Tying the Knot

It’s a good sign that your team is winning when your anchor has to tie the knot again and again during the three hour Pull. The sophomores did that a lot on Friday, as they defeated the Freshmen by hauling in 19’7” for the victory. After losing last year, the class of ‘90 finally tasted the sweetness of winning at the Black River.
Despite Hijinks and Delays, Sophs Win

By Brian Breen
anchor Editor

After starting 40 minutes late, the Sophomore class of '90 defeated the freshman class of '91 by pulling in more than 19 feet of rope during the 50th annual tug-of-war last Saturday.

The weather and conditions at the Black River, east of Holland, were perfect compared to last year's muddy mess. And although a number of technical aspects were hampered by haywire, the enthusiasm for this year's Pull remained high.

The day started in regular fashion for both teams, although the coaches for the freshmen squad were in for a slight scare.

At 2 p.m., two hours before the Pull was scheduled to start, an '89 Puller discovered the freshman pits had been filled in by vandals during the night. Also, a couple of foot boards were missing.

Members of last year's '89 team, '89, '90 and '91 coaches scrambled to get the pits into their regular condition in time for the scheduled start.

However, when the pits were re-dug, it was learned that the rope used in past years was too short. Upon stretching it out, it only reached from pit 13 on the sophomore side to pit 15 on the freshman side. Each team had 18 pits.

"In the end (the pits) turned out to be a minor issue compared to the rope being too short," said Gary Kunzi, '91 team coach.

Last year, the rope was cut after the Pull and apparently whoever cut it removed a sizable length as a souvenir. When it was spliced back together over the summer it was considerably shorter, yet no one knew some rope was missing.

Posting the Pull, pulling 13.

against 13, and tying the practice ropes together, were all alternatives being considered instead of using the shorter rope.

For the best, calls were made to the Coast Guard in Holland and Grand Haven in search of a replacement.

However, no assistance was available. Instead, a rope off a tugboat was loaned to the school by the Great Lakes Shipping Co., a local business located in Macatawa.

But it was still too short. It was then decided by the Pull administrators and coaches to tie the two ropes together.

The actual event started at 4:41 p.m. with the knot of the two ropes in the middle of the river. After the marking of the rope by the judges, both spectators and competitors got set for the three-hour battle.

Neither team made great gains during the beginning. But, it was clear the freshmen were giving up more rope to the determined sophomores.

While '91 struggled with their in-chucks and lock-ins, '90 waited with experience and confidence. However, at 5:20 p.m., the event was still up for grabs.

But as the Pull grew over one and one-half hours old, it was apparent the momentum had swung to the sophomore side and was likely to stay there.

Since the two ropes combined were longer than the actual length of the pull rope, it was ruled that when a mark behind the anchor (pit 18) moved four feet in the opposite team's direction, a pull would be technically "popped," forcing two pullers to pull out of one pit.

Around 7:15 p.m., '90 was forced to pop a pit. "Psycho '90" was the sophomore theme, and they showed they meant it. After while winning wasn't the only goal, but the way they were going to win became important, too.

When the official measurement was taken at approximately 7:50 p.m., the rope had moved 19'7" in the sophomores favor. It was the largest margin of victory in three years.

The win raised the sophomores record to 32-17 since 1954. There have been two draws and three cancellations.

"They have the talent to win (next year) and they had it the day of the Pull," said Kunzi, about his freshmen team. "It just didn't work out that way."

While the preparations will take place again next year, the opportunities for a fresh victory are now reduced to one. This was something the sophomores faced this year.

"It was just fun to win," said '90 coach Kurt Kossen, summing it all up. "I really don't have anything else to say." And while the '90 coaches were quiet and smiling, the '90 team proved with squeals, screams and even tears, that it's always fun to win.
Sophomore Exum Dies After Asthma Related Attack

By Brian Breen
anchor Editor

The campus of Hope College was silenced early Thursday morning as word spread that 19-year-old Erik Exum, a resident of Phelps Hall, had died shortly after midnight Thursday of an asthma related seizure.

