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The Anchor

"Spren in Pen"

Volume XA  FEBRUARY, 1907  NUMBER 2

MESSAGES FROM NATURE.

In some things we never lose interest. Their inherent attractiveness always beckons us. This attractiveness is often due to the continual changes which they undergo. Each new phase leads us to find new beauty and more value in them, and to draw greater truths from them. But though there may be this inherent interest, man must often be shown their changes, and must be reminded of their teachings. He does not lose sight of them, but neglects them. Other cares often dull his vision, and overshadow them. This can be said of Nature. She is never weary. She never grows old. Her beauty is ever fresh, her refinement and simplicity are ever charming. Her eloquence each day invites our attention, her strength often appalls us. But man does not know her as his true friend. His untrained eye sees Nature as but a background to his own interests. She is necessary and interesting to him, it is true, but not appreciated by him.

Let us then for a brief moment look into her haunts, and search for a few of her treasures. Let the youth search for her strength, for in it she has a treasure for him. We would present to the artist Nature's beauty, for it is his true model. We find in her refinement a message for society. The ambitious, overtaxed man may well search for her simplicity. We think our message true, if we can bring to the orator a message from Nature's eloquence. For all of us, if we be prospectors in her wide kingdom, she will have some lesson.

Wend your way with me into the distant hills. We are charmed by the majestic grandeur which God's hand has
framed before us. We behold at our feet a mountain stream, sparkling in the light, with its waters dashing over the rocks into the unknown depths below. We know it has slowly and silently, but surely won away a bed for itself in the almost impenetrable rock. Or look in yonder valley and behold a scene of havoc. Picture a lands-slide crushing down the slope, clearing its path, breaking and crushing each mighty obstacle in its way like so much grass, and leaving a mass of ruin. Or look on yonder mound and admire with me a stately oak of "three score and ten" grand in its strength, and the emblem of power. We behold Nature in her strength. We know the strong arm which she holds ever ready to crush or lift up at her will, and she tells us that we, too, are subject to her laws. Man with his strength and inventive genius has tried to check her advance and thwart her design, but Nature with a gentle, though firm voice tells him to step aside and meekly obey her. Her strength is too mighty for him, and he must yield to her will. Her laws are not harsh, but irrevocable. Where then can the strength of youth be more fully replenished and fostered, than by implicitly obeying, and often consulting her? A truer friend youth cannot ask. Would you glory in your strength, build it as that of your guide, Nature.

But grander than her strength are the beauties of Nature. In the variety of her forms, in the harmony of her graces, in each tint and glow of her beautiful face, we read her message. It is one of love and kindness expressed in features not only soft and beautiful but also pleasing and winning, their tenderness enrapturing the soul, and stirring it to appreciation, sympathy and delight. Consider the splendor of her colors. Each little flower at our feet has its own shade, its peculiar characteristic which distinguishes it from its neighbor. Each has an individual charm in its radiant glow. Well might our Master say, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In her beauty Nature has her message for the artist. He it is whose duty lies in representing her forms as they appear to him. How great is that duty! How faithful must be he whose hand shall picture truth as it presents itself to him! How sacred should the works of God be to him who takes it upon himself to express them! Would you be an artist, your brush could have no truer guide than smiling, wooing Nature, for she is true and faithful as life who controls her.

We have before us a painter's picture. We stand in awe of its charm. We say its colors are delicate, its forms are fascinating. Now compare it with Nature, and quickly do we reflect how much more refined she is. Each blade of grass, each leaf of the tree, each buttercup's stem has a grace which human mind cannot reproduce, which vulgar man cannot imitate. Added to its grace is its completeness. Each bud has a perfect form, a full supply of nourishment, a growing blossom hid beneath the ugly coat which shelters it. Yet it lacks nothing. Nature takes the best and greatest care of her children. Here, it seems to us, society might learn a valuable lesson. If it is to remain pure, sweet, wholesome and refined, it can only do so by having a perfect teacher and model. That model is Nature, for where can we find a greater unity and completeness than in her. Each part has its relation and duty to each other part. Its growth is dependent upon its own share in the work. Its culture is realized only as it aids another. Its duty is clearly defined and very well performed. Social unity and health are similar in essence. No man can exist alone, and no healthy social life can be maintained, except as it is consistent with the laws of co-operation.

