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The Anchor
"Spurn in Ven"

VOLUME XIX:
OCTOBER, 1905
NUMBER 1

October

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay wood and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid towers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind books,
And music of kind voices ever righ,
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
AN OLD-WORLD MARKET DAY.

One morning I found myself in Rotterdam with that most delightful of all occupations—nothing to do. As I walked down the narrow street, I thought I had never found a more perfect day. The gabled roofs and frescoed walls were bright with sunshine, pigeons wheeled and fluttered about the magnificent “Beurs,” and afar from the hovens the hoarse bares of steamers mingled with the shrill whistles of tugs. The old city was busy with marketmen and hawkers. Blue-bloused countrymen, with their dog-carts and boats loaded with garden products and flowers, disputed the right of way loudly with shabby Isaacs and Jacobs, who here, as everywhere, form a large percentage of the traveling peddler. Almost unconsciously I had wended my way through the tortuous streets to the market place, but it was not until I heard the magnificent chimes of the “St. Laurens Kerk” peal out the hour of nine that I realized how strong an attraction the market-place had come to have for me. Usually the market is held on Tuesday and Friday in Rotterdam, although each city has some little difference as to time and place. The place is usually the cathedral square. To an American the scene is one of the greatest interest. High above the busy crowd rises the magnificent pile of some ancient church. Oaken doors, surrounded by frescoes are flanked by sculptured saints. Above rise the massive Gothic towers and mighty turrets of the sixteenth century. Below all is bustle and confusion. Stall after stall is piled high with articles of every description. Here one finds the peasant with his famous Edam cheese, and the seller of old clothes, with wares beyond description. The advent of a stranger, that is, a foreigner, is the signal for an immediate increase in the volume of cries and gesticulation. Does the “Mijnheer” need a pair of shoes, some post cards, or some sausages? No? Then perhaps a canary bird, or a “trek-hund”? But the “Mijnheer” conveniently does not understand Dutch and with the wise man of Athens “Thanks Heaven that there are so many things which Diogenes does not need.” Petty confidence men of the worst kind thrive on these markets. The man with the camphor headache cure, the magic receipt-book, in fact, all petty swindlers, find no trouble in beguiling the simple folk in buying their wares.

The medley of cries is appalling from a distance, but as one nears the more insistent and experienced voices gradually become plain to the ear. Perhaps it is some old crone muttering and shrieking alternately that here are “Rat traps, rat traps, made by these two hands.” Or some hoarse, repellant masculine voice wailing over and over, “Alles voor een dubbeltje, alles voor een dubbel’tje” to the tune of some Carnival song. The scene is one of the liveliest interest, surely, but the pathetic side of it all distresses one. It is impossible not to note the eagerness with which even a penny is seized upon. The peasant is a picturesque figure, seated beside his hyacinth booth, but the bent back and lustless eyes tell of a hard struggle for existence, and little thought of enjoyment. I have seen well-dressed foreigners laugh loudly when a dog snatched a peddler girl’s dried fish, little dreaming that it was her breakfast and dinner, with every probability of its being a supper, too, if sales were poor. And again if these things were not so obviously pathetic, there is a wealth of humor hidden in the life of the lowly. I remember one day, after being fatigued by a long day on the wharves and canals that I stopped for a mug of Muncher at a famous cafe—The Bruin vis. It is in a locality frequented by sailors, and teeming with characters of every type. One of the regular frequenters of this inn is a great raw-boned mastiff who has attached himself to the “kellner,” and who manages to exist on the scanty scraps thrown to him. On this particular morning he lay in his accustomed corner, snapping and growling over a herring which had fallen to his lot. I was engaged in hearing a most interesting description from mine host of some of his patrons, when we were startled by a yelp from the dog and a volume of ponderous epithets from some human throat. A drunken sailor, hungry, after a night’s debauch, had snatched the fish from the protesting dog. What ensued amazed me. My most genial host was speedily engaged in ejecting the man from the door in no very gentle manner, after having restored the fish to the dog! Do you wonder that then my thoughts turned to that Paradise of the Poor, my own America?

