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The Anchor

JUNE 1907
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Instruction is offered leading to the master's and doctor's degrees in the following fields: Philology (Ancient and Modern Languages and Literature) History, Political Science, Economics, Philosophy, Education and Fine Arts, Music, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology and Anthropology. Inquiries may be addressed to G. W. ROBINSON, 11 University Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

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Instruction leading to professional degrees is offered in the following subjects: Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Mining, Metallurgy, Architecture, Landscape Architecture, Forestry, Applied Physics, Applied Chemistry, Applied Zoology and Applied Geology. Inquiries may be addressed to W. C. SABINE, 17 University Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The Anchor
"Spura in Era"

VOLUME XX
JUNE, 1907
NUMBER 9

PATRICK HENRY.

(Note.—This oration tied for first place in thought and style in the Bust Contest held Memorial Day, 1907.)

Resistance is never lacking when the iron heel of despotism treads upon a nation's breast. Man's inborn spirit chafes unwillingly under the hateful yoke of the oppressor. The inspiring strains of the song of freedom ever follow the crack of the driver's whip. Dutiful patriotism never withholds its offerings from the altars of freedom. The cry "for the fatherland," will ever hurry a country's loyal son to the endangered frontiers and render him willing to offer his body a living sacrifice. Sweet and becoming it is to die for one's country.

It is for these that posterity erects noble monuments; it is their name that lingers in the memory of the descendant; their deeds hard and historian embellish with unsullied glory; theirs the adoration and worship in home and heart.

But what then, posterity, will you bestow upon those men whom no glorious death, like that which in the onslaught of the battle falls upon the warrior, forever exempted from the service of their country; but who, bearing the enemy's persecution and suffering, the distrust of their fellow citizens perpe-

1 On unceasingly to effect and establish your independence? For him, whose eagle eye descried lurking dangers beyond broad oceans; whose keen intellect never failed to ferret out treachery and fraud; whose lofty spirit never flinched to fearlessly oppose when truth and honor and your freedom were en-

2 ached upon is mausoleum or statue a sufficient reward?
Patrick Henry's merits cannot be measured by marble or stone; his must be a compensation more worthy.

Go back with me to the period preceding the Revolutionary War. Great Britain is daily storing up wrath in the colonies. Her parliament continually forges new chains to fetter the unhappy colonists. Each postship carries more despotic mandates to the states; every gale from the East drives stronger fleets to the western waters; every spring-tide throws more formidable forces upon the American shores. These stubborn peoples must yield, decrees haughty England. A Chatham, a Fox, a Burke, inspired with a higher conception of man's liberty and right, protest; they plead, they warn, but all in vain. The senate chambers resound with a "clamorous appealing" for the "holy war." After eighteen ages again a misled people cries: "Their blood come upon us and our children." For England's advisers are fools and its king is a child.

Will young America tamely submit to such measures? Did Puritan and Cavalier flee the yoke of oppression in the home country that their children should be crushed by the heavy hand of the tyrant in the land of their exile? Is the blood of the makers of Magna Charta so degenerated, are its feelings so blunted as not to be aware of the restraint of political freedom? Have the forebears breathed the liberty-pregnant air of the Low Countries in vain, that the offspring no longer can scent approaching servitude? It is true, already dark clouds have packed together on the northern horizon; over the Massachusetts hills flashed the vivid lightning; the ominous rumblings of thunder reverberated through Virginia's blue ridges. But now all is silent again, silent as the grave. The nation is in its birth-throes, but lacks the strength to bring forth. Already some cry: "Peace! Let us have peace!" And had it not been for a God, who laughs at the counsels of kings; and a Patrick Henry, whose prophetic vision pierced beyond the present, the glorious dayspring of independence would have been but the harbinger of a night, full of woe and tears.

Patrick Henry is one of the many illustrious sons of Virginia. Close communion with nature during his childhood implanted within his breast a wild desire for freedom. The solitary country life opened his soul, highly receptive to the great truths of human rights and justice. Greed or sordid ambition did not destroy his morals. No perverting influence from diplomatic life diluted the essence of his convictions; his boyhood was spent under the tutorage of a teacher too serene to allow him ever to play with the sacred rights of man. His ideals were high; too high, some said. They called him a day dreamer, a good-for-nothing. They could not understand him. For the ordinary concerns of life were barely able to arouse Patrick Henry to action. His soul was like an Aeolian harp. Only when the storm of the Revolution smote the cords mightily, it responded in a true strain. And although he was despised and rejected by his fellow-lawyers; though he had no form nor comeliness nor beauty that his people should desire him, this patriot nevertheless strove onward with a love for his country immeasurable; with a consecration for a worthy cause unselfish; with a zeal to uphold justice and right inextinguishable; and a courage to accomplish the same undaunted.

