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4-25-1946

### The Anchor, Volume 58.14: April 25, 1946

Hope College

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**Repository citation:** Hope College, "The Anchor, Volume 58.14: April 25, 1946" (1946). *The Anchor: 1946*. Paper 8.

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**Published in:** *The Anchor*, Volume 58, Issue 14, April 25, 1946. Copyright © 1946 Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

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# Hope College Anchor

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LVIII-14

Official Publication of the Students of Hope College at Holland, Michigan

April 25, 1946

## P & M Presents Production of Vane's Outward Bound

New Stage Properties In Carnegie Gym Include Draperies And Lighting System

For the first time in four years, our dramatic club, Pallette and Masque, will present a three-act play, OUTWARD BOUND by Sutton Vane, under the capable direction of Professor Edward S. Avison. The play will be given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 1 and 2, in Carnegie Gymnasium.

The climax of the first act of this extraordinary play provides the sort of thrill that comes no oftener than once in a theatrical season. The second act, filled with mystification of unreality, catches the stimulative feeling of the audience, while the third act superbly concludes this amazing dramatic production.

The chosen cast includes Douglas Cameron as SCRUBBY, and elderly steward, typically English, whose manner always appears calm and reposeful; ANN, played by Edna Mae Van Tatenhove, and HENRY, played by Herbert Coulton, are the timid young lovers; Russell Horton becomes TOM PRIOR, a cocksure young man who for some time has kept himself going with constant stimulants.

Elsie Parsons takes the role of MRS. CLIVEDEN-BANKS, a superficial society dowager of about sixty years; Ann Van Der Veer takes the part of MRS. MIDGET, a sweet cockney scrub-woman, who is obviously at the opposite end of the social ladder from Mrs. Cliveden-Banks; Andrew Tjepkema as REV. DUKE is an earnest young minister of the Church of England, while MR. LINGLEY, who epitomizes the hard-boiled, self-made, officious business man, is played by Chet Droog. Don Scholten, as REV. THOMPSON, a jovial judge of souls, concludes the cast of characters.

Just as important for the success of this play are the various committees. Lynn Lundberg as general stage manager, has Edith McMullin as chairman of the Staging and Props committee, with John Van Oeveren, Bud Buursma, Jeanella De Kleine, Jo Ann Decker, and Iris Vande Bunde assisting her. In charge of the Make-up committee is Cal Hermance; Lynn Lundberg and Ginny Hemmes are working with her. An entire new set of make-up has been purchased for this production.

Directing the House Arrangements committee is Grace Wage-maker, with Irene Heemstra and Marie Buttlar assisting. Joyce Sibley and Helga Sawitzky are co-chairmen of the Program committee, while working on the Publicity and Advertising are Alice Van Kempen, Lena Hibma, Carolyn Ingham and Paul Fried, with Elaine Meeusen acting as chairman.

Working on tickets and Sales are Ruth Hoffman, Lillian Sikkema, Louise Edwards, Lucille Teninga, Isla Van der Heuvel and Ginny Hemmes. New draperies have been permanently placed on the Carnegie stage, while nearly \$600 has been spent for new lighting, which includes a portable switchboard, six spot lights, and four flood lights. Adrian Bos has worked diligently, managing the entire lighting system.

The play, OUTWARD BOUND, will be presented only two evenings, May 1 and 2. The ticket sale has been opened to students early, because the seating capacity is limited. Students are urged to get their tickets immediately before the house is "sold out." Tickets are available at the college office.

### Prof. Prins Addresses French Club Members

The French Club met at the home of Miss Meyer on April 17 at 7:30 in the evening.

The meeting was opened with the singing of French songs. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Prins. He was a Military Police in France during World War II. He told of many experiences he had had in that country. He landed in France in August 1944. His friendship with a French family resulted in an understanding of the French people. He learned from his friends that generally the feeling between the French and Americans is not very congenial.

## May Day Chairman States Committees For Annual Activity

The May Day general chairman, Elaine Prins, has chosen the following chairmen of the committees for the activities to be held May 24.

Junior Girls' Contest, Mary Lou Hemmes; Publicity, Gertrude Vredevel and a man who has not been chosen; Tickets, Esther Bogart and Robert Van Dis; Women's Sports, Eleanor Mulder and Irene Demian; Men's Sports, Art Timmer and Dell Koop; Throne, Myra Brouwer; Coronation, Helga Sawitzky; Guard of Honor, Joyce Van Oss and Betty De Vries; Banquet General Chairmen, Margaret Bakelaar and John Vander Broek; Dinner, Dorothea Dixon; Music, Phyllis Haskin and Robert Scheerhorn; Program, Alice Laughlin and Robert Danhof; Decorations, Barbara Bilkert and Don Mulder; Clean-up, Robert Koop and Marie Buttlar.

Elaine Prins and her committee chairmen held the "kick-off" committee meeting Monday to get plans under way.

### Harry Meiners Becomes President of Alpha Chi

Alpha Chi elected the officers for next year at their meeting on Wednesday, April 17. Harry Meiners is president; Harold Des Autels, vice president; Harold Schiebel, secretary; and John De Vries, treasurer.

Warren Hietbrink, retiring president, presided. Kenneth Stickney led the group in devotions, and Bill Gee directed the song service.

Colored slides of the Passion Week events of Christ were shown by Rev. Paul Hinkamp, adviser of Alpha Chi.

## Haverkamp Speaks To Y. W. Members

At the last Y.W.C.A. meeting which was held April 23 in the YW room in the chapel, Professor Haverkamp, instructor in Psychology and a recent addition to the faculty, was the speaker. This meeting also saw the new cabinet take over which was installed impressively at the previous meeting on April 16.

The new cabinet members are: Trudy Maasen, deputation; Ruth Dalenberg, big sister; Harriet Mayskens, area; Millie Vermaire, social; Betty Van Lente, music; Shirley Leslie, publicity; Marian Holman, personal service; Joyce Vinkemulder, membership; Lois Van Wyk, missionary.

## Hans Lange to Appear in Hope Chapel; Will Conduct Concert of Chamber Music

On Tuesday, April 30, at 8:30 Hans Lange, Associate Conductor of the Chicago Symphony, will conduct a concert of Chamber Music in the Hope Memorial Chapel. The orchestra is composed of soloists from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Lange was born in Constantinople and at the age of five started studying violin. He gave his first concert two years later. He began studying at the Prague Conservatory with Professor Ottaker Sevcik when he was eleven. He graduated six years later with the highest honors.

Mr. Lange made his debut as a soloist with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. At twenty Mr. Lange became Concert Master of Opera at Frankfurt-on-the-Main and of the Frankfurt Museum Concerts conducted by William Mengelberg.

For his work there Mr. Lange was awarded the Medallion for Art and Science by the Sultan of Turkey.

In 1923 Mr. Lange came to the



Hans Lange

United States and in 1928 became a citizen.

In 1930 as the personal assistant of Arturo Toscanini, Mr. Lange founded the Hans Lange Chamber Music Concerts. Since 1936 Mr. Lange has been the Assistant Conductor of the Chicago Symphony.

## Hope Women Enjoy Review Of Fashions Given By W. A. L.

A Spring fashion show, sponsored by W.A.L., was held Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 in the Women's Literary Club. All women faculty members, faculty wives, and girls were invited.

Fifteen student models presented the fashions, each modeling two costumes. Spring dresses, bathing suits, sports ensembles, and spring suits were displayed. Tea was served immediately following the fashion show.

The spring fashions were loaned through the courtesy of Jeanne's Shoppe, Holland, Michigan. The W.A.L. committee in charge were Laura Johnson, Edna Mae Van Tatenhove, Betty Weaver, and Myra Brouwer.

The models were Isla O'Donnell, Betty Visscher, Ruth Harmeling, Rosemary Finlaw, Bobbie Bilkert, Ginny Bilkert, Mary Ellen Brower,

## Kappa Delta Hears Address By Maassen

Members of the Kappa Delta Society met on Thursday, April 18 and enjoyed a very helpful evening under the direction of the new officers. Jean Ekema, treasurer, read Scripture, and Dorothea Dixon, secretary sang "Stand." Trudy Maassen, president spoke on Service and how as a group of girls banded together for Christian service they could be a strong power for good by the very lives they lived.

All members then took part in an open forum which was under the guidance of Alida Kloosterman, vice-president. Many fine suggestions were given as to what type of meetings the members would enjoy and also there were suggestions given as to a project on which the group is interested.

Thelma Van Leeuwen, Myra Brouwer, Marge Lucking, Bea Lockwood, Toni Fredrics, Edna Mae Van Tatenhove, Millie Vermaire, and Irene Boer.

## Committee Selects V. L. Dykema For 1946-47 Editor of Anchor

Appointment Based on Scholarship, Interest in Journalism, Leadership, Executive Ability; Duties to Begin in September

### Oratorical Winners To Represent Hope At State Contests

On April 1, 1946, the Men's Poetry and Prose Reading Contest was held in the Commons Room. Andy Tjepkema was judged the winner of the Men's Poetry Contest with Warren Hietbrink as the runner-up. Walter Krings was the other participant in the contest. The winner of the Men's Prose Contest was Douglas Cameron, Walter Krings was the runner-up. Russell Horton also took part in the Prose Contest. The judges for the Men's Contest were Mr. Brand, Mr. Avison, and Mr. Schrier.