LOVE, HONOR and TRUTH
Motto of Fraternal Society
HENRY K. PASMA, '10

There is a voice without and a joyous strain
Floats gayly through Nature's festive bower;
And the heralds of Spring pipe in every green lane,
By low purring stream and blossoming flower:
"Love, honor and truth."

There is a voice within like the cadence, that swells
At early dawn through the twilight gray;
'Tis the song from the home where fraternity dwells,
Where heart and song join in jubilant lay:
"Love, honor and truth."

There is a silent voice, when fraters part,
When each bark sails away o'er the pathless main;
But the eye bespeaks the still song of the heart,
While the widening billows muse low the refrain:
"Love, honor and truth."

And I know not whether I'll hear through the roar,
A frater's voice, when the hurrying frill
Bears down my frail skiff, still, from the dim shore
Of the better country, glad voices shall thrill:
"Love, honor and truth."

Then, live old Fraternal, we pledge to be fail,
In youth's radiant morning and shimmering noon;
We pledge thee our hearts, when the shadows steal
Long drawn to their home, and our home soon
And Eternity's silent shores shall ring
With our cry: 'Fraternal, thee ever we bring,
"Love, honor and truth!"
Both chapel and Y. M. C. A. rooms were filled to the
doors on the morning of Wednesday, September 16. A
record-breaking number of old and new students filled the
halls. Dr. Kollen opened the meeting by the reading of a
few verses from 2 Sam. 3, and, after welcoming students and
friends of the college, spoke for a few minutes on the real
purpose of the students coming to college, i.e., to work and
not to play. Prosaic though this subject might appear, the
president's happy way of presenting this truth left at the end
no opportunity for grumbling.

After Rev. J. Banninga had led in prayer, the speaker of
the day, Dr. Steffens, addressed the audience, on the subject,
"Thoughts by the Open Door." In a clear and logical way,
and in language direct and unadorned, he unfolded his mes-

gage. "Nature is a factor and man is a factor, but the great-
est factor in your life is God. Enter in prayerfully. Pray
not only in prayer meeting and in church, but also pray in
your closet; lead a prayerful life. Take up your task reso-
lutely, never looking backward, steadily progressing. Lay
a strong foundation in order that the super-structure of your
education may rest firmly. Be strong. College life, though
bright with pleasures, is, at times, shaded by difficulties and
disappointments. Do your duty every day, build little by
little, and the end of your year and course shall be as happy
and cheerful as its beginning.

The evening of October 1st was a great treat for those
who could understand and appreciate the Holland language.
Dr. H. Bavink, the eminent theologian and pedagogue of the
Free University of Amsterdam, Netherlands, lectured for 45
minutes on the topic, "Relation Between Christianity and
Society." His fame, both as an orator and thinker, proved
to be a true report; for from beginning till end the audience
listened almost spellbound to the rythmical flow of words and
well rounded sentences which conveyed deep thought. We
only regret that the lecture was not spoken in the English
tongue.

In the early summer another of Hope's Alumni, the Rev.
William Veeneschoten, '71, of Stroudsburgh, Pa., passed to
his reward. Rev. Veeneschoten was known as a man of ster-
ing worth. His long ministry marks a period of great activ-
ity and usefulness.

Rev. J. Van Zomeren, '04, has under consideration a call
from the Third Presbyterian church at Grand Rapids, Mich.
The students of Hope College recently considered them-
selves greatly honored when they were privileged to listen
to an address by Rev. Motoiito Ohgimi, '79, of Tokio, Japan.
Since his graduation from this institution, Mr. Ohgimi has
been engaged in evangelistic work in his native land.

Rev. J. Wesseling, '01, has been called by the Chassis of
Michigan to labor in the new fields in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Prof. J. B. Nuykert, '85, who spent the summer at Oxford,
England, reports a most profitable and enjoyable vacation.
He found the English people more cordial and courteous than
ever before. The professor devoted considerable time to the
study and translation of the Anglo-Saxon "Beowulf."