In the materialistic world of today, the constant strain of our busy life causes us to shorten our necessary hour for rest and recreation. We then seek those places where luxury and artificiality further restrain our overtaxed bodies. The simple life does not invite us. Nature with her charms is too simple, too common for our cultured minds. Art has misled us into thinking that "its mission is to imitate Nature, not represent it." How then shall we throw off this veil of insincerity and again bring to light our true estimation of the appreciation of truth? Emerson says, "The beauty of Nature must always seem unreal and mocking, until the landscape has human figures that are good as itself." Nature wants men. How much clearer would be our vision, how much more active our bodies, how much more pliable and energetic our minds, in short, how much healthier and more useful would be the human race, if each day Nature should receive, for even a short time, her due devotion and appreciation. No better
relaxation from our wearying drudgery can we suggest, than
for a few brief moments to rest our eyes on the beautiful
sunset, inspiring in its simplicity, and invigorating in its
warmth. What better relief for our sore aching lungs, poison-
ated by the reeking fumes of our crowded offices and streets,
than a breath of the pure, free, exhilarating country air! The
ambitious man can find no better stimulant for the strong body
which he needs, than a talk with Nature.

To one who enjoys the searching out of her hidden trea-
urses, Nature speaks with a thousand voices. We stand ap-
palled and shudder at the havoc of the raging storm. Each
thunder shock thrills a child with fear, and he hides his face
in his little hands as if to shut out the terrible flashing of
the swift-flying bolt. The voice of Nature is too horrible for
him we say. And yet we try to soothe him, and tell him God is
speaking to him. It tells us of His majesty and glory, His
power and strength. But it tells us also of His mercy and
care. Or listen to the voice of the cataract, whose roar is as a
mighty peal of laughter which shakes the mountains. Nature
tells us that she, too, has her mirth, that the world has yet to
learn to be bright and cheerful. The sparkling waters tells
us that sorrow is not our lot, that “man is not made to mourn.”
Then listen to the quiet gurgling brook, whose gentle murmur
soothes our troubled heart, whose silvery tongue speaks a
message of peace. It bids us quiet our fears, lay aside our
cares, strengthen our feeble endeavors, and begin life anew.
It gives us courage to do our best, and yet hold our tongue in
silence. For its voice quiets our complaints and puts to
shame our angry thoughts. Here we have Nature in her elo-
cquence. For “eloquence is the transference of thought and
emotion from one heart to another.” Does not Nature
reveal to us her very heart? Orators can find in her their
inspiration and their teacher. Cicero, the mighty voice of
ancient Rome, says of her, “I follow Nature as my surest
guide, and resign myself with implicit obedience to her sacred
ordinances.” Upheld by her strength, awakened by her
beauty, cultured by her refinement, constrained by her sim-
plecty, and enthused by her eloquence, little wonder that he
became the mightiest orator of his age. What message has
she for us?

And so we might go on and tell of her purity, her freedom,
her efficiency, her consistency, her healing, and even her de-
fects. Her message is evident everywhere. For every phase
of life she has her prescriptions. To the musician she recom-
mands the warbling note of the bird, which lifts its cheerful
song of praise and thanksness to its Maker, and bids us join
in the chorus. To the philosopher she tells of her many hidden
treasures which even he has yet gathered, but which lie
within his grasp if he will but reach forth his hand and take
them. To the lawyer she brings her laws, more perfect and
more consistent than his own, laws which give him more satis-
faction in studying, and more wealth in keeping. To the aged
she presents the picture of the gnarled oak soon to die and
disappear, it is true, but also an example of a noble, well-spent
life. It tells him not to weep, but to praise his Maker for
having been allowed to live. To the youth she brings a mes-
gage of hope. She bids him start right, live right, and when
finished, to resign all in peace. She tells him to be strong and
right like a man, to heed no obstacles. She tells him youth is
the age of activity, and must be made the most of. Upon the
sorrowful she casts her sweetest smile, and bids him take
heart again, for there is work to do. The joyful has her richest
blessing, for she, too, is happy, and bids us be happy. She can
“laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep.”
To those who lead the selfish life she speaks in her example,
for where can we find more ideal altruism than in Nature.
And so every man, be he rich or poor, young or old, educa-
d or ignorant, can learn from her his daily lesson, and through
it make his life sweeter and nobler.

We have entered into a few of Nature’s haunts. We know
what a store of wealth she owns, and that she is freely offer-
ing it to her faithful children. Ever ready to aid us, she is but
waiting to be invited. Shall we not be numbered among her
faithful admirers, and eagerly grasp her proffered gifts? The
world needs simple, earnest, strong, whole soulled men. Re-
finement and culture must be theirs. Their ready thoughts
need but an awakening touch, and they stir and benefit society.
Their clear eye must be quick to see each opportunity, and
use it as golden. Their eloquent tongue must stir the heart
to higher and nobler aims, to a greater appreciation of life and
The Anchor

its possibilities. Nature makes such men. Her life is an
education in itself, and the model which our lives should
follow.