Erik collapsed outside his room on the third floor of Phelps, after complaining of pains while he was lying in his sleeping loft.

Public Safety, Holland Police, and local paramedics were dispatched to the scene around 12:10 a.m. and transported him to Holland Community Hospital where he died a short time later.

According to one college official, Erik was taking medication for an ankle injury along with medication for his asthma. Apparently the two reacted, causing the seizure.

Erik played defensive back on the Hope football team. He was a 1986 graduate of St. Joseph High School, located 65 miles south of Holland.

"Erik really loved to play football. He was a very coachable kid," said Ivan Muhlenkamp, Exum's high school grid coach. "He was willing to do whatever you asked of him."

A business administration major, Exum was described by Muhlenkamp as a very dedicated student-athlete. "Erik wasn't a super student, but he was a good student," Muhlenkamp said. "He was a good kid."

A prayer service for Exum was held on campus Friday morning in Dimment Memorial Chapel.

Funeral services for Exum were held Saturday morning at the First Congregational Church in St. Joseph.

Philadelphia Semester Rep On Hope Campus Today

By Eric Shotwell
anchor News Editor

Yesterday on Hope's campus, Steve Brooks held a meeting for people interested in attending the Philadelphia Urban Semester. Mr. Brooks is the director of the program, and will be visiting with about 20 classes today to tell students more about the semester in Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia semester counts for 16 credits here at Hope. Students work four full days a week in an internship program specifically for them, and also attend two four-credit courses to round out their semester.

One of these courses is the "City Seminar," a multi-disciplinary course that has a focus not unlike Hope's own core curriculum. Students also choose another four-credit course as an elective during the semester.

According to Dr. Joseph MacDoniels, who is one of the campus coordinators of the Philadelphia Semester, the program is "basically equal in cost to Hope tuition for a semester, but it can vary. (Students) can live frugally or they can really enjoy the city and live 'high on the hog.'" Participants in the Philadelphia Semester traditionally rent an apartment or room and arrange for their own meals, using the money they would normally use for room and board at Hope.

The program is affiliated with the Great Lakes College Association (GLCA), unlike the Chicago Semester, which is affiliated with Colleges in the Reformed tradition. Hope has been sending students to Philadelphia for about 20 years, according to MacDoniels, and a student may opt to go either during spring or fall semesters.

Currently, there are 39 students from Hope in Philadelphia, which is quite a large number compared to prior years. When Philadelphia Semester students numbered about 20 per semester.

"The Philadelphia Semester was originally intended for students interested in sociology and urban studies," said MacDoniels. "But now it is heavily used by business and communication majors. In addition, new opportunities for students interested in medicine and teaching have recently arisen."

Anyone interested in the Philadelphia Urban Semester should contact either Dr. MacDoniels of the communications department or Dr. Muhlenkamp of the business administration department.

The Hope College catalog also has a detailed description of the types of courses offered during the semester. Applications for prospective students next semester will be taken now through Oct. 15, but late application to the program may also be made if necessary.

The cost of both personal ads and subscriptions for the anchor, Hope's college newspaper, have been increased aaccording to Brian Breen, editor of the weekly, student run paper. Rates for personal and classified ads have been raised to 25 cents, up 20 cents from a year ago. Originally, the cost was five cents per ad.

"At our last staff meeting, the members voiced their support for raising the prices," said Breen. "The reasoning was for the time and effort, five cents was just too cheap."

Earlier in the year, the subscription price for the anchor was raised from $12 to $15 a year. "Basically, we hope to increase our average size of the paper each week," Breen said. "With the costs of everything up again this year, we felt it was necessary to go with the flow."

The anchor still remains free to students and faculty who pick the paper up on campus. Breen stated that right now only approximately 10 to 20 people will be affected by the subscription rate increase. "However, we hope to increase our number of subscribers in the future," added Breen.