"The Parson's Case" first reveals the latent talents of this lawyer from the backwoods. His opponents begin to fear that weird light in his eye and the overwhelming eloquence of his tongue. Soon he becomes the terror of his enemies, the idol of his countrymen. But though the foe trembles while he infused a new hope into the nation, Patrick Henry rests not on his laurels. His task is but just begun. For popular opinion cannot be easily persuaded to realize itself into deeds. Personal ambition, envy, religious differences, all such passions tend to sweep the colonists from an unbiased course. To weld the people together into one strong, unbreakable force, to render their different aims and opinions subject to one high ideal, only the wisdom of a Solomon, combined with the eloquence of a Demosthenes and the courage of a Socrates, can effect.

In May, 1765, the house of burgesses holds its session. A motion is made to consider steps necessary to be taken in regard to the obnoxious Stamp Act,—the Stamp Act that fills Patrick Henry's freedom-loving soul with indignation; that restrains the free propagation of thought; that attempts to silence the voice of the people. But the venerable members of the house deliberate maturely: they advise caution. Let Virginia wait. Let her see what the other colonies will do.
It is then that an uncommon event, unparalleled in the records of the house, takes place. The new member of Louisa, Patrick Henry, rises to his feet. "This rustic and clownish youth of the terrible tongue, what has he to advise with them?" the old lawyers ask each other. "Are not both the gray-headed and very aged men much older than his father?" But soon they know. Patrick Henry calmly reads the celebrated resolutions, later known as the Virginia Resolutions, the keynote of which is: "Taxation without representation is tyranny." He speaks about the injustice of the Stamp Act. His terrible tongue lashes in a fearful invective the British government. The conservatives shout: "Treason! Treason!" But this son of Boanerges is not to be silenced. His sublime eloquence sweeps his enemies from their feet; it wins over the minds of the wavering members of the convention; it strengthens the hearts of the orator's friends. The Virginia Resolutions are carried. Patrick Henry has won the day.

The example of such dauntless courage fails not to stir the hearts of the colonists. Besides, the shameful Writs of Assistance, and the Boston Massacre must force the people to strife. However, when on the 20th of March, 1775, the second Revolutionary convention meets at Richmond to decide the important question, resistance or submission, again these men hesitate. They are not cowards, but they have due respect for all authority. To willfully sever themselves from the crown seems to them impossible. Moreover, the Indian is threatening the western frontier, and may they leave their wives and children to the mercy of the savages? So they deliberate, so thy hesitate, so they fear. England looks upon this wavering assembly with a sneer, the powers of Europe look on in solemn awe. Gloom settles upon the countenance of every member in the convention. The fate of the nation hangs in the balance; who dare cast, who can cast the weight that will swing the scale to the side of liberty and independence?

In this awful moment Patrick Henry mounts the platform. Not like a proud, self-confident haranguer of the people he bears the grief and sorrow of the whole nation. The responsibility of a people's happiness: nay, the happiness of generations yet unborn, rests with him. He commences to speak. Sad and melancholy are these first sentences. But
gradually his conviction becomes stronger, his bearing is noble, his eye flashes with the wanted fire, and forgetting all threatening dangers around him, only guided by his unerring sense of justice and right, he knows but one issue when finally he exclaims: "Is life so dear, is peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains of slavery? Forbid it. Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Such was Patrick Henry's patriotism. I pass over the battles of Lexington and Concord as the results of his zeal. I shall not mention the surrender of Cornwallis when the battles of the Republic were ended. I am silent about the event when for the last time the aged patriot's noble voice rang out loud and clear, and stilled the storm of internal dissentions that threatened to break asunder the bond of the Union. All these events are but like a thread that, winding through the centuries, comes to you yourself as the living results of Patrick Henry's Labor. He has accomplished your warfare. He has established your peace. He has laid the strong foundations of your future independence. And if no trusts bring another tyranny over the nation; if no labor unions enslave the people in a more hateful thraldom; if a statue of liberty, that beckons the weary toiler from the overworked fields of the Old World to the fertile plains of the New, become not a mockery because you placed a guard with flaming sword at the golden gate, but if you shall love the stranger that dwelleth with you as yourself; and finally, if the nation forget not the lead of her forefathers, then shall the American people-worthy to compensate the champion of their independence, not with statues of granite and marble, but by the embodiment of his precepts in their lives and hearts.


OXFORD LETTER.

(Continued from May number.)

Gentle reader, do not for a moment suppose that all the six thousand Oxford students "live laborious days," or, when midnight slumbers vanish for a pastime read Boethius' "De Consolatione Philosophiae" nor even that a large per-
centage read in the school of Litterae Humaniores! No; many think “Greats” dehumanizing and are content with pass schools, as long as they can ride their hunters, drive their automobiles, play hockey, tennis or cricket, and row in the “torpid” and “eights” races. Certainly, the picturesqueness of these races is indescribable. Imagine coaches dressed (?) in “shorts,” issuing their orders through blaring megaphones, several thousand students of the various colleges in their “shorts” and in blazers veiling with the rainbow in their variety of brilliant hues, running along the tow-path, and with shout and rattle and pistol shot urging their respective “eights” to “hump,” while eager onlookers from either bank and from the tops of a score of college barges catch the excitement of the hour, and you have a faint conception of what a boat race means at Oxford.

