine's maximum power was a noisy 50 hp, and its gas mileage always was 30-37 mpg. It had a four-speed manual transmission. It was no sports car. The suspension was soft and it leaned more than I wanted through turns.

When driving on the expressway, the Simca could not exceed 75 mph. As a signal that the car was disinclined to go so fast, the generator warning lamp on the dashboard would glow red when approaching that speed. Car radios with the FM band were unusual in the 1960s, but I added such a radio and speaker. There was no real provision for a decent radio speaker. The sound was unremarkable. It was static free yet barely adequate. The speaker was mounted under the dashboard in what would normally be the firewall with the frame and wiring showing under the hood. Remember, the engine was over the rear wheels. The trunk was in the front under the hood. The spare tire sat vertically in the trunk between the headlights. I don't recall if it had seatbelts, but if it did, they just lay on the floor after use. Highland's mechanics hated working on the Simca. I traded it for a pittance in 1968 when we bought a Mercury Cougar.

1948 Buick

When I was fifteen and sixteen, I learned to drive in my dad's straight-eight 1948 two-door Buick. For that reason it has a special place in memory. To contain that straight eight, the hood was inordinately



long. Parking was a muscular affair requiring a large steering wheel to leverage all that front-end weight. After turning the ignition key, the car started by lightly pressing the accelerator. The drive shaft was

enclosed from front to back to protect it from moisture and dirt. For rear wheel drive cars that's still a good idea! Instead of cylindrical-shaped shock absorbers, this Buick used shocks that looked like scissors. The doors were huge. They had to be to allow access to the rear seats. There were no seat belts and no front seat locks. With the slightest pressure, the front seat backs folded forward. Of course there were no headrests and no seatbelts.



This Buick had a wonderful AM radio powered not by transistors but by a bank of glowing tubes. In the most improbable neighborhood I was waiting in the car for my father on Cleveland's East 30th near Central Avenue. The radio station WDOK was playing a piece I had never heard before. Later I tried humming what I thought I recalled of the melody to a friend. He immediately identified it as Bolero by Maurice Ravel.

Several times the family traveled in the '48 Buick between Cleveland and Detroit. But once I learned to negotiate the clutch and standard three-speed steering column shift, I drove that Buick all over the east side of Cleveland.

Riding Through Time

by Glen A. Jones, Custodian

Just before I graduated from Grand Rapids Creston High School in 1964, I purchased my first car. It was a 1954 Chevrolet. It had no front bumper, which gave it a shark-like look. Removing the wheel covers and fitting a piece of carpeting in the back window area was all that was necessary to achieve the acceptable look of the day. I bought it from my oldest boyhood friend for \$75.



He had moved up to a 1957 Chevy which is still today considered to be the most popular American car ever.

Gas was 25 cents a gallon, therefore I felt like I could still afford to ask a girl for a date. My first car and my first date ever went to the senior class party at a bowling alley on the city's north end. When I returned her home, we noticed we were both still wearing the rented bowling shoes. We returned again to

her home much later and the following day when I went to see her, she informed me that her parents had forbade me from ever seeing her again. The car ran great, the date not so well.

My boyhood buddy worked at an auto shop owned by his older brother. One of the mechanics had a 1949 Chevy which he drag-raced. The car had been stripped of all extraneous weight including the chrome. It had a custom gold-fleck paint job. The interior was immaculate with mohair seats and a push button radio. The guy blew the mill at the strip, and I purchased the body for \$75.

My buddy and I spent a Sunday night at the shop and pulled the engine from my '54 and dropped it in the three-speed '49. The only thing we forgot was that the '54 was an automatic with hydraulic lifters and that a manual transmission requires solid lifters because of the higher engine R.P.M.

This did not cause a problem for me because when I joined the Coast Guard in 1965, I sold the car to a friend for \$150. He took it to the drag-strip and melted it.

My first car experience cost me net zero, and I spent the next four years aboard ship. However, after my service years I went through a string of hundred-dollar, hundred-thousand mile cars.

In 1982 I bought a 1958 Buick with tons of chrome and huge bumpers. I forked over the astronomical sum of four hundred ninety five dollars at age 35. I finally had the car I wanted when I was twelve years old. I still have this car today. We celebrated its fiftieth birthday last year. I've restored and replaced virtually everything throughout the car. It runs great and looks tough – or sharp or cool, or whatever we said in 1958.