GLCA PHILADELPHIA CENTER

a liberal arts program for professional development and field study

Steve Brooks will be on campus Tuesday & Wednesday, September 29, 30

Contact Tony Muiderman, Economics Dept., or Joe MacDoniels, Communications Dept., for details

The best way to win the Pull is not to lose any rope. Pulling hard and straining back are ways of accomplishing this.

Personal, Subscriptions Up in cost

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Entertainment

Pink Floyd Tour Stops in Chicago at the Rosemont

By A.C. VanderKolk
anchor Staff Writer

After a long public absence, Pink Floyd has recently reappeared on the music scene with both a new album and new name. This weekend saw Floyd in the windy city, playing at the Rosemont Horizon in Chicago. And while the band has changed, it can still rock.

The show opened with the song "Echoes" from the album "A Momentary Lapse of Reason", and continued with most of the songs from the new album, entitled "A Momentary Lapse of Reason".

Besides the music, the band was striking itself. When Roger Waters left the band many wondered if Pink Floyd would disintegrate, given that Rogers wrote, sang, and played keyboards on all their previous records. And to an extent, there’s no denying that his presence is missed.

But to compensate for Water’s loss, David Gilmour has taken over all the writing chores and has moved to lead vocals. Nick Mason is still excellent on drums and Rick Wright has lost none of his psychadelic touch on keyboards. The rest of the band consists of a percussionist, a bassist, backup guitarist, two women on backstage vocals, and a saxophone player who blew the house down.

The first half of the show was almost entirely from the new album and was supplemented with the kind of light and video show that has made Pink Floyd a huge star filled with lights. While many fans were concerned over the loss of Roger Waters, David Gilmour’s versatility and the new band’s quality made up for the loss. The added effects of their light show combine to make Pink Floyd a must see event.

1987-88 Theatre Season
Well Under Way

By Reks Jellena
Special to the anchor

Although it is only the third week of the 1987-88 school year, the Theatre Department has already held its auditions for the season.

There will be four plays this season, beginning with Shakespeare’s “As You Like It,” where you can join Rosalind, Jaques, Touchstone and a delightful cast of characters as they wander through the Forest of Arden employing their brightest wit in pursuit of happiness and romance. The play will be performed October 23, 24, and 28-31 in the DeWitt Theatre.

The next production will be “The Dining Room” by A.R. Gurney. This touching modern comedy delineates the dying lifestyle of eastern white Protestant gentry and the neglected room which was once the vital center of family life. The performances will take place December 4, 5, and 9-12. Following “The Dining Room” will be “Galileo,” by Bertolt Brecht. The play encompasses one man’s conviction to further the world of science, despite political and religious oppression in the seventeenth century. This epic drama bears a powerful message to our increasingly scientific contemporary world. The performances will be held on February 19, 20, and 24-27.

There will be performances April 22, 23, and 27-30 of August Strindberg’s play ‘Easter,’ a sensitive and poignant drama which reveals the Heyst family’s trials during three haunting days, and the enlightening resolution of renewed faith, hope, and love. Theatre is an integral part of a liberal arts education. The Theatre Department hopes you will join them for all of the plays to be presented this season, and they encourage you to find out more about the theatre by working in one of the theatre’s special areas, such as sewing in the costume shop, working on the sets in the scene shop, or working with the lighting design crew. See you at the shows!

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Major Concert Dates

Oct. 4 THE YELLOW JACKETS, State Theatre, Kalamazoo.
Oct. 16 THE BEACH BOYS, Grand Valley State College, Allendale.
Oct. 16 LISA LISA & CULT JAM, Devos Hall, Grand Rapids.
Oct. 20 INXS, Wings Stadium, Kalamazoo.
Oct. 24 TOM WAITS, State Theatre, Kalamazoo.
Oct. 29 R.E.M., Crisler Arena, Ann Arbor.
TBA JEAN LUC-PONTY, State Theatre, Kalamazoo.