“Mens sana in corpore sano” is the watchword at the English universities, and a safe policy it certainly is at Oxford and Cambridge, where climatic conditions are not at all favorable to health. And, by the way, I wish our students who worship the Moby of American football might see how this great game, both the “Rugger” and the “Soccer” variety are played in England in a civilized and Christian manner, without the contingency of “reserves.” The English are still as true sportsmen as they were in the days of Elizabeth and Anne. The droll humor of Will Wimble’s letter comes to mind: “I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John’s eldest son. He takes to his learning (?) hugely.” Similarly do many here who bring their grooms and chauffeurs with them, and spend £2,000 or more annually. For scholastic strenuousness the Rhodes men, American and Colonial alike, set such a commendable example. Nevertheless, Oxford produces a great many very fine scholars (note the great works published by the Oxford University press), as well as men that afterwards sit in the councils of the nation; and, invariably, men of refinement and good breeding. An English woman in London said to me recently: “Yes, there is something about an Oxford man that stamps him as peculiarly Oxonian.” Says Laurence Sterne, “Hail ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it!” And Tennyson:

“For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.”

Some one has said that the Anglo-Saxon is by nature brutal and cruel; however this may be, the fact remains that acquired gentle courtesy reveals a work of grace in operation during, perhaps, several generations. In the Bolleyan is an old Harleian MS., written about 1460, called the “Boke of Curtesie.” In it I read the other day: “Don’t grin, shout, or stuff your mouth with food, or pick your teeth with your knife.” The last injunction must have been intended for the “gap-tooth’d” wives of Bath.

The English student has the fondness of his American cousin for slang and college cant. Here are some specimens: “Ecker” (exercise), “brekker” (breakfast), “rag” (the commoner’s gown, which to see on some of them would convince one of the appositeness of the term), “prooggins” (proctor), “buller” (sub-proctor), “bedder” (bed-room). If you are a “Fresher,” you may wake some morning to find your “oak screwed.” A student that fails in his “exams” is said to be “plowed” or “pipp’d,” and in days gone by, should a creditor pluck the sleeve of the Proctor, when, at the great Convocation, he “walks” for his candidate, such a delinquent student was said to be “plucked,” and could not take his degree until his creditor was given monetary satisfaction.

His humor, too, is often versatile. Such legends as these may be found scrawled on palm-leaf-like desks of the “Writing Schools”: “I am undone,” “He facet little me,” “I am pipped, I am ploughed, I am plucked!” These wails remind me of the inscriptions one may see over the door of the “Zweet Komer” at Leyden University: “Teer, bring ons met in Leyden Ps.” etc. Over the same door are, in large letters, the inscription Dante found outside the entrance to Hell: “Lascia gli altri, speranza.”

The Oxford student cultivates an ardent affection for Dame Nicotine. At his “smokers” he will sing with a fervency worthy of a better cause:

“I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit:
centage read in the school of Litterae Humaniores! No; many think “Greats” dehumanizing and are content with Pass Schools, as long as they can ride their hunters, drive their automobiles, play hockey, tennis or cricket, and row in the “Torpid” and “Eights” races. Certainly, the picturesque ness of these races is indescribable. Imagine coaches dressed (?) in “shorts,” issuing their orders through blaring megaphones, several thousand students of the various colleges in their “shorts” and in blazers vying with the rainbow in their variety of brilliant hues, running along the tow-path, and with shout and rattle and pistol shot urging their respective “eights” to “hump,” while eager onlookers from either bank and from the tops of a score of college barges catch the excitement of the hour—and you have a faint conception of what a boat race means at Oxford.

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“I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)  
Drops make a cat a ghost—  
Useless, except to roast—  
Doctors have said it;  

"How they who use fuses  
All grow by slow degrees  
Brainless as chimpanzees,  
Meagre as lizards;  
Go mad and beat their wives;  
Plunge (after shocking lives)  
Razors and carving-knives  
Into their gizzards.

"Cats may have had their goose  
Cooked by tobacco juice;  
Still why deny its use  
Thoughtfully taken?  
We’re not as tabbies are—  
Smith, take a fresh cigar!  
Jones, the tobacco-jar!  
Here’s to thee, Bacon!"

Many quaint customs still survive at Oxford. On November 5th, Guy Fawkes day, boys go about the streets carrying a stuffed “Guy” and singing the following ballad:

"Remember, remember the fifth of November,  
The gun-powder treason and plot;  
I have no reason why the gun-powder treason  
Should ever be forgot.

“A penny roll to stuff his poll,  
A penn’oth of cheese to choke him;  
A pint of beer to rinse it down,  
And a good old fagot to burn him!”