I Became Intimate With the Internal Combustion Engine

by Keith Longberg, English, Journalism

My first car was a 29 Model A, Tudor. I paid \$75 for a car which nearly twenty years earlier had sold new for \$245. I had earned all the money at my part-time job as a “printer’s devil” at Creston News on Plainfield Avenue and saved it for buying a car. I bought the car before I was even old enough to get a driver’s license. That was a hard sell to my parents, of course. “You can’t even drive a car. What are you going to DO with it?” “I’m going to take the engine apart and rebuild it,” was my answer. What do YOU know about rebuilding the engine of a car?” “Nothing. That’s why I want to do it. I want to learn all about it.” “What will we DO with the car if you don’t get it back together and running again?” “Don’t worry about that.” As a parent an argument like that from a skinny early teen would probably be impressive to me, but it wasn’t impressive to my parents in spite of my boundless, and baseless, confidence.

I had finished building a garage on the back corner of our lot a few months earlier just so I’d have a place where I could work on the car I planned to get. I didn’t know anything about building restrictions, set-back rules, building permits and codes, of course. I honestly had not the slightest clue about such things. My mother didn’t think there was enough room for a garage. “Oh yes there is. It’s perfect!” I said. “As long as the water from the eaves falls on our property, it’s OK.” I have no idea where I got such a crazy idea. I built the garage with no power tools. I dug the footings for the foundation, mixed cement in a wheelbarrow, made a brick floor out of used bricks I had scavenged at demolished buildings and hauled home in my cart. Most of the lumber I had collected by scrounging the rail tracks behind our house for lumber that had been used for bracing inside of freight cars and by buying used lumber from a wrecking company, hauling much of it home on a cart. The whole unlikely project was surely illegal. What does a kid know? The garage was standing there on the back corner of our lot, probably just inches from a doubtful lot line, and it had a nice solid work bench across the end of it just waiting for the “mechanic” to start working. From the street it looked like your normal, usual one-stall garage. OK, it was obviously too close to the lot line, but who cared? Life was good.

A Ford Model A was the ideal car for a kid to do what I proposed. It was a very simple bare-bones contraption, and it all made perfectly good sense to me. It came apart very easily, and it didn’t take all that many tools either, some borrowed, some bought. I had books about the Ford Model A, showing



“exploded” views of every part, every bolt, and I became intimate with, and knowledgeable about, the internal combustion engine. We would grow up together. I installed new bearings, new rings on the pistons, just four of them, thank you, ground the valves, put in all new gaskets and hoses and fan belt, rebuilt the carburetor, the generator, and bought a new coil and spark plugs too. I had not the slightest doubt I would get it back together and running again, but I had never imagined you could buy so much grease and grime for \$75. It was exciting and I was learning a lot, and enjoying it. Enjoying learning is important, and it should become habitual, and it did, eventually. It would be hard for me, even now, to devise a better educational experience for a young kid than building that garage and restoring that car. I was completely bored in high

school, uninterested and unchallenged. My outside the box alternative suggestions for assignments were routinely dismissed, challenging books I selected were rejected in favor of really simple and boring ones.

Would the car start when I got it all back together again? I had checked and rechecked everything. I had studied the Ford manuals and other books, and I had done every bit of the work “by the book.” Was I just too cocky? I had hauled the battery to a gas station in my cart and had it recharged. It easily turned the engine over, it sputtered a couple of times, then it caught and started purring like a kitten. It was the most beautiful sound I had ever heard! There was no grade I could have earned in any class in school that would have made me any more proud than I was to hear the sweet sound of that Model A Ford engine running so smoothly. I’m sure I had a grin from ear to ear and felt three inches taller too.

But I still didn’t have a driver’s license. So I took out the upholstery, and my mother copied the pattern of the factory upholstery and made the replacement pieces. The ceiling was the hardest part, but I got it all back together again and it looked really great; it looked professional.

I was proud and knew a lot that I didn’t know when I started, but I still wanted a Ford V8, the likes of which a couple of my buddies, a year or two older than I was, already had. The prospect of all the power and speed of a V8 terrified my mother, I am sure. I had no fear, of course. For the time being, the V8 would have to wait.