John W. Donuma, '06, and John A. Van Dyk, '07, have entered the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J.
The Alumni Association always looks with interest on the
movements of its youngest members. Of the class of
1908, William Walvoord, Anthony Haverkamp, George F.
Huizenga, James De Kraker and John Van der Schaaf have
entered the Western Theological Seminary. Estelle Kollen
has entered a conservatory of music in New York City.
John Plasman has entered the University of Chicago. Herman
Renskers is instructor of sciences in the Cedar Grove Acad-
emy. A. J. Renkes is teaching at Hamilton, Mich. Arthur
Misner is attending the Holland Business College. Frank
Wynia and A. Schaefer at latest reports were helping "dad"
at home. Wm. Dusen is assistant Instructor in Botany at
the University of Michigan.

Mrs. J. D. Dykstra, née Elizabeth Grotenemat, is pursuing
a course in Domestic Science in Englewood, Ill.
FOOT BALL.
Sand burrs on the field? Who cares? About twenty-five candidates are working hard for places on the first and second foot ball teams. There is nothing the matter with foot ball spirit this fall. What in former years seemed like a dream is now a definite fact. We have a good schedule and a promising team. Grand Haven High School, Benton Harbor High, Benton Harbor College, Grand Rapids High, Kalamazoo College, Allegan and Muskegon will be met. There will be a good game every Saturday. Coach Holmeford is well pleased with the showing made on the part of the candidates for the team. May the team not be disappointed in the showing of their fellow students in attendance at the games. Spend your Saturday afternoons on the side lines, and cheer your team to victory.

Oct. 5—Grand Haven 3, Hope 0.
Oct. 10—Hope 26, Holland Independents 0.

OUR SOCIETIES.
"What’s going on in all these buildings that are lit up?" Such, indeed, was the query of one of Hope’s new students one Friday evening.

But to us, as older students, these society halls mean much. Vacations past have we have gathered once more for another year’s work. We are glad to meet as fellow members once more. True, we miss the faces of those who have left us, but there are new faces for us to welcome into our midst.

Not only have all the societies on the campus opened for work, but they have begun the year’s work with great earnestness and enthusiasm. From the beginning already made, the Cosmopolitan Society predicts a year of good, hard work. The Fraternal Society, too, has indications for a very successful year. The Mischines will soon need a new donation from Carnegie for a new and larger hall. The girls of the Sorosis and Minerva Societies have begun their society work, and our good old Dutch society, the Ullis, is working the same as ever. The Van Raalte Club will soon reorganize for another year’s work. The College Debating Club has begun once more. In view of the coming election, it will have a busy term of hard work as many questions remain yet unsolved.

EXCHANGES
It gives one a certain pleasure to see the old familiar Exchanges once more coming in, and to watch the barren Exchange table rapidly disappear under the customary litter. Nor does it detract from the pleasure that these first Exchanges should come almost without exception from our sister colleges of this state. The first number of the year is, of course, not so brilliant as the commencement numbers that closed the year; but they are characterized by the spirit and ambition evident in them.

In the Normal College News (weekly), we notice this exists to the extent of the publishing of a double-sided number. The issue is decidedly worthy of comment and is conspicuous as a good number of a paper generally good. The Hilldale Collegian still seems to hold to its ideal of a good college paper as one that contains a large number of news items. We should like to see a change in this policy. We should like to have a glimpse of what you think and of what you are as well as news of what you are doing.

The Y. M. C. A. of Fairmont College, Wichita, Kans., carried out a unique and successful contest for increasing their membership this fall. They divided into two sections, the "Dutch" and "Irish." Each pinned a ribbon on every new member gained. The wearers of the green outnumbered the orange bedecked Dutch, so the latter, by agreement, provided a watermelon feast for the winners.

LOCALS
"Hello!"
"Hello! Glad to see you back."
"Same here, and glad to be back."
"That’s my sentiments, too."

Prof. Nykerk finds the English girls chattering, you know. And he missed the liner.

Somebody asked Tennis, fresh from Home’s, if it was not a dry season for pickles. "Oh, boy," said he, "if I ever.
get hard up I shall go to the Desert of Sahara, and plant pickles. They would grow fine. No, never mind passing them to me, Dave." And, by the bye, like and M. Verberg don't eat pickles, either.