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   Echo & the Bunnymen
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   R.E.M.
5. THE JOSHUA TREE
   U2
6. LONELY IS AN EYESORE
   Various artists
7. IN MY TRIBE
   10,000 Maniacs
8. BUCKY FELLINI
   Dead Milkmen
9. BROOMTREE
   Downey Mildew
10. HELLEBORINE
    Shelleyan Orphan
11. MENDING WALL
    Chalk Circle
12. REUNION WILDERNESS
    The Railway Children
13. LINDY’S PARTY
    The Bolshoi
14. BLOW YOUR COOL
    Hoodoo Gurus
15. MOTION OF LOVE 12”
    Gene Loves Jezebel
16. A LETTER FROM ST. PAUL
    The Silencers
17. KEEP YOUR DISTANCE
    Curiosity Killed the Cat
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True Fans Die Hard

Ben J. Hanneman
Sports Editor

Yes, I am a die-hard Detroit Tigers fan.

For that matter, I am a die-hard Detroit anything fan.

For obviously the events that took place this weekend in Toronto I am dying hard.

Of course with the events that took place this weekend in Toronto I am dying hard. They did manage to win one game of the series, though, which was important.

Not only does that victory keep them 2% games behind, but it also proves to them and to us that Toronto is beatable in the stretch.

Now why would anyone want to admit to living in a place like Detroit? After all, isn't Detroit the murder capital of the world?

Actually, to set the record straight, I'm really from Gross Pointe Park, a great city on the shores of Lake St. Clair.

That's the key: If you're not exactly from Detroit, make sure you specify that or people will laugh at you and wonder why you don't carry a sub-machine gun or something. But yes, I have lived in Detroit for most of my life.

Detroit fans are the greatest anywhere around. Who else would jump on the Tigers bandwagon in '84, the greatest year I can remember, and still be hanging around through the bumpy ride of '86, '88, and now most of the '87 campaign?

Who else would sit through a season in which the Lions went 1-6 at home and 5-11 overall? Also, let me remind you of all the fans that supported the Red Wings and the Pistons in their attempts at immortality in their respective sports. Many people say that sports are boring. What do they know?

What is boring about being at Tiger Stadium with the bases loaded and two out in the bottom of the ninth with Detroit trailing by one run and Kirk Gibson batting? Of course, Gibson will probably strike out, but you see my point?

What is boring about watching Isiah Thomas dribbling around guys like Michael Jordan and Magic Johnson and making a layup to win the game? What is boring about... Need I go on?

Sports will always be thrilling for me. It is really a shame that so much can take away from that thrill that sports should have.

That's what true sport is all about.

Little Giants Defeat Hope in Indiana

Turnovers were the downfall for Hope's football team Saturday against the Wabash Little Giants in Crawfordsville, Ind., as the Dutchmen's bid for two consecutive victories was spoiled in a 27-14 loss.

Hope turned the ball over ten times, seven of which were interceptions from three Dutch quarterbacks, as they watched the Little Giants score 24 of their 27 points in the second quarter.

The Dutchmen did score first on a 34-yard pass play from Keith Stewart to junior tight end Tim Peterson. From then on things fell apart. Stewart was later forced to leave the game with a mild concussion and Hope didn't score again until the fourth quarter when reserve Eric Elliot hit senior Todd Rose with a 13-yard touchdown pass.

Joe Cossey, Hope's leading ground gainer, averaging 62 yards per game, led all Hope rushers with 40 yards. In the receiving department, Todd Ackerman and Peterson combined for 107 yards between the two of them.

In the second quarter, Wabash put on much the same clinic that Hope did the previous week at home with Depauw. The Little Giants scored 24 points, including a touchdown on a 39-yard pass interception.

The Dutchmen fall to 1-2 on the year and 0-4 in the MIAA. Hope will regroup this week for their last non-league contest at home this Saturday against Findlay, Ohio, before taking on Albion on homecoming day. Game time is 1:30 p.m.