A year or so later I sold my ’29 Model A for about \$200, enough to buy a Ford V8, a nifty black 1935 Tudor. As it turned out, my mother proved to be very wise (as usual) to have been worried about all that speed and power in the hands of an inexperienced smart-ass teenager. But fortune was with me; I survived a very bad crash, but the Ford didn’t. In the 1980’s I owned two more ’29 Model A Fords, a Tudor just like the one I had as a kid, although not as nice, and a Model A pickup truck, which I had nearly completed restoring. I had the engine professionally restored this time though. I sold it for a good price, but I’ve been sorry ever since that I parted with that truck. The current market value of a ’29 Ford Model A Tudor in restored condition is about \$12,500. A nicely restored Model A pickup is in high demand and would sell for more than that now. A restored ’35 Ford would likely sell for upwards of \$24,000.

Old Cars: Where Do I Start?

by Charles Buffham, Music Department

The first car that I remember was my dad’s 1940 Ford two door sedan. It was the standard (not the deluxe model) sedan. It only had one tail light. It had no extras at all, just a radio and a heater. It was black. I don’t know if the Ford came in any other color back then. We used to go out to Nunica to see my mother’s folks. We would have Sunday dinner, after which my brother, Bob, and I played until about 3:00 PM. Then Mom would say, “Get in the car.” We did. That’s the way it worked then. At about 5:30 PM Mom would get done talking to Grandma and Grandpa and get in the car so we could leave for home. The two and a half hours in the back seat of the car were not especially pleasant. The front windows did not roll down. The back ones would only roll down about three inches, and opening either door was just not allowed.

The second car I remember was a 1949 Ford two door sedan, also a standard. It had a six cylinder rather than a V8 engine, and it had the standard heater and radio. I recall that it was “sea mist green.” My father had also paid a additional three dollars so that the wheels would be the same color as the rest of the car. During that time, we moved out of Grandma Buffham’s house on Knapp Road and into town at 246 Sweet Street. That house was on a “postage stamp” lot. We rented a garage from a neighbor for (as I recall) \$2.00 a month. I recall going out to Uncle Tony’s house out by Yellow Jacket Tavern. About half way there, the rust proofing, some of which had been sprayed onto the muffler, burned. Enough said!

Car number three was, you guessed it, another Ford standard two door sedan. It was a used car (Now we would call it a pre-owned car). It was gray. Whoopie! This was a “click one.” It had a radio, a heater, and a

V8 engine equipped with overdrive transmission. This meant that (1) you pull out the overdrive knob under the dash, (2) you get in high gear, (3) you let up on the gas and (4) listen for the “click” in the transmission, after which the engine ran at a slower speed and didn’t work so hard. You got better gas mileage as a result. We actually thought of that back then. In this car we took a trip to California. On that trip the radiator boiled over, but otherwise all went well. Having the coolant boil over was not uncommon for the flathead V8 because Ford never quite got those two pumps to work just right on that model.

Car four was a 1956 Ford four door sedan, and it was fiesta red! It had an automatic transmission. And, oh yes, it was a standard with a radio and heater. This is the car we had when I got my driver’s license. Then came the time I “needed” to have a car for myself. My own first car was a 1951 Desoto. That was a Chrysler corporation car that sold less each year until it went out of production in 1960, so it became an “orphan” car. Dad bought that one at a used car lot on Leonard where Vitale’s Pizza is located now. The car had “fluid drive.” Reverse was having the shift lever up and close to the steering wheel; up and away from the wheel was first gear. When you let up on the gas, something in the transmission went “click,” and you were in second gear. Then you could push down on the “sort of clutch” and move the shifter down into high gear. I said “sort of clutch” because you needed to push the clutch down in order to shift, but you didn’t need to push the clutch down when you wanted to stop.

One evening, I was going home on north Plainfield just north of Quimby by Creston Theater when something broke on the rear end of the drive shaft. Half of it stuck out about three feet to the right side of the car, and of course I was at a loss about what to do. Mr. Himmelstein, the owner of the Creston Theater, came out and said something really loudly. I can’t recall what it was but the idea was that I should get that blankety blank car out of there. I should have picked a different place to have my car break down. As best I recall, someone called a wrecker, and that was the end of that car for me.

What’s next? It was a 1953 Chevrolet two door sedan that I bought in 1959 for \$500 at a used car lot on the northwest corner of Plainfield and Coldbrook. That is another car lot that no longer exists. Back then they charged for license plates based on the weight of the car. It got so rusty that I might have gotten cheaper plates by having the car weighed again. I kept that car until I could have doubled its value just by filing the gas tank, well, maybe at today’s gas prices.

