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Well, men, the great question again confronts you. Are you going to prove yourself men among men—sturdy, fearless champions of your own rights and liberties, strong, brave, and with a heart for any fate? Or are you going to haul out that blazing tie your best girl gave you for Christmas and wear it to school?

This cold weather brings us deep sorrow. It's not the cold itself that grieves us, but those collegians who are forever and always going about querying, "Cold enough for yah?" But if they weren't doing that they'd probably be saying, "Okey-Dokey," singing "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round," or getting engaged. So, after all, the sorrow is not unmixed with joy. Nature compensates, every thorn hath its rose, or do you roll your own?

And ye Ed Bill Veltman of the Milestone has ordered us all to go down and have our pictures taken. Out of respect to Bill, we finally suffered the torture but what a job it was! Of course, the photographer always babbles "Smile, look pleasant, please." But in these days of boondoggling, dictators, drunken drivers, who can look pleasant? We'll bet you a plush-lined cookie you'll find it a tough assignment.

And the three weirds, who heretofore have had true claim to distinction, took unanimous action over the holidays. But how they slandered their name! There was nothing weird about what they did! Why, everybody on the campus and his second cousin are doing what they did.

It is reported that numerous collegians who sat up to see the Old Year out insisted upon going out with it. The human race would be killing funny if we didn't happen to belong to it.

The Democrats threw a big Jackson Day dinner last week and charged \$50 a plate. We'll bet the only people who could afford to attend were those on relief.

Well, the Supreme court has ruled another of the New Dealer's cards, the AAA, unconstitutional. It won't be long now until the English alphabet will be back in the schoolroom and in Campbell's alphabet soup.

But it certainly would be a major tragedy if the highest tribunal outlawed the NYA. Why, the colleges would have to go back to paying their athletes themselves.

Seriously, though, we're the New Dealers' sincerest well-wishers. And we don't care how deep the well is.

We can't understand why the highest ups insist upon total darkness during the chapel services. After all, we've never seen any optometrists advertising in the Anchor.

Cousin Effie stood under the mistletoe most of Christmas day. But her boy friend never studied botany.

And it's just about this time that father begins to get bills for the presents his daughter at college gave him for Christmas.

It is reported that a w.k. senior under the N. Y. A., whose duty it is to compile accurately the attendance at Hope basketball games, was approached by an awed frosh Monday night who asked the senior how he could possibly figure how many people were present.

"Oh that's simple," asserted the upperclassman, "all you do is to count the legs and divide by two."

STAFF REJECT PICTURE PLAN FOR ANNUAL

Original Plan Re-adopted; Student Co-operation Imperative

EDITORS ARE BUSY

Student opposition to four-year individual cuts for the Milestone has resulted in rejection of the plan by the staff, it was announced last week by Willard Veltman, editor. The plan used in previous years of charging every student 50 cents for his picture will again be followed.

Student Objections Voiced

The rejected suggestion, as stated in a former issue of the Anchor was that student pictures be taken in the freshman year at the cost of one dollar. They would last the student four years, and would thus do away with the cost and trouble of having a new cut made every year. Though not without its advantages, student sentiment was not favorable to the plan, and this, together with several objectionable features, resulted in its being discarded.

Objections raised by the students were based mainly on the grounds that four-year pictures would prove out-of-date for future issues of the Milestone Engravers' objections were those of inadvisability to saw up cuts after plates were once made into panels. Jahn-Ollier of Chicago will do the Milestone engraving, and Steketee Van Huis of Holland will do the printing.

Photographing Starts

Work on junior class pictures was begun on Friday and lasted through Tuesday. Sophomore class photographing will follow this week, with the freshman class last. The classes have been divided into alphabetical groups in an effort to facilitate matters. The lists will be posted on the bulletin boards for student consultation. All students are urged to co-operate with the editor and staff in this matter. It is imperative that all pictures be in on the dates designated, as the staff wishes to take full advantage of the discount clause in its engraving contract.

Class editors in charge of photography are Gordon Cook, senior; Renetta Shackson, junior; Edna Mooi, sophomore; and Angeline Dornbos, freshman.

Seldom-Revealed Sorority Facts Uncovered By Ambitious Sleuth

Just how much does it cost a girl to join and to be an active member of some sorority, and do the expenses of the individual societies differ greatly? These have long been ever present but unvoiced questions in many a mind. Therefore we have decided to give you not rough estimates, but actual, current facts upon the matter.

Pins Optional

The Sibylline society, during the first semester of this year, fixed as dues \$3.50 upon the pledges and \$2 upon regular members—next semester's dues will be determined by the need for reimbursement. The extra assessments, including rushing fees, tea and party expenses, have thus far amounted to \$1. Its winter fest cost \$2 as will, in all probability, the spring party. \$8.50 is the price of society pins, the purchase of which is entirely voluntary.

The fee for tardiness is 10 cents, for unexcused absences 25 cents, and for excused absences 10 cents.

Alethea charged her regular members \$3 and her pledges \$1.50 as dues this last semester—again need shall determine the impending taxation. There are no absence or tardy fees imposed, but extra assessments are dished out for flowers, rushing expenses and other social activities. Here again \$2 is the general party cost and \$10 that of the pins.