Again, several weeks before Christmas, the “carol singers” and “waits” go from door to door to sing their Christmas songs. And then there is the “Boar’s Head Ceremony” on Christmas evening at Queen’s College, a pageant which some of us were fortunate to witness. This year the head (a genuine boar’s head) was supplied from the Smithfield show, and was duly cooked and garnished by the college chef. Guests for the dinner sat at the high table (table on the dais). At 6:30 p.m. the Provost enters, followed by Fellows, and all take their seats at the table, whereupon the former says grace in Latin. The call to dinner is given by the sound of trumpet (a custom coeval with the foundation). Presently comes the procession, led by the soloist. Behind him, four servitors carry on their shoulders a massive silver salver, on which lies a great boar’s head, weighing thirty-seven pounds, crowned, bestuck with flags, and “bedecked with bays and rosemary.” Then follows the choir of men and boys, who, led by the soloist, sing the following carol:

Solo—

"The boar’s head in hand bring I,  
With garlands gay and rosemary;  
I pray you all sing merrily,  
Qui estis in convivio.

Chorus—

Caput apri deferō,  
Reddens laudes domino.

Solo—

"The boar’s head, as I understand,  
Is the bravest dish in all the land,  
When thus bedecked with gay garland,  
Servite cumbantico.

Our steward hath provided this  
In honour of the King of Bliss,  
Which on this day to be served is,  
In Reginensi atrio.

Chorus—

Caput apri deferō  
Reddens laudes domino."

Arrived at the table, the servitors place the dish before the Provost, who distributes the decorations among the guests and singers, the soloist, as customary, getting the orange from the boar’s mouth. I should also state that according to an immemorial custom, the brawn was sent to the king.

This Christmas ceremony looks back several centuries. It seems that once on a time, on Christmas eve, a student of Queen’s, strolling on Shotover Hill, and carrying in his hand a copy of Aristotle’s Rhetoric, which he was reading in the original, encountered a boar, who seems to have had the
same aversion for Greek that a bull has for a red rag, and in his fierceness made for the student, who realizing that it was a far cry from a Shotover boar to a college don, and that caution is the better part of valor, rammed the rhetoric down his aprian throat and shouted "Graccum est." Not even a boar could survive such a dose of Greek. In an instant the soul of the savage brute was in the Shades with Aristotle. The grateful scholar had the carcass served for Christmas dinner at his college.

With its twenty-two churches and as many college chapels, at which daily prayers are offered, Oxford is a typically religious city. One can have religion dispensed to him in almost any form desired. The Anglican church seems exceedingly elastic and dirigible. Within its fold may be found the "high," "low," and "broad" type of churchmen. Naturally, all of these flourish in aVarsity town. And then there are the Puseyites with their school and their chapel of the Resurrection, and the Cowley Fathers, a devoted sect, who have taken the vows upon them and chant Gregorian music at "high service." At this church and also at St. Barnabas, in "Jericho" there is fully as much mummmery and flummery as in the Roman Catholic church itself; indeed, when you see the huge censers belching forth at the "high church" service you suspect that the Romanists are left in the shadow. Not long ago the bishop of Oxford addressed a letter of inquiry to the rector of St. Barnabas, asking him about the alleged confession in his church which, according to the doctrines of the Anglican church, is one of the "vain things fondly invented." The vicar replied: "My Lord, we have the pill but not the box." This church, as well as other sacramental "high" churches, is always filled, there being more men than women in attendance, strangely enough. People here still love the mystic charm of sacerdotalism and the "dim religious light."

My clerical friends at home know too well for my elucidation the story of the Oxford, or "Tractate movement," which resulted in this present "high church" tendency, and which drew John H. Newman into the Catholic fold, never more to love the "garish day." Another great triumph of the Romanist church in England was the capture of Cardinal Manning, who believed that "appeal to reason is an insult to the Holy Ghost." The result is that nowhere has this church greater prestige than in England. Father Bernard Vaughn is heard with pleasure at Oxford, especially when he preaches against the sins of the "snort set."

I confess I have sampled all the sects and feasted on all the forms. In the morning I frequently attend St. Mary's, the university church, to hear from the pulpit where Cranmer and Latimer preached, some Dr. Dry-as-Dust expound or expunge (for there is much free thought even in the Anglican
church) some traditional dogma; while in the evening, in the same church, I have heard such bold and eloquent divines as the bishop of London preach a heart-searching sermon to the under-graduate students. But placing principle above prestige in my conduct of life, I have been most faithful in attendance at the non-conformist churches, whose great struggle in England touches my heart. Not until fifty years ago could a non-conformist take a degree at the university; today they have two colleges here, while they count over two hundred representatives in Westminster. It is this "dissidence of dissent," as Burke termed it in speaking of the American colonies, that has nourished the great protagonists in the realm of righteousness, the pioneers of reform in church and state and social life. I think of the Careys and Wesleys and Patons and Howards; of Coleridge and Browning. I think also of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, for the sake of freedom of conscience sailed across the cruel Atlantic in their wilty Mayflower to found the world's greatest nation upon the principles of liberty and equality.

There is a growing belief that for all concerned, even for the church of England itself, disestablishment and disendowment were best. Let this be effected, to be followed by annulling the peerage and establishing a house of elected lords (I love to write this word without a capital), and England will bid fair to be as free a country as our own beloved America.

I wish I had time and space to tell you about the superior hymnology of all the churches alike in England. Here America is put to shame. I cannot speak with the same commendation about their psalm-chanting. This would be beautiful enough were it done in the composite Latin or Hebrew tongue; but in analytic English the effect is sometimes ludicrous.

