Milestone 1930

Hope College

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COVER DESIGN

In tribute to
Dr. A. C. Van Raalte and the Pilgrim Fathers
of the West
we reproduced
THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL
modeled by
Leonard Crunelle, Sculptor, Chicago
and
Exhibited by the Committee
G. Van Schelven — Dr. J. B. Nykerk — Anthony Rosbach
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1930
WILLARD WICHERS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CHESTER MEENCS
BUSINESS MANAGER
(THE JUNIOR CLASS
OF HOPE COLLEGE
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

ALUMNI NUMBER

THE HOPE MILESTONE
OF 1930

PUBLISHED BY
THE JUNIOR CLASS
OF HOPE COLLEGE
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
Foreword

In this, the Alumni Edition of the Milestone, the Staff has tried to inspire a greater love for and association with our Alma Mater and a deeper realization of its ideals; to recall to your memory some happy hours, some worthy honor for which you struggled, some friend whom you once held dear, or some victory which you helped to gain. If the book is able to do this, our work will have been a success.
Contents
College
Classes
High School
Activities
Athletics
Features
Alumni
Humor
Today

We dedicate this book to our Alumni—steadfast in the long toil of life, with a spirit daunted by no obstacles, indomitable, yet modest in achievement.

We, the Youth of today, charge that you continue to hold high the torch of human progress, that as Leaders of Mankind, you fail not the challenge of the future.
Tomorrow

We, who are the Youth of today, fearless, but intensely earnest accept the challenge of your past and shall go forth into the future to contribute our part to a world in which personalities expand, not limited by station, race, or color, to a world in which men recognize the divine purpose of life.
It was the untiring energy of a man inspired by a great vision that made Dutch colonization of Michigan a reality. The Reverend Albertus Van Raalte had made his decision in the summer of 1846, and it was in September of that year that he and his family with fifty-three followers set sail from Rotterdam on the brig 'Southerner.' The voyage was given Godspeed in psalm and prayer. Brummelkamp, a brother-in-law of Van Raalte, thus describes the parting: 'We, my wife and I, accompanied him (Van Raalte) and his family to the ship that should carry them over. Upon that ship we again sang and prayed and committed ourselves unto the Lord. Many times the genius for leadership which Van Raalte had was taxed to the utmost as his people needed continual encouragement and guidance.'
Mr. Forgostein, a graduate of Carnegie Tech, is a brilliant young artist who has won wide acclaim in art circles by reason of his adept versatility.

During the summer of 1929, Mr. Forgostein spent several days on Hope's campus translating its enchanting beauty to his lovely pencil drawings which are portrayed in the following pages.

He was most enthusiastic in his admiration and reiterated the sentiments of that famous sculptor Lorado Taft who exclaimed on his first visit to Hope, "Hope's campus truly has a friendly look!"

OUR ART THEME

An appropriate art motif was chosen to be representative of this alumni dedication. It was felt that the history of this community and its sturdy settlers who founded our college could be singularly honored in a book dedicated to its illustrious alumni. The style of the art is strikingly periodic and the engravings are imitations of old wood cuts. Accompanying the illustrations are interesting excerpts taken entirely from accurate historical accounts of the community.

The Staff is deeply indebted to Miss Marjorie Vanderveld, young Grand Rapids artist whose invaluable assistance to our art editor Miss Lucille Walvoord in producing these splendid drawings is gratefully acknowledged. Her spontaneous originality, persistent effort and conscientious work is a source of pride to the Staff.

THE EDITOR.
And heard once more in college fane
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazoned on the pane.
WATCH ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men,
Be strong. Thus live and love and work and teach.
- - - Thy prize, a crown; thy guerdon, life;
The applause, "Well done! thou good and faithful one."
Hail, Pilgrim Fathers of the West!
With 'Splendid purpose in your eyes,
Ye rolled the psalm to wintry skies'
Though oft discouraged and distressed.

—First sung by Dutch emigrants in 1846 when sighting land.
GRAY stone arising tier on tier, unto a tower,
Cheerful voices echoing of youthful flower
Winding walks, a tossing tree and shade,
Thus do the passing years shape man and maid.
I have heard sweet chimes a-ringing
Down the lanes of memory,
Heard them calling, heard them singing
In the days that used to be.
IVY VINE,
Soon auld laug syne
Will thy fond memory enshrine
With college hall and elm and pine.
HERE dwelt an aura of romance.
And it were surely safe to chance
That many lovers on its step
Played Romeo and Juliet.
A THING of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loneliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
"Once in the vast new America with his little band, Van Raalte traveled for six weeks during 1846-47, systematically attempting to locate the proper site for settlement. Sometimes the Indians indicated the more fertile localities. Accompanied by Judge Kellog of Allegan, he traversed the region between the Grand and the Kalamazoo Rivers. Sometimes on horseback, often on foot, crossing the icy rivers or ploughing through the deep snow they went, investigating the trees, soil, and fresh water possibilities. Ofttimes they became lost in the wilderness."
DR. EDWARD D. DIMNENT, President

After spending three years in the "prep" school here, and four years in the college work, Dr. Dimnent was graduated with honors in 1896. He enrolled at Western Theological Seminary for two years, in 1898 was instructor in Greek at Hope. His official positions were first Treasurer of the College and later Registrar. In 1918 he was elected college president. This June (1930) he resigned from the presidency after twelve years of office. He has been working for Hope College for forty-one years.

REV. THOMAS E. WELMERS, A.M., B.D.

Our present Registrar has a history that tells of many busy years. Graduated in 1903 from Hope, he went to Princeton Seminary for four years. Then he went to Berlin University, Germany, on a scholarship, where he studied languages for a year and a half. After a tour of Europe he returned to America. He was principal for ten years of the Northwestern Classical Academy. In 1920 he came to Hope again as Professor of Languages. In 1925 he assumed the work of Registrar.

PROF. JOHN B. NYKERK, A.M., Litt.D.

The present head of the English department has for so long been a part of Hope College that his personality is now an indestructible characteristic of his Alma Mater. A fact burdened biography of Dr. Nykerk's career will be found in the section of this annual devoted to oratory. His rise from the rank of the ordinary to the unusual type of student is an interesting tale. The field of oratory has long been his pet hobby, and not a little of Hope's present position is due to his success in this pursuit.

MRS. W. H. DURFEE, A.M.

During her years of conscientious endeavor, our Dean of Women had created for herself a lasting place in the hearts of her associates. After attending Oberlin, Mrs. Durfee obtained her A.B. at the University of New York. At Kenka College she was Dean of Women, teaching French and English. Again, at Hedding College, she taught French and was head of the English department. Her A.M. she received from the University of Wisconsin, majoring in French. She came to Hope in 1909.
PROF. EGBERT WINTER, A.M.

Graduating from Hope College in 1901, this instructor took his degree from the University of Michigan. His history also includes a period of two years at seminary, resulting in his being ordained a minister in 1923. He was a principal at Cedar Grove Academy, Wisconsin. He also taught in Shelbyville, Illinois, Shelby, Michigan, and in Spring Lake, Michigan. In 1919 he took up work at his present post.

PROF. ALBERT E. LAMPEN, A. M.

After being graduated from the preparatory department of Hope College in 1905, Professor Lampen taught in Overisel. Then he spent three years studying at Hope, taking his degree in 1911. Since then he has spent terms at Western State Teachers College and Ferris Institute. In 1913 he won the Regent's Scholarship from Hope to the University of Michigan. He has held head positions at Gladwin, Michigan, at Winona College, at Washburn College, and now at Hope, where he heads the Mathematics Department.

PROF. BRUCE M. RAYMOND, A.M.

Humorous anecdotes, floods of facts stated in an easy conversational way, and the invigorating charm of Mr. Raymond's own personality make the history course a popular one. A man of wide travel and well utilized observational powers, he has besides, a thoroughgoing knowledge of his subject. His work with the college debating teams has met with marked success and he is himself well-known for his fairness in judging debates.

MISS METTA J. ROSS, A.B.

There are those who are so engrossed in matters pertaining to the past that events of current interest entirely escape their attention. Especially is this true of proponents of history, but indeed not so of Miss Ross. She is vitally interested in modern trends and is far from being what is termed "a dusty historian." Miss Ross attended Western State Teachers' College, the University of Wisconsin, taking her A.B. at Hope College.
PROF. GARRET VAN ZYL, Ph.D.

Hope College's history is filled with incidents concerning faculty members who have done more than merely fill their required duties. Often we find an instructor who does a great deal to aid in advancing his school's reputation. So it has been with Dr. Van Zyl. Affectionately known as "Doc" by his students, this energetic and compact individual has built up and maintained at high standard our science department. Hope students now secure science scholarships almost at will, due to this record of excellence.

PROF. J. HARVEY KLEINHEKSEL, Ph.D.

Among the Hope College faculty's "younger set" we have Professor J. Harvey Kleinheksel, chemistry and zoology instructor here since 1928. In 1922 he first touched fame as a Hope College graduate, winning a chemistry assistantship to the University of Illinois. He remained in Urbana until he had won his degree of Ph.D. In 1927 he won his Master of Philosophy rating. During his work in the Illinois laboratories, Prof. Kleinheksel was present at the discovery of the new metal, Illinium.

PROF. CLARENCE KLEIS, A.M.

Having enrolled at Hope College preparatory department in 1911, our present Professor Kleis continued in that school until completion of its work in 1915. Then he took up the college work here, and was graduated in 1919. Since then he has worked one summer at the Chicago University's summer session, and likewise five summers at the University of Michigan, where he took his M.A. Professor Kleis taught one year at Hamilton, and was Superintendent of Schools at Saugatuck at one time.

PROF. O. E. THOMPSON, A.M.

This instructor is a native of Ohio. Taking his preliminary work at colleges in his own state, Mr. Thompson took up graduate work at Cornell, Ithaca, New York. He was once a high school principal at Augusta, Ohio, after teaching two years in rural schools, and serving as an instructor at Mt. Union College, his Alma Mater. In 1927 he came to Hope College as head of the work in Biology, which post he now holds.
REV. PAUL E. HINKAMP, A.M., B.D.

Our college pastor has had a varied career previous to his coming to Hope's campus. At one time he was a pastor in a Wisconsin church. After some time spent in this manner the college asked him to take over the instruction here in philosophy and kindred topics. With the passing of the years and the opening of the new department of religious instruction, Rev. Hinkamp assumed the position of college pastor, at the same time teaching the Bible courses. This is his present field of labor.

REV. EDWIN PAUL MCLEAN, A.M.

Graduating from Hope College in 1918, this amiable instructor enrolled successively at the Chicago University Graduate School, the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and Columbia University, New York City, the latter also in graduate work. After these terms he returned to the University of Chicago Graduate School and also took up work at Northwestern School of Education. With a term of teaching at Morgan Park Military Academy, Chicago, Mr. McLean came to Hope College to teach Religious Education.

JOHN H. SCHOUTEN, Physical Director

Mr. Schouten is in charge of all athletic activities of the campus. To everyone he is known as "Jack" and because of his jolly good nature he is a pal to all his athletes. This year at the All College Banquet Jack was presented with a silver cup, the gift of the boys who because of their close contact with him wished to show their admiration. His own character is responsible for making the fellows clean, fair, good sports.

REV. WALTER VAN SAUN, B.D., Ph.D.

During the course of the school year a new face entered our Hope College faculty circle. Hailing from the "wild and woolly East," Dr. Van Saun is a native of Ohio, winning his Ph. D. degree in 1928 from the University of Cincinnati. Dr. Van Saun came during the first semester as the much awaited and expected addition to the physiology and philosophy courses. His precision and methodic accuracy immediately struck a responsive chord in the academic hearts of his new studentry.
Prof. Irwin J. Lubbers, A.M.
Well known for his high quality of work in oratory and debating during his period of enrollment here as a student, Professor Irwin Lubbers caught up this same fine strain of conduct upon assuming his position here in the English department. Ever an unusually ambitious man, Prof. Lubbers left Hope College on a limited leave of absence a year ago to take up work at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. At the time of release of this Milestone he will have earned his Doctor's degree in education. He has recently decided to take up work away from Hope.

Prof. DeWitt Clinton Sprague, A.M.
Among the new people who joined the faculty with the opening of the 1929 fall term was Professor Sprague. As it happens with every new instructor, Prof. Sprague gained more than a little fame among the studentry for his personal traits, among them being his willingness to conduct his courses along oral reading lines and his capacity of discoursing upon his wife's abilities as a painter of canvases. It was always noted that his classes seemed to have a jolly time, judging from their frequent outbursts of laughter.

Prof. Roland P. Gray, A.M.
A very human and affable professor and author is he, whose conversation we have always found of deep interest. Prof. Gray received his A.B. at Columbia University and his A.M. at the University of Rochester, where he later was assistant professor in the English department. At the University of Maine he was head of the English department. He took graduate work at Harvard, Yale, and Oxford. After some time at Elmira and Kenko Colleges he came to Hope.

Prof. Deckard Ritter, A.M.
Another of Hope College's new faculty members this past year was Professor Deckard Ritter, instructor in English. His achievements of the year fall into three groups, his successful work as a teacher, his publication of the "Pegasus' Pony," and his taking unto himself a wife. Temporarily the unmarried state of Prof. Ritter caused a subdued flurry among the more playful of our co-eds, but this unwarranted stir soon ceased. With the coming of Christmas, and later of Spring vacation, final proof of his matrimonial intentions were made public. So established, he augurs great things on Hope's campus.
Miss Laura A. Boyd, A.M.

Oft times recurs that question, "are instructors people?" With our mind's eye upon Miss Boyd we answer most emphatically "Yes!" Miss Boyd received her A.B. at Tarkio College in Missouri and her A.M. in the following year at the University of Missouri. She then taught Latin and German in the preparatory department of Tarkio College. Next, at Sterling College in Kansas, she was head of the department of foreign language, instructing in French, Spanish and German. Now she is one of Hope's best loved faculty members.

Prof. Willard H. Robinson, Ph.D.

The German department has had two distinct divisions during recent years: to wit, Miss Laura Boyd's part which stayed, and the other part which shifted. Among the most recent of the changeables was Prof. Robinson, tall, amiable and humorous. When he was impressively introduced locally as the author of a volume on Bible stories, the students grew to expect less of a playful nature than they found in Prof. Robinson. However, he proved himself a thorough good sport in all student activities.

Prof. Albert H. Timmer, A.M.

The foreign language department at our school is made up of several capable individuals, among them being Prof. Timmer of the Latin department. Curly-haired, mild tempered, and pleasing, this long-time friend of Hope College has held sway over the advanced students in the realm of "amo, amas, amat" for several years. While not breaking into print as much as some of the other faculty members, Prof. Timmer has conducted his department with the precision and firmness indicative of a "Hope man."

Miss Nella Meyer, A.B.

Our talented Miss Meyer of the School of Music and French department took her first two years at Hope. She received her A.B. at the University of Wisconsin and did graduate work at Berkeley, California and Columbia University. As to music, she had five years at Hope Conservatory, a period of study at the Ypsilanti conservatory, and two years with Rosina Lhevinne in New York. She gave private instruction in piano in both New York City and Scarsdale.
PROF. W. CURTIS SNOW

Mr. Snow came to us from Morningside, Iowa, and through his charming personality and exceedingly generous use of his musical talent he has made himself an indispensable part of the college. During the year he instituted the bi-weekly vesper services enjoyed by town and gown alike. The brilliant beginnings of the chapel choir which he organized and directs is an example of what good will and fine training can do in a short time.

MRS. ANNA MICHAELSON

Mrs. Anna Michaelson, our junior teacher in voice, studied under such well known teachers as Mrs. Wickstrom, Mrs. Aldworth and Mrs. Fenton. For many years she has been director of Music in South Congregational Church in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Michaelson is very well known as a concert and oratorio singer throughout the state of Michigan. She is a member of the Arion Trio which is much in demand by music-lovers in Grand Rapids.

MRS. H. J. KARSTEN

Throughout the year, chapel services have been enriched by the artistic rendition of old masterpieces by Mrs. Karsten. She is a valued member of our School of Music and although she has not been with us long she has shown active interest in all college activities. Those who studied under Mrs. Karsten have delighted us with their presentations and reflect much credit on their teacher.

MRS. GRACE DUDLEY FENTON

Mrs. Grace Dudley Fenton, head of the voice department, received her training in the American Conservatory in Chicago and in Germany. She studied under the famous Karelton Hackett, Gertrude Murdough, Adolph Weidig, Mme. Johannes Gadski, and Mme. Delta Valeri, and is well known both as a concert and oratorio singer throughout the Middle West. Many of her pupils have attained success in opera and concert. Under her direction the college Glee Clubs have made an enviable name for themselves.
Miss Agnes Tysse, A.B.

This year an assistant librarian was added to the staff in the person of Miss Agnes Tysse, who is a graduate of Hope College. Miss Tysse is characterized by her friendliness, and readiness to help in all situations. As a guide at reading either in recent literature or along classical lines, she is most valuable.

Miss La Vada G. Fulmer, A.M.

A vivid sense of humor and a depth of understanding has endeared her to us. Miss Fulmer obtained her A.B. at Findley College, and is also a graduate in violin from the Western Pennsylvania Classical and Scientific Conservatory. She received her A.M. at Grove City College in English and History. She then took special work at the University of Pittsburgh and taught English for a period of two years in the public schools of Pennsylvania. After two years of teaching at Findley College she became one of us.

Miss Magdaline De Pree

"Ask Miss De Pree." Questions no one else can answer are referred to her. Keen, understanding, sympathetic, but firm, Miss De Pree is a "person" on the campus, and has been ever since her advent about fifteen years ago. She reads widely and intelligently, and expresses herself with a succinctness Calvin Coolidge might envy. Although not trained in a library school, Miss De Pree has done a remarkable piece of work in cataloguing, and arranging a library of some twenty-eight thousand volumes.

Mrs. Edith Walvoord

Mrs. Walvoord's pleasant countenance is best known to Voorhees girls and the young men who take their repast in the Hall, for she holds the position of matron and is responsible for the dining room. It is to her that girls turn in case of illness and stress and her ready understanding has eased many a situation.
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THIS revered body of men is elected and appointed by the various churches which sponsor the interests of Hope College. It is their trust to guide the policies and needs of the institution during their term of office. Their meetings occur on April 22 and June 16. Their aims are set forth admirably in this excerpt from the Forword to the College Bulletin of February, 1930:

"A fairly clear definition of the various types of educational institutions has developed in recent years. Colleges have come to be classed as small and large, with a general acceptance of the term 'small' to indicate a school with a roll of less than one thousand students, while the 'large' college exceeds this number, but this classification does not mark any limit in the nature or the value of the physical plant, the equipment, or the teaching force. It is understood that these must be adequate for the work undertaken.

"A special value attaches to the small college of this type that insures its permanence among the educational institutions of the land . . . . We mean a college that does not aspire to do the work of a university, that is not ambitious to number its studentry by thousands, but sets its own bounds and limitations, and places emphasis upon the quality rather than upon the quantity of the work it undertakes to do — a college that has a definite aim and purpose and adheres to it sacredly, no matter how alluring the present-day temptations may be to broaden its scope and exploit the whole field of study and research.

"There are such institutions, fortunately, and they will always be in demand. There are parents everywhere who will select such schools for their sons and daughters in preference to the popular educational centers."
With the first rigors of frontier life conquered, the sturdy Dutch thoughtfully provided for the future of their youth. An association was formed to which everyone of good Christian character, voluntarily binding himself to further the spiritual and physical welfare of all, might belong upon payment of one guldên. This Association agreed to make all necessary arrangements for the purchase of fifty acres of land for the community upon which to erect a building for both school and church purposes. It was their intention that any income from these acres would aid in providing for future needs of their school system. Much later the foresight of Van Raalte led to the founding of an academy, now known after years of growth as Hope College.
REGULATING student strikes, censuring faculty members, squelching impudent Freshmen, and requesting Van Vleckites to rake up campus leaves, the Student Council has put in many a weary year of unappreciated labor.

The minutes of March 26, 1914, give an interesting example of early Council activity. The suspension of the Varsity Basketball Team having caused the student body to strike, the Student Council called a mass meeting in the court room of the City Hall — as permission for further use of the Chapel for discussion was refused. By noon the Council representatives with their ultimatum had come to terms with the college president. Thus the strike was ended.

This strike settlement was an outstanding event of the first five years of the Council work. To foster the growth of a healthy college spirit; to facilitate united action, and to encourage and enforce honorable conduct, the Student Council was formed. Regarding its duties, the Council was to assume general supervision of student affairs not directly vested in the faculty of Hope College, or any permanent student organization.

One Freshman class — "way back when" — was asked to clean up the campus that Spring, to establish a precedent for other classes! Punishment of a different nature was also meted out to a self-appointed student barber.

And so, in 1929 and '30, the Student Council planned Homecomings, solved problems of library hours, financed oratory and debating, and like their predecessors, attempted to regulate the Freshmen.

**Officers**

- President: Marvin Meengs
- Secretary: Marion De Kuiper
- Treasurer: Ivan Johnson
Van Raalte had decided that the first company of Hollanders should settle near the head of Black Lake in Ottawa County, and had accordingly bought some land there even before leaving Detroit. Six men and one woman, with Judge Kellog and Mr. Harrington, were the first of the emigrants to reach this region; Reverend A. C. Van Raalte, Evert Sagers, W. Notting and wife, J. Lankeet, J. Laarman, and Egbert Fredericks, together with Mr. and Mrs. Grootenhuis, who had preceded them. They found dense forests and many creeks and rivers.
ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1926, a heterogeneous group of students came upon the campus of Hope College. That morning we heard an inspirational address given by Dr. J. Sizoo on the value of education. The next day, September 16, our various classes met and we were sent off on our four-year voyage. As all graduates, we consider our class the best. However, proof of this may be found in the following chapters of our college career.

It was soon found necessary in order to cope with the unruly Sophomores and the haughty upper classmen, to organize our class. To Paul Nettinga we gave the task of guiding us through the first semester. The annual Pull, scheduled for September 24, was postponed because of rain, but the classes held their parties in the evening just the same. Our party was held at the Lakeside Inn at Jenison Park. A delicious supper was served, a good program was enjoyed, and after several games were played we journeyed...
homeward, having had a delightful time at our first class party. However, the next Tuesday the pull was staged and we neither won nor lost — it resulted in a tie, an unusual event. On November 2 the "Frosh Trial" was held and we took our penalties in a sportsmanlike manner. The next day our "Frosh Anchor" was published and we showed thereby that we weren't so bad after all. After having tended to our studies for a time and having struggled through our first college exams, we entered the second semester and this time chose Clarence Howard as our leader. In a short time, it seemed, exams were again upon us, leaving us somewhat stunned, but we soon recuperated as summer vacation days set in.

After three months of recuperation we again made our way to the college campus and at our first class meeting we elected Maurice Marcus as our guide through the first semester. We started our work diligently, but it was soon interrupted by the scrambles between the Frosh and Sophs. They thronged in the streets and finally we caught big game — Exo was captured. Even the girls were doing their bit as was evidenced by the green painted necks of the Frosh girls. At the annual pull we again showed our power over the Frosh by pulling them through with no effort whatsoever. This victorious day was closed with our annual party which was equally as successful as last year's. Again exams were upon us. At the opening of the second semester we chose Donald Wade to steer us through. Under his direction we had a delightful time at a leap-year party held at the Literary Club rooms on Arbor Day. Then after some work and some play, we ended this chapter of our college career.

This chapter of our college history proved to be an active one. We immediately had a class meeting at which we chose to place the presidency for the year on Carl Van Lente's shoulders. Several of our class took an active part in dramatics, glee club work, athletics and other activities. Our class party this year was an informal, peppy, and merry get-together, held in the gymnasium. Old friendships were renewed and new-comers were welcomed into this happy group of Juniors. This spirit of friendliness and good cheer continued throughout the year, and before we had realized it, this chapter was brought to a close.

Again in the month of September we met — this time in the new Hope Memorial Chapel. Reverend Benjamin Bush gave an address which made us feel glad that we were back. Perhaps it was because of the realization of the fact that we were entering upon the last chapter of our college career that we made our Senior year such a success. Marvin Meengs was our president during this last, enjoyable year. The first important event of this year was the Senior Banquet, which was held at the Holland Country Club on September 27, 1929. After an entertaining program and the playing of games we adjourned, feeling that our last party had been one that would be carried among our cherished memories of our college days.

Another party at which our class had a hilarious time was the St. Patrick's roller skating party at the Virginia Park rink on March 17. Rather than casualties, a good time was reported by all.

"The Torch Bearers," our Senior Play, was successfully presented to the public on the night of May 7, 8 and 9.

Marvin H. Kuizenga, having attained the highest average of our class, received the honor of being valedictorian, while John N. Warren DePree, with the next highest average, was salutatorian.

Now as an important chapter in our life is about to come to a close, we look back and say that we have spent four worthwhile years here. Next year we shall enter new fields of work in which we shall incorporate the knowledge and ideals which our college education has given us. As we leave to enter these various fields, we take with us the memories of our own dear old Hope.
Maurice Marcus
One day "Morrie" went big-game hunting. He shot a big bird called the Auk, which gave forth a peculiarly piercing cry. Like the naughty Ancient Mariner, "Morrie" had to do penance. As a mark of distinction he now cries, "Auk, Auk!" Marcus' life falls into two eras: (1) before he decided to be a minister, and (2) after he decided to be a minister. He is now trying to live down his reputation for ironic wit. To his friends he is always refreshing, be his mood sober or subtle.

Mable Essenburg
An unusually talented and accomplished musician, she is at once idealistic and practical. Her sense of humor is as dependable as her understanding and generosity. Her clearness of vision, amiability and readiness to respond to mood and temperament will bring her assured success in her chosen field—we all know what it is—"Tea for two" and all that. By her virtues ye shall know her and the greatest of these is constancy.

Anna May Engelsman
With a ready smile and a greeting for everyone on the campus Anna May goes from class to class. In her four years at Hope Anna May has 'grown up' and developed charmingly into the young womanhood she gave promise of when she came to us. Sincere in the desire to live up to the highest ideals, she has made steady progress to her goal.

Marvin Meengs
He who was our Council president brings to mind the time-proven adage: "Still waters run deep." Qualities of friendship, mercy, and sterling worth radiate from Marvin's broad smile. As fleet as were his feet spurning the cinders of the track, so quick was his hand to obey the dictates of his heart. Conscious of his opportunities to befriend his fellow men, "Marv" has dedicated his life to the pursuits of a medical missionary. The aims of his Alma Mater are perpetuated in him.
HARVEY WOLTMAN

Vacations mean little to Harvey, for immediately after graduation he goes to Columbia University to study History. A Master's Degree is his goal, which no doubt means a teaching career. Harvey has often favored the ears of his friends with soul-satisfying melodies plucked from the piano's pleasing strings. His unassuming, be-speckted air of modesty is refreshingly his own.

MYRTLE TEN HAVE

An exponent of individuality and a girl of rare tastes. She prefers one performance of grand opera to ten of Greta Garbo's slithering presentations and Victor Hugo to Anita Loos; she is very well read and chooses the best. Exceedingly generous, she is always eager to share, whether it be material things or things of the spirit. Her willingness to help others has ever been a marked trait.

JANET YONKER

Marked with a quiet reserve, a womanly dignity, she has endeared herself to her class as is evidenced by the fact that she was chosen to be president of the better half. Herself feminine to the core, she is tall and blond, of a fine appearance. She has that rare and most charming of all characteristics — that of being herself at all times.

BERNARD ARENDHORST

This man's college career has been highly valuable to him for it is said that we extract from life just the amount of good we put into it. So it has been with "Mike," for in his religious interests, and in his executive ability, he has grown with the passing of four busy college years. To many he has been the "Good Samaritan."
SIDNEY HEERSMA

When Hope College decided to have an Interfraternity Basketball League it "made" a big opportunity for little "Sid." His flashy work was a big help to the Addison team when it won victory after victory. In fact, "Big Tig" and "Tiny Sid" were triple threat men. All through his college career this man has made many friends by his quiet way and pleasing nature. Now he's gone and graduated.

BERTHA OLGERS

Through a marked ability along literary lines that has won recognition in both school and state contests, Bertha has made herself well known. Of a gentle nature with a remarkable ability for keeping peace, she has often by her tact brought in harmony opposing forces. Last, but not least we would judge her as an example of Christian womanhood, one of the best found on our campus.

JANET MCKINLEY

"And ninety-two boxes of frost bites to be sent to the Armory" — so orders Janet before the Calvin game and so before every game. What's more, she sees to it that they're sold. Thoroughly enthused about athletics, Janet has done much during her term of office as president of the Athletic Deb Diggers. A nonchalant attitude regarding everything else, and a dry humor, makes an interesting combination of outstanding traits.

WALTER HERRING

During the last few weeks of his college life "Wally" did a big thing. He bought a new Ford! After having been convinced by the fair sex that he was rather desirable, Herring decided to be no fish, so he did the thing up in a big way and took unto himself a shiny new Lizzie. Result: Much scorched asphalt, many miles of blurred countryside, and increased popularity for our friend Herring. Of medium height, light hair, and smiling disposition, "Wally" has been a fine, friendly man.
MARVIN KUIZENGA

His boyish face seemed ever to mask a mind intent on accomplishing some vital and interesting task. "Marve" has set an outstanding example for ambitious students. His great asset now is his interest and intent in the field of science. Politely turning aside the Regent Scholarship, he has turned to the University of Cincinnati. He enjoyed a sudden sweep to public acclaim when he gained the Valedictory.

RUTH KOSTER

A bit of eccentricity, individualism, and a tendency toward dreaminess make Ruth outstanding. Added to this, an appreciation of the artistic lends charm and grace to her character. Looking far beyond the scope of her immediate horizon toward a remote goal, she is constantly striving for that indefinable something.

ANNE HEYBOER

Can she shoot baskets? Oh my! Quick as a flash—she's here, now there, not only on the floor but in thought and conversation. Her dexterity at basketball bespeaks her ability for teamwork in other fields. Essentially a good sport she is fair in her judgments, quick on the uptake, and sympathetic to the extreme. Her sweet voice is poignantly adapted to the ballad sort of thing and adds charm to her quicksilver personality.

EARLE LANGLAND

When you see Earl with his lips curled speculatively about a matchstick you are witnessing a man in contentment of vast depths. "Sonny" started wearing glasses, it is said, because it made him look wiser. What could have prompted that but a desire to be poetic, learned, artistic, and perhaps even a bit philosophical? As editor of our paper Earle accomplished many good things. As a student he achieved commendable records. Some day he may be in the publishing field.
GERRIT NUNHOF
Of all the eccentric, kind-hearted individuals, this tops the list! Gerrit has accomplished the performance of more comic stunts than most other more ordinary minded folks. He started his career by exploding the dignity of a freshman Bible class. Perhaps it is there that he learned to say, "Amos 4:12!" There's absolute mischief in his peering eye. And can he play the Harmonica!

HARRIET BARON
A student of fine ability, she shows the same persevering spirit in everything she does as in her academic work. With an aptness for thinking out novel and original ways of entertaining, she is a by-word for hospitality to her friends. Shy, she never forces her presence upon anyone but she has that happy faculty of holding the friends she makes.

DORIS BROWER
There's a naughty twinkle in her eyes and laughter on her lips; so Doris has passed gaily through her four college years. Of a pleasing appearance she will be remembered as one of the best dressed girls on the campus. Far from lacking seriousness she observes with understanding the activities of those about her, stores away what she sees and "mulls it over."

HENDRICK NOBEL
Since in this day and age so many tall men are great men, Nobel lays claim to the first requisite of success. Noted among his friends as a debater of merit, a reader of quality, and a sailor in reality, Nobel pursues his nonchalant way, asking aught from no man save a cheery greeting. In his vacation days he heeds the call of the open water. Adventure and wanderlust are the lifeblood of his fancy.
Paul Nettinga

Having alternately been called everything from 'Swede' to 'Big Boy' during his college days, Paul graduates with a large number of lasting friendships to his credit. As freshman coach, and House-Manager of the Fraters, he readily mixed light-hearted camaraderie with a respected order and discipline. His bold voice raised in song has encouraged thousands. The happy-go-lucky ring of his 'Das Plenty!' will live with us forever.

Georgianna Fredericks

Voorhees girls know her as a most considerate house-president, her friends and associates recognize in her sterling qualities of fairness, good cheer, and amiability. Her love of fun makes her a welcome addition to any group; her reliability as a worker in all school activities makes her a co-ed of whom Hope is justly proud.

Ruth Hieftje

A pianist of marked ability, she has often delighted us with her talent along that line. Vigorous, never idle, quick to grasp an idea and to act upon it, she will go far in her chosen course — systematic, she accomplishes much without a great deal of apparent effort.

John Nauta

This dashing infielder's record is rather a conglomerate mass, for it includes such opposing activities as Koffee Kletzing, baseball, track, horseshoe championships, night-hawking, and dates with M. S. But now that four years of college life are back of him, Nauta, meaning sailor (according to an old Latin custom) sets sail on the bicep sea of life with a good foghorn laugh to warn him of reefs.
HAROLD JAPINGA

"Brute" they have called him ever since his high school days. This threatens to be the last of the Japinga family on which to construct our athletic teams. It will be a few years before "Brute's" kid brother grows up to college age. Meanwhile we'll have to get along. Aside from starring in every branch of athletics, "Jappie" has partaken generously of Hope's thriving social life. Now he wants to be a dentist, probably because "four out of five ha—"

MARION KATTE

"Du kleine Spitzbube" — Katte's favorite epithet may be well applied to herself — full of fun and with a knack of putting the commonplace in a ludicrous light, she is a merry companion. There's nothing slow about Katte either, as her classmates and opponents on the basketball floor will gladly testify.

MYRTLE KLOOSTER

A laugh at every word in response Myrtle merits, for her subtle humor is a delight to all. Witty by nature and kind-hearted by instinct, she is "more fun than a picnic." Her steadfastness and reliability, coupled with a readiness to enter into any undertaking have earned our admiration. If optimism is a factor leading to success, Myrtle certainly will earn a great measure of it.

WARREN KRUENEN

Down at the Knickerbocker Hall "Chris" is referred to as "that self-appointed good Samaritan who is always being a stepmother to some flea-bitten hound of the streets!" It is his one great failing. Show "Chris" a homeless dog, and immediately he becomes consumed with a burning passion to give it a home and a proper rearing. In between times he fires the "Knick" furnaces and pays their bills. Warren says that at least he won't be a newspaper man because of the initiation he had to that trade through the "Anchor."
PAUL DYKSTRA

The dust covered tomes of the law are due for a surprise! Dykstra's planning to shatter the serene calmness of the bar with a spectacular career as a lawyer. His capacity as a debater is destined to irk some hapless opposing lawyer in the days to come. He commenced his executive career on the campus as a chastiser of freshmen — good training for the profession. Paul has attended more out-of-town games than any Hope rooter.

ROSE WHELAN

Wouldn't you like to meet a girl who dresses snappily, who sings well, who possesses great dramatic ability and journalistic tendencies — not to forget a decided flair for mathematics? Here is your chance. Yet Rose is not super-human; she is a most lovable, friendly girl, cloaking her diverse abilities under genial good humor.

JULIA VAN DAM

When you chance upon a merry group sending forth sallies of laughter, you may rest assured that 'Jude' is at it again. 'That girl is the funniest!' How often haven't you heard that? Her ever-flowing unpremeditated quips are a constant source of enjoyment to her companions — just ask them. And that's just one good thing about her — among others let's not forget her ability at basketball — Anne can invariably count on 'Jude' to secure her the elusive sphere to send through the ring.

RICHARD ELZINGA

Here we have one of the mischievous boys from the heights of Van Vleck. To look at little Richard you would suppose him to be the lad he declares himself to be — serious-minded, ambitious to be ministerial, nothing to do with tomfoolery, etc. — but you are mistaken. He is the soul of the type made immortal by Huck Finn. Of course, he has been active in the Home Volunteers, and looks to enrolling at W. T. S., but as we have said, he is refreshingly nonchalant about it all.
CARL VAN LENTE

"Sailor" Van Lente's chief pastime, according to his fraternity brothers, is to have someone else get his dates for him. After this year Carl's lanky form will be missed from the basketball court. He intends to coach in Cassopolis, Michigan. Aside from his many athletic honors "Sailor" is noted for long shots on the court and for dating women from Kalamazoo. Every student has enjoyed his stellar playing.

RUTH DAANE

A wholesome good cheer, a marked propensity for clowning that keeps her friends "in stitches," an unruffled good humor, cause Ruth to be much in demand. Modest and unassuming, she never plays to the grandstand but is ever ready to be of assistance to others.

ALICE BRUNSON

A sparkling personality that immediately attracts associates, a keen sense of humor which misses nothing and has helped her through many a complicated situation, coupled with an unimpeachable sense of honor makes her one of the most respected and squarest-dealing students of the college. Her talents and capabilities along literary and musical lines make her a valuable asset.

STANLEY VAN LARE

Some college students try to keep up a high average in their work from natural inclinations, others do it out of habit, while still others learn to regard it as a form of amusement. We suppose that it has been a combination of all three to "Stan." He has been a heart-breaking and persistent lady's man as well as a scholar. Lately he seems to be intent on learning how to act like a real "prof."
Arend Freyling

"Bub" hadn’t been on the campus long before he became a marked man. With a generous amount of leisure time, money, good looks, and sympathy for the fair sex, Freyling set out to woo himself a wife. In between times he did daytime landscaping for his father in G. R. Now, with a family to make him take life seriously, "Bub" plans attending Harvard immediately to take his degree in landscape gardening. After that, woe betide the sprouting shrubs that feel the probing hand of the second renowned Freyling florist.

Julia Van Oss

Ever a loyal supporter of the movement on foot, whether it is a matter of class or college, Julia enthusiastically lends her aid. She sets her aims high and by dint of hard work and perseverance achieves her ends. An ardent believer in the theory that one gets what one wants if it’s wanted badly enough, she has demonstrated it. Her quiet sunny nature and dependability are but a sample of her laudable qualities.

Joan Vander Werf

Joan came to us from Central College with a record which she has splendidly equaled at Hope. We have known her as a level-headed, conscientious student and co-worker, putting forth her best, and holding tenaciously to her principles. Strong in her enthusiasms and persistent in her study of "art" as well as in the academic line, is Joan.

William Henry Haken

It is rumored that Henry intends to teach America’s younger generation for the next few years. But by the time Summer has rolled by in all its majesty and heat, he may have decided to partake of more education. You never can tell about Henry! Throughout his four years of college this man has been quiet, reserved, and non-committal. The result is that, as far as we are concerned, he holds his destiny in his own hand. Anyway, we suppose that he’s taken to get going.
LAMBERT OLGERS
When we come across a man who is whole-heartedly interested in an unselfish project, we stand back and humbly offer our congratulations. Olgers has labored many long hours to do some charitable deed for his many church interests, or for his Christian Endeavor groups. Open-faced, honest-eyed, and precise, he has had a fine influence through his chosen channel of work.

PHYLLIS DE JONG
The old adage says—"The highest culture is to speak no ill." Phyllis is the very embodiment of this ideal. Added to this, a sincere desire to be of service to all who need her has given our Phyllis a place of utmost respect in the minds of all. She has a character such as many have desired and to which few have attained.

RYNA DE JONGE
Specializing in math? What does that tell you? That she is logical and methodical. If she had the privilege of dividing her time she says she'd work a problem, read a book and play the piano. She does read a great deal, mostly along the historical line, and music is one other of her enthusiasms. Add a delight in horseback riding and you know what's what about Ryna.

ARTHUR OUDEMOOL
One thing about Arthur, he's become more intensely serious lately. Perhaps his graduation day reminds him of the near approach of real life. But then he has had to decide whether or not he wants the Northwestern Scholarship, and that's a weighty topic. "Art" sang in the glee club, taught a Sunday School class, and—Oh!—By the way, girls, did you ever notice the color of his eyes? Such modest orbs of blue!
HENRY BAST
As an individual, Henry likes to argue. Now, that may be a virtue or a vice, depending on the stand he takes. Most of the time, however, we have been fortunate enough that he did like arguing, for debating was aided materially by Mr. Bast's blasts (that's a puny pun). Coming to Hope College from Fennville, two localities which have been closely linked for decades, Henry's boyish smile has been a campus feature for several years.

GENEVA VAN DEN BRINK
With her ever-ready laughter bubbling out and her radiant smile she's a regular little cloud chaser. You'll never see her looking as though she'd lost her last friend even if she might feel she had. But lest you think her one who merely skims the surface, be assured that she is a steady, dependable worker, as willing a co-operator as any Californian and one who knows the value of friendship and good will.

DOROTHY VANDER SCHEL
Friendliness fairly radiates from her — the girl with the dimpled smile. Her blue eyes are expressive of a gaiety of spirit and a fun-loving disposition. Attractive in appearance and tasteful in dress, she makes a pleasing picture. A genial good nature, together with a certain degree of reserve, form an interesting combination.

JOHN BERGHORST
Among the tall, handsome, and shy boys about the college, John ranks highly. Perhaps it isn't fair to say shy, though, for that trait may be commendable modesty instead. Many a feminine heart has thought — now, there's a man, Susie, who might — but no, John is fair to them all. Being absorbed in the world of science and medicine, he anticipates a busy career starting with Rush Medical School.
J. N. Warren De Pree

This fatherly, benign old character, dear to so many hearts and a friend to everyone on the campus, is familiarly known as the man who missed the valedictory by .02%. But, as Warren would say, "Das plenty!" At the Frater House he has won the title of the "Efficiency Expert." This resulted from his eternal preaching on the theme of study hours, a subject theoretically dear to J. N.'s heart. He now threatens to become a doctor in the wilds of Iowa. May the old boy rest in peace.

Wilhelmina Walvoord

It was inevitable that she should be called "Billie"—she, so variable, petite, alert. In her are combined the happy faculties of living with her head above the clouds while keeping her feet firmly planted on the earth. "Billie" of the fantastic faerie dreams, can put things through in an expeditious manner. Eccentric, of varied tastes and with a teasing light in the eye not belied by her actions—"Billie."

Mildred Ver Hage

Being the stuff as Hopeites are made of, you've all heard about hiding the light under a bushel—well, that's "Millie." A young lady of talent and varied abilities, it takes effort to persuade her to bring them forth. In high school she was one of the most brilliant stars of the basketball constellation, but you'd never hear her mention it. A fine student, but never seeking or creating an opportunity to flaunt her knowledge—she's very well liked.

Edwin De Jongh

If there is competition in all fields, there will be some soon for Einstein. Here we have "Mac," the all-wise solver of deep mathematical problems. His face has been a familiar one in all the math courses, where his generous advice has aided many a stumbling classmate to attain a more cheerful outlook on his work. "Mac" can usually be counted on for some common sense opinion on any topic, and if not for that, then for some typically idiotic "wise-crack."
JOHN BRINK

Would you care to witness an unusual spectacle? Aside from our cherubic Prof. A. Lampen, and the scholarly Prof. C. Kleis, we had not been aware of a good looking man who could do algebra well. But, folks! "Johnny" combines these elusive traits. And what with playing snappy baseball, or following Paul Dykstra through some weird antic, Brink is kept busy. "Johnny" always did know how to tie a bow-tie, though.

SUZANNE SCHOEPP

Why study when you can sing? This seems to be Sue's carefree philosophy but 'neath the surface of the good cheer and gaiety we find a steadfast perseverance to which she owes her achievements. These qualities, combined with a radiating friendliness and a sincerity of manner, have won her many friends, while her fine appreciation of the beautiful, whether expressed in word, song, or stroke of the brush is but another trait that makes her outstanding.

HARRIET SCHURMAN

Generous to a fault, always eager to share the good things of life and the good times of youth, Harriet is characterized as being a "good sport." She is ever cheerful and ready to extend a helping hand wherever needed. Her skill and artistry in drawing the bow over the taut strings has often charmed us and we hope her hand will never lose its cunning.

BERNS COOK

Because he had the job of taking care of other people's gas troubles, "Coo-coo" knew a great deal about the public cellars and back entrances. But did he break his trust? Never! To this day he will not utter a jot of information concerning this or that man about town. Such is greatness. Incidentally, Koekoek played in our struggling college band, dated town girls in preference to the campus brand, and wore glasses that made him look like Lenin.
JOHN WINTER
His typical trait is his neat, erect posture. Like a soldier on parade he rides his finely groomed horse. Straight as an arrow he walks about his business. Many men have envied his physique which displays fine clothing so well. John is working ambitiously at a pre-medics course. In between classes and after school he talks about the League of Nations with "Sadie." The students have cheered him willingly on court and gridiron.

CORNELIA DE KLEINE
Endowed with a nature that transcends the trivial disturbances of every-day life, "Casey" has more concern for that which lies 'neath the surface. So in considering her, we must delve deeper to gather a more perfect comprehension. "Casey" has distinct leanings toward Greek — ever the mark of the scholar we hear, but she is never too busy with that or any other of her activities to pass a moment in pleasant discourse with all comers.

LOIS DE WOLF
With her magnetic personality and energetic interest in all the duties assigned her she has been a credit to her Alma Mater. Full of vim, vigor, and vitality, she makes short shrift of all the obstacles in her path and never lets studies interfere with her education. Original to a high degree, generous in her admiration and loyal to the extreme is "Loey."

MARTIN SCHOLTEN
He has always been a quiet fellow, minding his own business. Martin says that he likes very much the studies offered by the seminary schools, but whether or not he will take them up is not yet definite. Martin is best remembered for his faithful Ford which he drove to school for so long. Next fall will find this Senior returning for a bit of post-graduate study. That's showing a regard for the Alma Mater.
LEONARD HOGENBOOM

Of all the intensely thorough minds on the campus, of the type you expect to see studying all the time or reciting most of the time, "Len" is an outstanding exception. Not that he doesn't do well academically, for he does. But here's the rub—he has a "girl." And she is a freshman. Folks say that things are progressing well for the minister in Hogenboom's neighborhood. "Len" out-talked debaters at Wichita, now he is considering the ministry. His honest, open face would go well behind a pulpit.

GERTRUDE LEUSSENKAMP

Shy and reserved, but with that reserve that accords her companions a chance to give free rein to their fancies; friendly is she, given to praise and slow to censure. Her quiet manner, kindliness toward her fellowmen and her perseverance will ever be great factors toward her happiness and success. Busy as she always is, her energy is expended in the capable management of her many tasks.

ETHELYN KOEPPE

The essence of femininity, with all the qualities that the phrase implies, Ethelyn is a bit more lady-like than some of her contemporaries. She is pleasing in appearance and gracious in manner. Individual in thought, she has the courage of her convictions and a stick-to-it-iveness that may be admired.

DONALD HICKS

Here we have our tempestuous H.K.K. president. Hailing from the distant hills of Altoona, Penn., this aristocratic Hicks threatened to become a poet, an accordianist, half of the "Amos n' Andy" combine, a preacher, and various other types too numerous to recall. But withal, his mien is kindly, tolerant, and grin-provoking. We always did maintain that he should have played more basketball, or at least posed for an oil painting portrait in his "shorties." A cheerful lad, is Hicks!
**Willard De Jongh**

Even though he is enrolled in the regular academic courses, "Bill" has managed to keep a pretty good eye on the School of Music. There are things there that deserve attention. With the initial recommendation of coming from Zeeland, De Jongh is intelligent and recognizes the advantages of having a "steady" girl. He wears two pairs of glasses so as not to miss anything in the world.

**Evelyn Steketee**

Add to a goodly measure of native ability, a large portion of hard work and you have what Evelyn is made of. Not sparing in using either her talents or energies, Evelyn has done much to further the Hope Spirit. Through her hospitality and friendliness she has made many a co-ed at home in Holland—but let it not be inferred that this has been limited to co-eds only.

**Bernadine Siebers**

Now we come to "Bernie," the capable president of the Y.W.C.A. Let us consider her good characteristics. Purposeful is she, with a good deal of plain vigor in carrying out her plans; sociable to a high degree. For an example of enthusiasm we would direct you to her and leave you to be convinced in a moment's conversation. We must not forget that terrific trait of hers of working so hard that others feel ashamed of themselves.

**Harold Dykhuisen**

With a wardrobe of neatly pressed brown suits that never seem to know the meaning of the term "out-of-press," "Bud" Dykhuisen has long been one of the undisputedly well-dressed men on the campus. Medium of stature, but possessed of sparkling dark eyes that seem to know how to tend to business as well as they know how to twinkle with merriment, this graduating Senior has aided with many of our pep meetings, has been a capable business manager of the Senior Play, and has by now decided to be a doctor.
Nicholas Lanning

So many people try to do something to brighten the lives of their fellow men, and find the doing difficult. But not so with friend Lanning. He sings as easily and as naturally as a skylark! When the echo of his care-free carolling dies away within the walls of Hope there is lost to the school a good, fine thing. Lanning is akin to Poe—for a long time he has been haunted by the beauties of "Lenore." But "Nick's raven says, "Evermore, evermore!"

Ernestine Klerekoper

Trite though the phrase may be, it applies to Ernie. "She has a cute little way all her own." Thinking things through to the end, frank, ingenious, quick to offer the results of her thinking, often in a startling way—these characteristics rate her as a spicy conversationalist and intriguing companion. Aristocratic in ideals, generous in praise is "Ernie."

Gladys Huizenga

"Gladie?" She has skads of good qualities—besides a penchant for fishing. She sets out to put Ike Walton to shame, (but someone must warn the fish!) However, you know, that wouldn't ruffle her serenity any—she'd merely go home and cook such a meal for her fellow-anglers as would exclude all thought of the shy scaled ones. Besides all this her countless acts of thoughtfulness and generosity have entrenched her in the affections of the class.

Herman Kruizenga

As the creator of a well-rounded college career, may we present our Herman. He has been in varsity tennis and basketball. He has been Cosmopolitan president and rated eighth on his class honor roll. Now "Herm" goes to Michigan on the Regent Scholarship to study classical languages. Besides these attributes he plays bridge very well. Such an unassuming, comradely, efficient fellow.
ARTHUR MICHMERHUIZEN

"Lefty" seems ever to have something deeply engrossing on his mind. The tall, serious youth with business-like gait has been a friend and helper of many along his path. With a real bent towards oratorical interests, Arthur has devoted most of his time, however, to his own routine of classwork and outside activities. He bears the longest last name in the school, no small distinction in this Dutchman's paradise.

Roxie Haldane

Looking for fun? Find Roxie. Something troublesome on your mind? Go to Roxie. With a clear vision ahead and a mind to follow through, Roxie gets there every time. One would have to go far to find a truer friend or more staunch comrade. Never at a loss for clever repartee, never shirking or seeking excuses she is easily one of the most lovable and popular girls on the campus.

Grace Duhrkopf

She has a graceful appearance, seated at the piano accompanying the Girls' Glee Club,—for she shares in the distinguished honor of that position by virtue of the power to bring forth melodious sound from the instrument. A spirit of friendliness and an even disposition are characteristics of her pleasing personality.

Earl Mosier

Earl's failing is his habit of enjoying a gleeful giggle now and then. Also, he has a way of causing the fair sex to smile reassuringly, a trait which four out of five do not have. He intends to take up medicine. During his years on the campus Earl has pursued his quiet way, offending none, and enjoying great sport with many of his friends.
FRANKLIN RYNBRANDT

His swinging stride will grace the campus paths no longer. Rynbrandt's pet peeve during his days of education was the necessity of going to classes. His sensitive nature felt the pain of this procedure twice as heavily as the more hardened members of the student body. With the coming of Commencement Night, however, a big smile spread over the face of Franklin, for now he was a free man.

VERNA BROWER

The Dresden China figure with its daintiness and exquisiteness may well be said to have found its rival in Verna. With the immaculateness that is characteristic of true femininity she makes a charming appearance. Never speaking ill of anyone, with no thought of ever harming her associates, Verna may be held up as an example in thought, word, and deed.

HELENE BROEK

Quietly going about her own business and achieving results with little ado, Helene gets what she goes after. Hard working, stoically adhering to her principles, she has the excellent quality of never interfering with the affairs of others.

CARL POSTMA

They say Carl is interested in the various fields of literature. His friends even so so far as to brand him as being "brainy." But despite it all, Carl is exceedingly human. He chews toothpicks like the best of us Dutchmen. With his long, angular features marking him as one capable of a philosophic turn, Postma can talk for hours with a pretty restaurant waitress. And a good share of the time he leaves them guessing, too.
RUSSELL SMITH

Before the changing of Winants from chapel to library, "Russ" was wont to modify the severity of academic hours by playing current melodies on the piano there. Many a study period has been lazily spent by now older Hopeites as they lingered to absorb the lilt of this minstrel's glad refrain. "Russ" has been known for mysterious reasons as the "Milwaukee Flash." Whether this label was gained by piano work, or by other means, is not clear.

HILDA AIKEN

Firm as the rocks of her native Scottish coast is Hilda's character, ever holding true to her purpose and unswerving from the path of duty. Her passions are swimming, skating, basketball, historical novels, and not the least music, for she has herself a lovely soprano voice. Her pet peeve is mathematics.

HOWARD SCHOLTEN

No doubt Howard has long been motivated by a keen domestic instinct. Where e'er you see Howard, there will you see Gertrude, too. Hailing from the rolling plains of Iowa, this youth came to Hope, looked over its collegiate possibilities, and decided to send home for his big fur coat. Thereafter his huge moving shape was a well known campus sight. This spring he aided in the dissembling of the Senior Play publicity. Pardon, did we say "dissembling?"

HENRY WALTHORN

Henry is one of those busy Van Vlecks who is always hurrying from work to class and from class to work. Whenever you are on a real big date, Henry is in on it, too, for he is head-waiter at Holland's only night club. Aside from his unique trait of wearing his hat like a Swiss mountain climber, Henry is a fine, friendly young man of promise.
STANLEY VER HEY

When we inquired about this man from his friends they said, "Oh, just call him the only red-headed, pigeon-toed, heart-breaker in the school!" But they are careful to recall that "Stan" has a fine debating and oratorical record. On his trip to Wichita, Kansas, this Spring he employed his talents to fine advantage. "Red's" curly locks and good-humor will be lacking on the campus next year, to our sorrow.

MILDRED DE PREE

Always the same to everybody, Millie is the personification of consistency. If you want something done, ask her, you can depend on her to do it to the best of her ability. A talented lass as you all know who have seen and heard her accompanying the Girls' Glee Club—she is a pianist of merit. "Millie" has won many friends through graciousness, loyalty and gentle consideration.

DONALD WADE

He saunters along so dignified, and yet so alluringly boyish that when he faces you and quizzically smiles, you feel friendly all over. Wade's genial sarcasm almost was the means of his attaining local prominence on several occasions. It will be a revealing experience to attend his church in a few years, for the happy lad intends to take up the ministry. Another nice thing about Wade is the way he can sign his name—such flourishes!

GERTRUDE BENES

Brrrr!! "Voorhees Hall. Just a moment—I'll see if she's in." Gertrude can be counted upon to chase up those erratic females who fail to answer their buzzers when their swains call. But for all her telephone activity she is not as talkative as one might think. Unassuming, she pursues her way with quiet determination and in all sincerity.
CLARENCE SCHIPPER

He is a bit less than average height, possessed of a shock of corn-colored hair, smooth complexion, and wears light rimmed glasses. His small, almost fiery eyes, delight to dote on religious arguments. Schipper labors under the double handicap of coming from Zeeland and being studious. Such a combination is often explosive. Many a patient instructor has broken out in sweat to see little Clarence's hand go up, eager for argument.

MYRA TEN CATE

Versatile? Well read? Charming? Yes, all these and more—"Mike" has taken a big part in her class, both in its activities and its affections, because of these qualities. A well poised actress, she delights the ear as well as the eye, whether as an Irish colleen or as Paula Ritter. She combines a capacity for actions with an admirable portion of common sense, winning her way with tact and affability.