* Hunt.
* Gough.

( Delivered by Jas. T. Veneklassen at the oratorical contest. Mr.
Veneklassen is very modest and we had difficulty in obtaining his con-
sent to publish it; but we hope our readers will enjoy it all the more for
this reason.—Editor.)

SLURIE SLAMMER.

There once was a student named Slurie Slammer,
Who carried about him a rude little hammer;
Perhaps you have met him, he's with us today—
You'll find him in class room, as well as at play.

Whenever his whims are not tickled just right,
He puts in an undertoned, "foul-blow" fight.

When fortune has favored his grab for position,
You'd think he had carried the vote of a nation.
Slur's head, then inadequate to its elation,
Floats like a bubble—before its explosion.

'Tis he, who then rules with an iron hand
The foes who protested, he should not command.

But lo! he has fallen—what can this all mean—
His worthy supporters have turned off their steam;
The bubble has burst; it has shrunk to a shrivel;
Those vainest of hopes are quite sadly disheveled.

So, out with his hammer as quick as a shock,
This vain little fellow commences to "knock."

And if he was clever, this vile little mocker,
We might perhaps pardon him, 'tho he's a "knocker;" But, like a rough log, a-floating down stream,
He bumps every object most wretchedly mean.

How foolish to waste all his energy thus
When he might be getting an E, or G plus!

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He kicks at professors and cuts at the preachers,
Disturbing the feelings of those stolid creatures;
For they always tremble with fear, "don't you know,"
When Slur utters forth a decision or so.

Let some one "get busy" with something worth while
And you'll certainly hear from the scoffer.
He then wears a bland, supercilious smile,
Nor any least aid will he offer.

His comment is often in form of a sneer,
But when more convenient he lets out a jeer.

And in the gymnasium, it may well he said,
He fires invective as heavy as lead:
"The building's built wrong—the management 's bum,"
If he had a say-so, you'd hear something hum.

In games if he's winner, "'twas done very neat;"
But when he is loser, the others all "cheat."
Should a man do good playing, that man is a "hog."
(Slur wants his own name on the day's catalogue.)

Go out on the ball-field—just make a safe guess,
That his stock of sly slanders is not a whit less.
Let a lad, he has slandered, show that he has feeling,
Slur has no apology for its re-healing.

Perhaps you will say that I'm "knocking" the "knocker,"
But you will concede that his conduct's improper;
That he needs something more than a sly little poke,
When he does not even give "slams" in a joke.

'Tis only a habit, (for that it must be)
That is so detestable to you and to me;
The habit is catching, beware of the germ;
When once you contract it, 'tis hard to unlearn.

Ascribe not this sad fault to any one fellow,
For our College Campus is already yellow.
With prevalent symptoms of undeserved "knocking"
Which, sooner or later, will be our own mocking.
Look not in your brother’s eye searching a mote;
Remember the beam you are trying to tote.

HENRI G. DE KRUIF, Prep. “A.”

THE INTREPID FIVE.

(With apologies to the Shade of Tennyson)

For a league, for a league,
For a league pennant,
Into the Zeeland gym
Marched the intrepid five.

"Forward, ye men of Hope!"—
The deep-voiced Peter spoke.
"Into the Zeeland gym,
March, ye intrepid five."

"Forward, ye men of Hope!"
Was there a man provoked?
Not, tho these athletes knew
Oltmans has floundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to do and die.
Into the Zeeland gym
Marched the “Big Five.”

Hopeites to right of them,
Hopeites to left of them,
Hopeites in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Bravely they stood and well,
There in the — Zeeland gym (!)
Broke not nor blundered,
Heeded not false alarms.
Glistened their brawny arms,
Winners of maidens’ charms,
All the world wondered.

Plunged in the struggle wild
Hope’s five ne’er lost their smile,
(While Hopeites thundered.)
Herder and Karsten reeled,
All on that hard fought field,
Shattered and sundered.
E’en tho they fought so well
There in that spacious—gym,
Zeeland had floundered.

Hopeites to right of them,
Hopeites to left of them,
Hopeites in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at by shout and yell,
Zeeland, tho fighting well,
Came from the hands of—Hope
Shattered and sundered.
Came from the hands of Hope,
(Who with that band can cope?)
All Zeeland wondered.