The following evening, April 2, 1946, the Women's Poetry and Prose Contest was held at 8:30 in the Commons Room. Sue Leestma was the winner of the Poetry Reading Contest with Elaine Bielefeld and Edna Van Tatenhove as runner's up. Virginia Hemmes, Angelyn Tuurling, and Mary Vande Wege were the other participants in the Poetry Contest. The winner of the Women's Prose Contest was Ann Van Derveer, Isla Vander Heuvel won second place. Virginia Hemmes also took part in the Prose Reading Contest. Mr. Avison, Rev. Oosterhaven, and Dr. Hollenbach were the judges of the Women's Poetry and Prose Reading Contest.

The winners of the Women's and Men's Contest will be representatives at the State meet. The State Contest and Festival will be held at Calvin College in Grand Rapids on May 3, 1946. Professor Nickle will be in charge of the State Contest and Festival.

## Student-Canvass Being Planned For Hungarian College In Relief Project

The W.A.L. relief project, sending aid to Sarospatak College, Hungary, will move into its second phase on Friday when numerous student "workers" will begin canvassing the student body. Under the direction of class "captains" sixty-three students will contact their classmates in behalf of the project.

Captains appointed for the various classes are Elaine Bielefeld, Marian Dame, and Vivian Dykema (co-captains), Mary Ellen Brower and William Bennett.

A campaign thermometer will indicate progress towards the goal of \$1,500.00 set by the W.A.L. Board. The W.A.L. has already collected \$200.00 towards the goal from the proceeds of the Penny Carnival held last month.

In addition to the drive for funds, students will be given an opportunity to contribute articles of clothing for Sarospatak. Receipts will be placed in each dormitory and in Van Raalte Hall. Garments donated should be in good condition. The clothing committee consists of the following students: Ann Fikse, Iris Vande Bunte, Maxine Greeg, Carolyn Ingham, Irene Demian, Pat Haskin, and Harry Meiners.

The committee in charge of posters and publicity numbers: Shirley Leslie, Alice Van Kempen, and Mary Alice Van Dyke.

In order to further acquaint the student body with the work and personnel of the Reformed Church in Hungary an attempt is being made to secure Dr. Bela Vasady, Magyar Reformed theologian, as a campus visitor this spring. Arrangements for this event are being made by Prof. Eugene Osterhaven. Dr. Vasady, Professor of theology at the University of Debreczen, a sister institution of Sarospatak, arrived in this country last week. Dr. Vasady was in Hungary during

(Continued on Page Four)

Vivian Dykema, junior, from Muskegon, Michigan, was elected by the Publications Committee as the editor-in-chief for the 1946-47 Anchor. The choice was made on the basis of her scholarship, leadership, interest in journalism, and executive ability.

The selection was also based on a comparison of the publications edited by Vivian and Elaine Meeusen, the other

associate editor for this year. Miss Meeusen will continue her present duties as associate editor until the end of May. Miss Dykema will take over the duties as editor at that time.

The new editor has been active on campus during her three years at Hope. She was recently elected vice-president of Y.W.C.A. for next year. Besides being on the Anchor staff for three years, Miss Dykema was a member of the 1946 Milestone literary staff. She has served as a W.A.A. member for two years and Chapel Choir member for two years. She is also affiliated with the English Majors Club.

Vivian is a member of Sibylline sorority and served as secretary for one term.

Miss Dykema was elected by the student body last spring to serve with Elaine Meeusen as Associate Editors for this year.

Meeting as the Publication's Committee in Prof. Garrett Vander Borgh's room on Wednesday to make the decision were: Professors Vander Borgh; Clarence De Graaf; Metta Ross, Margaret Gibbs, and Ruth Joldersma, Anchor Editor; Dorothy Weyenberg, Busi-

### Vivian Dykema



The new editor of the ANCHOR will assume her position at the end of May.

ness Manager; Barbara Bilkert, Feature Editor; and Natalie Bosman, Camp to Campus Editor.

## Committee on Publications Announces Six Candidates

Elections For Anchor Associate Editors To Be Held In Graves, Van Raalte Halls

Elections will be held on Friday, April 25, during the day to determine the Associate Editors for the Anchor next year. Booths will be placed in Van Raalte and in Graves Hall for the ballots to be cast there. Every student on the campus is eligible to vote in this election. Balloting will be done from 8:30 to 12:00.

At a meeting of the Publications Committee of Hope College, composed of four faculty members; Miss M. J. Ross, Miss M. Gibbs, Dr. C. De Graaf, and Prof. G. Vander Borgh and members of the Anchor staff, Natalie Bosman, Dorothy Weyenberg, Barbara Bilkert and Ruth Joldersma the following slate for the Associate Editors was proposed: Chester Droog; Renze Hoeksema; Howard Koop; Lois Van Wyck; Isla Vander Heuvel and Robert Wildman.

At this same meeting the decision was made to enlarge the staff to include three Associate Editors rather than the two working before. This was done to divide the work among more people and also to get more people interested in working for student publications.

Chet Droog of Holland, Michigan, a recently returned veteran, was editor of his high school publication. He has written for the Anchor since his return to school. Mr. Droog was an officer in the Army Air Corps during the war. He has been active in many activities since his return.

Renze Hoeksema, of Grandville, Michigan, was one of the early draftees before Pearl Harbor. He worked in the Pacific under General MacArthur, who later sent him to the European area. Renze is one of the co-editors of the Hope Ambassadors in The Anchor. He is very much interested in making journalism his career.

Howard Koop of Holland, Michigan, has had a great deal of journalistic experience. Besides editing Holland Christian High School's yearbook and newspaper, Howard was sports editor of the Anchor in 1942, A. P. District Sports Reporter in 1942, and Sports Editor

of the Sentinel. While working at the City Desk of the Holland Evening Sentinel, he learned a great deal about all phases of newspaper work. Howard's journalistic work was interrupted in March of 1943 when he joined the Army Air Corps, and since his return this January he has continued his work on The Anchor. He is interested in journalism as a career.

Lois Van Wyck, who hails from Waupun, Wisconsin, has been very active in college activities during her two years at Hope. Besides writing for her high school newspaper, she was on the annual staff. Lois has been a member of the Anchor for two years.

Besides working on The Anchor last year, Ike Vander Heuvel of Holland, Michigan, has been girls' sports editor and a sorority reporter this year. She has had two years of credited journalism at Holland High School where she has written sports, news, features, and editorials, and has helped in the make-up of the paper. For one year she was advertising manager.

Bob Wildman from Traverse City, Michigan, took a journalism course in high school and was editor of his high school newspaper. Mr. Wildman left the campus during his Freshman year, three years ago, to be inducted into the Army.

## College Announces Enrollment Figures

The office of the Registrar has announced another tabulation of Hope College enrollment. The total number of students is 613. This is the largest group that has ever been in attendance at Hope College.

This figure includes twenty men who are enrolled in the Veterans Institute. These men are completing high school work and taking college refresher courses.

Unusual feature of the total figure is that there are 334 men and only 279 women.



# Hope College Anchor

Member  
Associated Collegiate Press

RUTH JOLDERSMA ..... Editor-in-Chief  
Vivian Dykema, Elaine Meeusen ..... Associate Editors  
Dorothy Wyenberg ..... Business Manager  
Louise Ter Beek ..... Assistant Business Manager

## STAFF

Feature Editor ..... Barbara Bilkert  
Society Editor ..... Glenna Gore  
"Homing Pigeon" Editor ..... Natalie Bosman  
Circulation Manager ..... Nellie Mae Rietsma  
Photographer ..... Adrian Bos

## REPORTERS

Ruth Ruys	Harriet Hains	Joanne Decker
Laura Johnson	Peggy Prins	Lois Meulendyke
Rachel Dykstra	Arkie Wieten	Lois Van Wyck
Grace Wagemaker	Mary Vander Wege	Jean Meulendyke
Dick Vriesman	Betty Vander Wege	Gertrude Vredevelde
Ginny Hemmes	Carolyn Ingham	Ruth Prbst
Marcie Westerman	Marian Hanna	Gordon Bell
Gerry Scheerens	Ellene Bosland	Isla Vander Heuvel
Alida Kloosterman	Phyllis Dietrich	Joyce Van Oss
Betty Timmer	Ruth Donga	Elaine Prins
		Howard Koop

## CIRCULATION

Athlynn Lundberg	Bob, Danhof	Dale Drew
Dorothy Atkins	Betty Timmer	Marion Ter Borg
Nelliema Wezeman	Georgianna Schippers	Jo Anne Biddle

Published every two weeks during the school year by the students of Hope College.

Entered as second class matter at the post office of Holland, Michigan, at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103 of Act of Congress, October 3, 1917, and authorized October 19, 1918.

PRINTED AT OLD NEWS PRINTERY

## Editorials

### Hope Needs Re-valuation

For too long students in this country have wandered aimlessly through a maze of classes for four-year courses. We have submitted to the required courses and indiscriminately chosen electives to satisfy some remote official on the State Board of Education. We have been tramping our campuses in an intellectual daze. We have had nothing to unify our knowledge; no other goal than that of a ten dollar sheepskin.