BLOOM COUNTY

BLOOM COUNTY

Alumni run Held at Grand Haven Country Club

By Ben J. Hanneman
anchor Sports Editor

You couldn't help but feel the excitement as the current MIAA champion cross-country team matched skills against the best of the best from years past at the first annual alumni run at the Grand Haven Country Club.

On hand for the women's race representing the alumni was Valeria Hendrickson and Diane Underwood. Both Hendrickson and Underwood finished in the top 15. Sandra Lake and Tauna Jecmen tied for the victory at 18:19.

In the men's race Randy Johnson and Kevin Cole got a blast from the past racing against Lindsey Dood, Craig Kingma, John McElwee, and Steve Underwood.

From the start the excitement seemed to center around the matchup between this year's top runner, senior captain Randy Johnson and last year's top runner, Dood.

As the runners completed the first loop, Dood and Johnson led the pack, setting the tempo for what would probably be a fantastic finish.

The second loop past the clubhouse saw relatively no change in the leader position. Both runners stayed within striking range of the other racer.

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed

by Berke Breathed

by Berke Breathed

by Berke Breathed

by Berke Breathed

by Berke Breathed
Soccer Team Blanks Alma Scotsmen 2-0

By Sue Looman
anchor Writer

In a charged atmosphere, the Flying Dutchmen soccer team took control of an evenly matched game for win over the Alma Scots last Saturday.

The rapport between Hope players had changed; they acted together instead of individually. The Dutchmen took the initiative from the kickoff but the Scots also wanted a win. The evenly matched teams each took the offensive and the defensive in what seemed to be a stalemate.

The Flying Dutchmen welcomed back a presence sorely missed from previous games due to an injury. Sophomore midfielder Steve Ullenius helps in forming plays and raising drooping team spirits out on the field. Freshman Scott Van DeHoef has also effectively taken Jim Bursma’s place as backfield coordinator and protecting Hope’s goal.

The score was even at 0-0 until the second half of the game when a corner ball from Jerry Potter helped Todd Winkler put in a score over the opposing players’ heads. There were several occasions of goals but the linesmen called Dutchmen players offsides.

Offsides is called when there isn’t a defender between the opposing player and the goal. This resulted in a legitimate goal for Hope when an offsides call was made and the ball was thrown in by an Alma player.

The Dutchmen took control immediately and the ball was passed to Mike Kubert, who connected for the second goal. The final score was Hope 2, Alma 0.

There was also a yellow card given in the game, which signifies that a player has exhibited unnecessary roughness. If two cards are given to a player, he has to leave the game. The yellow card was given to an Alma player in connection with body contact with Brent VanBlois.

The overall game was entertaining and exciting and the improved performance of the Flying Dutchmen made it all worthwhile.

The next home game will be against Hope’s rival, Calvin, on Tuesday, October 6.

Greek Week 1987

“That’s What Friends are For”
Oct. 5 - 9

Sunday 7 p.m. Greek week Kickoff Meet in Pine Grove

Monday 4:30 - 6:30 p.m. Phelps Frolics Jello - Suck at 5:15 p.m.

Tuesday 7 - 10 p.m. Sorority Open House Meet in the Maas Auditorium

Wednesday 9 - 11 p.m. greek Week Hump Night Meet in the Kletz for informal meeting with the greeks!

Thursday 7 - 10 p.m. Fraternity Open House Meet in the Maas Auditorium

Friday 7 p.m. President’s Inaugural party Festivities begin at 7 p.m. in the DePree Art Center parking Lot.
Lambert Gets Lost in Tokyo on Personal Walk

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the fourth of a 12 part series which will chronicle the exploits, adventures and thoughts of David Lambert during his travels in Japan on the Japan May Term last spring.)

By David Lambert
anchor Writer

Monday morning I was awakened by the telephone at 5:30 a.m. The voice at the other end turned out to be our intrepid leader, Ludwig-sensei (Dr. Ludwig), who cheerfully wished me "ohayo gozaimus" (good morning) and told me it was time to go out to the Tsukiji fish market.