When can the glory fade,
’Stablished by youth and maid,
With seventeen scores ahead,
All Zeeland wondered.
Oh, the wild fight they made,
Bold they and unafraid
While Hopeites thundered.  "07."
Herman Renskers, of the Junior class, third.

Mr. Van Zanten's oration on "Marie Antoinette," though of the biographical kind, was treated in an original way. The rhetoric was pleasing and smooth. The thought was vitalized with well-turned expressions and lively figures. His delivery was in harmony with the thought, graceful and sympathetic. Mr. Van Zanten is now up against taking first place at Hillsdale: Here's to luck and first!

A. J. Van Houten, the second orator, spoke on "Daniel Webster." He ably defended his hero; and his oration was developed in an orderly way. His delivery was simple and straightforward. He has the making of a speaker in him; but Sophomoreisms have not entirely disappeared from his oratory.

Mr. Mulder's oration was entitled "The American Ideal." The young orator has an excellent voice and makes a good appearance on the stage. His well chosen subject was treated with firm logic and forceful rhetoric; and he easily deserved the rank he received from the judges.

Jas. T. Veneklassen spoke on "Messages from Nature." His paper was marked by simplicity and clearness; it was rich in thought and the messages were real personal messages. There was nothing profound about it, but it was a gem in simple beauty. Mr. Veneklassen's delivery was in the opinion of most of the audience almost perfect.

Jas. De Kraker spoke on "Madame Roland." His rhetoric might have been a little smoother, but the development of the theme was clear cut; and his sentences overflowed with earnest enthusiasm for his heroine. Mr. De Kraker has a strong voice and his gestures were graceful and effective.

"The Battle of Marathon" was the subject of Herman Renskers. He succeeded in vitalizing a theme far removed from the sphere of modern interest. His story of the brave stand of the Athenials was vivid and clear. Mr. Rensker's voice lacks power, but skillful narration and sincere earnestness amply make up for it.
John Dykstra was the last speaker on the program. His subject, “Is Our Republic Passing?” was fraught with interest. The first part of the oration was perhaps a little pessimistic, but it was pessimism of a helpful kind as the sequel showed. The oration was extremely interesting. Mr. Dykstra’s voice is wonderfully powerful; and if he learns to control it properly he bids fair to lead his class to victory.

All the speakers unite in attributing the success of the contest to the untiring efforts of Prof. Dimment. He has made everybody do his best, and all are enthusiastic over the kindly and helpful treatment they received from him. There is no hard feeling or petty jealousy among the speakers; and since Hope believes in the strength of unity all are united in supporting Mr. Van Zanten “with all our hearts, with all our souls, and with all our strength.” And if good wishes can do it first place is assured for Hope at Hillsdale.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Zeeland, 30; Hope, 37.

The three games since the last issue of The Anchor have not lowered Hope’s perfect percentage in the Trolley League. On January 11 our five met the fast team from Zeeland, which went home after the game sadder than they came with the short end of a 37 to 30 score. Nothing daunted by the absence of Roggen from the line-up, with Manley Stegeman in his place at guard, Hope played its characteristic fast game. Zeeland outplayed us in passing, but as we made 15 field baskets to our opponents’ 10, we clearly won by all-around playing. Though Hope led in the scoring all the way they were forced to the utmost to keep the lead, and only breathed easily when the final whistle blew.

Zeeland, 20; Hope, 37.

Although Zeeland went home on the 11th a sadder team they evidently did not go home a wiser one, for a week later in their own gymnasium they could do nothing to stop Hope from scoring. Faithful practice during the week previous had strengthened our weak spots and when we went to Zeeland accompanied by a carload of rooters, it was to beat Zeeland if we could. We found out in about one minute that we could, and we did. Zeeland was not in it at any stage of the game. Hope completely outclassed them on their own floor. Manley Stegeman, playing but his second game at guard, worked like a veteran, while De Kuif and Veenker at forwards had no difficulties in eluding their guards; and Vruwink held his man to one basket. The entire team was in its old true form and nothing could prevent their winning.

Muskegon, 16: Hope, 44.

On the evening of January 24 Hope cinched the pennant of the Trolley League. Muskegon was lost on our floor, and Veenker ran up point after point. Four points in the opening minute of play were easily registered. From center to Veenker to the basket brought the first two, and from center to the basket by way of De Kuif brought the other two. De Kuif played in his old style and threw baskets from any position. Veenker was a close second, while Jno. Vruwink, playing his brother’s position at guard, won much applause for his work. Muskegon is under a coach who was a former University of Wisconsin player, and so we feel doubly joyous over the result. The score 44 to 16 shows that our five outplayed the Muskegon aggregation completely. They took defeat with good grace and were as gentlemanly a bunch of boys as ever visited our floor.