The Dorian members paid \$2.50 first semester, pledges slightly more and \$1.50 the second. Their midwinter frolic totals \$1.25 and the spring fantasy no more than \$2. Once more we find assessments as the needs arise. Pins and guard



CORNELIUS VLIET

Symphony Presents Vliet, Dutch Cellist

Cornelius Vliet, distinguished Dutch cellist, who will appear with the Grand Rapids Symphony Orchestra on January 17 in the Civic Auditorium, is one of the most brilliant and versatile artists on the cello that this country has heard. At the very zenith of his artistic powers, this artist stands today one of the best known virtuosos in Europe and the United States.

Vliet was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in 1886. Since his debut with the Koncertgebouw Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg at the age of sixteen, his appearances have been a series of veritable triumphs. As a concert artist he first toured Holland, then followed concerts throughout Germany, Bohemia, Austria, Russia and Finland, playing under such masters as Sibelius, Colonne, Mahler, Weingartner, d'Indy and Toscanini.

Critics in this country praise him for the warm sonority of his tone, his marvelous technique and clarity, brilliancy, and above all for his sound musical interpretation. His genial Dutch personality and fine stage appearance win for him the immediate approval of his audiences.

DYKSTRA ADDRESSES C. W. L.

Dr. Dirk Dykstra, missionary to Arabia, addressed the Christian Workers' League at its regular meeting last Friday. He described his work in the foreign field, mentioning the difficulties which are often incurred in the work. Herman Luben led devotions.

MEN DEBATE OPPOSE KAZOO IN FIRST MEET

Round Robin Tournament Scheduled to Meet at Holland

PLAN 51 DEBATES

Three teams from Kalamazoo college met teams chosen from the Hope college men's debate squad in the first of a series of practice debates Wednesday, Dec. 18. Kalamazoo brought down one negative team and two affirmative teams. John Vander Meulen and John Van Wyk engaged the negative team, while Ekdal Buys and Jay Bush, Homer Lokker and Mayo Hadden upheld the negative side for Hope. As the debates were for the purpose of experience only, no decisions were given.

With the start of a new year, the men's squad of 20 men is preparing for a busy debate season. More than 50 individual debates have been scheduled by the debate manager, Ekdal Buys. Almost every college in southern Michigan is represented on the schedule. In the next two weeks Hope is to meet Grand Rapids Junior, Muskegon Junior, and Western State.

The squad is especially looking forward to Hope's first round robin tournament to be held in Holland on Friday, January 24. These debates are to be a part of the regular program of the men's and women's society meetings. Eight Hope teams are to meet two teams each from the following schools: Calvin, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, and Olivet. The co-operation of the entire student body is necessary to make this meet a success.

Famous Chemistry Alumni Contacted

DeVries, Wichers, Ellerbrook Report on Their Work

"A swing around the circle" as known to the politician is an effort to contact everybody everywhere. This little swing is an effort to contact a few of the chemistry alumni who are at work in a few places.

LAFAYETTE, IND.—Dr. T. DeVries reports, "My work at Purdue for the last ten years has been devoted to some practical phases of physical chemistry, both in research work that has been carried on and in courses that are offered for graduate students. I have been interested in high vacuum technique and the theory of gases at low pressures, and for several years have given a course in this subject."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Edward Wichers is employed in the United States Bureau of Standards. There he is pursuing an interesting study of the chemistry of the platinum metals. He writes, "I have also been working for several years with the American Chemical society's committee on analytical reagents and have assisted in the preparation of specifications for quite a number of analytical chemicals and in the development of methods for determining the purity of such materials."

NEW YORK CITY—Dr. L. D. Ellerbrook is at present in the New York university where he has a teaching fellowship in chemistry. He also is working in the office of the Chief Medical Examiner of New York City. In this latter capacity he writes some very interesting

GRAD MENTIONED IN TIME

Dr. Maurice B. Visscher, Hope, '22, received mention under the department "Medicine," in the current issue of TIME magazine as setting forth a new "banked blood" method of precaution against hemorrhage of childbirth.

Dr. Visscher, physiologist of the University of Illinois College of Medicine, was formerly head of the physiology department of the University of Southern California Medical school. He is married to the former Janet Gertrude Pieters of the class of '21. His brother, Frank Visscher, was graduated from Hope in 1934 and is now attending the graduate school of Purdue university as an assistant in chemistry.

DUTCH HUMBLE 1935 CHAMPIONS IN M.I.A.A. START

Buckets in Last Minute Put 36-33 Thriller On Ice

THOMAS PACES HOPE

Hope's sharp-shooting quintette took the measure of Hillsdale on the Dale floor in the opening M.I.A.A. game for the Dutch, 36-33. Featuring a fast breaking and accurate shooting attack, the Hope team battled the champions on even terms and then in the closing minutes of play, with a remarkable exhibition of shooting, forged ahead to eke out a three-point victory.

Lead Changes

The game was the most thrilling the home fans had witnessed for a long time. The lead changed hands six times and never throughout the entire contest did either team secure a lead of more than four points. Although both teams staged a spectacular point-getting offense, equally fine was the defensive play.

Hope lost little time in getting under way. Robbert drew first blood with a foul and Nienhuis followed quickly with a deuce. Then the battle began. The play surged from one end of the court to the other as each team matched basket for basket with neither one able to secure a commanding margin. At the final whistle of the first period the Orange and Blue held a three-point lead, 22-19.