Repressing the urge to say "ohayo gozaimus to you, fur face," I put on some clothes and joined our merry group. As it turned out, the Tsukiji fish market was worth the rude awakening.

The Tsukiji fish market was an experience. As we approached the market, I saw men on chunky bikes bearing styrofoam boxes on their back bike racks. The boxes were presumably filled with fish, and were about the size of grapefruit boxes.

The front part of the market, which was the first place I entered, was a large warehouse area, filled with smoke from the multiple fires which burned in rusted oil drums. Except for the fires and a few ice chipping machines, there seemed to be little selling going on there this morning.

As we progressed farther into the market, activity became much more intense. Hundreds of wholesalers presided over their small stands. The stands are arranged in a grid in the main part of the market.

Fish are carried away on carts, both motorized and hand operated, which ply the narrow aisles. The motorized carts, which are something like a very large scooter with R2-D2 at the helm. More precisely, the thing at the front is a motor and housing with a steering wheel on top. To turn the cart, the entire assembly must be maneuvered, a maneuver which the drivers perform quite nicely.

The hand carts, which were much simpler conveyances - basically a board on wheels - were also handled competently. The sound of the carts and the sounds of the styrofoam boxes rubbing against each other were the primary sounds in the main part of the market.

And then there are the fish - more fish and shellfish than I have ever seen in one place before. Live eels, shrimp, and crabs squirmed in barrels and boxes; conchs, snails, clams, oysters, scallops, flatfish, and octopi, regular and pickled, were also in abundance.

Tuna takes up two large warehouse rooms, and is auctioned off under a large pastel green overhang right next to the harbor. There, four auctioneers, surrounded by crowds of eager tuna buyers and rows of tuna, sell the monstrous fish - which measure about three of four feet by about one and a half feet.

I estimated that about three thousand tuna must have been present or recently sold that morning. All of the tuna were frozen, and smelled more like ice than fish. Everywhere, tuna was being sliced, hacked, and loaded into carts. The sheer volume of tuna which is caught and distributed each morning is overwhelming.

After the visit to the fish market, we went to Meiji Gakuin University for the first time. We took a campus tour, had lunch with Dr. and Mrs. Van Wylen, who had flown over to receive the Doctor's honorary degree, and had our opening ceremony, not necessarily in that order.

After the formalities, we were free to wander around Tokyo until six that evening, when we had to attend a dinner for Dr. Van Wylen.

I took the time between 2:30 and 6 p.m. getting lost.

I got lost in Tokyo - really lost - for the first time. I left Meiji Gakuin with a plan to walk around the block. I ended up zig-zagging through the city, discovering I was around one and a half miles from the campus. I had to be back at Meiji Gakuin at 6 p.m., which was in about 10 or 15 minutes.

The first lesson of Tokyo streetwalking is don't assume anything. In a city where the streets have no names, where they aren't laid out in any particular way, and where there are no real important landmarks or distinct neighborhoods, it pays to watch where you're going very carefully.

Everything ended up okay in the end though, when I noticed that I was getting late. I tried my Japanese on a few people and panicked a bit when I realized that most of them didn't know English and they didn't know where Meiji Gakuin University was.

Finally, I met a woman who came from England, and asked her where I was. Having lived in Tokyo for a year, she knew my problem well. She advised me to take a cab back to Meiji Gakuin.

That I did, at a cost of $50 yen, which indicated I had been somewhere for a few miles, losing the road (the first drop is 470 yen, which lasts for two kilometers or two and a half minutes, the second drop is $50.)

Ludwig-sensei was waiting for me at Meiji Gakuin when I got back at about 6:10 p.m. He had instructions to get to the restaurant where we were going that night, as the rest of the group was gone already.

Fortunately, we didn't have to use the instructions, as we caught the rest of the group just as the subway (which we transferred onto) was about to pull out.