To conclude. To a foreigner the wonder daily grows how it is that such a little island should get such world prestige. When I think of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century I say it is England's navy to which we must attribute this circumstance. I wonder whether England's belief, like that of Israel of old, that she is a peculiar nation and people, chosen by God to "take up the white man's burden," has not something to do with her success in the past, certainly, faith

The Anchor

in one's self is a great factor in one's success, but it carries
with it also a great and awful danger—pride and arrogance. Believe me, there are here, as well as in America, many Augean stables for a Hercules to cleanse ; many Heorots for a Beowulf to rid. What John Bull needs more than Dreadnoughts for his navy is the pions and repeated perusal of the second chapter of the prophet Habakkuk. If unmindful of the prophet's warning the disintegration and dissolution of his vast empire is his certain fate.

"Hopefully" yours,

JOHN B. NYKERK.
The Anchor

Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

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ANCHOR ASSOCIATION ENTERTAINMENT.

The Anchor Association has long been pleading along under a rather uncomfortable burden. The reason for this has been because of the load of debt on our shoulders. Through the industry of the committee, an excellent entertainment was presented on May 24 and the burden has been very much lightened. The lecture on "New Discoveries in Mind," by Prof. Vander Meulen, was the drawing card. In the lecture the speaker gave much of his own experience with the advocates of Spiritualism. Although the orator showed that he was by no means an apostle of Spiritualism, yet he revealed that there are wonderful possibilities in the human mind. Prof. Vander Meulen dwelt upon the progress in art and science and ventured to predict even greater discoveries in mind. His humor and philosophy richly repaid the audience. Credit for the success of the entertainment is also due to the Misses Catherine Conlon, Catherine Pesink and Ida Larkin, and to Messrs. Benj. De Young and Arthur Henskveyd. Their musical numbers were high class and were received appreciatively. Mr. Wm. Vander Hart delighted the audience with his interpretive readings. He is very humorous and interprets in a masterly way. Thanks is due to all those who appeared on the program, and the Anchor Association takes this opportunity of expressing to them our hearty appreciation of your help and support.

WASHINGTON BUST CONTEST.

In one of the niches which decorate the walls of the entrance corridor of Van Raalte Hall, stands a bronze bust of our nation's father, George Washington. Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, from New York, presented this beautiful memento to Old Hope, and offered to furnish triennially an exact duplicate of this bust as a laurel that should crown the efforts of that college man who should deliver with the most artistic skill the best original patriotic oration.

May the thrice-happy the day set for the contest, came at last. With renewed vigor and firm expectations the eight orators stepped upon the rostrum of Carnegie Auditorium. The walls rang forth with continuous applause and discordant chorus of class yells. Prof. Dimmitt, the chairman of the evening, made a very appropriate remarks, introductory to the program. With a determined spirit the respective speakers vied in the elegance and grace of oratory. Every contestant did honor to himself and to his Alma Mater. It was the best local oratorical contest ever witnessed by the present student generation. When the orators had completed their task, a murmurous of satisfaction as to the contest, and of wonderment as to the winner crept over the audience. It was indeed a difficult task for the judges to decide as to the victor. The hall was quite quiet when it was announced that E. H. Pleune, '19, the natural born orator, had carried off the much coveted laurel. John W. Van Zanten, '17, however, was a very close second. The Anchor would herewith extend its heartiest congratulations to the winner; we would express our appreciation of the efforts of our professor in elocution in making this contest a great success, and above all, we would express our sincere gratitude to the noble benefactor who made it possible for Hope to give such a contest.

The following program was rendered:

Invocation.................................................. Dr. G. H. Dubbink
Vocal solo, "Love's Enchantment".......................... Hawley
Estelle M. Kollen.
Oration, "Soldiers of Peace".......................... Paul E. Hinkamp
Oration, "The American Indian"......................... Wm. Walsmoed
Vocal solo.................................................. Selected
Kathryn M. Pesink.
Orations:
- “The Heritage of the Republic” by John W. Van Zanten
- “Benedict Arnold” by Henry George Root
- “INTERMISSION—FIVE MINUTES.
- “The Boys in Gray” by Cornelius Muller
- “The Blue and Gray” by James A. Stegeman

Vocal Solos:
- “The Bee” by Liza Lehmann
- “Lovers in the Lane” by Liza Lehmann
  (From “The Life of a Rose”)
- Miss Mae Van Drezer
- “The Pilgrim and His Mission” by Peter H. Pleume
- “Patrick Henry” by Henry K. Pasma

ATHLETICS.