MARVIN SHOEMAKER

This man's honest Dutch face thoroughly expresses his personality. Marvin is the sort of person who, in a science "lab," efficiently slips off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and begins to collect his material while others pass the time of day. While not pretending to belong to the realm of either athletics or extra-curricular activities, "Marve" has steadily hewn his way to a complete knowledge of pre-medics.

ARTHUR VAN ARENDONK

Arthur's characteristic pose is to stand on one foot, stare disinterestedly at you, while he steadily inhales his cigarette smoke and nervously flicks off the ashes. We could not think of "Art" without recalling the various striking autos he has owned in his time. Being such an affectionate man he has already won the heart of his Joan. But seriously, this young gentleman has an inventive mind. May he win his goal!
JACOB TIGELAAR

"Jake" had made a bit of a name for himself among the senior science students, not the least of his accomplishments being the winning of the Purdue Scholarship. Tigelaar's typical expression is a half-smile that crinkles the corners of his eyelashes, if that is physiologically possible. He did well this last year with basketball and with the honor roll, rating fifth in his class.

ANNE DE YOUNG

Generously supplied with the traits that enable her to make friends wherever she goes, Anne has made a goodly number at Hope. Her irresistible laugh, her contagious good nature are an open sesame to any gathering. "It's nice to be natural when you're naturally nice" — as we have heard it said of her.

RAYMOND STEKETEE

"Dutch" has decided to try teaching next year. Wherever it is, he says it will at least be a long ways from Holland. "Dutch's" outstanding characteristic here has been his long and earnest battle against the rapid inroads of modern methods. He likes literature, edited his class "Milestone," and played the violin for the boys occasionally. The Fraters always were tickled to see "Dutch" tickled. His mirth is catching.

HENRY STEFFENS

"Steve's" favorite pastime is to snatch a little nap while he waits for Sue. Not that he has to wait long; but he can sleep refreshingly in brief spaces of time. His mirth-provoking humor becomes irresistible when uttered in his innocent, quiet voice. "Steve's" life from now on is to be one long song, for the humming lady known as Sue has whispered the happy word.
Alvin Cook

As old as his personal history is his label of "Boo!" In the rush and strain of games, or in the serious contemplation of business meetings, he has been steady and consistent—a firm quantity about which all action pivots. His wholesome fellowship has gladdened many a man's heart, as now it does that of a maid.

Anna Ruth Van Alsburg

Many a serious thought goes on behind that untroubled countenance, and her course of action as a consequence is always wisely chosen. Her aesthetic sense is well developed as her likes and aversions testify. She has a deep appreciation of what is fine and beautiful in literature and other fields of art. She is, moreover, modest and naive; sometimes amusingly direct in her questioning, often provoking laughter.

Margaret Stewart

Hails from the sunny south, from Tennessee in fact, she of the snappy brown eyes. A conscientious student who has never been known to shirk, she has been well up in her classes, but delights in a merry time and happy laughter withal. There is something about her intangible, that grows on one through further acquaintance with her. Soon 'twill be her lot to wear orange blossoms in her hair and we wish her the happiest of futures.

John Flikkema

"Flik"' likes to play tennis, baseball, and basketball, too. He served many a "hot" one over the net during the varsity matches this Spring, much to his opponent's discomfort. And when he sits down to a bridge table the die is cast, all hands go to "Flik." For some unknown reason he has a great interest in Kalama-zoo; it may be because his home is there. And then again, it may not.
Senior Activities

HILDA MARY AIKEN
Alexandria Bay, N. Y.
History Course. Alethea, President 3; Glee Club 3, 4; S.G.A.

BERNARD JOHN ARENSHORST
Holland, Mich.
Science Course. Fraternal, Secretary 3, President 4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3; Athletic Board 4; Y.M.C.A. Cabinet 3, Secretary 4; Gospel Team 3; Milestone Staff 5; Anchor Staff 3; Class Treasurer 3.

HARRIET MAE BARON
Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Dorian, Secretary 4; S.G.A.

HENRY BAST
Fennville, Mich.
History Course. Addison; Debating 3, 4; Gospel Team; Pi Kappa Delta; H.K.K.

GERTRUDE BENES
Thayer, Ind.
History Course. Alethea, Secretary 3; Student Volunteer; S.G.A.

JOHN BERGHORST
West Olive, Mich.
Pre-Medic Course. Grand Rapids Junior College 1.

JOHN BRINK, JR.
Hamilton, Mich.
History Course. Baseball 3, 4; H.K.K.

HELENE MARIE BROEK
Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Alethea, Chapel Choir 4; S.G.A.

DORIS L. BROWER
Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Delphi, Secretary 4; S.G.A.

VERNA A. BROWER
Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Delphi, Treasurer 3, Vice-president 4; Drama Club Play 3; Class Secretary 4; S.G.A.

ALICE GERTRUDE BRUNSON
Ganges, Mich.
Latin Course. Dorian, President 4; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet 3, Vice-president 4; Class Treasurer 2; Anchor Staff; Cosmopolitan; Glee Club; Milestone Staff; Senior Class; S.G.A.

PHYLLIS HARRIET DE JONG
Hospers, la.
Latin Course. Grinnell College 1; Delphi, Treasurer 4; President 4; House Vice-president 4; S.G.A.

RYNA ALYDA DE JONGE
Muskegon, Mich.
Mathematics Course. Muskegon Junior College 1, 2; Alethea, Vice-president 4; Student Volunteer; S.G.A.

WILLARD DE JONGE
Zeeland, Mich.
History Course. Cosmopolitan; Glee Club; Milestone Staff; Senior Play; H.K.K.

EDWIN DE JONGH
Holland, Mich.
Mathematics Course. Fraternal; H.K.K.

CORNELIA AGNES DE KLEINE
Hudsonville, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Western State Teachers College; Ferris Institute; Dorian, President 4; Basketball 4; Student Volunteer, Secretary and Treasurer 4; Gospel Team 4.

J. N. WARREN DE PREE
Sioux Center, la.
Science Course. Fraternal; Athletic Board 2; Y.M.C.A. Cabinet 2; Student Council 2; Science Club.

MILDRED DE PREE
Zeeland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Sorosis, Secretary 3; Girls' Glee Club 3, 4; President 4; S.G.A.

LOIS ELIZABETH DE WOLF
Rochester, N. Y.
History Course. Sorosis, President 3; Class Treasurer 1, 3; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet 4; Student Council 3; Anchor Staff; Chairman of Homecoming Committee 4; Senior Class; S.G.A.

ANNE R. De YOUNG
Chicago, Ill.
History Course. Sibylline, President 4; A.D.D. 3, 4; Milestone Staff; S.G.A.

GRACE WORTH DUHRKOPF
Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Drama Class Play 3; Glee Club; S.G.A.

HAROLD DYKHUizen
Holland, Mich.
Science Course. University of Southern California 1; Knickerbocker, President 4; Pre-Medic Club, Vice-president 4; Senior Play, Business Manager; Homecoming Committee 4; H.K.K.

PAUL C. S. DYKSTRA
Holland, Mich.
History Course.
RICHARD G. ELZINGA Chicago, Ill.  
History Course; Home Volunteer; Vice-President 4; Gospel Team; H.K.K.

ANNA MAY ENGELSMAN Randolph, Wis.  
History Course; Dorian, President 4; House Committee 4; Chapel Choir 4; Senior Class Play; S.G.A.

MABEL C. ESSENBURG Holland, Mich.  
Modern Language English Course; Music Course. Delphi, Secretary 4; S.G.A.

History Course. Fraternal; Football 2, 3; Basketball 1; Freshman B. B. Manager 2; Athletic Board 3.

JOHN FLIKKEMA Kalamazoo, Mich.  
History Course. Cosmopolitan; Tennis Team.

WILLIAM HENRY HAKEN Grant, Mich.  
History Course. Dickinson 4; H.K.K.

ROXIE HALDANE Portland, Me.  
Modern Language English Course; Denison University 1; Sorosis, President 4; Vice-president 3; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet 3.

SIDNEY HEERSMA Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Science Course. Addison, Basketball; Pre-Medic Club, President 4; Science Club; Milestone Staff; Athletic Board 3; Class Basketball Team; Hope Reserves.

ANNE HEYBOER Muskegon, Mich.  
Modern Language English Course; Delphi, Treasurer 4; Girls’ Glee Club 3, 4; Drama Class Play 3; Chapel Choir 4; S.G.A.

DONALD EDGAR HICKS Altoona, Pa.  
Classical Course. Addison, President 3; Home Volunteers, President 4; House President, Van Vleck; Chapel Choir 4; H.K.K. President.

RUTH JEANETH HIEFTJE Zeeland, Mich.  
Modern Language English Course; S.G.A.

WALTER SATTERLEE HERRING Ulster Park, N. Y.  
History Course. Emersonian, President 4; Interfraternity Baseball 3, 4; H.K.K.

LEONARD S. HOGENBOOM Clymer, N. Y.  
History Course. Cosmopolitan, President 4; Y.M.C.A. Cabinet 2, 3; President 4; Gospel Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Anchor Staff 2; Debate Team 2, 3, 4; Manager 3; Pi Kappa Delta, President 4; Student Volunteer; Senior Class Play; H.K.K.

GLADYS M. HUIZINGA Holland, Mich.  
History Course. Sorosis, Vice-president 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; President 3; A.D.D. 2, 3, 4; Drama Class Play 5; Adelaide Oratorical Contest 3; M.O.L. Representative 4; Pi Kappa Delta; Student Council 1, S.G.A.

HAROLD JAPINGA Holland, Mich.  
Science Course. Fraternal; “H” Club; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; H.K.K.

MARION GERTRUDE KATTE Zeeland, Mich.  
Modern Language English Course; Sorosis, Secretary 4; Drama Class Play 4; Sorrowity Basketball 4; S.G.A.

ERNESTINE F. KLEREKOPER Friesland, Wis.  
History Course; Central College 1, 2; Delphi, Vice-president 4; Drama Class Play 3; S.G.A.

WALTER SATTERLEE HERRING Ulster Park, N. Y.  
History Course. Emersonian, President 4; Interfraternity Baseball 3, 4; H.K.K.

RUTH KOSTER E. Williamson, N. Y.  
Modern Language English Course; Central College 1; Sorosis, Treasurer 4; Glee Club; Senior Class Play; S.G.A.

WARREN CHRISTIAN KREUNEN Oostburg, Wis.  
History Course. Knickerbocker; Glee Club; Anchor Staff 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 3; Senior Class Play.

HERMAN A. KRUIZENGA Holland, Mich.  
Classical Course. Cosmopolitan, President 4; House Manager 4; Y.M.C.A. Cabinet 5, 4; Anchor Business Manager 3; Milestone Association Editor 3; Basketball 4; Tennis 3, 4; Athletic Board 5; Class Treasurer 2, 4; H.K.K.

MARVIN HENRY KUIZENGA Holland, Mich.  
Science Course. Cosmopolitan, Vice-president 4; Chemistry Club; President 4; Staff; Student Council, Vice-president 4; Science Club.
Science Course; Emersonian, President 4;
Science Club, President 4; Chemistry
Club, Vice-president 4; Anchor Staff 2;
Editor-in-Chief 3; Interfraternity Council,
President 3; Student Guide Publisher 3, 4.

Science Course; Fraternal; Glee Club 1, 2,
3, 4; President 3.

GERTRUDE JANE LEUSSENKAMP - Grand Rapids, Mich.
Modern Language English Course; Senior
Play; S.G.A. Secretary and Treasurer 4.

JANET W. MCKINLEY - Hudson, N.Y.
Modern Language English Course; Dor-
ian, Secretary 4; A.D.D. President 4; Ath-
etic Board 4; Home-Coming Committee
4; S.G.A.

MAURICE MARCUS - Holland, Mich.
History Course; Fraternal; Class President
2; Drama Class Play 3; Senior Play 4.

MARVIN BOGERD MEENGS - Holland, Mich.
Science Course; Knickerbocker; Senior
Class President; Student Council Presi-
dent; Y.M.C.A. Cabinet 2, Treasurer 3,
Vice-president 4; Business Manager of
Milestone 3; Varsity Track 1, 2, 3, 4,
Captain 4; Pre-Medic Club, President 4;
Gospel Team 3, 4; "H" Club; H.K.K.

History Course; Pi Kappa Delta; College
Orator 3; Senior Play.

EARL E. MOSIER - Pennville, Mich.
Science Course; Knickerbocker; Vice-president
4; Pre-Medic Club; Gospel Team 1.

JOHN H. NAUTA - Indianapolis, Ind.
Science Course; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Track 1,
2; "H" Club; All Stars 4; H.K.K.

Science Course; Fraternal, President 4;
House Manager 4; Football 1, 2; Fresh-
man Coach 3, 4; Basketball 1; Athletic
Board 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President
4; Class President 1; H.K.K.

History Course; Milestone Staff 3; Debating
3, 4; Pi Kappa Delta 4; Senior Play,
Stage Manager 4.

GARRETT NONHOF - Prairie View, Kan.
Science Course; Pre-Medic Club; H.K.K.

BERTHA KLASINA OLGERS - Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course; Ake-
thea, President 4; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, 4;
Gospel Team 3, 4; S.G.A.

LAMBERT OLGERS - Holland, Mich.
Classical Course; Emersonian, President, 4;
Anchor Staff 1; Home Volunteers; Vice-
president, 3; H.K.K.

ARTHUR EDWIN OUDEMOOL - Holland, Mich.
Classical Course; Addison, President, 4,
Treasurer 2; Class President 4; Raven
Contest in Oratory 2nd, 3; Glee Club 3,
4; Secretary 4; Home Volunteers; H.K.K.

CARL CHRISTIAN POSTMA - Alton, la.
Modern Language English Course; Addi-
sion; Debating 4.

FRANKLIN J. RYNBRANDT - Jamestown, Mich.
History Course; Addison; Band 1, 2, 3, 4;
Orchestra 2, 3, 5; Chapel Choir 4.

Classical Course; Dickensian; Home Vol-
unteers 2, 3, 4; Ulfilas Club 2; Ulfilas
Club Play 2; H.K.K.

SUZANNE SCHOEP - Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course; Delphi,
President 4; Class Secretary 1, 3; Glee
Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; Chapel Choir,
Secretary-Treasurer 4; House Committee 1;
Milestone Staff 3; S.G.A.

HOWARD BLISS SCHOLTEN - Holland, Mich.
Classical Course; Cosmopolitan, Vice-
President 4; Home Volunteers, President
4; Band 1, 2, 3, 5; Senior Play, Advertising
Manager; H.K.K.

MARTIN SCHOLTEN - Holland, Mich.
History-Classical Course.

HARRIET FLORENCE SCHURMAN - Holland, Mich.
Latin Course; Sibylline; Orchestra 1, 2,
3, Secretary and Treasurer 2; Class Vice-
president 3; S.G.A.

Science Course; Addison; Pre-Medic Club,
Vice-president 4; Science Club; Interfra-
ternity Basketball 4; H.K.K.

Science Course; Grand Rapids Junior Col-
lege 1; Dorian; Gospel Team 2, 3, 4;
Y.W.C.A. Cabinet 3, President 4; Student
Volunteer, Secretary-Treasurer 3, Presi-
dent 4; Trumpet Quartet; Orchestra 2, 3;
Milestone Assistant Editor; Dorian Basket-
ball 4; Chairman Senior Music Commit-
tee, S.G.A.

Mathematics Course; Knickerbocker; Glee
Club 3, 4; Cheer Leader 1; H.K.K.

HENRY STEFFENS - Holland, Mich.
Science Course; Fraternal, Treasurer 2,
Secretary 3, Vice-president 4; Football 1,
2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; "H" Club; Class
Vice-president 1; Anchor Staff 3; H.K.K.
EVELYN LOUISE STEKETEE  Holland, Mich.
History Course. Sibylline, President 4; Vice-president 3; A.D.D. Treasurer 2; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet 3, 4; Anchor Staff 3, 4; Milestone Staff 3; Class Treasurer 4; S.G.A.

RAYMOND STEKETEE  Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Fraternal, Treasurer 2; Student Council 1; Anchor Staff 1, 2, 3; Editor of Freshman and Sophomore Anchors; Milestone Editor-in-Chief 3; Debating Team 2; Pi Kappa Delta, Secretary-Treasurer 3; Manager of Football 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 2, 3; Drama Class Play 3; Y.M.C.A. Cabinet 2; Gospel Team 1, 2, 3; 'H' Club; Class Treasurer 1; H.K.K.

STANLEY E. VAN LARE  Wolcott, N. Y.
History Course. Emersonian, Vice-president 4; Class Basketball 2; Track 2; H.K.K.

CARL F. VAN LENTE  Holland, Mich.
Science Course. Cosmopolitan; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; H.K.K.

JULIA MAE VAN OSS  Holland, Mich.
Latin Course. Dorian, Treasurer 4; Debate Team 4; Pi Kappa Delta 4; Y.W.C.A. Cabinet 4; Adelaide Oratorical Contest 3rd Place 3; S.G.A.

MARGARET MARIE STEWART  Washington College, Tenn.
History Course. Dorian Secretary 1; S.G.A.

MYRA ROSE TEN CATE  Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Sorosis, President 4; Drama Class Play 3; Senior Play 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2; S.G.A.

MYRTLE MAE TEN HAVE  Zeeland, Mich.
History Course. S.G.A.

JACOB J. TIGELAAR  Jamestown, Michigan
Science Course. Addison; Chemistry Club; Science Club; H.K.K.

A. RUTH VAN ALSBURG  Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Sibylline, Secretary 3; Drama Class Play 3.

ARTHUR M. VAN ARENDONK  Wallkill, N. Y.
Science Course. Fraternal; Science Club; Chemistry Club; Milestone Staff; Chemistry Appointment; H.K.K.

JULIA MAE VAN DAM  Hudsonville, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Delphi, Secretary 4; Chapel Choir; S.G.A.

GENEVA M. VANDEN BRINK  Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Sorosis, Treasurer 3; Harmony Glee Club 1; Sorority Basketball 4; S.G.A.

DOROTHY VANDER SCHEL  Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Drama Class Play 3; S.G.A.

JOAN J. VANDER WERF  Holland, Mich.
Latin Course. Central College; Delphi, Vice-president 4; Milestone Staff; S.G.A.

STANLEY J. VERHEY  Holland, Mich.
History Course. Cosmopolitan, President 4; Debating Team 2, 3, 4; Pi Kappa Delta 3, President 3; Manager of Oratory 4; Class Orator 4; H.K.K.

DONALD MAC CLAIN WADE  New Brunswick, N. J.
History Course. Knickerbocker, President 4; House President 4; Class President 2; Pi Kappa Delta 4; Track 1; Anchor 2, 3, 4; Y.M.C.A. Secretary 2; Milestone Staff.

WILHELMINA J. WALVOORD  Holland, Mich.
History Course. Sorosis, Vice-president 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Milestone Staff; Drama Class Play 3; Senior Play; S.G.A.

ROSE MARY WHELAN  University of California 1, 2; Delphi, Chairman of Banquet Committee 4; Glee Club 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Anchor Staff; S.G.A.

JOHN K OOLS WINTER  Holland, Mich.
Science Course. Knickerbocker, Secretary 3, President 4; Football 2, 3, 4; 'H' Club; H.K.K.

HENRY WOLTHORN  Grand Rapids, Mich.
Science Course. Addison, Treasurer 2, Secretary 4, President 4; Chemistry Club, Treasurer 3; Interfraternity Council, Secretary 3.

HARVEY J. WOLTMAN  Holland, Michigan
History Course. Addison, Vice-president 3; President 4; Gospel Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Class Play.

JANET DOROTHY YONKER  Holland, Mich.
Modern Language English Course. Sorosis; Student Council 3; Drama Class Play 3; S.G.A., President 4.
"Even all the new industries fast developing could not employ the large number of young people. They were urged to find work with American farmers living beyond Allegan and Kalamazoo. By this course the difficult food situation in the settlement would be relieved, money for the use of the settlers would be brought in, and all would become more accustomed to the ways of the Americans, with whom they had cast their lot. So with tender farewells uttered, through the woods went the fortune-seeking young folks, later returning with exciting stories of adventure."
Junior Class History

IN THE fall of 1927 a large group of High School graduates came to Hope College. They came either by choice, force, or chance—from all parts of the globe. Some came by steamer, some hitch-hiked, and some motored, but by far the greater majority came via “Pere Marquette.” We were met at the various docks and stations by “Big Sisters” or other welcoming upper classmen who took us to our boarding houses.

Then it began to rain. And it rained for days and days until it seemed that everyone had permanently donned the raincoat and umbrella mentioned in the Voorhees leaflets as “necessary articles for the college wardrobe!” It finally stopped raining, and on September 30 we poor “Frosh” looked at the sun for the first time since coming to Michigan. But this blessed dryness and comfort was of short duration, for on September 30 we gathered at the river! The pull was a success—for the “Sophs.” Some dozen or more of our biggest and best were pulled through Black River. That night we met for our first class party, which has since become a fond memory. This party was held at
Macatawa Park and the main feature on the program a comedy "The SOPHisticated Thing" by the gentlemen of the class.

In the meantime between big events, we had "registered," had taken an English Placement Examination, and had been made to wear the green. Then came the annual "Y. Mixes," from which we all returned doubtfully mixed, feeling that the Y. M. and Y. W. must be important organizations on the campus.

On September 26 the first class election was held with Charles Rozema, '29, Student Council President, acting as temporary chairman. Lewis Scudder became our president, with Edward Tellman as vice-president. Our first Student Council representatives were also chosen. And so we came to take our first official stand on the campus. With this step upward came confidence and perhaps some "cockiness." On October 3 pots and ties were not worn and Sophomore jaws set hard in the spirit of revenge. In the tussel which followed, one Freshman blundered greatly in mistaking President E. Dimnent for a Sophomore! The afternoon was a mixture of green paint, stacked rooms, and "cherry noses." On October 4 pots and ties were again in order.

On November 9 some half-dozen Seniors took on prematurely their Caps and Gowns and came to Winant's Chapel to act as judges at the Freshman Trial. About twenty guilty "Frosh" became victims of wanderlust and were nowhere to be found. A posse of Sophomores and Seniors proved quite capable and the wanderers were returned. After much unjust overruling of objections, severe punishments were meted out. The following day roller-skates, kiddy cars, baby cabs, long skirts, hip boots and fishing poles caused serious traffic congestion on Hope's campus.

By this time we all had become acquainted with each other and our professors' lessons became a serious matter and we settled down to hard work. The first fifteen weeks had passed and we were on our way home to spend a well-earned vacation. The second semester passed as rapidly, and after making our debut in oratory, debating, football, basketball, and the like, we put away our books and pencils and automatically became Sophomores.

It was during the summer of 1928 that one of our members, Grace Wilterdink, passed away at her home east of Holland. She had been ill for some time during the Spring and early Summer. It is remembered as a said event in the history of our class.

In the fall of 1928 many of our former number gathered again for a year of work, play, and development. We now told the Freshmen who they were and what was expected of them. Aged eggs, green paint, and dips in the fish pond were used as means to enforce the law.

College now became a part of us and we became a part of it. Goals became definite and an active interest in all college activities grew within us. Paul Brower was chosen as Hope's representative to the M. O. L. contest to be held the following year. Besides this, many of our men had become varsity football, basketball, baseball, and track stars. Others had been chosen for debating and were holding positions of responsibility in various organizations.

June came again and after a week of severe examining we were given the name of Juniors.

It was during the summer of 1928 that one of our members, Miss Dorothy Eyle, became the bride of Mr. Frank Brokaw, '29. Many others took their names from the class roll, either to enter other lines of training or to enter other colleges.

At the beginning of our Junior year, 1929, our class still had a large enrollment of members. Raymond McGilvra was chosen as our class president for the year. More duties have come our way and as upper classmen we see privileges, hopes, and opportunities which we had overlooked during our first two years. It is with keen anticipation that we look forward to our final year at Hope as a last opportunity to give and to gain.
GEORGE ALFRED FELL  Holland, Mich.
Gay  Gregarious  Game

FRANCES NELL DUNKIRK  Zeeland, Mich.
Fanciful  Faithful  Flippant

MARION A. DE KUIPER  Fremont, Mich.
Musical  Moderate  Musing

ALVIN LUBBERS  Fremont, Mich.
Ambitious  Adventurous  Agile

RAYMOND McGILVRA  Sioux City, Ia.
Reliable  Resolute  Reasonable

RUTH EVERHART  East Saugatuck, Mich.
Retiring  Responsive  Resolute

JOSEPHINE DE HAAN  Zeeland, Mich.
Jaunty  Joyful  Joking

MYRON A. LEENHOUTS  Williamson, N. Y.
Mixing  Mimicing  Monkey-shining
EDGAR T. DE GRAAF Ulster Park, N. Y.
Eccentric Easy-going Elusive

MARGUERITE ROTTSCHAEFFER Fremont, Mich.
Managing Meticulous Mirthful

RUTH MARIAN BOLHUIS Holland, Mich.
Reticent Romantic Rhythmical

JOHN ADAM EISKAMP Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Judicious Just Jumpy

RAYMOND DE WINDT Jenison, Mich.
Respectful Rhyming Rational

EVELYN ALBERS Holland, Mich.
Earnest Enthusiastic Ethical

DAISY ZANDSTRA Paterson, N. J.
Decided Distinctive Dancing

MARTIN KLOOSTERMAN Grand Rapids, Mich.
Measured Moderate Motivated
BENJAMIN VERMEER    Sioux Center, Ia.
Blase Bass Balanced

VANESSA E. BOUGHTER    Greenmount, Md.
Versed Vivid Veracious

MILDRED W. SCHUPPERT    Waupun, Wis.
Modest Matchless Melodious

ALVA JOHN EBBERS    Oostburg, Wis.
Accurate Acceptable Achieving

HERMAN M. JANSSEN    Zeeland, Mich.
Hopeful Hardy Hustling

Observing Officious Orderly

FUMI WATANABE    Tokio, Japan
Friendly Free Firm

KAREL FEENSTRA    Zeeland, Mich.
Kindly Keen Knowing
JOHN W. SCHUILING Holland, Mich.
Willing Wishful Worthy

EUNICE IRENE HYMA Holland, Mich.
Ecstatic Enraptured Engaging

LILLIAN HENRIETTA LANDHUIS Boydon, Ia.
Loyal Logical Literary

HARRY KIRKLAND SMITH River Edge, N. J.
Head-strong Hyper-critical Helpful

RAYMOND SHOEMAKER Zeeland, Mich.
Random Rangy Rational

MARIAN LORDAHL Holland, Mich.
Merciful Methodical Mindful

EVANGELINE LEORA HORNING Holland, Mich.
Expeditious Even-tempered Earnest

Leading Laconic Laudable
MELVIN OOSTING  Holland, Mich.  
Muscular  Magnetic  Manly

MARGARET EDNA BEACH  Holland, Mich.  
Mannerly  Meditative  Maidenly

MARIAN ANDERSON  Kansas, Ohio  
Merry  Modish  Minute

GLENN D. NYKERK  Holland, Mich.  
Genuine  Grave  Good

CATHERINUS NETTINGA  Hull, Ia.  
Careful  Conscientious  Considerate

BESSIE SCHOUTEN  Holland, Mich.  
Busy  Bright  Bustling

JULIA ANTOINETTE HONDELINK  Rochester, N. Y.  
Proper  Prompt  Practical

GORDON VAN ARK  Holland, Mich.  
Genial  Glib  Gallant
Fred Wyngarden  Zeeland, Mich.
Funny Forceful Frank

Kathryn M. Ives  White Plains, N. Y.
Komical Ko-operative Korrupting

Olivia Johnson  Spring Valley, N. Y.
Obliging Open-handed Optimistic

Thomas Zandstra  Paterson, N. J.
Talented Taciturn Timid

Edwin T. Tellman  Palmyra, N. Y.
Enigmatic Energetic Engrossing

Modest Mild Meritorious

Anna Antonia Koeman  Holland, Mich.
Able Active Administrative

Harry Ver Strate  Grandville, Mich.
Hasty Handy Head-strong
CLARENCE JOHN BECKER
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Comical Canny Comradely

LENORE EVELYN NYKAMP
Zeeland, Mich.
"Lanningish" Lady-like Lenient

ANETTA LOIS McGILVRA
Sioux City, Ia.
Acquiescent Adept Amiable

A. MARIAN ALDAY
Clymer, N. Y.
Academic Acute Adept

JOHN COERT RYLAA-RS-DAM
Chandler, Minn.
Clever Courteous Concise

TILLIE MAE MASSELINK
Holland, Mich.
Talkative Tall Tactful

SADY GRACE MASSELINK
Zeeland, Mich.
Sociable Seemly Sophisticated

ABRAHAM S. ANTAR
Basrah, Arabia
Adaptable Amiable Apt
STANLEY YNTEMA
Hudsonville, Mich.
Sane Sure Safe

HELEN CHRISTINE VAN EENENAAM
Zeeland, Mich.
High-spirited Heady Harmonious

GERTRUDE MABEL HANSON
Freehold, N. J.
Gracious Gentle "Georgeous"

EVERETT HENRY POPPINK
Rochester, N. Y.
Easy Eligible Engaging

JOHN HENRY WYMA
Holland, Mich.
Just Joking Jocund

RUTH L. GLERUM
Zeeland, Mich.
Rational Reasonable Receptive

JANET M. KOLLEN
Holland, Mich.
Just Justifiable Joyous

GERALD G. HUENINK
Cedar Grove, Wis.
Good-humored Genuine Gleeful
CHESTER MEENGS  Zeeland, Mich.
  Clever  Chatty  Cheery

SARAH FOX  Williamson, N. Y.
  Serene  Shy  Sincere

EVELYN A. GEERLINGS  Fremont, Mich.
  Elfish  Expressive  Effervescent

JOHN G. MULDER  Holland, Mich.
  Jarring  Jolly  Judicious

ANTHONY A. POPMA  Orange City, Ia.
  Affable  Aggressive  Analytical

ESTHER L. GLERUM  Zeeland, Mich.
  Endeavoring  Encouraging  Equable

DOROTHY ANNE HAAN  Holland, Mich.
  Dating  Dimpled  Domestic

VICTOR MAXAM  Hamilton, Mich.
  Vigorous  Vital  Visionary
RALPH BIELEMA Fulton, Ill
   Red-headed Restless Roguish

HAZEL M. PAALMAN Grand Rapids, Mich.
   Happy Handy Harmonizing

ESTHER MARIAN MULDER Spring Lake, Mich.
   Exhilerating Eager Excitable

HAROLD WILLIAM BOONE Holland, Mich.
   Hospitable Honest Histrionic

MARENE BOSHKA Macatawa, Mich.
   Mischievous Materialistic Mirthful

GERTRUDE KORVER Sheldon, Ia.
   Game Good-natured Generous

OLIVE J. PEEKE Holland, Mich.
   Original Observant Out-of-the-ordinary

PURCEL L. ARENDSON Byron Center, Mich.
   Patient Phlegmatic Placid
THEODORE F. KNAPP  Zeeland, Mich.
Trusting  Tame  Temperate

ANN MARIE BUTH  Grand Rapids, Mich.
Animated "Abeish" Attractive

ETHEL CUNNAGIN  Annville, Ky.
Effective  Efficient  Enjoyable

WILLIAM KUYPER  Cedar Grove, Wis.
Winning Waggish "Whooppeachtig"

JACOB JUIST  Fulton, Ill.
Jovial  Jibing  Jocund

DOROTHY DE GOOD  Holland, Mich.
Demure  Deferential  Delicate

JOSEPHINE RODENBERG  Strasburg, N. D.
Jolly  Jesting  Jibing

HAROLD KLAASSEN  Holland, Mich.
Handy  Hasty  Helpful
Allen E. Brunson  Ganges, Mich.
   Amusing  Admirable  Accommodating

Lucille Walvoord  South Holland, Ill.
   Lovely  Lissom  Luxurious

   Willing  Wakeful  Week-ending

Paul John Brouwer  Grand Rapids, Mich.
   Personable  Perplexing  Paradoxical

Lawrence De Cook  Orange City, Ia.
   Laughing  Lavish  Liberal

   Ready  Reserved  Responsive

Nicholas John Burggraaff  Lodi, N. J.
   Natural  Naive  Non-committal

Arnold E. Dykhuizen  Holland, Mich.
   Altruistic  Affable  Agreeable
DONALD LESTER VANDE BUNTE
Hudsonville, Mich.
Docile Decent Defensive

BETTY H. SMITH
Bay City, Mich.
Breezy Brisk Brimming-over

JANET SPYKER
Virginia Park, Mich.
Joaular Jumbled Joking

ANTHONY VAN HORN
Holland, Mich.
Attentive Assured Aspiring

JUSTIN W. VANDER KOLK
Vriesland, Mich.
Judicious Jesting Joyful

MARIAN RUTH SLUYTER
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Merciful Meticulous Merry

MARY LOUISE STEVENSON
Holland, Mich.
Mild Mirthful Modest

CORNELIUS M. VAN LEEUWEN
Holland, Mich.
Civil Candid Capable

LESTER VANDER WERF
Holland, Mich.
Lusty Love-lorn Locquacious

ELIZABETH LILLIAN SMIES
Oostburg, Wis.
Elusive Emulative Encouraging

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"For food the Dutch settlers had wheat, bran, and corn. The fare was not a well balanced ration, but hunger gave a keen edge to their appetite. It was during the Spring, when the lake and river were full of floating ice, and the roads to Allegan absolutely impassable, that for nearly six weeks the colonists had to live on corn prepared in this way. They went on with their task of cutting down trees, building more cabins, and making roads. Mr. Harrington had an ox team which they could hire for two dollars a day to drag logs."
SCARCELY aware of the why and the wherefore, one hundred and ten high school graduates from the corn fields of Iowa, the hills of Kentucky, the cherry blossoms of Japan, and the subways of New York, found their way to Holland. Here, under the gentle zephyrs bearing odors of fifty-seven varieties, the new youth may have come in the quest for higher learning.

In order to organize the Freshmen, the Student Council called a meeting of the class. A short address by "Chuck" Rozema made us aware that we had come to Hope for some purpose. Plans were made for the inter-class tussles and the annual Pull. A growing opposition to inter-class frays and the ability of the Sophomores to evade encounter with the Freshmen reduced the customary amusement to only sporadic outbursts. But the pull proved a test of each team's strength. After an extended period of pulling and holding, the rope slipped. Disputing every inch of the way, the "Frosh" followed the rope through the water.

Society friendliness set us at ease. In extending our acquaintances, our minds cleared of the fog which had previously enveloped them. A few of the men were privileged to
room in the first fraternity houses at Hope. With the opening, at the beginning of the following year, of two other fraternity houses, friendships were broadened. We came to feel during this year that we had become a part of Hope.

While mentioning firsts, a last might be included. The Class of '32 was the last to be welcomed to Hope in Winant's Chapel.

When the football season opened, a Freshman team was organized with Paul Nettinga as coach. Dalman, Wabeke, Spoelstra, Beaver, Bossenbroek, Cupery, Bouma, Van Haisma, Fox, Hoffman, and Steggerda composed the squad. Beaver, Dalman, and Fox showed varsity possibilities.

The class basketball team demonstrated a snap and shooting which qualified them for the varsity. Spoelstra and Dalman worked a fine combination. Van Haisma, Hoffman, Fox, Steggerda, and Bouma were close behind the former Holland High stars.

A deep loss was felt by the class and college when "Russ" Schermerhorn was fatally injured while at home for the Christmas holidays. Only on the campus three months, his jovial disposition had won for him a place with all the students.

Several reporters for the 'Anchor' were selected and have retained their positions. In some cases the reporters were rapidly promoted.

Schade, Friesema, Potts, Austin, and Steketee won places with the Men's Glee Club. Friesema and Schade became soloists. As for the Girls' Glee Club Miyo Tase, Iva Klerk, Gertrude and Margaret Rudd (the latter two now in the East) sang their way into the charming group.

One of the most amusing events on the Freshman calendar was the "Trial." Some students regarded the "Trial" as an imposition but most took it in the amusing manner in which it was intended.

At the close of the first year, we were privileged to take part in the dedicatory exercise of the Hope Memorial Chapel.

With the re-opening of college in September, 1929, we returned bearing the impressive distinction of being Sophomores. The membership of the class had fallen to ninety but we were delighted to have several new classmates, either by transfer or return to Hope after an absence.

The general opinion of the student body concerning the detrimental effects of inter-class squabbles, which are essential for some people, prevented the inter-class feeling from running high.

In the annual pull, the Sophomores quickly dragged the boys at the other end of the rope into the water. The short period required to win the contest disappointed the spectators.

With the opening of the football season, Dalman and Fox earned regular berths while Beaver became a substitute. George Painter, who came to Hope from Worcester, N. Y., played with the "Frosh" due to M.I.A.A. rules. Next season he is expected to be a regular. His hard tackling and sturdy guarding helped us to win the M.I.A.A. championship. In basketball, Spoelstra brought an All-state position to Hope. His guarding, jumping, and shooting placed him on the M.I.A.A. team. Dalman performed admirably beside Spoelstra. Van Haisma, Beaver, and Hoffman were held in reserve.

More Sophomores took places on the Glee Clubs due to vacancies left by graduation. Ruth Van Dyke, Lois Keppel, and Elizabeth Arendshorst became members of the Girls' Glee Club. Among the boys, Walvoord and Mooi were added to the Men's Glee Club. On the Eastern trip of the men, Nichols appeared as violinist and Van Dommelen as accompanist.

A greater number of Sophomores now serve the "Anchor" than any other class.
In the oratorical try-outs of 1929, Theodore Schaap received the commendation of several judged. Because of the experience of last year, Schaap expects to do better this spring. Several members of the class have indicated that they are preparing for the contests this year.

Between try-outs, Schaap has been using his forensic capacity with the debating team. The argumentative ability of the Near Eastern people is used for debate by Kamil Toonian. David Reardon adds the Iowan views to the debates.

In the two years on the campus we have shared a quickened interest of the students in the affairs of the college. Much of the credit for this activity is owed to the class of 1930. To them we pledge continued support of their program.

But the laurels gathered during the first year at Hope were minute compared to those that came during the past year. First the presence of a group of the greenest Freshmen in the history of Hope forced the fully capable Sophomores to tame and train them. After a few unorganized skirmishes, the annual pull came along. In the shortest time in the history of the event, the Sophs came through victorious.

But the Frosh were persistent in their efforts to best their superior opponents, and in the late fall between seasons, challenged the Sophs to a basketball game. Again the first year class was forced to submit to a stronger force.

During this second year, the class of '32 began to contribute heavily toward the school activities. Societies and glee clubs found the Sophomores among the elite, the Anchor staff boasted of ten members of the class. Mary Kosegarten was head reporter, and Cornie Vander Naald won the silver loving cup in the race for ad sales.

Five sophomores were members of the football squad. These fellows, Dalman, Beaver, Fox, Damstra, and Friesema, were mainstays of the team. A new member of the class, Painter, was the leading lineman on the crack Frosh team.

The Sophs made their greatest contribution in basketball. On the squad of eleven men, five were Sophomores. Besides, Harold Hoover proved to be the best manager Coach Schouten has ever had. Spoelstra, Dalman, Beaver, Van Haitsma, and Hoffman were on the squad, and of this group, Spoelstra and Dalman were regulars. Spoelstra added more honors to his class colors by making the all M. I. A. A. first team, the first athlete to accomplish that in the history of the college.

Baseball and track also found a goodly Soph representation. But the Class of '32 will not rest with these honors, they will be out to add to the already crowded crown of stars during the next two years in school.

C. Vander Naald, H. Barre, A. Bossenbroek, E. Arendshorst, W. Austin
M. Chornyei, T. Beaver, E. Champion, H. Bellingham, V. Brewer

P. Bol, E. Cunnagin, N. Brower, L. De Free, N. Cupery
G. Dogger, L. Damstra, H. Dalman, J. De Vries, E. Drescher
W. Clough, E. Hinkamp, L. Ellerbroek, R. Hospers, H. Friesema
M. Harper, J. De Witt, O. Dressel, R. Fox, R. Geerlings

H. Hoffman, M. Kosegarten, H. Hoover, I. Klerk, R. Klaasen
M. Kleis, R. Hoodema, I. Johnson, R. Johnson, L. Keppel
J. C. MEYER, H. LAMET, R. MARCOTTE, G. MACLEOD, R. MOOI
B. MOLLEMA, J. MEENGS, A. NIENHUIS, R. NICHOLS, L. MARSILJE

R. NIESSINK, J. REYNOLDS, E. POTTS, L. SCHUILING, R. SCHAAP
V. BLAIR, R. NOTIER, G. PAINTER, D. REARDON, L. SABO
S. Wabeke, H. Van Landegend, R. Voskuil, L. Zonnebelt, L. Wathen
R. Aiken, T. Van Haitsma, E. Winter, C. Walvoord, N. Van Loo

T. Schaap, A. Bos, C. Van Dommelen, V. Van Duren, K. Toonian
R. Van Dyke, E. Welmers, M. Vanderberg, T. Umekichi, E. Winter
"Sometimes the settlers had to walk twenty miles through the woods to Grand Rapids to buy stores of provisions. In order to get them home they took them by flat boat down the Grand River to Grand Haven; then by way of Lake Michigan to Black Lake. From Grand Haven on, the boat was drawn after the manner of a canal boat, by a horse walking along the shore. At Black Lake (due to a shallow channel) the goods were transferred to a flat boat going up the river. This required three weeks time."
Sept. 16, 1929 — I'm starting Hope! It all seems so strange now. The folks brought me here and you know how it is when they leave. There are only a few students here, but it really hasn't started yet.

Sept. 17 — Today there has been more happening all around. The boys' societies are "rushing." Reports say that we're going to have a large Freshman class this year. Besides meeting our room mates and big sisters, we registered today.

Sept. 18 — Our first chapel exercises were held this morning in the new Memorial Chapel. Dr. Bush of Detroit gave the opening address "Traditions." The girls of our class received flowers from the Y. W. C. A. The girls experienced the thrill of serenades for the first time tonight.

Sept. 19 — Classes were supposed to be found today, but we poor "Freshies" didn't know where to go or what to do. The other students told us not to bother, but we thought we ought to make a better start than that.
Sept. 20 — The first thing they want to know about us is how much we don't know. The whole class took an intelligence (placement) test. In the afternoon we had a mass meeting to elect a Pull Captain. Gradually we're beginning to learn who's in our class.

Sept. 21 — A week full of new experiences and a bit of the "Hope Spirit" has been shown us.

Sept. 23 — Most of us found at least one class today and feel that we aren't so green after all. We had a big mass meeting and one of our class members (Harold De Windt) made his debut. The old traditional Soph-Frosh rivalry has begun. After the meeting we saw such things happen as a "Frosh" bashfully going home after a dipping in the fish pond. We don't mind — the "Sophs" had one of their members thrown in too. Rotten tomatoes and eggs! We viewed a bunch of Freshmen but the Sophomores evidently didn't have a bunch. The traditional "Frosh" rules were read and put into effect.

Sept. 24 — Girls in Voorhees begin to lock doors due to advice of the sympathetic Junior about capers of Sophomores. Dorm rules are in effect we hear — and notice. The Y. M.-Y. W. gave us a splendid reception tonight. We met more people and heard so many things about Sophomores that we wonder if we will live through it. Besides the fun we had we received calendars from the Association Union.

Sept. 25 — We really feel like Freshmen today with our greens. Lots of joking going on about the rules and trial to come. We have to study now, too. Our class has one hundred twenty-two members.

Sept. 27 — Big pull today! "Ole Man River" gave our fellows a nice ducking, but we were good sports about it. We had our first social gathering at Castle Park and some more members made debuts. We had great fun, but we transacted business too when we elected class officers and council members. We thought it time to do something to the overbearing Sophomores so we declared a "potless" day for Monday.

Sept. 30 — Potless day! Any ties seen in mid-air? Any green paint left in town? What did the H. K. K. do to some of our members? Are any of the girls necks sore from paint.

Oct. 4 — Dean W. Durfee entertained the girls of our class at a tea and after tea they played (?) a questionnaire game.

Oct. 16 — Today is especially significant to the new members of one of the fraternities. They carried out their initiation — some boys really can be quiet when they "feel" they ought to (maybe mints would help). The Sophomores and upper classmen still think we ought to be run.

Oct. 28 — The list of Freshmen up for trial was posted and now to find a good lawyer. Really — it's fun to disobey at times but sooner or later you feel the result. The Sophomores would like to have us feel it before we get it. Girls societies are busy giving programs for new girls.

Oct. 30 — The naughty ones of our class were punished tonight at trial. Some judges can be so mean! And the lawyers around this section don't lie! The dorm girls took their part as little kiddies very well. Some of the Seniors tried to look sedate in their robes. (Maybe they're practising for June already.)

Oct. 31 — Frosh rules are over! We almost miss the green now.

Nov. 1 — Some of our members were kept out of chapel this morning because of costumes. You see, we feel rather lowly today because we were punished. The dormitory girls are taking advantage of us too.

Nov. 11 — "Frosh" are being picked on for "Homecoming" plans, but we're going to show them we can work.

Nov. 12 — The chapel choir has been organized and our class is well represented in it.

Nov. 14 — Evidences of trial are still seen in and around the campus. Today the dorm girls had to make and wear posters advertising Homecoming. They were helped
by Junior High students in the advertising.

Nov. 15 — Homecoming! We expected all the alumni and more but the weather must have held them up. Our team beat Kazoo! We also took part in the big parade with one float. Our fellows worked at finding wood for the bonfire and then someone spoiled all their efforts.

Nov. 16 — Another day of Homecoming. At the game in the afternoon we snake-danced and sold programs. Voorheesites served tea.

Nov. 23 — Girls are taken into societies today and were busy all day.

Nov. 25 — Another mass meeting tonight, and a basketball game with the Sophomores. They won, but we had our good time when we buried our greens.

Dec. 5 — Now the girls have their taste of initiation for a few days. They can keep still, too, if they must, but their silence isn’t due to garlic.

Dec. 9 — The Freshmen experienced their first prayer week at Hope and as a special treat we were allowed to sit anywhere in the chapel.

Dec. 16 — Freshmen dorm girls entertained the rest of the inmates tonight. They actually told us we weren’t such a bad bunch after all.

Dec. 20 — Some of the members of our class seem homesick, but it won’t be long now before they see ‘Home Sweet Home.’ School closed at noon.

Jan. 6 — It seems Santa was good to everyone and so far we’ve all kept our resolutions. Of course, we were glad for the vacation, but we were anxious to get back.

Jan. 22 — We displayed our journalistic ability today by editing the annual Freshman Anchor. But the Sophomores would still like to have us feel below them.

Jan. 31 — Two of our fellows went on the Glee Club trip and we’re proud of them.

Tomorrow we send two girls off with the other club.

Feb. — This month seems to be vacant of any Freshman doings, but we’re still getting acquainted and learning things every day.

March 27 — It seems there are so many ‘first’ things for us. Tonight we had our first all-college banquet. Our frosh football team has the M.I.A.A. championship!

March 28 — Another happy time for those who aren’t so accustomed to being away from home. Old homesteads call us all.

April 11 — Had another class meeting and decided to have a class party.

April 23 — The Falling Frolic went off rather bumpily, but everyone had fun and “plenty of it.”

May 16 — Alice Boter won the oratorical contest today! Another member to be proud of.

May 26 — Some of our fellows were in contest tonight and Harold took second place.

June 4 — Ethel Leestma gave her recital tonight and so you see we have a few illustrious ones.

Now we feel that most of our greenness is worn off and we are ready to become the Sophomores of 1931.

C. Norlin  J. Muilenburg  D. Murphy  A. Norman
A. Plakke  J. Herman  M. Oudemool  C. Poling
E. Bittner, M. Steketee, H. Bauhahn, T. Vanden Brink, E. Boer
E. Wierda, D. Boone, N. Van Eeuwen, B. Barden, J. Ten Brink

D. Neerken, C. Landhuis, E. Leestma, D. Koepp, A. Nienhuis
H. Zegerius, G. Scholten, A. Aradi, R. Schreiber, J. Zwemer

W. Ensfield, R. Groters, D. Gryzen, E. Helmhold, J. Harms
E. Den Uyl, H. De Windt, S. Fairbanks, H. DeMots, K. De Jongh
"It was while working at Arnheim in the Netherlands that Van Raalte became interested in the plight of the poor Dutch peasants, suffering from both religious oppression and economic depression. Theirs was a life of burdens. Because they had almost no escape from crushing loads of labor, their condition was the subject of much discussion between Van Raalte and his friends. Various possibilities of going to Java or to America were investigated. In 1846 he decided to lead them to America. But only those physically and financially able were allowed to join the courageous band. Many, both young and old, bade grief-stricken farewells to loved ones they did not hope to see on this earth again."
MISS ADELAIDE DYKHIUZEN, A.B.

Miss Dykhuizen, head of the history department in Hope High School, is an alumna of Hope College. After completing her course here she took work at the University of Southern California, toward her Master's degree, then found her way back to "that dear old town of Holland, Michigan."

PROF. CLARENCE DE GRAAF, A.M.

This instructor in English in our Hope High School has made many friends for himself during his period of professorship here. In constant contact with the varied problems of this preparatory department, Professor De Graaf has done much to make the work of his students and his fellow teachers a pleasant duty. He is still studying during summer sessions of the universities, striving to advance himself in his field of usefulness.

PROF. GARRETT VANDER BORGH, A.M.

For several years this amiable, honest-faced individual has headed the faculty of Hope High School as its principal. His regime has been a most pleasant one for both his co-workers and his studentry, for with this soft-spoken but firm manager of affairs, the preparatory school has enjoyed an unusual era of advancement and growth. Professor Vander Borgh is a Hope trained man, finding his greatest pleasure in passing on the convincing value of his Alma Mater's principles.

PROF. EDWARD J. WOLTERS, A.M.

After attending the 'prep' department of Hope College during 1912-16, Prof. Wolters entered the college proper and spent four years pursuing its courses, until 1920, when he was graduated with honors. Since then he has attended various summer sessions of the University of Michigan. He won his A.M. degree in 1927. He has taught in the Holland Christian High School, and in the Hope High School. His subjects are Latin and German.
Nicholas Whelan came to our Hope High School during the winter of 1928-1929. He soon won a warm spot in the hearts of all. He was a boy among boys, possessed evident qualities of leadership, and proved a gentleman in all situations. As a student we found him interested, capable, willing, a youth with a promising future. Suffering found him submissive and patient. In the fall of 1929 he developed a virulent type of infection against which he put up a noble but slowly losing fight. On the last day, even those at the bedside were struck by the tenacity with which he clung to life. And yet death had no fears for him because he firmly believed he was entering a better life.

Our sympathies are with the parents and the sister whose happiness has been thus so sorely tried. May the Lord be their comfort and strength.
Albert Niemhuis
Straight from North Holland "Bert" came to us in his Star and, ever since, this miraculous velocipede has transported him hither and yon. He stands supreme among the happy-go-lucky of this world; never worries or troubles himself. His congenial disposition will not permit this. "Bert" gets a "big kick out of life," and is an incurable optimist. The best type of nature in the world and exceptional sense of humor are his. Finally, his consideration for others makes him a good fellow to all.

Connie Cook
"Connie" hails from Grand Rapids where she has made her home for several years. Before this she attended school at Cleveland, Ohio, for two and one-half years. She then took up a business course and last fall entered Hope High as a senior. We admire the interest she shows in her school work and also her friendly disposition. She is interested in tennis, swimming and riding. One of her favorite pastimes is writing letters; the bulk of her correspondence is addressed to one whose name begins with "Mr."

Julia Hoeve
Julia Hoeve, a tall, slim girl, with chestnut colored hair and laughing brown eyes, comes to us from Forest Grove, Michigan. She graduated from the James-town Junior High School, and spent the two remaining years of her High School life with us. In her senior year she was president of the Minerva Society, and took part in the Minerva-Meliphone play. Her sunny disposition and willingness to act has endeared her to us all.

Willard Vanden Berg
About mid-way between Holland and Zee-land is the residence of a certain "snappy" young man possessing that something especially admired by girls. He has been on the basketball team two successive years, '29, '30, and was the pitcher for the Hope High team in '29. He is now pitcher for the Freshman College team. He has occupied various offices in Meliphone, now being president. The young man comes to school in a contrivance for transportation known as a Buick.
JOHN ECKWIELEN

In the fall of 1927 John enrolled at Hope High as a Sophomore. He came from the St. Francis School of Holland. He soon made many friends and in his quiet way gained the respect of all. By taking part in debating during his junior and senior years he tried to add glory to the name of Hope High. John played a roll in the Meliphone-Minerva play in his junior year. Underneath his calm exterior runs a vein of humor which has contributed many a wise crack to the life of the class.

G. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

When Herbert first came to the College High School in '28 we thought a cyclone had blown in from Morris High in New York. He had come here to study for the ministry, and hopes to continue school next year at Hope College. He has been class president, '29, '30; Meliphone president, '29; vice president, '28; Meliphone play 29, 30. Herbert's versatility knows no bounds, running from popular entertainer to waiter at the Green Mill, from tennis to tiddle-de-winks.

WILLIS BOSCH

Mr. Bosch, or as he is familiarly called around High School, Willis, was born in North Holland about eighteen years ago. He received his primary and junior high school education in the North Holland school, graduating from North Holland Junior High and entering Hope High School in 1928. He comes to school in a dilapidated vehicle inappropriately termed a Star. The only resemblance between his five wheeled conveyance and a star is its immovability.

HAROLD VELDHEER

The first five years of his life were spent teasing cats, chasing chickens, and arousing everyone's temper on an estate near North Holland. He attended primary school and junior high at North Holland. School life at Hope High is brightened by his clever remarks, his humor, and his ability to manufacture excuses for not having prepared his lessons. His greatest interest outside the academic world lies in old cars and motorcycles. He hopes to become a professional autograph writer.
Senior Class History

In the fall of the year of '26, four freshmen enrolled in the Hope Preparatory School. They were Catherine Nettinga, Sartell Moore, John La Huis, and Willard Vanden Berg. The first few days we were all enthusiasm for our studies, but we had very irregular classes. Some of our enthusiasm died down when we settled to regular work. The faculty consisted of Mr. Vander Borgh, Mr. Wolters, Mrs. Ver Hulst, Miss Raymaker and Miss Dykhuizen. Of these five Mr. Wolters and Miss Dykhuizen were added that year.

Shortly after school had commenced we were given a reception by the school. The girls and boys of the class were given invitations by Minerva and Meliphone respectively.

The Sophomore year, 1927-'28 was a very eventful year in Hope High School. The year started out with its usual round of social functions, and everybody soon became well acquainted. The newcomers to the Sophomore class were Marian Sargent, John Eckwielen and Alberta Kingma.

During this year student teaching by the seniors of Hope College was inaugurated, and the High School moved from all over the campus to the Columbia Avenue Building.

Only two things mar an otherwise perfect year. Sartell Moore, a student in Hope High School, had to give up his studies because of failing eyesight, and Miss De Young of the faculty, returned to China to keep up her good work as a missionary of the Reformed Church to that country.

School work of the Junior year began Sept. 17, 1928. The newcomers were given a hearty welcome. Among the objects of curiosity were the "three musketeers" from North Holland, and the lone wanderer from the wilds of "New Yawk." A get-together reception was held in the high school building, at which the newcomers were officially introduced to the society of the elite. October 15, the Juniors appeared with their class sweaters.

Soon after Christmas vacation, Nicholas Whelan was welcomed into our midst as a Junior. On Arbor day we were given a party by the Seniors at Lake Michigan beach. The annual Junior-Senior banquet was held at Saugatuck, at which the Seniors were amply fed and entertained much to the financial detriment of the Juniors.