A Tribute to Bud Elve, The Aftermath

By Fritz Bruder, Geology

Bud Elve, regardless of his position, status or station in life was always known as the “nice guy.” He stressed being kind, polite and positive even to the point of never saying “No” as an answer. These attributes were a part of Bud’s forte to the day of his passing.

Bud was an exceptionally good athlete most of his life, although he sacrificed his athleticism during his college days to concentrate on academics where he also excelled. He earned two bachelor degrees, two masters degrees and a PhD from different colleges or universities. After serving in the United States Navy during WWII and after 30 years in the Reserves, he retired with the rank of Commander. He taught at GRCC for 28 years, serving 26 years as Chairman of the Physical Science Division.

Bud lived a very accomplished life as well as any human possibly could. But Bud was susceptible to human diseases. After a short illness, Bud was diagnosed in 2007 to have a rare cancer on the exterior portion of the skull. Through the months that followed, I had occasions to visit with Bud while he was in Michigan and spoke with him by phone while he was in Tucson. He continued his golfing and kept a fairly active social calendar, never speaking of his problem unless pointedly asked. However, after a series of operations and treatments, it became evident that Bud was physically regressing.

In November 2008 Bud and Cleo took off for their annual journey to Tucson. He was occasionally still playing golf, was very conversant, and he still retained his humor. As we talked, we would kid each other and laugh about the good ole days. The kidding was good-natured. Bud was exceedingly kind and complimentary during these “ribbing” sessions. I usually concluded the conversations with “Bud, you were the only person who could bawl me out and leave me walking away feeling good about myself.”

By talking with Bud and Cleo in early March 2009, I learned that they would be coming home to Michigan earlier than usual. Cleo informed me, after Bud’s most recent checkup including a biopsy, the prognosis was not good. The resulting consultation with the doctors in Tucson concluded that Bud’s only hope was another invasive operation—but could not promise any satisfactory results. Their drive on the way to their condo was not in total silence, but with considerable pondering and contemplations over their dilemma. Later that day, sitting on their patio, Bud broke the silence and said, “Cleo, I don’t want to go through all this again; especially with the doctors not offering any assuredness.” Cleo immediately spoke up, “Bud, I agree with you.” They knew the facts and understood the possible consequences and began a plan to expedite the process.

After Cleo told me about their plan to return, I informed her that the “*Retirees’ Quarterly*” was planning a tribute to Bud to honor him as a valued friend, esteemed colleague and a master teacher. I emphasized, “It was a tribute to his life – and that his illness was not to be mentioned. This was an honor to the person who he was and his accomplishments. Nothing more, nothing less, and that he was not to know anything about the forthcoming articles. I told Cleo I mentioned the tribute to her because under the circumstances we would have to work together on this. I informed Cleo we were going to start right then because I needed some facts from her to pin down a couple of incidents I wanted to write about. We agreed to keep in touch.

Bud and Cleo flew back to Michigan on March 29, 2009. I had expected them to come home the first week of April. I had briefly mentioned to Dee Palmer that the Elve’s would probably be coming home because of Bud’s condition. Not knowing the seriousness of the situation, little else was said.

Sunday, April 5, I turned in my article about Bud to Dee Palmer –the very last day due –if not the very last hour. We took a few minutes and had a very interesting discussion about my relationship with Bud over the years. Dee mentioned many reasons she appreciated working with Dr. Elve, as Dee always referred to him.

On Monday evening, April 6, I picked up a morning phone call from Cleo Elve stating they had been home for a few days and that Bud had been in and out but failing fast. She mentioned the urgency of the situation. I didn’t need much urging. She and Bud were now involved with Hospice at their home and considering their schedule, it was decided the best time for me to visit was early Wednesday afternoon.

I called Dee that same evening and asked about the printing schedule of the “*Retirees’ Quarterly*.” She thought it would be in about one week to ten days, about April 16. I explained to Dee the Elves’ dire situation and my concern about getting the “*Retirees’ Quarterly*” to the Elves as soon as possible, and that I had permission to visit Bud early Wednesday. Without hesitation Dee replied, “I’ll work on it—will call you tomorrow morning.” Tuesday morning Dee called telling me I could pick up six copies of the “*Retirees’ Quarterly*” at 1:00 p.m. on Wednesday, April 8, immediately after lunch.