For the last four or five years, base ball and, perhaps, tennis, have been the only sports in which the student body have taken any enthusiastic interest during the spring terms. But a few notes on the game no longer adequately represent the true condition of athletics at Hope. We are beginning to appreciate our natural advantages. The particularly favorable situation of Black lake and Black river, with their various opportunities for recreation and systematic exercise, are being recognized. Every Saturday morning fishing parties may be seen starting off for a day’s outing. One needs not go far to see a solitary student lying comfortably in his boat or sitting on the end of the pier, pole in hand, repeating an oration or committing the conjugation of a Greek verb. Launching parties to the Park are also quite common occurrences. But to these, row boat races must be added. Daily challenges are posted and accepted. What does it mean? Are we finally awakening to an appreciation of the value of our water front? Are we beginning to realize that Hope can have crews if the students are willing to push this project? It is possible, for enthusiastic alumni, who have been continually advocating this very thing, are willing to back us financially in securing barges. This is only a suggestion. You may think it is a fond dream, yet we are confident that it can be made a reality.

SOCIETY NOTES.

SOROSIS.

The Sorosis Society is about to complete the last term of the school year, and although this term is the shortest, still we trust that it has not been the least profitable. Throughout the year the meetings have been well attended, and the programs well worth the while. The society has tried to vary the old order of program as much as possible, and the innovations have been pleasing and instructive. Truly, college functions have sometimes made it difficult to hold our regular meetings, and there is nothing so necessary to the enthusiastic life of a society as regularity of meetings. Yet loyalty to the society has warranted our making this term equal to the others in everything save the number of meetings. Next year we hope to have a room of our own in the Girls’ Dormitory and without doubt amid more congenial surroundings Sorosis will do even better work than she has done this year.

—MAE VAN DREZER.

MINERVA SOCIETY.

The Minerva Society has had a very successful term of work. The programs have been of a very helpful and instructive nature. The members have all done their little part to make the society a grand success and are looking forward with new zeal to another year of work.

MELIPHONE SOCIETY.

The Meliphone Society, the only society in the “prep,” is in a flourishing condition. The year has been successful in every way. The programs rendered have been of a higher standard than heretofore. This year is our fiftieth anniversary and all have worked to make this a success. On June 8th we expect to hold our annual “bust.” The work and preparations are for our annual program, June 15th. We are desirous of
keeping up the good feeling of the public shown to us at these annual meetings and we all wish to make this year’s program a greater success than ever before.

---

**FRATERNAL MEETING.**

The work this term has been successful along every line. Spring fever, the students’ malady, has been counteracted by the cold weather, and our ambition to work has remained untrammelled. The social element, too, has not been lacking. In the near future we hope not only to give the members a good time, but will also serve to create greater love for the society and more ardor for the work next year.

---

**COSMOPOLITAN.**

The Cosmopolitan Society is stronger this year than ever before, not only in numbers but in actual ability as well. Although the balmy spring evenings seek to lure one away from the study halls, the society still clings to its motto: “Go and go hard.”

---

**ULFILAS.**

The Ulfilas club cannot boast as large a roll call as last spring, but it can boast of having as big men as ever before. What the club lacked in members during the past year it has sought to make good in quality. Determined to prove that **QUALITY** and not **QUANTITY** is the important factor, the club has broken its own record. Friends who are interested in the club will have an opportunity to judge the past year’s efforts in the Annual Jaarfeest to be held on Monday, the 17th of June, in Carnegie Gymnasium.

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**CLASS NOTES.**

June first was the date of the Junior Class Picnic; Alpena was the place; and the Juniors and their friends were the pic-nickers. The good old game of “horse shoe,” a splendid picnic supper, and a marshmallow roast on the beach, followed by a pleasant ride home, will in the future give the class of ’08 another happy date in Memory’s calendar on which to look back as “one of the best times we ever had.”

Due to the continued cold weather, class affairs have been few in number. The Sophomores were the only ones who mustered up sufficient courage to visit Macatawa and there roam over and among the beautiful hills. May thaw, cold as it was, will long be remembered as a gala day for the Sophs.

The early part of the month the Seniors spent a delightful evening at the home of Miss Martha De Jong of Zeeland. The reverend band laid aside their roles of dignity and acted the part of the college boy and girl. All report a good time.

During the course of this term the “A” class has been entertained by the Fraternal and Cosmopolitan society respectively. They express their gratitude for the royal entertainment given and appreciation for the high standard of work set up by the College Literary Societies.

Wednesday evening the “A” class was delightfully entertained at the home of their classmate, Miss Rose Brusse. An excellent program was rendered and dainty refreshments were served. They returned early (?)

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**1906—Y. W. C. A. NOTES—1907.**

Along with other college activities, the work of our Young Women’s Christian Association is drawing to a close. Never since the organization of the association has there been such largely attended meetings, such willing self-sacrifice and helpful effort put forth, such general good feeling and comradeship shown, as during the past year. We have had two helpful and inspiring visits from our State Secretary, Miss Landis, and our association is in every way stronger and better equipped for work because of her visits among us. We were also helped by the visit which fourteen of our number made to the State Convention at Kalamazoo last fall. The effects of the religious revival, which swept over our college during the week of prayer, and which resulted in the conver-
sion of many of our young men and women, are still felt in
greater consecration and devotion to the Master.

Our missionary meetings have been especially good. We
have had as leaders, Mrs. S. M. Zwemer, Miss Cappon, Mrs.
Banninga, and Mrs. Gilmore, who have broadened our views
and deepened our interests in the work of both foreign and
domestic missions. Last year we sent one from our number
to labor on the home field in Kentucky; this year we send
one to labor on the foreign field in Arabia.