During the year the physical surroundings of our high school changed considerably. The New Memorial Chapel was completed, the old Meliphone hall was torn down, and three new tennis courts were built adjacent to the high school building.

Having passed through three valleys of the shadow of diligence, and having spent a whole summer for recuperation, a band of intelligent idealists returned to the House of Learning in September, 1929. They took upon themselves the name of "Dignified Seniors." Herbert Schneider was chosen president of the class.

The regular Seniors were glad to greet and receive as new members in the class Alberta Kingma, who had been elsewhere for one year, Cornelia Cook, Julia Hoeve, and Samuel Kole.

The new college chapel having been finished, the Seniors were able to enjoy the exercises during this last year.

The Senior Class experienced a great loss in November of 1929 in the death of one of its most active members, Nicholas Whelan. His qualities of leadership were greatly appreciated during the short time he was with our group.

The Seniors have this year been active in all forms of school activity — societies, parties, school play, debating, and oratory.

On Arbor Day a silver maple was planted in front of the High School building. Herbert Schneider made the presentation speech and Miss Dykhuizen accepted it for the faculty. After the ceremonies, a picnic in the form of a farewell was held by the whole school at the beach.
THE history of our class is much like that of any other, meaning that it has exciting parts and other parts not so thrilling. It seems but a short time ago that we were “green Freshmen” walking for the first time upon the winding walks of Hope’s Campus. It was easily detected by those of our class that the regular college students did not think us overly beautiful specimens.

The first thing that we learned to do was to go to chapel regularly. We had enrolled at a religious college, and the program of observance of this fact struck us immediately.

As for the individuals making up the enrollment of our class, there is the brilliant Hungerink, and the romantic De Witt who would prefer being an eternal Romeo. Kuizenga is a bold speaker, while Melvin threatens to be a second Caruso. Van Harn is our star history student, but Everhart would thrill at a chance to be an engineer (railroad train). Marvin Schaap is the quietest man in our class. Several of our co-eds left us this year to be married. Frying pan to the fire, we call it.

Our teachers from the Senior Class of the college have been hard working, ambitious, and amusing. Many of us have enjoyed high marks for the first time in our life.

In debating our team won one event this year. In oratory Kuizenga won the second place.

Thus has our class history held both triumph and defeat. Not all our endeavors bespeak of excessive brain power, but as has been said, “You never can tell!”
THE enrollment at the beginning of last year was considerably larger than the Sophomore enrollment of today. Frances Wilterdink was with us one semester and then decided to remain at home. This, Ada Essenburg did also after being with us one term. Lucille Schoop continued with us for only two months. At the end of the first year, Alvin Van Asselt moved to Grand Rapids.

The surviving group of Sophomores is interesting because of its variety, a variety which has given spice to the two years of prospecting they have done in Hope High. Frances Aman has always been ready to give and to receive socially, mentally, and materially. Some of her wares have been rated highly on the market of exchange in high school life. Lillian, her sister, has added many an encouraging word when the class was in the midst of a great trial. Kathryn Benedict, with her quiet ways and pleasant voice, has added life to many a party. Marjorie Boeve sometimes confused externalities with education, but gave her ready support to make any social function a success. Julia Bruischat, in her quiet manner, has shown us what regular application of effort can do. Wynand Vanden Berg is a devoted caddy who finds it easier to demonstrate the theorems of geometry than to prove them. His good nature and bushy head of hair have been great attractions.

William Welmers is a fine student, but he will argue with his superiors. Fortunately, though he may be sometimes wrong, he is usually not far from right.

The Sophomore Class has contributed generously to the activities of the school. Frances Aman took one of the leading parts in the annual Meliphone-Minerva play; Kathryn Benedict was a member of the debating team; Wynand Vanden Berg is known for his athletic abilities in basketball, baseball and golf.
THE twelve members of the Class of 1933, although having been at the College High School only one year have had many interesting experiences.

The subjects English, History, Algebra and Latin are becoming more interesting under the direction of the teachers who strive to make them so. Prof. G. Vander Borgh has often been the cause of much laughter in Algebra class.

The students all seem to enjoy the classes very much, for they have all stayed with the exception of one, Leroy McCabe who enrolled later in the year. He was an interesting person to have in class, but stayed only a few weeks.

Attending school only in the morning appeals to the Ereshmen; although the afternoon must be spent in study, much to the regret of some of the class.

One of the great privileges which our class has is that of assembling with the entire student body and faculty of the College every morning in the new chapel. Generally the whole class is present, although a few of the members still enjoy sitting in the rear as if they were appointed doorkeepers. Mulder and Ludwig are "the early birds," often they are in chapel three-quarters of an hour before time.

The girls were invited to join the "Minerva" and the boys "Meliphone." Although the members of the class have very different characters and methods they have all worked together with pleasure and hope that the upper classmen will come to value their abilities and ambitions in the life of the school.

Harley Mulder considers it a great honor that he was born near Overisel, because Dr. J. B. Nykerk, Dean of Men at Hope College, was born in the same territory. The entire class of 1933 wish Harley much success.
MINERVA is the oldest girls' society on the campus. For more than a quarter of a century Minerva has been worshipped faithfully at her shrine. For those who organized the society in 1896 the name Minerva suggested itself because it stands for wisdom, thought, and invention. It was the beginning, and there were many possibilities for those that would come after. Wisdom surely has been gained, thought and invention have gone into the meetings to make the society a success. For a time Minerva was the only society on the campus for both the college and Preparatory girls. Later as our college grew, Minerva's sister societies sprang up and flourished while Minerva became the preparatory society.

The members of the society have for the past semester met once a month instead of for the usual weekly meetings. This permits the members to prepare a better program during the last busy months of the school year.

The girls feel that they have benefitted greatly and enjoyed much the meetings of Minerva and hope for its continued success.

OFFICERS

First Term

President ... Marian Sargent
Vice-President ... Frances Aman
Secretary ... Kathryn Benedict
Treasurer ... Anne Alberts

Second Term

President ... Julia Hoeve
Vice-President ... Kathryn Benedict
Secretary ... Frances Aman
Treasurer ... Anne Alberts
Ten years after the first settlers reached Holland, and six years after Dr. Van Raalte established the Pioneer School, several students interested in literary work and fellowship, organized the Meliphone Society. Through these seventy-three years, Meliphone received many members, who brought talent and usefulness to the society, but they in turn received a store of wealth from the various meetings, the ever present friendship, and the loyalty that is always being striven for.

Meliphone has tried to spread its usefulness and service by presenting a play to the public each year. This is keenly looked forward to and enjoyed by many.

Our past has been a worthy one, it has inspired us to go on, to meet the coming obstacles, and to rejoice over our victories. The alumni have taken with them the true Meliphone spirit into their various occupations scattered about the universe. So along with the present members they always can sing:

"We always cheer whene'er we hear
That name known far and wide,
The name alone of Meliphone
With us will e'er abide."

OFFICERS

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IT SEEMS particularly indicative of eventual success that in spite of our comparatively small enrollment, sufficient number of students have this year again given both time and honest effort to debating.

This, our second consecutive entrance into the Michigan Debating League, would appear, at first, unsuccessful. But we are greatly encouraged, in the midst of such depression, with the fact that forensics presented itself as a new enterprise to most of our debaters and that strong competition along with the potent coaching of Leonard Hoogenboom of the Senior Class in Hope College has made of us a veteran group of experienced debaters with which to begin the next series of debates.

The Coopersville three of the Coopersville High School were the cause of our first defeat which took place in their locality. Our first home debate was with the logicians of Grand Rapids Christian High School to whom, after an interesting, hardly fought debate, we also lost. Nothing daunted, we proceeded within a few week's time to Comstock only to meet again with opposition too strong for us, though judges and audience agreed that the teams were as evenly matched as possible but a decision had to be made. With enthusiasm greatly cooled, but still alive, we met the debaters of Hudsonville High School at our own school and proved the old proverb, "Perseverance wins by emerging triumphant from the 'Smoke of the battle'" after another enthusiastic debate on the subject for the season: "Resolved: That a judge or board of judges should be substituted for a jury in all the state and municipal courts of Michigan."
"Scenes of friendships
Found and won."
ACTIVITIES

"The spinning wheel was a common article of furniture and no woman was a good housewife who did not keep her family supplied with hosiery knit by her own hands. Weaving was not usually done in the home, but a village weaver in Holland supplied the settlers with woolen cloth until stores became common. Mothers of the large Dutch families were busy women, for their daily duties included knitting, sewing, cooking, baking, keeping the house spotlessly clean, etc. Besides these household duties the women undertook the care of the vegetable garden and chickens if there were any. It was not uncommon for them to milk the cows if the family were well-to-do enough to own any, and in the busy season the farmer's wives even worked in the fields. Life was a hard and strenuous struggle for these people."
THE CHANCEL WINDOW
Christ Blessing the Children
"A present day biographer, speaking of the Middle West pioneer, says: 'In a pioneer medium men are what they are. Hypocrisy, dissembling, and all the subtler forms of pretending to be what you are not, are comparatively ineffectual. How can you conform where all is in flux? . . . Theological distinctions are a late product of human speculation. The rough-and-tumble frontiersman, deprived of every opportunity to "be good" in the traditional way, may, by a single act of heroism, exemplify the noblest ideals of any pulpit.'"
Hope College Activities

The history of Journalism, Oratory, and Forensics at Hope College dates back to 1866, when the first class was graduated. Mr. W. A. Shields, a member of this class, became tutor in 1867, and founded "The Excelsiora," the pioneer in journalism on Hope's campus, the editors and contributors all being members of the "A" class in the Preparatory school. This at first was a semi-monthly publication, but soon became a monthly, the Faculty advisors having been successively W. A. Shields, Henry Boers, and J. B. Nykerk. During the latter's regime, operations were suspended in 1893. "The Excelsiora" having been superseded after twenty-three years of ardent activity by "The Anchor," which is still extant.

It is interesting to note that "The Excelsiora" was never published in printed form, but that each monthly editor vied with his predecessor in making his issue the neatest in point of penmanship and pen-sketch embellishments. At the end of the year, in June, the files were collected into a leather-bound format and placed on the shelves of the College library. The following were the editors of Volume I of "The Excelsiora:" W. A. Shields, Douwe Yntema, John C. Post, Wm. T. Witveen, G. J. Bussemaker, John Visscher, T. Krijger, John Vennema, H. Baron, William V. Steele, L. Dykstra, Theodore Kemink, and John Kolvoord. The last named is still living at Hamilton, Michigan.

In the early days, the "Exhibition" of the Preparatory Department of Hope College was a very important event, held in the old chapel-gymnasium, where Carnegie Gym now stands. Here, in June, friends of Hope would forgather from every corner of "De Kolonie" and sit in rapt attention from early evening until nearly midnight, listening to speeches, declamations, music, etc., "Polly, put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea" being an early favorite. So the chronicles relate. Professor Shields was in charge. Later, under his successor, Prof. Henry Boers, owing to the growing size of the "Prep," the "Exhibition" was confined to the members of the "A" class. Professor Boers was skilled in staging "dialogues" in which much histrionic skill was displayed. Professor Nykerk, following Professor Boers, had the temerity to stage even Shakespeare. Under the present administration, a play is given early in June, and during Commencement week the Commencement of Hope College High School is fitly observed.

With the history of oratory at Hope all are quite familiar. The head of this department is the dean of the M.O.L., which was founded in 1897. The rest of the founders have departed from this state or from life.

J. W. Beardslee, Jr., was Hope's first representative at Hillsdale in 1898. Beardslee was the youngest orator and took third place with six contestants in the field. Hope took first place at Olivet in 1903, Mr. A. J. Muste, the youngest of them all, being the orator. At the Inter-state contest held at Cleveland, a month later, Muste took first place in thought and style, and second in delivery. Since that time Hope has had all kinds of ranks in the M.O.L., until 1912, when Miss Staplekamp (now Mrs. John Dykstra of Grand Rapids Central church) took first place in the State Women's contest, and Mr. Hessel E. Yntema (later a Rhodes Scholar) took second place in the Men's contest. In 1914, at Albion College, Mr. Henry Hoffs took second place, but won the National peace contest with this oration enlarged into an essay on "Mars and Madness." The prize amounted to $500. In 1915, C. R. Wierenga won the state contest. In 1916, Geo. Steinenger won not only the state contest, but also the national contest. In 1917, Irvin J. Lubbers took first place in the Men's, and Miss Mary E. Guegh took second place in the Women's State contest. In 1918, Miss G. Schuurman took first place in the Women's contest and W. A. Scholten first place in the Men's contest — a double state victory. In 1919, Roscoe Mott Giles took first place in the state, and Harry J. Hager took first place in the Men's contest, taking second place later in the Inter-state. This second double victory made eight gold medals for Hope in immediate succession.
PROFESSOR J. B. NYKERK, who has for many years been sponsor for the activities in Oratory and Forensics at Hope, was early endowed with a voice of excellent quality and unusual compass. As a mere boy in the "little red school house on the hill," he was ambitious to become a good reader. The helps at hand were found in Town's and Sander's, and McGuffey's readers, which furnished valuable hints in "elocution," so called. Later, at college, believing that a cultivated voice is essential for the speech arts, he threw himself into this work with added zest and spent a little fortune in the study of voice culture and singing with such eminent teachers and coaches as Francis Campbell of Detroit and Grand Rapids, Emilio Agremonte of New York City, Morowsky of Boston, and later, while at Oxford University, with Frank Broadbent of London. This covered twelve years while he was teaching at Hope or studying English at Oxford.

With this as a foundation, he sought to improve himself in the art of reading and oratory, studying with such masters as Professor Thomas C. Trueblood of the University of Michigan, Professor S. H. Clark of the University of Chicago, and Dr. Emerson of the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, and others. For a couple of summers Dr. Nykerk was a member of the Chautauqua Dramatic Club.

While his major and preferred work has been teaching English Literature and Rhetoric, he believes that fitness for this work is rather impossible without much skill in the art of vocal expression. His chief joy and vocation is the vocal and literary interpretation of poetry. He has recently devoted much curious care to the vocal interpretation of the Bible.

Hope College's Friend
PAUL J. BROUWER represented Hope in the annual Michigan Oratorical League contest. His oration, "Not Many, But Much," stressed the problem in this Machine Age of Quality in living as opposed to Quantity. Materialism he conceded to be very prevalent; and its indirect cause, the Machine. But the venom that is poisoning the vitality of American living, he cited as our inappropriate use of the Machine, accompanied by deficient appreciation of values, and a blindness to cultural achievement. He pointed out rarely recognized instances of cultural success in our country, and plead for a higher scale of life-values in which culture would be in a paramount position.

The oration, being on such a staid, cultural subject, was almost of necessity heavy and philosophical. Every sentence "packed a wallop." But unfortunately, such a steady patterning of oratorical blows failed to impress the judges as powerful.

In the district preliminary Brouwer took a third and qualified to enter the finals at Calvin, Grand Rapids, where he was forced to trail with a fifth place.

Dr. Nykerk and Brouwer spent long hours during previous weeks to prepare the manuscript and perfect the delivery. The Doctor's keen analytical sense penetrated to every flaw, and yet in all his minute corrections, the details combined in a harmonious synthetic unity. Brouwer worked arduously, with no limit of interest in his subject, although his background of experience may have been too restricted to handle such a "grown-up" subject. To make culture a living, dynamic reality demands the focusing of a vast number of experiences, and these Brouwer naturally did not have.
GLADYS M. HUIZINGA

"From Slavery — Whither?"

GLADYS M. HUIZINGA represented Hope in the annual Michigan Oratorical League Contest. Her oration, entitled "From Slavery — Whither?" emphasized the value of leisure time. Because the new machine age in which we are now living tends to shorten the working hour we have more leisure time. But what to do with this time was her problem. She suggested many valuable uses for this time, stressing the value of the home, church and school. She concluded with a plea for worthwhile use of leisure time.

In the district contest held at Lansing Miss Huizinga placed first, which qualified her for participation in the state finals at Calvin, Grand Rapids. With high hopes she entered the state contest but because of very keen competition, placed third in the finals.

A large number of college students loyally attended the contest and confidently predicted that Miss Huizinga was winning the coveted first place for old Hope which was captured so often in past years. However, it is difficult for mere students to regard various essential requirements of a perfect speech with the same mature judgment as the experienced judges.

Gladys undoubtedly was vastly superior in several departments. Her engaging personality and pleasant stage appearance gained the hearty admiration of judges and audience alike. A lovely voice which had long been enjoyed by musical audiences became, with Dr. Nykerk’s excellent knowledge and coaching, a splendid speaking voice. Miss Huizinga deserves every commendation that has come from every part of the state as a result of her work in oratory this year.
REALIZING that the value of debate lies in the chance it gives students to learn extemporaneous thinking and speaking, rather than in winning decisions, the coaches this year innovated the highly successful plan of retaining a large squad of men throughout the season from which to pick their debaters. Under this plan a great deal of substitution was possible. It was possible to schedule a large number of debates without unduly overburdening any one student. Moreover, it brought the thrill of an intercollegiate debate within the reach of a much larger number of students, consequently widening the interest taken in the activity. And of course, the benefits of debating were made possible for many more.

The negative division of the squad was this year coached by Prof. B. Raymond, head of the Department of History. Prof. Raymond's acquaintance with historical precedent, and his thorough knowledge of Constitutional law, make him a coach of no mean ability.

This group began its season in a non-decision meet with a team from Olivet College. They were forced to drop the two debates scheduled for them by the Michigan League. The first one was held at Kalamazoo with the debaters of Kalamazoo College. The other was held at Hope with a team from W.S.T.C. of Kalamazoo. The team made a trip to Battle Creek to engage in a practice debate with a team from the college there. Their work of this period was rewarded when they won a hard fought victory from Calvin in a debate held at Hope. This was Hope's second victory over Calvin within a week, and it gave her a 100% rating in forensics with that school for the season. The group successfully concluded its season by winning audience decisions in debates held with Purdue University and Grand Rapids Junior College.
The Men Who Said, "Yes!"

The work of the Debating Club this year has been of the best in the history of Hope's Forensic activities. The actual aim of this work is to train young men in the difficult art of the extemporaneous presentation of argument. To be able to think on one's feet, and before an audience, is an invaluable asset for anyone. It is just this faculty that debating seeks to cultivate. The training is achieved through the study of topics of general national interest. Thus the debating activity, successfully pursued, achieves a double purpose.

The debate squad was fortunate in having two members of the faculty to coach them this year, men who are extremely intelligent in the interpretation of the questions presented by the State and National organizations, and who appreciate keenly the value of forensic training for the student. Prof. D. Ritter, associate professor of English, was the coach for the affirmative division of the squad.

The affirmative debaters opened their season in a preliminary non-decision encounter with the debaters of Olivet College. A week later they won their first debate in the schedule of the Michigan League from Alma College. They next won an audience decision debate from Albion College held at Hastings. Their next attempt proved to be too great a load for them to carry. They were forced to drop a decision to the debaters of Adrian College. However, this defeat was served well to whet the appetite for bigger game. A week later they came back strong by defeating their old rival, Calvin, at Grand Rapids in a three to one decision. They ended the season by taking an audience decision over the team of Grand Rapids Junior College.
One of the chief difficulties of the Michigan Gamma Chapter at Hope College of the national forensic fraternity, Pi Kappa Delta, has been that of membership. Due chiefly to lack of funds, our forensic activities have been so limited that few were able to qualify for membership in the fraternity. Because of the new policy of substitution innovated in debating this year, and because of the prospect of a better method of financing forensics it is hoped that this difficulty has been removed. This spring a total of thirteen new members were taken into the fraternity. This is the largest group to be received at one time in the history of the chapter. Most of these new members still have another year left at college.

In connection with the initiation of the new members, the annual Spring Banquet was revived. Graduate members now active in the fields of teaching debate and oratory were invited. The problems and possibilities of forensic work were discussed.

The crowning achievement of the chapter this year was the remarkable record made by its representatives, Messrs. Verhey and Hoogenboom, at the national convention of the debating fraternity at Wichita, Kansas. These delegates won three out of five debates in the national contest held there. In these debates they were pitted against some of the large universities of the country, and they were handicapped by debating on an issue new to them.

This organization has many possibilities. Members are determined that it is to mean still more to them while they are on the campus. Moreover, membership has often been coveted chiefly as a recommendation in professional life.
During the summer the Sabbath worship had been held out of doors in the forest adjoining Dr. Van Raalte's cabin. The forests resounded with the psalms of 'lofty cheer.' Here on a rude wooden platform Van Raalte preached to his people with such eloquence that they, weary, discouraged, oftentimes ready to give up the struggle, and move to an 'easier place,' were so cheered by the message that on Monday morning they again took up the task and struggled on with renewed zeal.
February 14, 1901, is an important date in the history of the Young Women's Christian Association of Hope College. Since its organization at that time by a group of fourteen girls with Grace Hoekje, now Mrs. Garret Houdelink, as president, it has kept pace with the growth of the college and constitutes a vital part of the students' activities.

One finds, in comparing the secretaries' records of former years, that the purpose of the "Y" has been much the same through the past thirty years, namely, to have weekly meetings at which the members can 'come apart awhile' for song, prayer and meditation on the higher values of life; to work with the men's organization in arranging for Prayer Week and various college functions in order that students may enjoy Christian fellowship, and be brought into closer relationship with Him whom is King of this Campus.

This year has been a notable one for the association. The new room in the Hope Memorial Chapel has provided a distinctive place for meeting every Tuesday evening, "Y" night, and has been a great help in creating a worshipful atmosphere.

Last fall an impressive candle-light service was held for the dedication of the new room and the recognition of the new members. In addition to this, special meetings were planned for Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and the installation of the new officers.

At Christmas time many members contributed gifts, which were sent to Home Mission stations. The Lenten season was also observed by the group this year. With the money given by those who admitted breaking their Lenten resolutions, a beautiful banner, designed by Miss Ruth Kennel of the class of 1929, was purchased for the "Y.W." room.

To express actively the ideals of the association, Gospel Teams, composed of "Y.W." members conducted religious services in Holland and its vicinity.

Several projects undertaken in cooperation with the Young Men's Christian Association were successful during the past year.

Under the leadership of Dr. Daniel A. Poling, the students this year were awakened to a new realization of spiritual realities during the annual Prayer Week, which began December 6, 1929. Besides the daily meetings, the students had an opportunity to discuss their problems with Dr. Poling personally.

Since the endowment fund for Hope Hostel in India was completed last year, the Missionary drive this spring was devoted to raising the salary of Mr. Walter De Velder, alumnus of 1929, now in China.

Not all of the activities were of such a serious nature. Among the outstanding social events of a lighter vein were the May Festival, Fall Reception and the All-College Banquet.

The north-east corner of the campus, familiarly known as the "Sunken Gardens," gayly decorated with Japanese lanterns, was the scene of much fun and laughter when the Y.W.C.A. inaugurated its annual May Festival.

In the fall, the Reception or "Cafe d' Hope," under the management of the Association Union was indeed the place where one could come to "get acquainted with the best people." The menu of speeches, music and fun, with pop and pretzels, and ice-cream and cake, provided a means of renewing old friendships and of making new ones.

The long-looked-for All College Banquet, held March 27th, aroused much enthusiastic comment from the student body. The banquet marked the close of the basket-ball season. The athletes were presented with letters, sweaters and blankets, the gifts of Professor Paul E. McLean. A stirring address was given by Coach "Judy" Hymes, of Western State Teachers' College. Judging from the smiles and enthusiasm displayed
by the four hundred students present, the evening was a success.

The alumni of the Young Women's Christian Association have had a significant part in making this year a memorable one.

At the celebration on February 11, 1926, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the association on Hope's Campus, an anniversary fund was begun in appreciation of the work done by the "Y.W." during the past twenty-five years. With the help of a faculty advisor, the committee in charge this year chose a beautiful, hand-colored reproduction of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" to be the fitting memorial in the new "Y.W." room of the ideals of Christian Womanhood which the organization has stood for. It was presented to the association by Mrs. Peter Van Ess, nee Henrietta Beyers, '27, on behalf of the alumni who had so generously contributed for it.

Another gift, a picture of Thorwaldsen's sculptured Christ with outstretched arms saying "Come Unto Me," was received from Mrs. George P. Hummer, a resident of Holland.

Thus, with its many and varied activities, the Young Women's Christian Association plays an important part in the life of Hope College girls and sends them forth filled with the spirit of service and loyalty to the ideals of our college.

1930 OFFICERS

President ............................................ Anne Koeman
Vice-President .................................... Olive Peeke
Secretary .......................................... Ethel Cunndgin
Treasurer .......................................... Mary Koteogarten
Young Men's Christian Association

As we look back upon the beginning of any effort or organization, that which may have been bitterly realistic to the founders may appear to us, romantic or entertaining. The glamour of natural incident increases with the passage of time, just as the lure of travel increases with the thought of greater distances. Each thing must have its beginning, but the hallucinations which time imposes upon us makes us forget this fact.

The beginning of the Y.M.C.A. at Hope was the natural result of trend and condition. The spiritual atmosphere, a great factor which makes the institution unique, was especially strong on the campus at that time. The national Y.M.C.A. movement just was entering into its flourishing and vigorous career, and we can readily see how the two combined characteristics brought about the local organization, which has since been vitally connected with Hope's interests. In 1879, a State Y.M.C.A. convention was announced to be held at Ann Arbor and every college in the state was invited to send delegates. Mr. J. P. De Jong, a senior at the time, and Mr. Wesselius, a lower classman, volunteered and, consequently attended. They were excused from school during the assembly by the faculty, but were given no financial help of any sort. These two, depending on their own initiative and resources, made the trip and returned inspired and enthused. It was immediately decided that a chapter of the Y.M.C.A. should be organized, and a student mass meeting was called. Reports on the convention were given, and a business meeting followed. Mr. De Jong was elected to be the first president, Mr. Wesselius became the first secretary. A committee to draw up the constitution was appointed and the meeting adjourned. The resulting constitution has never been radically changed since that time, from which we can conclude that the "Y" has not wavered from its original purpose. Tuesday nights had always been reserved for College prayer meetings, so the religious gatherings of the new organization were substituted. Beside these regular weekly meetings, the organization conducted Sunday Schools at Beechwood and other points farther north of Holland.

The original purpose of the organization was Bible study, but since it has broadened so that it now includes social, as well as spiritual objectives. During the past few years, practically all of the "All College" functions have been under the supervision or sponsorship of the "Y." When the Y.W.C.A. was organized on the campus the two kindred associations co-operated in every way for the betterment of the student life. During the past term they conducted the first "All College Banquet," at which student friendliness and spirit rose to a new level. Gospel teams are being sent out, mission funds raised, and student problems settled by the work of our "Y."

Development has taken place step by step, but we can follow back to a beginning that was brought about by two young men, who sacrificed and worked hard for a cause. Mr. De Jong now resides in Holland, after a life full of helpfulness and service in the Christian Ministry. Mr. Wesselius died soon after his graduation from law school, but his memory lives in the Hope Y.M.C.A., which he helped to found. The results of the efforts of these two men can never be judged by us with our limited field of vision, but undoubtedly they have reached to the far corners of the earth.

The present day organization is functioning under the leadership of its president, assisted in the work by eleven associates who form his cabinet. Each cabinet member has his definite duties to perform, and on his activity depends the success of his department. One chairman takes care of the annual missionary drive of the college. Another has charge of personal work and evangelism and is especially busy in the activities of prayer week and "follow up" work. A third conducts the Sunday Schools sponsored by the college, while yet another takes charge of the gospel teams which are sent to communities.
surrounding Holland. One cabinet member cares for the social side of the Y. M. C. A. work and at the same time conducts an employment bureau for students who need work. The next has charge of music at all Y. M. C. A. meetings, while another of his colleagues acts as publicity executive. The last cabinet member is known as the membership chairman and it is his duty to see that every man at Hope has the definite chance to choose to be or not to be a "Y" member.

The regular Tuesday evening meetings of the organization consist of a song service, followed by devotions and a talk or discussion by some leader, usually chosen from the student body. Many of the meetings are unique in content and presentation and their value to the student may be great if he carefully follows the trend of the ideas and opinions. Attendance at these meetings is usually about seventy-five students and to them there is no happier time than when joining in the Christian fellowship of the "Y."

New problems and difficulties are constantly arising. The Y.M.C.A. has, and will, continue to meet them. The spirit of the men who have willingly and faithfully served as "Y" supporters and leaders is too strong for any passing obstacle to erase.

1930 OFFICERS

President ........................................ Leonard Hogenboom
Vice-President ................................. Marvin Meengs
Secretary ....................................... Bernard Arendshorst
Treasurer ....................................... Raymond McGilvra
THE Student Volunteer Band is not a new organization on our campus. A number of years ago a group of three men came together from week to week to discuss mission problems and interests. This group was not then formally known as the Student Volunteer Band. However, each member had as his purpose as every member has today — "God willing — to serve Christ in a foreign land."

From this group, which had so small a beginning, has grown the Band as it is today. There have been times when its numbers were much larger than now, yet it is not so much the numbers in which they are interested as it is the sincerity of purpose.

At the weekly meetings various missionaries home on furlough tell of the work abroad, and of opportunities for service in these foreign lands. Thus, from time to time, direct information concerning the needs of the particular mission fields is received.

During this year the group has been very active. The members have been hosts to the delegates of the annual State Student Volunteer Convention. Occasionally two or three volunteers were called out to conduct mission meetings in neighboring churches for the purpose of further arousing interest in Christian service.

Herein lies the challenge, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" May the numbers of those who have courageously represented our college in the foreign countries be greatly increased as each succeeding class leaves the campus.
All the students in our college who intend to go into full time religious work in any home field are invited to become members of the religious organization known as the Home Volunteers.

About ten years ago a group of "embryo-theologians," who, by the way, are fully mature at this writing, conceived the idea that if they would come together once a week and talk over the various problems of the ministry they would receive a great benefit for their future life work. Moreover, they realized, and the volunteers today realize, that this organization helps to create interest in religious work among the students, and also that it gives to the members of the band a better appreciation of the gospel ministry.

Until this year the members have had various men of some religious experience come in to speak to them. This has not been dispensed with but instead of having an individual speaker each week, the volunteers innovated discussion groups. In this way they learned about such sects as Christian Science, Mormonism, and Atheism. The college pastor, Rev. P. E. Hinkamp, shared his time by taking an active part in the discussion meetings.

Among the prominent men who spoke to the Volunteers this year are Dr. M. J. Hoffman, Dr. J. R. Mulder, and President E. D. Dimnent.
As is stated in our Y.W.C.A. Constitution: "The Young Women's Christian Association of Hope College, unites in the desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God. We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people."

Years ago the Hope girls first felt a strong desire to fulfill that purpose. As an outcome of that desire the Gospel Team was organized. This team was made up of about twenty members, divided into smaller groups, each taking their turn when called upon to lead meetings.

The Women's Gospel Team concerns itself chiefly with the second part of the purpose. They are eager to make this full and creative life possible for all young people in the surrounding communities. To get a closer touch with others they go about taking charge of various meetings from time to time. Perhaps it is a Christian Endeavor Society, or a Girls' Mission Band, or a group of older and younger folks together, that invite the girls to speak to them. We're glad of opportunities like this for, after all, we are anxious to share our experiences with others and if possible make them just a little more interested in Hope College and in our Master.

This year services have been conducted in Caseo, Glenn, Overisel, Ganges, Ebenezer, four local Christian Endeavor Societies, and an Epworth League. The weeks of the College year offer many opportunities for service, and the girls are eager to comply with these requests.

Each girl on the team finds real joy and happiness in the service of her Master.
NOT only the Glee Clubs had a chance to see the world this last year. The Men's Gospel Teams, too, had their tours. Among the places visited were Ganges, Zeeeland, Middleville, Muskegon, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids and other "metropolises" of the Middle West. Here were conducted every kind of meeting, Christian Endeavor, Prayer meetings, various young people's meetings and even Sunday school and church services.

The purpose of the Gospel Teams has been varied. They often fulfilled a need by furnishing live church meetings for young people, showing the older people the type of religion which young people can enjoy and by broadening the views of people by telling them what others think. Moreover, the Gospel Teams have tried to represent Hope. The workers have done their best to leave a better impression of our college with those who may not have known the college. This they have done, not by direct expression of their ideals and standards, but by acting and speaking as men with the Hope ideals are expected to act and speak.

From time to time the Teams have had a difficult time of it in their attempts to secure new material to carry their work. But there is always a willing and sympathetic heart attuned to the needs and opportunities presented to us by our immediately surrounding world. They are convinced that it is not necessary to go far afield to seek chances to do the Lord's service. A kind and generous contribution of time and effort in fields nearby has often yielded to Gospel Team members a wonderful sense of Surety and Confidence, for it is the giving spirit which intensifies our appreciation of the spiritual powers within us.

Men's Gospel Team
Chapel Window — from Women of Hope

Among the several groups which presented the college with artistic memorials in the form of windows for the Memorial Chapel, the Women of Hope are outstanding. Although a few of the other gifts surpassed theirs in size and commercial value, the interest shown by these women, who did not have an active connection with the college, is unusual. Represented by Mrs. F. P. Otte, this group sent in their individual contributions to swell the fund. Six hundred dollars was given to purchase the northern of the two windows known as the "Narthex Panels." These panels are on the west side of the chapel, on either side of the front entrance. They depict seals and symbols taken from Hope's various student religious organizations.

The "In Memoriam" dedication given with them is indicative of the spirit which prompted their origin.

The spirit that prompted the giving is indicative of the splendid religious ideals in the lives of these women of Hope.
The calls of the wild beasts were a familiar serenade to the settlers. The lack of fresh meat was in part made good by the animals and fish with which the woods and lakes abounded. The settlers were not trained hunters and, with the exception of a few, were not successful with the gun. Some, however, were skillful marksmen. On one occasion Kronemeyer, a farmer living near Holland, killed seven wolves and collected $126 bounty, a neat sum in those days.
Hope College Girls' Glee Club

-HISTORY is made up of tragedy, and since the glee clubs to the year 1923 have left no written records, we must conclude that they "lived happily ever after." However, upon referring to "Milestones" which portray the times when hair was still a woman's glory, and when the detachable collar and high-top shoe were the marks of collegiate perfection, we see several pictures of maids with starched waists and narrow skirts primly sitting in a row. The clubs of their days were not permanent but organized for a definite performance, after which they disbanded.

The only clubs which evidently would have their history known to posterity are those which were trained by Grace Dudley Fenton. Each of these groups have earned such an enviable reputation that Mrs. Fenton has come to be regarded as one of the oldest Glee Club directors of the Middle West and as an authority on chorus-singing. The best way in which to measure ability is by taking note of accomplishments. A short review of each club's activities is the best criterion of their worth.

In 1922 a group of songsters from one of the campus societies met with Mrs. Fenton twice a week merely for their own enjoyment. Mrs. Fenton saw possibilities in their work, and so in 1923 she began a club with this group as a nucleus, enlarging it with girls from the College and Preparatory Departments. These sixteen girls of the "B Natural Organization" accompanied President E. D. Dimnent (or did he accompany them?) to nearby towns. At the end of that college year it was a recognized fact that the organization had come to stay.

The club of 1924 decided to be still more natural than the previous club and adopted the name, "Hope College Girls' Glee Club," which has ever since been used. The sixteen members proudly record that they are now recognized officially and socially on the campus, and that they have become, almost in a bound, the well-known, well-traveled Girls' Glee Club of Hope College. They provided music for the then held evening service of Hope College once a month, and during their Christmas vacation made a trip through Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan which ended with a Radio Concert at Detroit.

President Dimnent gave the club of 1925, in appreciation of the Glee Club who had taken him along on their trip, seventeen beautiful gowns of blue serge trimmed with orange silk, which remained the club costume until this year when the club membership was increased to thirty girls and new gowns were made for the whole group. The club of 1925 made a concert tour to New York and New Jersey and also earned first place in the State Glee Club Contest held on April 17, 1925, in Kalamazoo.

Due to the graduation of many of the 1925 members, the 1926 club was an almost new organization. No trip was made that year, but concerts were given in local and neighboring churches. To prove that they were up and coming, the girls earned third place in the contest held at Detroit.

To the club of 1927 goes the distinction of having made an extended tour of six weeks duration to New York and to Washington where Mr. Calvin Coolidge, then President of these United States, kindly consented to appear on a picture with the girls. The girls brought the East nearer to Hope and added to this distinction by earning first place in the State contest held at Hillsdale.

First honors in the last state contest held in Michigan were again taken by Hope. This contest was held at Albion and was judged by Dr. Hanson, who is the head of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y. The club of 1928 was thrilled to hear the following words spoken by a fine, recognized musician: "I have awarded the first prize to the club who performed the most extraordinary ensemble singing I have ever heard!"

Illinois and Michigan were again visited, this time by the club of 1929, which spent three successful and profitable days of the seven days tour in Chicago.

This year's club has a larger membership than the usual number, and has changed the old gowns for new with velvet caps. The outstanding events of their two weeks' tour through Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan were a visit to the Wisconsin State prison and the broadcast from WTMJ, the "Milwaukee Journal" station. The Milwaukee Women's Chorus attended the broadcast in a body and were amazed to hear such perfect singing without the help of a director.

The fact that Hope's Glee Clubs have been exceptionally well trained and directed was evidenced this summer before the close of College when the Girl's Club was invited to sing before the State Convention of Musician's Clubs held at Grand Haven. This invitation in itself was an honor, for the clubs from Detroit, Grand Rapids, Ann Arbor (U. of M.), and several other outstanding talented organizations, appeared on the program devoted to choral singing.

Hope College Glee Clubs have been a great influence on the campus and have been a credit to their college wherever they have appeared. The credit goes to Mrs. Fenton, without whom the girls could not have gained their trophies.

OFFICERS OF 1929-30 SEASON

President
Treasurer
Business Manager
Accompanists
Directoress

Mildred De Pree
Rose Whelan
Myra Ten Cate
Grace Duhrkopf
Mildred De Pree
Mrs. W. Fenton
Hope College Men’s Glee Club

One learns another's eccentricities when traveling with him. The Men's Glee Club found this to be true when they made their trip into the East and far East during the entire month of February. All of the members know now that some fellows are always late, and that certain persons make it a habit to stray and finally lose themselves. Another thing learned about life in general is that you can read a man's character through the songs he sings, or in the way he sings them. On a day when more mail than usual was received by the club it was always noticed that a better concert was given. Some fellows sang as though it were blue Monday every day, especially if dress shirts were in uptown New York while they were in Hackensack.

The Eastern trip was naturally the highlight of the whole season for the group. On Friday morning, January thirty-first, twenty-six fellows and a driver left Holland in a Safe-Way coach which was to be their home for the next month. Everyone was very sedate, having his overcoat buttoned very carefully and wearing the proper kind of protection upon his feet. Even the hats looked new. After Mrs. W. Fenton, our director, had bidden us a fond farewell in Grand Rapids, the restraint left almost everyone and all seemed to act more natural. Cries demanding that windows be closed and ventilators be opened, that fans be started and heaters turned off were heard all through the bus. The first concert was to be in Detroit and we arrived there safely. Much credit for our safe arrival may be given to one of the members who is a native of the place.

Canada was uneventful but almost all enjoyed the refreshing vigor which a shower underneath Niagara gives one on a cold day. Rochester was our goal, and it will be remembered by many, as will Albany and Mayor Walker. Albany was our next large stop after Rochester.

Everyone started to gaze upward as soon as we glimpsed a New York city sign. When we saw the first tall building a Chicago booster who was making the trip maintained that his town had buildings as large as these and maybe a trifle larger. New York was so full of strange happenings that there is no room here to tell of them.

New Brunswick was our headquarters for three days. While here we stayed with the seminarians in Hertzog Hall. There were many old Hope "grads" who gave us a good time here. Many new acquaintances were made here which seemingly flourished.

Philadelphia was a place in which people thrive on historical spots and events. There are more interesting and historical spots in this quaint old city than in the state of Michigan.

Washington, D. C. was our host for three glorious days. Washington's Birthday was spent in the Nation's Capitol and exercises were attended in both the Senate and the House commemorating this event. Many different things were seen in Washington, which included the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Mount Vernon, Arlington Cemetery, the Congressional Library, the White House and many other historical places. It was in Washington that we sang before our largest audience which numbered over a thousand people. This was at an evening service in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church which is served by a Hope graduate, Dr. J. Sizoo.

When we started for Cleveland on a Monday noon the great controversy was whether or no we should keep on going to Cleveland, or should stop for the night. Finally it was decided that we would stop, and we did in Tyrone, Pennsylvania. Here the town constable fell through the glass of the front door, for which he was duly reprimanded by the fellows,—under their breath. We left for Cleveland in the rain early Tuesday morning and arrived there, after a wet day, about ten minutes before concert time. We left Cleveland for Holland as early Wednesday morning as everyone assembled. Then the bus pushed its nose into the West and we hurried for home. When we neared home in the early twilight we had our only serious mishap of the trip. This happened...
in the nearby city of Zeeland. Here a police car stopped us and informed us that we were traveling at an excessive rate of speed. We did not stop to argue as we were too anxious to arrive home, but we did have a burning rancor in our hearts toward that particular policeman. We went past Voorhees Hall with all of the horns working at full blast. Here we were most genially welcomed. Our trip was over!

The fellows took a few more trips into the surrounding localities which included concerts in Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Zeeland, Muskegon, and most of the churches in Holland. One of the concerts which brought the most honor to Hope College was an artist recital before the Saint Cecelia club of Grand Rapids.

We believe that the student body as a whole has a new interest in organizations of this kind. The comments on the several renditions in chapel exercises and the home concert, all justify this belief. The clubs are actually getting more than moral support and this means a great deal. Viewing all things past, and surmising the future, the Men's Glee Club of Hope College should have another banner year in 1930-31.

OFFICERS OF 1929-30 SEASON

President ........................................................................... Paul Nettinga
Treasurer ............................................................................ Raymond McGilvra
Business Manager ....................................................... Raymond McGilvra
Accompanists ........................................................... Russell Smith, Charles Van Dommelen
Directress—Mrs. Grace Dudley Fenton
Senior Class Play — “The Torch Bearers”

As is the case in any college which lays rightful claim to teaching a well rounded course, Hope College had for many years a series of student plays put on by local talent and coached by both faculty and outside dramatic authorities. This fact was permitted to be true for only a short time, however, since such a procedure did not please certain powers to which the college was morally responsible.

The result was that the plays were stopped on the grounds that the college threatened to become “a terrible school of dramatics” rather than anything else. Nevertheless, it was permitted as a consolation measure that the senior class of each current year would stage a comedy in battle-scarred Carnegie Hall during the latter weeks of their final semester. Thus these senior plays have come to be the sole dramatic opportunity open to stage-minded Hopeites, if there be such.

It is not the place to herein discuss whether or not this action of the college as regards its student dramatics was a justified or proper measure. If the institution benefitted by it in other ways, then the desired result was achieved. But meanwhile, another of the aids to student unity in play, work and recreation has disappeared.

In the past years the more outstanding of the student plays have been valuable means of advertising the college’s existence to local people. Student productions never fail to attract a fair attendance, despite the date or season of occurrence. The Hope College plays were frequently of such surpassing attraction that they came to be talked about and looked forward to by entire families for miles around. Recently, as was stated previously, this state of affairs was brought to an end by authorized limitation of dramatics.

The most recent of the senior plays was the 1930 comedy, “The Torch Bearers,” by George Kelly presented in Carnegie Hall May 7 and 8 by a select group of senior stars. The play was chosen as early as February by a play committee appointed by Class President Marvin Meengs. This committee was comprised of Myra Ten Cate, Donald Wade, Maurice Marcus, and Willard De Jonge, all of whom remained connected with the future of the production. As a coach the committee selected Miss Elaine Vaupell of Allegan, well known in her own town and elsewhere for her activities in connection with home talent theater movements.

The play selected had been found desirable for its rollicking comedy, the committee having been convinced that “life held enough woe anyway.” The cast required six characters, three of each sex. These were Lois De Wolfe as Mrs. Pampinelli, Myra Ten Cate and Maurice Marcus—previously risen to fame in dramatics, Wilhelmina Walvoord, Warren Kreunen, Willard De Jonge, Arthur Michmershuizen, Harvey Woltman, Ruth Koster, Anna Mae Englesman, Gertrude Leussenkamp, and Leonard Hogenboom. These people immediately commenced rehearsals of a more or less regular occurrence, getting their stage faults pointed out to them by their observant directress.

As for its plot, the play’s action concerned itself with the experiences of a group of amateur actors who were determined to stage a “hit.” For two acts the play followed the movements of its characters as they proceeded to arrange for the staging of their play. With the opening of the third act, the audience was permitted to view a play from the back-stage angle, with all the hectic, nerve-wracking experiences of play production revealed to them. The result upon the laugh-muscles of the audiences was disastrous. Such a plot, fertile with mirthful possibilities, did not fail to infect its two audiences.
Due to its "play within a play" construction, "The Torch Bearers" was doubly difficult to stage. Especial credit was voiced by the students for the performance of Lois De Wolf and Myra Ten Cate, while "Billy" Walvoord and Ruth Koster shared their applause in a like fashion. Among the outstanding male performances of the play were those of Maurice Marcus, Warren Kreuken, and Arthur Michmershuizen, the first and the last having previously acquitted themselves with outstanding credit upon a student stage. The two appearances of the caste were greeted by fair sized audiences for the time of year in which the play was presented.

The business side of the production was in the hands of Harold Dykhuizen, assisted by Howard Scholten, John Brink, Willard De Jonge, and Donald Hicks. An extensive program booklet was planned and achieved by this business staff, many ads being solicited from local merchants who ever back the college affairs as much as they are physically and financially able. From a financial standpoint the play was a moderate success, a total of approximately $150.00 being saved over expenses of production. The stage work was done by Hendrick Noble, assisted by Edwin De Jongh. A pleasing arrangement of scenery was secured by these men from an out-of-town studio, thus enhancing the dramatic aspect of the all too familiar and prosaic hall, a fact which has seriously handicapped less well planned productions whose staffs neglected to secure professional advice upon their scenery needs.
Hope Trumpeters

FIVE years ago, while on a visit to the East, Dr. E. Dimnent heard the "Gloria Trumpeters" of New York City. He was so much impressed by their music that he desired to have a similar organization at Hope College. There was a girl on the campus who played the trumpet, Margaret Hondelink, and under her direction three girls were trained and the organization known as the "Hope Trumpeters" was formed.

Almost every year one or more of the girls has dropped out because of graduation, but new ones have been trained and have taken their place. This year the quartette worked hard, and by Christmas had begun to appear in public. The fourth trumpeter left school during the second semester because of illness and as a result, the other members did not play for a while. The quartette is practising and playing again, and is looking forward to next year, when Julia Hondelink, Marion De Kleine, Marguerite Kinkema, and Marguerite Oudemool, will be the members.

The place occupied by the Trumpeters is unique, for although we have a Chapel Choir of great talent, two Glee Clubs of statewide reputation, and even a struggling Band, still when programs occur which demand the aid of music of a strictly spiritual character, the Trumpeters are just the organization to fill the need. Their renditions are always impressive and artistic. It is our hope that in future years they will have no difficulty in filling their ranks from the classes of Hope students.
Band

In past years Hope has had some good bands. Formerly it was the custom of the college to hire a director. During the past three years as competent a director as ever served the college has been working faithfully for almost no remuneration. Mr. Nicholas Gosselink of the Western Theological Seminary has “stood by the band through thick and thin.” And it has been mostly thin.

During the past season there was practically no support of this organization. There was no recognition provided for those who played. And no financial assistance was obtained from the college. Yet the band carried on, with nothing to motivate the members, except the Hope Spirit and the steadfastness of Edwin Tellman, President of the Band.

Sometimes the harmony was not appreciated by the leader. Business men called the organization “The Hungry Five.” But our Band furnished music for “Homecoming,” without which that occasion would have been a quiet failure. Pep meetings were enlivened also by its stirring and robust strains. And music of some sort was furnished for the basketball games, with hardly an exception.

That the Band was able to function at all was due to the able and fine-spirited assistance of some of the Seminary men. These, with a handful of collegians, never quite “gave up the ship.” Compared with the well-uniformed organizations of some other colleges, our musicians make a poor showing. But better days may be ahead.
EVEN as our Hope Memorial Chapel is the expression of the religious and spiritual thoughts of all those who are interested in Hope College, so is the Chapel Choir the expression of the desire on the part of the students to aid in making Hope College Chapel Services more worshipful and impressive.

The Chapel Choir has a membership of sixty students and was organized in the fall of 1929 under the direction of Prof. W. C. Snow, instructor in organ. With two one-hour practices a week, the organization soon developed into a splendid choir which has contributed frequently to the various religious programs of the college. In spite of the fact that the majority of the voices are untrained, Prof. Snow and the singers have worked diligently until a choir resulted which may compete with the best for balance, beauty of tone, and finish of production. The choir specializes in unaccompanied singing, and is unusually deft in finding the pitch.

Although its members receive no reward for their efforts as far as scholastic records are concerned, still their audiences have thus far been so thoroughly pleased by their perfect singing that the spontaneous congratulations of the student body have been honor and reward enough. Their finely modulated voices have become a ghostly requiem in the vistas of our memory.

**OFFICERS**

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<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>Prof. W. C. Snow</td>
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<td>President</td>
<td>Hazel Paalman</td>
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<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
<td>Suzanne Schoep</td>
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"The democratic aspect of young America made a vast impression on Dr. A. C. Van Raalte. He wrote back home, saying that everything here is done by steam and that people are too busy to be neat. Everyone does what he wants to, he wrote, and they are unhindered by the government unless they harm another's property. The poorly dressed people are side-by-side with the rich. 'There is no slavish obedience which is so common in the Netherlands. Every one reads, and papers are read on the street corners.'"
Some people just naturally fall for a thing like newspaper work! It's rather difficult to picture, but we have seen it happen. Such a specimen is before us now. Ever since he was old enough to know which end of a pencil to chew on, Van Ark has been grabbing for scraps of paper on which to scribble his hastily gathered facts. Beginning with his earliest efforts, which consisted of scrawling a pathetic adventure novel while suffering from an attack of the mumps, he has continued to find the writing world an intriguing sphere of activity.

In his high school days he took journalism in tasty morsels from the hand of Miss Hanna J. Hoekje of the Holland High School. The city paper, at that time the "Holland Daily Sentinel," edited by Mr. Arnold Mulder who is now teaching in Kalamazoo College, gave Van a chance to be high school reporter if he could find aught to report. He did. And so the terrific ravages of the paper-bug took firmer and firmer grip upon an innocent soul.

With his graduation from high school, Van Ark had a chance to edit a weekly resort paper in and about the Holland vacation centers. This he did for three summer vacation periods. During his Freshman year here he became an "Anchor" reporter. Since those days this lusty pounder of typewriter keys has done every sort of paper work. Now he's Editor of the "Anchor," and Literary Editor of the "Milestone." Next year Gordon will be at the School of Journalism of Columbia University, New York City, having been tendered a Residential Scholarship by that institution. Where ends this tale? We shall see.
During his high school days Gerald Huenink, of Cedar Grove, Wis., began to collect experience which eventually aided him in his work as Business Manager of the "Hope College Anchor." While enrolled at the Wisconsin Memorial Academy, he served as treasurer of his school's Athletic Association. This two year term of office in a business connection served Gerald well, for with his advent upon this campus, he became immediately connected with various organizations in a financial way. He offers the comment however, that these connections were honorary, and not obligatory.

When the "Anchor" elections were held by the student body last January, Gerald was appointed to his office on the staff, succeeding Raymond McGilvra. Three candidates opposed him in the election. Gerald was instrumental in effecting several innovations to the "Anchor's" business schedule, including the raising of the advertising rate from 25c per column inch to 30c. This raise is small in itself, but has meant much to the paper over the course of a semester. Gerald has made a special point of mailing out bills regularly and promptly, a practice which has reflected favorably upon the reputation of the paper. The staff of 1930 is grateful to its cheerful Business Manager.

With the coming of the fall of 1930 he retains the office of Business Manager to facilitate the operation of that department of our campus paper. Although the Editorship now falls to Coert Rylaarsdam, Gerald will aid in tiding over the first rough spots of the new semester. While it is often said that every branch of school paper work has its own reward, it is our opinion that the Business Manager earns his honors almost more than does the Editor.
As one sees the end of a semester approaching, and the thought comes that once again the college's publications must find capable new editors and business managers, there arises a vague wonder that questions the possibility of finding new material so soon and so constantly. But never fear, for the crop of willing workers remains constant. Like armies of inspired soldiers, they continue to wheel into sight. Affairs progress smoothly as each passing regiment contributes its tiny share of thoughtful improvement.

Thus it has been this year with the "Hope College Anchor." After the well directed editorship of Earle E. Langeland, '30, and the able business work of Raymond McGilvra, '31, we looked about for new timber to carry on. The reigns of these noble offices fell into the hands of Gordon Van Ark, '31, and Gerald Huenink, '31, respectively. Being natives of Holland, Michigan, and Cedar Grove, Wis, this pair was looked upon with no little wonder and expectation. What would result from their conniving?

Happily, their aims were just and their goals proportioned to their abilities. Obeying the dictates of their hearts, as it were, various changes were effectively wrought. With the sole desire of creating a campus paper which would be awaited with wholesome impatience each week by the studentry, these lads revamped the general appearance and make-up of the "Anchor." A new name was substituted for the previous lonely label of simply "The Anchor" when the paper appeared labeled more inclusively "Hope College Anchor." New varieties of type fonts were utilized, and new talent was uncovered among the student writers. The editorials were published according to their reasonable application to the college's problems. The circulation was greatly increased and improved. From its customary extended oblong shape, the paper was cut to more attractive proportions.

However, not all the attention was concentrated on make-up and content. The advertising rate, heretofore never raised since the pre-war days of reasonable prices in all things, was increased to provide for the paper's proper existence in a business world of exacting tariffs. The raise of rate caused no unfavorable comment. Efforts were made to attract more national advertising, a move which will no doubt bear fruit by next semester. Expert placers of advertising are seeing more and more the close contact available to them through college papers.

Although they entered the work knowing that there was no academic reward in it, the staff of 1930 proved a faithful medium of news collection. Each week they received their little typed assignment slips, and each Saturday the various new stories were slipped into the "Anchor" box in Voorhees Hall. The heads of the staff are thoroughly appreciative of the service they have contributed. The business staff competed for a silver loving cup, which was awarded at commencement to C. Vander Naald.

During the month of May a special "fun issue" was inaugurated, under the jesting caption of "The Spoon Holder," so named in honor of the large stone bench at the side of Winants Library entrance. This twenty-four page magazine was mailed to more than 950 alumni. This total was attained by working through the literary society groups. This was the only college publication coming from this campus which reached anywhere near that total of alumni for several years past. Special talent contained in this issue came from the hands of Fred Wyngarden, Ivan Johnson, Donald Hicks, Olive Peeke, Myron Leenhouts, Richard Niessink, Harri Zegerius, Ruth Hospers, Justin Vander Kolk, Esther Mulder, Jacob De Witt, and the editorial staff containing Coert Rylaarsdam, Harry K. Smith, and Gordon Van Ark, who planned and directed the work on this magazine. The cover drawing was the work of Margaret Steketee. All advertising was secured by Clarence Becker and Cornelius Vander Naald.
HE one thing you especially remember about "Bill" is his very erect posture. Never a slouching moment in his life, for this man of great purposes must needs walk erectly if he is to attain the high goals he sets for himself. Then too, there is his oval-shaped, genially-featured face with its queer smile as he talks to you, emphasizing the end of each sentence with a sideways jerk of his head. Patient, long striving Wichers! His scholastic careers have never had a moment’s peace, for at both high school and college he edited the annual of his class. It wasn’t so much the fact that he was editor that made him busy, it was rather the way he mapped out the job that took so much work to perfect and make a reality. In short, when "Bill" sets out to organize an annual, there are few things he forgets to include.