Now, every college has a postwar planning committee and educators who are discussing the trends and philosophy of modern education. They are cognizant of the sad fact that something is lacking in our educational system. Even among the educators of Christian colleges there has been evidence of revaluation. Current literature has also been concerned with the problem of modern education.

There is an inevitable conflict between a Christian education and a "liberal arts" education. The liberal arts philosophy is to seek after the truth. Christianity is not a pursuit of the truth. It declares and reveals the truth. The liberal arts system departmentalizes courses in Christianity. The Christian college should make every department support and defend the Christian faith.

Chancellor Hutchins of Chicago has tried to unify the purposeless liberal arts college by substituting metaphysics. This is only a substitute for the true faith. W. Easton Burnet states that "the unifying factor for a Christian college must be Christian theology (protestant) or else the college should not call itself Christian." Significant, therefore, is the fact that there is no area of life which a Christian theology does not invade.

Education if it knows what it wants, can produce it.

It would seem that we at Hope College, supported by the Reformed Church in America, should be aware of the recent trends in education, and use this reconversion period as a time for some re-valuation.

### Consider Elections Seriously

During the spring, elections for various campus organizations will be held. Every student is asked to exercise his voting privilege.

If you feel you have no part in campus activities, this is your opportunity. Elect candidates with high qualifications, with ability and with character.

Your vote should be seriously considered and honestly cast.

### Honor System Requires Time to Work

During this year the women's dormitories have been governed by the honor system. Whether this system is good or not, it is too soon to tell. A change from being ruled to ruling one's self is very complete and needs a long period of transition.

The one great fault of the system has been the lack of confidence shown in it. Many were convinced it wouldn't work. Instead of waiting before judging, destructive criticism has been leveled at the whole idea. Any infringement of rules, any extraordinary infraction of laws has been blamed to the honor system, with the result that now the system has become almost a by-word for getting away with anything. This essentially is not the fault of the honor system but of the administrators of the system.

The attitude toward the honor system has to be laid during the Freshman year. If confidence and assurance is manifested when the honor system is properly explained to new house residents, there is no reason why it should not work.

An investigation of the rules to which the honor system applies is being done. If some of the minor laws that clutter the rule books are erased time could be devoted to obeying those rules that have real meaning.



## Music Box

What a trip! Such a tour! How they loved us! It's over, but never-to-be-forgotten. Never a day went by without excitement. Uncle Bud kept telling the audiences how abused he was by traveling with 38 women, but that's his story! He had so much fun he couldn't keep still a minute — had to be singing (?) all the time. Every day started off with Zuverink's "thought for the day," like — there are so many Easter bunnies on Fifth Ave., it reminds us of Zuzy. As if Myra would have forgotten him anyway! Bessie, the bus, and our Louie, the driver, kept us in rare form. After riding us around for 12 days, poor Louie is ready for a rest instead of matrimony. Of course you heard about the time in Ridgewood when Pauline decided to leave during the performance — the hard way. (The floor was kind of hard, wasn't it?) And the time in Hudson when some stupid soul turned off the organ power, and Probst played the best solo in her life — silence! I see Bob Snow is wearing that green number, called the Glee Club sweater, that Auntie Esther was knitting on for 12 days; that is, when she wasn't perched in the aisle playing bridge on a suitcase.

And if you see the Glee Club hailing each other clear across the campus, running madly toward each other and then standing there laughing, don't become alarmed. They're remembering the time Brinkman got the news about Virginia Park, and the time Muyskens said "good-morning" to the customs official when he asked her where she was born. They're remembering The Cosmopolitans on the bus, and the ¾ time processional and recessional in Fort Washington. And the passionate greeting we got from Brandli and Staver in Queens Village. They're remembering all of it, and next week will relish the fun at a get-together at Auntie Esther's. The work is not over, because every Sunday is filled between now and June with engagements and letters continue to pour in requesting the Glee Club. No rest for the weary!

The St. Olaf's choir will be at the Civic on Monday, and under the auspices of Musical Arts, arrangements have been made to go.

### For Men Only

Percival is positively not personified. True, he is a college student, and college students are supposedly appealing to women, according to eminent authorities who don't smoke Philip Morris. He dresses like a student which isn't saying much for the lad, and he can wax eloquent on one or two topics which is always good for a laugh, and he can play a mediocre game of checkers which puts him right up on top in the sports realm. But outside of these few and common accomplishments he has very little to offer, either physically or mentally. Yes, he uses Ipana so bad breath is out, and Listerine which keeps his locks in a presentable state, but everyone listens to Bob Hope so that sweet smelling asset is not an individual characteristic. What I'm leading up to is the way co-eds flock to that boy; "magnetism" it's called, personal magnetism. No matter what the time you can always find Percy surrounded by beautiful girls who continuously croon and swoon over his beautiful new purple shirt or orange socks — and he just stands there gawking, not knowing what it is all about, too dumb to realize his good fortune, or understand the reason for it. Now I do not profess to have lots of the right genes or even the wrong ones, but I know that this lad has something on the ball, something eerie and uncanny, but fathomable, and I am determined to discover what it is. So I scrutinize and observe his technique whenever possible, but draw a never ending list of blanks. Until one morning at precisely 11:05, the dawn broke, the cloud was lifted, the curtain rolled back and I saw light. Percival emerged from Van Raalte followed by his usual troupe, and like the piper of old led his flock to the shiny new convertible parked on the avenue, entered with all the pomp and ceremony of a celebrity, threw wide the portals called doors, saw that his loved ones were comfortably settled, pushed the automatic starter and shot off into the blue of noon. Yes, Percy has a machine, so drop that line about the battle of the bulge, the Leyte landing or thirtieth mission and buy a Henry — Ford that is. You'll get around.

It will be a grand concert, so don't miss it.

Chapel choir will sing during Tulip Time as will the Glee Club. And from what we hear, this will be a gala celebration.

Yatita

Yatita

Amidst the moans and groans of the mid-term grades we find our student body back for the final nine weeks of the campaign. Last Monday evening we found the Girls' Glee Club returning from an Eastern trip and Ernie Post was there for Mary Ellen Brouwer, and John Knopf was there for Betty Van Lente and Jean Snow also came home.

Picture of the week was Borden's Elsie and Don Scholten's photograph in the Holland Evening Garbage Wrapper the other evening—but don't get excited it was only announcing a tie convention and that tie isn't marriage.

During vacation Howie Koop, Bob Snow, and Bob Nyboer furthered diplomatic relations with an American neighbor by taking a sentimental journey to Canada. Also during vacation we saw George Dalman, interior decorator, riding around town with his partner Jim Den Herder in a 1930 Chevrolet — Well, what are you laughing at it's an automobile anyway.

James Muddell returned from vacation with another 10 pounds and I don't mean English money. The girls on the campus are coming to chapel on time again because they heard that 40 new boys started the Spring Refresher course.

Speaking of world organizations we hear that Vada Mae Efid is going steady with an eastern lad namely someone from Long Island.

We want to commend Miss Voorhees on having such a quiet library, we hear tell that Chuck Martindale fell asleep there recently while he was very busy studying "Paradise Lost."

Humor Boy "Hoek" rates a laugh himself. Hear tell he took a short jaunt to Chicago to see a certain Hopeite in the Wind-garden city. To get back to nature Ruth Gorgenson, Jim Cook, "Hoek," and Ann Marie opened the spring weenie roast season out at the lake. No reservations needed.

Hank Jensen "took off like a big bird" to see Lorraine in New York. It goes to prove that little ditty about "absence makes the heart grow."

Cutest couple of the week are Ike Demain and Bob Nyboer. The most enthusiastic are Lorraine Bolt and Gordon Brewer. The question is—where is that man for me???

Elaine Meeusen ended her war time status—"I Walk Alone"—last week when Bruce came home. Rehabilitation is in full swing.

And so we close with the co-eds famous last words "WHY???" If you don't know why bother.

"Kreet" Mahoy.

### Watching The "Desert Doctor"

Bobbe Bilkert

We always called Thursday "clinic day". It was the day Dad took one or two of the hospital help and sometimes Mother, along the coast or farther inland to give the small villages, scattered outside of Muscat, medical treatment. But today was to be a special Thursday because we children were to be taken along.

We started early that morning so we could reach as many towns as possible before dark, so into our faithful blue Ford we piled. I'd like to take time here to describe our precious car. It could compare favorably with our modern jeep as far as its ability to go places and do things is concerned. It had six wheels which is explained by the fact that when still in its youth in America a trunk, as we called it, was added onto the backend. The four of us sat crosslegged on the floor of the trunk and had an enjoyable three sided view of the passing country.

Dad drove, with Mother sitting next to him as his faithful speedometer. It was always an honor to accompany "sahib" on these clinic tours. This time handsome Mohammad shone in envied glory as he climbed into the back seat with all the equipment. After being finally launched by the remaining staff, we buzzed merrily out of the city gate to the open desert, yelling oriental hellos to the brown-eyed Arabs of the city who by this time had become used to, or resigned themselves to our, what they thought, unusual means of conveyance.