Socially and financially, also, our work has been successful.
We have tried to interest the boys in our work by allowing
them to help us financially, while we helped them socially.
Each time we did this, whether at evening social or morning
breakfast, we were amply repaid for our efforts by the hearty
good wishes and appreciation of the boys.

Passing over our failures, or rather remembering them
only as lessons for the future, and rejoicing in our successes,
we look forward to an even better year of work for 1907-1908.

Y. M. C. A.

As another college year is drawing to a close, we may
rightly say with that sweet singer of yore, “The lines have
fallen to us in pleasant places, surely a goodly heritage is
ours.” Especially is this true of the Y. M. C. A. of the
College. All the Christian men tried to make their life count.
As men of God, with hearts aflame, we fought for the higher
and nobler life. Today we can say, as Moses and Aaron said
long ago, “The God of the Hebrews has met us.” In the busy
ways of College life, in our studies, in the laboratory, on the
campus, and in our closets, God has been our “Bethel.”

The future is brighter and more glorious than the past.
With an eye of faith looking beyond the present, we see the
break of a grander day. As long as one hundred and thirty
of our men are enrolled in Christian work, striving for the
higher life; as long as we remain constant in prayer, relying
upon the Spirit of the Christ; as long as we humbly pray and
use opportunities,—we have nothing to fear. We must be
up and doing, for our motto is “Onward and Upward.”

EXCHANGES.

For real, genuine ghost stories, go to the Horace Mann
Record. It will give you ample opportunity to enjoy looking
at the walking spectre when instead you ought to be sound
asleep.

College Days is good, but it might be made better by
adding two or three short, snappy stories.

The value of Literary Societies to a student can hardly
be over-estimated. The Occident sets forth their value in
an article that is short but interesting and to the point.

The Parker Papyrus was interesting this month. However,
when we read the number, we could not help asking
ourselves the question: Was it “blue” Monday when the
printers set the type? One would think so, judging from one
of the editorials, the lines of which were sadly confused.

BUBO’S NOOK.

Bubo was provoked to note the typographical error in the
May number of the Anchor—“Otem” for “otium.”

Miss Mae Van Dreze.—As near as we can ascertain the
front of Prof. Brush’s new home is that portion facing Colle­
ge avenue. A semi-porch extends from the southern ex­
tricity midway to the northern end. As we cannot give
business addresses in these columns, a stamped, self-addressed
envelope will obtain for you the name of the architect to
whom you can apply for further information.

The Senior Quartet.—We cannot fully agree with you in
your refusal to don gowns for the first time on the day ap­
pointed by the class. The majority usually rules unless the
position of the former can be proven untenable or is carried
by illegal methods. This we think hardly probable in the
case under consideration. We rejoice that human persis­
ten ends at the grave.

Mr. K. N. Ocker, Luohomish, Wash.—Arbor Day out
here is a day set aside for the planting of trees, a process for
the composition, as it were, of elements, not decomposition,
as the picture has led you to infer. The Seniors constitute
the graduating class of the college, and grave as you would
have them be, we believe that they should have their moments of levity, for as the old saying goes: "All work and no play makes Jack and Jill a dull boy and girl." We think that you are unjust in the reflection you cast at a "lunch" served at a cost of thirteen and a fraction cents apiece, and assure you that the sign was not meant to advertise their "easy with money" proclivities. With due respect to your opinions, we think that your unjust criticism is due to ignorance of the facts of the case. Can you visit the school at Commencement?

TESTIMONIALS.

We welcome criticism and suggestions and take delight in publishing the following comments in our columns, all of which we guarantee to be genuine and unsolicited:

Miss Hilda Stegeman—"Jokes tame."
Miss Le'evre—"Can't see the joke on me."
Miss M. Van Drezer—"Good."
Miss Pikaart—"Fine."
Miss E. Kollen—"Jokes are slow."
Miss Anna Schenke—"Jokes all right."
Mr. A. B. Van Houten—"You bet your hooping the jokes are all right."

Tom, the printer—"What under the sun is your idea with Bubo?"

RUNNING COMMENTS.

Serenades seem to be the rage now with the H. C. boy. His tours are confined chiefly to Ninth and Tenth streets. Girls, look out for the wild cats. M. W.

There appeared recently on the bulletin board a notice telling, among other things, that several of the winning orators in state contests became editors of newspapers, etc.

Query: What happened to the fellow what sat among the people and ate of bon-bons with Esmeralda? Did he become the owner of the aforesaid newspapers, etc., and take the air with Esmeralda in a 90 H. P. machine?

Why do the students make so many trips to the southern limits of the town? Is it the walk or a new idea in building for which they pine?

Yes, we have heard the joke. "Comin' thro' the rye," relative to those portions of the sixteen acres concerning which we have been enjoined, "keep off!"