In 1927 he was editor of the "Stepping Stone," annual of Senior class of the Zeeeland High School of Zeeland, Michigan. This book set a precedent in its school, for it contained the first alumni section published there, and ran 200 copies short, even though a generous number had been ordered. It won an excellent honor rating in the contest conducted by the Art Craft Guild for schools of less than 300 enrollment throughout the entire nation, for it was listed among the twenty labeled as first class books.

In the Spring of 1929 when Wichers was elected to the editorship of the "Milestone," Junior class publication of Hope College, he again instituted the use of the alumni section. The present large volume stands as a monument to his capacities as a publisher of "Grade A" annuals. Protraying a pictorial history of Holland in woodcuts, the art section of his book is alone worth the purchase price. The service which the herein contained alumni section will render to the college in years to come is inestimable. The 1930 "Milestone" has in all truthfulness been a milestone in the annals of Hope College.
Sometimes we see friends who seem to always "get along well together." To mention one of such a combination means inevitably to mention the other. Their lives are interwoven. Only together are they complete. So it has been with Willard Wichers and Chester Meengs, for when Wichers was elected editor of the book, it followed almost automatically that Chester would be the business manager. They were so closely linked in friendship, mutual understanding, and ability. Together they had created a national prize winning annual at Zeeland High, and together it was readily apparent that they would create a prize winning annual for Hope College. We request your candid judgment in this matter. Have they not succeeded?

Chester's sing-songy voice, a personal trait of his which endears him to his friends, seems to have been a perfect tool for sharpening the logic of convincing ad sales talks. With materials in hand, we have seen his lanky form stride from merchant to merchant, his purpose never failing because of his anxiety to make "Bill's" book a financial possibility. Ever since his high school days, when he was treasurer of his C. E., Meengs has handled other people's money. At college, during the management of this volume, he had the whole campus sold practically 100% on the book before the close of the first semester. The new method of selling through the literary societies was utilized, thus making inevitable a rivalry to have a 100% record of sales in each group. Chester's work has not only included the strictly business side of the "Milestone," for he has been a right-hand man to Editor Wichers throughout the entire program of assembling the volume. From photography to binding, together they have wrestled with the perplexities of the project. And now, with the coming of summer vacation, the business end of the book is still far from settled, for bills must be mailed and affairs balanced up. So goes the career of an ambitious business manager.
Evelyn Albers  
*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

"Hello! Could you tell me the address of Harm Veneklassen who graduated with the Class of '96?" . . . "Oh, he's in Hawaii now? Thank you." "Hello! Would you give me some information about your brother who is a doctor in Kansas? . . . Oh, he's an engineer in Canada?" No, it's not the recording angel, but rather Alumni Editor Albers, or one of her assistants, Marion De Kuiper or "Nick" Burggraaff. An alert expression and capable mien testified outwardly to a mental activeness. Evelyn has worked faithfully and well. We have learned that she is dependable, thorough, enthusiastic, and that she looks before she leaps.

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John Mulder  
*Assistant Business Manager*

This light-haired lad pursued with anxious argument the worthy fathers of our town who are engaged in the reputable business of merchandising. In other words, "Johnny" sold ads. "Upstairs, downstairs, and in milady's chamber," as the old poem goes, and so went the plodding assistant business manager, faithfully pursuing the intricate mazes of his ad-route. John's first experience of the publishing sort came in Holland High when he was editor of their paper. Just lately he has been occupied with the difficulties of the local science course. John says that there's one trouble with ad-selling and that is that it's hard to do. Amen, brother.
Lucille Walvoord
Art Editor

Brushes, drawing boards, and all the attendant paraphernalia assembled, plus a growing fund of ideas. Lucille, having visualized a theme for our annual, set to work. That she has a well balanced mind which harmonizes with her philosophy of life is quite evident from the balance and symmetry of her work.

Her patience, attention to detail and good taste — these characteristics of her every day life will continue to live for us in this annual of 1930.

Harold Klaasen
Associate Art Editor

His one great ambition is to "do a cartoon of the King of England picturing that dear old gent in a striped bathing suit." "Cobby" has labored mainly on this year's Feature Section, with other bits of art work thrown in here and there. His cleverness with the pen is only surpassed by his royal wit (see men who attended the "Milestone" staff houseparty). In the future the literary editor hopes that Klaasen will take his own blankets along. Every time he comes in sight it gives us a chill; that's the power of memory. Klaasen looks well on the tennis court, being on the varsity squad this year. More power to your "backhand," you "sketcher" of funny pictures!
Betty Smith  
_Photo Editor_

By suggestion, coaxing, or as a final and desperate means, by coercion, Betty secured what the "Milestone's" Photograph Section needed. A firmness of character, and an energy that seems to be indefatigable, have made her invaluable as Photograph Editor. Efficiently she applied herself to her task and saw it through to the end. Lest you think her all work, be reminded of the fun she finds in life and the way she twinkles with it.

Gordon Van Ark  
_Literary Editor_

All that can be said for "Van" is that he had charge of the literary work on "this here book," besides being Editor of our "Anchor," and besides making a strong attempt at establishing an annual humor magazine on our campus—to wit, the "Spoon Holder." W. Wichers, Editor of this volume, requested his literary section to use the informal treatment throughout much of the book. That is why you see so many "gay things" printed here and there on these pages in the literary section.

Anne Buth  
_Associate Literary Editor_

This member of the Junior Class worked on our staff as Associate Literary Editor. She took over the responsibility of writing all the girl's biographies for the Senior section, and on top of that arranged for the writing of all the organization's histories for the "Milestone." Ann volunteered an almost endless store of energy with which we kept the literary section moving. But when A.P. finally came to town, Ann lost interest in more material things.
Esther Mulder

Activity Editor

It's great sport arranging to have group pictures of all the college organizations taken in the latter part of one morning! For a while we thought our Esther had turned traffic cop—directing the H.K.K.'s here and the A.D.D.'s there, but after a hectic session she reassumed her natural role. As a comrade you will find no one jollier and as a friend you must needs go far to find one more trustworthy or true.

Allen Brunson

Associate Athletic Editor

Allen's job was to trace a part of the Athletic Section material. To do this he had to look up old "Anchors," question athletes, use his imagination (to explain all the "moral victories"), and chew his pencil. But the task was well done. Allen is the boy who was so rough with the opponent's line during football season. Likewise later, for he was generous with his "line" in his "Milestone" work. He has a great trait for humor.

Mildred Schuppert

Typist

Click! Click! The response to "Millie's" nimble fingers drove her poor roommate to the verge of distraction. But on the other hand, that same accurate response saved the rest of the staff members many an anxious moment, for on her work, routine and drab as it was, depended in great part the success of "the book." As private secretary to Editor W. Wichers and Business Manager C. Meengs, she proved to be ever cheerful and reliable.
Tillie Masselink
Snapshot Editor

"Oh, don't stand there like an old tinfoil type, act natural — you're supposed to be informal and not all posey like that!" — Tillie strives to get some snap into the snap section as a crowd of eds and co-eds in an old flivver are her target. Any time you meet Tillie, you find her open handed — to receive snaps of all sorts. A joy of living and a sweeping zestfulness are outstanding characteristics of this dashing miss.

Myron Leenhouts
Humor Editor

"Mike" has been a local source of humor for three years now, and with the completion of his last year here he will have rounded out one busy college career, what with being Humor Editor of the "Anchor" once, and now the same on the "Milestone" staff. The nice thing about it is that the jokes he uses are always funny when he utters them, be they old or new. And is he built to be a jolly humorist! You ought to see him in one of his impromptu minstrel acts, with a feather in his hair.

Bessie Schouten
Associate Snapshot Editor

"Just drape yourself against that tree, or stand over there with the shrubbery as a background. Here, "Les," we want one with the crutches so you'll avoid bringing life and climb into jeopardy hereafter." So "Bessie" goes bustling around the campus hunting camera fodder. "A straight little shooter" she is too, as our snap section shows you. Straight shooting in more than one sense of the word, energetic, of a happy disposition and mindful of others.
Marian Anderson

*Feature Editor*

Full of ideas which she insists she acquired by lying awake nights when the rest of the carefree populace outside the pale of "Milestonianism" peacefully slept, Marian wins full credit for making the Feature Section so complete. Of course, the thrills of personal correspondence with John Held Jr., made up in part for sleepless nights—and then some people do thrill more to the name of John than others.

Lewis Scudder

*Athletic Editor*

"Louie" came to Hope with a romantic record behind him, for he had attended a big Eastern University, and had been to England with its track team. But we find that the most attractive thing about him is his genuine, natural personality. One minute with "Louie" and you have decided to be his firm friend. He performed well both in football and track, besides working hard on the Athletic Section of this book. He intends to maintain the tradition of his family, and will become a medical missionary.

Sady Grace Masselink

*Mounting Editor*

"Have I done anything yet? When you give me something to do I'll get busy." Well, she had plenty to do and she did it well. The mounting of snapshots and photographs called for accuracy, a keen sense of balance, and perseverance, all of which she was found to possess in ample degree. Her quiet dignity, graciousness and friendliness are apparent to all who come in contact with her. She prefers snowy weather.
"The peculiar skill required of the axe-man who entered the hardwood forests, together with the readiness to undergo the privations of the life, made the backwoodsman in a sense an expert engaged in a special calling. Frequently he was the descendant of generations of people who had lived in the low lands of Europe, cleared a thousands years before. Skill for this work was thus lacking. Only a few poor tools, willing hands, and stout hearts, were their equipment. But strong in their faith in God, they offered a fervent prayer, and the first axe blow was struck and the first tree felled. In 1847 there were but two log houses finished. They were built on what was known as the 'Van der Haar farm,' a mile east of the present city of Holland."
To those who know Coach Schouten, there is little surprise that the student body regards him so affectionately. Always a friend, and yet strict and firm when necessity demands, he is the type of athletic director of which few colleges can boast. Those who realize what he is doing, and what he has been doing, for Hope, deeply appreciate the efforts and time he has put into his work. As the teacher of physical education and coach of all college athletics he is handicapped by too many duties, yet he cheerfully puts in long hours of instruction and training and is always ready to help and advise.

His reputation is not only local, for he is known in athletic circles throughout the state as a clean sportsman and capable coach. Players on teams from neighboring schools speak familiarly of him as "Jack," and often have been heard to express the wish that they, too, might have such a man to work under. No coach in the M.I.A.A. is more respected than John Schouten of Hope.

At the All-College Banquet, as an expression of their appreciation, the athletes of the 1929-1930 season presented "Jack" with a beautiful loving cup. Captain Cook of the football squad made the presentation and expressed, in behalf of his team-mates, his gratitude for "Jack's" work and related the good times he had enjoyed on Hope's teams. In Jack's acceptance of the gift, we find the secret of his success. He enjoys his work and, as a result, is willing to sacrifice much for Hope's athletics.
During the past school year, which has been marked by an increased interest in athletics at Hope, the newly reorganized "Athletic Board of Control" has had full charge of all intercollegiate sports. Up to this time athletic activities had been vaguely under the supervision of both the "Board of Control" and the "Athletic Board," with the result that there was no definite organization or central power to direct the many and varied interests which arise from such a complete athletic program as Hope College carries out. Such executive, as well as financial impotency, finally brought about the change last year, and full power was vested in the newly compounded "Athletic Board of Control."

This board consists of two alumni elected by the Alumni Association, two faculty members chosen by the faculty, two students elected from the student body, the coach, and the president of the "Athletic Debt Diggers." During the past year, the "Board's" main contribution has been a stabilization of finances which at times have been in a rather precarious position. Young as the organization is, it has taken onto its shoulders many of the athletic burdens, and, as it will no doubt increase its scope of authority, we can expect in the future a highly efficient and systematized center of control.

OFFICERS

Prof. Winter .......................... President
Paul Nettinga .......................... Secretary
George Pelgrim .......................... Treasurer
George Damson .......................... Asst. Treasurer
The "H" Club

THE "H" Club is composed of those who have won their letter in athletic activity of some sort. These young men are the flower of young manhood, and Hope can justly be proud of them. Those who belong to the Class of 1930 are, and have been, mainstays of Hope athletics for four years, and our only regret is that they cannot remain longer with us.

Arendshorst and Kruizenga have been graceful and capable performers on Hope's net teams, and many a maiden-sigh has arisen from co-ed spectators when these two displayed their prowess on the court. Cook, Japinga, Nettinga, and Van Lente have been mainstays on the football and basketball teams, the last two also serving on the baseball squads. No finer quartet of all-around athletes will ever graduate from Hope with one class. Steffens and Winter, four-year men on the grid squad, have the ability to be either rough or tender, as the occasion demands. Meengs, a born track man, can be successful in any event which he enters. He is one to be remembered. Nauta, a baseball man, by his nonchalant manner, gave to Hope's team a big league appearance.

The other holders of the coveted "H" still have chances to serve Hope for at least another season. In conclusion, a finer group of fellows cannot be found anywhere.
HERE is always a stir of interest and an audible clinking of small change in the pockets of the admiring audience when two by two the A.D.D.'s glide onto the scene of action with their market baskets full of various delicacies and their faces radiant with the joy of conquest. We say joy of conquest, because any A.D.D. will tell you that there is nothing that takes quite so much tact or salesmanship as the job of trying to sell a Dutchman something that he can see one minute and not the next. Consequently every sale represents a lot of energy lost to the ambitious A.D.D. in mental telepathy and a subconscious struggle with a masterful enemy. How any one in his right mind can refuse one of these glorious damsels even after he has indulged in an unusually copious Thanksgiving dinner is more than we comprehend.

Don't you ever think that the A.D.D.'s have a lot of fun trying to look pleasant at a standful of spectators; and don't try to fool yourself into believing that they are doing it because they want "to get a drag" with you personally. It's not true. They are doing it only for love of the college and not for any single undergraduate or personal gain. They get but one beach party out of the proceeds every year and the rest of their earnings goes to timely aid of a heretofore lame athletic association. So here's to the A.D.D.'s! — a grand group of girls with grandly altruistic motives.
Very early in the year the call was issued for all those who thought that they could make sufficiently engaging movements and crescendos to arouse a reputedly lethargic Hope crowd of rooters to paroxisms of patriotic (pronounced with a short "a") fervor. The try-outs clearly showed that there were among the small student body of Hope College several who were more than capable of the job as well as one who represented the opposite extreme. The name of the individual will go unmentioned but I think that W. Clough must have had a very good course in aesthetic dancing at some time during his life. "Curley" Wiegerink and "Johnny" Meengs were elected to the job, but a more compatible pair was soon unearthed in the two Meengs boys (cousins) and despite his athletic prowess, the great Wiegerink found it rather difficult to combine antics upon the field in the proper portions with antics on the side-lines, so the responsibility fell upon the able shoulders of the aforementioned cousins. And such a pair! They cooked up sky-rockets, locomotives, somersaults, and hairpin curves to the sheer delight of a crowd, who, contrary to expectations, proved to be rousingly responsive to the moving appeals of the Meengs boys. At first the similarity of the boys caused many to believe that they were suffering from an attack of the common ailment — cross-eyes — or that they had been imbibing unwittingly of a certain unmentionable fluid that has the reputation of producing a similar effect; but a closer acquaintance with the men in question dispelled the illusion and, once freed from worry, only the voiceless and those of the Glee Clubs remained silent to their ingenuous entreaties.
"In such forests of fine trees as these Dutchmen worked, one of the greatest needs was a sawmill. At first the men cut their own logs into lumber by hand, but this was wasteful of time and energy, and Dr. Van Raalte arranged to have the first sawmill built on Black River, three miles east of Holland, at Groningen. Neighbors banded together to build the dam and mill in the winter of 1847-48. Its busy hum must have been a welcome sound to the toiling lumbermen."
Assistant Coach R. Jappinga, Captain A. Cook, Coach J. Schouten.
Varsity Football

ONE week before the opening of school a group of fellows met in a little white house northwest of Holland near old Lake Michigan. There, for seven days, they puffed and panted, and ate and slept, and worked and played, and, when they returned to civilization, each individual was changed — not all in the same way — but, nevertheless, each was a different man on returning than he was on leaving. This one had a new and tender sunburn; that one had firmer and more active muscles; another had lost ten pounds but found new "wind" and endurance. They were prospects for Hope's varsity football team, invited to preseason training camp by Coach Schouten.

Up early in the morning, the bravest scrambled over the hill for a cool dip, while the rest, unable to withstand the rigors of a morning plunge, laved their trembling limbs in the more niggardly but no less efficient waters of the pump. A half hour later the cook announced breakfast, and the whole squad, making use of every available chair and table, made away with a surprisingly large amount of food. Two hours later, dressed in various degrees of dishabille, they lined up for calisthenics and went through a stiff drill. Another trip to the beach ended the morning activities, and at noon a dinner, rich in vitamins, was ready to fill the "empty void" of each athlete. Another drill in fundamentals took place in the afternoon, and a wholesome supper was ready when the players had cleaned up and dressed. After the meal, a hike down the beach completed the day, and every fellow was ready for an early visit by the sandman. The happy but strenuous week of training ended with the squad in excellent condition for the ensuing season.
Melvin "Melv" Oosting
Back, One Year

The Hillsdale Game

IT IS a sad and woeful tale that must be told that the first beating that Hope has ever received at the hands of Hillsdale in football should have been to the tune of 42 to 0. It was lucky, however, that the drubbing was administered away from home, because what the fair co-eds didn't see didn't hurt them. Had it been here, the walls of Vorhees Hall might have rumbled to the sympathetic wails of the fair admirers.

The only luck that seemed to come Hope's way was the winning of the toss and Cook elected to receive. Hope tried several thrusts at the line, but there was always some nuisance encased in a blue jersey that seemed to get right in the way of the runner and no yards were gained. On the attempted punt a phalanx of Hillsdale players scurried through the line. There was a double thud and a lanky Hillsdale man wrapped himself around the ball on Hope's 20-yd. line. In two tries Reynolds took the ball over Hope's goal. The try for point was also successful and the score stood Hope 0, Hillsdale 7. Hope then kicked off and O'Dell's first try at the line lost three yards, so Hillsdale punted. Dalman encountered a swarm of Hillsdaleites five yards back of the line and made no further progress. Considering discretion the better part of valor, Hope again attempted to kick and the attempt was rather disastrous. The ball bounced on the chest of one of the Hillsdale men and back into the end zone where Hillsdale recovered for a safety. Score: Hillsdale 9, Hope 0. Hope kicked from its 20-yd. line and there followed a series of exchanges in punts in which Hillsdale had the edge. Hope's last punt was especially poor because time was decidedly lacking to Johnny Winter for composing himself for the kick and opportunity knocked on the door of the Hillsdaleites again. They completed a nicely executed pass which brought the ball into dangerous proximity to the goal and then Reynolds went over the last marker for a touchdown, leaving the score at 15 to 0 at the quarter — a mean handicap to overcome.

The second quarter was almost as sad to witness, but Hillsdale could find opportunity for but one touchdown. Hope realized the uselessness of its offensive and kicked whenever she got possession of the ball. Hillsdale, in the meantime, headed by O'Dell and Reynolds, scurried around the field making yards almost at will. The only bright spot in the second frame came when Dalman slithered through the line and out into the open for twenty yards. The score at the end of this quarter was: Hillsdale 22, Hope 0.

Reynolds and O'Dell were still going strong in the third quarter with Hope sitting around doing little. Hope's bag of tricks was kept firmly tied at the neck by her inability to get the ball out of her own territory. Hope made a few small gains, showing that she could go provided the opportunity presented itself; but the team seemed too weak and inexperienced to make its own breaks. Hillsdale's scoring was limited to one touchdown during this quarter also, and the count stood with our opponents on the long end of a 29 to 0 score.

Myron "Mike" Leenhouts
Guard, One Year
The last quarter was played "between the dark and the daylight when the night was beginning to lower," but there was no "pause in the day's occupation," for the doughty ones on the field (apologies to Longfellow). Hope started off with a rather futile aerial attack which was only short-lived, and Hillsdale countered with a march down the field for another touchdown. Hope received and it really looked for a minute as though the boys had taken a new lease on life for they started right out as if they meant business; but a wary blue-shirt was "hog" enough to grab a pass that wasn't even intended for him and run for still another score for the "Hillies." That was enough — the boys really began to get mad then and Cook trudged down the field 25 yards, Dalman squirmed through for 20 more to Hillsdale's 28-yd. line, but then the pig-skin blimp, floating through the air, looked too tempting to one of the Hillsdale men and he sucked it down with greedy hands to end Hope's most promising spurt of the game, and incidentally, closed the fray. The "score," alas, was: Hillsdale 42, Hope 0.

The Detroit College Game

The Detroit game was sad because it might easily have been won by the Hope warriors had they been playing even a fairly good game of ball. Though the performance of the men was somewhat better than that displayed at Hillsdale, they were still suffering from an attack of "can't do it." After the kick-off the two teams played see-saw in the middle of the field and each dutifully took its turn at fumbling. It was perfectly evident that Hope was not taking an interest in the game in the way they should and there were a number of loyal supporters on the side-lines that were in danger of submitting to the more persuasive and interesting wiles of the God Morpheus. It was not football that awoke their interest in the first frame but a very amusing incident which provoked a laugh at the expense of the Detroiters. A 25-yd. penalty had just been inflicted upon the Detroit team for clipping, and there seemed to be a dispute as to whom the ball should belong to after such a penalty. The thoughtful Detroit captain had fortified himself against just such an emergency, for he mysteriously produced a rule book from somewhere on his anatomy, couched himself comfortably on the ball, and began pensively to turn the pages of the little booklet. But try as he might he could not read into the book the rule he had expected to find there and the ball remained in Hope's possession, much to his discomfiture and the amusement of the grandstand.

The second quarter saw no improvement in the manner of play of either team. The ball wobbled
back and forth in mid-field until Hope fumbled a punt, which Detroit recovered. Detroit crossed Hope all up on a trick play and went across for the only score of the game.

Wide end runs that went very wide and futile line bucks were the program for the second half, and aside from the fact that a belligerent Detroiter tried to change the shape of "Boo" Cook's face, there was very little of interest. In the closing minutes of play Jack sent Scudder into the fray in place of Oosting in the hope that a fresh man might be able to "go places and do things" against a crew that was beginning to lag. Scudder's first attempt was very encouraging; his second brought the goal considerably nearer—but once again Hope's last minute spurt was mercilessly cut off by the final gun. The score: Detroit 6, Hope 0.

The Olivet Game

To the casual onlooker this was the first really interesting exhibition of football that the Hope warriors put on. There were times that the "Dutchies" seemed almost irresistible as they swept down the field, but there were also times that showed that Hope had not yet fully overcome the jinx that had been following them through the season thus far. It is with pleasure that we can safely say that it was fumbles that accounted for the defeat of the blue-clads and not any intrinsic weakness of the fighting qualities of the team.

Olivet booted the ball down the field on the kick-off and Hope started right off on a rampage. Several line bucks were fairly successful and then a sweet pass from Cook to Dalman took the ball over the final marker for what should have been a touchdown. But the eagle-eyed referee had caught a well meaning Hope man trying to shovel the opposition to one side by means of his hands—a very unpardonable sin. Consequently, the ball was called back and a fifteen-yard penalty inflicted upon the too-eager Hope team. During the rest of the period neither team did much that was praiseworthy and the quarter ended with no score.

The second quarter saw considerable action. The ball vacillated back and forth in mid-field with surprising rapidity; finally an Olivet punt was fumbled by Scudder on Hope's 30-yd. line and it seemed to be a signal for a general Olivet attack. They rushed the ball to Hope's 10-yd. line before a determined effort of the Hopeites halted the
The first play lost 8 yards and Winter dropped back of his goal line to punt. The eyes of all the rooters were eagerly anticipating the course of the ball from the kicker's toe; but the pig-skin soared not. Instead, as though temporarily animated, it jumped out of Winter's hands and bounded along the ground with Winter in full cry. He at last succeeded in catching it but an Olivet man who also had his eye on the ball was forced to do the next best thing and seized Johnny Winter behind the line for a safety. The half ended with the score at 2—0 in Olivet's favor.

The third quarter saw the Hope athletes getting into form and Olivet's chances began to look very dim. Hope received and walked right down the field seemingly with very little difficulty. Once, behind very nice interference on the part of his backfield mates, Scudder circled end, dodged the safety man and seemed in a fair way to make a score, but a chimeric snare caught his foot and he fell with nobody but the blades of grass near him. A nice pass from Cook to Japinga took the ball to Olivet's 5-yd. line. Cook nosed his way for four more, and then Japinga crawled between the legs of the center and laid the ball just on the other side of the last chalk line. On the try for point Dalman pulled a fooler and bucked across, bringing the score to 7-2 in Hope's favor. In the last few seconds of this quarter Scudder again fumbled an Olivet punt, which little mishap seemed to be the nemesis of the team's success. Olivet recovered but had only time for one play before the quarter ended.

On the first play in the last frame Lyman, on a nice weak-side buck, speedily left fifteen yards of turf behind him and camped himself on the other side of Hope's goal. The rest of the quarter witnessed a vain struggle on Hope's part to pull the game out of the fire. But their success is demonstrated by the final score: Olivet 8, Hope 7.

**The Alma Game**

For the first time this season the Hope team showed a wealth of defensive power that held out a brighter outlook for the rest of the football year. There were no individual stars as should be the case in a good team, but every man played for all that was in him. Time and again the much-touted Alma backs were caught flat-footed behind the line before it had even entered their heads that it was time that they were on their way; time and again they made vicious attempts to circle our ends, but it was usually the case that their ball carrier was found several yards back of where he
should have been, groveling among the grasshoppers, with the tentacles of a Hope man firmly wound around his ankles. It was sad that with such a show on the defensive end of the game the Hope warriors could not function offensively; but it is not surprising when the comparative experience of the teams is taken into consideration. The Alma aggregation was made up almost entirely of veterans of several years experience, while Hope’s team, crippled by the absence of Captain Cook, Becker, Beaver, and Fox from the lineup, could hardly present a seasoned line.

Gussin accounted for the first Alma score on a quarterback sneak after the ball had been advanced to the Hope goal line in the first few minutes of play. Not very long thereafter, Erickson, the mountainous Alma fullback, got out into the open and ran 40 yards for Alma’s second score. It was not till then that the game took on an interesting aspect for these two scores in such quick succession pricked the consciences of our team and aroused them to herculean efforts. The result was as has been stated — that Alma could gain but little ground. Alma’s last score came late in the final period, after Gussin had gone for 65 yards on a trick play in which all the Alma players stood up straight to view the scenery. While they were looking nonchalantly around, the ball was snapped and the whole crew ran down the field like a grove of tree-trunks with Gussin behind them. The play was rather disconcerting to the green Hope line and Gussin would have gone for a touchdown on the spot had not one of the Hope men pulled him down from the rear. Two tries at the line by two of Gussin’s companions yielded nothing and it remained for him to take the ball around end for the score. Very soon afterwards the game ended, with Hope fairly beaten but feeling a certain amount of pride in her accomplishments, nevertheless. It was indeed a moral victory. The score: Alma 19, Hope 0.

The Kalamazoo Game

We would not have been at all afraid of the outcome of the game had our boys played Notre Dame on the day that they took the measure of our redoubtable rivals, Kalamazoo. The score hardly indicates the one-sidedness of the contest, because the two touchdowns made by Kazoo were brought about through the benign smile of Dame Fortune. The victory gave us
a great deal of satisfaction because this same Kalamazoo outfit held Hillsdale to a 6 to 0 score a couple of weeks previous.

The scores came in the following manner: Dehr of Kazoo made a poor punt and Dalman placed his frame under it, caught it, and moved it overland to the Kazoo 20-ya marker. "Sailor" Van Lente lost two yards on an end around play, but "Boo" made up the loss and one yard to spare on the next attempt. Cook then tossed the oval to Scudder for seven more yards and then smashed over for a first down on Kazoo's 10-ya line. The ball then described a neat arc in the air right into the waiting hands of "Brute" Japinga, who sidled leisurely over the goal for Hope's first counter. The try for point went wide.

Late in the second quarter Winter thoughtfully got right in the way of a Kazoo punt and lay down on the ball on Kazoo's 25-ya line. Hope's offense, which had already proved its worth during the game, advanced the ball to the 14-ya line, whence Cook tossed it to Van Lente, who was thrown out of bounds on the 3-ya line. On the next play Scudder drove through a wagon track for Hope's second score. Once again the try for point was unsuccessful.

But all was not a bed of roses for the Hopeites, for during the same quarter Black snatched a Hope pass out of the ether and behind a very quickly formed but effective interference, ran for a touchdown. Becht plunged for the extra point. Another feature of the half was a 46-ya run on another intercepted pass — this time by Captain "Boo" Cook. With the ball resting on the 3-ya line and four downs to make goal, the fateful timer's pistol belched forth the news that the half was over.

Winter seemed to have the habit of messing up punts, because in the second half he blocked one that led directly to Hope's third score. This time the try for point sailed squarely through the uprights and left Hope with a 19 to 7 advantage over their rivals. But once again the inconsiderate Dame Fortune frowned on Hope, and her thoughtlessness brought about a Hope fumble on her own 1-ya line. Three vicious assaults on the Hope line were ably withstood but a clever double cutback by Knight finally turned the trick for Kazoo; but many a Kazoo hair turned gray during those few minutes for fear that their team might be forced to forfeit their only real opportunity to score.

Hope was still enjoying a six-point lead, but Kazoo was playing better ball than at any other stage of the game and there was plenty of time for radical changes.

The last period saw the ball in Hope's territory but once, and that was through a 15-ya penalty and loss of the ball; but the second of two of Kazoo's attempted passes was incomplete over the line and the ball was Hope's as the game ended, Hope 19, Kalamazoo 13.
The Albion Game

The Homecoming game was not all that the Hope rooters might have wished. Albion was simply too good for our men, but you could not have told one of the players that till after the game without exposing yourself to a general assault. The boys fought hard and were wide awake to all the breaks that came their way.

The first half was rather a thriller. Twice Albion was in Hope's danger zone and twice a timely fumble by Albion, and an even more timely recovery by Hope, saved an Albion score. Albion should not be so careless in the future. Once, too, "Brute" Japinga intercepted a very promising Albion pass to put the brakes on another spurt; but Albion retaliated a few minutes later by playing the part of a thief in regard to one of Hope's passes — so we were even. Finally Albion secured the ball on Hope's 28-yd. line through an exchange of punts, and this Osmun kicked the goal for extra point. Albion threatened once again during the half, but the timer's gun, which so many times during the season had come at rather inopportune moments, lopped off an Albion advance on the 18-yd. line.

The second half started a punting duel with Lightbody having considerably the better of it. Thus Hope was gradually pushed back and late in the third quarter Osmun, the Samson of the Albion aggregation, pushed his way over the last white line for a score. The fourth quarter saw the only really dangerous Hope offensive. Dalman intercepted an Albion pass on his own 42-yd. line. Hope then threw passes all over the field and succeeded in gaining a first down on Albion's 25-yd. line. That was the extent of the advance, for on the next play Albion put her foot in the whole proceedings by plucking a Hope pass out of the air and going for a touchdown via the aerial route. The game ended with no further scoring. Final count: Albion 19, Hope 0.

Albion, with plenty of heavy material, showed to the home crowd the best exhibition of football that has appeared locally for some time. A majority of the players will return next year and the Methodists will make a strong bid for M.I.A.A. honors. This game brought to a close the football careers of several well known Holland players. Captain Cook, an athletic figure to be remembered a long time, played his last game in a hope uniform as did also John Winter, Harold Japinga, Cox Van Lente, and Henry Steffens. All of these men have gone through at least three strenuous M.I.A.A. seasons, and what they have done for Hope in bringing her honor and glory cannot be fully expressed.
OUTCLASING all opposition, the 1929 Freshman Football Team brought to Hope the M.I.A.A. championship. When school opened in September a small squad of hopeful yearlings reported and began work under the direction of Coach Nettinga of the Senior Class. Most of the prospects had had some experience in their high school and, although they were not especially husky, they developed into a fast and heady team. In scrimmage sessions with the Varsity they showed real ability, and it was not without some feeling of confidence that Hopeites awaited the outcome of their first game with Hillsdale.

The Down-staters had a heavy and nicely balanced Frosh aggregation and when they lined up for the opening whistle they appeared to be “plenty potent.” The play was rather slow and cautious at first, but, before the first quarter was over, Hope had shown unexpected power and drive. A series of passes by L. Japinga and open field running by J. Tysse led to the first touchdown of the game. Hillsdale came back strong, and time after time threatened with persistent drives. The game was warm and the play rough and furious. Frequent time-outs were called. Hope’s line was tackling hard and low, and on offense Poling made consistent gains off the tackles and through center. Hillsdale finally pushed across the line for six points, but could not continue the fast pace they were setting. In the course of the afternoon, Hope made three touchdowns and one try after goal, making a total of 19 points to Hillsdale’s six points. Hillsdale had expected her heavier team to win, but her light of victory grew darker as the game came

Freshman Football
closer to its end, and was finally blown out by the final whistle.

Hope’s defenders of the green, having only three games scheduled, now had a period of drill and training which put them in the pink of condition for the next game with the Alma College Frosh. A fair crowd of supporters gathered at Riverview Park to view the combat and came away thrilled and proud. Alma kicked off to Hope, who immediately started a march down the field which was stopped only by the interception of a pass. Alma pushed the ball back into Hope’s territory but lacked the drive to put it across. Japinga got away for a couple of long end runs, but the first quarter ended with no score. The second quarter showed plenty of power in both teams but neither developed that extra push necessary to accomplish definite results. The beginning of the second half was somewhat depressing for the home crowd, as Hope’s first punt was blocked and the ball recovered by Alma. A score resulted from a long pass and the third quarter ended Alma 6, Hope 0. Then things began to happen. Tysse heaved a long pass to Japinga, who was down on Alma’s 27-yard line. A trick play followed and a pass went to Poling, who fell across the goal line for six points. The extra point was made and the score stood Alma 6, Hope 7. But the Frosh of Dutch descent were not satisfied and scored again as the result of a fumble recovered by Marsilje.

G. Painter, G. Wiegerink and J. Zwemer led in the line play, and the entire backfield functioned smoothly. The final score was Hope 13, Alma 6.

The Freshman team played their last game with the Kazoo College yearlings at Holland on the week-end of Homecoming. The game decidedly belonged to Hope at all stages, but their brilliant offense was an interesting exhibition of football as it should be played. End runs by Tysse behind perfect interference featured the contest and the entire line played a smashing, driving game. At the end of the half, Hope had, by a series of drives, annexed a total of 25 points while their opponents were scoreless. The last half was somewhat slower with Kalamazoo coming to life a little during the last period. Substitutions were made frequently, each man on the Hope squad being given a chance to play. The final score was Hope 37, Kazoo 0.

The Freshman season not only brought honor to Hope, but showed to Coach J. Schouten some real material for his varsity this fall. Line material will be especially abundant, and the entire backfield showed varsity quality. Coach P. Nettinga and his squad should be praised and commended for their work on the gridiron.

Freshman teams have been a part of athletics at Hope for only three years, but in that short time great interest has been aroused in each new class of infant prodigies. Turning to each passing diversion like revelers overcome with ennui, the student body shifts its interest from the old ‘stand-by’ athletes to the incoming exponents of suppleness, brute strength, agility and smartness. A mist of romanticness hides the qualities of each individual; and the baseball, basketball, or football followers, as the case may be, await with pent breath to see the haze brushed aside at the first public appearances. As soon as the newcomers have displayed their wares, each is classified as to his ability and worth to his team, and one of the greatest joys of fandom is to prophecy the athletic future of the innocent. Football has, probably, the greatest number of followers when we consider all the branches of Freshman athletics at Hope. Crowds will always turn out to a Freshman game and the spectators at a practice scrimmage between the Varsity and the Frosh like to see the yearlings hold their stronger opponents. Whether the Freshman Rule is necessary in a small college or not is a debatable question, but it certainly adds more interest in a sport within the school itself.
During rigorous winter seasons the settlers could not always eat from a varied menu. Their overworked bodies, sorely tried with everyday burdens and with their boisterous outdoor sports, felt the need of balanced rations in order to keep physically fit. Often they were forced to depend upon the non-perishable foods such as cornmeal, flour, and salt pork. Some of the Hollanders became so tired of corn meal "Johnny cake" during these years that many never wanted to see it again. Butter and eggs were saved for those in poor health.
Varsity Basketball

The opening of the basketball season at Hope gave to the chronic campus pessimists a splendid opportunity for a real workout. To be sure, Captain Van Lente and Alvin Cook were back to act as officers in the "Society to Prevent Points for the Oppo-
sition," and then Clarence Becker had had some experience in the "Association for Garnering Field Goals;" but, on the whole, the outlook was bad. A forward and center were needed, and it was necessary to pick them from those who had been Freshmen the previous season.

Meanwhile, in Carnegie Gymnasium, an awkward and sweaty group of prospects dribbled and passed, and passed and dribbled, and then shot, and passed some more. A week later and the practiced eyes of Jack saw marked improvement. Another week, and some of the boys were actually becoming graceful although again it could be detected only by the practiced eye. More time passed and the memorable season's opener with the Hub Clothiers of Grand Rapids was played. The opponents set the style for the evening with long and accurate shots, and ended the session leading 27-22.

The next game, a passive affair with the Seventh Reformed Team of Grand Rapids, expanded the mercury of Hope's spirit-thermometer by ending 39-19 in our favor. This game, although not important, marked the beginning of a notion that was proved time and again before the end of the season. Some supporters vaguely felt that we were to have a real team. The next week Hope, with Becker and Dalman at forwards, Spoelstra at center, and Cook and Van Lente at guards, started a combination that clearly out-classed the Raybestos Brakes outfit, again from the "Furniture City." Although substitutions were frequent, the final score was Hope 31 — Brakes 23.

And now came the time for the opening of M. I. A. A. competition. Hope traveled to Olivet and the result was an epidemic of heart disease in that quiet little village. Hope started off at white heat with Van Lente as the main stoker. Just before the intermission Olivet tied the score. When play again started Olivet jumped into a lead that she managed to hold until the final gun. Hope held her veteran opponents to a score of 33 to 29.

The next game, one with St. Marys, was held at home, and the plans for clearing up the athletic debt received a serious setback when it was necessary to hire two extra score-keepers to take care of the Polish names in the opposing lineup. That night St. Marys suffered the first defeat since she had opened her season, trailing by a wider margin than ever before in games with Hope. Hope emerged victorious 30-20.

At Hillsdale a bitterly fought overtime game gave our opponents the edge 26-27. Hope led 18-9 at the half, but the opposition strengthened and tied the count in the last minutes.

Our team needed a rest and so a game was scheduled with the "Whozits" from Where. They lost their local reputation to the tune of 76-11. Michigan State came next and, with the best team they have had in years swamped Hope 55-16.

Now Albion came on the list and, before a large crowd that filled Carnegie to the brim, expressed a strong desire to win, but were sent home at the small end of a 24-21 score. Student spirit was high and some of the spectators had dates after the game.

Hillsdale now came here for their return match, and Hope revenged her previous defeat in a highly satisfactory manner. The invaders led at the half, but fast floor work by Becker and Dalman coupled with splendid guarding by Cook swept them off their feet in the final period. Score, Hope 37, Hillsdale 24.

Next, Hope traveled to Albion and lost a heart-breaker 22-21. Long shots by Van Lente kept Hope in the lead until the final seconds, when Densmore, Albion's star forward, hoisted in two baskets to decide the game.

The game here with Kalamazoo College showed to the home folks the reason why the Celery Eaters won the M. I. A. A. championship. Murdock was the hot shot for Kazoo that night and he was ably assisted by his four friends of the court. Cook and Spoelstra shone for Hope, but our luminaries could not dispel the clouds of defeat and
the final ratio was Hope, 19; Kazoo, 22.

In a contest featured by horseplay and other muleishness, Hope easily defeated her bitter rival, Calvin College, 31-21 at Grand Rapids.

It is useless to attempt to describe the function that occurred when Olivet visited us and went away sorrowing at the smallest end of a 26-24 score. The duel between Spoelstra and Cardwell of Olivet was only an incident in a chain which held the spectators spellbound.

We will pass quietly over our next game, a defeat in the hands of Alma, 44 to 27. The game was rough and tumble and from the start Hope was entirely off her customary steady game. At Kalamazoo the next week our squad was inoculated with a double dose of good basketball. The result was a hot box in Kazoo’s gym which spoiled Coach Barnard’s ammunition. His howitzer refused to detonate, and the overtime period came very nearly being dispensed with. Be that as it may, Kazoo won 23-21 and the strongest of those on the sidelines were able only to slowly wend their way homeward.

Calvin next appeared here and after the fracas quietly melted away. The Armory was the scene of this engagement and as the crowd left, the little sign on the wall read Hope 34, Calvin 17.

At Orchard Lake our game with St. Marys was decided by the superior shooting of the natives. Dalman and Becker covered the floor in great shape, but their basket optics were absent and the final standing was Hope 26, St. Marys 33.

Alma came here for the final game of Hope’s season. Van Lente and Cook ended their basketball careers in a blaze of glory, and Spoelstra clearly demonstrated his superiority at center by collecting a total of 19 points. Alma won 36-29 but the game was a toss-up until the last few minutes. Hope held down fourth place in the M. I. A. A., but almost every game which was lost was unusually close.
CARL VAN LENTE. Alas and alack that such men as "Cox" must graduate! As captain he truly acted in the capacity of Napoleon to his forces. The din of battle disturbed him as little as the zephyrs of Spring would disturb the dermal plates of the mighty dinosaur. But he was not so calm that he was ineffectual — far from it — for he always washed through with the long basket that set the stands in an uproar, and kept high Hope's chances of victory.
Alvin "Boo" Cook
Guard, Three Years

A

LVIN COOK. To be the most striking in appearance of a team whose players were noted for handsomeness—this honor belonged to "Boo" Cook, big guard of Hope's varsity. He always sallied out onto the court with the eyes of all centered upon him, and flutterings and sighings arose from the feminine ranks. However, his ability and value to the team were in no way impaired by these natural attractions.

A mountain of brawn with a dangerous windmill contrivance on his right side was "Boo" with the ball. If ever, in a scramble, the players of the opposite team who were unfortunate enough to be in the melee were seen to flee the spot with looks of terror on their faces, the more bold, to assume prone positions on the floor rather precipitately, "Boo" would emerge complacently bouncing the disputed sphere on his way toward the more appropriate basket. With agility and co-ordination unusual in a big man he kept his opponents in a state of constant uncertainty and bewilderment. Dashing hither and yon like destroyers impotently attempting to sink a dreadnaught, they time and again to no avail attempted to penetrate through this bulwark of Hope's defense.
Clarence "Boy" Becker
Forward, Two Years, Captain-Elect

CLARENCE BECKER. Clarence really earned the title of Captain of next year's team. His opponents were scared into submission by his blood-thirsty stare when he was on the defensive, and were swept off their feet by his whirlwind offensive. His guarding ability was far above that of the average forward. Sticking to his man like a leech, he was continually breaking up the opponent's scoring plays before they were well under way. His steady play in game after game gave confidence not only to his team-mates, but also to the followers of the game who wanted to see Hope come out on top; for, no matter how hard he played the first half, he came back for the second looking as fresh as a rose.

"Boy's" excellence on the basketball floor was only surpassed by his letter writing ability. The postmaster of every "foreign" town in which the team stopped was sure to find a heavy portentous-looking special delivery letter with "Holland, Mich." neatly written on the envelope. "Boy" composed his nerves and adjusted his "shooting eye" before each out-of-town fray by dashing off lines of both prose and poetry which were ceremoniously sealed in a beautifully colored envelope and sent with all haste to their destination.
Watson "Waddy" Spoelstra
Center, One Year

Watson Spoelstra. "Waddy's" close resemblance to a bean pole is hardly indicative of the fact that he can handle a basketball. It takes but one game to disillusion the ignorant. One has but to watch him reach out those long arms in pursuit of the ball and then when he has it to see him twist his length around his man and loop a clean basket with one hand to some precarious angle to realize that his title of all M.I.A.A. center is well deserved. In not one of the engagements of last season was Spoelstra outplayed by his opponent. He was not only Hope's high point man, but, on the defensive, he was highly troublesome to the enemy's attack. Miraculously stretching and shifting, his big hands were everywhere, intercepting passes, knocking down shots, messing up dribbles, and pulling down long pops at the basket.

His experience as a journalist and man of the world made him especially fitted for tasks that would embarrass his less sophisticated team mates. If any of them experienced a peculiar liking for some stranger, it was "Waddy" who transacted the business, smoothing things over, taking down the address, and making all the arrangements.
HOWARD DALMAN. Care in one's personal appearance is a creditable trait, and, although it is not a necessity on the part of a basket ball player, "Howie" proved that well combed hair, neatly pressed shorts, and smoothly rolled sweat socks add much to a team's success. His argument was, "Girls cheer louder and longer; objects of admiration play harder; Hope wins more ball games." The proof sounds logical, and Dalman's playing must have been the result of some such estimable cause.

In every game, "Howie" had a queer habit of making trouble for the opposing team. He had the knack of looking out of the side of his head at his own man as he swooped down on some poor unsuspecting young player who stood innocently in the middle of the floor trying to figure out something to do with the ball. The outcome of the whole affair would be that this mean Mr. Dalman would show very bad manners, snatch the ball away and make a basket.

"Howie" was always a good player, and, if he had been consistent in the brilliance with which he whitled through some games, no critic could have kept him from the all M.I.A.A. team. Hope expects to hear more from him next year.
The name of Japinga has gone hand in hand with athletics at Hope for a number of years, and no more able and courageous upholder of that name ever pivoted off a guard or sank a "pot shot" than "Brute." He was a little handicapped by his lack of altitude, but, even at that, he was the only one outside of the five iron men to make his letter. Had the rules allowed it, we might have seen "Brute" taking a tip from Zacchaeus and ambitiously climbing the leg of some tall opponent to gain control of the situation. As it was, he made up for his build, or lack of it, with fight and endurance. Every minute on the go, he was a constant scoring threat and kept his guards in a state of great concern as to where he was going and what he would do next.

The only worry he had, and that was always foremost in his mind, was that so many of his girl friends had more longitude than he could boast of. What couldn't he have done on the court if his head had not been so occupied? We feel that next year he might not have been so agitated over his problem but "woe unto us," he too is a senior and will not return to the squad.
Titus "Tite" Van Haitsma
Forward, One Year

Harold "Doc" Hoover
Manager

Harvey "Harve" Hoffman
Forward, One Year

Titus Van Haitsma — The only reason that "Tite" wasn’t a regular, lay in the fact that his experience on the court was somewhat incomplete. Alert, speedy, and aggressive, he possessed basketball qualities that practice and training can bring out. His eye for the basket was above the average and next year we hope to see him one of the scoring aces of the squad. In his school life, Titus has diversions other than basketball, and we may imagine that he struggled much to force himself to be at all evening practice sessions. However, he was faithful to the team and never neglected an opportunity to add to and develop his own basketball talent.

Harold Hoover — "Doc" is the man who made the word "manager," mean something at Hope. Eager to help whenever needed, he was Coach Schousten’s right-hand man during the past season. Versatile as he was willing, he could apply hot towels to a black eye as expertly as he could lace the boys’ shoes or help with the girls’ “gym” classes. The last mentioned duty was his special delight, and he often went out of his way to coach the sorority basketball teams. The trips which the team made satisfied his lust for travel, and, after he became familiar with squad etiquette, he enjoyed himself immensely. Next year, in all probability, "Herbie" will be back at his old post running errands, inflating “pumpkins,” and making himself a general necessity.

Harvey Hoffman — Another eagle-eyed basketeer in the person of "Harve" broke into the running at Hope this past season. Those who watched him in practice and saw the meshes smoking after his shots, decided that he would be heard from before his college court career came to an end. The big obstacle in his path to a varsity letter is a case of high tension nerves in competition, but, as he has improved with every chance, undoubtedly he will overcome the jumpy nervousness and become as dependable and steady as Western Union time.

Hoffman’s nonchalant attitude on the campus belies the fire and heat within, and from him we learn the truth of the saying: "Garde-toi, tant que tu vivnas, De juger des gens sur la mine."
Tom "Deacon" Beaver — Tall and well-built, with dark smoothly combed hair, "Tom" is a type of player which on the floor will attract a great deal of attention. His biggest opposition during the season also was inexperience, and, as it was, he showed glimpses of rare form when called into action. Beaver's guarding was good but he showed a slight weakness in the niceties of offensive play. These little defects have only to be molded by the hands of time into assets, and Hope will, after next season, have another player flaunting a varsity "H."

The village of Carson City, from which Beaver hails, can well be proud of the athletic prowess of its native son. It may live in expectation of greater things in the future.

Herman Kruizenga — In November, when Coach Schouten extended a call for basketball candidates, "Herm," although a senior with no previous varsity experience, came out as seasoning for the other green material. Calm and sure in the hottest scrimmages, he made one of the best offensive guards on the squad. He had starred on class and independent teams throughout his college career, and those who knew his ability were not surprised to see him called upon to perform in not a few tight pinches. There is no doubt but that if "Herm" had come out in his first years of college he would have become a regular. It seems a shame that such talent should be left to "bloom unseen" until almost too late.

Jacob "Jack" Juist — His radio is installed in a cabinet of the Queen Anne period, and he plans to purchase that style of furniture when he settles down. From whom he gets the inspiration in his playing we are quite sure, and we thank her for giving another varsity player to the cause of basketball at Hope.

"Jake" was probably the most sincere individual on the squad last season — always willing to listen to and put into practice good advice. Lanky and yet heavy enough to stand plenty of rough play, he was an ideal reserve center. Juist knows the game thoroughly, and, if he can develop a little more speed, will offer plenty of fight for a guard or center position next year.
Inter-Sorority Basketball Champions

This year marked the beginning of inter-sorority sports upon our campus. In the first tournament of the year, the Dorian team won the basketball championship.

Olivia Johnson captained the team which won all of its games in the contest. “Livy” played guard for her team, and she "followed her man" well. Her partner on the defensive end of the court was “Cassie” De Kleine who played a steady, reliable game throughout the season.

Henrietta Lamet was jump-center, and she usually made her jumps good. With Miyo Tase, side-center, to assist her, the ball was well cared for in the middle of the court.

Ruth Foss and Annette Bos were the indomitable pair who played forward, and whose team-work was so perfect.

Perhaps it would be well to leave the girls as individuals and talk of them as a group, for it was team play, rather than individual skill, that won them their silver-statuette trophy.

Coach Jack Schouten was responsible for the scheduling tourney, and the teams appreciated his support and interest in their new venture.

The final standings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dorian</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sorosis</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sybilene</td>
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<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delphi</td>
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<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alethean</td>
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</tr>
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</table>
Among the innovations of the year was an Inter-Fraternity Basketball League. Each fraternity answered to the schedule of ten games with a well-balanced and heavy scoring combination. The Emersonians, after losing the opening tussle, marched on to victory after victory until at the close of the season they had lost but two games and had taken over the championship with an average of .800. The Cosmopolitans and Addisons finished in a tie for the runner-up position, each with an average of .700. Had not the Addisons forfeited one of their games they might have furnished even more opposition. The Emersonians clearly showed their superiority, however, by running up a total of 209 points against a total of 145 for their opponents.

Capt. "Nick" Cupery led the scorers but was hard pressed by "Willie" Ensfield. The others who played consistently, and were responsible for their team's victory, are Bert Bossenbrook, Russell and Harold Klassen, Albert Faasen, and Peter Cupery.

The final standings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fraternity</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Emersonians</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cosmopolitans</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Addisons</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
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<td>Fraternals</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Independents</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE frosh basketball season this year, though not a rousing success, nevertheless served the purpose of increasing the probability of one of the best seasons Hope has ever had for next year. There are a number of freshmen that will cause a lot of trouble for each other as well as for any one else who will be out in the fall to see who best fits into the shoes of the two veteran guards, VanLente and Cook, whom we lose by graduation.

Of the four major encounters the Frosh dropped two. Early in the season Olivet, under the competent guidance of Milanki, took them over the bumps to the tune of 23 to 18 in a very close encounter. Their next game they snatched out of the hands of a fairly strong Albion quintet by the score of 20 to 16. The two games, however, about which the interest of both player and spectator center with the greatest excitement are the Calvin games. The first of the two was played in the armory in Holland and after a Herculean struggle in which the score vacillated to and fro in a most disturbing manner Hope was finally victorious by the score of 25 to 21. The game at Grand Rapids was much on the same order but this time Calvin emerged the victor — 26 to 21. In the minor games the frosh were able to come out on top in all except the game with the All Stars. This they dropped by a 25 to 18 score.
It is not to be supposed that the Hollanders neglected their native sports when they were working so hard to gain a livelihood from the primitive forests. For many generations one of the chief modes of transportation and of recreation for the Dutch was the glassy surface of the frozen canal over which they glided on their long skates with graceful strides. Their new home had many rivers, too, on which to skate. To this day ice carnivals are held in Holland, at which the older generation of Dutch always skate the more gracefully.
EVERETT BEKKEN was the man appointed to pilot the 1929 baseball team through its season of clout and catch. He was an outfielder of no mean ability and at the batting game which is so often a prerequisite to a fielding job he was no slouch. Bekken was not very heavy, as a matter of fact he was rather slight, but he took a swing that Hack Wilson would not be ashamed of. Naturally, whenever there was a solid connection between pellet and stick there were results that quite often proved disastrous to the opposing team.

About the campus Bekken was a quiet, unassuming and likeable boy, but a shock of red hair surmounting a rather handsome face made it quite difficult for him.

HAROLD (Brute) JAPINGA was a champion at heart, and although it is not customary to speak of champions in baseball we had in Brute an all-around player that as nearly reached that standard as any player we have had. He was small, quick and alert — an equally good catcher as infielder and the bane of the existence of the opposing pitchers. But though the pitchers found difficulty in throwing to a man of his stature let it not be supposed that Brute could not hit. He was never a slugger but if a ball presented itself fairly over the pan, it was unceremoniously knocked into some great open space and Brute would be camped safely on first.
HOPE began the 1930 season under the spell of the cloud of last year’s defeats. An infield, prone to make errors in '29, continued its discouraging work even though new blood was injected in the persons of Spoelstra and Nauta. Brink and Ver Strate failed to show the improvement that a season should produce. Of course, the team was handicapped by an exceptionally short season. Coach John Schouten had a lot of trouble arranging games because many of the M. I. A. A. schools had discontinued the sport. Alma, Kazoo, and Albion failed to produce, this alone cutting the schedule six games. Then another game at Mt. Pleasant was rained out. On a six-game schedule a team hardly gets under way. This fact answers somewhat for the fact that Hope won but two of its six games.

The opener, as have been all of Hope’s openers in late years, was played in Kazoo against the Normal organization. Flikkema, veteran outfielder, was slow in reporting to practice so Vander Werf and Mulder helped Poppink play the outfield. It was one of those games which are both good and very bad. Hope made 7 hits and 12 errors. Kazoo pounded Van Lente and Poppink for 12 hits and erred 4 times afiel. The final score was 12 to 1, Ver Strate crossing the plate in the fourth for Hope’s only score.