On Wednesday when I arrived at the GRCC Print Solutions office, I identified myself and was immediately handed the six copies of the “*Retirees’ Quarterly*.” About an hour later I was at the door of the Elves’ lovely home on the shores of Lake Michigan. Cleo ushered me in and Bud was sitting on a large couch, which was positioned so that anyone sitting with him could overlook Lake Michigan. I handed the copies to Cleo who then introduced me to the lady from Hospice. She and Cleo talked briefly, and then Cleo led me to the couch where I sat next to Bud. He was having a good day. He looked up, smiled, and said, “Hello, Fritz.” Cleo showed him a copy of the *Retirees’ Quarterly*. He looked somewhat puzzled. I told him that the staff of the *Quarterly* desired this to be a tribute to him, not only for all his contributions to GRCC, but to the person he was and his lifestyle as well. He answered with a few words of appreciation. I read my

article to him to get his reaction. He smiled occasionally on various topics. Over the years I could usually get him to laugh – for which he had a special name (???) - not that I could irritate him as well. We exchanged a few pleasantries and I left but not before making arrangements to see him again on Friday with my wife, Marilyn. After my departure, Cleo read all of the tributes to Bud a couple of times. He was very pleased to hear all of the kind words.

Friday afternoon my wife, Lynn, and I took off for the Elves. Lynn was apprehensive. She always thought of Bud as being a dynamic person but also as a calm, contemplative and very polite gentleman. Again our visit was brief. Bud appeared to have deteriorated further, but he and Lynn communicated very well. Upon our leaving, I went over and shook hands with Bud. When Lynn went over, Bud struggled to his feet with exceptional determination. He always insisted in walking his guest to the door and then would give Lynn a hug. Lynn, noting Bud's struggle to stand, threw her arms around Bud and with tears in her eyes said, "Bud, you are always the gentleman."

The next day Lynn and I had to take off for Washington D.C. for six days. During this time, Bud's immediate family, although always in the vicinity, became very prominent in the Bud and Cleo Elve household. During this time, Cleo stated that she had read the tributes to Bud many times. By their compliments to the writers and production staff, it was evident to me that the Elve's seven children had personally read the letters of tribute as well.

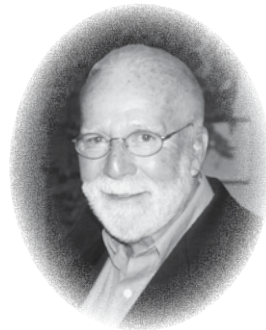
Thursday, April 16, upon returning home from Washington D.C. and only a few miles from home, my phone rang. "Hello, Fritz" Cleo said. "Bud died this afternoon." In answer to a few quick questions: passed away at 5:48 –at home – with family. Bud didn't want to leave this earth from Tucson, but desired to be at home in Michigan, with familiar surroundings and with family and friends. This Bud and Cleo achieved with their own initiative.

The tributes to Bud Elve were the initiatives of the *Retirees' Quarterly* staff, Keith Longberg, Dee Palmer and Philip Jung. The tributes were brought forth by the authors who by their written words made known the thoughts of many of Bud's associates.

They speeded up printing of the *Quarterly*, due to the most thoughtful and considerate efforts of editorial staff member Dee Palmer, and also Laurie Schaut at Print Solutions and its production staff. Because of tight scheduling, it is believed the printing staff, although it was never admitted, worked through their noon hour to make the original six family copies available, for which we thank them.

Bud Elve died April 16, 2009. The printing of the *Retirees' Quarterly* was originally scheduled for April 16 but through the efforts of Dee and Laurie, this date was moved up to April 8, when six families copies were printed. On April 9th the remaining copies were printed and sent out, making most, if not all, available to the Retirees by April 22nd, the day of Bud Elve's funeral. For this effort by all those involved, Cleo and all seven children have expressed their wholehearted thanks and appreciation.

*BUD ELVE: VALUED FRIEND,
ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE,
MASTER TEACHER.*



Reading Room

Recommended by Keith Longberg:

***Classic Feynman; All the Adventures of a Curious Character* by Richard P. Feynman
© 2006; 506 pages.**

A friend mentioned Feynman to me, and said that my style of writing was exactly like Feynman's. He said, "I read him and I hear your voice." The name sounded familiar but I couldn't place him, so naturally I had to look him up. Feynman is a Nobel Prize winning physicist (1965), most notable for his work with Dr. Edward Teller and others on the Manhattan Project, and he was instrumental in figuring out why the Challenger space craft blew up. But there is much more: his interest in picking locks and safe cracking, playing drums, painting, and playing tricks on his co-workers. He was a professor of physics at Cornell and then Caltech. The U.S. Postal Service issued a commemorative stamp in his name in 2005.