The walk I took that afternoon was not only an introduction to the joys of getting lost in Tokyo, it was also a sort of high water mark for the observation of cute things and senseless English phrases, both elements of life in Japan which I could not avoid noticing.

Personal

Vince, Mike, Kurt and John - Wouldn't it be great if women could beat up men?

Hope senior seeks clean, neat females for fun and frolic. Possible relationship. Discretion required. Training sessions are scheduled for 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. on Oct. 6th, 15th & 22nd, in our office at 21 West 16th St., Holland.

For further information please call Brenda, at 392 3757 or Peg at 396 2782.

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WANTED: Due to increased tips on demand, the anchor needs to hire one more typist. $3.35 per hour, 4-6 hours per week. Interested people should submit a brief resume ASAP to the anchor office.

To the 16th Street Phelps Guys - Thanks for the serenade on Saturday night! You know we love you! - From the FooFoo

LET'S GO DUTCH

INVITES YOU TO CELEBRATE WORLD COMMUNION SUNDAY-A-T 8:30 AND 11:00 A.M. ON OCTOBER 4, 1987 "KITE STRINGS AND BRIDGES" by Pastor Erv Roorda

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"I don't know who's running."

Scott Bossard
Freshman
"Either George Bush or Oliver North as a write-in."

Lori Bosma
Junior
"I'd abstain."

Carter Kent
Senior
"I'd vote for Reagan, I guess."

Bobbie Whitehouse
Senior
"I don't have a preference."

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Opinion

Will the Real Robert Bork Please Stand Up?

By Donald Kaul
Tribune Media Services

I have been having this dream lately. I dream that I'm a U.S. senator on the judiciary committee. Before my turn to question him arrives, I take the microphone and say:

"Judge Bork is it true that on at least seven occasions since you became a federal judge, you have committed acts of certiorari with consenting adults?"

A look of horror freezes on Bork's face. His rheumy eyes begin to water. "I don't know," he says. "That is to say, I'm not sure of the number. Seven times was it? Do you have a page number on that?"

I press on. "And isn't it also true that, as a result of this behavior, you have contracted a case of stare decisis, and are under treatment for it even now?"

"I don't call it treatment, senator," he says. "It's more like a salve."

I then stand up and begin whirling my glasses around by a stem. "And further," I say, "in the famous case of Snopes vs. Backwater, Mississippi, didn't you rule that a motorist could force a motorist to shove beans up his nose if she found him double-parked?"

"Yes," he says, "that was the result of the decision and I deplored it, but I was unable to find anywhere in the Constitution protecting people from beans in their noses."

I crouch menacingly on the top of my desk. "And in the even more famous case of Dipietick vs. All the Bad People in Toledo, didn't you rule that deputy county sheriffs could force mothers of unborn children to do the hokey-pokey on sanitary landfills without regard to their personal health or safety?"

"Yes I did, but at the same time I thought that case was being argued under the Fifth Commandment. It wasn't until after I learned it was the Fifth Amendment that was being invoked. I made a mistake, I admit it."

"I put it to you that it was not a mistake but instead a consistent pattern of favoring unfettered monopolistic power of multinational corporations and dirty dancing. I further put it to you that you have a long personal history of running amber lights, not returning library books on time and tearing tags off mattresses. Can you give this august committee even one reason why it should not reject your nomination and rescind your driver's license?"

"I know I've said a lot of stupid things in my time, senator, but I didn't believe any of them. A lot of them were said when I was a professor in law school and was trying to keep the class from throwing their pencils at me when I turned to write on the blackboard."

At this I jump down off my desk, rush up to Bork and grab him by the tie. "Come off of it, Bork, we've had enough of this! You spend your whole life sounding like a speech writer for Simon Legree, then you come up here and all of a sudden you're Eugene Debs. Admit it, you're a serious right-wing nut who is trying to lie his way onto the court."

Bork bursts into tears and says: "You're right, senator. I'm unworthy. I don't know what ever made me think I was fit to serve on the Supreme Court. I withdraw my nomination and intend to enter a monastery the first thing Monday."