Dales Snatch Lead

Both teams settled down to defensive play in the opening minutes of play of the second half, but led by "Whity" Linton the Dales countered twice in a row to even the count. A field goal and a foul gave the Dales a three-point lead, which they held until the last five minutes of the game. With only minutes to play Thomas and Barber broke loose and caged a goal apiece, giving the Dutch a one-point lead. Poppink put the game on ice in the closing five seconds with a mid-court shot.

It would be difficult to pick an individual star of the game. Thomas led the winners with 14 points and the floor game of the entire team was nothing short of sensational. Poppink, who picked up three personals in the opening ten minutes, played under a handicap but turned in his usual stellar game. Linton, with 11 points, and Smith with 6, led the Hillsdale attack.

Tower Will Be Music Director for Present

Harold Tower is to be director of music for the present, at least. He comes to us highly recommended.

He was graduated from Oberlin and then taught in Minneapolis for four years. Then Grand Rapids received him, where he has been for more than twenty years. Before he transferred to Trinity Community church, he was minister of music at St. Mark's, directing a large boys' choir.

Besides being a competent conductor of voice groups, Mr. Tower is a capable organist. He is a member of the American Guild of Organists, which in itself is a great honor. He was the only teacher Walter Blodgett, who played here recently, ever had.

Mr. Tower, full of sympathetic understanding, will do his utmost to carry on what our late director intended for us.

Competition Begins for Women Debaters

"Shall Congress or the Supreme Court, in the final analysis, decide on the constitutionality of laws?" This is the question which the women debaters have, up to this time, been arguing among themselves, but this afternoon they will match their arguments with those of the men debaters in several practice debates.

The women debaters will begin their inter-collegiate competition with a dual debate with Western State Teachers' college Thurs. afternoon, February 6, at Kalamazoo. January 30, Hope's negative team will meet Michigan State's affirmative team at Holland. All the teams will take part in an invitational debating meet to be held at Calvin college February 7.

The women's debate squad consists of four teams, Alma Nyland and Vera Damstra making up one of the affirmative teams, and Irene Williams and Renetta Shackson the other. Lois Vander Meulen and Ruth Fisher, Marion Kuyper and Mildred Kirkwood compose the two negative teams. Prof. De Graff is the coach of the women's squad.

Chemistry Club Hears Employment Discussion

Mr. Anderson, a representative of the Employment Committee of the American Chemical society, was the speaker at the December meeting of Hope's Chemistry club. Lester Kieft, an alumnus, now at the Pennsylvania State college, was also present at the meeting.

Mr. Anderson spoke about the employment situation among chemists today. He outlined plans for obtaining jobs, and explained what was to be done when a chemist is out of work. The average salary for the beginner is from \$80 to \$100 a month. Chemists with Master of Arts degrees receive from \$140 to \$160 a month. The average of \$220 a month is paid to beginners with Doctor of Philosophy degrees.

Mr. Anderson also showed several new inventions, and explained a recent development in the determination of hydrogen ion concentration.

The only official business to come before the meeting of the club last month was the acceptance of Robert Bruggink into the membership of the organization. The last week has been spent in the initiation of the new sophomore members. During that time the newcomers took care of such little details as cleaning glassware, cleaning desks, and polishing end-points.

HOPE COLLEGE ANCHOR

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In Defense of Variety

Regrettably enough, chapel services at Hope college are all too often looked upon as part of the daily grind of college life. Sufficient witness to the fact is found in the number of chapel cuts which go in the office records and in the number of tardy arrivals in the morning. It is, therefore, unusual that two chapel services should still be remembered and openly discussed on the campus.

The two services referred to took place on the last two school days of the preceding year. The one, a dramatized story of the origin of "Holy Night," held the audience in rapt attention, and its spiritual effect is even now vividly remembered by many. The other, which consisted partly of an unusual presentation of a familiar Christmas hymn, stands out as one of the finest, yet simplest, musical services ever given here.

The response to those two services may indicate that the supposed religious apathy at college is not as malignant as it appears. For those who have strong religious convictions frequent variations in the chapel program are not essential. But for those who are ordinarily indifferent to spiritual matters, the value of a devotional hour which varies even slightly from the usual, is not to be under-estimated. Was it not so in the time of Christ who employed parables, worked miracles and invited people to meals in order to illustrate religious truths?

If, as is to be hoped, the occasional religious events like Christmas and Easter do not hold a monopoly on chapel programs which differ from the ordinary such a departure would very likely improve chapel attendance. Time and ingenuity do not permit every chapel service to be unique, but variations now and then would be helpful. The student body is grateful enough for the two Christmas services, and others of this type, to hope for a more frequent application of the principle.

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MUSICRITIC

Before the featured artists who were presented in recital last Friday appeared, the walls of the well filled Memorial chapel welcomed the strains of Bach fugues from the organ so long silent. William Welmers, senior organ student, graciously entertained with a few well-played selections.

When the quintette finally arrived, it was evidently too late for them to garb themselves in customary concert dress. Consequently they looked like business men who dabble in music for relaxation, but in reality their music relaxed the audience, for it was far from mere "dabbling."