After two weeks of intensive practice, Hope went to Hillsdale on April 25 and showed very little improvement. Brink, Nauta, and Ver Strate continued their loose play while Nast of Hillsdale went great guns allowing Hope just four hits and no runs.
Flikkema was back in the game but was impotent at bat. Poppink went the entire route for Hope and was pounded rather hard at times. Hillsdale made but 8 hits but all of them were bunched and advantage taken of the numerous errors. Hope showed in this game, which ended in a 9 to 0 shutout, that it needed some hitting very badly. Nast mixed a side arm throw with his speed balls and made Hope batters look very weak. Besides lack of base hits the infield inaccuracy hurt any chances of victory.

On May 9 Hope tackled a team which was in its class. The Galewood Merchants came into town and departed the losers of a very well played ball game. The Merchants began rather auspiciously when Stace, the lead-off man banged a long drive into center field for a homerun. Van Lente at once settled down, however, and it was the last run they obtained. Hope did not wait long to assert its superiority. Jappinga and Brink got hits and Ver Strate drove them home with a double to right. Hope picked up a run apiece in the third, fifth and seventh innings, making the final score 5 to 1. Van Lente kept seven Grand Rapids hits well scattered while seven Hope hits were bunched effectively.

The Galewood game proved good practice for the Michigan State game which was played at East Lansing on May 13. Hope played wonderful ball at times and then again was very mediocre. At least they gave State a scare when Ver Strate poled out a triple to score two runs in the first. Hope led only an inning and a half however, as State tied it at 2 all in the second. Then in the third three hits coupled with two walks and two errors scored five runs. Hope was beaten from that point on although they did pick up
three more runs to make the final score 13 to 5. Hope showed some hitting strength in this battle.

Jappinga, Ver Strate, Nauta, and Brink erred extensively in a game played at Holland on May 24 against Hillsdale. Van Lente and Poppink were hit rather freely but the errors were the chief cause of the defeat. Odell, Hillsdale mound ace, breezed along easily, allowing only seven hits.

Coach Schouten gave his men a fight talk just before they departed for St. Marys at Orchard Lake on Memorial Day. This talk and an infield change turned a disgruntled team into a glorious winner. Spoelstra was placed at third base and Nauta was placed in left field where, incidentally, he made five nice catches of fly balls. Poppink, versatile mound star, played the initial sack. St. Marys scored a run in the first inning on two hits before a man was out. Then Van Lente settled down and allowed just one hit the remainder of the game. Hope picked up a run in the sixth to tie the score. The game then went on without the semblance of a run by either team. Spoelstra and Ver Strate handled 15 chances and each had but one error. Neither of them were costly. Brink and Poppink guarded their side of the infield with equal skill. The regulation nine innings were played and the score was still knotted, 1 to 1. Then in the first of the tenth after Juist had fanned, Jappinga, Spoelstra, Brink, Ver Strate, and Van Lente hit in succession, scoring four runs. Hope held St. Marys easily in the last half of the tenth and the final was Hope 5, St. Marys 1. It was the last game for Capt. Jappinga, Van Lente, Brink,
and Nauta, and each one of them ended their baseball career by playing a great game.

This glorious victory, ending the season, should give Hope the impetus needed for next year's battles. Coach Schouten will have all but four of his regulars back and these will be strengthened by a promising crop of Freshmen. They include Louie Jappinga, Norlan, Slyter, Meengs, and Gryzen. Present plans call for a heavy schedule of about a dozen games for next year and Hope should win a great many of them.

This record of batting averages emphasizes the lack of a definite batting punch in this year's team.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>At Bat</th>
<th>Hits</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
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<td>26</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>.309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VAN LENTE</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>.261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POPPINK</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>.261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JAPPINGA</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRINK</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAUTA</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPOELSTRA</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MULDER</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.200</td>
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<tr>
<td>DALMAN</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.091</td>
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<tr>
<td>VAN HAITSMAN</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.058</td>
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<tr>
<td>FLIKKEMA</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>.000</td>
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<tr>
<td>VAN DER WERF</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JUIST</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAXON</td>
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<td>.000</td>
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</table>
Even as the individual settlers wrestled with the soul-trying problems of frontier life, so did the community as a whole wrestle with a great burden in October, 1871, when more than half of the then well built town was burned in a disastrous fire. The people were temporarily stunned by their loss. But before many days elapsed, still under the courageous leadership of Van Raalte, the people began at once to rebuild. Thus was established the wholesome city of Holland.
Marvin "Marve" Meengs
Four Years, Captain 1930

MARVIN MEENGS, captain of the green and not too brilliant 1930 track squad, was one of the most popular and talented followers of the cinder path ever to appear in Hope shorts. Marv's event was the high hurdles although he also highjumped and ran the low hurdles and relay. For the last two years he was by far the best high hurdler in M.I.A.A. competition, and it was a pleasure to see him sweep over the bars with the sure ease of an expert.

Meengs was an excellent choice for captain as he is a natural leader. All through college he has been active in class, Y. M. C. A., athletic and fraternity affairs, and his sound judgment coupled with ability to accomplish give him a delightful personality. He expects to enter medicine and we have every reason to be assured of his success.

Walter "Wally" De Velder
Four Years, Captain 1929

CAPTAIN DE VELDER of the 1929 track squad was a fitting leader for one of the best track teams in the history of the school. Hope won all her dual meets that year, and when she took seven men to Albion for Field Day, came back with second place by reason of 41 points, Albion gaining 52 points with a team of eighteen men. Hope's success was in part due to the ability of De Velder in keeping his men in the right spirit and training.

As an all-around athlete "Wally" is rarely excelled. He ran the 440 and the relay, and entered in the discus, shotput, and javelin as well as being a forward on the basketball team and a halfback on the football squad. He came to college with very little athletic experience but Coach Schouten by hard work groomed him to be a brilliant performer.
Hanging comfortably among numerous cups in Hope's trophy case is the first M. I. A. A. championship banner ever to be snatched off by Hope athletes. It represents a lot of hard work and conscientious training by its captors and it stands as a memorial to the greatest group of quarter milers ever to attend Hope. The lead-off man was Don Martin, a timber topper of no mean ability but, as it proved, an equally accomplished young man at the 440-yard dash. Ray De Young at post No. 2 ran only the relay, but, though he did not have a world of speed, he had staying power that made him the envy of many another aspirant to the relay team. Wally De Velder, track captain and able all-around performer, had the unusual qualifications of speed and endurance with a truck-horse build. He was very capable of looking after the third lap. Len Willet ran wind-up man. He was just a bunch of wire and bones with a little meat stuck on for ballast, and the man that could get ahead and stay ahead of him was some man.

Hope was rather fortunate in drawing the pole for the race. Martin, against stiff competition, held second to De Young. De Young edged up on his man and a very nice pass of baton enabled Wally De Velder to scoot out ahead. Willet held tenaciously on to the advantage that Wally gave him and the championship was Hope's. Much rejoicing!
1929 Track Season

Considering the number of men that turned out for the 1929 Hope track team, the record made is quite remarkable. In their dual meets with Kazoo, Mount Pleasant, and Olivet, they were defeated only by Mount Pleasant, and then by the very close score of 57 to 56. Had Martin been in condition to run the hurdles with Meengs the story would undoubtedly have been different. The other two meets Hope won by the scores of 67 to 60 and 63 to 45, respectively. A team of four men was sent to Lansing for the state meet. Scudder took a second in the broad jump and De Velder qualified for the finals in both the javelin and 440-yd. run. The relay team ran against some rather fast competition, as might be expected; and due in part to this fact and also to De Young’s inability to take his regular place on the quartet, they failed to place.

The culmination of the season came with the M.I.A.A. meet at Albion. Coach J. Schouten went down with eight stalwart young men and a lot of confidence and came back with a second place in the meet firmly tucked under his belt and a relay championship banner to display to the curious and admiring public. These seven men did the unprecedented feat of piling up a total score of 41 points, only 11 5/6 points behind an Albion aggregation of 23 men and 9 1/6 points ahead of the much-heralded Kalamazoo team. The success of the team lay in the versatility of some of the members. Captain S. De Velder ran the 440, 220, hurled the javelin and discus, and put the shot, besides being the main cog in the relay team. Meengs took care of both hurdle events. Martin ran the hurdles and acted as leadoff man in the relay. Willet ran the 100, 220, 440, and could be depended on to gain a lot of ground in the relay. Scudder usually accounted for places in the broad jump, discus, javelin, and shot put. Laug undertook to see that no one else won the high jump. Dunewald pegged around on the distances and De Young ran the 440 and relay. With this aggregation Hope could be counted on to make a good showing in all her meets — and she did.
CRIPPLED by the loss of six of the eight men to win recognition at Albion last year, the Hope team was necessarily composed of inexperienced men for the most part. The two men to return were Meengs and Scudder, and it was around this nucleus that the new team was built. But as is generally the case a green team is a weak team, and Hope's success was not nearly as sparkling as it had been in the previous season.

In a triangular meet at Kalamazoo with Kazoo, Olivet and Hope represented, the schools finished in the order named with the respective scores of 58, 48 and 29. Meengs crashed through with wins in both hurdles, Wyngarden grabbed off a first in the shot put, Scudder won the discus and placed second in the shot, and Van Late tied for second in the pole vault. This was the extent of Hope's scoring, but the men in the running events should not feel discouraged because success only comes with an abundance of practice and experience.

At the M.I.A.A. meet Meengs was the only one to come through as was expected of him. He won the high hurdles in easy fashion and placed third in the low hurdles to make him high point man among the Hope thinclads. Scudder fell to a third place in the broad jump which on the basis of past records should easily have been his, failed to defend his discus championship of the previous year by placing second to a throw of 121 ft., and though he qualified for both the javelin and the shot put, was unsuccessful in trying to place in either. Wyngarden, the powerful new recruit to the track team, by practicing too conscientiously with the shot put for weeks before the final meet, fell into a stale slump from which he had not yet emerged, and his throw lacked three feet of his standard; nevertheless, he placed fourth and garnered one point for Hope, bringing the grand total to 13 points, which qualified us for last place.
AS AN M.I.A.A. sport, tennis, more than any other, is on the increase. A coach at one of our sister colleges expressed this opinion: "I think tennis will, within the next couple of years, take the place of baseball as a major sport. The student body will be as anxious to watch a tennis match as it now is to watch a football or a baseball game."

The 1929 tennis team, laboring under the difficulty of no home courts, gained a reputation like that of Notre Dame's famous traveling football teams. Led by two lettermen, C. Klaasen and L. Vander Poel, the team visited our neighboring colleges and showed real skill and power. The first match with Kalamazoo College was lost 5-2 in a gruelling exhibition of the net game. Vander Poel was the only Hope winner in the singles and, paired with Klaasen, also won the doubles.

The next week at Olivet Hope again lost 6-1, being able to win only one doubles. The Olivet coach remarked after the playing that Hope furnished the stiffest opposition that they had met so far. The Central State Normal of Mount Pleasant furnished the next opposition and won 4-3. Klaasen and C. Van Leeuwen each won singles, and Kruizenga and Arendshorst won their doubles. In the last scheduled game Hope defeated Hillsdale 4-1. On account of rain the doubles were not played. Hope's season was really quite successful considering the tribulations and trials that our representatives had to go through in order to keep in practice.
1930 Tennis

Tennis, because of its nature, is probably the cleanest of all active physical sports. White clothing may be worn in participation without serious consequences. Students of both sexes can engage promiscuously without fear of unfavorable comment. Seriously, tennis is a sport that yields unlimited exercise and fun. Hope has courts of her own now, and they are in constant use from the break of day until the fall of eventide.

This spring our varsity tennis players could not only practice in "their own back yard," but also could invite neighboring players over to indulge in a bit of interscholastic competition. The men on this year's team were largely new to tournament play, but after a bad start they became formidable racquet wielders. Kalamazoo College came here to apply a 5-2 defeat in the first appearance of the season. Van Leeuwen and Klaasen won their matches while Captain Arendshorst forced his opponent to the limit. The next week brought the championship Olivet team, who copied the tactics of Kazoo, and went away with a 6-1 win.

In the return match with Olivet, Hope again tasted the bitter hemlock with the ratio of 5-2. Verhey, a newcomer to the squad, easily won his sets. Our netmen presented the first win of the season to their school when they defeated Calvin here 4-3. The other contests with Alma, Hillsdale, and Albion were closely contested and made Hope more than ever a "tennis-minded" school.
In the short space of two years this ever increasing body of white men had spread themselves over a territory covering a radius of twenty miles, all of which had been the hunting ground of the small band of Ottawa Indians having a village on Black Lake. Relations between the two races were friendly, and the whites learned from the Ottawas, among other things, how to make maple sugar. However, the Indians became uncomfortable under the pressure of increasing settlement. In 1849 they sold their lands, took the bodies of their dead, and left Black Lake for the wilder region of Traverse Bay, in the northern part of the southern peninsula of Michigan. The Reverend Smith, who was a missionary among the Indians, followed them to continue to minister to their spiritual needs.
The Good Shepherd
and Madonna
When Reverend Philip Phelps, Jr., came in 1859 to the academy which later became Hope College, he found thirty-three students, some of whom could do little else than read and write, while four were ready for the Freshman Class. There were hardly two who could be taught at the same time by the professors. In 1862 the first class entered college work. By 1866 the college with four regular classes was complete. Many young folks traveled great distances to school in the family buggy.
Sorosis

SOROSIS, the first girls' society on Hope's Campus, was founded in 1905 by some of the college's fair co-eds for the purpose of literary development and social education. Since then this society has been growing, both in numbers and in the development of character in the girls. The first president was Elizabeth Grootenmat. Professor Huisenk-veld composed the music of the society song, and Irene Van Zanten and Esther Mulder wrote the words.

On April 26, 1912, Sorosis entertained Delphi and a friendly spirit of rivalry has been carried on since then. For many years Sorosis had had joint meetings with the Fraternals. The biggest event of the year for Sorosis is their Spring Banquet.

The present members of the society are proud of their loyal alumnae. There is an Alumnae Association which entertains the girls every year to show them how much Sorosis meant and still means to "grads." Two years ago the active chapter started to earn money for a Sorority House fund, a move ablly backed by many of its former members. The project was postponed by the faculty, but the girls are still working hard to earn money and some day their dream of a real society home may come true. At the Homecoming celebration last fall Sigma Sigma had more alumnae present than any society on the campus.

This year the girls worked hard and earned enough money to fix up their room with drapes and furniture. With the lamps, the gift of the Freshman members, the room now looks like a real living room to which the girls can come and study.

Sorosis has an honor code, which was voted on this year, by which the girls must attain certain marks to remain in the society. The girls are taken in as pledges until February, when their marks are examined.

The present chapter entertained its mothers and Alumnae on May 13, during "Tulip Week." Many girls represented Sorosis in the Glee Club, Senior Play, the Oratorical contest, and in positions on the Milestone Staff. Its basketball team made a good showing in the inter-society games, and she also had baseball and tennis teams.

As regards the outstanding social affairs which the Sorosite girls enjoyed during the 1929-30 season, there was the Alumnae Tea and Reception held at the Holland Country Club during the month of June, and the society's year-end banquet held aboard the South American, off the local piers. The former affair, sponsored annually by the active and interested group of Sorosite alumnae, underwent a marked improvement and change this year by reason of the fact that not only senior girls were invited, but the entire society was urged to attend. Needless to say, the "girls were there." As for the "bust" aboard the Steamship South American — little can be said that does not smack of outright praise for the work of Miss Marian Anderson and her committee. The very fact that they secured the use of the craft determined the immediate success of the affair. It has been many a moon since so cleverly planned a party was staged for the edification of Hope students. The entire personnel of the boat's crew made it their business that evening to please the guests of the Sorosites, as did the girls themselves. Many a male stepped giddily ashore with the termination of the event, inspired entirely and solely by the pure delight of the occasion. So ended another successful Sorosite season, on and off the campus.

Sorosis girls are upholding the Sorosite ideals of "love and honor," in college and through life.

OFFICERS

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Term</th>
<th>Second Term</th>
<th>Third Term</th>
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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>Lois De Wolf</td>
<td>Roxie Haldane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Wilhelmina Walvoord</td>
<td>Ruth Daane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Marion Katte</td>
<td>Marian Anderson</td>
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<td>Geneva Vanden Brink</td>
<td>Betty Smith</td>
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<td>M. Ten Cate</td>
<td>W. Walvoord</td>
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<td>B. Schouten</td>
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<td>L. Keppel</td>
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<td>E. Winter</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. Huizinga</td>
<td>H. Pellegrom</td>
<td>E. Winter</td>
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The value of a college organization lies not only in the fact that it may have inspired men to heights in times long gone by. It depends rather on whether or not it inspires us, its active members, to do our utmost in the work of life.

The year 1863 was one of great importance for the Fraternal Society, for it was at this time that it was transferred to Hope College by the actions of Hope's first president, Dr. Philip Phelps. This occurred after the society had spent 29 years of organized life on the campus of Union College of Schenectady, New York. Fraternal thus becomes the oldest organization of its kind on this continent.

Fraternal members are particularly proud of the fact that their group has been an organized body longer than has any other men's college society in America. They have long held claim to this distinction, and it has never been challenged. This is proven by the fact that Fraternal was founded in 1834, and has remained a unit until the present date.

That our Society has performed a useful work is shown by the high calibre of men who have graduated from it. Mr. G. J. Diekema, Dr. J. Kuizinga and Dr. S. Zwemer being among our most noted alumni. Their positions are known to all.

"The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground." We do not want to speak of those who have graduated from active membership in Fraternal. We do want to keep them before us as examples; as inspirations to force us upward on the ladder of success. It may not be possible for all of us to achieve the success of a Kuizinga, or a Zwemer, but we all can climb the ladder to real manhood, and "manhood, not scholarship, is the first aim of Education."

Fraternal has a sacred meaning to the Fraters, a meaning which neither time nor space can sever, for Friendship, Love and Truth are inspired by it. Fraternal upholds the standards of Hope in the knowledge that the way of Hope is a right way.

When thoughts of Fraternal enter our minds they strike a major chord in our hearts which leads us to sing:

"Old Time, thou shalt ne'er dissever
Frater's heart from loyal Frater's heart.
Dreary seas may roll between,
Yet shall love endure, I ween,
'Till Old Time himself shall depart."

"Heart and voice all unite in the chorus boys,
'Till our walls with melody resound,
Though old times go slipping by
Love and Friendship never die,
When born of Fraternal joys."

Our years here have indeed meant much to us.

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<td>President</td>
<td>A. Cook</td>
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Delphi

DELPHI is feeling handsome and gay in a newly decorated room. Not that we're "Scotch," but it was thoughtful of our alumnae to so graciously wish us in more fitting surroundings; and now more than ever we hold, "Once a Delphi, always a Delphi!" "But why all this beauty if we don't use it to more advantage!" exclaimed one of our Juniors. "Simple enough," said the Senior, "Let's establish this custom, every two weeks a 'Delphi Tea'." This being done, for tea is never amiss with the ladies; we have enjoyed many a social tea-time with our guests and friends. This custom was established, not so much for the sake of a cup of tea, as for more sociability, and a closer contact of all Delphi members. However, it has been observed that some of our Freshmen have taken advantage of this opportunity, and are looking decidedly better.

Not so many Friday nights ago, Delphi was enjoying a Beethoven Sonnata, when suddenly there was a rap at the door, and a friend informed us that our piano was entirely out of tune. Not being able to bear the thought of disturbing the general peace of Vorhees Hall any longer, it was decided to buy a new piano, and it seems that the friend whispered a piece of good advice in our ears, for no complaints have since been heard.

Delphi has been active this year in taking part in the Inter-Sorority Basket Ball, Base Ball, and Tennis tournaments. It must be admitted that all our rivals were just too much for the Delphi team when it came to making baskets; and therefore, before another basket ball tournament, our team has decided to visit the optician, and then not miss the mark. But again, we pride ourselves in knowing that our rivals have had to fight more in order to make a showing when it comes to baseball and tennis.

But a true Delphian seeks for something higher than the mere pursuit of pleasure; for as the Greeks consulted their oracle many centuries ago, in pursuit of wisdom, so do the Delphi sisters gather today, to receive their inspiration from mutual contact and friendly gatherings; inculcating sobriety, knowledge, good-cheer and a positive usefulness to humanity, thereby, producing a high standard for living.

May the Delphi oracle live long after we have passed its portals, and may future generations draw from it their source of wisdom, truth, service, and loyalty!

"Happiest hours of college life,
We have spent together;
Friendship joined in Delphi's name
Time can never sever.
In honor, faith, and fellowship
Our hearts are firmly bound
And love glows like the stars of dawn
Where Delphi friends are found."

Repetition of this song has an added meaning when we recall our college song:

Alma Mater, loyal, true
We would ever be to you,
When we're old our song will still be
H-O-P-E!

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<td>Joan Vander Werf</td>
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<td>Verna Brower</td>
<td>Mable Eisenburg</td>
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<td>Ernestine Klerekoper</td>
<td>Doris Brower</td>
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Cosmopolitan

Whether Polonius was a fool, or whether he was one of the sages of his century, we know not; but we must admire his advice to his son Laertes, when the latter left for France:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel . . . ."

And with no less respect do we quote the words of Howard Walters:

"I ivould be friend of all — the foe, the friendless . . . ."

Although there seems to be an antithesis between the two statements, after a bit of reflection they will be found to overlap; the first referring to the inner circle, the second to not only the inner, but to the outer circle also.

Cosmos believes that an inner circle is essential to the life of the individual, but she does not exclude the outer circle. Cosmos realizes the necessity of learning the reactions of a man’s bosom friends to his thoughts and actions, but she does not forget the importance of the reactions of others — the foe, the friendless. Cosmos knows of the real thrill and sympathy that flows through a man-to-man hand-shake — and therefore she holds out a glad and welcome hand to the outer circle.

Cosmos believes in the inner circle — that in this circle there is gained added zest to permeate the outer sphere with the ideas and ideals of Friendship, Truth, and Progress.

College life could never be complete without the type of close society life such as has marked our college days. Especially with our recent transfer to our new house, for one’s ‘‘rough edges’’ are worn thin by the molding contacts with one’s fellows day after day. We of Cosmos owe a great debt to our present leaders and our Alumni who have made our home a possibility.

The "Milestone" Staff this year has dedicated this book to the Alumni of Hope. Cosmos dedicates her part in it to her Alumni. You have given Cosmos "a long and glorious history," and in you we have an "ancestry filled with lofty and imperishable examples."

Cosmos of today appreciates the tradition and prestige which you have made for her. To follow that tradition we shall try, for it is worthy; and to uphold that prestige we make our duty — we may not fail.

"No ocean can this bond dissever, Nor age destroy that sacred tie; Though we travel far away, Though our hair be turning gray, We will give her our love till we die!"

OFFICERS

President S. Verhey H. Kruizenga L. Hogenboom
Vice-President M. Kuizenga H. Scholten N. Burggraaff
Secretary R. McGilvra G. Huenink R. Voskuil
Treasurer M. Oosting L. Vander Werf H. Kruizenga
House Treasurer

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OUT of the dim recesses of the past comes to us the fragmentary history of a group of maidens who dwelled in cool grottoes beside clear springs of water on the coast of sunny Italy. The most ancient and famous of these Sibyls, our patroness, was the Sibyl who abode in Neapolis, in the cave of Cumae. Here it was that she prophesied, and here the beautiful young god Apollo sought her love. In Virgil’s Aeneid she relates how she received from him infinite years of life, but forgetting to ask for enduring youth, only her voice remains.

Within her cave, where many came to her for prophetic wisdom, she guarded her records of leaves, for on each leaf was inscribed the record of an individual life. The sayings, prophecies, and songs of these maidens were collected in the Sibylline books, of which three remained to the Romans who kept them secret in the Temple of Jupiter. Thus reads the ancient history of Sibylline. Its modern chapter opens with the revival of the Sibyl voice upon Hope’s campus in the fall of 1919. Thirty girls organized a new society with Helen Mosier as president. Before the cave of Cumae rolled the deep blue sea, crested with silvery ripples, sun-dappled and moon-frosted, and from this beautiful picture were selected the Sibylline colors — royal blue and chaste silver. The Greek “S” was chosen as the sigma, and this, with a leaf representing one of the Sibyl leaves, made up the pins of the society. A constitution, pledge, and formal initiation rites were established. Great flexibility in regard to informal initiation ceremonies, however, has always been allowed, much to the discomfort of new members.

Plans were immediately made for furnishing the room in the colors chosen. A piano presented by the father of one of the girls of the society came as a welcome item in the new room. New articles of furniture have been added from time to time, of which probably the smallest, but by no means the most insignificant, was a Chinese gong presented by two of the members which serves as an effective instrument in subduing surplus “ginger.” Frequent sandwich and candy sales have rendered valuable additions to a receptive treasury.

Our choristers, Margaret Steketee and Nella DeHaan, have contributed their share in swelling the volume of vocal expression along musical lines, while the sergeant-at-arms, Evelyn Steketee, has zealously maintained her office as collector of fines from those who indulge in conversational excesses.

Keeping in mind the words of wisdom uttered by the Sibyls of old, the modern Sibyls have thus been guided along collegiate paths of scholarship as well as along society paths of literary and social activities. The harmonious relationships within the society extend also to its alumnae, who are our frequent and welcome visitors and with whom we enjoy the annual Alumnae Tea.

The charter members of Sibylline initiated the practice of electing officers twice a year, and this system has been maintained.

After reading over such a listing of memorable events as is chronicled above, one becomes convinced of the numerous total of things one can accomplish in one school year. During the moment of their occurrence they seem dwarfed by reason of their proximity. It is the polishing hand of passing time which endears them twice over to us, making them seem worthy accomplishments indeed.

OFFICERS

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Knickerbocker

With in the hearts of all college men is the desire to drink from the cup of companionship. The refreshing draughts awaken them to greater possibilities. After drinking from this cup they are men in search of nobler things in life, and no longer mere seekers after knowledge. By these companionships, the weak man is made strong and the strong even stronger. Dark clouds will always arise before us, but there is always the unspeakable joy which is found in the clasp of the uplifting hand, leading men onward, ever onward.

We, the members of the Knickerbocker Society, strive to fulfill the principles for moral, social, and intellectual growth. This cup of companionship is ours. As a group of friends, it has made of each member a true brother sharing joy and sorrow. It has aided and uplifted each man, always with the object in view of bringing into play the best potentialities he possessed, of making of him a real Christian and a real man of work.

It is in doing things together, in aspiring together, in finding in one another the joy of comradeship, that one experiences true happiness and satisfaction of spirit. The loyalty and teamwork which we enjoy in all our undertakings, has spurred us on to greater achievements. With every meeting a desire for greater knowledge and culture, for the best that life holds, deepens in our hearts.

One whose grip is a little tighter,
One whose smile is a little brighter,
One whose deeds are a little whiter,
That's what I call a friend.

One who'll lend as quick as he'll borrow,
One who's the same today as tomorrow,
One who will share your joy — and sorrow,
That's what I call a friend.

One whose thoughts are a little cleaner,
One whose mind is a little keener,
One who avoids those things that are meaner,
That's what I call a friend.

One when you're gone who'll miss you sadly,
One who'll welcome you back again gladly,
One who, though angered, will not speak madly,
That's what I call a friend.

One who's been fine when life seemed rotten,
One whose ideals you have not forgotten,
One who has given you more than he's gotten,
That's what I call a friend.

All for Hope and Hope for All.

1930 Officers

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<td>House President</td>
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Dorian

In 1921 an enthusiastic group of girls gathered to form the Dorian Society. After much “cussion and discussion,” a creed and constitution were drawn up. As a symbol, they chose the Doric column, symbolizing simplicity of manner, strength and truth of character. Since then, each succeeding group has learned to live up to these ideals.

This year when the Dorians came back to college they found a number of their members had left them — some because they had proudly earned their degree, others because they wished to attend a different college and one because the lure of matrimony was too strong to be resisted. These vacant chairs were not left vacant long for there was now a new class on the campus.

In November came Dorian’s turn to entertain these “Frosh,” so we all gathered with our guests at the “Woman’s Literary Club” to board a pirate ship. Captain Bimbo gave us a royal evening and proved most congenial in spite of his reputed evil character. Several weeks later, new members from this group of guests were elected and the society roll resumed its usual length.

Shortly came the time for the new girls to entertain their older sisters; and did they do it! We were much pleased with them all and spent a hilarious evening. At the close of the program, the girls presented the society with a cabinet Victrola. As a result many an arm has grown weary “cranking,” especially when one has to play the “favorite record” and each girl has a different favorite. Of course, none of the older members have been very troubled with the duty of cleaning — that is a freshman task.

In the winter, basketball season opened and for the first time, the athletic association sponsored inter-sorority basketball. Dorian elected Olivia Johnson, captain. She and her cohorts made a great impression — the black and blue impression was especially evident on some of them. But what are a few bumps and bruises — it’s all in the game. Soon they decided they needed uniforms and many an hour was spent frantically cutting, sewing and fitting, so that they might make their debut before the end of the season. Manager Kosegarten was very proud of her team, while Kay Ives, who was yell master, and trainer believed their success was due entirely to her tough “fight talks” between the halves. They were enough to rouse up the weakest soul. The trophy for the season was awarded the society at the “All College Banquet.”

With the arrival of the second semester elections, came a great surprise — Bernadine Siebers, a dignified senior, asked to be appointed janitor. This, you understand is an office much coveted (?) by freshmen; and the very idea of a senior applying for it, was appalling. Nevertheless she was unanimously appointed. We have reason to believe that there are many times she has regretted her generous offer.

On St. Patrick’s Day, the society looked greener than the greenest Frosh. St. Pat himself would have been astonished at the shades and shapes of green. Before the end of the evening, we knew all about Ireland we ever hope to know and some of our members were delighted to have their ancestral country so honored. The success of the program was completed with green ice cream and candy.

And now with the year coming to a close — we are still planning. Through all our fun in Society, we have been trying to gain knowledge as well as a good time; and to live up to the highest ideals of our College and Society.

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<td>President</td>
<td>Anna May Engelsman</td>
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<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Alice Brunson</td>
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<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Harriet Baron</td>
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<td>Treasurer</td>
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<td>Keeper of Archives</td>
<td>Henrietta Lamet</td>
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It was in the Fall of 1919, a little less than eleven years ago, that a group of students felt the necessity of a new society on the campus of Hope, as several worthy men were being excluded from the privileges of society life. They joined together, talked the matter over, and came to the decision that they would organize if the venture met with any sort of response. They secured for their meeting place a room in the "Oggle House" on the northeast corner of the campus. There Mr. Egbert Rozeboom was chosen as the first president. Then Ralph Waldo Emerson, the greatest of American philosophers, was chosen the Patron Saint of the society.

The record of Emersonian from then up to the present time is a record of progress—not progress that is gained easily, but progress that is gained by the constant earnest effort of its members. When everything seemed to be going against them they did not turn their backs, craven-like, but pulled themselves together and became more unified.

The society has had a glorious past, but the summit is still before it. Its ideals are "Truth, Honor, and Success."

Truth—which binds people together and with the binding unifies them. The weaknesses of one's society brothers are more evident than those of other men. It is essential that each man have for his society brother that quality of love which bears with the shortcomings and mistakes of his fellows. Honor is not something that can be sought and found. It comes to a man who works hard and puts forth honest effort in the things which he undertakes. Success—in order to get it we must believe in conquest—and the first conquest is the conquest of self.

Although our contact with our college and with our fellows has been the same as that of hundreds of other Hope College students, we who have enjoyed the privilege of living at the new house during this year are positive in our belief that fraternity life is just as vital to one's education as is that of the classroom. The ability to make friends has "made" more joy in the world than has that of making theories.

Just before the opening of the school-year 1929-30 the Emersonians decided to abandon their society hall and have a proper home. This brought more work and many more difficulties. Now that the school-year is over, the members have decided that it was a success; the largest step ever taken by the society. The sixteen who stayed in the house during the year also affirm that the contact with the members; the education one gets from his books and also outside of them has increased; and the friendships one has in it are like those sung about in a verse of the society song:

"And though bright college years, shortest,  
best of our days  
Shall fade with the ebbing sea's tide;  
Still shineth the light through our memories' haze  
Of our friendships that ever abide."

OFFICERS

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<td>President</td>
<td>L. Olgers</td>
<td>W. Herring</td>
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Alethea

ALETHEA was planted upon Hope's Campus not by the Senior Class on Arbor Day but by a group of enthusiastic Freshmen Co-eds in the fall of 1924. The seed was of the very best, and the soil was fertile and Alethea soon sprang up among her sister organizations not, however, without the difficulties which inevitably attend a new organization. But the enthusiasm of the charter members and their indefatigable efforts proved their convictions that Alethea would become a vital force upon Hope's Campus.

Shortly after the organization of Alethea, the society was given its own room which the girls furnished with a great deal of interest and pleasure.

Alethea has proved her worth and has long since found her rightful place in the hearts of Hope's girls.

Regular meetings with programs are held each week and special meetings are held on various occasions, testifying to the enthusiastic interest of the Alethean girls.

In short, Alethea is continuing to flourish on the fertile soil of Hope.

Just as every society has its ideals and its pledge, so has Alethea held honorably to the creed here given. Membership of a college society is doubly appealing, perhaps, by reason of the bits of ceremony involved in its rituals. The mind of youth, even though bordering upon maturity, finds initiation rites to be continually alluring. So when our pledge has been uttered for the first time by the new member, she solemnly affirms within herself that another of the steps in her life has been taken, for she is now a college girl with all the responsibilities which accompany that station.

It has often been said that each college has its distinct personality as an institution. We of Alethea have been appropriately sensitive of this during our contact with Hope's campus, set apart by its distinct air of refined spirituality. We have likewise been aware of a separate and unique personality within ourselves, which was to us our realization of our Aleethean ideals and hopes. Both the college and our society have thus blended to mold our humble clay into more useful adaptations.

Alethea signifies truth, symbolized by the lighted torch. Her ideals are presented in the creed:

"I believe in the Blue and the Rose, the symbol of truth and love.
I believe in sincerity of character and earnestness of purpose.
I believe in fostering good will and fellowship with all young people.
I believe in the joy of living.
I believe in upholding faith and honor.
I believe in service and furthering a worthy cause.
I believe in strength to meet defeat.
I believe in playing life's game squarely and cheerfully.
Therefore, I believe in Alethea."

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<td>President</td>
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<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Ryna De Jonge</td>
<td>Sarah Fox</td>
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<td>Treasurer</td>
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Addison

In the "Oggel House," an historic old mansion situated in the heart of the "Sunken Gardens" — gardens where in the summer the grass is longest and greenest, the crickets the most chirpy, the squirrels the best-natured, and where, in the winter, the snow is piled in the deepest drifts — this is where the Addison Literary Society holds its weekly meetings.

Ours is not an old society — no more than a youngster. But a youngster that's lively, growing, mischievous, and pink-cheeked. Seven years ago it was that the Addison Society had its birth. Early in April, in the year 1923, some college men belonging to the Ulfilas Club, having decided that another literary group would be of value to the college, organized the society. It was fortunate that neither of the names first chosen for the new organization, the "Metropolitans" or the "Platonists," was made a permanent attachment. The former would have been too broad for the "Sunken Gardens;" the latter a bit too weighty for the "Oggel House." To be sure, to the illiterate the name "Addison" may sound a trifle "rustic;" but to those who are acquainted with the "men of letters," what more suitable name for a literary society could have been chosen?

We are proud of the family tree of Addison. Branched out it is with individuals decidedly capable of branching out — if they so chose — in many directions.

The society's seven years of social and literary activities, especially those of the last college year, have been busy years. Under the capable leadership Addison has not only played and romped gleefully at social occasions, and held the front ranks of the Inter-Fraternity Basket Ball League — but has also worked purposefully, diligently, striving always to live up to the motto of "Fidelity, Culture, and Leadership."

The society is steadily growing, developing. It shall continue to do so as the years go by, for in the literary and social life of the college, "the Purple and the White" is meeting a real need and is ever supporting, staunch and whole-heartedly, the "Orange and the Blue."

While our fraternity has not as yet blossomed out with a house of its own, still we feel that such a condition has its advantages. It has long been the contention of other fraternity groups that those societies meeting only once a week are in a position to enjoy much more fellowship and appreciation of membership in that particular society than are the groups which meet oftener. Those having homes of their own are subject to the testing trial of frequent meetings between the members. In fact, the members live together like "brothers," meanwhile undergoing all the petty troubles of such a relationship. It is truly a great test of any fraternity's soul to have its career thus altered to meet new needs. Those who weather the test are the better for it. Those that fail in this are but comparable to shams that have been unmasked, for while they pretended to radiate good fellowship and genial goodwill, they were in reality mere pretenders, for the echoing voice of merriment and content merely hide a hollow heart.

We of Addison are strong in our belief that our group has a unity which will forever remain unbroken. Like our great college, we trust in a Power which promises us ever renewing sources of strength. Thus do we look to the future.

OFFICERS

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<td>S. Heersma</td>
<td>H. Bast</td>
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Student Societies at Hope Are Unique

STUDENT social life at Hope College has taken a unique trend, both in impromptu, more personal paths, and in the organized group activities. This comes as a result of the school’s most firm standards, which have shaped and guided the development of her social tradition. Originally established by Dr. Albertus Van Raalte and his followers, the school has inherited a social outlook similar to that which marks the surrounding community. Its cast is of a conservative, apparently somber nature, demanding that the studentry conduct themselves along lines of conduct which have been tested by social classes for many centuries. It is an admitted and not a little boasted fact that Hope College students are of a moral level not often found in this day and age among the hectic “younger generation.” Whether this is a result of their contact with the school, or whether it is a direct result of their home training previous to their college days, is a mooted question. But the fact remains undeniable that social activities upon the campus of this college possess an aspect which is as uncommon as is the integrity of her studentry. What connection there may be between these two distinctive characteristics we leave for discerning minds to discover.

As one instance of this social situation, let us consider the student societies upon the campus, which are herein pictured and discussed. Contrary to the custom of innumerable other colleges, Hope’s student societies are not “fraternities” and “sororities” in the incorporated sense of the word. They are not a part of a national organization which lists them as such-and-such a “chapter.” They are, rather, distinct bodies in themselves, born of common consent of the groups which tenderly sponsored their first days of existence. Known to their friends and rivals by such literary names as their sponsors selected for them, these societies meet weekly for programs of a musical and literary nature, the numbers given being created by the students themselves in the case of the literary papers. Thus, their original reason and excuse for existence remains paramount before them: to-wit, literary and cultural advancement of their members. Theirs is not a mere straw of social sham which draws new members into the fold under the guise of social glamour. Each new-comer finds himself indelibly impressed by the earnest friendliness which bids him to consider the immediate value to him of his presence at an institution of higher learning. The irritating infection which has struck post-war America, known as “collegiate youth,” does not enter into their scheme of things. Upon this point the traditions of the school shelter the development of the student’s social habits. He learns to consider affairs from a new and advanced perspective. And, fortunate for him, this perspective embodies certain primarily vital moral laws. These rapidly become a part of him during his months of student life here, and soon enough he is a “Hope Man.”

The reason for taking the instance of Hope’s student society groups as a point of discussion is that in this medium the personalities and habits of the students assume the status in which they are most likely to appear after graduation from the institution. It is this post-graduation, this “alumni” stage, which makes or breaks a school. What college can convince the world that its standards are sincere, that its campus is clean, if the alumni of that college do not plainly reflect the most desirable of personal and public traits? Are not the products of the flour mill taken as an indication of the worth of its operator’s skill? Are not products of industries bought and sold upon the market with entire confidence if they bear the stamp of a firm which is everywhere known to be reliable and trustworthy? The truth of this is plain. While the character of a school’s alumni is not bought or sold on the market, still its worth directly affects the future of the school.

At this particular time the future of the “small college” is usually uncertain. Powerful tendencies are at work in the nation, subtly affecting the public’s consideration of educational institutions. Hope College needs the staunch support of her alumni if she is to triumphantly weather the storm.
"For furniture there were many make-shifts. Upon arrival the emigrants used their boxes for chairs and tables. Often the bare ground was their bed. Furniture was later made in nearby cities, or was made by hand by skilled workmen in the settlements. Artificial light was mostly supplied by candles, but many settlers had the Old World open lamps in which wicks floating in any kind of oil available gave an uncertain light. It was after the Civil War days that coal oil lamps were first used."
The first Senior Girls' Association was organized eight years ago at the annual tea for Senior Girls given by Dean W. Durfee. Since that time the Senior Girls have banded together each year for social contact.

The majority of our number have been on our campus for four years, but it was not until our S. G. A. was organized last fall that we met as a group to have a "jolly time." The meetings, which we have looked forward to each month, have been quite informal and filled with laughter and great merriment. We have enjoyed working on the committees, in preparation for our suppers and programs, and meeting at the homes of the different girls. We have allowed nothing to spoil our meetings. When the ice cream failed to appear at the April meeting we just gave the girls a second helping. By the time that was eaten the tardy dessert arrived.

This year we are planning, as was formerly the custom, to entertain the Junior Girls. We hope we can tell them how much we have enjoyed S. G. A. and teach them how to plan a successful organization for next year.

Now as we are about to write "finis" to our days at Hope College, we are wondering how much truth there is in the prophecy given at the May meeting. If it is true, we are certainly destined to be unusually successful.

It is general knowledge that Hope's campus is not noted for its social events for its young people. It is the hope of the senior organizations to bring about a cure for this sorely felt need. While certain standards must be adhered to if the quality of Hope's reputation is to be maintained, yet the situation has some solution which is now being sought by the senior clubs. The molding qualities of social contact need cultivation here as well as elsewhere.
The Hope Kurfew Klub

When that worthy and austere group, the Senior men, banded together last Fall for the purpose of organizing, a desire was evidenced from all quarters to have the group put on a program that was entirely social in character; but, alas, scarcely had the officers been elected when it was found that a number of long-eared individuals had somehow survived the rigours of matriculation, and were proving themselves extremely detrimental to a salutary and proper condition of a tenderfoot, so it was found necessary, contrary to the preferred policy of the organization, to engage in the distasteful process of impressing the "minds" of the vermiculi with the necessity of due regard to their position in society. Thus, with the cheerful magnanimity which is characteristic of Hope Seniors, the club wielded its influence in this direction, and a deep impression was made. Imagine a circle of Seniors, with faces serious and intent, blatant tones of a saxophone emanating from the radio at the front of the room, a red light (not from the chapel) flashing intermittently in the hazy atmosphere to create the proper psychological background for an occasion of such solemn import; thus was the stage set for the admission of the first culprit.

At these meetings some extraordinary talent in many lines was brought to light for the first time, and we can but feel that the performers will look back with gratitude to this patient audience of their first outbreaks of incipient genius. Many a person does not know of what he is capable until the exigency arises.

If it were not for the natural modesty concomitant to our state of Seniorhood, we would point with pride to the fitness and uniqueness of the items of uniform dress adopted by the group, and the fine unity of effort brought about by the co-operation of the members. Held back, however, by this natural reticence, we can but casually mention these items. We are all hopeful that the H.K.K., may continue in the future.
Scholarships at Hope

Perhaps the feature advertisement for Hope College at this time is the highly favored position that it enjoys with the best universities and graduate schools of the country for its scholastic standards. Few schools of our size have as many of their graduates rewarded with continuation scholarships as ours. Our Science Department has won nation-wide recognition for the fine places and opportunities that fall to its graduates. This year has again witnessed an increase in the number of scholarships granted as well as in the number of schools awarding them.

The annual Regents' scholarship, awarded by the University of Michigan, is an enviable prize. Herman Kruizenga of the Seniors has this year been elected by the Regents to receive it. The scholarship is equal to $500 plus tuition charges for one year. Mr. Kruizenga has chosen the classical languages as his field of study.

Marvin Kuizenga has accepted the Baldwin Fellowship tendered him by the University of Cincinnati. He will study biological chemistry under noted leaders in that field. His study will center about hippuric acid. "Mary's" scientific enthusiasm coupled with his winning personality insure him success in his new efforts.

Jacob Tiegelaar is to study at Purdue University. He has received a graduate assistantship similar to the one given to Charles Rozema of the class of '29. This is a remunerative award to a school well known for its scientific attainments. Jacob Tiegelaar will study helium gas.

Henry Wolthorn will be this year's representative from Hope at Ohio State University. He will study some branch of organic chemistry.

Earle Langeland will study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This is one of the best schools of its type in the world. A certificate of admission to this school would in itself be an honor.

Arthur Van Arendonk will attend Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. He is planning to major in some form of organic chemistry.

The Department of History is constantly receiving wider recognition with the graduate schools, despite the keen competition in that field. This year Evelyn Steketee, through the influence of Prof. B. M. Raymond, head of the department, has been granted a scholarship to the University of Illinois. This award places at her disposal the sum of $300, besides the remission of all tuition charges. Evelyn Steketee has a fine record in her history work at Hope College, which augurs well for future honors. She is planning to specialize in the American History field.

Stanley Van Lare was offered a similar award for work in history by the Northwestern University, but he was unable to accept it. Arthur Oudemool was offered a science scholarship to Northwestern University. Gordon Van Ark, editor of the "Anchor" and literary editor of the "Milestone," was awarded one of the few Residential Scholarships offered by the Columbia University School of Journalism in New York City. This prize was offered due to his wide range of practical experience in the newspaper field. Several other awards were still pending at the time this publication went to press, many of which will undoubtedly materialize. Thus do Hope College people participate in the prizes of the land.

It has long been general knowledge that Hope College students are particularly fortunate in securing scholarships each year. This is only made possible by the dependability of her studentry, who, while attending the larger colleges, leave favorable reputations behind them which makes the coming of more Hopeites more desirable.
ALTHOUGH chemistry is merely the Cinderella in the house of education, it is becoming a general view that an educated man must know something of the science of chemistry. So great is becoming the importance of chemistry and so fast its growth, that the world cannot keep pace with its development. All human existence depends upon chemical law; now, as never before, the world is beginning to rely upon chemists to make the little atoms and their protons and electrons behave as they are wanted to behave.

The world has passed from a primitive stone age, through the age of bronze and iron. Now we are living in an age of steel, which is rapidly emerging into an age of chemistry and electricity. One can realize the growing importance of chemistry when he considers the fact that shingles, perfume, antiseptics, paint, dyes, explosives, motor fuels and countless other substances used in daily life, may be prepared by chemical processes from one ordinary lump of coal. Paper is being made from corn stalks, and edible soup from sawdust.

The members of Hope Chemistry Club have pledged themselves to the study of chemistry and meet every three weeks for the purpose of developing their knowledge of chemistry and to keep in step with the latest findings in their rapidly changing field.

OFFICERS

President .............................................Marvin Kuizenga
Vice-President ......................................Earle Langeland
Secretary .............................................John Mulder
Treasurer .............................................Willard Wichers

Chemistry Club
The Pre-medic Club

The Hope College Pre-medic Club was founded in 1924 by seventeen men especially interested in medicine and biology. The club was organized to promote good fellowship among all those students who were interested in science. The regular programs since that time have consisted of papers on some phase of medicine, after which informal discussion is held.

It has been the annual custom to make visits to the several hospitals in the vicinity and thus familiarize the members with phases of hospital work.

At different times during the club’s existence it has been the good fortune of the members to attend meetings of the Ottawa County Branch of the American Medical Association, and much praise is due to Dr. Patterson for his interest and his loyalty to the club during its early years.

Those members who were directly connected with the founding of the club were Dr. James Poppen, who is now interning at St. Luke’s Hospital in Chicago, and Dr. Thomas Wier, who is continuing research work in the field of Biology in Belgium.

The club’s motto has always been — 'Progress' Greatest Stride is Medicine.” Since the first meeting of the organization, its aim has been to present a true outlook on subsequent study and professional career of a doctor.

OFFICERS

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Marvin B. Meengs   Sidney J. Heersma
Marvin G. Shoemaker Harold J. Dykhuizen
Melvin H. Oosting   Earl E. Mosier
Science Club

By reason of the fact that it was organized November second, nineteen hundred and ten, the Hope College Science club is the oldest organization of its kind upon the campus. In its development and in its present organization it has followed very closely the trend of science.

Being born out of the realization of a need for a medium of greater freedom than the classroom in the work and play of science, it immediately fulfilled that great need in the life of the school at that time. Regular meetings were held, papers by members were read, and outside speakers of note were heard.

However, the need for specialization soon became apparent, as it is becoming apparent more and more in the field of science today. As a result there was an outgrowth of two other groups, the Chemistry Club, and the Pre-med Club, which took over the fields implicit in their names. Gradually these offspring have usurped the old duties and purposes of the original Science club, until at the present time this organization has, to all practical purposes, ceased active participation in the life of the campus. It has now grown to become more or less of an honorary society, through the medium of which proper recognition of potentialities and accomplishments of a high order may be given recognition by membership.

One or two meetings a year for organization purposes, and an occasional program make up the total activities of this club.

1930 Officers

President .................................................. Earle E. Langeland
Vice-President ............................................. Jacob Tigelaar
Secretary-Treasurer ...................................... Arthur Van Arendonk
features

"Much poor health and frequent deaths visited the brave band of early emigrants. During the first summer so many children were left parentless that it was deemed wise to build an orphanage to care for them. Dr. Van Raalte suggested that a subscription list be started to provide funds. One young girl, having no money, offered her jewels. The mother objected. The Domine replied that the mother should view it as a blessing that the Lord should put this willingness into the girl's heart to give away useless ornaments as an offering. He received these and many more. With other money collected a small house, long known as the orphanage, was built. But since the children were adopted into homes the building became a school. For the most part, the children of the settlers were a hardy set, accustomed to the freedom of the out-of-doors."
HOW THE FROSH CAME ACROSS

All set? :: Desperate Damson. :: Hold everything! :: Hand 'em a lemon.
"Muddy waters 'round my feet."
SUCCESSFUL SOPHS

Conquering Carl. ::= Watchful waiting. ::= Still watching. ::= And waiting.
The "Rah-rah-rahers."
HOMECOMING HYSTERIA

After all — "There's no place like home!" ::= "It." ::= On parade. ::= Cosmos' pride and joy. ::= All but the match. ::= From the least to the greatest.
SOME SOCIAL SUCCESSES

"When good fellows get together" — All College Banquet. Wow! ::: Al. ::: Ev. ::: Mrs. Olive's Tea — Senior girls annual attraction.
GLEE CLUB GAITIES

Some flew West. — Some flew East. — Resting on his laurels. — 'Ride, Mister?
Baggage smashers. — Looking it over. — The Chaperone’s Catch. — On the bus-t.
THE CALVIN GAME — THE DIEKEMA FAREWELL

When "faith" stoops to "works," Strike up the band. Farewell, friends. Au revoir, Dickemas.
"HIGH — we refer you to next page, please.

Whoop'er up. :: for Knickerbocker. :: Kosmos. :: Kamp.
Emersonian Ease. — and "Easers!" — Fraternal Fortress.
BLUES! — you've seen it all! High Society Blues!
Sure-enough Sibs. :: Submissive Sorositics. :: Delightful Delphians. :: Amiable Aleatheans. :: Demure Dorian. :: Admirable Addisonians.
"SPARE THAT TREE" — ARBOR DAY

High School's Hope. :: Pledging Allegiance. :: The Norway Maple. :: "As the twigs entwine." :: Senior Dignity. :: Cute of Dimmy, isn't it?
Geneva on the Brink. :: Drink to thy eyes. :: Voorhees Vamps. :: Something's Budding.
Wee Willie. :: Yes, Bud. :: I think you auto, Georgia.
Why, John! : The Arab's fiery steed. : "Ring around the bathtub." : And ashes.
A Friday p.m. :: Please, driver. :: Ann Arbor Special. :: "Come hither"—Les.
"But aren't we all?" :: "Yer Out!" :: A Musical Miss.
Oh yeah, De Kuiper? :: Bright prospects — for a fall. :: Check — and double check!
Smilin' Thru. :: Limping Les. :: Kozy Marygarten. :: What a racket!
HOPE BEAUTY

Selections by Mr. John Held, Jr.,
Renowned Artist and Illustrator
of New York City

A Tribute to Women

By Washington Irving

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling 'round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

The Milestone staff was particularly fortunate in securing so famous and splendid a judge as Mr. John Held, Jr. Of Mr. Held may we say that he is one of the most versatile men in the world of illustration today. He lightly turns from pen and ink drawing to water colors; from that to sculpture; from that to the making of masks; from that to wood carving, and when he is busiest filling commissions for the smarter type of periodical, he may be found within a wire screen enclosure breeding the wildest assortment of tame animals ever collected in one spot since Noah resigned in John's favor.

Mr. Held wishes to congratulate the Student Body upon the type and spirit of Beauty which was representative, for he writes "all entries revealed a richness and fineness of feature which could have been only the reflection of true womanhood."

Choice was first of all, made entirely from photographs and much depended on their excellence; and secondly, of variety and type. All the pictures are a study in personality and they represent a development of type from the purely classical to the pert American.

To define Beauty is to define feature and spirit and it lives within, a companion of the soul. Goodness will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot supply the absence of goodness. Virtue makes a woman truly lovely!

THE EDITOR.
President Hoover receives the Men's Glee Club during their eastern invasion.

Lives of Football Men Remind Us
We Can Write Our Names In Blood;
And Departing, Leave Behind Us
Half Our Faces In The Mud.
Our Art Editor. :: The Dutch of it. :: Ye Editor Bill — as was. :: "Come Heinie!"
The Scholar. :: Nick. :: Wet behind the ears. :: The Green Ribbon. :: When S. S. visited F. S. :: "Yes!" Especially Conscious
Chicago tourists. :: Darwin was right. :: Three Must — Get — Theirs. :: Carnegie.

Van Vleck. :: "Nobody knows — Nobody cares." :: Oh, the deuce!

Robinson's Harem. :: Oriental Ease.
"Two by two! :: So help me, Maurice. :: Senf & Soms' on, Ltd. :: Piling 'em up.
Chocolate Soda. :: All business. :: Dr. Pep. :: Yes, we're just passing.
The Huddle. ::: Did she write Abie? ::: The Beach Combers. ::: Femininity
plus. ::: The Song is Ended. ::: When do we eat?
Four Mile Course — Down the track. — Over the fence. — Along the lane. — Around the bend. — Follow the trail. — Take the road. — Thru the trees.

Pep it up. — Rest awhile.
Meengs "Twins," Yell Masters. :: Janet Yonker, 1930 Senior Girls' Association President, Georgiana Fredericks, House President of Vorhees. :: Donald Hicks, President of H. K. K., House President of Van Vleck. :: Oh how we love the woods! :: Marie and Chuck.
Marvin Meengs  
Pres. of Student Council  
1929 Track Captain

Clarence Becker  
1930-31 Basketball Capt.

"Brute" Japinga  
1930 Baseball Capt.

"Louie" Japinga  
1930 Frosh Football Capt.

"Cox" Van Lente  
1929-30 Basketball Capt.

"Boo" Cook  
1929 Football Capt.
Joe Harms
1929-30 Frosh Basketball Capt.

Allen Brunson
1930 Football Capt.