Serenades seem to be the rage now with some of the H. C. girls. Her tours are confined chiefly to Twelfth street. Boys, look out for the "pussy willows!" J. D.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

"That's a pretty good joke, isn't it?"
"What?"
"Why, haven't you heard it?"
"No."
"Well, well! Why is 1907 like a lumber wagon?"
"Dunno."
"'Cause there's no spring to it! Haw, haw!"
"Go you one better."
"Let's hear it."
"'Why isn't that joke like a lumber wagon?"
"Huh? Dunno."
"One has a wagon tongue, the other makes waggin' tongues."

"No! I'd rather stay at home and eat onions" ! ! ! ? ? ?
A bounty of two cents per capita is offered for those who say "chaos" for "yes." Apologies to English sparrows, fellows, develop your arms. Get ready for boat crews. Prof. Sutphen—"Five boys absent? They must have attended the pancake breakfast Saturday."

Comment—If the breakfast did keep any of the hoi polloi away over Monday it didn't keep away any of the kalos kai agathos.

Mr. Van Zanten (falling backwards on Macatawa's hills) —"This is Van-sand-in."

Alas! we are becoming so prosaic and our aesthetic selves often receive rude bumps as a consequence. For instance, we quote Prof. Yntema, speaking of the disappearance of the poetical atmosphere of Rain-in-the-face, Myauntdontknownie, Teddybear, and their people:
"You know, class, that the Indians formerly dyed their wicker work with juices of herbs. One day I visited an Indian camp and asked a squaw how she stained her baskets so prettily. Quick as a flash came the answer, 'Diamond dyes.'"

Tell us not in mournful numbers
That our school days now are past,
For we hate to leave professors
Johnny B., et Dr. Mast.

Profs. are kindly—Profs. are—well!
And their sympathy we need,
For we students love the spring time,
And for lessons, not we—well!

Not by study, not by quizzes
Are we kept from pleasures gay,
And professor, as he flunks us,
Thinks of his own student day.

---

A NEW PHYSICS FORMULA.

The conduct of the pupil varies directly as the distance from the teacher.—Ex.

F—fierce lessons,
L—late hours,
U—unexpected company,
N—o lessons,
K—knocked out.—Ex.

---

ADAM AND EVE AND THE APPLE.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now, we figure the thing out differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also, total 16.

And yet, the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total would be ninety. Scientific men, however, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82, total 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893.
If Eve 81st and Adam 812, would not the total be 1623?
The following is another solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 812 Eve, total 8038.
Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 oblige Eve, total 82,056. We think this, however not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8081242 keep Eve company, total 8,082,056.
All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore, when Adam 81814240fy Eve's depressed spirit. Hence both ate 81,856,874 apples.—Ex.

BASE BALL.

During the month of May, Hope broke even in her regular scheduled games, making her percentage .600. On May 4, the McLaughlin Business College beat us by one score; yet we cannot concede that they are a better team. It was a hotly contested game from start to finish, with Hope leading until the fatal ninth inning, when three errors in succession cost us the game.
The following week the Grand Rapids High School, with a mighty effort, paid off an old score. When beaten by us in April, they vowed to return and trounce us unmercifully. Well, they succeeded, but only by tremendously hard training under an able coach. Our boys hardly played in their usual form, and lost by the score of 7 to 2.
The 18th brought the St. Alphonsos of Grand Rapids to Hope, only to be defeated by the score of 6 to 5. The game was nip and tuck. Both teams fought manfully and played splendid ball in one of the cleanest and steadiest games of the season.
The Holland Independents also failed to hit Rigaud safe. They, however, gave Hope a hard rub. The final score, which was 2 to 1 in favor of Hope, speaks for itself. It shows that Rigaud, our little South American twirler, pitched consistent ball, kept the hits scattered, and showed considerable good head work.
ALUMNI NOTES.

1888. Rev. Jno. Van Westenburg has finally settled down at Grand Rapids. All his efforts to acquire good health by a change of climate have been in vain. It is interesting to know that Rev. Van Westenburg was the first editor of The Anchor.

1887. On May 20, Rev. Cornelius A. Jongewaard died at Hale Center, Texas.

1883. A few weeks ago Dr. Otte of Amoy, China, met with a serious accident. The thumb of his hand was caught in a washing machine and wrenched off, all but the main artery. Blood poisoning set in and for some two weeks the patient suffered intense pain. Within the last two weeks Mrs. Otte, who is staying at Grand Rapids, Mich., has received more favorable reports from her husband.

1892. Rev. H. Van Der Ploeg, from Prairie View, Kas., is visiting Holland, and conducted the chapel exercises at Hope on Wednesday morning, May 29.

1892. Old Hope feels proud that she now has one of her sons, a representative at our nation’s capital. Hon. Gerrit J. Diekema was elected by a fairly large majority to succeed Wm. Alden Smith as representative of the Fifth District of Michigan.

1899. Several classes have nominated Dr. James Zwemer to fill the chair of practical theology in the Western Theological Seminary.

1900—1905. Rev. S. Riepma intends to spend the summer in Europe for the sake of his health. During his absence G. Bosch, a student of the Western Theological Seminary, will take charge of his church at Hospers, Iowa.

STUDENTS

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