It was apparent that Alberto Salvi, himself, was the highlight of the program. A harp somehow never ceases to be a novelty. His solos were marked by their clearness and varied expression.

His colleagues were capable of extraordinary co-ordination and co-operation, yet each was an artist in his own right.

The date of the next concert is March 6, when the Holland Choral Union entertains Charles Wakefield Cadman and a vocal quartette including Raymond Koch, the bass who sang the Messiah solos.

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LAMPEN ATTENDS MATH MEET

Prof. Lampen recently attended the regional mathematics committee meeting of the fourth district for the Michigan Educational Association.

He is the member of a committee of three of which he will be chairman next year. Each member holds office for three years.

Their plan is to have some well know mathematician to speak on a problem of social interest at the regional meetings.

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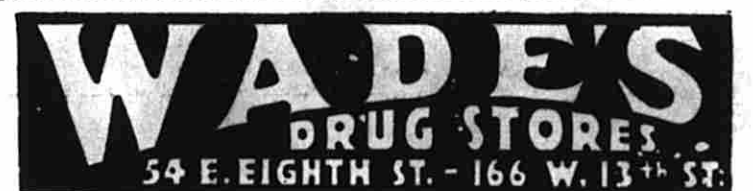
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BARBER HOPE STAR

Somewhere in this world the sun is shining, but here at Hope it is cloudy and grey. The mighty Orange and Blue team has fallen by the wayside. Olivet, living up to the name of Comets, handed the Hingamen their first Conference defeat last Monday night at the Armory to the tune of 33 to 23.

The Red and White team from down-state took an early lead and never relinquished it. The score at half time was 17 to 9.

Both teams started off the evening by trying to outrun each other. Arthur, diminutive Comet forward, popped off the lid by dropping in a pretty shot from the foul line. Both teams appeared to be feeling each other out. Early in the first quarter a bucket by Thomas, Hope forward, tied the score at 3-all, but this was only temporary as Novak and Arthurs staged an old-fashioned field meet and personally scored 16 of the teams 17 points in the initial half.

The second half proved to be a ding dong battle with neither team showing much of an advantage. Olivet continued to pull away with Novak and Crawford doing most of the scoring. Novak's height proved to be the deciding feature of the game.

Barber and Poppink played outstanding games for the Hingamen with the former collecting 6 points and Poppink picking up 5. Arthurs and Novak were the big guns for the invaders with 12 and 10 points respectively.

In the preliminary the Hope Frosh team eked out a 27 to 22 victory over the Holland Furnace team of the city league. Scoring 13 points in the last quarter to their opponents 1, the pupils of Jack Schouten put the game on ice. Marcus for the Frosh and Hietbrink for the Furnace club were the stars. The Hope-Olivet line-up:

Thomas	f	2	1	5
Neinhuis	f	1	0	2
Poppink	c	1	3	5
Robbert	g	0	1	1
Heeringa	g	0	0	0
Barber	f	1	4	6
Van Zanten		2	0	4

Olivet		7	9	23
Arthurs	f	5	2	12
Hynes	f	0	0	0
Novak	c	4	2	10
Swartout	g	0	0	0
Crawford	g	3	1	7
Thomas	f	1	2	4
Herbert	g	0	0	0

13 7 33

Champs Take Fraters In Conference Opener

The Inter-Fraternity Basketball league started off the 1935-36 season in fine style Monday evening, December 16, in Carnegie gym.

The championship Cosmopolitan aggregation began their defense of the crown by trouncing the Fraternals, runners-up last year, in the feature attraction of the evening by the close score of 18-14. The game was a ding-dong battle from start to finish, nor was it certain who the ultimate victor would be until the final whistle which found the Green and White tossers 4 points to the good.

The first game of the evening found the Knickerbockers on the long end of the score in their game with the aggressive outfit from River avenue, the Emersonians. The final score was 26-11. At no time during the game were the Knicks pressed by the charges of Stub Boven and the half found them comfortably out in front with a lead they never relinquished.

In the final, the Frosh B team staged a field day against the Independents and when the final whistle had blown were far enough ahead to have won the game three times over. The score was 64-17. Jack Schouten's boys showed a neat passing attack for which teams coached by the frosh mentor are famous.

FAMOUS CHEMISTRY
ALUMNI CONTACTED

(Continued from page 1)

comments. "In New York the coroner has been replaced by the office of the Chief Medical Examiner. All deaths are investigated by this office, and in the case of any violent or suspicious death an autopsy is performed, if needed, and the organs are analyzed to see if there was foul play or if the person was intoxicated at the time of death. "In 1933 more than 3,000 autopsies were performed, and 38,000 chemical determinations were made on 15,000 cases, of which about 1,000 were positive; that is, there were 1,000 cases in which larger or smaller amounts of poison were found."

P. S. — Any interesting information of this sort is welcome from other alumni. Let's hear from you.

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Hope Cagers Bow to Western State for First Defeat

Hope college suffered its first defeat of the season at the hands of the powerful Western State outfit, 38-24. Playing on the spacious floor at Kalamazoo against a team that is ranked as one of the strongest in the middle west, the Hope team turned in a game that caught the Hilltoppers by surprise. The score at the half was 18 to 7.