Paul Brouwer
1930 Orator

Gladys Huizinga
1930 Oratrix

Earle Langeland
1929 Anchor Editor

Gordon Van Ark
1930 Anchor Editor
Paul Nettinga  
Men’s Glee Club  
President

Miss Laura Boyd  
Women’s Glee Club  
Chaperone

Raymond McGilvra  
Men’s Glee Club  
Manager

Myra Ten Cate  
Women’s Glee Club  
Manager

Mildred De Pree  
Women’s Glee Club  
President

Mr. Curtis Snow  
Men’s Glee Club  
Chaperone
"Len" Hogenboom
1929-30 Y. M. C. A.
President

Bernadine Siebers
1929-30 Y. W. C. A.
President

Marvin Kuizenga
1930 Salutatorian

Bertha Olgers
1930 Valedictorian

"Bill" Wichers
1930 Milestone Editor-in-Chief

Janet McKinley
1930 A. D. D. President
Eighty-three years have elapsed since the first tree was cut down by Hollanders in the western part of Ottawa County. During this time the growth of the community has been steady. From the first seven settlers in 1847 it has grown to 14,313 in the census of 1930. From the first little log house school there has grown a fine system of six elementary schools, one large junior high building, and a modern high school. Hope College, developed from the early pioneer school of 1851, has graduated many hundreds of ministers, missionaries, and religious workers who now serve the Reformed Churches of America. It is appropriate that the late Minister to the Netherlands from these United States, Mr. G. J. Diekema, a native of this city, who returned to the "Old Country" to serve there because of his sympathetic knowledge of Dutch traditions. With these qualities of our City of Holland in mind, we see Van Raalte’s prayers answered.
By Way of Introduction

In introducing the reader this Alumni Section it may not be out of place to indulge in a few prefatory words relative to the general plan and scope of the work which has been so long in preparation. In a sense, this preface is the very essence and soul of the work itself, by which our sympathies are skillfully attuned and prepared for what is to follow.

The mission of this work is to offer our alumni and undergraduate friends an accurate record of every graduate together with a fascinating account of student life from year to year. Student pictures of the earliest classes gathered from every part of the United States only after months of diligent effort are strikingly portrayed. In making a collection of such magnitude, and from so many diverse sources, care has been exercised to render the classification and general arrangement in a simple and logical order. This, we can modestly claim, has been successfully accomplished, and this work will be found, as a whole the most copious, comprehensive, and accurate compilation ever submitted for public appreciation. It should prove invaluable to all who cherish fond recollections of their campus days, both from the standpoint of the charming reminiscences and from the intimate personal glimpses of old school day chums. As a work of reference it gives close detail and a familiar acquaintance with its pages will of itself be a fascinating study.

All the best class writers have contributed their efforts and here we have strains of poetry, bits of oratory, strong dramatic situations, and the brightest bon mots of the humorists.

Words cannot express our sincere gratitude to Mrs. Frances Phelps Otte, our ever-present inspiration, for her invaluable assistance in making this section possible. She has given willingly all her time and energy to help make the following pages accurate and complete.

In these progressive days we are often too absorbed with the present, thus failing to relive the beauty of the past. The glorious days of our college life fade swiftly and only in memories can we experience the joys we once knew. It is the duty of every Hope graduate to awaken to this need of a closer association between the college and its alumni. May this student publication be the first step in the progress for a permanent alumni office.

We believe this Alumni Section should be interesting and gratifying to every taste. In these pages the reader will assuredly find the richest rewards of study, and will experience the satisfaction of acquiring new friends and renewing old acquaintances.

The Editor.
The First Class of Hope College are all gone, and I am the only one left of the
Second Class. I am eighty-eight years old; and between me of this second class, '67,
and the tenth class, '75, but one Alumnus remains — the Rev. J. Meulendyk, '73.
We two are thus distinguished — both are in the eighties, but we are still holding
on — Brother Meulendyk rather strongly; I, feebly. Yet, as of yore, still deeply inter-
ested in affairs a-la-Hope.

We of those early classes were strong, able-bodied men, and there were some ex-
pert carpenters in our midst. No Athletic Association in those days, but it was felt that
a gymnasium was needed. President Phelps, himself adept at tools, proposed we, our-
selves, build one. So we all followed him out to the forests, felled the trees, rolled
the logs to the river where they were floated down the stream to the old Pluggers Mills,
thence sawed into lumber for our projected building.

Those have been called "the days of small things," but with our finished product
which answered the purpose and lasted for many years, we felt this no small job.

Then we assisted in making a huge chandelier — the frame work was of heavy
tin, painted black. In this were inserted large letters spelling HOPE, illuminated by tiny
kerosene lamps. This was suspended over the platform in our newly erected Gym —
which building was also used for some years as the Chapel and Assembly Hall. At that
time no one dreamed of electric bulbs.

Pioneer experiences, indeed, but withal a feeling of manly independence and self
assurance, gained by discovering that — "Necessity is the Mother of Invention."

Our class numbered six. Three became ministers and of these one went as a mis-
sionary to India. One flourished as a schoolmaster for many years. The remaining two
held up the business ends of the class.

And now life's curtain is falling fast upon many of us older graduates, and the
illuminated HOPE of the past is a little dimmer as we look back, but our HOPE for
and of the future, is brighter with a heavenly glow. At the end of my long life, I can
still say, "Hope is the College of Colleges."

Gerrit Bolks.

Rev. Enne J. Heeren
Albert T. Huizenga
Rev. John Huizenga
Dirk Blikman K. Van Raalte

Class of 1868

Rev. Harm Borgers
Rev. John Broek
Gerrit John Kollen, LL.D.

Gerrit Vande Kreeke
William Visscher

Class of 1869

Rev. Evart Vander Hart
William Van Putten, M.D.
Wilson Vander Veere
The following was graciously contributed by the sole survivor of the class of 1873, John Meulendyke.

The Gay and the Grave at Hope
Sixty Years Ago

The writer is one of many who last evening greeted what a grizzled and life-long member of the Reformed Church called "a bunch of nice, clean, young fellows." They
reeled off a well chosen program of sacred songs and instrumental music. What renders the occasion of special significance for the writer is the fact that, as the Hope College Glee Club the young men are officially representatives of his Alma Mater.

It's a far cry from the occasion in question to the far-off day when the writer was enrolled a member of the "B" class in what was then the Hope College Preparatory Department. The affair mentioned sets him musing. As he does so, reminiscences trip into his consciousness like nymphs from his sub-conscious somewhere. Reminiscences gay, and reminiscences grave. For the mood to do so, why not record one and another of them?

Well, here goes!

An incident that stands out as clear as any is associated with Dr. Van Raalte, who may be called the father of Hope College. On his way to visit the Netherlands the doctor stopped, en route, in the writer's native city. A stern elder took occasion to introduce me to him as a prospective student at "de Hooge School in't Westen." Did I deserve it? Whether I did or not, he went over me as with a curry-comb. When he was through with me I cut a very diminutive figure. The next day though, when I met him again, he saw fit to change his tactics. He was all smiles, and patting me on the shoulder, hoped "the Lord would yet make something of me."

The following incident, connected with my maiden trip to the "Far West," has the flavor of ancient history. Crossing the old suspension bridge over the Niagara, my way lay by train to Detroit and thence on to Grand Haven. On arrival, I found I must wait till next day to pick my way to Holland. As I had never put up at a hotel, I had to make a virtue of necessity. In those days the railroad terminus was on the north side of the
river. Seeing no chance to cross over to Grand Haven proper, I timidly applied for lodging at the bar of the hotel, connected as it was, with the Railroad Station. I was jostled aside by a burly son of Bacchus who clamored for a glass of beer. Trying again I was answered with a shake of the head and the restful declaration: "No, we're full." Blinking upon the river, under the September stars, providence put me in charge of a good Samaritan who piloted me over the river and saw me cared for. The trip to Holland by stage took the larger part of the next day. The mid-day rest at Port Sheldon was a feature of the toilsome journey. We were served with coffee and bread by a Dutch auntie who had appropriated one of the melancholy buildings, much in evidence there in those days. Dumped upon the sand-hill before the three-story brick building now called Van Vleck Hall, I was taken in charge by a dapper, keen-eyed, white-haired gentlemen who proved to be the first president of Hope College — Dr. Philip Phelps, Jr.

Along with three others as raw as myself, I was assigned a room in Van Vleck Hall. In subsequent years, I had the privilege of occupying one or another of its rooms alone. Furnishings and appearance, in general, were of a kind to agree with the prevalent poverty both of the students and of the institution. Bare floors with nails protruding from the white-wood boards. Walls bare, save as warmed by a picture cut from some magazine. Rising from his straw-filled tick-bed on a frosty morning, he would wrestle with the contents of the wood-box in the corner. A kerosene oil lamp helped him out in preparing for recitations next day.

The severe economic restrictions under which the majority of the students found themselves was shared by the professors. With one exception, all had been ministers of the gospel when they came to Hope. As such they had little superfluous wealth with which to feather their nests. The payment of their salaries was often pitifully delayed. They were hard-worked men. The more so as the same professors taught, both in the college proper and in what was, in Auld Lang Syne, called the Theological Department.

Nor did those men altogether overlook what is so commonly overlooked in our own times:—that the main object after all of a Christian College is the formation of Christian Character. And this part of their responsibility often brought forward harder nuts to crack than to make their pupils proficient in grammar, mathematics or the classics. For, though many of the lads came from their homes with the 'root of the matter' in them, many of us labored under noticeable deficiencies in sainthood. "Precept upon precept, line upon line" did not always avail. And the faculty now and then felt obliged to serve on 'the Old Adam.' That the 'Old Adam' was occasionally a near match for the professors the following incident illustrates: One morning, after chapel prayers, a professor, a disciplinarian, on meeting his class could not find his chair. Of course there was a search. And lo—there it was—a straddle the chimney of the professor's house. Though in the main kindly and wisely, for those who had rooms in Van Vleck Hall, Dr. Phelps, our president, re-inforced the faculty discipline. And, as he lived on the ground floor of the building, he could the better do so. Accordingly, at 9:30, a tap of the bell summoned us to meet him for bed-time prayers. And there's where character was formed, for 'prexy' as he was occasionally called, had the knack of rubbing it into us as to our besetting sins or miscarriages of conduct. At one time the boys got back on him in the person of a substitute, who for a while took the doctor's place at prayers. A tall full-bearded theologian, he yet lacked the dignity and tact of Dr. Phelps. Those deficiencies had their effect particularly upon some of the younger chaps. Pausing before him on the campus, they would perpetrate a pun upon his name. His name being Te Winkel, the pun ran thus: "Twinkle, Twinkle! Little star, how I wonder what you are! Up above in heaven so high! Like a diamond in the sky." The following incident goes to show that the cunning of the boys was not always a match for the president. Living with his family below, the occasional horse-play of the lads in some room overhead called for more than placid endurance. On one such occasion an ominous
rap was heard at the room. Blowing out the light, one of the two lads crawled under
the bed, the other concluded openly to face, if need be, the irate doctor. Entering the
doctor demanded a light.

Then there was re-enacted a little drama of which a certain pastor was the vivid
witness. Said pastor called on a parishioner and his wife. They saw him coming. Dreading
the encounter, the man crawled under the only bed in the one-room house. In his hurry,
he had left a tell-tale six inches of his nether extremities exposed to view. Meanwhile,
the "weaker vessel," in answer to the domine’s inquiry had ventured to answer: "My
husband, O, he’s gone away for today!" That gave the domine h material for his
"good-bye," when he smilingly answered: "Aha! gone is he? My compliments to him!
And tell him when he goes out again, to take his feet with him."

The writer was stirred on the occasion referred to, when the Hope College
Glee Club sang the college song. In auld lang syne Alma Mater had no Hope college
song. Not even a college yell. So memory cannot serve in that direction. However,
years before the days hereby recalled, the earnest Christian founders of Hope College
adopted: Spera in deo as her motto. That motto, carried out in the spirit that prompted
its adoption, will do for Hope’s sons and daughters what it did for the founders gone
before.

Happy they who entrust the weaving of life’s gay and grave to Him who when
asked, "giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not!"

And herewith the greetings of the sole survivor of the class of 1873 to the class
of 1930!

Edwin Bedell
Rev. Josias Meulendyke
6 Beechwood Street
Rochester, New York
Retired

Rev. John Hoekje
Rev. Helenus E. Nies
Rev. Harm Vander Wart
Jacob Van Halteren

Class of 1874
Henricus Baron, M.D.
Rev. Cornelius Kriekaard
Joseph G. Millsapugh

Rev. Harm Vander Ploeg
Rev. Cornelius Wabeke

Class of 1875

YES, YES SIR! My dear fellow Hopeite, I cheerfully comply with your kind request
to cooperate with you in your splendid but stupendous task of preparing or rather
assembling the 1930 Milestone by jotting down some reminiscences of the class of 1875.

But, sir, to write some three or four hundred words anent this class will be to me,
at least, not a small undertaking for it will draw heavily on the memory I have left. My
memory is gradually turning its back on me and my forgetting is improving fast. Well,
what else can you reasonably expect from one who is less than a year from being an
octogenarian.

Now for what I can recall of my class. As a class, compared with classes of today
in our Hope, it was almost negligible in quantity but in quality — who knows! Let me
tell you sub rosa there were some brains and considerable brawn in that class. Perhaps
there was more brawn than brain, but I truly believe it was vice versa. Be it known
to you and to all who may read these jottings that numbers do not always contribute
most brains. As to numbers in the class of ’75 and college equipment as compared with
what the college has now, I must exclaim — "What a difference between then and now!"
The classes in dear old Hope now crowd the hundred mark, in the class of ’75 there
were only five, and it was the largest class in college at that time.

When one thinks of the number of buildings then and the college equipment, Hope could hardly be called a college, so meagre were these. The buildings were Van Vleck Hall, the Oggle house, a student-built gymnasium, a recitation hall, called the bee-hive, and a chemical laboratory. Now see to what the college has grown! We had to chop our fuel in the woods back of the seminary and carry it to our rooms. What a difference between then and now. But, sir, we got through creditably and so far as I know, every one of the five graduates of '75 have done their share for God and man.

R. B. D. Simonson (not the son of the Biblical Simon, the magician) a man cut out of whole cloth, a man with a fine keen mind, a scholarly student, a Christian of fine parts, whose purpose in life was teaching. Poor duck! he married before he graduated, and such a thing as marrying before graduating was tabooed by students and faculty in those days.

William Steele, sharp as any steel blade, was a hale fellow well met, a good sport and yet a bright student. He depended, however, quite largely on his wits in examinations. His purpose in life was to become a first class barrister. He located in Summitville, New Jersey, was elected at one time—the Mayor, and gave a good account of himself in his profession.

Evert Smits, the Dutch for Smith, a Smith sharpening his mental tools to keen edges enabling him to become the outstanding philosopher of the class. He became a home missionary in the Presbyterian Church. Smits experienced many reverses in life and his was a stormy career.

John Visscher, another of our class ministers, worked in different churches in the far West.

The fifth member of the class was the writer. He was the valedictorian of the class, which distinction should have gone to the scholarly Simonson. He became a preacher and his first charge was Fulton, Illinois. He retired from the active pastorate in his seventy-fourth year and then moved to Los Angeles where three of his five children live.

Our class produced three preachers, one lawyer, and one teacher. The above is all I can recall of the class of 1875, whose motto was "Non Nobis Solum." May dear old Hope steadily progress to higher heights and larger equipment and may she ever be true to her noteworthy motto "Spera in Deo." That is my wish and prayer.

LAWRENCE DYKSTRA.

Rev. Lawrence Dykstra
Rev. William V. Steele
Rev. Evert Smits
Rev. Robert B. D. Simonson
Rev. John Visscher
Class of 1876

Rev. Henry E. Dosker, D.D.
Rev. Frank A. Force
Rev. C. Van Oostenbrugge
Prof. Douwe B. Yntema
Rev. Albert A. Pfanziehl, D.D.

Class of 1877

The class of '77 was composed of three members: Lambertus Hekhuis, Matthew Kolyn, and Johannes Visscher.

Rev. L. Hekhuis died on the Mission Field in India. Dr. M. Kolyn after serving acceptably as pastor in different churches, entered his chosen work as Instructor of young men in the Seminary. After several years service, he was called home to his reward. Mr. Visscher, after following the teaching profession a number of years, retired. He is now the only one left of the Class of 1877.

Class Room Reminiscences

The members of the class were a sedate, studious lot with one exception, the youngest and tallest,—the scape goat of the class.

Dr. Phelps teaching Mental and Moral Philosophy and Logic, had the class non-plussed when he told us that "The exception proved the Rule." Evidently he had Johannes in mind.

Dr. Scott's Ancient and Babylonian History was enjoyed by all especially when reciting on the subject of Shadrack, Mescheck, and Abed—bed—bed—bednego. We all delighted in the names. And when it came to dates the counter of our shoes and the cuffs on our wrists bore the impress of many a figure.

We all enjoyed Dr. Bobby Crispell's class because of the hearty laughs in which we all hilariously joined when he repeated his time honored jokes.

One was how the boys got even with the scolding washwoman. After the virago got fairly well started the boys told her she was a regular hexagon. No better than an obtuse triangle or parallelepiped, and asked her if she knew she had the night before slept with an hypotenuse?

Judging from Bobby's hearty laugh the woman was totally subdued. Another of his standbys was the story of Uncle Zeke's Ram—Uncle Zeke had a ram that would butt everyone that came into the orchard. Uncle Zeke wanted to cure it, so one day he hung a sledge hammer from an apple tree. The wind swung the hammer and the buck
true to nature started butting it. He was still at it at night fall. Uncle Zeke retired, and when in the morning he looked again the tail (all that was left) was still at it. The loud ha ha ha was enjoyed and heartily helped along by the boys.

Prof. Romey Beck, good old soul, always prim and trim, but how he did complain of the writer’s murdering his Latin and Greek. Then too he could not endure smoke. One of the boys made a pipe with a long stem by taking a piece of hollow bamboo and fixing a bowl to the end. Filling the pipe and apparently using it as a cane, he walked into the class room. Occasionally he drew a few whiffs of smoke. Presently the Prof. asked “Where does that smoke come from?” A little later the smoke becoming thicker he still wondered and lowered the window. The smoke did not disappear till the tall boy did.

In spite of it all memory recalls the fact that the boys of ’77 spent four years both in Latin and Greek, French and German, English and Dutch, and were fully equipped to become Domines.

W. JOHANNES VISSCHER.

Rev. Lambertus Hekhuis®
Rev. Matthew Kolyn,* D.D.

Class of 1878

IT CERTAINLY would be interesting to review the seven years of academic and collegiate life of our class of 1878. It would be a long story to go over the trail and recount the incidents. So many fell by the wayside, afflicted with lazymis that only five survived to enter the Freshmen class — One, Mella Veenboer was taken sick, dropped out before the end of the freshmen year, went to Indiana where he took a medical course, and before the class was graduated had established a lucrative practice in Grand Rapids.

Well, four of us carried on — Jan Hendrik Kleinheksel, Hendrik Jan Boers, John G. Gebhard and Steven Jan Harmeling. With one exception, the class of 1878 was a brilliant one. At graduation John Henry delivered the valedictory. He said: “If I should choose a symbol or emblem for the class it would be the pansy, emblem of modesty.” John G. had the salutory in good Latin. Henry John’s oration was a master effort and Stephen John reheused the awful tragedies of the “Commune de Paris” in acceptable German.

It is not generally known that this class was the great factor in placing Hope College on a sound financial and progressive basis. When Dr. Scott had to resign the presidency of Hope on account of ill health and the election of a new president was the business of the council of which august body I was a member at this time, there were several candidates, and Prof. G. J. (Garret Jan) Kollen was one of them. Our class fought the hard battle and won out. There was strong opposition both at home and in the east. Prof. Kollen had decided to withdraw his name. Then our class together with Samuel Streng and others from the east waited on Kollen at his home and told him not to forsake his friends but to stand pat. We all know now that Kollen was just the right man to build up Hope. It is a fact that our class put him there where he belonged. We might carry the equation farther and say that the brilliant sons of Oversisl put Hope where she belonged among the institutions of our country when we look at the roster. They were really great men, president, leading profs and a musician who was a whole band and an orator at the same time.

Boers, Kleinheksel and Gebhard seldom if ever participated in the awful college pranks. It was not so with this chap (sorry to say it): But I was called on the carpet
by the faculty only twice and got off with an easy reprimand. No one in all the past years ever knew who put those cats in Prof. Doesburg's stove that scared him stiff when he opened the door to start the fire, except Matt Kolyn, van Oost and I. When we were out on the campus Prof. D. turned to me and said: "Harmeling, I know who put the cats in the stove. Those undergraduates. You help to find them out." "Sure, Prof., I will do my best." We never found out. We three could keep a secret inviolate. I have cause to be thankful. Harmen Jan Beekenboer so my grandpa said, attended a meeting of praise and thanksgiving for God's good providences and protection. Harmen Jan got up and said that if any one had cause to be thankful it was Harmen Jan for he had been a smuggler for twenty-five years and God had so protected and guided him that he was never caught by the patrol officers.

O, cruel time, what havoc you make among dear friends! Within a few months I will have reached the eightieth milestone. "They say that I am old; that my heart is ripe for the reaper death; and that my days are well-nigh told." Hope and faith in the immortality of the soul and in the vicarious atonement of the blessed Savior are to me like the beauty of the gold and crimson of our wonderful western sunset at the evening of a perfect day.

Stephen J. Harmeling.

Prof. Henry Boers®
Rev. John G. Gebhard, D.D.
114 South 6th Avenue
Mt. Vernon, New York
Minister (Retired)

Rev. Stephen J. Harmeling
Vashon, Washington
Proprietor of Nursery and Fruit Farm

Prof. John H. Kleinheksel®
Class of 1879

Rev. Dirk J. De Bey
Elias De Spelder, M.D.
Rev. Kumaje Kimura
Rev. George Niemeyer

Rev. Motoitero Oghimi
C-o American Mission
Tokyo, Japan
Minister

Rev. Ame Vennema, D.D.

Class of 1880

We had ten members. At that period in the history of Hope College ten was considered an unusually good number.

Most of us had been engaged in some one or other useful occupation before entering college. We had a printer and a carpenter, four young farmers, and one miller. With a clergyman's son and another the son of a public school teacher, and lastly a merchant's helper we might have claimed variety as a particular phase of our class. Perhaps seriousness was our main characteristic. There was no time for playing. Our athletics were confined to splitting wood in winter and taking long walks in summer.

We had confidence in our teachers. We did not know about our standings—they were not reported. We were advanced, as a matter of course, at the close of each year; and graduated in the same manner.

At graduation all but one hoped at some time to enter the ministry. The exception was destined to be a dentist, which office he still fills.

Four of the ten survive. The ministers have retired, but gladly serve where supplies are needed.

The graduation exercises of the class of 1880 were held in the pillar church on 9th Street. The subjects show the serious bent of our minds:

Oration—"Chance," Abraham Stegeman.
Oration—"Superiority of Mind over Matter," Jacob J. Van Zanten.
Oration—"The Heroic Period of American History," Frederick J. Zwemer.
Oration—"Ancient and Modern Philosophy Contrasted," Peter M. Elsenius.
Oration—"The Task of Life" (in Dutch). William G. Baas.
Oration—"Our Republic the Type of True Government," Ebenezer Van den Berg.
Valedictory—Jacob P. De Jong.

The class with approval of the Faculty chose its Valedictorian. Six selections of "Music" put spice into the rather solemn program of June 23, 1880.

With fond memories, especially of departed classmates—

JACOB P. DE JONG.

Rev. William G. Baas
Rev. J. P. De Jong
75 West 10th Street
Holland, Michigan
Retired

Bernard J. De Vries, D.D.S.
112 E. 12th Street
Holland, Michigan
Dentist

Peter M. Elsenius
Rev. Abel H. Huizinga, Ph.D.

Rev. Abraham Stegeman
Rev. Albert H. Strabbing
50 E. 20th Street
Holland, Michigan
Minister (Retired)

Rev. E. E. Vanden Berge
Newton, Iowa
Minister (Retired)

Rev. Jacob J. Van Zanten
Rev. Frederick J. Zwemer
How familiar the sound of those old-time names — we can still hear Van Hees (the Roll-Caller) rattle them off each morning in chapel at the beginning of our services there.

The classes were not so large then as now, and every one in College and Preparatory Department must answer — present or — a black mark o'er shadowed his name.

Now, as the years have rolled away, the light brisk present response has become fainter and fainter.

Only Dutton I hear answer from far-off California, and Smits from near-by Constantine, Michigan.

Each of the others has finished his life-work, waved farewell to college and to all.
Dutton, Fagg, Joldersma, Riemersma, Kommers and Smits chose the clergy profession. These six served the Lord through pulpit and press for many years.

Charles Dutton, obliged to retire years ago, is now living in sunny California, but still shouldering the burdens of life and serving the Lord in many ways.

Smits, always the perfectly groomed gentleman has ably served large Congregational churches in Jackson and Constantine.

Of the six who have left us — Rev. Fagg, after ministering to several churches in the Home-Land, responded to China's call, and became a much loved missionary in the Amoy Mission Field. Obliged to return on account of ill health in the family circle, he rose to prominence among the pastors of our Collegiate Reformed Church in New York City.

Joldersma, Kommers and Riemersma were faithful pastors in our churches both east and west — each having an honored place in the Lord's vineyard — their years were measured not by time, but by success in winning souls for Christ.

George Van Hees was the only business man of the class, and also the class musician. During college time he was dubbed the Bell Ringer, as well as Roll Caller. In those days, no electric clocks, startling professors and pupils by unearthly vibrations, but a huge bell in Van Vleck Hall rang out sonorous tones just on the hour at the strong hands of Mr. Van Hees. These college jobs led up to one in the Holland Telegraph Co. and, later, in to the office of the Holland Interurban Railroad Concern.

The last one to be recorded here, is the first name in the college catalogue of the class of 81 — the honorable G. J. Diekema, the class lawyer. His own lips often told the story of humble origin on a farm, but his genius asserted itself even in the very early days of the Preparatory Department.

None that heard can ever forget those boyish declamations, and, especially, when he impersonated so dramatically the old Indian Warrior when he bade, "Farewell to his Tribe." No later burst of eloquence, ever surpassed in pathos and fervor those words of old Black Hawk, and from that time on during all these many years, that same eloquent voice has responded to countless calls and has ever been up lifted in the cause of truth and justice and right.

Among Hope's Alumni, few have been so signally honored as he. Holding various positions of distinction in his state and nation, the crowning honor came when he was appointed as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Hague, Netherlands, and there, fluently using also the Dutch language — words for peace and union flowed with the same vigorous eloquence.

Deep were the impressions he made on that side of the Atlantic as on this. But the time over there was very short. He died in the harness and was brought back at his own request to be laid to rest on American soil and amid college associations and dear friends of the past.

As ambassadors of church and state, each member of the Class of '81, has honored its Alma Mater — Old Hope.

Gerrit J. Diekema,* LL.D.
Rev. Charles S. Dutton
R.R. 1—Box 665
Berkeley, California
Minister (Retired)
Rev. John G. Fagg,* D.D.

Rev. Rensa H. Joldersma*
Rev. Tinis J. Kommers*
Rev. John Riemersma,* D.D.
Rev. Bastian Smits*
John G. Van Hees*
I am called upon to broadcast the Class of ’82. Please stand by while I answer these questions put to me.

What were the distinguishing features; the outstanding, interesting facts of your class?

We were nine in number, quality not quantity, our motto.

The facts concerning the class as a whole are:

1.—This class included the first two women to receive bachelor of arts degrees from the college.
2.—The first to send out from its circle two foreign missionaries — one to China, one to Japan.
3.—The first and only class to send to the Board of Education the centurion sum requested — one hundred dollars (we really exceeded that amount), thus helping along the $50,000 which the Board afterwards bequeathed to Hope College.
4.—The only class who can proclaim that one of its number was born amid the classic shades of old Van Vleck Hall.
5.—The first class to include in its very small number, two, who very shortly after graduation, earned their Ph.D. degrees.
6.—In “our days” the Salutatory, delivered in Latin was awarded as the highest class honor for Commencement night, but—not content with Latin and English orations, we also delivered to the audience, a French oration.

Well—so much for the We’s. Now for the I’s.

Mrs. Gertrude Alcott Whitenack charmed us all by her unusual musical ability. She married a former Professor at Hope College; at present is living in River Falls Wisconsin, where her husband is teaching.

Rev. Peter Ihrman was our lively spirited leader of Chapel singing, while “Trude” (above) manipulated the old-time organ with wonderful skill. He was a faithful consecrated minister. He died a comparatively young man.

Rev. G. De Jonge, D. D. was a personality endowed with many talents and for some years he was a controlling factor on the Board of Trustees of the College and a good part of that time its President. On Commencement night he was the Valedictorian of the class. He left us only a year ago.

Charles Steffens—son of the renowned scholar, Dr. N. Steffens—was born in Constantinople where his parents were missionaries. How we delighted to dub him
"The little Turk"—which he, at times, forcibly resented.
The only business man of the class, he is still successful in his career at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Our M.D.—J. W. Bosman, has been an esteemed physician in Kalamazoo, Michigan, during these many years. He has enriched his Alma Mater, several times, and, lately, with many valuable works for the Library.

Drs. Matzke and Poppen were scholars par excellence each earning a Ph.D. shortly after graduation. Dr. Matzke became Professor of the Romance languages in Leland Stanford University.

Rev. Jacob Poppen shed the brilliancy of his scholarship, over several churches of our denomination, and also for a while, upon the natives of Japan whither he went as a missionary. Both died comparatively young.

Brother Philip Tertius Phelps, distinguished above all the Alumni as the only one born in Van Vleck Hall—Let his own words tell the story.

1.—"I remember, I remember
   The house where I was born,
   The window on the South that looked
   Right out on College lawn.

2.—"Twas made of brick, three stories high
   I shot it very tall
   Trees 'round it reaching to the sky
   The house named VAN VLECK HALL.

3.—"Twas there I got my first degree
   My M.A. spelling Ma.
   'Twas there I met the President
   For he was my own Pa."

He gave the Latin Salutatory on our Commencement night. He became a faithful pastor in several of our charges in the East, where he still is living and working for the Master.

As for the writer of this historic sketch—Tradition saith she came to Van Vleck Hall, then the only home for the President's family, when six months old. Thus grew up 'to the Manor born.'

No Voorhees Hall in those days, but Fratres et Sorores mingling freely together, delightful associations (reaching far down and to the present time) culminating in her marriage to a college chum—Dr. J. A. Otte, the first medical missionary in the Reformed Church denomination.

Together we went to the Amoy Mission in China. At present I am again living in Holland, Mich.

I am sure I win the prize for giving the most conceited of all the Class sketches, but—I was asked to relate facts, and if any one can dispute the above statements, I bow in apologetic contrition.

FRANCES F. C. PHPELS OTTE.

Sarah Gertrude Alcott
(Mrs. E. A. Whitenack)
River Falls, Wisconsin
At Home

John W. Bosman, M.D.
423 So. Burdick Street
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Physician and Surgeon

Rev. Gerhard De Jonge, D.D.
Rev. Peter Ihrman
Johannes E. Matzke
Frances F. C. Phelps
(Mrs. J. A. Otte)

FRANCES F. C. PHPELS OTTE.

4 E. 14th Street
Holland, Michigan
Missionary (Retired)

Rev. Philip Tertius Phelps
158 Jay Street
Albany, New York
Minister

Rev. Jacob Poppen, Ph.D.

Charles T. Steffens
3333 4th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
General Office Manager for Waltham Piano Company
Class of 1883

The Class of 1883, which consisted of eight members on graduation, has been reduced by death to three, Albert Oltmans, D.D., Japan; Henry Hulst, M.D., Grand Rapids, Michigan; and E. J. Blekkink, D.D., Holland, Michigan.

It proved to be a ministerial class, if majorities count — five became ministers, two physicians, and one a real estate man. Thus the material, the physical and the spiritual needs and interests of mankind received recognition.

The three that remain are “carrying on”; and hold in loving remembrance those that have gone on before — Jacob Dyke, Tametsne Matsda, John Otte, Dirk Scholten, and William Stapelkamp.

When the class entered the institution they were as afraid of the professors as they were of death. They wholesomely got over this before many moons passed. Long before they graduated they learned to recite in three different ways: Generally by the old way of “preparation,” occasionally by “inspiration,” and on rare occasions by “perspiration” — especially when boating was in order on Black Lake on account of a favorable wind in the afternoon.

Whether boating on the lake, attending prayer-services in the evening, writing letters to sweethearts and meeting professors in the morning, it all went as “woof” into the “warp” of experience that made the men that graduated forty-seven years ago.

E. J. BLEKKINK.

Rev. Evert John Blekkink, D.D.
303 College Avenue
Holland, Michigan
Professor of Systematic Theology at Western Theological Seminary
Rev. Jacob Dyke
Henry Hulst, M.D.
R.R. 4, The Island, Little Crooked Lake
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Doctor

Class of 1884

The class of 1884 contained only two members. They came from the ends of the Reformed earth — at that time: one from the effete East, from New York; and one from the woolly West, from Iowa. And both came in somewhat accidentally, or there would have been no class.

Now, if I am to write up the class, good breeding will require me to except myself. Then there is but one left at whom I am to level my shafts of wit and merriment. And will you expect me to become funny at the expense of the other member? Could there be anything? If we had tried something on each other in our college days, there was no distribution of consequences in which one can afford the risk and get away with it. No, sir. So we simply made it a mutual admiration society. There may not have been much admiration outside of this closed circle — let me be mathematically exact and say, this closed two-sided figure; so each of us added a life-partner (I forgot, there too, lots of mutual admiration crept in), and we made it square. Being so few, all proper respect was paid us by the college authorities, and we now see why our examinations were so easy. Hope College may not have had all facilities in those days (in chemistry we were hardly successful with anything except with making sulphuretted hydrogen); but you know advanced education today does not require the alphabet to be learned, nor spelling. But we feel that we have obtained just as large a vision of things and got what tools we had, to be sharpened as well as they could be, and I trust we have hewed to the line as well as charitably can be expected.

GERRIT H. HOSPERS, SR.

Rev. Simon M. Hoogenboom
Sodus, New York
Minister (Retired)

Rev. Gerrit H. Hospers
Ontario, New York
Pastor of Ontario Reformed Church

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We were only six, but we achieved one distinction, and that was that we made the Rev. T. Romeyn Beck, D.D., Professor of Greek, very happy in that we read more Greek than any class that preceded us. Those who knew the worthy Doctor will realize the shock that came to him when the class asked for more Greek, and doubled its weekly stint. The reason why remains a secret.

The youngest member of the class, Miss Lizzie Phelps, younger daughter of the first President of Hope College, was a bright and ambitious student, a loyal, devoted Christian, for whom her classmates and friends predicted a brilliant future in academic life. She was called early into higher service, losing her life a few years after graduation in the great Johnstown Flood in Pennsylvania. At the time of her death she was a governess in the family of Mr. and Mrs. George Youngman. All were drowned except Mr. Youngman and two of his sons.

Peter Wayenberg was the oldest member of the class, quiet, earnest and conscientious by nature, one who was highly respected by all who knew him. He served two churches in our denomination, one at Pultneyville, N. Y., and the other in Maurice, Iowa. He was called home in the prime of life.

Mary Elizabeth Alcott, later Mrs. Gerrit J. Diekema, was a gracious woman, gifted with a beautiful voice and a charming personality. She spent nearly all her life in Holland, but died in Washington, D.C., her husband serving as a congressman at that time. Her memory is held in esteem by her many friends.

Albert Vanden Berg was a clean-cut, devoted Christian, a prince among men. For many years he was a member and President of the Council of Hope College and served in the ministry of the Reformed Church for thirty-five years. His big-hearted honesty and integrity was coupled with high idealism.

Professor John B. Nykerk is Dean of Men and head of the Department of English and Public Speaking at Hope College, having served his Alma Mater in various capacities for more than forty years. These long years of service in the most important branch of College work, have left their mark upon alumni and undergraduates, until he is the most loved and appreciated of all now connected with our Alma Mater. Hard lessons — Yes; sharp criticism — Yes; but now, in later years, deep gratitude. May his bow abide in strength!

Gerrit J. Hekhuis was favored by a kindly Providence in that his home was within
a mile of the college, which made an education possible for him. He rejoices in his privileges as a minister of the Gospel, and still gladly carries on. The Reformed Church has been honored with his ministerial service for over forty years, years replete with conscientious labor for the Master in various fields. Dr. Hekhuis is a keen and ardent Bible student, a pulpiteer who knows how to send the shafts of Truth as well as the healing balm of the Gospel into the hearts of the hearers. Advanced in years, his heart is ever young, his hope is strong and unwavering.

Mary E. Alcott*  
(Mrs. G. J. Dickema)

Rev. Gerrit J. Hekhuis, D.D.  
Grandville, Michigan  
Pastor of Grandville Reformed Church

Prof. John B. Nykerk, Litt.D.  
Voorhees Hall  
Holland, Michigan  
Professor of English and Public Speaking at Hope College

Lizzie Phelps*  
Rev. Albert Vanden Berg*  
Rev. Peter Wayenberg*

Class of 1886

THERE are but two members of our class left. Jeremias Kruidenier, a missionary in Egypt, became the D.D. of the class. P. W. Holleman is still engaged in his successful practice of medicine in Chicago. J. W. Visscher, during an epidemic of typhoid fever, in faithfully caring for his patients, contracted the disease, and was the first one of our number to be called home. R. Bloemendal, W. J. Duiker, and myself entered the ministry of the Reformed Church.

In our day interclass association was common and pranks were played. I cannot meet Dr. G. J. Hekhuis of the class of '85 but he reminds me of the chore he gave me. It happened in this wise: His classmate, A. Vandenbergh, suggested to R. Bloemendal and myself to take a walk one beautiful moonlight evening at the beginning of the school year. When near Visscher's place he thought we ought to have some of our classmate's grapes, and we fell into the tempter's snare. For before a bunch of grapes was secured, sticks and apples whizzed past our ears from the hand of Hekhuis who chased us back to the city, and how we did run. It was several weeks before we were informed it was a plot of Van and Hek.

Another incident occurred in Van Vleck Hall in Prof.Doesburg's room where the meetings of the Ulfiles Club were held. The first hour we met in the Prof's room and before he appeared one of the class lit the kerosene lamps and when he discovered the lights still burning he inquired who had acted as janitor the previous night, for in our
day we had to take our turn in caring for the room. He early dismissed the class and hunted up H. Harmeling, who became the culprit, and reprimanded him as being a thoughtless boy and careless, who might have caused the building, with the boys above, to have been burned up.

Mr. Harmeling could not convince the Prof. that he had been faithful in the discharge of his duty. When Harmeling was fully informed, he said: "If I had only known this at the time."

B. W. Lammers.

Rev. Ralph Bloemendal
Rev. William J. Duiker
Peter Holleman, M.D.
125 E. 111th Street
Chicago, Illinois
Doctor

Rev. Jeremias Kruidenier
Rev. Barend W. Lammers
Pastor of Roseland Reformed Church
John W. E. Visscher

Class of 1887

"POSTERI dies testes sunt sapientissimi."

Now that forty-three years have elapsed since our graduation from Hope College, we look back to the year 1887 and to the challenging motto that was chosen by the five men and two women members of the class. We remember the days of our college life and consider what the "later days" have brought to us.

When we entered college, Dr. Charles Scott was the president, and it was considered a great privilege to listen to teachers such as Dr. Scott, Professor J. G. Sutphen and others who seemed like oracles to the student body. The women members of the class belonged to the Zetaethian Literary Society, the first girls' organization on the campus. The men, in class discussion, showed interest in lines of thought that have since brought them recognition.

Among the graduates of that year, we have our philosopher, Dr. Albertus Pieters, professor of Bible and Missions in Western Theological Seminary. For thirty-two years he and his wife, Emma Kollen Pieters, also a classmate, were missionaries in Japan.

Rev. S. M. Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S., a great leader today, is also one of the Class of 1887. He was one of the pioneer missionaries to Arabia and is the author of several books bearing on Islam and the Moslem world. At present he is Professor of Missions in Princeton Seminary.

Paul R. Coster, who has lived in Holland and vicinity for many years, was interested in commercial photography for some time and is now in the automobile business. Another classmate, Charles N. Thew, who died in Los Angeles in 1928, following an operation, had served as Judge of Probate and Prosecuting Attorney in Allegan County.

Rev. H. V. S. Peeke, D.D., after forty years in the service of missions in Japan, returned to this country on his fourth furlough hastened because of illness. Last May he was operated on in Detroit and told that he had six more months to live. With Mrs. Peeke and their daughter, Olive, he moved to Holland, and, in the face of departing days, Dr. Peeke gave lectures on Japan, and his talks on the higher life were an inspiration full of hope and cheer. He died on December 27th, 1929.

Of the children of the members of the Class of '87, ten have graduated from Hope College.

Cornelia Cappon
(Mrs. William Brusse)
244 College Avenue
Holland, Michigan
At Home
Paul R. Coster
R.F.D. 8

Holland, Michigan
In Garage Business

Emma Kollen
(Mrs. Albertus Pieters)
44 E. 13th Street
Holland, Michigan
At Home

Cornelia Cappon Brusse.
The Class of 1888 numbered seven men. Four have passed on to their reward after devoting their lives to the spread of the gospel. Of the remaining three, one is still in the active ministry, another has suffered a nervous breakdown and is incapacitated for further service, although his heart is still in the work, while the third has devoted the greater part of his life to the banking business.

Rev. Peter J. Zwemer sailed for Busrah, Arabia, after his graduation from the New Brunswick Seminary. He was an enthusiastic missionary. He had a passion for those who never heard of the gospel message. He threw his whole soul into the work. His zeal knew no bounds. His ministry was of short duration, however. Fever and rheumatism compelled him to decide to return home and after a short illness he entered into rest.

Rev. John Lamar was loved by his classmates and in fact the entire student body. He had an amiable disposition. He loved the true, the noble, and the beautiful. His sermons were always carefully prepared. His addresses were noted for their edifying character. The congregations where he ministered held him in high regard. They admired his sterling qualities of character. He served churches in Grand Rapids, Rochester and Chicago.

Rev. Martin Ossewaarde was always full of life and enthusiasm. He was born in the Netherlands. While attending Hope College he mastered the English language sufficiently well to be able to preach in that language. He served some of the smaller congregations of our denomination and until his death was very active. Rev. F. Klooster was also born in the Netherlands. After his graduation from Hope College and the Western Theological Seminary he accepted a call to the church in Galesburg, Iowa. His ministry was of short duration, however. He labored with some difficulty but was very faithful in his work.

Rev. John Van Westerburg is at present a retired minister. Of a nervous temperament, he was noted for his great enthusiasm. He was an untiring worker and after several years of persistent endeavor he was compelled to resign. His eyes gave him considerable trouble.

Rev. Henry Harmeling is splendidly furnished by nature, grace and culture for the exacting demands of his high and holy office. He has a splendid personality and is still active in the ministry. He was held in high esteem by all those to whom he ministered in his long and useful career and his messages are helpful and inspiring.

Henry Geerlings is the only one of the seven who did not continue in the ministry. After his graduation from the McCormick Theological Seminary he served a church in the Presbyterian denomination for one year. He realized that he was not cut out for a minister and so he resigned his charge and entered the banking business. Besides being active in the bank he is also editor of the Leader, a Christian weekly, published in the interest of Hope College and the Reformed denomination.

Henry Geerlings
90 W. 14th Street
Holland, Michigan
Banker

Rev. Henry Harmeling
6131 Archer Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
Pastor of Archer Avenue Reformed Church

Rev. Foppe Klooster

Rev. John Lamar

Rev. Martin Ossewaarde

Rev. John Van Westerburg
827 Norbert Street, N.W.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Minister (Retired)

Rev. Peter J. Zwemer
To the imagination but a few years have passed since that memorable day when we donned our caps and gowns and were told to go forth into a world that was waiting for us; but when we stop to reminisce we realize that our youth with its golden and vigorous dreams is now no longer before us, but has faded into the past.

We were but few in numbers, that Class of '89.' Nine of us were given our diplomas and very soon we had left the walls of our old Alma Mater, but its fond memories remained long after we had acclimated ourselves to our new and various occupations.

Thoughts of yesterdays stir my emotions as I sit here and attempt to pen these few words which are desired of me; some are too sacred to impart and other I dare not for the sake of those dear old friendships which I cherish more as each year is ushered out by a new one.

A pang of regret passes over me as I think of that old classmate of ours who has dropped from our active ranks and is one of us only in past deeds and present memories. Our remaining members have come and gone. The East and West, the North and South, have all claimed our humble efforts and nobly each member has responded to what he felt to be his duty. Three different professions now claim our attention. The ministry has her half portion while the remaining portion is again divided equally between law and medicine.

Each year passes, finding us just a little more devoted to our chosen professions, a little more certain that life for us is slowly drawing toward its close, but always happy for the fond friendships and lasting experiences which our Alma Mater gave to us.

**Class of 1889**

Clinton L. Dayton  
Traverse City, Michigan  
Attorney

Rev. Henry Hospers, D.D.  
26 E. 12th Street  Holland, Michigan  
Professor of Hebrew at Western Theological Seminary

Herbert G. Keppel, Ph.D.  
Albert Knooihuizen, M.D.  
161 W. 12th Street  Holland, Michigan  
Doctor

Gelman Kuiper  
1123 Peoples Gas Building  
Chicago, Illinois  
Claims Attorney for Chicago Great Western Railroad Company

Rev. Teunis W. Muilenburg  
South Holland, Illinois  
Pastor of South Holland Reformed Church

Rev. William Stegeman  
R.R. 1, Prairie View, Kansas  
Pastor of Luctor Reformed Church

Rev. Anthony M. Van Duine  
141 Hamilton Avenue  
Passaic, New Jersey  
Pastor of First Holland Reformed Church

Dirk J. Werkman, M.D.  
1936 Washington Avenue  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
Doctor (Retired)  
Instructor in Chemistry, Coe College
If our memory serves us right we were seven. And as seven is the perfect number, what more natural, than that with all the grace of noblesse oblige we lived up to our distinction. Modesty and space deny us the pleasure of amplifying on the merits of the seven. As we look back through the haze of the yesterdays the mental outlines of our subjects are somewhat blurred; but here and there a line is etched more clearly.

The first to step into the foreground of memory is Juistema. He was undoubtedly the Beau Brummel of our class. Natty and neat, impeccable and correct in dress, we remember him. In him learning was wedded to esthetics, for 'Juist' ever had an eye for pulchritude and beauty. And for that matter, so did his compeers of Class '90.

Brother 'Juist' was prone to burn the candle at both ends. Nor in that was he singular above the rest of his fellows. One instance made it more conspicuous. 'Twas when sleepy-eyed, one morning in class-room, "Juist" was treading a devious, uncertain way through Caesar. Presently Prof. Sutphen looked up and with never a smile committed this one: 'Gentlemen, it is evident that Juistema sees her (Caesar) too much." Woe the luckless wight, who'd been out for the night.

Next in view comes Ossewaarde, our 'Jimmy.' We might style him our 'Gentleman Jim.' How, like the "Mill-boy of the slashes" 'Jimmy' could sway to the oratorical breeze, and in sonorous tones roll off sesqui-pedalian stuff. Shades of Spartacus and Horatius! How they squirmed in their graves when 'Jimmy' threw himself into action. And we voted 'Jimmy' a bright boy. Peace to his memory.

Quite on a par with 'Jimmy' was 'Harry' of the Kremer clan. There were no parasites on "Harry." He could soar on Demosthenian wings, volplane down and make a perfect landing. He could ride the classics without a pony, and prove to dear old Caseje that Ulphilas ante-dated Noah, and that Dutch was the vernacular in which Eve berated Adam. A convincing lad, "Harry" promised much and lived up to the promise.

We think of classmate William Bruins, soberly calm and calmly sober. William could have worn the Roman toga, for the aura of the forum encircled his brow. A good scholar withal. But once William's placidity was rudely broken, when Juistema, in a light, frivolous moment, popped a nitrogen gun at his head. The class meekly received Dr. Scott's prompt dismissal, but joyously voted it — the end of a perfect day.

And then there were Van Kampen and Flipse, the two inseparables. Damon and
Pythias, politely speaking, had nothing on them. Scholastically they upheld the tradition of the class, but did not confine their study to academic lore. They agreed with Pope that “the proper study of mankind is man”—more particularly the better half of man. However, more or less, the entire class was not averse to this phase of sociological study. And last but not least, we must pen the name of dear good Brother Bekken. A faithful, conscientious minister who died comparatively young, but in the Master’s service.

ISAAC VAN KAMPEN.

Rev. Dirk L. Betten
Forrestville, New York
(Presbyterian Church)
Minister in Presbyterian Church

Rev. William H. Bruins
943 Chestnut Street
Riverside, California
Retired Minister in Methodist Church

Rev. Martin Flipse
420 W. 56th Street
Los Angeles, California
Classical Missionary and Pastor of
Hope Reformed Church

Herman S. Juistema
9'13 Chestnut Street
Riverside, California

Rev. Harry Kremers, D.D.
Coe College
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Dean of Men

Rev. James Ossewaarde
Monsey, New York
Pastor of Saddle River Reformed Church

Rev. Isaac Van Kampen, Ph.D.
Monsey, New York
Pastor of Saddle River Reformed Church

Class of 1891

ASKED to furnish three hundred words of humor anent the “ludicrous side” of our college life in “the gay nineties” and yet importuned “not to inconvenience” myself, I shall report just a few memories which, without effort, float back to me. To others it may appear a vain quest for “The Fossil Hunters.”

There were six of us. Fanny Steffens, with her quick, bird-like movements; Dick Gleysteen, whose dark complexion and bushy eyebrows enabled him to achieve, on occasion, the saturnine expression of a chief villain in a play; Gerrit Albers, florid of face, eyes with a smile, somewhat worldly wise; the always serious John Sietsema; and our class orator, John Vander Meulen; also my humble self.

I was trying to recall, Vander Meulen, whether I ever saw you run. I still see you, in the Doesburg room, slouched down in a chair that was tipped back, your hand usually holding fast to my chair to give partial support. Your brown checked, hairy overcoat usually gave evidence of your having driven in from Ebenezer.

And Sietsema, you were the “strong man” of the class. I still get a kick out of the faces you used to make when under stress, especially the day you climbed a tall ladder and having our big class motto on your shoulder. The bulging neck cords, fiery red face and awful grimaces up there at the top of the ladder! Remember that time you hit that liner out to where I was guarding first base? We had few gloves in those days. I had none, and simply held up my hands for the catch. That cannon ball hit my hands so hard that I never felt it and did not know that they had convulsively closed on the ball until I heard onlookers clap their hands. Wow! Our hands were black and blue all season.

Talking of accidental virtues, there was the morning, Vander Meulen, when you told me of the hit I had made in writing my Anchor editorial on “Pearls.” In my innocence I had written of turning irritants and disappointments into pearls of character. "Don’t be just an oyster: make a pearl." You insisted I knew all the time that our Editor-in-Chief had been turned down by his girl and had sought consolation with a fair maiden whose name was Pearl.

Stray memories all, not meaning much, and doubtless of little interest, but the infliction is at your request, editors of the MILESTONE.

JERRY P. WINTER.
FIFTEEN members of the Columbian Class responded to the roll call at the opening of the college year in the fall of 1888. The name "Columbian" had been adopted because its graduation year marked the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' great discovery. The Fraternal Society at this period seemed to be limping on its last legs, and the Columbian Class at once essayed to organize a new literary society, but to their disappointment the faculty disapproved and the matter was dropped. Sentiment for the time-honored Fraternal Society undoubtedly played an important part. However, the following year saw the successful organization of the Cosmopolitan Society by the Class of '93.

When we see the Freshmen of today wearing the green toggery decreed by upper classmen, we smile to think that the Class of '92, acting upon their own initiative, appeared in chapel one morning wearing headgear that would have done honor to the Sultan of Turkey.

Another great event in the lives of little men was the junior public entertainment given by the class in 1891. Outside of the commencement exercises public entertainments sponsored by the college were rare. The Columbian Class in its Junior year decided to give what was then termed a Junior exhibition. It was a grand success, with bogus programs thrown in free of charge for full measure. Later, however, a day of reckoning came for those who had dared to call us the "Big-head Class." Prof. Kollen, on the evening of the exercises, kindly and wittily poured oil upon the troubled waters by stating that the class evidently deserved the name long-headed rather than big-headed.

Today as we write these lines memory reverts to those college days and once more we see the faces of professors and classmates and we long to converse with them as in days gone by. All the professors, with a single exception, have gone to their reward. Of the eleven members who graduated in '92, Homer Van Landegend, Gerrit H. Dubbink, George E. Kollen, Andrew Reeverts, and John Luxen are no longer with us. Albert Oosterhof, Cornelius Steffens, Philip Soulen, Herman Van Der Ploeg, Henry J. Veldman, and your scribe still remain each in his own sphere endeavoring to uphold the honor of our Alma Mater.

Peter Huyser.

Rev. Gerrit H. Dubbink,<sup>9</sup> D.D.
Peter Huyser
626 Lincoln Avenue
Holland, Michigan
Teacher (Retired)

George E. Kollen<sup>8</sup>
Rev. John Luxen<sup>6</sup>
Rev. Albert Oosterhof
Hamilton, Michigan, R. 1
Pastor of Reformed Church of East Overeisel

Rev. Andrew J. Reeverts<sup>8</sup>
Philip J. Soulen
Moscow, Idaho
State High School Inspector

Rev. Cornelius M. Steffens, D.D.
6305 Kenmore Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
President Emeritus of University of Dubuque, Dubuque, Iowa

Rev. Herman Vander Ploeg
550 S. 11th Street
San Jose, California
Minister (Retired)

Homer Van Landegend<sup>9</sup>

Rev. Henry J. Veldman, D.D.
1121 Jefferson Street
Muskegon, Michigan
Pastor of Central Reformed Church
I'm writing in behalf of the Milestone Staff, which solicits "write-ups" containing humorous reminiscences of the College life of the members of the Class of 93. And they sent this request to Jim, the prosiest one of them all, an old Greek-root digger at Knox College. Happily, the Professor had sense enough to refer it to the only one of all the class who could, or would, dare write anything frivolous of all the "reverends" and legal lights, and "Profs" that make up the galaxy.

How lucky that I cannot be haled before a Classis, or the Bar, or the Faculty, for breach of etiquette if anything here should be scurrilous. I have no label, not even that of lawyer or politician or ambassador or consul. And I am always brief.

Now, then — who were they, what were they, why were they? The last mentioned question would perhaps be hardest to answer, except for one general and stupendous achievement, viz.: In the first year of their college life they brought forth, with much travail (ask Prof. Nykerk or Art Van Duren), the Cosmopolitan Society. This explains why they were, en masse, and let it suffice.

As to the two members who have passed away — Rev. John L. De Jong and Rev. Albert Kuiper — I desire to lay a wreath of loving tribute upon their graves. They were esteemed and loved by their classmates. Peace to their ashes. They have received their glorious rewards.

Henry Huizenga, Ph.D., is farthest away now; for many years he was in a Baptist Mission in India, but is now the head of a large College in Shanghai, China; so I can start in on him fearlessly. We were pals. In mathematics he outfigured Euclid. He was tall and lanky, but pshaw, there was no humor in him and the only humorous thing he did was in the manner he asked his wife to marry him. But that is too personal. So I quit.

Nor was Wirtje Jansen much of a wit. Really we had to hide our pranks from him. But he was the Father Confessor of the class. O, the secret failings and longings of our young hearts that he knows! And they want "humorous episodes" from such material!! That dispenses of two of them, thank goodness; and lots of laughs you freshies of today get out of them. We had no "pajama parties" or "weenie roasts" or "swell feeds." The best we could do was to ride on John De Boer's mule, eat a piece of bread and butter at Pessinks ("sandwich" was then unknown). The woodshed was the common recreation field. So we had to take all our fun out on the poor Professors, of whom there is now only Prof. Nykerk left to testify to the hard lot of the faculty of those
days. If, however, you expect me to tell many of the pranks — I revere their memory too greatly to snitch.

Oh, here is Miedema, the dandy of the class. Immaculate and prim he always was, and is, I presume. He carried this idea of primness into his oratory and Dr. N. had a hard time keeping him from being too finished a product. But I never heard him crack a joke.

Wiley Mills — the socialist, the prohibitionist, the political seer. How we rode him away back in 1890 when he even then predicted complete prohibition, woman suffrage, popular election of senators, the primary. He made good and is an eminent member of the bar in Chicago and well known in its political life. He still dreams.