Once out on the desert road the extra thick wheels of the car stirred up a flurry of sand behind us and the chains made a contented humming sound. The sun made our bare arms and legs warm and we squinted gruesomely at each other under large white "topees", as we commented on an occasional caravan or a lone traveler.

The first village we approached was very small and practically all the inhabitants came out to pay either their respects verbally or to satisfy their curiosity from a distance. White people were still a novelty to them and they stared with their mouths hanging open in luxurious relaxation. These Arabs were self-sufficient and lived mostly on rice and dates. They didn't look as healthy as the Muscat Arabs, but more sinewy and hardened.

Most of the patients were being treated for trachoma, a very infectious eye disease, which is very prevalent in Arabia. The reason for this being lack of sanitation and the fact that flies seem to be an accepted article of any Arabs attire. They take little pains to brush them away from their food, mouth, or eyes. These villagers had gotten used to Dad and submitted to his treatments without suspicion, but always, at first, the Arabs are very wary of the white "medicine man."

We left the small town after Dad had made the rounds of the bed-ridden patients and saying "fee-mon-e-la" to the small group of evidently still unsatisfied spectators left. They looked rather pathetic still standing with their mouths open, and we watched them in silence until they faded into the brown sea of sand as we sped on.

Reath was about one hundred miles from Muscat and was a well known oasis. We could see the numerous green date palms miles off as they were the only evidence of color anywhere. The black soil looked beautiful in comparison with the dry sand we had just crossed. Ditches of running water ran through the fields of alfalfa and tall grass. The road we entered the city on was overshadowed with date palms and the whole effect was one of coolness and beauty. The people that came to greet us were as dirty as the last crowd. Later on, however, the city officials came to supervise the proceedings and it seems the appearance of cleanliness is acquired along with social standing, in the orient.

Here Dad had a larger job and all his equipment was taken out of the car. With the sun as his main antiseptic and the oil burner as another, he boiled water and sterilized all his implements. A man was brought up on a stretcher for a body operation. Dad and Mohammad knelt beside the man and, while Mother regulated the chloroform, operated under the watchful gaze of an awed, darkskinned audience. There was here, as in the other village, a long line of eye patients. Mother, who has acquired the nurses technique through experience, and not through training, acts always as the women's doctor, as far as possible, since women in Arabia can't unveil in front of strangers. Dad performed many operations in nature's operating room that day and it wasn't until dusk set in that he stopped working. I heard him tell Mother later that he had to tell a young woman that he could not heal her. She was to die soon of cancer of the stomach.

It was cool driving back and, freed of our topees, we children leaned our heads back against the car and tried to name the constellations.

Writing about this six years later, I can't help philosophizing a little on what then was just a gay joy ride into the desert. I see again the lame and the sick, those who have leprosy and those who have cancer, those who have Trachoma and those who have tuberculosis. The little barefooted child, face covered with pox marks, nose and eyes continuously running (a haven for flies), a white shirt now black with wear, seemed to symbolize the need that is greatest in Arabia. More and more doctors could do so much for Arabia and it is a fertile field for experiment and advance. I see the same child standing then six years later — waiting. I wonder, will the need ever be fulfilled?

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
Star Restaurant

KNOLL'S GIFT SHOP  
GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS



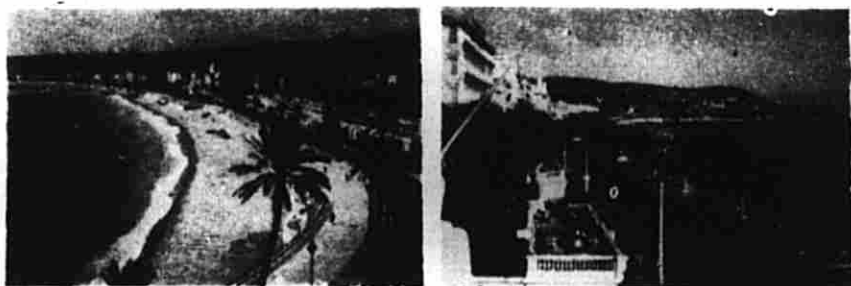
# HOPE AMBASSADORS

## Furloughing at the Riviera

John Bursema, Jr.

We arrived in Nice, the heart of the Riviera district, after two and a half days of rough traveling aboard German coaches, which resemble our box cars, with wooden benches. The trip through the Rhone Valley was pleasant enough and after leaving Lyons the weather changed remarkably and we started to feel the difference in the temperature immediately. It was the month of November and in Frankfort the weather had been quite cool in the past month but at the Riviera it became about as warm as it does in Michigan during the month of June.

Nice was not a very large town but it had many large and modern hotels, all of which were then being reserved for the United States Army. The people in Nice were about one-half Italian and one-half French and the language was a mixture of both. There was also a sharp line between those that lived there because of the winter season and the merchants and laymen of the town. The stores, hotels, and homes were all built of white or yellow stucco and looked very neat and clean in the bright sunlight. The two main streets were Promenade Des Anglais and Boulevard De Victor Hugo. The Promenade Des Anglais traveled along the bathing beach parallel to the board walk and continued on all the way to Cannes, another town about ten miles west. The people in the town seemed all very well dressed and walked around like they do at resorts in this country, wearing large sun glasses and a dark coat of tan. Their means of transportation in the city were limited to bicycles and horse-drawn carriages, the latter being very costly if rented by the hour.

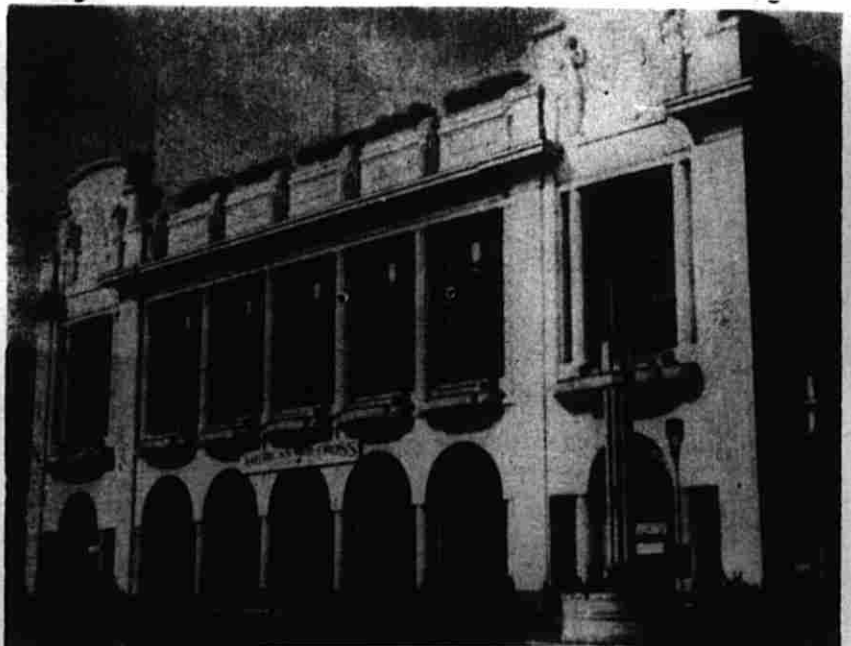


The second day at the Riviera Rest Area we were taken on a tour through the surrounding mountains to see the homes and castles of many former French rulers and presidents. We finally came to a small town called Grasse which, the guide told us, was the center of the perfume industry in France. He took us into one of the perfume factories and we saw how they crushed tons of rose petals in order to get about a gallon jug of perfume oil. This oil however can make quite a few more gallons of perfume, some of which sells for as high as \$30.00 an ounce. Face powder, lipstick and rouge, as well as make-up kits were manufactured at this same plant and went through a similar process.

The next day we felt lucky, so we decided to visit the famous gambling casino at Monte Carlo in the province of Moracco. Moracco is a protectorate of the French but it has its own Prince and its own monetary system and is entirely free from taxation by the French Government. Most of the people make their living working in or operating some sort of gambling casino for the pleasure of the wealthy patrons of the Riviera. The Casino of Monte Carlo is a huge, elaborately furnished building with one large gambling hall for ordinary customers and many private rooms for the more wealthy. American soldiers don't earn the kind of money required for Monte Carlo's customers, so gambling for them was strictly forbidden. The building is set upon a peninsula jutting out into the Mediterranean Sea and since we had made the trip by L.C.I., it was visible from the water for about five miles. It is situated about eight miles from the Italian border. On the return trip we stopped off in old Nice where the fishermen of the community live and work. Life there was a little on the sordid side since these people were very poor. Due to wartime restrictions on navigation the people of this city were practically without a means of livelihood.

The bathing beach was a little disappointing to me, perhaps because I am used to the sandy shores of Lake Michigan. The beach of the Riviera consists of smooth stones about the size of golf balls and is not very conducive to sun bathing. The resorters solve this problem by renting padded wooden pallets from vendors along the board walk. The water, however, is very clean and refreshing, even though it was just a bit too cool while I was there.