Starting with a rush, the Dutchmen caught Western off guard and led for the first quarter of the game. Then the high geared outfit that defeated Iowa went into action and rang up 18 points before the whistle at the intermission. In the second frame, Hope played on even terms with the Normal school, scoring 17 points to Western's 20.

Poppink, in holding Arno! Western star, to only 8 points, and at the same time gathering 7 for himself, proved to be the individual star of the game. Both coaches used the entire squad in the game.

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Dutchmen Stop Ferris for Double Victories

Hope college took a pair of games from the Ferris Bulldogs, winning the first on the home court, 35-17, and the second at Big Rapids, 34-33.

Hope had little trouble in subduing the Bulldogs in the first game. The Dutch took an early lead which they never relinquished the remainder of the game. Leading 15-10 at the half, Hope put on the steam and more than doubled their score of the first half, meanwhile holding Ferris to two field goals. Poppink led the winners with 11 points.

Only after a stubborn battle by the Bulldogs, Hope college won a thrilling game at Big Rapids in the second meeting, 34-33. Trailing most of the way, the Orange and Blue put on a last minute rally to nose out the home team by a lone point. Failure to connect from the free throw line almost cost the M.I.A.A. quint the game.

A much improved Ferris team put up a game fight and were leading at the half, 15-13.

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The Tip-Off

— BY VAN —

After the outcome of the Rose Bowl game, this column is refusing to predict any more winners. However, we have the consolation that the majority of the other (?) experts also picked the wrong team. . . . On second thought, here is one more: The championship of the M. I. A. A. will be won by Hillsdale or Olivet and maybe Hope or Albion. . . . Hanneman, who stars in both football and basketball at Michigan Normal, has another accomplishment to add to the last. He fought Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, in a Golden Gloves scrap and, although he was defeated, he stayed the entire route. Maybe this boy is the "White Hope" that Jack Dempsey is scouring the country for. . . . Joe Veenker, who is regarded as one of the best basketball coaches in the country, graduated from Hope and played on that great team that walloped everything that came along in the old days, including Michigan and other big time teams. He is now coaching at Iowa U and turning out championship teams. . . . A former teammate of "Chink" Robbert has divulged the secret that in order to get Chink to make baskets all you have to do is to shout "Roberta" while he is playing. "Hi, Roberta!" . . . Eck Buys has been wrestling, practicing flyingmares, flying tackles, etc., to use against the Knicks when the Fraters tangle with them in an inter-frat game. We understand that the Knicks have signed "Man Mountain" Dean to play opposite him. . . . Coach Daugherty of Albion has resigned his post as coach and athletic director. He gave his reasons as the pressure put on him by the alumni. The other coaches of the M. I. A. A. will miss his clean and sportsmanship conduct, and all wish him luck.

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DUTCH QUINTET UPSETS STRONG YPSI TEACHERS

Hope Attack Functions as
Tight Defense Stops
Ypsi

POPPINK IS STAR

Hope's cagers snowed under the strong Michigan Normal team in a vacation tilt Friday, January 5. Smooth passing and accurate shooting enabled the Hope quintet to grab an early lead which they held to the end of the game, winning 30-22.

The game started slowly with both teams missing the hoop, but as the game progressed the Dutch found their shooting eyes and led at the intermission, 13-8. The second half featured the close defensive work of the Hope team, which successfully bottled up the Ypsi attack. Checking the visiting team's scoring at 8 points, Hope increased its lead to 8 points at the close of the game.

Poppink, lanky center, led his team-mates in scoring, garnering 10 points, closely followed by Thomas with 9. Wenger, Ypsi guard, headed the losers with 11 points.

SELDOM-REVEALED SORORITY
FACTS UNCOVERED
(Continued from page 1)
total around \$10.

50 Cents for Absence
Sorosis dues are \$2 per semester for the veterans and newcomers with an additional \$1 initiation fee extracted from the latter. A fifty-cent social tax, pledges exempt, is also collected yearly, thus excluding all other assessments. Party costs are fairly stationary at \$2, as are the pins at \$10.50. Five cents is the tardy fine and 50 cents the unexcused absence decree.

Loyal Delphites yearly put \$1 into the financial coffer while pledges contribute \$2.50. This necessitates additional extractions for rushing expense, social functions and all other indulgences. Five cents for tardiness and 25 cents for unexcused absence are the prices exacted for these laxities. The winter party this year diminishes each member's financial resources \$1.15 while the spring affair will probably be in the neighborhood of \$2. Delphi pins tip the usual quotation of \$10.50.

Blue Key book store will open the first day of the new semester, February 3, in the basement of Graves hall.

Books will be bought by the store if they are accompanied by duplicate cards stating the name of the seller, the name and author of the book, and how much the book is worth.

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COLLEAGUES PAY TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR SNOW

ADDRESS BY PRES. WICHERS

We are met in this assembly this afternoon to do honor to the memory of a beloved friend and faithful colleague. Your presence is a better tribute to W. Curtis Snow than any words that will be spoken this afternoon.