Prof. Albert J. Rooks of Calvin College. Yes, we raised him, and it was our class that nurtured him. And only our class could have done it. We tempered the wind to the shorn lamb and turned out a tolerably fine professor. Hope’s faculty had nothing to do with it. Young Calvin has great reason to be thankful to the class of ’93 for him.

John Schaefer — the woods, the flowers, the birds, the stars were his themes for essays, debates, orations, mathematical demonstrations, calculations, and Latin. We hated him. He rang the old cowbell on the steps of Van Vleck for recitations, and would never swerve one minute from his time. He was more punctual than an electric alarm of these days. Good old John.

Stern Jim — silent Jim — smart Jim — Sterenberg. He is still all of that, they tell me at Knox College. Jim knew his Aeschylus by heart, his Greek by the root, his mathematics by the X — but he did not learn to sing "Annie Roonie."

I must not forget Will Te Winkel. It seems to me that when he and I last met, we each stood at an extreme end of the platform of the old little frame chapel, under the gallery. "Schiet maar vader, ik ben niet bang" I sang out in my childish treble and on sped the arrow from his bow — for he was William Tell in a Dutch play and I his boy. How that audience roared its approval when I picked up from the platform beneath me apple and arrow, the one piercing the other. It was wonderful marksmanship. My head still aches.

Dr. William Douwes Zoethout, Ph.D., if you please. And the Ph.D. was earned, too. Never keen on honor or humor. "Now, class, now, class — Zoethout is all wrong — Darwin is all wrong, I want you . . . . ." and then for a lovely hour of haranguing on evolution instead of a math. recitation with Prof. Kleinheksel. How often we thanked Zoetie from the bottom of our hearts for mentioning Darwin. Perhaps Dr. Nykerk can
recall a little episode about "state secrets" when he dismissed Huizenga, Zoethout and their pal from music rather summarily.

I do not dare say anything funny about Bill Van Eyck. He might come to Chicago and clean up on me. You see, he wants to be taken seriously and people generally take his extreme Bryanesqueness as rather enjoyable, what shall I say—boncomb. Excuse me, Bill. That is the way you struck me lots of times. If you were dead when I write this I would not say it; but now you have a chance to get even with me. Really, though, even the professors were scared stiff, when Bill started; for he had always the facts at the tip of his tongue and his logic was keen and his sarcasm was cutting. He did yeoman's service for the Democratic donkey. But we all loved Bill for there was and is intrinsic value in him.

And this is written by the least of them all, in size, mentality and influence. Me they made the scapegoat. O tempora, O mores.

At first, I had concocted a lot of "funny" things about the boys. But, really, they were such a sober lot, that when Prof. Nykerk (then a young man) got off one of his periodic Boston jokes, they would groan instead of laugh. No, those boys were impossible! Not a humorous thing escaped their lips, they swallowed it all. Throughout all those four years they were perfectly impossible as prankers. The best they could do was almost to roast poor old Prof. Doesburg alive between the red-hot stove and the ever narrowing circle of interested French scholars.

The best, and the most humorous thing those incorrigible immovable jacks did while at Hope was putting over the Cosmopolitan Society. Really it was a joke the way that organization was born. The Frats were dead as a doornail when we entered college. They could not get two fellows together to elect us to membership, so we organized a new society, or rather, decided to do so.

And then came the fun! There were the old graduates who had been Frats — and there were the shades of the Frats' ancestors from goodness knows how far in the hoary past. And they all got up and boo-oo-ed at us, and howled at us, and shook fists at us and threatened us with expulsion and burning at the stake (or steak?) if we dared call to life any other society. We really loved those professors — ask Dr. Nykerk. But when our recitation hours came, we were for weeks in succession regaled on Frat reminiscences instead of economics and rhetoric and mathematics and music — all because Professors Kollen, Kleinheksel, Boers and Nykerk — the sacred Overisel Quartet — were old Frats. O, but we enjoyed it. And we put it over too.

And now, I know some of them call the Cosmopolitan a huge joke at present. Let us advise you to study the record of the achievements of its former members and chart them as to oratory, science, divinity, economics, wife-beating, politics, anything. Their curve is always upward.

As the Indian says: "I have spoken."

HENRY VANDER PLOEG.

Rev. John L. De Jong
Baptist College
Shanghai, China

Rev. Henry J. Huizenga
Baptist College
Shanghai, China
Teaching English Literature

Rev. Wirtje T. Jansen
Kings, Illinois
Pastor of Elim Reformed Church

Rev. Albert Kuiper*

Rev. William Miedema
450 6th Street
Oxnard, California
Pastor of Oxnard Presbyterian Church

Wiley W. Mills
19 S. La Salle Street
Chicago, Illinois
Attorney

Prof. Albert J. Rooks
737 Benjamin Avenue, S.E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Professor in Calvin College
Dean of Men

Rev. John Schaefer
Parkersburg, Iowa, Box 243
Minister—serving various congregations
HAVE been asked to write a history of the Class of 1894 in three hundred words. This is a greater task than that of ex-President Coolidge when he undertook to write a history of the United States in five hundred words.

Of this class it can still be said, "We were five and we are still alive." The baby of the class, Arthur Van Duren, graduated from the law department of U. of M. and opened a law office in Holland, where he became city attorney and Justice of the Peace and U. S. Commissioner for the Western District of Michigan.

The next in age was or is Dr. Wm. J. Van Kersen, who graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, served churches in Illinois and Iowa and then was chosen Western Secretary for the Board of Foreign Missions. At present he is away on a tour around the world to inspect the different missions of the Reformed Church. He received his doctor's degree from Hope College.

Gerrit Tysse, the scribe, also graduated from Princeton Seminary, and served churches in Iowa, New York, and Michigan. He served as member of the Board of Superintendents of the Western Seminary and as its Stated Clerk after the death of Dr. P. Moerdyke. At present he is engaged as Home Missionary in Michigan and the Stated Clerk of the Classis of Holland. He is especially known as the father of his children.

Next comes Peter Swart, a graduate of Western Seminary, who served churches in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana. Besides being a successful pastor he is an artist and inventor of unusual ability.

And last, the daddy of the class is Klaas J. Dykema, a graduate of New Brunswick Seminary. His ministry has been almost exclusively in the far West. At present he is pastor of the church at Platte, South Dakota, and State Clerk of the Dakota Classis.

Class of 1895

IT HAD many distinguishing features. As to numbers it was average. The Anniversary Catalog (1926) gives the enrollment as ten but it should really count another for a marked member was John Vande Erve, genial immigrant, pioneer, word hurler, preacher, professor and whatnot. At various times we enrolled others but a scant dozen started and remained through the course.

Our origins varied widely. We hailed from the parsonage and the plain; from Wisconsin, Iowa and New York; from the Netherlands and India; and of course from...
Michigan. We also boasted a lady member. The memories are still delightful of the joys of attending her about the campus and around town. (For she was distinguished in bearing both the name and the spirit of Van Raalte.) To the shame and disgrace of the he men of the class be it said that none of them had the aspiration, or possibly the courage, to annex her name.

The four years of college history cannot be told in terms of struggle. Athletics, then, were practically nil. Intercollegiate debates and oratorical contests were yet to be. So our surplus energy, after the daily struggles with Greek, Latin, mathematics and science, were spent on college pranks, evening parties (no petting permitted), rowing, skating and excursions to nearby orchards. Occasionally the lady member opened her home to a class function and there we rubbed off a little of the clinging verdancy of farm, field and forest. Anyhow we had a good time.

So we sallied forth in 1895 to do our work in the world. One entered the business world, a half dozen went into the ministry; some with more or less of honor and scholastic degrees after postgraduate work, but all with diligent toil. The lady member after teaching in Public Schools took to herself a husband and taught a limited class in the nursery. The men also responded to the cosmic urge, married, and begat children.

Looking back over 35 years we see that each one proceeded faithfully to "chase his favorite phantom." Noteworthy is the fact that three of the eleven have answered the call of the grim reaper, one a minister, and our two doctors; on another mental darkness fell; others have had their struggles and triumphs; but they preach and practice and creditably play their part in the general effort to attain a better world. The memories of Hope are fragrant and its training has not been in vain.

Henry M. Bruins.
MY REGISTRATION at Hope College in 1892 was due in part to the fact that I was the son of a "seeder" pastor living in Holland. With such a background I found myself as a maverick or stray among the Hope College students of that day. Due also to the two facts that I was living at home and that I was out of college a total of more than a year due to a recurrent illness, I did not enter into the student activity in a way which I might otherwise have done. Also, because of my peculiar doctrinal situation,
I may have suffered from what the modern psychologists call a case of inferiority complex.

The most vivid recollections that I have of student life are connected with the literary societies which were then in vogue and quite powerful in college life. The three outstanding of these were the Cosmopolitan Society and the Fraternal Society in the college and the Ulflas Club in the preparatory school. I became a Frater. The meetings were held in the evening in an old wooden structure at the northeast end of the campus. There we met regularly, listening to very serious programs of orations, essays and papers on current events carried out in a most solemn fashion. Each evening a critic was appointed. No member of the present day intelligentsia could tear these emanations of youthful brains apart with more glee than was the case with the critics of our society. I remember with fear and trembling the occasion when I was called upon to play my part.

The only social event that I remember was an evening supper given at my own home in honor of the members of our small class. Social life in those days was not a very complicated affair. Christian Endeavor Society and the thrill of walking home with one of the co-eds at the conclusion of the same furnished thrills which still remain with me.

I also recall that during those years a member of each class for the first time was appointed to keep track of the number of his fellow students in attendance at chapel. This job was passed around. Some monitors took their jobs more seriously than others. If any monitor, however, was too conscientious and regularly reported the names of all absentees, the rest of us were mighty certain to report him without fail whenever he was absent, even though we reported no one else. I still remember many an instance where we had a meeting after chapel and selected some absentee who had a good excuse and reported him alone, thus protecting the others who did not have valid excuses. You will thus note how the idea of developing a thorough working system was inculcated in the minds of the youths of that day.

JOHN N. VAN DER VRIES.

Edward D. Dimnent, Litt.D.
92 E. 10th Street
Holland, Michigan
President of Hope College

Rev. B. D. Dykstra
Orange City, Iowa
Editor of Volksvriend

Rev. Edward Kelder, Ph.D.
Coytesville, New Jersey
Pastor of Coytesville Reformed Church

Rev. Frederick J. Lubbers, D.D.
Doon, Iowa
Pastor of Doon Reformed Church

Rev. D. Cornelius Ruigh
419 4th Avenue
18th Floor
New York City
Minister

Rev. Sheldon Vanden Berg
Port Jervis, New York
Classical Missionary

John N. Vander Vries, Ph.D.
38 So. Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois
Manager of North Central Division,
Chamber of Commerce of the U. S.

Rev. Harry Wiersum*

Class of 1897

The Class of '97 was the largest in the history of our college up to that time. There were no women in our group. Co-education had as yet made little progress in the College Department but since then there have come from our school a great company of men not only, but a noble band of women also to go out upon the journey of life, helpmates to good men, fine matches being made on the College Campus. God bless them.

We parted that memorable evening in June, 1897. Some of us have never met again. We scattered far and wide with various occupations and professions each serving
his God and fellowman in his own way. You in your way and I in mine. Out on the western prairies as far as the Pacific coast, east in New York and New Jersey, north in the Dominion of Canada; and across the seas Moerdyk is driving the plowshare of the Gospel and Christian Education into the stony hearts of the Arab. Warnshuis, sometime in China, is now serving as International Secretary of Missions. Two of our number have gone to their reward — Gerrit J. Huizenga who served some time as a missionary in India and Jacob Brummel. We are trying to serve our Master the best we know how, in the pulpit, the professor’s chair, in medicine, business and on the farm. All are doing good work, a fine group of Christian men, not a lazy one among them. Of course, we are gradually reaching the age limit — not the dead-line for that line does not exist. If, per chance, we should be confronted by that danger a good God sees to it that we become grandfathers that our grandchildren may keep awake within us the spirit of youth. God bless the boys of "97" and "Spera in Deo" for the school of the fathers.

NICHOLAS BOER.

Rev. Nicholas Boer  
1009 Hermitage Street, S.E.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Pastor of Third Reformed Church

Egbert Boone  
R.R. 10  
Holland, Michigan  
Farmer

Rev. Jacob Brummel  
Rev. John De Jongh  
Rock Rapids, Iowa  
Pastor of Rock Rapids Reformed Church

Rev. Floris Ferwerda, B.P.  
Daretown, New Jersey  
Pastor of Pittsgrove Presbyterian Church

Rev. Gerrit J. Huizenga  
Rev. G. Kooiker  
Terry, Montana  
Minister in Presbyterian Church

Rev. James E. Moerdyk  
Amarah, Iraq  
Missionary

Rev. John J. Ossewaarde  
S. Centennial Street  
Zeeland, Michigan  
Resting

Rev. Anthony Rozendal  
Volga, South Dakota  
Pastor of Volga Reformed Church

Henry Sagers  
R. R. 3  
Holland, Michigan

Secretary-Treasurer of Holland Cooperative Association

Prof. J. G. Vanden Bosch  
857 Bates Street, S.E.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Professor in Calvin College

Rev. Louis Vanden Burg, D.D.  
496 E. 29th Street  
Paterson, New Jersey  
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church

Rev. Jacob Vander Meulen, D.D.  
29 E. 16th Street  
Holland, Michigan  
Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis at Western Theological Seminary

John F. Van Sloaten  
687 S. Kingsley Drive  
Los Angeles, California  
Manager of Insurance Co.

Rev. A. Livingston Warnshuis, D.D.  
c-o Mission’s Building  
Yuen Ming Yuen Road  
Shanghai, China  
Secretary, International Missionary Council

Rev. G. W. Watermulder  
White Tail, Nebraska  
Pastor of White Tail Canyon Reformed Church

Henry L. Yonker, M.D.  
397 Burrows Avenue  
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada  
Physician and Surgeon

Class of 1898

THE Class of 98 had the distinction of being one of the most unique in the college at that time. There were sixteen of us at the beginning of the Freshman year. During the course of four years some of our members graduated before it was time. But a number of new members joined us later and when the class graduated there were still sixteen of us.

In some respects the class was a peace-loving one, in other respects they were an aggressive group, and enjoyed an occasional scrap. The class was restless, perhaps due to an over abundance of Push and Punch. This was evident in the class room, and in
other rooms and also in the open field. But they ever proved themselves a class of men, faithful, persevering, and hard working. It was evident that each had an aim in view. Some were preparing for the ministry, some for teaching, and others for scientific fields. Dr. John Banninga is our representative on the foreign field. Rev. John Meengs, Rev. John Steketee, Rev. Jacob Van Ess, Rev. C. Kuyper, and Rev. A. Klerk are serving the church at home. Prof. J. W. Beardslee, D.D., is teaching at New Brunswick Seminary. The other members of the class are widely scattered, and all contact seems to have been broken.

Another unique characteristic of the class, is its want of cohesion. It may be due to the great distance that has separated them. A class reunion has never been possible. Classmates, is not such a reunion possible? Shall we make the attempt? I nominate Rev. John Steketee as chairman of a committee to bring it about.

I want to remind the class of one or two incidents. One of these occurred in the class of Prof. Whitenack. It was a morning the class arrived in the recitation room long before the professor. At once there was something doing. The chairs and the tables were used to form a barricade. The members immediately took their position, each armed with a broom, or what have you, and as the prof. came into the room, a regular warwhoop greeted him. Of course a most severe rebuke was administered, and we were ordered to put everything in its place. When the class was ready for the duty of the hour, the noble prof. apologized for having spoken so harshly to the class.

The other interesting incident occurred in the Latin room. Here Prof. Sutphen wielded the Roman Scepter, and all who have enjoyed his teaching will remember how well he could wield his sceptor. The prof. was never too well pleased with students
who were bound to be happy and cheerful. Our class at this time had the distinction of having one or two members of the fairer sex. One of them often proved to be more than an equal to the prof. sarcasm. One morning as the class entered the recitation room, this particular young lady seemed to be enjoying herself to the full. Suddenly the prof. leaped from his throne and shouted, Say, Miss——, are you for sale? The young lady looked at him, and quietly replied, No, prof., did you wish to buy one? The prof. being a single man at the time, seemed much embarrassed. For once the prof. lost his austerity, and actually smiled to the young lady, much to the relief of the class.

Rev. John J. Banninga, D.D.
Pasumalai, South India
Missionary in Congregational Church

Rev. John Walter Beardslee, Jr., D.D., Ph.D.
Seminary Place
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Hellenistic Greek in New Brunswick Theological Seminary

Robert P. De Bruyn
Boggen, Colorado
Teacher

Rev. Martin Hyink
Castlewood, South Dakota
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church

Rev. Abraham Klerk
1102 N. Westnedge Avenue
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Pastor of Third Reformed Church

Robert E. Kremers
1370 E. 32nd Street
Portland, Oregon
Engineer for General Contractor

Rev. Cornelius Kuyper
Cedar Grove, Wisconsin
Pastor of Cedar Grove Reformed Church

Rev. John G. Meengs
5 Morris Avenue
Schenectady, New York
Pastor of Second Reformed Church
We felt our responsibilities and obligations at once, we of '99, for was it not our duty to end the 19th century well? — Or was it to begin the 20th century? I have forgotten now which was decided, but I remember what serious disputes there were, and what eloquence, on the question whether 1899 was the end of the century, or whether 1900 was the end. And we serenely entered the college never suspecting that we should face that and many other serious problems.

The faculty felt our presence at once, and I am sure appreciated us; for they always kept a watchful eye on us, very much as one keeps an eye on dynamite he is handling. No wonder, either. For what men there were among us — giants in those days — "Skip," and "Sly," and "C. Mulder" always so sober and straight-forward when he was not otherwise, and "Folkert" liable at any time to do something, and our never-failing "Pop," and "Feedie" able to relieve any situation with his plea for "goed speerit." And then there was "Van Ess" doing all heavy mental work as if it was a joke, and never able to do serious things even as though they were ponderous and serious. These were some of the major lights around which the rest of us satellited friskily.

But we were always well behaved — we had to be, because Dr. Kollen began his successful regime with us. We were inclined to feel that he needed all the help we could give him — and we did, in various ways that he did not appreciate altogether; but we laid that to his lack of experience with collegiate institutions. Of course, if necessity compelled, we could recite of Halloweens, when stoves in Van Vleck walked out of the rooms and down the hill side. And what nights and excitements of "Pila-ha-ha" on old Van Vleck, when no one, not even a college president, could mount to us. How we live over the days when fond memory brings the light of other days around me.

JOHN E. KUIZENGA.

Le Mars, Iowa
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church

Seine B. De Pree, M.D.
Sioux Center, Iowa
Doctor

Andrew Gansevoort, M.D.
10859 S. Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
Physician

Rev. John E. Kuizenga, D.D.
31 Alexander Avenue
Princeton, New Jersey
Professor of Apologetics in Princeton
Theological Seminary

Rev. Folkert B. Mansen
Orange City, Iowa
Pastor of Free Grace Reformed Church
The class of 1900 was known by two suggestive names, the “naughty naught” class and the 16 to 1 class. The former was a play upon the year of graduation, the latter had reference to the fact that the class, at the time of graduation, numbered 17, 16 men and one lady, the lady being Miss Henrietta Zwemer, now Mrs. W. A. Worthington. It ought to be said in this connection that while 17 members did officially graduate, there were only 16 to enjoy the happy occasion, one of the class, Mr. H. J. Brink, having been
killed by lightning a short time before commencement. As might be expected, where the men were in such majority the lady received a good deal of attention from the "lady-men" of the class. And though she was a civilizing influence in the class, her presence did not always curb the spirits of the wilder members.

As a sample of this wildness, we recall an incident that happened the very first morning the class met for a recitation in the Dutch language. The Prof, in charge was called out of the room for a moment, the result was a song, Mary Had a Little Lamb, which was carried on so vociferously that one of the class was soon after expelled from the school and never returned. There were still other members, during at least part of the course, but all dropped out in the course of the years, leaving only the 17 to graduate.

The class all entered professional work. The ministers were by far in the majority, ten of the class ultimately entering that profession and the lady of the class marrying a minister. All of them are still in service, both in this and in foreign lands. Three entered the profession of teaching, while one who entered the medical profession ultimately also landed in the professorial chair, in his alma mater. One entered the legal profession and is still engaged in that profession.

Rev. Harry P. Boot
C-o American Mission
Amoy, China
Fukien Province
Missionary

Rev. Albertus T. Broek, D.D.
Calvary Church
Center Avenue and Olaf Street
Reading, Pennsylvania
Minister in Reformed Church in United States

Rev. Abraham De Young
321 W. Cedar Street
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Pastor of First Reformed Church

Gerhard J. Dinkeloo
579 W. Park Avenue
Highland Park, Illinois
Teaching Music in Deerfield Shields High School

Prof. Almon T. Godfrey,* M.D.
Rev. Garret H. Hondelink
417 Alexander Street
Rochester, New York
Pastor of First Reformed Church

Rev. Henry Hueneman
Forreston, Illinois
Pastor of Forreston Reformed Church

Rev. Leonard L. Legters
637 May Street
De Land, Florida
Field Secretary of Pioneer Mission Agency

Rev. Siebe C. Nettinga, D.D.
133 W. 11th Street
Holland, Michigan
President of Western Theological Seminary

Rev. Siert F. Riepma
2631 Q Street
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Pastor of Second Presbyterian Church

Prof. William Rinck*
Rev. John H. Straks
Maurice, Iowa
Pastor of First Reformed Church

John D. Tanis
3221½ Broadway Hotel
Fargo, North Dakota
Hotel Manager

Cornelius Vander Meulen
198 W. 11th Street
Holland, Michigan
Attorney. Assistant Cashier of First State Bank

Rev. Anthony B. Van Zante
9540 Waters Avenue
Seattle, Washington
Pastor of Rainier Beach Presbyterian Church

Henrietta Zwemer
(Mrs. Wm. A. Worthington)
Annville, Jackson Co., Kentucky
Minister's Wife

Class of 1901

In recalling the college experiences of the class of 1901, after twenty-nine years of active life, one realizes first how rapidly "time flies" and again how rapidly some of the cherished activities of college days fade and lose their brilliancy. There are memories, mostly pleasant, which are outstanding always when a college career is recalled to mind. These are memories of men who gave us of themselves. Time only makes these memories the more cherished. There are other minor college experiences which may be
partially recalled but in the reproduction one is more apt to add more fiction than fact.

The beginning of a new century was kind enough to give the class a name — naughty ones — appropriate or otherwise is left to your imagination. We started with about 30 ardent and verdant Freshmen, gathered from the wilds of the then unknown. Present Freshman classes have no monopoly on that cherished color. We were green in looks, green in conduct, greener in social attainments, greenest in learning, so green in fact that the late President Kollen thought we were the summer's hay crop late in appearing, and was recalling that in his younger days such a crop was gathered into barns. Figuratively speaking, this was exactly what the faculty proceeded to do. Co-eds were an unknown factor to this class which was fortunate for them both. We all pursued a Classical course, no other courses were known nor considered worth while. Those were the days of Greek, Latin, Mathematics, History, English, and a few artistic trimmings by way of French, German, and Education, deemed essential to a liberal training. With these courses, our memories are more of men, eleven in number, than of subject-matter. Today, only Dr. E. D. Dimment and Dr. J. B. Nykerk remain of that forceful and respected faculty; forceful because they have left the stamp of their personalities upon us which makes their memories the more revered as we realize what they did for us; respected, because of their zealous efforts in our behalf, always willingly and cheerfully giving of themselves and their time when help was needed. All of us can trace the ideals of life and the inspiration for service to the memories of these men who laid broad and deep the foundations for the present enviable reputation of Hope College.

These "naughty ones" believed "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and hence proceeded to make some amusement for themselves and misery for others. Living true to their name they celebrated St. Patrick's day, 1898, a warm and beautiful spring day, by lounging in true Irish style on the sunny side of the old gymnasium. We were warned in a stern and fatherly way that such practices could not be tolerated and must not be repeated. They were not repeated. To make up in a repentant way for past misdemeanors, the class decided to appear in all Irish dignity in 1899. Dressed in green caps and gowns of professional style, they followed the faculty to their seats. All classes were attended without the faintest smile. The Juniors, our common enemies always, believed we were exercising too much dignity. They proceeded to dispose of our canes. Most of them found a peaceful retreat on the roof of Van Vleck Hall with the trap door locked from below. Some of them may be there still for we never have heard that they existed after that. No further disturbance marred our peaceful celebration of
the day. In the fourth hour class, Prof. J. H. Kleinheksel, in his kindly and character-
istic manner, told us how very becoming our green apparel was, in true harmony and blend with our inner verdant youthfulness. The joke was on us.

In those days an old white cow, belonging to the late Mr. De Witt, then janitor, roamed the eastern end of the campus. A few of the modernistic and scientifically inclined minds of the class were of the opinion that the cow’s milk should be carefully tested. With proper ceremony, the cow was milked, the milk was tested at lunch time by several members of the class, also a chemical analysis was made to determine the amount of butter fat and other chemical elements, and was finally pronounced fit for food—all under the most dignified and impressive ceremonies. The next day Mr. De Witt would not allow any of the boys to come near his cow, having hunted everywhere the night before for her and finally tracing her to the old woodshed, where the cow had been left after milking and forgotten. The old gentleman said his “Koew was betoevered” (His cow was bewitched) because she had refused to give any milk the previous evening. Even the cow must have had happy visions of verdant pastures as she beheld these all wise Sophomores.

After four years of work and study—we like to impress upon the younger generation and make ourselves believe the fact that we studied in those days, the naughty ones were gradually weeded out. Fourteen of our number graduated. Truth will not permit us to say that it was the “survival of the fittest.” We shall leave our readers to determine the fitness of the class name by following their careers since graduation, all are true representatives of Hope.

William J. Damson
Rev. Wolbert Denekas
526 State Street
Pekin, Illinois
Pastor of Second Reformed Church

Albert Hoeksema
472 Central Avenue
Holland, Michigan
Teacher in Holland Business College

John H. Hospers, D.D.S.
25 E. Washington Street
Suite 1717, Marshall Field Annex
Chicago, Illinois
Dentist

Rev. George E. H. Korteling
1708 B. Avenue
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Pastor of Central Park Presbyterian Church

Rev. John Steunenberg
1135 Jennette Avenue, N.W.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Pastor of Seventh Reformed Church

Rev. Henry E. Tellman
26 Canandaigua Street
Palmyra, New York
Pastor of Palmyra Reformed Church

Rev. James Vander Heide
R.R. 2

Class of 1902

COULD we but turn back the pages of Hope College history, twenty-eight years from last June, we would see fifteen young people gazing hopefully into the future on their commencement night. The class was not a large one but it was distinguished by
having four young lady graduates. This had not been the case for years but the class of 1902 started a new order of things and from this time on the influx of young women into the college department steadily increased. These four young women even took an active interest in science and oratory. One of their number was the first girl from Hope to enter the oratorical contest. Another, Miss Anne Riemens, now Mrs. John Winter, won the highest honor of the class, that of valedictorian.

Many were the happy times enjoyed by the class and on commencement night there was real regret mingled with the joy of launching out into life's conflicts. For a few the journey was soon ended. Rev. B. Bruins was the first to finish his work after only a few years of labor in the Master's vineyard. Some years later Dr. Hessel Yntema and Miss Minnie De Feyter followed. Miss De Feyter's faithful work as teacher in Cedar Grove Academy and later in Central College will long be remembered by those who knew her.

In the Amoy mission the Class of 1902 is represented by Rev. Henry De Pree, once president of the Hope Y.M.C.A., and now a faithful missionary in China. Rev. J. Van Der Beek and Rev. J. Van Peursem are both ably filling pastorates in Sixth Reformed Church, Holland and First Reformed Church, Zeeland, respectively. Dr. Wm. De Kleine has made a name for himself and is now in the employ of the government. John E. Winter holds a professorship. Jacob G. Bloemers has for years done very acceptable work in the teaching profession in the vicinity of Holland, Mich. A minister's life is not an easy one, so Miss Keppel kindly consented to join forces with one of them and became Mrs. M. Duven. Following the death of her husband, Mrs. Minnie Vander Ploeg Marsilje has for ten years been engaged in library work in the Holland Public Library. J. A. Van Zoeren is the fourth member of the class to leave us — he died several years ago. Bernard Kleinheesselink has been a surveyor for many years. At present he is in the surveyor's office of Big Horn County with headquarters at Hardin, Montana. Rev. Charles J. Bready joined us during our Senior year, and, unfortunately, was not able to be present when our class picture was taken. Since leaving Hope he has become one of the most distinguished ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is greatly beloved and very popular in all Methodist circles. Fearlessly he has travelled through Russia, Germany and Ireland during their most troubled times; always with a view to Christian helpfulness and justice. He has received several degrees, some hard-earned—some honorary, besides the one of B.A. from Hope. At present he ministers to one of the very largest churches in the M. E. denomination, at Omaha, Nebraska.

MINNIE VANDER PLOYEE PLOEG MARSILJE.

Missionary (on furlough)
174 W. 15th Street, Holland, Mich.

Magdalena M. Keppel
(Mrs. M. Duven)
Adams, Nebraska
At Home

Bernard J. Kleinheesselink
Hardin, Montana
County Surveyor of Big Horn County

Anna J. Riemens
(Mrs. J. G. Winter)
901 Forest Avenue
Ann Arbor, Michigan
At Home

Rev. John Vander Beek
281 Lincoln Avenue
Holland, Michigan
Pastor of Sixth Reformed Church

Jacob G. Bloemers
R.R. No.4 Holland, Michigan
Teacher in West Crisp School

Rev. Charles J. Bready
104 No. 31st Street
Omaha, Nebraska
Minister of M. E. Church

Rev. B. Bruins

Wilhelmina De Feyter

William De Kleine, M.D.
201 Tilden Gardens Apartment
3000 Tilden Square, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
Director of Health Service—American Red Cross

Rev. Henry P. De Pree
C/o American Mission
Kulangsu, Amoy, China
LEAPING back in memory one-half the years of my life, vividly a scene paints itself. Sixteen of us, including two co-eds, stand before the august majesty of the then PRex to receive the name engrossed vellum. Till then a strange scene; since then common. For Naughty three first appeared in mortar board and flowing robe. Want of funds to buy or rent did not cool desire to innovate. Hands of co-eds, deft with thread and needle and of others sewing machine experience, obtained in making clothes in earlier days for kid brothers; plus a few yards of cloth supplied all that was necessary to manufacture cap and gown. Van Vleck trembled and shook during the hours of operation. Surprise it was to all; naughty three rejoiced.

Short of duration was the unity of the group. For where are the members now? Two have passed on to the great beyond. The two co-eds each grace a manse. Business claims one. The healing art is practiced by two: one in the homeland, the other abroad. Having been taught, four endeavor to teach the rising generations. And five lift the voice of authority in spiritual affairs every Sabbath.

The nature of profession and distances afford but seldom a meeting of more than
two or three. With one abroad and the others scattered over seven states the leaven of
the spirit of Hope is leavening a good sized piece of humanity. No longer as a group
but as individuals is the power and spirit of Hope to be diffused.

Love and loyalty to Hope find tangible expression in the offspring of naughty three
on the campus of Hope today. Three have already passed through its halls; five today
are numbered among her studentry; and more are to follow.

Not faultless, but, we trust, wholesome has naughty three been to state and to
church.

THOS. E. WELMERS.

Cornelius K. Baarman
Rev. Lucas Boeve, D.D.
52 Main Street
Kingston, New York
Pastor of First Reformed Church

Prof. W. H. Cooper
306 E. State Street
Athens, Ohio
Teacher

Rev. Peter Grooters
Monroe, Iowa
Pastor of United Presbyterian Church

Ned E. Hessenius
Stout, Iowa
In Business

Grace W. Hoekje
(Mrs. G. H. Hondelink)
417 Alexander Street
Rochester, New York
At Home

B. W. Lammers
R. Bloemendal

P. Holleman
J. W. E. Visscher

W. J. Duiker
J. Kruidenier

1886

Rev. Anthony Karreman
Lansing, Illinois
Pastor of Lansing Reformed Church

Alice J. Kollen
(Mrs. G. H. Korteling)
1708 B. Avenue
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
At Home

Henry G. Pelgrim

Edward J. Strick, M.D., Sc.D.
Kulangsu
Amoy, China
Physician and Surgeon

G. J. Stuart, M.D.
523 Union Avenue, S.E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Nerve Specialist
IT WAS a sad day for dear old Hope when the "Class of Naughty-Four" enlisted under the orange and blue. "Naughty-Fourteen" would have been still less of a misnomer, — annually a few straggling kindred spirits were added to the twelve.

The even baker's dozen of regulars who managed to stick together during all the vicissitudes of Prep and College years were the hope of some, and the despair of others of the faculty. The climax of the years was reached when a "Tempest-in-a-tea-pot" difference arose between the class and the faculty during our mid-college career, and the class chose to call itself infallible. "The nerve of the ignorant!"

But the saving influence of those faithful souls, many now of sainted memory, who had the patience to labor with us and on us, has not been in vain: — witness the fact that of the twelve, ten became either missionaries, pastors, or pastor's wives.

Though separated far, we'll wager that oftentimes the members, like veterans dreaming of the battle scenes of the distant past, live over again the days of the long ago. And if you who read this happen to be one of that "Magic Circle of '04," though you live in Michigan or Mozambique, do you remember that afternoon feast on the platform of the old Macatawa auditorium, and the milling crowds around the old college gym on the night of the shooting stars? Do you remember the chanting songs, the flowing robes and the refractory sandals of that first Greek play? The Frosh-soph rush and banner smashing on oratorical contest night in our Freshman year? and the —

Sergeant, call the roll of '04. "Somers, Kruizie, Jack, Matt, Kelly, Miss V., Miss Minnie, Walvoord, Steffens, Wub, Jim, Hoekje."

To your feet! To the Class of '04 and to the faithful faculty who moulded it — to the living and to the memory of the departed — a fervent toast!

Rev. Jacob G. Brouwer
1839 Gunderson Avenue
Berwyn, Illinois
Pastor of First Reformed Church of Chicago

James C. De Pree
East Central Avenue
Zeeland, Michigan
In Hardware Business

Rev. Matthias J. Duven
R.R. 2
Adams, Nebraska
Pastor Reformed Church of Pella, Nebr.

Rev. Willis G. Hoekje
16 Hijashi Yamate,
Nagasaki, Japan
Missionary

Rev. Jacob G. Brouwer
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Rev. Willis G. Hoekje
16 Hijashi Yamate,
Nagasaki, Japan
Missionary

Class of 1904
We ALL started in life bald-headed, from which point we made considerable progress but, unfortunately, one or two have reverted to original type, having forgotten that "a hair on the head is worth two in the brush."

We boast of a lawyer, a missionary, a social worker, three teachers and eight ministers.

Our class has set at least one good example, that has been followed in the succeeding years, by many others — the first College Annual at Hope was published by the Class of 1905.

There is something of the Jew about this class. We have an Abraham and a Jacob, but missed out on Isaac. However, our Jacob is doubtless tricky enough to more than make up for this lack. Then too, the Jewish character of the class is further evidenced by the fact that we are so scattered over the earth that only four of the fourteen members found it possible to respond to our inquiry of information.

The startling worth of the class is further attested to by the fact that we have a Cornelius and a Martin — named after Martin Luther — several centuries after. Yet in spite of the religious tone these names give, truth compels us to admit, there is only one "Christian" in the entire class.

Margie Keppel.
"Will you tell of the 'naughty' years?"
Zoo sprak eene lustige paar,
"Of the joys of your college days,
Voor vijf en twintig jaar?"

Ik riep mijne voorvaders aan,
Pioneers in the Dutch colony —
Ik was maar zoo'n vrouwelijk student,
Then considered an anomaly.

For the number of females in Hope
Kon ik op mijne vingers tellen;
Polished gems, also diamonds rough,
Zij waren toch vriendelijke gezellen.

Wij hadden geen Voorhees Hall —
But on the first floor of Van Vleck,
Vond men een meisjes Voorzaal,
Like a cabin on quarter-deck.

Each night of Lecture Course numbers,
Namen wij wel blije gemak,

By dressing in frills, and by going
Met onzen jongen in Zondaagschen pak.

In Kapel hadden w' onzen Voorzinger,
But "'t sticks not so narrow," I say,
Hoe Nykerk de psalmen begon,
We all like dumb sheep went astray.

Did we burn the famed midnight oil?
Van zelfs, wij waren studenten;
We heard, too, in class-rooms next day,
"'Kwill niets van uw' complimenten!"

Vielen wij op het ijs in de winter,
Prexy Kollen looked in our faces,
En zeide, "Ik lees in den Bijbel,
Wicked stand in the slippery places.'

So our pranks I'll tell only in secret —
Zend mij eene postkaart of brief —
We weren't much different from you folks,
En wij hebben HOPE COLLEGE nog lief.

HANNA G. HOEKJE.
Rev. Benjamin Jay Bush, D.D.
9851 Hamilton Avenue
Detroit, Michigan
Pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church

Nettie R. De Jong
Changteh Hunan Province, China
via Hankow
c-o American Presbyterian Mission
Missionary

Prof. Richard De Zeeuw, Ph.D.
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East Lansing, Michigan
Professor of Botany at Michigan State College

Rev. John W. Douma

Rev. Anno C. Dykema
R.R. 1, Oak Tree Road
Plainfield, New Jersey
Pastor of Marconner Reformed Church at Oak Tree, N. J., and of the Grace Union Chapel at Bomberminton, N. J.

Rev. Dirk Dykstra
Bosrah, Iraq
Mesopotamia
Missionary

Allen M. Freeland
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Grand Rapids, Michigan
Kent County School Commissioner and Member of State Board of Education

Hannah G. Hoekje
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Holland, Michigan
Teacher of Bible and Journalism at Holland High School

Prof. John C. Hoekje
607 W. Walnut Street
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Registrar Western State Teachers' College

Andrew Judson Kolyn
Orange City, Iowa
Attorney

Rev. Bernard Rottschaefcr
Katpadi, India
Missionary—Industrial School

Rev. Andrew Stegenga
Raymond Visscher

F. Klooster  P. J. Zwemer  J. Van Westenburg  J. Lamar
M. Ossewaarde  H. Harmeling  H. Geerlings
TWO-THIRTY years ago a small group of eager Seniors received their diplomas. But it was not considered a small group then. How things have changed! For was not the good Class of 1907 the largest class in the history of Hope College up to that time, with one exception? Nineteen in number, only two of them young ladies, — about the usual proportion of women to men in those days. Here again we note how different things were then. Fourteen of the seventeen men became ordained ministers of the gospel, perhaps a little better than the usual proportion at that period, but another fact indicative of how attitudes then and now differ.

Of the faculty as it was then only two members remain. Teachers may be better equipped for their tasks today, but we doubt whether the students love them as much, or respect them as much now as then. But perhaps the years increase appreciation and mellow opinions. That is surely the hope of those members of the class who are now or have been in the teaching profession.

The four years of our stay upon the campus as students marked a definite turning point in the history of Hope College. The day of small things was then definitely left behind, and hopeful forward steps were taken toward a greater future. For as Freshmen we were the first new class to use Van Raalte Hall. Opening week that year was marked by the dedication of this building, then considered a marvel of excellence in every appointment. Only two floors were used at first, and there was ample room for all. Then came Carnegie Hall, and how joyfully the students entered into a new athletic era. The Class of 1907 was the second class to hold its Commencement exercises in this building. And then, to fill the cup of progress to overflowing, came Voorhees Hall, finished just before our class was graduated. Thus we entered a new building, and saw two other noble structures rise on the campus. It was a day of building for larger and better things.

And today? God has been good to our class. All but one are still serving here below, one on the foreign field, thirteen in the ministry at home, three on college faculties, the others in different kinds of service. But all look back to college days with joy and gladness, and with deep gratitude to Old Hope, our Alma Mater.

PAUL E. HINKAMP.
The Class of 1908 is broadcasting to you from the highlands of memory rather than from the mountain peaks of achievement. For it is now generally agreed among academicists and collegiansophers that school days when reviewed from the former eminence although subject to the vagaries of sentimental aberration are nevertheless more reliably reminiscualized than when observed from the above mentioned peaks where meteorological sporadity invariably abounds. The foregoing period is offered to the present student body as a demonstration of what the fine arts have not done to us across the years. With these addenda '08 takes her place in this alumnium parade.

While softly humming "Old Heidelberg" we orchestrate our appreciation of the Hope faculty of those days. Among others we can never forget Doctor Kollen for his genial personal interest in us all and for his utter devotion; Prof. Kleinheksel, whose friendliness helped thaw for us the cold computations and sharp angles of his beloved mathematics; Prof. Sutphen with whom we Romed the campus; Doctor Dimnent whose rugged mental discipline smarted like military training then — for which we thank him now; Doctor Nykerk, who held the Muses in leash; nor Drs. Vander Meulen, Kuizenga, and Beardslee, Jr., who showed us the superiority of the categorical imperative over the syllogism.

Those were the days when we shivered of wintry morns through cold chapel periods. The more the thermometer declined the more we conjugated. Mornings we solved problems, afternoons we dissolved chemicals, evenings we resolved in debate. '08 sacrifices personalia for the ultra violet effect of an ensemble composite. Good old horse and buggy days — and nights. What personal equations! What broken-test tubes! Socially we were sans taxi, sans tuxedo, sine die. But our statu quo was the habitat of the flower of chivalry. Let others idyllize our coups d'état, our hors de combat, our esprit de corps. Athletically '08 was unheterodyned and unsung. We got our exercise Ivanhoeically by living over again the tournamental tilt. Brasstactually we got it chopping up tough old wood piles with brandished axes. Manly sport that compared to the weak swishing of these fairy golf wands. And so the present links to the past.

While '08 is still bubbling over she hears Holmes ask gravely, "Shall we ever be men?" — and waves Au Revoir singing a bit of "Lest We Forget."

GEORGE FORD HUIZENGA.
George Ford Huizenga
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Retired Business Man.

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(Mrs. J. C. Pelgrim)
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Coral Gables, Florida
At Home

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Bell, California
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John Plasman
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Manchester-by-the-Sea
Boston, Massachusetts
In Business

Abel J. Renkes
614 S. Genesee Avenue
Morrison, Illinois
Teaching Mathematics and English in Morrison High School

Prof. Herman Renskers
Changchow
Fukien, China
Missionary, Vice Principal of Talmage College

Adolph D. Schaefer
Waltham, Minnesota
President of Waltham State Bank

Rev. John Vander Schaaf
Springfield, South Dakota
Pastor of Emmanuel Reformed Church

Rev. William C. Walvoord
R.R. 2
Williamson, New York
Pastor of Pulneyville Reformed Church

Class of 1909

To think in retrospect a score and more years in an effort to recall important incidents of one's college days is no easy task, especially if one in those by-gone days had not formed the diary-keeping habit.

Hope Preparatory Class of 1905 had been given credit for a considerable degree
of "school spirit," and at least something of this spirit went with us into college days, even though the personnel of the class had naturally changed to some extent.

We managed to wade through our respective courses with some degree of success. One recalls that some few almost succumbed beneath the intricacies of Latin; that all of us floundered more or less miserably through the required courses in psychology and philosophy; that, taking it all in all, however, the years passed without undue hardship.

It was in our Freshman year that Carnegie Gymnasium became a grand reality. One who never saw the old gymnasium with its primitive equipment can scarcely realize what a gala day the dedication of the new "gym" was for Hope. How lustily we sang:

"Carnegie, Carnegie!
He's the man who built our gym,
We will sing this song for him,
Carnegie, Carnegie!"

As Sophomores and Juniors we did our "stunts" in oratory. These were the days when a local oratorical contest could, and did, arouse the enthusiasm of the student body to the extent of packing the gymnasium. Class rivalry was a never-to-be-forgotten feature of these contests. In the Sophomore year a most remarkable class banner in maroon and white was manufactured — a banner which was the envy of all other classes and the innocent cause of several inter-class "scraps." In our Junior year we had the honor of being represented in the Inter-Collegiate Contest held at Hope.

As a real achievement, the Class of 1909 prides itself in being the class to introduce
the Senior Class Play, thus setting a precedent for succeeding classes. In the spring of 1909, when the air was tense with local option propaganda, we put on a temperance play entitled, "Under the Spell." We had been diligently coached and directed by Dr. J. M. Vander Meulen, whom we regarded as a sort of class patron to the end of our college days. One remembers that those were the days when dramatics on the campus had not yet been fully sanctioned by the college authorities; one recalls also that good Doctor Kollen rather guardedly voiced his approval by saying, "It was a fine Temperance lecture." From the proceeds of this play we left as our Class Memorial the stone steps leading from the gymnasium to the "sunken gardens" at the northeast corner of the campus.

During the years since graduation our ranks have been depleted by the death of three of our number—all loyal Hope-ites. The rest of us, scattered hither and yon, carry on, each in his respective place, trying ever to be true to the spirit of Old Hope.

HILDA C. STEGEMAN.

Rev. Victor John Blekkink
Mohawk Street
Cohoes, New York
Pastor of First Reformed Church

Rev. Herman De Witte
Rev. John A. Dykstra, D.D.
231 Lyon St., N.E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Pastor of Central Reformed Church

Rev. Teunis E. Gouwens
931 Cherokee Street
Louisville, Kentucky
Pastor in Presbyterian Church

Grace Hazenburg
(Mrs. William Cadman)
1 Rue de la Citadelle
C-o American Mission
Hanoi Tonkin French-Indo-China
Missionary

Henry J. Heusinkveld, M.D.
Clinton, Iowa
Doctor

Rev. Milton J. Hoffman, D.D.
7 Seminary Place
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Professor of Sacred Ecclesiastical History in New Brunswick Theological Seminary.

Rev. Arend T. Laman
Oostburg, Wisconsin
Pastor of Oostburg Reformed Church

Rev. H. J. Meinders
Auburn, Kansas
Pastor of Auburn Presbyterian Church

Rev. Peter H. Pleune, D.D.
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Pastor of Highland Presbyterian Church

Henry George Roest
Dorr, Michigan
Teacher

Henry Rattschaefeer
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Minneapolis, Minnesota
Professor of Law University of Minnesota

Rev. Henry Schut
Hilda C. Stegeman
87 E. 14th Street
Holland, Michigan
Teaching Latin and English in Holland High School

Rev. A. J. Van Houten
69 Orange Avenue
Irvington, New Jersey
Pastor of First Reformed Church

Rev. David Van Strien
975 Palisade Avenue
North Bergen, New Jersey,
Pastor of Woodcliff Community Church.

Cora G. Van Valkenburg
Rev. Isaac Van Westenberg
7811 S. Lincoln Street
Chicago, Illinois
Pastor of Hope Reformed Church

Emma Louise Warnshuis
(Mrs. M. V. Oggel)
207 S. Grant Avenue
Crawfordsville, Indiana
At Home

Wynand Wichers
89 W. 12th Street
Holland, Michigan
Cashier of the First State Bank
President-elect of Hope College

Rev. John Wolterink
R.R. 4
Hudsonville, Michigan
Pastor of First Reformed Church at Jamestown, Michigan
When we meet again as classmates,
Vigintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included,
Won't we be an uproarious class!

AND this is our Vigintennial! The quaint prophecy over which we all smiled has become a reality for many of us,—over which perhaps a few of the rest of us now smile!

Two decades removed from college life permits us to reminisce with somewhat of an anniversary spirit; with the passing years our memories have become glorified with an aureole of enchantment. The highlights and the contrasting shadows, the definite outlines and the bright hues have toned down to the subdued tints of a fine old Rembrandt.

It stirs us to hear students of today sing lustily the College song, "In that dear old town of Holland, Michigan," composed by Henry Pasma, who has since won no small recognition as an author.

We have reason to believe that the Class of 1910 has endeared itself to succeeding generations of students, in the gift of the famous "spoon-holder"; although it was intended as a retreat for study, meditation, introspection, and possibly fellowship with kindred spirits in matters philosophic, psychologic, scientific, class marks and report cards.
1910 produced an unusually high percentage of ministers. Out of twenty members thirteen entered the ministry and our two co-eds became "Juffrouws." Of the remaining five there are those who teach our children, raise our wheat and chickens, and pull our teeth.

Always at the head of the list come the "Gold Dust Twins." We trust that Harry Anker has some originals in his Sunday School in the Belgian Congo.

Washington Bust Orator, Heemstra; Crack Debaters, Vis and Heemstra; Sweet Singers, Miss Pikaart and Dykema; Players upon stringed instruments, Miss Scheulke and Hospers; and organ, De Jong; Championship Athletes, Vruwink and Veenker; students all! We are justly proud of them.

Our ranks are broken by the passing of Rev. John Wichers (our valedictorian) and Rev. A. Verhulst. Our high appreciation of their ability and fine Christian spirit is enshrined in our memory.

**Edward Huibregste.**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Harry P. Anker</td>
<td>Congo, Beige, Lusambo, Africa</td>
<td>Minister—Missionary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Nelson Dalenburg</td>
<td>202 S. Elmwood Street, Peoria, Illinois</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prof. G. De Jong, Ph.D.</td>
<td>Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio</td>
<td>Professor of History</td>
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<td>Professor of Physics and Biology at Central College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Jacob Heemstra</td>
<td>Orange City, Iowa</td>
<td>President Northwestern Junior College and Academy</td>
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<td>Frank J. Hospers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Edward Huibregtse</td>
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<td>Pastor of Byron Center Reformed Church</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Henry K. Pasma</td>
<td>Box 216, Rockville, Maryland</td>
<td>Pastor of a Presbyterian Church</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jennie E. Pikaart</td>
<td>(Mrs. H. J. Vruwink), 732 Morris Street, Albany, New York</td>
<td>At Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann S. Scheulke</td>
<td>(Mrs. J. T. Veneklasen), 419 Randolph Street, Oak Park, Illinois</td>
<td>At Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter B. Ten Pas</td>
<td>Cedar Grove, Wisconsin</td>
<td>Farming</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Arie J. Te Paske</td>
<td>318 W. Patterson Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan</td>
<td>Pastor of North Park Reformed Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August R. Veenker</td>
<td>708 12th Street, Santa Monica, California</td>
<td>Vice-principal Santa Monica High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. James A. Ver Burg</td>
<td>1652 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio</td>
<td>Educational Minister in Presbyterian Church</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. A. Ver Hulst*</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Jean A. Vis</td>
<td>Sheldon, Iowa</td>
<td>Pastor of Sheldon Reformed Church</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Henry A. Vruwink</td>
<td>732 Morris Street, Albany, New York</td>
<td>Pastor of Madison Avenue Reformed Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. John W. Wichers*</td>
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</table>
THE Class of 1911 numbered 15 graduates, 10 men and 5 women. This proportion no longer holds in our or most other colleges today, as the ladies generally outnumber the men, but the men of the Class of '11 gladly admit the unusually high standard set by the ladies of the class.

Among its graduates it numbers four physicians, Drs. Eerko "Sam" Aeilts, Joe De Pree, "Bill" Hoebke, and "Bill" Westrate, who are all well established at Morrison, Ill., Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, and Holland, Mich., respectively. "Sam" Aeilts had already earned the honored sobriquet of "Doc" even before graduation, while the others now more than merit the title due to preparation and record in the profession.

To balance the number of physicians, the Class has also four ministers of the Gospel,
Revs. Raymond Meengs, George Scholten, E. O. Schwitters, and Eldred VanderLaan. These are actively engaged in the ministry or in teaching doing their part in the moral and spiritual uplift of mankind.

To keep up this fine mathematical balance so far, four of the five ladies in the Class married ministers, namely Mrs. Agnes Stapelkamp Blekkink, Mrs. Flossie De Jonge Te Paske, Mrs. Bata Bemis Weersing, and Mrs. Irene Brusse VerHulst. Mrs. VerHulst is now teaching in the public schools of Holland, Mich., and Mrs. Weersing is at our Amoy Mission in China in missionary work with her husband. Mrs. Te Paske had the honor of representing her class as valedictorian.

Miss Floy Adele Raven is the only member of the class not living now. She died a few years ago after teaching for some years at East Lansing. We desire to pay tribute to her fine womanly character and her record as a teacher.

In the ever present miscellaneous group, breaking the balance so far preserved, Albert E. Lampen is at the college keeping tab on the caliber of the later and present graduates of our beloved Alma Mater while James Weurding as the only business representative of the class is making the money at Lawton, Mich., so necessary to keep all the others a-going. As a class, all are trying to represent the college creditably and doing their share in carrying out her principles.

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Physician and Surgeon

Bata M. Bemis
(Mrs. F. J. Weersing)
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Floy Adele Raven

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Pastor of Neshanic Reformed Church

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Agnes G. Stapelkamp
(Mrs. V. J. Blekkink)
Cohoes, New York
At Home

Rev. Eldred C. Vanderlaan
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Berkeley, California
Pastor of First Unitarian Church, Assistant Professor of Church History in Pacific Unitarian School for Ministry

William Westrate, M.D.
617 State Street
Holland, Michigan
Doctor

James Weurding
Lawton, Michigan
Pickle Business

Class of 1912

We have often been told that true individuality cannot be copied — nor can the class of 1912. In those old days before mothers knew that children must be fed spinach at least once a day and should be trained and not disciplined by the democratic method of procedure, sometimes by mere chance a child did grow up with enough
brain, brawn and braggadocio to make a stir in the world and the class of 1912 was made up of such individuals. Nor did they lack in vision and high ideals. Philosophers, teachers, poets, musicians, preachers, leaders, orators, dreamers, doctors, missionaries and a Rhodes scholar completed the list.

This class initiated a new college president and a host of new professors during its brief sojourn; sent Hope's first woman orator to the state contest, and even dared to initiate the big Arbor day fight when as Freshmen they challenged no less worthy opponents than the haughty Seniors and stripped them of some of their dignity and made them sore in more ways than one. Those were the days when flappers were just beginning to flap, when the world knew nothing about trends, inhibitions and complexes and when speed had not yet obsessed our flaming youth, so they took leisure once in a while to enjoy an honest to goodness good time. The class of 1912 was certainly known for its good fun!
Macatawa was only a few hours away for those were the days of the thrills of driving at ten and twenty miles per when moons could be seen and appreciated. In fact to give the long and short of it those were the days of long hair, long dresses, long hours, long looks, the professors were more long-winded than long suffering and in the long run the only short ordered were chapel exercises, vacations, time before exams, and summer evenings especially when one lived at the Dorm.

This class always aspired to high things, for example, their senior play — that stern and difficult Zangwill "Melting Pot." Much discussion ensued as to a fitting memorial for such a class to leave the college. Hope's side-walks were deemed long enough and the thought of cozy cement seats had not yet entered their innocent minds, so one of the members who had found a new word suggested that the class give "Pilasters" with lights to guide the way-ward feet to chapel exercises. The bulbs soon disappeared for they proved too round and shining for the passing urchin but the pillars still stand, square, solid, unadorned, fitting symbols of this class which still goes out, quietly, humbly, steadfastly in our lands and other lands bearing testimony to the living Spirit of old Hope.

IRENE STAPLEKAMP DYKSTRA.

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Lowson, Maryland
At Home

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(Mrs. A. Luidens)
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Rochester, New York
At Home

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1920 W. 65th Street
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Pastor of Calvin Reformed Church

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Doctor

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Iowa City, Iowa
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Meiji Gakuin
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Rev. Henry V. E. Stegeman, D.D.
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Tokyo, Japan
Missionary

W. J. Stronks
214 W. Oak Street
Kewanee, Illinois
Head of Commercial Department in Kewanee High School

Rev. F. J. Van Dyke
R.R. 1
Holland, Michigan
Pastor of Central Park Reformed Church

Gerrit J. Van Zoeren
78 W. 15th Street
Holland, Michigan
Chemist at De Pree Chemical Co.
We have reached that certain stage where if we could we'd like to live over those days. The first five years after you graduate you think that if you did go back you'd work harder. The next five you're convinced you would — but from then on until you're thoroughly mellowed, you know you'd have much more fun. After you're mellowed — but we haven't gotten that far.