The Red Cross Club was the largest and best I had seen in the European Theatre. Besides having a huge ballroom, movie theatre, reading room, coffee shop, and coke bar it also had a government operated store in which the G.I.'s could buy many articles and souvenirs too expensive to purchase



(Continued on Page Four)

## Report on Conditions in France and Italy

It is always enjoyable to read the interesting reports of personal experiences of our class-mates as they sojourned on foreign shores. John Bursema's description of the Riviera Rest Center does much to bring back memories of occasional pleasant interruptions of our war duties. But often our contacts with the people of the various European countries went a good deal deeper than the casual observations made during a three day pass or a carefree furlough. In many instances Hope's Ambassadors gained a greater insight into the character of the people and the problems of a country than if they had come as ordinary American tourists.

For that reason we are especially pleased to present on this page Jack de Kruif's frank appraisal of the situation as he saw it in Italy, as well as the careful, philosophical sketch of France and the French by Fred Wight. However, we are aware that our detailed reports from various countries might tend to overemphasize the differences of custom and culture, rather than point to subjects on which our interests meet. If we want our Christianity and our desire for world brotherhood to be more than empty forms and phrases, then we must begin to think in terms of individual sovereignty and dignity in regard to all our fellowmen, rather than to lump them into national groups which often are not even of their own choosing.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find the reprint of a letter from a boy in the Netherlands, who desires to correspond with an American student. Miss Ross tells us that she has the names and addresses of several other young people in Europe, who would like to exchange letters and ideas with Americans of their own age. It seems to us that nothing we can print here, nor even the personal accounts we may give of our experiences, can do as much to increase the understanding of the problems Europe is facing today, as direct correspondence with the youth of the Old World. At the same time, contacts of this type would almost certainly heighten our appreciation of our own country. The Hope students who made friends in Holland, Belgium, England, France, as well as in many other places will gladly share these friendships with their school-mates. If you are interested, please speak to Miss Ross.

We greatly appreciate the efforts of those who have contributed articles for these pages and the friendly criticisms of others; but since we hope to continue this feature until the end of the schoolyear, we can still use a number of articles both on Europe and on the Pacific.

Renze L. Hoeksema

Paul G. Fried

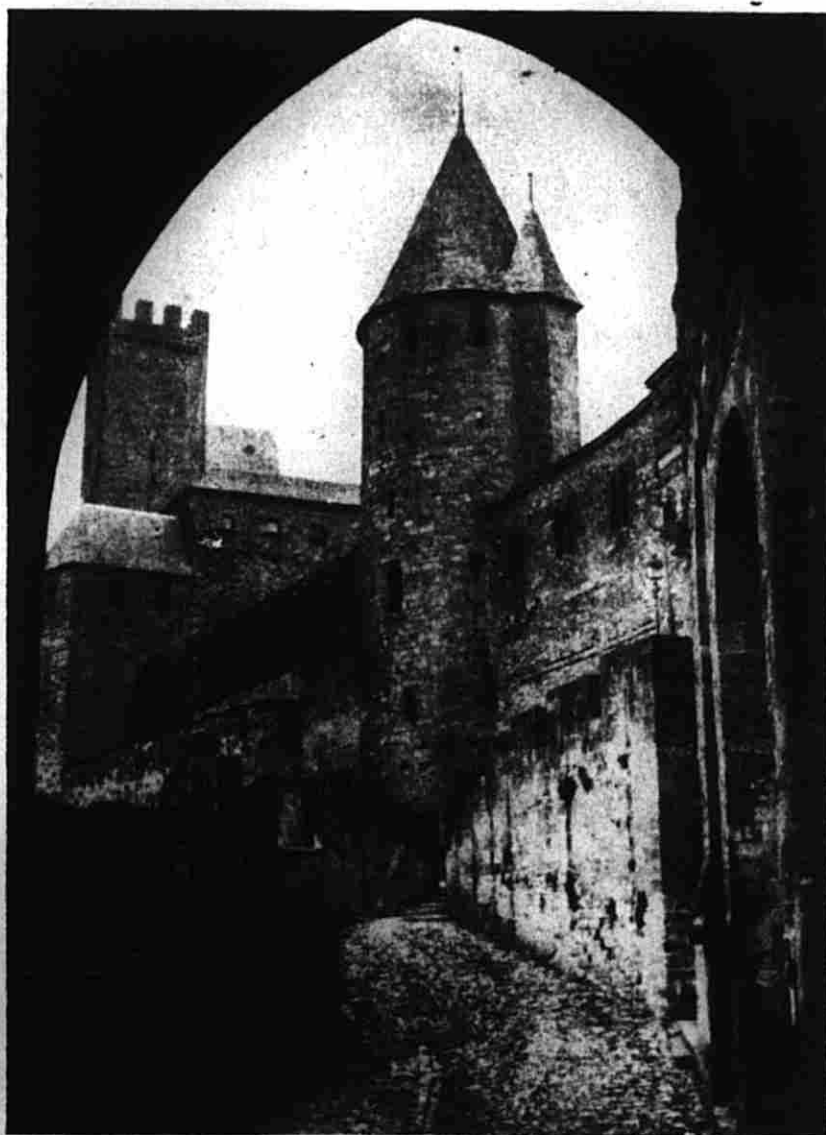
## Italy

### The Soft Underbelly of Europe

Jack H. de Kruif

Peering intently out of the R.A.F. transport as we circled Capodichino airdrome at Naples, I caught my first glimpse of Italy. As we circled we were able to pick out Mt. Vesuvius, black and foreboding; Pompeii, burned and desolate; Sorrento, golden and proud in the setting sun.

Before we had a chance to look over Naples and make any mental evaluations, we were shunted off to Foggia and the not too pleasant job of flying against the Nazis.



Foggia, railhead for all traffic going south or heading north. Filthy, gutted buildings, poverty, the stale odor of death, flies, and hopelessness. A grim reminder of the futility of totalitarianism.

My first leave came through in December, after forty missions, and for the first time I could avail myself of the opportunity of seeing Italy and her people first hand. My

Continued on Page 4

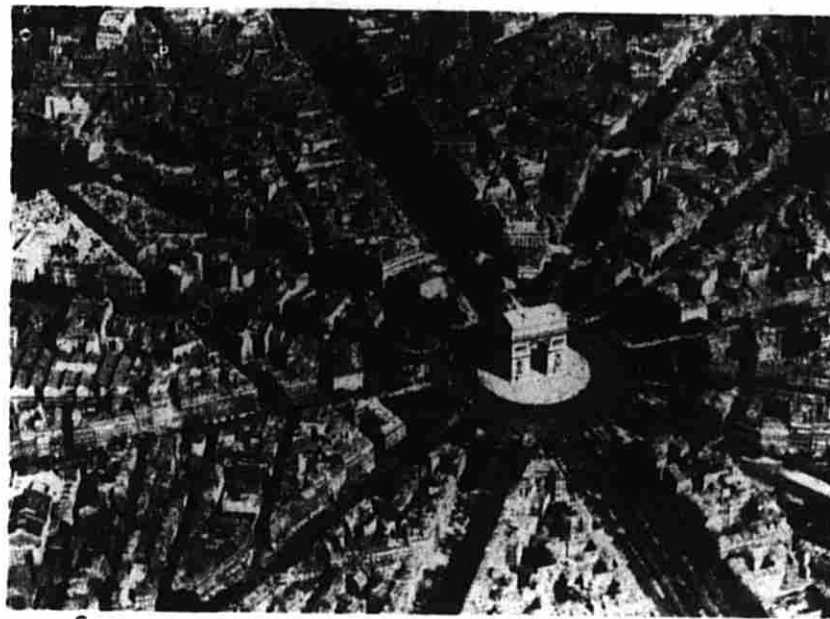
## The French and the Country They Love

Fred Wight

"What is your opinion of the French people?" This seems to be the question most frequently asked the G. I. who has returned from France. Unfortunately the majority of soldiers are bringing back unfavorable opinions of the French. You may have heard that they are nonprogressive, lazy, and other criticisms of a similar nature.

The French peasant and many of the bourgeoisie are behind times, to our way of thinking. Their antiquated principles are dear to them. They cling to tradition and custom as something of utmost importance. They are satisfied to follow the examples of their fathers and grandfathers, casting aside the labor saving devices and methods of modern science. They have no need of labor and time-saving devices to live in a way which satisfies them. There is a sharp contrast between their philosophy and ours. This is obviously a generalization. All France does not live true to this philosophy, but it is because of this that so many Americans think the French to be nonprogressive.

The Americans were apparently disappointed in the appearance and nature of the French. They were not strong, healthy, and energetic as they are so often described in books. On the contrary, they were in a very lamentable condition. We must remember, however, that the French suffered a great deal in this past war. Not only did they suffer physically, but also mentally. Almost everything they cherished and loved was taken away from them with the fall



of the Third Republic in 1940. First they lost France, which was close to the heart of almost every Frenchman; with France they lost their liberty, equality, and fraternity; there were few homes that did not suffer the loss of a loved one. The loss of all these things, along with the humiliation and the loss of pride they suffered for four years under the iron hand of the Nazis left them with wounds that influenced their behavior, deceiving many Americans of their true nature.