I cut off his tie and wave it to the television cameras as the cheering crowd carries me around the hearing room on their shoulders.

Too bad life isn't like that. Certainly the Bork hearings aren't. If anything, they have been rather confusing. You don't know which Bork is being nominated, the trenchant conservative of his speeches and writings or the altogether reasonable moderate of his testimony. It's a case of "Will the real Robert Bork please stand up?"

I know this much, though: if I were a senator I'd vote to confirm Bork in a minute.

I say that even though, from a liberal point of view, he will be a terrible judge and that's true no matter which Bork shows up on the bench. Giving him the best of it, he has a remarkably consistent record of coming down on the side of an issue that puts the individual at the mercy of the state. He has, however, three things going for him: he is 60 years old. He is a chain smoker. He drinks some; maybe more than some.

In short, he does not look like a man who is going to be on the court 20 years or so. He probably won't last 10.

The alternative Reagan nominee is likely to be Orrin Hatch, who is just as conservative as Bork, not nearly as smart and is a 53-year-old Mormon. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't even chew licorice gum. He's going to live forever. You put him on the court and he's there until 2155, voting on the flat earth platform.

I say Robert Bork is the best off the liberals are going to get from President Reagan. They should snap him up.
Letters to the Editor

Westol and King Are Wrong On greek Pledging

An open letter to Dave Westol, Bruce King and the students of Hope College.

Westol and King are disinterested or uninformed about the escalation of violence in the Persian Gulf, U.S. involvement in South America, and the possible consequences of the appointment of Judge Robert Bork to the Supreme Court. The editorial in the Sept. 16th edition is a pathetic display of the 80's mentality at its lowest. We are not against having fun, but the antics described by Mr. Breen are an insult to the majority of Hope College students, most of whom could not care less about Mr. Breen's weekend adventures. The anchor ought to be a medium through which students are stimulated to write and think about local and worldwide issues.

In recent semesters the anchor has been a challenging paper. If the return of '60's fashion is to be accompanied by a return of the intellectual mood of the '60's, the college newspaper will need to address more significant issues than "house wars," "slamming brews" and ripped jeans, and every student ought to demand that the anchor reflect more.

CARLA J. VISSERS
THERESA J. McPHERSON

Hope College
The anchor

Editor's Desk From Page 10

we're not covering the local scene enough.

So far, the most positive comment has come from a guy I don't know real well. He said, "I finally have to sit down and read the anchor. I can't just page through it." With that in mind, we seem headed in the right direction. I'm still making decisions that affect this newspaper. That's my job.

In the last week I've faced some tough ones. Like last issue, when the headline machine broke. I had to decide to either write the heads by hand or not print at all. I chose the former. This week I had to deal with the story of a football player who died. Should we cover it as straight news or like a feature story? Should we cover it at all? I decided to run the story as news. And I ended up writing the story myself.

The point of this is to inform you how the editor runs the paper and the paper runs the editor. There are certain perspectives to consider.

To a certain degree, everything an editor does affects the paper in some way. That's something to think about when there are about 3,000 readers I have to answer to when things go wrong.

But what about Neuharth? Who is he? Neuharth is estimated to have about 5.5 million readers and thousands of stockholders. I'm sure he has headaches, too. Probably migraines.

With that kind of pressure and responsibility how does Neuharth describe himself? "I'm just a paper boy," he said in People magazine.

Neuharth's business is to make money. We are disinterested or uninformed about the fact that he has in common which no one else has. In our Greek life, but in our jobs he's got a great head for business. 

HARRY F. COFFILL
EMERSONIAN HALL 305

The editor welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be 500 words or less and may be edited for space and content. All letters must be signed, however, names and addresses may be withheld subject to discretion by the editor. Address letters to: The Editor, Hope College anchor, DeWitt Center, Hope College, Holland, MI 49423 - 3860.
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