In times like these, one is overcome by a sense of entire inadequacy and futility of words as vehicles of the emotions and sympathies of men and women. This splendid audience will be the best tribute to our friend's worth and abiding value. It is highly fitting that we should meet in this place of worship. It was dedicated to the memory of all those, who in this community found the frontiers of time and space too confining and who sought the larger life in which to satisfy their feeling of kinship with the unseen and eternal. From the time that Mr. Snow first took the console of the organ in this Chapel in June, 1929, even until recently, he may be said to have lived here. I know he had a home and family which he loved more than all else in the world, but it was here that he spent so many of his waking hours, not only during the regular school session but also in vacation and the summer time when others of us were quietly forgetting even the existence of this place. In these few years he has become a part of the Chapel. Lovely melodies and great immortal strains rolled out of the organ chambers to be caught up by the very stones just as surely as the wood of a lovely and old violin has somehow or another captured the heart and music of the master. For architecture in itself is nothing but when someone through it reaches new aesthetic realities or spiritual varieties, then it becomes the very gate of Heaven. And so it is with this building. It is not primarily wood or stone or glass but a temple to help men and women, boys and girls, find God. And here He has been found not only through the wood and stone, through turret and tower, Gothic architecture and long drawn aisle, but also through the organ and instrument, through the song and hymn. And so too this was really his house and became to him his home.

I should like to suggest first that we of the College will always remember Mr. Snow as a music master without a peer. And I do not mean by that, that, in technique and interpretation he had completed the round of musical education. He knew better than that for he was always a great learner. How he did delight to sit at the feet of the masters and it was for that reason that he was constantly bringing into this place great organists from various parts of the country, partly for his own education and enlightenment and enjoyment and also to build up on this Campus an acquaintance with those who were foremost in their profession and a devotion to that which was outstanding. It was always a source of profound regret to him that there was no larger public response to these public presentations of great artists as they came here from time to time. And some of us will never forget the long hours and arduous labor spent in the cause of advancing his own musical education. Time and money were gladly laid on the altar. Even during the heat of the last summer, when physical resources were already diminishing, he was at the console of the organ almost constantly. He was a musician without peer in this country, that his love for music and the aesthetic was always an inner thing, refusing that which was common and mediocre and instinctively reaching out to that which was noble, inspiring and elevating. And he was particularly concerned about the fact that this discriminating sense should be his not only but also become the common property of the entire Student Body. And that was the reason why he was always trying to get people to sing or play some instrument or to study music theoretically so that the very study might raise the ability to understand and enjoy, and so raise the entire level of musical appreciation amongst the Student Body. Not many weeks ago he expressed the hope that the time would come when no student could graduate from Hope College who had not heard the rendition of Handel's "Messiah". Somehow or another I am reminded of a popular painting by an Italian artist which shows a Monk playing the organ. A man and a woman are listening to him. The organist is fingering the keys but now and then turns his face and lifts his eye to look at his companions. The meaning of the picture must be quite clear. The organist loves his music but is not so overwhelmed by it that he will forget the people at his elbow. He is absorbed both by what he is playing and by what he knows must be echoing in the souls of his companions. And so it was with our beloved friend. Never satisfied with the mediocre or the common. He never would be satisfied until every one had learned to love music. It is no wonder, therefore, that as the months and years went along that this appreciation of music amongst our Student Body was constantly increasing so that all facilities were taxed to capacity. One organ was no longer sufficient; three became a necessity. Not two pianos, but dozens of them were in use. Not one or two singing organizations, but several of them. Under his leadership the College Band took on new life and showed promise of what might be done in a year or two under his continued leadership. And so we pay tribute to him today as our music master.

In the second place we should like to say that he was a superb teacher. A College is always essentially an association between teacher and student and can not rise very much higher than the ability and personality of its teaching staff. No College at any one time can have many great and outstanding teachers but those that it does have it cherishes as a very rock upon which the college Education is founded. And I think we are safe in saying that Mr. Snow did take his place as a superb teacher. First because he was a real student. And so one becomes the great teacher without first being the great learner. No interests were foreign to him, not music, not literature or history, not art nor current problems, not social, economic and political questions—all of these were his field of investigation. And that was probably the reason why his realm was not only that of music, the realm of the imagination and emotion, and the reason that his judgments in the realms of thought and action were uncommonly sensible, practical and good. He was a great teacher because of his vital interest in others, understanding their imitations and their needs, appreciating their objectives and aspirations and winning their response to the ideal and the abiding with tact and firmness and sympathy. And thus he was able to transfer from the storehouse of his own being to the minds and hearts of his pupils these things that were worth while and abiding. And we confess this afternoon that we have suffered the loss of a valued teacher.

And in the last place I should like to say that we of the College think of Mr. Snow as a Christian gentleman worthy of any generation. The pioneer days of this colony produced men and women of rugged physical strength, sterling character, adventure and faith. Every generation produces men and women like that and this generation gave us Mr. Snow. I think that in the pioneer day he would have exhibited the marks of courage and faith and adventure, for even in his own day these marks were clearly discernible. He was always adventuring, always looking for new methods, new fields to occupy, new work to do, very often impatient of restraint, moving faster than it was possible to follow him, trying to realize his goal before we were quite ready for it. We liked him for it because it meant that he was always sensing the obligation of an opportunity.