In a country as large as France there are all sorts of people. Some of the people did all in their power to make the G. I.'s time spent in France as enjoyable as possible. The difference in language inhibited many from doing more for the American soldier. Despite this fact and the meager food ration, many were invited to homes where they enjoyed French cooking. The French have made an art of cooking and take great interest in it. They can not only season the food and bring out a flavor "superb," but they also have a knack of preparing the food in such a way as to give it a very appetizing appearance. Along with their meal they like to drink wine as a beverage. Many peasants substitute with cider. The French drink wine and cider as we drink water. It is indeed a rare occasion to see a Frenchman take a drink of water. I've asked a number of French men why they don't drink water. A few replied that they didn't like the taste; others said it was injurious to the health. Although the French like wine with their meals and drink it occasionally during the day, they are not intemperate people.

For the sightseer France is a paradise. Some of the most beautiful scenery and architecture in Europe is found in this country. We can not associate one type of scenery with France. For though France is a comparatively small country, there are found great plains, majestic mountains, rolling hills, dense forests, beautiful olive groves, and large vineyards. With this contrast of landscape, scattered throughout France are beautiful chateaux, cathedrals, and other architectural beauties. Only Italy surpasses France in her range of architecture.

Paris, besides being the capital of France and the largest city of continental Europe, is the center of life in France. People come from every nook and corner of France to enjoy the many things Paris offers. In Paris there is something to appeal to the taste of most everyone; magnificent architecture, handsome streets, art treasures, educational institutions, cafes, and restaurants. The city is very beautifully situated on both sides of the Seine river. In midstream of the Seine is the "Ile de la Cite" where the famed Notre Dame is situated. Overlooking the city majestically is the "Sacre-Coeur," built on the only hill of Paris proper. It is truly an impressive city. It is not only known for its beauty, and historical significance but also for some of the most important manufacturers and one of the best subway systems in the world.

The French, known as a people of art, literature, and science, are slowly recovering from the results of a war which affected them so greatly. They have already found much of

Continued on Page 4



## Wight

the gaiety and joy they had been deprived of for so long. They have resumed many of their historical pageants and gay festivals that were so much a part of the French life. It will take a long time for the French to recover completely, but there are already signs of great new life and spirit among them.

## de Kruif

first stop was Naples and a real awakening. Naples, the birthplace of Mussolini's Black Shirt movement; the home of culture and progressive politics; and the town that rejected Benito and his mad philosophies. Mussolini never forgave this affront to his dignity and as long as he ruled Naples was the forgotten city of Italy. Benito spent millions of the hard-earned Italian peasants money on building a magnificent palace that he never occupied. His method of saying, "I told you so" to the Neopolitans.

The Italians, after talking with them, seem completely confused as to their Status Quo in world politics and eventual salvation for their homeland. They are unable to understand the machinations necessary before complete acceptance in world society will be tendered them once again. They're confused and quizzical for the first time in centuries as to the Catholic Church and its position. They wonder why the support of the Mussolini regime by the Papacy has not brought punishment from the Allies; they wonder why so many major and minor church officials that were avowed Fascists have escaped all prosecution; they wonder why when they starve, have no clothing, no money, some not even a roof over their head, the representatives of the Catholic Church still have the daily change of snowy white linens, soap, Multi food, and shoes with soles. They're even beginning to question the legitimacy of the Church in insisting on a cut in the very frugal necessities of life. This is not intended as condemnation of the Catholic Church, but merely presentation of facts. Truthfully, however, I wondered as I wandered down via Umberto after having seen the absolute magnificence of the Vatican City and St. Peter's. Solid gold ceiling, untold wealth in precious gems on stone effigies, haughty, well fed Swiss Guards in pure silk uniforms and two blocks away people dying on sidewalks (too poor to receive Supreme Unction) selling their bodies and souls for a chocolate bar. C'est la guerre? I think not.

I firmly believe the lackadaisical attitude of the A.M.G. towards prosecution of known Fascists, bungling of vitally needed food and medicinal supplies, plus an obvious disgust for Italian living conditions has imbued the Italians with their present intense dislike of anything American. We've missed the boat in Italy. Another example of failure to analyze, understand, or care.

My most profound impression of the Italian people came as a result of seeing Mussolini and his mistress Clara Petricci hanging by their heels, in the square at Milan, after having been executed by the Partisans. People shrieking, crying, laughing, spitting on the dead bodies, hitting the bodies with clubs; wreaking their vengeance on the dead. They reminded me of savage jackals. No aims, no ideals, no thoughts, no plans. All of them rode the waves with Benito for more than a decade, enjoying the fruits of his doctrines (whether right or wrong), and when "Benito was Finito" they heaped the entire blame on him. They had forgotten that no man rises to the plane of dictatorship without a tremendous backlog of popular support. They are their own worst enemies. It also left me with this thought. Until the tremendous gap between the Northern and Southern Italian is bridged economically, educationally, culturally, and socially, salvation for the Italian nation will not be forthcoming.

## Bursema

from civilian owned shops. It was while I was in a civilian store, however, that I had a rather unique experience. My buddies and I were attempting to carry on a conversation with the owner of a film store and we were not doing too well. An old gentleman stepped up and asked us in perfect English if he could be of assistance. After making my purchase through him, I asked him where he learned to speak English so fluently. He said that he had been born in Grand Rapids and had lived there until 1922, when he was sent to Paris on business and later to Nice. He liked the Riviera so well, he came back after a few years, got married, raised a family and lived there ever since. All of this only proves that this is indeed a small world after all.

After the third day we became reconciled to the fact that it rains for fifteen minutes every day, but, since the sun shone brightly for the rest of the day, we did not mind too much. The vegetation at the Riviera is similar to that in Southern California with the usual displays of brightly colored cactus and towering palm trees in the sandy soil. There is little or no farming done in this district but I did see a few grape vineyards and I heard that some very good wines are produced there, along with a certain type of Italian brandy and red wine. The Riviera is the home of many artists, painters and architects. Painters can be seen all along the beaches or the roads painting some scenic spot or building. The mountains are covered with elaborate mansions and summer homes with every type of architecture in history represented. It is also the home of French musicians and it was in Nice that one of the latest tune hits originated. In France it was called 'C'est Fini' and the American version is called 'Symphony.'

The rest of our furlough was spent bicycling through the country, golfing in one of Europe's best golf courses and enjoying French and American stage plays with the evenings spent listening to the best orchestras of France. Before we knew it our ten days were finished and we had to return to war-torn Germany. The return trip was spent recalling good times we had in the garden spot of Europe and it was generally agreed that it was an experience we would all favorably remember and that we would return to the Riviera someday, if given the opportunity.

## Hollander Wants To Correspond With Americans

The following letter, received by Mr. Willard Wichers, was written by a Dutch boy who wishes to correspond with Americans his age. He is vitally interested in learning more about the American way. Any Hope students who wish to begin a correspondence would undoubtedly find it very interesting. His address is: Rein Aalten, v. d. Heydenlaan 27, Zeist, Holland.

"First of all I'll explain you the purpose of my writing. I am a Dutch boy aged 17 and studying at the secondary school. June next I am going in for my final examination and after that I intend to study political economy.

"I am greatly interested in the English language and I try to practice my knowledge of it wherever it is possible. I correspond with two English soldiers and some Americans. The writers of these letters seemed to be much interested how life went here during the five years of German oppression.

"Then referring to an article in the paper here I wrote to Mr. W. A. Butler, business manager of the 'Holland Evening Sentinel' asking him if it would be possible to put some articles of mine in his paper in order to give his readers an idea about Holland of 1940-1945.

"I received a very nice letter from him in which he, among others, advised me to communicate myself with you as you are in charge of the Netherlands Foundation.

"Therefore I apply to you requesting if it would be possible to send me a list of names (preferably of boys and girls of 16-19 years), that I could write to. Also many boy and girl friends of mine are anxious to write about Holland.

"I am sure that in this way we shall be able to build up correspondence and I hope that the relations between 'Holland and Holland' may become a pleasant one.

"Looking forward to your early answer, I am,

Sincerely,  
Rein Aalten"

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## Spanish Club Hears Discussion Of Peru

A meeting of the Spanish Club was held Thursday evening, April 18, in the Thesaurion room. Arthur Anderson was chairman for the meeting.

The program theme centered around Peru. William Dykstra gave a talk on the Incas, giving the reasons for attaining such a high civilization and also describing the decline. A talk on the geography and history of Peru was given by Joe Palmer. Alan Valteau talked on the "Spanish Contribution to Civilization." An original short play using conversation in Spanish was produced with Arthur Anderson, William Dykstra, Joe Palmer, and Alan Valteau as the cast.

## Hope Graduate Accepts Assistant Professorship

Dr. John E. DeVries, a Hope graduate of the class of '39 has recently accepted a position as an assistant professor at Kansas State College at Manhattan, according to information which Dr. Harvey Kleinheksel has just received.

After attending Hope College for four years, where he majored in chemistry, Mr. DeVries received an assistantship at the University of Illinois. After four years there he attained his doctor's degree. Until this recent position, he worked in the Research Department of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

On April 5, he married the former Miss Ruth Evers of Rochester, Indiana.

## Hungarian College

(Continued from Page One)  
the war period and is very well acquainted with the efforts of the Hungarian churchmen and students on behalf of their countrymen.