I love reading how scientific questions and problems are solved, and this book was a special treat. The writing is clear and straightforward and it has a light sense of humor as well. You don't need to know a lot of mathematics to understand the material in this book. Of particular and unexpected benefit to me is one word (hypnagogic) the author tossed out which I had never seen before. Looking into it gave me the key to finding a wealth of information that I have been looking for to support the basic springboard for my thesis in a project I have been working on for some time, a book that offers a new (I think) and drug-free path to relief for people who suffer from insomnia. Feynman truly was a curious character, and this book by him is outstanding.

***The Cellist of Sarajevo*, by Steven Galloway
© 2008, pp 235.**

This is a novel, a work of fiction inspired by real events. It is a well-crafted story of a musician who plays his cello at the site of a bombing where 22 civilians had been killed while standing in line to buy bread. The cellist plays every afternoon for 22 days in the spot where the bomb exploded, one day for each person killed in the bombing, his life constantly in jeopardy all the while from a sniper sent to kill him. How do the people of a city endure and cope with the pain, sorrow, and loss of humanity and civility caused by war? How much of it could the reader endure? How long before we too would begin to hate?

Most of us are fairly insulated from the dehumanizing effects of war in this country aside from its impact on our economy. This book offers a clear and intense look at what it is like and why it is to be avoided. It's hard to set this book down once you start to read it. It is an excellent book and easy to read.

***Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience, Steps Toward Enhancing the Quality of Life*
by Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, © 1990, pp. 330 including notes and references**

What is happiness? How can we achieve it? This analysis of how our motivations and where they come from help to determine the personal satisfaction and joy we get from what we do with our lives is a very important and perceptive piece of work. Why do people feel bored in world rich in information, innovation, opportunity and possibility? Why is it that the autotelic personality is the one that finds happiness? This book could benefit most of us. It confirms my long-held belief that our initiatives should be our own initiatives as much as possible, and we shouldn't sit around bored and waiting for someone to push us into productive action. Boredom is surely the common experience of boring people. This book gives valuable insights, well worth your time.

***Catching the Big Fish: Meditation, Consciousness, and Creativity*, by David Lynch**
© 2006, pp. 180.

I have known of, and benefited from, the enormous benefits of meditation for many years. Lynch uses a most appropriate figure of speech to illustrate the power of meditation. The fish are ideas. Whether the fish swim around in a puddle, pond, a lake, or ocean depends on the size, the reach, of your mental universe. Bigger bodies of water can hold bigger fish than small ponds. Meditation can “increase the size of the container,” is the way Lynch describes it. Enlarging your mental universe from a small pond to an ocean takes a long time and much practice and experience. The results can be most rewarding. Lynch makes a convincing argument in support of this concept.

***Blink; The Power of Thinking Without Thinking*, by Malcolm Gladwell**
© 2005, pp. 296.

This is a fascinating book about how we arrive at snap judgments, what the validity of those judgments can be, and what the risks of relying on them are. The book is filled with specific examples that are analyzed to show how we can, or can't, trust our first impressions. He shows, for example, how analyzing a three-minute clip of a young married couple in conversation makes it possible for him to predict with a very high degree of accuracy whether that couple will stay together or split in the next few years. That's just one of many amazing insights that are detailed in this important and endlessly fascinating book. I copied a few pages from this book for a friend, and realized a couple days later that I had left it at the copy store. When I returned and asked a clerk about it, she said, “Oh yes we have it. What an interesting book it is! I haven't finished reading it yet, and was hoping you wouldn't come back for it so quickly!”

***DO IT! Let's Get Off Our Buts*, Peter McWilliams**
© 1994, pp. 487.

I once proposed that the College offer a class called “Personal Initiative 101.” This would be a class devoted to teaching students to do what McWilliams suggests in this book. Nothing came of the proposal, no surprise. It's nearly impossible to push on the caboose of a train and cause the train to respond at all. Most large organizations just are not receptive, adaptable and flexible enough to embrace, or even seriously consider stepping outside of a the beaten path. Teaching young people to be comfortable and confident in taking new initiatives of their own and risk and risking failure could, however, be much more important than a lot, maybe most, things students do study now.

It was good to happen on this book, as it reinforces my own thinking. It's filled with advice, practical suggestions, and pithy quotes supporting his ideas. Here's one, for example, from George Bernard Shaw (1893) “People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and, if they can't find them, make them.”