The basket ball team reports a very pleasant evening spent as the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Kuizenga on January 25. They dined Muskegon and so Prof. Kuizenga invited them to down some oysters as a reward. No one failed to score and only stopped when they could no longer count their record. After the game at oysters everybody “swopped” stories of coll. pranks and basket ball and the time to leave came all too soon. What the boys think of the congenial professor can be judged from the remarks of one as he left when he said, “Say, fellows, I’m going to get my English good after this.” The team says, “Nine rahs” for Prof. Kuizenga.
SOCIETY NEWS.

On Friday evening, January 25, the Cosmopolitans enjoyed a banquet in Cosmos Hall. The new hall easily accommodated the thirty-five members and their friends. When all were seated there was still ample room for the speakers who responded to toasts, to swing their arms to their fullest extent as the floods of native eloquence got the better of them. In fact the hall was found to be ideal as a banquet room. It was an evening of unalloyed enjoyment; and the members have only one regret, viz., that they forgot all about the ro:jo rule. But that regret is perhaps not as sincere as they would have others believe. Following are the names and subjects of those who responded to toasts:

A. Mulder—Toastmaster.
“Green Peas”—J. Van Zanten.
“Our Sisters”—Fred Miles.
“Calves”—Gerrit Van Peurse.
“Characteristics of a Modern Dutchman”—J. Vander Schaaf.
“Woman Suffrage”—Wm. Walvoort.

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SOME BUMPS.

Professibus givibus
Longi lessonorum;
Boyibus kickibus,
Non wanti somorum,
Boyibus readibus
Much Germanorum;
Professibus givibus
Himi flunkorum.
Boyibus getibus
Poori gradorum;
Endibus termibus
Non he passorum.

It will perhaps be of interest to our readers to know that Dick Muyssens, ’05, now attending the Theological Seminary at Grand Rapids, has been elected editor of the “Calvin College Chimes,” of which the first number has just reached us. Success to Dick and the new paper.
The oyster dealers in town have come to the conclusion that Hope must cut out winning basketball games, or they must buy more oysters—which shall it be?

Mildred (translating French with one of the boys)—"A propos, what does that mean? Do you propose?"

Boy (translating following line)—"Yes, dear, if you agree."

Wynea (Jan. 31)—"Is this a day of prayer for the orators or the audience?"

Parsin!—"The Deacon's Masterpiece."

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Renskers—"Van der Meulen is going to leave college."

Sizoo—"Oh, can't you see through that; that's one of Van's April fool jokes."

---

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**DYKEMA, THE TAILOR**

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Vis—"Man is the highest of the animals."

Prof.—"Do you call me an animal?"

Vis—"What are you else—a cabbage?"

Kuizenga (reading from L'Allegro, "She was pinched and pulled") to Scholten, "What does this mean?"

Scholten—"She was arrested."

Miss K-I-I-n—"I get such high marks this year. I don't know what makes it. Why, I got 92 in 'Psych.' test."

Can anyone tell her the reason?

Duven (shovelling path on campus)—"After paying two full fares to Wisconsin and back, a fellow's got to make money some way."

"All who wish to take special work in physical culture apply to Prof. Mast. The frog course is restricted to the Seniors."

Dr. Kollen says, "The gymnasium will be open every afternoon except Saturday forenoons."

The English class was obliged to write two lines of verse for Prof. Kuizenga and the following lines were given:

"The Sophomores they are foolish creatures,
They think themselves as wise as preachers."

"Very good sentiment," remarked Prof. K.

---

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When Miss Van Z. was taken home after her accident, Abe, hearing of the misfortune, was very desirous to see her, so Prof. Vander M—'s ready brain soon found a way. When the doctor came Abe was still there and so to relieve his mind the professor asked the doctor if her brother could not see her. The doctor said, "Yes, that it might do her some good." A day after Abe was standing at the office waiting for the doctor to come out. He immediately asked as to her welfare, and the doctor hastily informed him, "She is as well as could be expected," and added, "Your mother just came."

Three orators from Zeeland—Veneklasssen, Mulder and—Renskers.
Handkamp always fumigates his orations for germs of thought.
Prof. Dimment—"Did you ever walk the floor with a crying baby?"
Vander Schaaf—"No, sir; I didn't."
Prof. D.—"There are great things in store for you yet."

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