Dr. Vasady will share the speaker's platform with Dr. George A. Buttrick, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, at the conference of minister of the Reformed Church in America. The conference will be held the first week in August on the Hope campus.

Dr. Vasady comes as a representative of the Reformed Church of Hungary, the two chief citidels of which are the 400-year old educational institutions of Sarospatak and Debreczen.

A further plea is being made for the student body to support this all-out effort on the part of the W.A.L. to aid the destitute in Hungary as was emphasized in a previous Anchor the students of Hope have a kinship with the Hungarian schools because of our protestant heritages.

## I. H. MARSILJE

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## In Paternal Tribute

Mozart said one of the truest things in the world when, on the death of his father, he exclaimed: "Next to God comes Papa."

I thought tonight of the many partings and few happy reunions we've had in the past four years, and Dad, giving the most he had for the least in return. There was the time when I first joined the army. Mom and Dad took me to the train early in the morning. Mother, bless her, cried and hung-on to me until the very last. And Father sat there in the car and watched us. Two months later they managed to come to California and I remember so well running out to the camp gate and throwing my arms about my Mother. And Dad stood there and beamed all over and finally hugged me after Mom had had her fill. We had a wonderful six days together. It was sad when I left them in the hotel room for what we thought might be our last time together. Mom had an awfully hard time and hung on to me until it really hurt. Pop stood by and watched us and said, cheerfully: "Take care of yourself, son." Four years later I joyfully knocked on the Den window and Dad, first to see me, jumped up. Mom met me at the door and we held each other for almost hours while Dad just stood and smiled at us and the tears rolled down his cheeks. And then he took his turn.

## Colliers Presents Arthur Vandenberg With Senate Award

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, was recently given the Collier's Congressional Award for Distinguished Service in the Senate in 1945, at a White House ceremony. The presentation was made by President Truman.

The Michigan senator was cited for "his ability to rise above partisan politics in welding together the Senate in support of American participation in world affairs." He was said to have demonstrated an "awareness both of the country's responsibilities to a world society and of its opportunities for democratic leadership."

Congressman A. S. Mike Monroney, Democrat of Oklahoma, was given the Collier's Award for Distinguished Service in the House in 1945, at the same White House ceremony. The Oklahoma won recognition for "fostering legislation intended to reform the organization and procedures of Congress."

Both Senator Vandenberg and Congressman Monroney received silver plaques and \$10,000 in cash. Under the rules of the awards committee, composed of nationally known men headed by Owen D. Young, each of the winners designated some "worthy public cause" to receive the \$10,000. Senator Vandenberg turned his over to the American Red Cross.

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## Song - Boids Retain

By this time everyone knows the Women's Glee Club went on a tour of the East during spring vacation. If you have asked any of the girls if they had a good time, they will, without question, all answer, "Wonderful time!"

But have you heard any of the intimate details—those rare incidents which make a trip exciting, humorous, and never-to-be-forgotten? For instance, did you know that...

—Dean "M. T." Hinga offered comfort to Mike Brouwer with new thoughts every day concerning Ken Zuverink?

—Nyack, New York, has finally been put on the map through the efforts of Ruth alias Nyack Probst?

—one of the big advertising signs was lost just outside Lansing?

—tragedy stalked the scene for Betty Brinkman when her second home, the Virginia Park Skating Rink burned down?

—the bus driver, Louie, has made forty friends which will never forget his wonderful smile and super personality, even though he'll be married next month?

—the song, "Have I Stayed Away Too Long?" with appropriate gestures, is the number one song on the Glee Club Hit Parade?

—Arvin, the Geranium King, sent a beautiful orchid to "The Look?"

—an authority on cows, pigs, and corn acreage, Harriet Mynkens, bribed Fred Waring to play "All I Owe I-o-way" on the program the girls attended?

—Coach waited into the wee hours to check in Visscher, Brouwer, Snow, and Snow, who retired to their rooms at 10:30 on Saturday night in New York City?

—Pee Wee Van Dyke and Pee Wee Haskins were taken by the hand by Coach and Mrs. Snow to go shopping?

—Pauline Viening has been proclaimed the most cheerful, heartiest laffer, and the only girl who can laugh over nothing at all, in

the Glee club?

—a disappearing act was performed by three girls in the top row during one of the concerts?

—Alice Marie Parrott was lucky enough to have her Johnny with her during the week-end in New York?

—"I-o-way" fell off the end of the riser on the top row she got so excited over the singing?

—Betty Van Lente needed a suitcase to carry her letters from Johnny home?

—a close-harmony selection, "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy," was perfected with finesse and ability by the Viennig-Meeusen duet?

—all literature was censored by Dean Hinga and if not found suitable tossed out of the door, while the coach was in motion?

—the soundest sleeper was found to be Pinks Mulder, who sleeps anywhere and through anything?

—all the girls with the exception of perhaps three bought new shoes?

—Radio City Music Hall had a rushing business from the girls?

—Ruth Ellison wrestled with a wisdom tooth and finally had to have it pulled?

—Norma Albers and Pinks Mulder were taken for sisters and Pinks got beaucoup congratulations for her lovely piano solo?

—the Sextette really "Awoke the Wintry Earth" when some of them forgot the piece at a Sunday School meeting where they sang?

—Mrs. Snow pulls faces to make the girls smile and look cheerful when they're singing?

—an "exciting and thrilling" cowboy movie, which left the girls enthralled by its "beauty and artistry," put Mr. Hinga and Mrs. Snow to sleep during a short stop-over in a New York village?

—Mary Lou Hemmes and Harv have 146 first cousins between the two of them?

—the Glee Club will be heard over the air on a program to be broadcasted on Easter Sunday in New York and vicinity?

## DEM MEISTER SINGERS

(OR... "KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE!")

An Opera in Three Acts

Cast:

Sir Artie-Boy, head of the mourning committee.....Tenor  
Lady Bettie, his lover.....Soprano  
King William Hillegronds.....All-A Student  
Queen Libbie.....Soprano  
Count (the days) Ingham.....Blowhard  
Countess Helga (Better known as Spiko!).....Dirty Alto  
Big Milt, chief interlocketer.....Bass  
Mademoiselle Lichty, referee.....Coloratura Soprano  
Madam Snow, Chief Meistersinger.....Contralto  
Chorus of Lovers, Sad Sacks, Students dressed as Rah-Rah Boys and Rah-Rah Boys dressed as Rah-Rah Boys!

Act I, Scene I

Back Seat of Mrs. K's Cadillac

King William and Queen Libbie are discussing the coming tour of Dem Meistersingers. They break into their famous duet: "Ah, my love, I got it bad and that ain't good!" Big Milt appears on the scene as the lovers "break" and they all sing a little ditty about the birds and the bees and spring sports. King William tells his Queen he will have to work the day of their parting and they both mourn the fact as the curtain falls.

Act I, Scene II

Guess Where!

Sir Artie-Boy and Lady Bettie are walking about the grounds of Hope Bastille mourning the fact that they will soon be parted for ONE WHOLE WEEK! In this scene, Sir Artie-Boy sings his famous Aria: "Sighwithoutya, Crywithoutya, Howcanl Getbywith-outya Blues." Count Ingham and Helga enter crying (musically, nach!) and sing the duet: "Lotsa Suds with Super Sudsies" in an effort to feint gaiety.

Act II

Guess Where Again, You Dopes!

Dem Meistersingers are congregated in front of their chariot ready to tour the unknown. Sir Artie-Boy is the lone hero of the three lovers to bid his lady a fond farewell. He is about to burst into a solo when he discovers three other lovers about to do likewise. They all then break into a love quartet to their true little Bettie. Queen Libbie and Countess Helga harmonize on "My Man." Mademoiselle Lichty enters and sings her famous "The House Board Will Getcha If You Don't Sign Out." Madam Snow raises her baton and all join in with various inconsequential ditties.

Act III

Ten Days Later

King Hillegronds, Sir Artie-Boy, and Count Ingham are walking about the Bastille in wild anticipation, singing "Somebody Stole My Gal." It is evening and Dem Meistersingers are expected back soon. They feel much better and soon show their enthusiasm in the ever popular "Flat Foot Floogie." A horn is heard off stage and they rush away in wild anticipation. They return with their lovers clasped tenderly within their arms (Oh Brother!!) and sing "Happy Days Are Here Again." The curtain falls as the chorus is singing:

Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah HAIR!  
Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah EYES!  
Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah LIPS!  
Blah, Blah, Blah, Blah LOVE!!

The end, kiddies... (cries of AUTHOR!!)

—Lou Bixby.

## Outward Bound Production

### Marks Dramatics' Revival

### Carnegie Gymnasium Reopens May 1 With Elaborate Dramatic Performance

Another veteran, who was absent for many years, is returning to Hope College. With the opening performance of "Outward Bound" dramatics will again become a part of the college curriculum, and take its place as part of the social events of the town. On May first the doors of Carnegie Gymnasium will once more open for the play-going public.

### Cosmo Claims Fifteen "Ex Gls"

More and more Cosmos are returning to the campus daily and in the near future a business meeting for the purpose of reorganizing the fraternity and establishing it as an active part of campus life will be held. It is hoped that by the end of this school year, the complete reorganization will have taken place and the fraternity will be ready to start the new college year of '47.