This is not a book to read straight through. It is best to read short pieces of it at a time, keeping at it daily until you finish. There's good stuff in this book for all of us.

OK, So what are YOU reading and how do you like it?

You are needed in this room!

OBITUARIES

Eunice DeVries Bolt, age 82, died on May 31, 2009. She retired from GRCC in 1991 as an art and art history instructor. Eunice is survived by her three children, Macyn, Tamsen, and Valerie (Wegner); by her sisters, Miriam DeVries, and Audrey Van Dyk by her grandchildren, Vanessa Bolt, Justin Wegner, and Alayne Wegner; and by several nephews.

William (Bill) E. McMillan, age 61, of Grandville, entered into the joy of the Lord on Thursday, April 16, 2009. Bill retired from GRCC in 2007 as a Professor of Technology at GRCC. Surviving are his wife, Celeste; his children, Jill McMillan, Jackie Ladamato (husband Giampolo), Ruth, Ezekiel, Elijah and Faith Hope Victory McMillan; brother, Terry McMillan; sister, Donna Tew.

Nancy E. Miller, age 74 of Lowell, MI, a loving wife and mother, went to be with her Lord and Savior on Monday, June 15, 2009. Nancy retired from GRCC in 1996 and was the Secretary in the Social Sciences Division. She earned an Associate in Arts and a Cert. in Word and Information Processing from GRCC. Surviving are her loving husband of 54 years, Alfred; children, John (Marjorie), Grace, Thomas (Wendy), Joy (David) Mueller; nine grandchildren, three great grandchildren.

WE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE THE *QUARTERLY* A COMPLETELY SELF-FUNDED PUBLICATION.

Together we can do this! As far as we know, the *Quarterly* is a unique kind of publication for a community college. It offers us retirees our own way of keeping in touch, of learning about the activities, interests, and opinions of our former colleagues, and it is a way of maintaining our identity with the College. It has facilitated networking and the development of friendships, and we believe it has demonstrated a value that deserves your support.

Since the last issue of the *Quarterly*, we have received just two checks for "subscriptions" to the *Quarterly*, one a generous check for \$50, which we appreciate very much. Please take the time to sit down and write a check for the cost of producing and mailing this publication for the year. I know of no other way to express our gratitude and appreciation for the consideration the administration has given us over the nearly five years of publication. The editorial costs to the college are zero. This notice was not suggested by the administration. KL

GRCC Retirees' Breakfasts for 2009

We meet at 9:00 a.m. on the last Thursday of each month, at
The Breakfast Nook, corner of Plainfield and Fuller.

July (*No Breakfast because of the Retirees' Picnic
on July 23*)

August 27

September 24

October 29

November (*No Breakfast because of Thanksgiving*)

December (*No breakfast because of Christmas*)



Grand Rapids Community College
Secchia Institute for Culinary Education
www.grcc.edu/Heritage

First Floor, Wisner-Bottrall Applied Technology Center
151 Fountain Street NE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503

Reservations (616) 234-3700

Lunch Tuesday–Friday 11:15 a.m.–12:45 p.m.

Dinner Tuesday–Friday 5:30–7:15 p.m.

Fall 2009

September 9	Open
October 15-27	Closed (Mid-Semester Rotation)
November 25-27	Closed (Holiday)
December 9	Last Day/Night Open for Semester

Winter 2010

January 14	Open
February 16-17	Closed (Grand Culinary Affair)
February 22-March 10	Closed (Mid-Semester Rotation/ Spring Break)
April 2	Closed (Spring Holiday)
April 16	Last Day/Night Open for Semester

Save the Date

President - Retirees' Chat

Sponsored by GRCC Retiree Relations and Your Gold Team

Come and meet new GRCC Present Dr. Steve Ender. Share the colleges' rich history and participate in a conversational update and vision for the college. You will also have an opportunity to ask questions.

- Come Prepared With Questions -

Thursday, August 20, 2009 In the Heritage Restaurant

The Wisner-Bottrall Applied Technology Center

For more information: esosa@grcc.edu or (616) 234-4039

Schedule:	12:30 p.m.	Social Time, Snacks and Refreshments
	1 p.m. - 2 p.m.	Presentation – Question & Answer
	2 p.m. - 2:30 p.m.	Social Time

Parking: Limited complimentary parking beneath the Applied Technology Center, additional parking available across the street with your Golden Raider Card.