A wise man once said to his son:

"Whenever you think of a pun,
Go out in the yard
And kick yourself hard;
And let me begin when you're done."

George Reest was going down the street one day not long ago, when he met a friend who was driving. Reest called out: "Oh, Frank; you going to have a new horse?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I see you have the frame work up for one."

Prof. Brush says that there are a good many teachers-and preachers in America who would be better off if they were in some honest occupation. Take that, ye pedagogues!

The members of the A class are hustlers. They organized in the second week of the term, electing as officers the following: President, John Vruwink; vice president, Cora Vermeulen; secretary, Clarence Dace; treasurer, Zora Barnaby.

There was a young man from Japan.
Whose name on a Tuesday began:
It lasted through Sunday.
Till twilight on Monday.
And sounded like stones in a can.

Wherefore we can't print it here. But, anyway, he has arrived, and is in the "D" class.

This from Vr.—"When I go by a girl once, I stick loyal."

We heartily welcome all new students who have subscribed to the Anchor. If there are any who have not yet subscribed, we beg of them to read the following testimonials as to the great value of our college paper:

Prof. Boers—"I can say with all sincerity that the Anchor is the best paper published by the H. C. students.

Prof. Yntema—"The Anchor is as important to the H. C. student as the "Farm and Fireside" is to the agriculturist."

The Anchor

Prof. Smyleen—"The student who doesn't read his Latin and the Anchor, will be lost forever and forever and forevermore."

Coach Helmers—"The best foot ball players take the Anchor."

D Class Notes (by our D Class Reporter.)

Koster recited in arithmetic yesterday. He is the first to make a recitation in this branch of study.

Bakker and several others changed their course from the Classical to the Normal Scientific. Bakker spoke about it as follows: "I care not what course others may take, but as for me, I'm through with Latin."

Betuine and Rooks will join the Y. M. C. A.

McCarthy took six dinners at the dorm last week for one dollar.

Miss Smalligan bought her books at Van Der Ploeg's book store, and received 10 per cent. reduction on cash payment.

James Mulder applied for membership in the Minerva Society, but was not accepted.

De Rose informs us that in South Dakota the weather lasts longer than in Michigan.

Van Howden hazed a Freshman the other night, just after prayer meeting.

Rietveldt went to the reading room Saturday to read the latest newspaper. The Allepan Gazette of September 23 was the latest newspaper there, it having arrived two weeks after publication. The others were not more than a week late.

Van Slyk News.

Sept. 28.—Van Slyk starts a Wm. Randolph Hearst demonstration which is suppressed by the police. (Chicago American please copy).

Sept. 29.—V. S. argues with Hankamp on predestination.

Sept. 30.—V. S. successfully proves that Italian opera is more musical than the popular song, entitled, "The Bee That Gets the Honey Doesn't Hang Around the Hive."

Oct. 1.—V. S. tries out for foot ball, and shows the rest of the squad how things ought to be done.
Oct. 2—V. S. starts a Greek letter fraternity. Election of a president resulted as follows: Van Slyk, 12; scattering; o: members not voting, 0.

In D Class Bible Study.

Kuizenga—"What is that which sticketh closer than a brother?"

Smart D—"A sand burr."

A small D class girl desires to know whether Prof. Meyer wrote Meyer's Ancient History. We have interviewed Prof. Meyer and he stoutly denied the charge.

Prof. Nykerk reports that on his last trip across the Atlantic he was not at all troubled by seasickness. The deep did not call unto the deep in his case.

Dalenburg—"Look here, waiter: you've spilled a whole cup of coffee over me."

Adlts—"Never mind, I'll get you some more."

Van Vleck hall is the only building on the campus in which smoking is allowed. Probably the others aren't covered by insurance.

The college faculty has been considerably increased by the addition of Professors Meyer, Wickers, de Jong, Hoffman, and Rottschaefer.

Cupid's list is growing. The little god has already "stung" four of our number. His presence at this writing is not known. Ergo, beware!

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