And so we trusted him and believed in him and followed him. His good taste, his refined mind, his delicate sense of honor, were these not the marks of the Christian gentleman? And all in all he was a man of great and substantial faith. It seems to me that no one who lives in the realm of great music could be without it. But in addition to this natural habitat, the stress and strain of life, the eternal conflict built up in him the serene and beautiful faith. Last summer I had the opportunity of going with him alone on one or two excursions and on the long ride to and from a distant city we had ample time to discuss problems that were common and those that were vital. It was in moments like those that he revealed that deep current of faith and eternal hope which helped him to live the life that he did, and for the future to commit himself to the eternal. For he knew that his Redeemer liveth. The sentiment that Dr. Robert Freeman expressed was his:

"When men go down to the sea in ships,
'Tis not to the sea they go;
Some isle or pole the mariner's goal,
And thither they sail through calm and gale,
When down to the sea they go.

When souls go down to the sea by ship,
And the dark ship's name is Death,
Why mourn and wait at the vanishing sail?
Though outward bound, God's world is round,
And only a ship is Death.

When I go down to the sea by ship,
And Death unfurls her sail,
Weep not for me, for there will be
A living host on another coast
To beckon and cry, "All hail!"

ADDRESS BY E. D. DIMMENT

We are met in the one universal service of our race. The three outstanding incidents in our lives, birth, marriage, and death, make us pause, but of them all death alone brings us to a solemn service. Many a tribe has dwelt with more or less of thought upon birth but birth has never received the worth of a ritual. Marriage has been attended by civil and church ceremony for the purpose of ensuring racial integrity but slavery and servitude have been its background much too often in place of spiritual values. Death alone has gathered about itself dirge and requiem and solemn high mass. Births go unrecorded and marriages may be but a gesture and be annulled; but the dead abide with us in celebrant prayer and perpetual mass. The cities of the dead far outnumber the habitations of the living yet we hold them all in reverence and the foot of the unholy dares not enter therein. All down the ages we raise our noble mausoleums where we place the incinerary urn and we stand in awed silence beside the grave where we place the laurel wreath and the burning immortelles. It is our universal service.

Perhaps more significant for our race is the fact that of all created beings humanity alone keeps the sacrament of its dead. The brute dies and falls without memorial stone or regretful sigh to mark his passing. And no poet or prophet has ever granted to the higher spirits any consolation in death, any relief from anguish, or any surcease from sorrow. These go forever on their endless course under the wrath of God. Here, it would seem, is a bulwark for man's immortal hope. He alone has a consciousness of redemption and bliss. He alone may know the consolations of religion and the assurance of the communion of the saints of God. It is this that makes our service today the great liturgy of life.

The church of Christ above all other groups has laid hold upon this immortal hope. She sings all the way through her journey. Her music rises in a major mode on the strong dominant note of everlasting life; and, if by reason of stress and strain, she becomes weary she mutes her melody on a softer mode without ever yielding to a long sustained minor cadence. Search the music and the literature of the ages and nowhere can so rich a body of hymn and song be found. Indeed, it is all too rich. It is all too full and the church asks for a thousand tongues to sing her great Redeemer's praise. She longs to soar and touch the heavenly strings and vie with Gabriel as he sings in notes almost divine.

We call these the hymns of the Christian Church and yet they go back a thousand years to the melodies of the Hebrew temple. Here no human emotion is left untouched. By the still waters the soul rests in peace; or, again, out of the depths it cries for succor; while in the next breath it shouts with ecstatic joy.—Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in. However, under the impress of a larger experience, one comes to think that there is something greater even than these songs of David's liturgy. No great composition has ever been produced by human kind that was as great as the person to whom it was dedicated. The love lyric is not so great as the beloved to whom it is sung. The tragedies of the greatest playwrights are less than the humanity for which they were written. Paradise Lost, dynamic in its tale of the forbidden fruit whose mortal taste brought death into the world until that time when some greater one shall restore us and regain the blissful seat, holds but a feeble glimmer of light compared with the Heavenly Muse it invokes. And in this memorial hour my mind will not release itself from the dedication of so many of these matchless songs of Jerusalem's matchless temple. To The Chief Musician,—how many of them are brought to us with this dedication. It seems as though the shepherd king of Israel was filled with the glory of his vision of this great singer and ranged the whole gamut of life in song,—then wrote simply, simply because the simplest is always the greatest.—To The Chief Musician. In this hour of holy sacrament, we speak to our Chief Musician. What we say here cannot match what he did here. Our words are the expression of our deepest respect and of our truest love but they must be empty compared to his work here. These pipes are mute for their Chief Musician is gone. The harp above and the bells in yonder echo organ are stilled for the fingers that gave them melody can never call them to life. The Chief Musician is gone. How they waited on his slightest wish. The Flight of the Bumble Bee,—now real his fancy made it. The Will of The Wisp,—how tricky it was under his fingers. With him we labored under the Volga Boat Song, we were stunned by the crash that echoed and reechoed from Canyon Walls. He charmed us with the Nibelungen Lieder and amazed us as he made the horrors of the Goetter-dammerung thunder about our heads. Now our Chief Musician is gone. He inspired us to be strong and true with Ein Fester Burgist Unser Gott. At his finest, with the matchless smile upon his face, the fire in his eye, the prophetic inspiration of his great soul charging his whole being and thrilling us, he carried us to the heavens that awaited him then but enfold him now, the heavens that are still awaiting us, the heavens where he and we shall again join the Hallelujah Chorus for the Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Now our Chief Musician is gone! But his glory is here!