What's So Funny?

Well, there are a lot of funny things that have happened in the course of our work with students and our colleagues. It would be interesting to relate some of these stories that we remember. Maybe we have told them to only our office mates, but let's try to remember them, and share them with our former colleagues in our October issue.

In the January issue, we would like to get two kinds of stories: If you know of stories about how your contributions to the Foundation have helped or influenced those students who received scholarships that you made possible, we would like to get them. Also we would like to hear about your feelings about contributing to the Foundation as you probably did via payroll contributions for many years. Did you get personal, emotional satisfaction from your giving? Do you feel good about it? You have a lot of time for this "assignment." Please give it some serious thought and write about it.

KL

Office of Retiree Relations

As a GRCC retiree, you are an enduring member of the college's vitality, and forever shall remain a part of our rich history. We are truly fortunate to count you as a lifelong member of the GRCC family. Below you will find a listing of on campus courtesies that are available to you with the use of your Golden Raider Card. GRCC Retiree Relations: esosa@grcc.edu or (616) 234-4039.

Courtesies:

What is a Golden Raider Retiree Card?

All retirees who were full-time GRCC/JC employees are eligible to obtain a complimentary "Golden" Raider Card upon their official date of retirement. The Card identifies you as a GRCC retiree and provides you with on campus free and discount courtesies.

How do I obtain a Golden Raider Card?

The Card may be obtained weekdays between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. at the Student Life Office, 1st floor Student Community Center. You must come in person to have your picture taken. Your initial card is free, however; there is a replacement fee for lost or stolen cards.

- **Parking:** Free parking in public areas in the Bostwick and Lyon Street parking ramp. Do not swipe your card. Pull a ticket upon entering the ramp. Upon departure present your ticket and card to the attendant.
- **Ford Field house:** Free privileges at the Ford Field house. Visit room 211 and present your card to obtain membership. Please call the Ford Field house if you have any questions. Phone: 234-3994.
- **Bookstore:** 15% discount at the Follet Bookstore. The discounts do not include text books, software or electronics. The Bookstore (234-3880) is located on the 1st floor of the Student Community Center.
- **Heritage Restaurant:** 15% discount off "your individual" dinner on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The discount does not include alcoholic beverages. The Heritage Restaurant is located on the 1st floor of the Applied Technology Center. Complimentary parking is available beneath the building entering off of Ransom St. Obtain a parking code prior to your departure. Phone: 234-3700. Website: www.grcc.edu/heritage
- **Cafeteria:** 5% discount off your individual food and beverage bill. The Cafeteria is located on the 2nd floor of the Student Community Center. Website: www.grcc.edu/cafeteria
- **Quiet Café:** 5% discount off your individual food and beverage bill. The Quiet Café is located on the 2nd floor of the Student Community Center, down the hall from the Cafeteria.
- **Athletics:** Free admission to all GRCC athletic games. Website: www.grcc.edu/athletics
- **The Learning Academy:** Free participation in learning opportunities offered through the Learning Academy. Phone: 234-3848 Website: www.grcc.edu/currentlearning
- **Music Department:** Free admission to all GRCC Music Department concerts. Discount does not include the Musical Moods Concert. Website: www.grcc.edu/music
- **Library:** Free use of the GRCC Library. Phone: 234-3082 Website: www.grcc.edu/library
- **Actors' Theatre:** Buy one ticket at the senior price; get the 2nd ticket half off. Phone: 234-3387 • Website: www.grcc.edu/theatre
- **GRCC Players Theatre:** Two complimentary tickets to any GRCC Players performance. Phone: 234-3387 Website: www.grcc.edu/players
- **Heritage Theatre:** Buy one ticket at the senior price; get the 2nd ticket half off. Phone: 234-3387. Website: www.grcc.edu/theatre
- **Jewish Theatre:** Buy one ticket at the senior price; get the 2nd ticket half off. Phone: 234-3387. Website: www.grcc.edu/theatre
- **Personal Computer Purchases:** As part of the multi-year purchase agreement with CDW/G and Lenovo Computers GRCC retirees can purchase equipment for personal use and benefit from the college pricing. Individuals have the opportunity to purchase equipment with the identical specifications used by GRCC at the same discounted price, or you can customize your own system. Visit website, www.lenovo.com/grcc or call 877-222-6426, option 1, extension 3799. Any difficulties, contact Bob Long at (616) 234-3073