Those Cosmo men who are now in school include Bob Hamm, Dale Fris, Clary Van Lier, Louis Van Wieren, Hank Fylstra, Bill Stalz, Art Slager, Glen Toren, Bob Nieboer, Clarence Luth, Harry Snell, Jay Volkens, Wes Vryhof, Bob Scheerhorn and Buster Van Dyke. All of these are ex-servicemen.

### Youthful Fez



A young looking fez to be worn back and straight is shown above as pictured in the December issue of Junior Bazaar, new fashion magazine. The clip right on the edge of the brilliant red thick felt is an important fashion point.

The stage, which has been unused for so long, will once more come to life.

Just forty years ago Andrew Carnegie donated thirty thousand dollars for the erection of a Gymnasium at Hope College. When the Carnegie Gymnasium was opened in 1906, it became the center of the social life of the campus. Since that time the stage of the Gym has been the setting for many colorful plays. Many years college students and the town people have shared the pleasure of watching good acting and being caught in the illusion of some exciting play.

In 1940 a group of students banded together, and under the guidance of Miss Ross, the Palette and Masque Club was organized. They began to dust off the well worn curtains in the Gymnasium and put on a few short plays for their own enjoyment. But before the dramatic program of the club could really get under way, the war began to take the men from the campus. "Smilin' Through," given in the Spring of 1942 was the last full-length play presented at Hope College. Again the stage gathered dust, while the girls received their exercises in the Gymnasium.

When Professor Edward S. Avison joined the faculty of the College in February of this year, the old stage suddenly took a new lease on life. Soon an elaborate set of beautiful new curtains appeared, to be followed by masses of modern stage and lighting equipment. Mr. Avison, who has worked in play production and dramatics for years, brought with him a breath of the theater air, which now permeates the Gymnasium.

With the experience of the new director, the unique philosophical drama he chose, and the carefully picked cast of talented Hope students, the opening of the new dramatic program promises to be the outstanding event in serious entertainment not only for the College, but also for the town.

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# Hope Netters Take Grand Rapids J. C. In Three Singles Matches, One Doubles

Saturday afternoon Hope's netters met Grand Rapids Junior College in the first tennis match of the year. Hope came through to win 4-3, taking three of the singles matches and one doubles.

Playing in the number one singles' spot for Hope was Gabby Van Dis who lost the first set 1-6, but came back in the second to give Mika, the Grand Rapids number one man, a good fight. With many deuce games, Mika finally pulled ahead and won 7-5.

Tirrell defeated Krell rather easily in the first set, 6-1. However, Krell pulled up by winning 6-0 to even the score in sets at 1-1. Tirrell couldn't match the play and fell behind as he lost the third set, 4-6.

Holleman really bore down by taking Kammert 6-0 in the first set, and then won the match by a

6-2 set. Saurman of Grand Rapids came out on the short end of a 4-6, 2-6 match as Don Scholten defeated him. Barendse of Hope bested McCarthy as he won 6-1, 6-3.

The number one doubles team of Tirrell and Barendse matched Mika and Krell, who were also J.C.'s one and two singles players, and came out on top 6-3, 6-3. Stegenga and Mukhtar lost out to Kamert and Saurman 2-6, 1-6.

Summary: Hope, 4; Grand Rapids J.C., 3.

Van Dis vs. Mika—1-6, 5-7.

Tirrell vs. Krell—6-1, 0-6, 4-6.

Holleman vs. Kammert—6-0, 6-2.

Scholten vs. Saurman—6-2, 6-4.

Barendse vs. McCarthy—6-1, 6-3.

Tirrell-Barendse vs. Mika-Krell—6-3, 6-3.

Stegenga-Mukhtar vs. Kammert-Saurman—2-6, 1-6.

## WOMEN'S SPORTS

By Ike

Well—you haven't any excuse now!! You've had eleven whole days to rest up and get out of the "Mid-Winter" slump so you should all be bubbling over with pep and energy—just waiting to "Get out and do" in all sorts of sports.

If you need competition to arouse your interest, there's going to be plenty of that. First of all you gals who signed up for the tennis tournament will be seeing action very soon. Pinks Mulder, W.A.A. chairman of the contest, has plans completely drawn up and competition is about to begin.

The tournament won't end the tennis competition, however. Matches with various other colleges are being planned for the girls who make the team. Also, the girls will journey to Olivet to participate in the M.I.A.A. meet there in May.

There's something else in the way of athletics which will give you a run for your money. (Literally and figuratively speaking, that is.) Of course, I mean the horseback riding on the North Shore! Anyone wishing to go riding notify Phyl Dietrich. If enough sign up, a riding class may be formed. Gas rationing—now a thing of the not-so-long-ago past—won't hinder this spring.

Es Bogart (by gum, this better be right—after having her mixed up with Glenna in the basketball deal) will have softball going almost immediately. Libby Romaine, who has charge of archery and the like, will organize activities if you're interested in that sort of thing.

## THE KIBITZER . . .

. . . by K. Z.

Here's a hot one to open on: The other day Gabby Van Dis went down to the shower room and guess what Don Mulder was doing—he was standing in front of the mirror rubbing his chin and singing "Come out, come out, wherever you are!" . . . Hope's baseball nine scrimmaged Holland High last Wednesday. The box score will be omitted for confidential reasons. You didn't want me to squeal did you, Jack? . . . Back to the Elks basketball banquet; how many of you heard the sports program over WKZO a couple of weeks ago? You could have heard the sweetest voice on radio today—that of "Sleuth" Slager. I hear he's got an offer to take over Hildegard's program, but he doesn't smoke Raleigh's so he rejected it. Never know, they might pick on Harv Buter's voice next . . . Coach Hinga did a remarkable job on the Girls' Glee Club trip, I hear. He's no longer a Dorothy Dix but a Florence Nightingale . . . "Orchid Higgs" seems to be happy again . . . his theme song was "I'm Countin' the Days" . . . (Look who's talkin'!)

Coach Schouten had some tremendous turn-outs for baseball practice over vacation . . . kinda cold wasn't it? . . . Coach Vander-Bush would like some of the boys who received uniforms for track to come out to practice once in awhile . . . Hope has really increased its property of late. All we see is "property of Hope College" . . . if you haven't got three of those T-shirts, you're considered a "chicken" around here . . . Ask Jeanne Ver Berg who her two favorites are. Her answer will be "Harv" and Phil Caveretta of the Cubs . . . Caveretta because he knocked in the winning run in a Cub game last week and Harv . . .

I don't know—why is he one of her favorites? She used to be a good Tiger fan—I guess that shows what influence will do. Still worse—she even gets the "Cub News" . . . "Dear" Ter Haar had better stay away from the baseball games or Clairie won't finish a game all year. It's just a matter of what sport you like best, eh Van? . . . There are very few colorful ties around the campus this week, in fact, no ties at all. Just because one of our "beloved profs" has left for awhile. (We'll take a chance that he doesn't read the Kibitzer, because I need the Econ credit.) . . . Our boy, Dorsch came through with a big hairy home run against Calvin last week. Hot Rock in left too! . . .

Following is a box score of the Calvin-Hope baseball game:

Hope (7)	AB	R	H
Van Dorn, 2b	4	0	0
Mulder, ss-p	4	0	0
Meengs, cf	2	0	0
Glantz, rf	4	1	1
Dorsch, lf	4	3	3
Van Liere, p-ss	4	1	1
Heemstra, 1b	4	1	0
Hillegronds, c	4	0	1
Buter, 3b	3	0	0
x-Martindale	2	1	1
Totals—35	7	7	7

x-replaced Meengs in 4th.

Calvin (3)	AB	R	H
Eldersfeld, ss	4	1	0
Slagter, 1b	4	0	0
Koeze, 3b	4	1	0
Kool, cf	2	0	0
Vogel, lf	3	0	0
De Boer, 2b	3	1	2
Vander Ploeg, rf	3	0	0
Schaafsma, c	3	0	0
Pallak, p	2	0	0
Cheslak, p	1	0	0
Totals—29	3	2	2

Score by innings:

Hope	010	113	1—7
Calvin	000	030	0—3

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## Spring Rain

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Gray is the prevailing color  
The trees are colored like shadows  
There is an air of mystery.

The wind plays with the telegraph wires  
The trees bow to the west wind  
The clouds travel by the west wind  
There is an imminence of rain.

The wind in the air grows stronger  
The trees bow to their mighty master  
The cloak of darkness draws closer  
And takes all the world in its mantle.

The clouds still hold their moisture  
Closer and closer they come  
Till they can hold it no longer  
Their sacks overflow and the earth is caressed with moisture.

The rain descends in torrents  
The wind continues to blow  
The trees bow to both masters, the wind and the rain  
The wind the strongest receives the most reverence.

The ground absorbs the moisture  
The grass takes it through its fibers  
The roots take it  
And it runs like life blood through its veins.

The clouds being emptied of their burden  
Can give forth no more  
No more drops fall from the heavens  
The earth is saturated with moisture.

The clouds part but reveal not  
The sun that shone before the grayness  
But a sky sprinkled with stars  
A sky of blackest midnight.

— R. J. Q.

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