Some of these songs dedicated to The Chief Musician are inscribed A Song of Degrees. Others indicate that the Chief Musician was to lead his magnificent chorus of a thousand white-robed priests from court to court in the Temple, up the sweeping stairways to the Holy Place. They sing the glories of Israel the Elect of Jehovah. They tell of the princely heritage of the nation. They pause long upon its present achievements. They prophecy in loud crescendo of the future splendor and work of Jacob who wrestled with the Angel and came forth the Prince of God. What a magnificent sight! Under the spell of the Chief Musician they move with swinging censurs, with pipes and symbols and timbrels and harps and instruments of ten strings. At each broad pavement in their ascent they picture the heritage of Israel from God, and rise again to the present glory and achievement of the Elect People of Jehovah, and they stay not nor stop until be-

fore the Holy Place they bless his Holy Name against the time when all Zion shall be redeemed and sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb before Him who reigneth forever, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!

We sing in our feeble way.—I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasy, no sudden rending of the veil of tears. Ancient Israel could not sing that way. Her faith was triumphant; her soul was exultant. This is the whole life of these Songs of David. And this I am moved to feel was the whole life of our Chief Musician, Wilfred Curtis Snow. When Dr. Nykerk and I first met with Mr. Snow some six years ago, the positive, genuine personality of the man won our esteem. He knew his talents. He knew what he proposed to accomplish. More, he appraised Hope College and its musical equipment in the same masterly way that he later did all his tasks. He knew the worth of the magnificent organ that would be his through the generosity of the Arendshorts and the Vander Veens and the Freylings, and he was as ready to come as we were to have him with his gracious and talented wife among us. Our mutual decisions were quick. Greatness is always simple and Hope College was to learn happily in the days that followed the greatness of soul that lay behind the direct and genuine manner of our Chief Musician.

Incidentally, he spoke of the heritage that was his from a musical ancestry. For generations past there was music in the family of Snow. There is something dangerous in genius,—it may be sporadic, erratic, unreliable. And herein genius differs from greatness,—greatness is permanent, positive, always reliable. Genius is too often an accident of birth, but greatness is the inheritance of a virile ancestry. And this makes greatness the more powerful possession. W. Curtis Snow did not depend upon genius for his achievements. I have wondered many a time at his steady approach to his art, at his sure attack upon his compositions. He seemed to sense intuitively the meaning of each work, organ or piano or voice, and proceeded immediately to render the meaning in the most perfect manner. He showed this at one time in a passing conversation with a chance acquaintance. The Humoresque was mentioned. Oh, he said, in his quick incisive way,—I never play that on the organ. It is too choppy. It is a violin piece. Again, the true artist was evident in him when during the last weeks as he roused out of coma, he asked,—"What stop have I open there?" Some song was singing itself in his soul and he was commanding his instrument to do his will. This exquisite quality was always with him and was part of his very being. It is this quality, I believe, which is the essential quality of greatness. It made him our Chief Musician.

During his boyhood years as choir singer and student he was perfecting this inheritance from the family of Snow by study and practice and performance. And he was learning life in its fullest meaning by contacts with men. Most of us humans do not know the value of meeting men and learning from them. We seem most of us to have decided in advance that we have learned all that can be learned and that we are destined to teach all who have the misfortune to meet us. We forget that there never yet lived a fool who could not teach a philosopher something if only the philosopher were not so self-wise. Curtis Snow was not of that sort. He was enlarging his experience everywhere and at all times. His trip to Japan with a trio of musicians was a part of his search for the meaning of life and of its good things and of his high sense of the privilege to serve. Once again, in the feverish days of 1917 and 18 he proved his mettle and enlisted in the United States Artillery for service abroad and is enrolled upon the records of his country today as Sergeant of the Headquarters Battalion of the Sixty-third Field Artillery United States Army, with honorable discharge at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, January 3, 1919, a service of which this flag bears eloquent testimony. In the company of his rector friend who was chaplain of the battalion he went to Fort Bliss and I like to think of these two,—both men dedicated to solemn services in the Church, one as priest of ritual mass and the other as priest of ritual music,—going out in the last service of patriotic devotion. But the supreme measure was not asked of him for a more glorious work awaited him. At Morningside College first and then at Hope College the path of duty was laid. And immediately he took within his range of consecration the City of Holland and the parish of Hope Church. What a service this has been. Who in our city has not felt the inspiration of his art and of his manhood and of his simple greatness. Why need I speak of what you all know? What word of mine could touch you where his life moved you to love him? When a year ago he directed you in worship of voice or hear in the immortal strains of the Messiah and your thousands rose as one soul when his baton was lifted,—you dedicated your best to your Chief Musician. Then you thought he would guide you another year but God was preparing W. Curtis Snow for the last ascent to the Holy Place. When our little year was drawing to a close, God took him where years are unknown for He had angel choirs in need of a Chief Musician. We mourn,—Hope College and Hope Church and our city; but not as those without hope. His lute is stilled for us but its strings are not broken. This morning at our College Chapel our Choir chanted the Seven-Fold Amen which he had taught them,—first trembling as those whose hearts were filled to overflowing; then gaining confidence from the memory of his presence they rose to a triumphant final A M E N,—for they knew—we all know—that The Chief Musician Lives.

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more—
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
Angels sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping.
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

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