As I look back, the thing that stands out impressively about that class of 1913, is that it was so different. "There's something about you" and all that sort of thing.

To put it ministerially — Firstly: though we were originated in pep, nurtured in enthusiasm and perpetuated with acclaim we have never shown that obnoxious egotism that so many preceding and following classes have shown.

In the second place, we have always liked each other. No, this is in no way a contradiction of my first statement. It just means that we have always had the best of times together. From the first big freshman party after we'd won the pull, to that final picnic at Alpena Beach — my arm is still stiff from the many balls I pitched that day — and including all the business meetings and classroom hours. If you don't believe me, ask our profs.

And now finally — in which I swerve from the ministerial route — we have proved to be such an all-around class. Our number today comprises several professions: religious, literary and medical, and in some phases, legal. Check me up if I'm wrong. We have among us business men and women; housewives and husbands; athletes past and future; chemists, engineers. Yes — even one or two who have not as yet decided what they wish to be.

And that's something — now isn't it?

EVELYN DE PREE.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>City, State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>425 Bellevue Court</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerarda A. Broek</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Henry Colenbrander</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Lynden, Washington</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Marinus J. Den Herder</td>
<td>Middlebush, New Jersey</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Cornelius De Young</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. Lambertus Hekhuis, Ph.D.</td>
<td>Wichita University</td>
<td>University of Kansas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. George G. Heneveld</td>
<td>Wyckoff, New Jersey</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hendrine E. Hoppers</td>
<td>Children's Home, Springfield, Illinois</td>
<td>Superintendent of Children's Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennie Immink</td>
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<td>Wichita University, Kansas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry J. Pyle, M.D.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verna Charlotte Schultz</td>
<td>(Mrs. Grover Newland)</td>
<td>Michigan State Sanitarium, Howell, Michigan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Martin Verburg</td>
<td>291 Marion Avenue</td>
<td>Marion, Ohio</td>
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<tr>
<td>Agnes S. Visscher</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edward Wickers, Ph.D.</td>
<td>113 W. Woodbine Street</td>
<td>Chevy Chase, Maryland</td>
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Class of 1914

IT IS a sad commentary on the present day education — or perhaps I should say, on that part of it absorbed by myself — that I find prominent in my remembrances of the class of 1914, these facts:

We won both the Freshman-Sophomore pulls in which we participated.

Our men usually ran off with honors in the interclass athletic meets.

We contributed our share of basketball, baseball and football stars — and some of these men are still starring in that line.

Perhaps this was due, in part, to the fact that the class was so pre-eminent...
Rev. Edwin W. Koepe
Tong-an
Amoy, China
Missionary

Rev. Robert Kroodsma
Roslyn, Washington
Minister in Presbyterian Church

Nina C. Lindeman
(Mrs. A. Gissibl)
c-o C. G. Lindeman
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Clarence A. Lokker
191 W. 11th Street
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Attorney

Rev. Raymond J. Lubbers
Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin
Pastor of Sheboygan Falls
Reformed Church

Leon L. Mulder
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Sales Promoter

Rev. Cornelius B. Muste
295 Washington Avenue
Brooklyn, New York

Minister of Reformed Church in the Heights; Educational Secretary for Hope College

Rev. John D. Muyskens
Madanapalle, India
Missionary (On furlough)
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Cornelia Janet Oltmans
37 Bluff
Yokohama, Japan
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Bristol, Pennsylvania
Organic Chemical Research

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(Mrs. E. Elbers)
350 Maple Avenue
Holland, Michigan
At Home

Rev. Henry Poppen
Kulangsu
Amoy, China
Missionary

Rev. Luppo Potter
E. D. Dimment  
F. J. Lubbers  

S. Vanden Berg  
D. C. Ruigh  

B. D. Dykstra  
H. Wiersum  

J. N. Vander Vries  
E. Kelder  

John J. Riemersma  
328 River Avenue  
Holland, Michigan  
Principal Holland High School  

Helen H. M. Roelofs  
582 Prospect Avenue, S.E.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Assistant Professor of French at Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin  

Rev. Nicholas S. Sichterman  
1023 8th Street  
Port Huron, Michigan  
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church  

Rev. Henry D. Ter Keurst  
495 Central Avenue  
Holland, Michigan  
Pastor of Trinity Reformed Church  

Elmer J. Ter Maat  
South Eighth Street  
Sheboygan, Wisconsin  
In Business  

Prof. John Tillema  
1354 Montague Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C.  
Instructor in School of Government at George Washington University  

Dorothy C. Trompen  
(Mrs. Henry Poppen)  
Kulangsu, Amoy, China  
Missionary  

Ruth E. Vanden Berg  
(Mrs. C. Holleman)  
Kulangsu, Amoy, China  
Missionary  

N. Jeanette Vander Velde  
1147 Worden Street, S.E.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Teacher in Ottawa Hills High School  

Henry Van Houte  
Boyden, Iowa  
Manager of Cooperative Creamery  

Rev. John J. Van Strien  
111 W. 5th Street  
Bayonne, New Jersey  
Pastor of Fifth Street Reformed Church  

Rev. Herbert E. Van Vranken  
Ranipettai, India  
Missionary  

Rev. J. C. Van Wyk  
1721 Coit Avenue, N.E.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Pastor of Bethel Reformed Church  

Rev. H. M. Veenschoten  
Changchow, China  
Missionary  

Arthur J. Visser  
1571 Queen Avenue, N.E.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Salesman
Class of 1915

FIFTEEN years since we bid our Alma Mater farewell and still it seems only a short time ago.

As we sit here and think about the four years we spent at Hope many incidents come to our mind. We were much like any other group of Freshmen who come to college except that perhaps we were not quite so “Freshman looking.” We can all remember the impressions we received of some of our classmates as we sat in the administration room waiting for Dr. Dimnent, who was then the registrar, to arrange our courses for us.

We were not a large class and were the more conspicuous because we were preceded and followed by larger classes. We eagerly looked forward to the Tug-of-war only to be twice disappointed and literally dragged through the river. When we became weary of studying we often sought solace at Macatawa Park via the interurban. (Dr.) Jack Poppen had sort of a mania for breaking interurban windows.

We were not upset by so many “Cases” as some other classes and only one or two proved to be serious. We were quite a sensible and studious lot. The girls of our class were especially fond of Freshman chemistry and the boys liked elocution at 5 P. M.

Our Sophomore year was saddened by the death of one of our classmates, Louis De Maagd, an accident in the gymnasium speedily took him from us. Less than three months after our graduation, death claimed another one of our members—Miss Ruth Pieters.

The girls took gymnasium work and they tried to play basketball but this was not stressed at that time. Three of our boys, Slim (Dick Smallegan), Stogie (Rev. M. Stegenga) and Ot (Dr. O. Vander Velde) played on Hope’s basketball team for several years.

Editor’s Note: Just how long did it take these boys to complete their work at Hope?—Years!

The four years rolled by quickly and we did much as all Hope students had done and are still doing. We felt that same elation at being seniors as others before us and since us have felt. We enjoyed the envious stare of the Freshmen when they saw us in our caps and gowns. We graduated—nine girls and seventeen boys, I believe,—but in our midst we have a missionary, several ministers, professors, doctors, teachers, and housekeepers.

The class of ’15 will ever be grateful to her Alma Mater for the training received there and our wish is that the college may prosper and that the “Spirit of Hope” may continue to be an influence from east to west and north to south.

MARGUERITE VANDEN BRINK MEYER.

Martin Z. Albers
New Providence, Iowa
Superintendent of Schools

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Pastor of Coopersville Reformed Church

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Madras Presidency
Vellore, India
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Pastor of Talmage Memorial Church

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99 W. 11th Street
Holland, Michigan
At Home

Cornelius Mulder
Hospers, Iowa
Superintendent of Schools
The class of 1916 was headed for success when their first venture netted the sophomore scalp in the over the fields and through the river contest. Under the guidance of George Steinenger the verdure of the campus blossomed luxuriantly. George Pelgrim ruled capably during the sophomore trials. Social, athletic and scholastic genius developed remarkably. The misses Haberman, Neerken, Smallegan, Winter, Pelgrim and Bosch formed the class basketball team which won college championship. Roller-skating and Macatawa parties tied for popularity and the Sixteeners swung into the Junior year with Halloween festivities in the spacious Van Raalte barn. Milton Hoffman and his good Frau were chaperones. Ted Elferdink was legal adviser, president, toastmaster et cetera during the Junior regime. Then Tony Van Westenburg marshalled the cohorts in the triumphant Senior year—and such achievements! The class contributions to Hope’s fame in oratory have been unexcelled. George Steininger and Ann Kolyn won coveted honors in the M. O. L. Ted Zwemer in the State Prohibition and Fred De Jong in the State Peace contests brought honors to old Hope. Debating, too, played an important role—with Ovie Hospers and Olie Johnson ready to argue and John Gebhard and Gene Flipse eager to fight! The class histrionic ability was portrayed in the two night’s presentation of Tarkington’s “Man from Home.” Harris Meyer and Frances Bosch played the leads with an exceptionally strong cast. The crowning glory to the fame of Sixteen was the Pageant of Hope—that marvellous production depicting in verse and symbol the history of Holland and Hope College. With Arthur Cloetingh as the master of ceremonies, the class poured great joy into the heart of Hope in her semi-centennial year. The class boasted of excellent musicians—Clare Yntema, Sara Winter, Bill Rozeboom and Harris Meyer as pianists, and the song birds, Henrietta Van Zee, Ethel Dykstra and Jeannette Mulder were ably supported by Flipse, Steininger, Raap, Douma and Van Westenburg. Scholastic honors were captured by Christine Van Raalte though many followed close in the race. The lucky digit seven, rightful property of 16 brought

Class of 1916

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Winterset, Iowa  
Doctor

LEONARD F. YNTHEMA  
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Webster Grove, Missouri  
Director Department of Chemistry  
at St. Louis University
CLASS OF 1897

SUCCESS earned by hard work and its faithful cohorts LOYALTY and HARMONY. To perpetuate the memory of 1916 the class presented the beautiful Rose Window to the Memorial Chapel. Come Ye all, back in '31 and admire it together. For now Bye-B-By.

Rev. Albert Baker
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At Home

Rev. Frank De Roos
Frank W. Douma
High School
Ottumwa, Iowa
Principal of the Ottumwa High School
CLASS OF 1898
Middle Row: H. F. Van Slooten, J. E. Winter, T. Mulder, C. Kuyper, A. Klerk,
R. P. De Bruyn, R. E. Kremers.

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R.R. 2  
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Missionary

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At Home

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Gardiner, New York  
Pastor of New Harly Reformed Church

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Scotia, New York  
At Home

William Van Roekel  
Orange City, Iowa  
County Auditor of Sioux County

Rev. Anthony Van Westenburg  
220 Ballston Avenue  
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Pastor of Scotia Reformed Church

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University of Michigan  
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Varsity Basketball Coach

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Holland, Michigan  
and  
Clymer, New York  
oc Rev. J. P. Winter  
Missionary to South India (on furlough)

Henry Witteveen  
1229 N. Hamline Avenue  
St. Paul, Minnesota  
Chemist Minnesota Department of Agriculture

Clara E. Yntema  
121½ Madison Avenue  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Teacher of Latin in South High School

Rev. Theodore F. Zwemer
Class of 1917


Sept. 21, 1915. A few less assemble, university takes its toll. Art comes back with a New York vest (where art thou now?) Broekie has one too. Dr. McCreary lectures on "The Effect of Materialism on Science." All sleep well. John R. M. survives (he is now A.B.A.M.Ph.D.) Change tables at the dorm. Wish we could choose our own places! Z. Z. and J. D. appear in full military uniform in German class. Indefinitely excused for alveys and gut! Dorm rules change. Coo's door locked but J. B. N. never tells. Amelia inspect seminary. Looks O. K. to her. Who forgot the Pageant? No exams. Oh how it rained. Wisconsin Bill must ride a horse (now he is a Ph. D.) Again commencement, a little wiser, but not much.

Sept. 21, 1916. Seniors at last. Our ranks sadly depleted, down to thirty-six. We link up couples and names. (how many came true?) Casey still at the bat (he used it in India). Dolly plays good tennis and wears white pants. (Where are you now?) Talk of drafts and war. Dormitory meals, no butter, no meat, no sugar. (Would I had my 1917 figure). Boys leave for farms and training camps. No party, no banquet. We miss our men! Caps and gowns. An attempt at frivolity. Commencement night and roses. Proud parents, speeches, packing and farewells. Was this really the end, or just the beginning?

RHEA OLTMAN BROWER.

Ruth E. Blekkink
203 North Washington Street
Ypsilanti, Michigan
Teacher in Ypsilanti High School

G. Marvin Brower
88 W. 13th Street
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Proprietor of Ottawa-Allegan Monument Company

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Mayo Clinic
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Associate Professor of Urology in University of Minnesota Graduate School at the Mayo Clinic

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Doctor

Muriel L. Fortune
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At Home

Walter W. Gumser
Lowell, Michigan
Superintendent of Schools
CLASS OF 1899

Top Row: B. Van Heuvelen, H. Schipper, G. Te Kolste, A. Ganzevoort.

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Graduate Work at Hope College

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Rev. James E. Hoffman
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Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey
Pastor of Hasbrouck Heights Reformed Church

Alice B. Hopkins
Romeo, Michigan
Teacher—Conducting Almaris Private School

Bertha Hospers
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At Home

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At Home

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THE song is ended, but the melody lingers on — The class of 1918 likens its four glorious years at Hope College to a song full of rhythm and harmony with scarcely a discord to mar its perfect career.

The United States entered into the Great World War in the year 1918, our Senior year on the campus, and many of our number answered their country's call and enlisted. They left our ranks, 'tis true, and we missed them greatly, but their patriotism only made our harmony sweeter and our rhythm more perfect.

We began our career by generously soaking the Sophomores in Black River and the following year confidently accepted the invitation of the class of '19 to wade across that same river, but only after a space of an hour and twenty minutes of strenuous resistance.

The class of 1918 won many laurels during its four years' sojourn on the campus. We produced varsity debaters, and our orators did remarkably well — carrying off first honors in the Raven contest.

We met all comers in football, basketball and track and maintained several championships.

Our house-parties were the most festive on the campus and our roller-skating parties surpassed all in gayety. We especially recall the marvelous skill one of our number portrayed — Lewis Kleinheksel by name — when he skated one very warm evening in his raincoat — a necessary garment we must admit, but hardly conducive to making one cool. The reason we have never quite fully discovered?

Our song truly is ended, but the melody of those four glorious years still lingers and thrills the hearts of those who have long since embarked upon life's sea.

And when we consider the education of our own sons and daughters we give Hope first place.

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Louise M. Brusse
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Nothing but a dark brown seed was I when in 1915 Hope College opened its doors to a fresh blast of Freshmen. Murmurs came to me every now and then from where they were on the campus to where I was in the deep dark earth. Echoes of the victorious Pull, which lasted an hour and twelve minutes—the hilarious snake dance
down 8th St.—the uproarious party thereafter, were some of the first to resound through the forest and create in me the urge to push up and find out what was going on. Then a great explosion that shook the town, broke the windows in the gym sent me to the top simply bursting with curiosity (as were many others).

Just a sprout among the trees was I when the class of 1919 returned to Hope as Sophomores, confident of repeating the victorious Tug-of-War. Such boasts as these came drifting my way

Attention!
Hope 1920 Take Heed!

Let the foolish, foppish, freaks of flopping, floating, FRESMEN take heed, lest they come forth from the slimy, stinking, sloppy waters of Black River and be made to bow down before their mighty superiors, the daring dauntless class of 19.

——Take Heed——

ye near-fish, TAKE YE HEED, lest blisters adorn your hands and chagrin your sweet simple faces. Take Heed. Your hour is at hand.

Your Superiors, Hope 1919
The Freshmen stood at the river banks,
The water was dark and cold,
On the other side stood the SOPHOMORE ranks
Daring, dauntless and bold.
A shot rang out, the pull was on,
It was sad as sad could be.
The Freshmen looked pale, thin and wan,
The SOPHOMORES happy and free.
The Freshmen pulled as Freshmen should,
But it could soon be seen.
They stood no chance against the strength
Of Glorious 19.
There was a splash, the Freshman class:
'Tis far too sad to state.
Had gone into the river
At a very rapid rate.
There, little Freshmen, don't you cry,
You will be a SOPHMORE by and by.
The River may some of your spirits redeem
But you'll never be as good as Old 19.

All this time there had been a distant rumble of drums. The noise from the campus lessened; the boys' voices seemed to diminish in the distance—some in the direction of Iowa farms others in the direction of France. 'Tis true, one might hear an occasional pot shot in the still of night—nothing more than an avenging adventurer out to shoot Prexy's cat—but for the most part it sounded very lady-like down there. I had to strain myself to hear any sound of men and when I did the step was always quick and I could hear the click of spurs. Once I heard a church bell toll and then Taps. I knew the class of 1919 was sad.

Quite a stripling was I when again familiar, girlish voices accompanied by strange male voices, returned as Seniors. I could catch some well known male voices a little lower down in the academic scale. Altho they were Juniors they called themselves "social Seniors." You can depend upon it they were present when the Senior girls rave a beach party as one of the features of the Senior girls' house-party. A strenuous army game called "skin the devil" played in the deep sand finally provoked one dishevelled guest to originate the phrase, "Dat nummen zij nu 'picnic.'"

Then came Arbor Day and much to my delight the gardener of the Class of 19 came—transplanted me with great ceremony on the Dormitory corner. All dressed in black they stood around me, sang a solemn song, buried my roots deep; gave me long drink; took my picture and then left me to die. No matter it was a worthy cause.

Irene Van Zanten Van Zoeren.

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THE Class of 1920 is entering the "teen" age this year, 1930. It had a record no class ever had before or since. (That sentence is as essential for a class writeup as the announcer is unessential to radio audiences).

In our class were: Princes, a Bell that never "told," a Pearl, Adam (no Eve), a Baker, and others bearing such distinguished names as VanDyke and Marcus.

The class donated to the athletic association the bleachers in the gym. The gift was not anonymous, but the lack of publicity (a characteristic of modest "twenty") kept the world uninformed as to the number of the class donating this fine gift of "board and room" to the gym. Henceforth and backward, if you are privileged to sit on the adamantine bleachers, remember the hard efforts of the class of '20 to raise a fund for your fun. Whenever you use our bleachers, you will immediately feel "bored," but when you are "up in the air" about an exciting basketball game, please remember the class of '20 put you there. The class play was "Turn to the Right" and the bleachers represented what is "left" for play from the class play.

The class of '20 was never pulled through the river; the first students ever to receive Summa Cum Laudes were in this class, et cetera and ad infinitum.

The class was noted for its system. Whenever there was a class meeting and a party was announced, the men remained for a special session, when the girls were auctioned off to the loudest bidder.

The tenth anniversary reunion of the 1920 group of alumni has been called this year, and will be held commencement day. Ye '20's who are now thirty or less, be there!

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J. C. De Pree  

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AND why were the averages of the class of '21 so low?
Possibly the truthful records revealing this fact have puzzled some of the present Hopeites. The condition is especially incomprehensible in view of the bolstering effects of the grades made by such mental satellites as Ted Yntema, Jud Osterhof, and Maurice Van Loo. But the tale is soon told.

The spring of 1918 found the Freshman and Sophomore classes of Hope College not entirely freed from the mania of the World War; it also found them still endowed with the pugnacious instinct. Consequently, there ensued a battle. The first shots were fired in chapel, but the real fighting was done at Centennial Park. Here the fish were disturbed and baths were enjoyed by several heroic victims.

The smoke cleared away. And the cherished felt banner of the class of '21 was still held high at the head of its column.

The evil results, which follows every war, pursued the victims of the 1918 tragedy. We had been warned against this fighting epidemic; no threats were severe enough to produce our apologies.

Therefore—fearfully, but with heads unbowed, we presented our June grade reports to our fond and aspiring parents. On each card was written in bold, red letters, "ten percent off for misconduct."

Vera Keppele Kennedy.

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c/o Samuel Zwemer
Princeton, New Jersey

Class of 1922

We, of the Class of 1922, greet you. We would send special greetings to the members of the classes of 1918-19-20-21-23-24-25. We greet you especially because we know you so intimately. We attended the different college functions with you. Some of your members we knew as society sisters or brothers, some we knew as fellow Y.W. or
Y.M.C.A. workers, some we knew as members of the same athletic team while others we knew as being members of the same recitation class. Wouldn't it be fun if we could meet together for a week—just as we used to meet. It sometimes seems as though we had the very best times of our lives at Hope College. We have good times now too, for all of us enjoy our work and most of us enjoy the company of our associates—but those days at college can hardly be excelled. At that time we were young men and women looking forward to the leadership of the world, but not having it—we cared less. We, like the generations of students that preceded us, were carefree.

We have not yet become the leaders, that we dreamed of being when we were at school, but we are still young. Why—we graduated only a few years ago. It is only now that we are gaining momentum toward that leadership. When we once gain that coveted power may we use it as is becoming to graduates of Hope.

JOHN B. VANDER PLOEG.

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Owasco, New York
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At Home

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East Lansing, Michigan
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Kuwait, Iraq
via Bombay
Missionary

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Instructor in English

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Prairie View, Kansas
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(Mrs. Anthony Meengs)
348 E. King Street
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Occupation/Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Anthony Z. Meengs</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Bethesda Sanitarium, Denver, Colorado</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Bert H. Pennings</td>
<td>Ghent, New York</td>
<td>Pastor of Second Reformed Church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie J. Rank</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
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<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. James Dyke Van Putten</td>
<td>Kodaikanal, South India, Missionary</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rev. Cornelius Van Tol</td>
<td>Stone Ridge, New York, Pastor of Marbletown Reformed Church</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Kah Kah Wong</td>
<td>(King Hin Fong), Cheung Hing Road, Canton, China</td>
<td>Business</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Class of 1923

The Class of '23 — what a class — twice through the river — weak on brawn, but strong on brain. 'Nuff said about those two duckings. We were a clean class at any rate.

Did this class have two banners also?

Six valiant Freshmen tied to the "pines" brought the class out of chapel to the rescue. Soon a general melee of fighting Freshmen, Sophomores, and Faculty — merchants fill the sudden demand for crutches, witch hazel, and clothes brushes. "Dimmie" is walloped in the stomach by a violent Freshie who refused to apologize. Exit Freshman!

"Glory Day. The Seniors blossom out in derbies. Ten minutes later, likewise the Freshmen." (Note: Page 157, 1920 Milestone.)

So great were the hordes of Freshmen that descended upon Hope in '19 that the four existing literary societies could not take care of the society-minded, so there sprung full-fledged like Athena from the head of Zeus, the Sibylline and Emersonian Literary Societies.

The Senior year found this class still full of "pep" and fun but infinitely wiser and infinitely more dignified.

From its dear Alma Mater, this class has gone forth into many fields of endeavor, finding happiness and contentment in doing its share of the World's Work.
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Hartville, New York
Teaching English at Putnam Hall — Preparatory School for Vassar College

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CAESAR had one incomparable legion—the tenth; Cromwell had his famous troop "Ironsides." Napoleon relied for a shattering victory on the charge of his Imperial Guards. Hope College has had its famous class—the class of 1924.

The history of the class began auspiciously. On its first appearance the class of 1924 not only "pulled" an unresisting sophomore class through the fetid waters of Black River, but showed its mettle by stealing that class's banner. The writer cannot resist the temptation of pointing out the fact that, as far as he knows, that was the first and only time such a world shaking exploit was accomplished. For sheer daring, pluck and tenacity, that feat must always rank with the Byrd Expedition, the flight of Lindbergh to Paris, and Dr. Nykerk's ability to sing through his nose.

One year of school sufficed to show the members of this class that under existing conditions, nothing could be gained by further study, so that the last three years were spent in the time-honored pursuits of pleasure.

(Solemnly signed) THE SCRIBE.
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CLASS OF 1912

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Just completed graduate work at University of Michigan
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Long Lane Farm
Middletown, Connecticut
Teaching in Connecticut School for Delinquent Girls

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CLASS OF 1913

Left Group—Standing:  G. W. Bonte, H. de Maagd (Van Bronkhorst), B. T. Vander Woude.

Seated:  C. De Young, D. Ossewaarde, A. Van Bronkhorst.

Right Group—Standing:  E. M. DePree, V. C. Schultz (Newland), G. De Motts.

Seated:  J. Immink (Hekhuis), M. La Huis (Coith), H. J. Pyle.

Back Row:  W. J. Leenhouts, G. C. Heneveld, G. A. Broek (McClurg), G. Stegeman,
R. Vanden Berg, E. Wichers.

Second Row:  H. Hospers, M. J. Den Herder, Mrs. W. H. Durfee,
F. Kleinheksel, M. Beld, Miss Martin.

Third Row:  C. P. Dame, L. Hekhuis, A. S. Visscher (Brush), S. Soerens.


CLASS OF 1925

CLASS of '25! The largest class ever graduated from our Alma Mater! How proud
we were, and how we did want the number to reach the hundred mark! But
judging from the 1930 census we have at last exceeded the coveted hundred by a dozen
or more.

How far away those college days seem now—the years between that first class
party in a garage on a rainy night, and that last boat-ride on graduation night in June.
However far apart the years have scattered us, still those four years are a precious
memory, that ever links us in a bond of friendship and loyalty.

For old times' sake, let's all plan to attend our next reunion in 1931. Au revoir!

MARIAN VAN VESSEM STEGGERDA.

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At Home

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Married April 4th to John Dethmers

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Physician

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Seated: M. G. Gosselink, M. G. Vanden Brink (Meyer)
Right Group—Standing: M. Stegenga, M. Den Herder (Vander Velde)
Seated: S. K. Poppen (De Koster), O. Vander Velde

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Second Row: M. C. Lokker (Tappan), L. Bosch, R. W. Pieters, C. Mulder
Third Row: W. Oxner (Whitmaw), H. Duiker, L. F. Yntema, Mrs. W. H. Durfee
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WHAT a remarkable class! As far as we know there has been none to equal it. The year itself was memorable; the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the eightieth year since the first settlement in Holland, Michigan, and the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of our College.

It was a quiet class, not given to instigating disturbing and nonsensical pranks that worried the faculty and students. During those serious years I recall only two levities. One was the time yards of rubber bands tied to the strings of both pianos made it impossible to sing the opening Chapel sentence. The other was the unpleasant and penetrating odor arising from the furnace regions.

It was a certainty the guilty parties didn’t belong to us because our class was pursuing loftier plains as is proven by present activities. A couple are soon sailing for Europe. Several have gained entrance to the finest universities because of exceptional ability.
Perhaps ten or fifteen have entered the theological field as Ministers here or abroad. We are proud that a large percentage are teachers of the splendid youth of this rising generation. What could be nobler than molding the future leaders whether they be baseball pitchers or diplomats. Fortunately, we have doctors and nurses. And as usual, a certain number felt it necessary to give up promising careers to help keep the home the greatest institution.

In addition to preparing for these useful occupations, and others, we had time for an extraordinary achievement—"The Pageant of 1926"—It was written by one of us, directed by one, while the rest did everything possible toward its success. So, because of its overwhelming success we have been able to be very generous. The class of 1926 was remarkable!

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Class of 1927  

The friend of the class, "Bill" Shakespeare, stated some decades ago that the world  
was a stage. He knew, we are sure, that our parts would find us at Hope College for  
four happy years. Commencement night was a tense affair. Therefore we deal with  
tenses: past, present and future.  

Past. It's all over now but let's look back. "Spike" De Weerd, lengthy in stature  
and speech, assisted by Dr. Dimnent, ushered us into college life. It was interesting.  
The sophomores found us so interesting that they came through the water to meet us.  
(To prove that we remained interesting we have but to say that the frosh did the same  
the following autumn.) The city fire department was called out on one occasion to  
dampen our enthusiasm. But it was never dampened. Many studied. Many studied and
played. Many played. Father Hope, stroking his beard, can say: "They were as good as the rest; they stood with the best."

PRESENT. We are as scattered as our thoughts were in the days when we had to listen to Dr. Dimnent condemn the tardy virgins. Busy is busy, and so we are. Distance spells separation—and it doesn't.

FUTURE. From one of the Milestones we find this written of our group: "As we sail out into the vast unknown, Hope's ideals and aims will guide us onward and upward." May this ever be true! May the Hope College of today maintain ideals and aims worthy of our following them!

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Hartger Egbert Winter
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Richman, poorman, beggarman—no thief—
We all came to college to be doctor, lawyer, chief,
And that was all six years ago,
As we won't soon forget—
We were pulled through the river,
And I tell you we were wet.
But if spanked children,
Make better types of men,
That ducking would, undoubtedly,
Account for us then.
Under Jim's and Garry's leadership,
We had a good year—
And when the next rolled around,
We hadn't much to fear.
Believing in the adage
That some painful things are good,
This time we pulled the freshmen
Directly through the flood.
Our duty to the freshmen done,
We settled down together
To embroider for the class's cap
Another good feather.
A goodly number more of them
Acquired in course of time,
Cannot be all remembered here,
—The words won't fit my rhyme!
We more than filled our quota
Of brains, and brawn, and pep.
Societies, forensics, dramatics, journalism,
As well as routine classroom work
Where we stuffed on kernel—"isms"—
Was grist wherewith we filled our mill
But in the course of our career,
—Not soon will we forget—
And ground out something fine—
As all the audience remarked
Of our diploma line.
So richman, poorman, beggarman—no thief,
We all came to college
To be doctor, lawyer, chief.
There are preachers, too, and teachers,
And a merchant more or less
So you see the range of knowledge
Our composite group possess.

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THE members of the class of 1929 have now experienced one year of life as College Graduates. Needless to say the experiences of the different members have been many and varied. The eighty-nine who last June were graduated from their Alma Mater have almost literally been scattered to the four corners of the United States. Foreign countries claim two of them—one in Arabia and one in China.

At matriculation time in 1925 the Freshman Class of that year was found to be the largest which ever entered Hope College. Unfortunately all of these could not continue and at graduation time the number had been reduced to eighty-nine. In spite of the loss of many members, however, "The tiny seed planted when first we became Hopites became a sturdy plant whose bounteous fruits became the Spirit of Hope and love of our Alma Mater." The one year away from college has taught us to appreciate more than ever before the worth of the four years we spent at Hope College. Indeed we can all say with emphasis, "It was good for us to have been there."

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As the last page of this alumni section comes off the press an inspection already reveals a few changes in address and occupation. So as time passes we realize constant alterations will occur. Young ladies have a habit of marrying, thereby changing their name as well as their address and occupation, while the men travel all over the face of the earth. We are thankful for the few who have settled down permanently and will keep their part of the record correct for many years hence.

We regret that in two instances it was impossible to secure the individuals portraits to use in their class mountings. Of course we are sorry too that a few people were absent when the class photograph was made and if we could have only lived through all these years preparing this Alumni edition it would have been our responsibility to have insisted that everyone attend Mrs. Durfee's breakfasts. May we take this last opportunity to express our warmest thanks to dozens of people throughout the United States who took the trouble to secure the old time pictures of friends and relatives reproduced in this volume. We are grateful also to those who have contributed write-ups, and to those who have offered information which helped locate their friends and classmates. Without the assistance of our friends everywhere this tremendous task would have been impossible.
HIJHCR

When the newcomer to the colony stepped from the flat boat at Black Lake or Black River, or from the ox wagon if he came by land, the first question for many years was, 'Where is the city of Holland?' The rosiest possible descriptions had been sent back home, so that newcomers expected to see a large and flourishing city, and to many it was a shock to come to a dense forest with only here and there a log cabin or hemlock but. The humor of this situation is apparent, for Van Raalte's sense of salesmanship had led him to unconsciously exaggerate the truth. And with all about them in so primitive a state as is described above, even the courting lovers must needs whisper their secrets in the open air of the out-of-doors.
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The Staff is most grateful for your excellent support and extends its sincerest thanks. For many months business conditions rendered the immediate publication of this yearbook impossible, but finally many of you gave us your support in the face of curtailed advertising budgets. You have contributed materially toward making the 1930 Milestone a long awaited reality. Your advertisements have provided for many of the book's best features. We owe you a debt of gratitude for the interest you have shown in making a good book possible, and its success makes every advertiser deserving of the undivided patronage of the student body.

We Acknowledge With Thanks

Their interest in this Alumni Edition led these individuals to generously contribute to its success. The Staff is deeply indebted for their splendid assistance.

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THE HOPE CALENDAR
and a few of the things that leaked out

Wednesday, September 18 — Today was a big day for Holland, as Hope again opened its large swinging gates after the long summer recess. An inspirational talk was delivered by Dr. Whozizz at the opening chapel. The awed Freshman and serious Seniors took it all in. The Juniors and Sophs were also there in body.

Thursday, September 19 — The annual Hope “holdup” was staged in the registrar’s office today. No compensation, rebates, or half fare were offered. “Proceed at your own risk” was Thossy’s theme song. All the men’s societies were out looking, like Diogenes with his lantern, for some unusually good freshmen. At last De Windt was found, and someone blew out the light. Goodnite.

Friday, September 20 — Wow! what a day this was. All the men’s and women’s societies had open meetings so that we could see the Freshmen strut their stuff. I can’t prove it; but I heard that Ruth Weidner lost her heel while strutting and has been looking for a cobbler ever since. Anyway we’re glad she lost her heel rather than her soul, n’est ce pas?

Monday, September 23 — Today was a black-eye day in the Freshmen’s history. When the Sophs and Frosh had finished battling, we were sure of only one thing and that was that Christmas was surely coming. The way some of the Frosh felt, they probably were glad of that fact. They surely acted dumb and I guess it wasn’t all acting either. Anyway it was a nice friendly scrap fellows and showed good class spirit.

Tuesday, September 24 — The Freshmen had a big day today at the Y. M. and Y. W. reception, and showed all kinds of spirit except the Hope spirit. You know what I mean, they had a real good time.

Wednesday, September 25 — Oh wot a sight for sore eyes! The Frosh have donned their green pots and ties and what a sight. They hardly know how to pot yet but they’ll soon learn or it will be too bad.

Friday, September 27 — Whoopie! The Sophs proved that the Frosh were all wet when they pulled them through Black River today in the annual “pull.” The Frosh took it well and went out and celebrated (?) at the Castle. The Sophs held their party at Goshorn, the Juniors at the Masonic temple, the Seniors at the Country Club and a good time was had by all, including yours truly.

Saturday, September 28 — Hazel Paalman entertained her Delphi sisters today in a big way. Dinner could be served at Voorhees, however, and all who weren’t too busy studying, partook. Ye diarist upon seeing hash took part — and left the rest.

Monday, September 30 — Tonight that august body known as the H. K. K. held their first meeting and elected Don Hicks, president. Feeling a bit sorry for several homesick Frosh they invited them over and gave them a warm reception. In spite of their careful attention and strenuous application some of the boys including Frosh Poling felt no better afterward. Funny! I think a new plan should be adapted. Some motto like “Paddle your own canoe.”

Tuesday, October 1 — Y nite tonight; and some of the fellows as well as girls decided their lessons would have to suffer for the good of the Y. Noble. Yea verily! Thos. Welmers is busy these days trying to collect installments on tuition.

Friday, October 4 — Today was an especially big day for the coeds. There were several society teas and beach parties. Of course they all broke up in mixed parties if you know what I mean. The girls were afraid in the dark.

Saturday, October 5 — Just between you and me that Hillsdale bunch raised havoc with our Varsity eleven today. Scudder, Brunson, Fox, Beaver and Leenhouts looked a little the worse for wear. Otherwise it was a good game else — of course we’ll not mention the score. Our yearlings beat up Hillsdale’s Frosh in fine manner, 19 - 6 and if they keep it up I predict a championship.
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Harry Cotas, Prop.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

Wednesday, October 9 — The Aletheans had a big time at the beach today. Hot dogs and weeners made up the first course. Frankfurts were the desert. Instead of nuts liverwurst was handed out. Most important today is the fact that someone was reported absent from chapel, and never told a soul.

Thursday, October 10 — Fritz Kreisler was in Grand Rapids today and some hundred of us were fortunate enough to attend. Ye diabolical diarist had the pleasure of sitting next to Lynn Sabo and consequently didn't listen to Fritz.

Friday, October 11 — Had a big mass meeting tonite before our first home game to be played with Detroit.

Saturday, October 12 — Columbus Day today. You remember that guy that crossed the Delaware and named it India, that's the guy. The other big thing that happened today was the beating 6 - 0 Hope received from Detroit City. The boys fought hard. They deserve credit.

Sunday, October 13 — The Knickerbockers observed this day by serving tea to

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friends of the happy family. Other societies also ate — but in boarding houses.

*Tuesday, October 15* — The Pre-medic Club organized today. It’s a good thing! We have a few cases on this campus developing rapidly.

*Wednesday, October 16* — Mrs. Durfee’s afternoon tea for the Junior girls was the event today. Cigarettes were not served after the tea.

*Thursday, October 17* — Today the Pre-medic club diagnosed the case of Roger and Janet. They reported high fever and cold feet. Everything else is still running smoothly, except that the cook at Voorhees thought it was Saturday and served the weekly ‘review of reviews’.

*Friday, October 18* — Hope lost their football tilt again today, 19-0. Due to several injured men no substitutions could be made. Consequently the goose egg for Hope.

*Saturday, October 19* — The day of recuperation for the varsity and dating for the non-combatants. Colonial was crowded.

---

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30 West Eighth Street  HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

Thursday, October 24 — Quite a skip I know but for some reason the Profs have been terribly ugly and I didn’t dare express my daily sentiments. Honestly some of these Profs just can’t control their tempers.

Friday, October 25 — Yesterday and today the Senior Ed. students were in Grand Rapids attending a conference. Some of them say the movies for this week are good and they should know they saw them all.

Saturday, October 26 — It's too bad but true, Hope lost another hard fought tilt with Olivet, 8 - 7. The boys are determined to beat Kalamazoo or bust.

Wednesday, October 30 — Tonight was the day of judgment for the Frosh. Some of the Freshies who disregarded the rules received severe sentences. It'll be fun seeing Millie Klow running around dressed as a baby and Weidner as a nurse. Ha! I guess ye editor will get up for Chapel tomorrow morning.

Thursday, October 31 — Yes, those kids were a sight. Banty kindly asked Millie if she would go back to the dorm and dress. Millie very graciously consented. Nice

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ch? Honorable G. J. Diekema was given a very elaborate farewell today as he left as ambassador to the Netherlands. G. J. is a man of whom Holland and Hope may justly be proud. He can talk Deutsch like nobody's business hardly yet.

Friday, November 1 — Our Freshmen football team again showed their calibre by beating up Alma 13 - 6. Otherwise everything was quiet along the western front, that is until the Fraters started serenading the girls about one o'clock in the A.M. Ye diagramatical diarist could hear the female hearts palpitate a mile way, more-or-less.

Friday, November 8 — Ho hum! this diapeptical diarist has been lazy for a week but nothing much has happened except more lessons to be studied. Oh! I must tell you what I overheard. The Emersonians had their initiation tonite. It was a big time.

Saturday, November 9 — Ah! it was history that was made today, because our boys came home with the bacon defeating Kazoo 19 - 13. Nine Rah's!

Monday, November 11 — Another week has started and just as blue as the rest. The Fraters held their Armistice party at Spring Lake country club. After the fight

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DATE — (All the Time)

TO THE STUDENTS AND
FACULTY OF HOPE —

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We want every student to use the facilities of this Bank, which is the largest and strongest in Ottawa County.
Maurie Marcus had with his girl over whether or not his mustache tickled, the Fraters have decided they should call their party something else.

Tuesday, November 12 — Today found about a dozen Frosh trying to erase the green '33's that were painted on pillar, post and sidewalk. Someone said they were doing it upon Dimmie's request; but I can't believe such a thing of Dimmie.

Friday, November 15 — What could have been more perfect than today's Homecoming. It was a wow! The parade tonight consisted of nineteen beautiful floats. Cosmos society won the prize for having the best float, while the Sorosis society rated first in Alumni Registration. This afternoon the Frosh won from Kazoo 37 - 0. There was a large mass meeting and bon fire tonite and all in all everything was splendidiferous. Big time in the old town.

Saturday, November 16 — Today climaxed Homecoming. Boy! You never saw so much pep and spirit as was shown at today's football game with Albion. The score was in Albion's favor but when the spirit is as keen as it was today it's easy for the
HOLLAND - COLONIAL THEATRES
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team to fight their utmost. Tonight was a moonlight night and from all appearances there'll be some new cases for the Pre-medic club tomorrow.

Monday, November 18 — The Junior class collected en masse today and decided it might be well to procure some Hope pins. Some ordered clasps and some screwbacks. By the way the latter isn't a disease; it's merely the nature of the brute.

Wednesday, November 20 — Tonight the Cosmopolitan society entertained their fair lady friends at their new frat house. Games, radios and whatnots were played but the most fun occurred when somebody spilled his ginger ale. Yeh, ginger ale was the strongest used.

Thursday, November 21 — (This space reserved for dance advertisement.)

Friday, November 22 — Another Lyceum course number is past and all who saw Nellie Verne Walker the famous sculptress will agree that — given an even break she'd make a bust of anybody.

Saturday, November 23 — Today there were more girls kissed and hugged than

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Butter, Sweet Cream, Buttermilk,
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GEO. DAUCHY, Manager

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MICHIGAN GAS & ELECTRIC CO.
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there has been since Solomon was in his glory. Yep! the Sororities welcomed in their new Freshman girls, and a happier bunch you never did see. They got free breakfasts, teas 'n' everthin'. The only thing this dialectical diarist doesn't understand is why we fellows can't welcome the new girls. It would be good practice for a later "date."

_Sunday, November 24_— Mr. Snow our swell organist offered his first Vesper organ recital this P. M. It was uplifting I'll say. Hope he gives some more.

_Monday, November 25_— The date was a bit premature—more so than the chicken — but a delicious Thanksgiving dinner was served this evening at the Dorm. Ye diarist felt rather stiff in his tuxedo, but he felt so sorry for the chicken he forgot himself. Another big event today was the burying of the Frosh-Soph hatchet. Now everyone is singing "Can't We Be Friends?"

_Wednesday, November 27_— Ah! at last we get a short Thanksgiving rest. School is closed now until next Monday so that some can catch up on sleep, some can hie themselves hither to see their far away Princesses and most important so that Thossy
can get caught up on back installments. See ya next Monday.

Monday, December 2 — Well, well, that was short and sweet. Quite a contrast to this grind, but folks it won't be long till Christmas now. Our Profs are already trying to pull that old gag about Santa Claus.

Tuesday, December 3 — One of our Freshmen musicians, Johnny Muilenburg, favored us with a beautiful selection on his trombone this morning in Chapel. I saw several heads duck every time Johnny pointed the thing their way. Dr. Dimment said grace but his official dignity got the best of him and he started to deliver an oration to God demanding obedient students.

Thursday, December 5 — The Delphians held their informal initiation today; the Addisons had their sixth annual stag; the varsity basket ball team lost a warm-up game to Hub Clothiers; Betty Smith had a date with Clarence — otherwise nothing much happened. Must be a lull in the stock market.

Friday, December 6 — The DORIANS had their formal initiation today, while the
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"We Keep Holland Dry"

Fraters enjoyed a skating party at Virginia park. In spite of a few sore spots everyone pronounced it a big time. Marcus was considered the most graceful spill-taker of the bunch. Hooray for Maurie. I'll bet he thought the party was a flop, in fact several flops.

Monday, December 9 — Today was the beginning of Prayer week. Prof. Hinkamp, our college pastor, delivered a very inspirational talk, which ought to get us all in the proper Prayer week spirit.

Tuesday, December 10 — Dr. Poling is wonderful, no kidding. He thrilled everyone who heard him this morning. He has arranged for individual conferences and ye diarist believes he'll have his personal case diagnosed.

Wednesday, December 11 — Tonight we held prayer group meetings in various homes and places. These meetings are great. The eds and co-eds can get together and talk over personal or religious difficulties.

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WE know all you students are boosters for hope college in all its activities.
So in the same manner do we need you to boost and patronize the home merchants of Holland, especially those assisting with the publication of your "Milestone."
Particularly to you who live in Holland we desire to ask that when purchasing bread for home use see that you get Dutch Boy bread.

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Thursday, December 12 — Dr. Poling delivered his farewell to the studentry this evening. He has made a lasting impression during his visit and we're sorry he must leave.
The Cosmos and Fraters elected their new officers tonight and as usual the honored men had to treat their brothers.
Friday, December 13 — The Delphi freshmen gave the boys a break, by escorting them to the basketball game. That was one cheap date for the fellows. They bought us frost-bites 'n ever'thin'.
Monday, December 16 — The Emersonians surprised the folks today by making their debut with their new emblematic sweaters. They're good looking.
The Addisons held elections tonight.
Tuesday, December 17 — "The Bonnie Brier Brush" was the third Lyceum course number. It was a musical comedy and very much worthwhile. Everyone was there, even Dr. Nykerk, and ye diaphragmatical diarist.

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Wednesday, December 18 — The "Messiah" was given at the chapel this evening; the Emersonians and Knicks had a joint meeting. Oh, boy! two more days till vacation; ain't that a glorious feeling?

Thursday, December 19 — Tonight we all joined in the Christmas spirit and sang carols at the chapel. Everyone went home and started looking for an extra large stocking. "Hey! Friesema, give me a sock!" Bang!! Wow, he believed me.

Friday, December 20 — Whoopee! school's over until January 6. Bye-bye, Hope! Hello, Mother and Dad!

Monday, January 6 — Oh! Heck! what a life. School again and just when we were getting well acquainted with the new neighbor's kids. Mrs. Durfee advised the Freshmen girls that they should refrain from dates a bit until mid-term tests are over. The advice is very pertinent.

Wednesday, January 8 — It's early for spring fever but if you were to see all the dust on text books you'd realize the Christmas spirit is still running rampant.

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Thursday, January 9 — Today was a big day for the societies. The Sorosis and Dorian societies had their informal initiation while the Knicks and Emersonians held elections. The other societies refrained from studies also.

Friday, January 10 — The Sybilline initiates were sworn in tonight and the Delprians elected new officers. Banty and his gang met at Voorhees at 10 P.M. after the pep meeting held in the Carnegie Gym.

Saturday, January 11 — Boo-hoo! Hope lost to Olivet 33-29. What a game!

Monday, January 13 — The first inter-society basketball game was played tonight between the Fraters and Addisons. The latter won 28-20. These games are going to help society spirit, what I mean.

Wednesday, January 15 — You've probably noticed a day skipped now and then. It's because of one of two reasons. Either hash was served at the Dorm or somebody's pet cat was buried. Anyway, Hope won from St. Mary's today 30-20 and everybody's happy.

Thursday, January 16 — Cameron McLean was the feature on the fourth Lyceum

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ZEELAND, MICHIGAN

course number tonight. Good? You bet!

Friday, January 17 — The Anchor staff was elected today. Gordon Van Ark is the new Editor, Jerry Huenink the Business Manager.

The Knicks held their winter stag at the Tavern and the Sybs had their formal initiation.

All would have been well today but for the fact that Hope lost to Hillsdale by one point, 27-26.

Wednesday, January 22 — The green edition of the Anchor was let loose today. It was rather clever, too, strange as it may seem.

The Varsity football letter men were entertained royally at the Tavern by the Holland Exchange Club. Every fellow had a grand time and a full stomach. Yea, Exchange!

Thursday, January 23 — "Dashing through the snow in a two-horse open bob," ta-ta-ta—teddle-dee. It didn't sound that bad but everyone that went on the Van Vleck sleigh ride party may have got cold hands but they got plenty of hot dogs. It surely

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was fun; if you don't think so, ask the horses; they've got a good drag.

Friday, January 24 — Mrs. Durfee entertained the Sophomore girls today. Someone said they got pretty well teed up. The Sibyllines and Aletheans elected officers for the coming term.

Monday, January 27 — After a strenuous week-end of study and cramming we have at last launched into our final tests. There's liable to be several disappointments before the week is over; but here's hoping for the best. May we not be found wanting.

Wednesday, January 29 — The Soph Anchor was published today and worse editions have been seen but we forget just where. Some latent talent and originality was shown in the quality of paper used.

Thursday, January 30 — Hugh Edwards, a member of the British Parliament, spoke to us Lyceum goers tonight. His wit and interesting delivery held the attention of the audience creditably well. Dr. Nykerk furnished the preliminary bout.

Friday, January 31 — Hooray! Hope defeated Albion 24-21; and oh! what a game
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YEAR 1931-32 BEGINS SEPTEMBER 23

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OLD PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED

As usual most of the pictures in the Milestone were made at our studio.

19 East Eighth Street (upstairs) Holland, Michigan
it was! Ye diaphlegmatic diarist almost had heart failure. The only thing that saved his heart was the date afterward and even so he almost lost it.

Saturday, February 1 — The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs left today. The boys went east, the girls went west, but luckily sometime the twain shall meet and oh! what a meeting that will be.

Monday, February 5 — Today the second semester began and you'd think it was New Year's the way everyone was making resolutions for bigger and better studying this semester. If the resolutions materialize Hope will have solved a real problem; and the Profs will stop getting gray hairs.

Wednesday, February 5 — The new Anchor staff published its first edition today and it was commendable to say the least. I didn't see the usual cigarette ads, did you? Puff! Puff!

Friday, February 7 — The Hope Affirmative Debating team defeated Alma tonight, while our basketeers trounced Hillsdale 37-24. Hope can cut a couple more notches in

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HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
her belt, begorry!

*Tuesday, February 11* — Hope lost to Albion today by one point, 22-21. That's hard to take but watch 'em come back and beat up the rest.

*Wednesday, February 12* — The girls' inter-society basket ball season opened tonight and the Darians beat the Sybs.

*Thursday, February 13* — Tonight the Sorosis beat the Aletheans and afterward a pep meeting was staged in the gym. There's more spirit and pep this year than you can imagine.

*Friday, February 14* — Mrs. Olive entertained the Senior girls at tea this afternoon. Tonight the varsity appeared in new togs but were beaten by Kazoo, 22-19. The boys probably didn't feel at home in their new suits. Better luck next time, fellows.

*Tuesday, February 18* — Tonight Hope beat up Calvin, her ancient rival, 31-21. After the game Mr. Becker entertained the team and girl friends at a dinner. I'll bet he wanted to keep his eye on Clarence. It's good idea.

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Evening Worship.............7:30 P.M.
Sunday School at.............12:00 Noon
Midweek Prayer Service
Thursday at.............7:30 P.M.

The consistory of the Church extends a most cordial invitation to everyone, and especially to the Students of Hope College and Hope High School.
COME AND MAKE THIS YOUR CHURCH HOME

Wednesday, February 19 — Our negative debating team lost to Kazoo today. But the tossers beat up Olivet, 26-24, and, believe me, it was a game worth seeing, that is, unless one was subject to a weak heart.

Thursday, February 20 — Well, well, I heard a good one today. It seems our Kentucky brother, Lloyd Wathen, has had a little heart trouble. Just as I happened by the spoon holder today I heard him ask HER if she would go back to Kentucky with him. "Oh! Lloyd, dear, I just can't," she replied, "you know I've had indigestion lately and I hear the Kentucky feuds are just terrible." A case for the premedics.

Friday, February 21 — "Just another week wasted away"; but everyone looks very much relieved when Friday comes. They can look forward to a couple days of loafing. The profs don't expect much Monday nohow.

Tuesday, February 25 — Alma played Hope tonight and beat us, 44-27. They went down fighting though, which reminds me of the saying: "A pedestrian always has the

John Dykema
PHONE 3625

JOSEPH BORGMAN

MODEL LAUNDRY
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right-of-way — after he's in an ambulance.”

Wednesday, February 26 — Welcome home, Glee Clubbers. The boys got back home tonight at 6:30 just as we were reading scripture at the Dorm. Ebbers had an awful time holding his audience, especially a certain few of the co-eds. It reminded ye diatomical diarist very much of the story of the Prodigal Son. More heart throbs! Vander Werf sang Millie his new song, "You Have That Charm, That Certain Charm."

Thursday, February 21 — Our negative debating team defeated Calvin today in a very one-sided contest. The Dorian Society cut down opposition by defeating the Sorosites tonight.

Friday, February 28 — Our debating teams are kept rather busy these days. The affirmative team trounced Calvin today, while back home here the Junior girls were again indulging in tea at Mrs. Dregman's. Hope played Kazoo tonight and went down to a 23-21 tally. Tough luck and more of it.

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GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Tuesday, March 4 — Gladys Huizinga delivered her oration in chapel this morning and if she does as well at the M.O.L. contest she'll surely place. We can't wish her enough good luck. As the cannibal chief said, "Give the little girl a great big hand."

Wednesday, March 5 — Paul Brouwer delivered his fine oration this morning and, like Gladys, he deserves a big hand or arm — as you will, girls.

Hope beat up Calvin again tonight by a 34-17 score. I guess that'll hold 'em for a while.

Thursday, March 6 — Prof. Gray's Drama Class was completely demoralized this morning. Prof asked Hicks what Juliet said to Romeo when she saw him in the balcony. Hicks nonchalantly piped up with the answer, "Why the heck didn't you get seats in the orchestra?"

Saturday, March 8 — The annual C. E. Convention began its session here today. You're doing great work, C. E.; 'keep 'goin',".

Monday, March 10 — The Spring banquet dates were selected by the various soci-

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cities today and committees have been appointed by each to make this year's banquet the best ever. Formal or informal, that's the burning question.

_Wednesday, March 12_ — Prayer day for crops was observed today. And tonight the Girls' Glee Club entertained us all with a concert. Another good cheap date, eh boys?

_Thursday, March 13_ — The Knicks held their informal initiation tonight. A good time was had by all — but the Freshie initiates.

_Friday, March 14_ — Tonight the M.O.L. contest was staged at Grand Rapids. We won't have a Glory Day but our representatives did very well. Give 'em a cheer. They probably didn't want Banty to resign. "But aren't we all?"

_Saturday, March 15_ — A good thought for today and tomorrow and hereafter — before that date is: "All that I wear and all that I hope to wear I owe to my roommate."

_Monday, March 17_ — You would think these Junior girls were Chinese the way they crave tea. Today they were teed at Mrs. S. R. and C. M. McLean's.

The Seniors put on a skating party tonight and dusted the floor at Virginia Park.

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« 437 »
Tuesday, March 18 — The Woman's Literary Club entertained the Hope co-eds with a program and tea. I suppose the Junior girls were right there with buckets. And they talk about prohibition.

Thursday, March 20 — The Juniors met today and talked over plans for a Spring party.
Some of the students were reprimanded by Prexy for having so many submarine grades. (Under C's).
Friday, March 21 — The Sophomores had one of those grand flop (skating) parties tonight, and Kamil Toonian, it is said, brought home the bacon — but it was badly bruised.

Thursday, March 21 — Say, I'm not exaggerating when I say that the all-college banquet tonight was a whale of a success. A delicious assortment of viands, fruit, et cetera, was first served and afterward letters, sweaters and blankets were awarded the athletes.

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Friday, March 28 — Spring vacation here at last. That was a strenuous stretch and
even the Profs are happy about vacation. Dr. Van Zyl was so happy he absent-mindedly
turned on his wife and kissed the ignition.

Monday, March 31 — The Alumni banquet was a big success tonight and was
attended by a large number. Some were big shots, too, but how could it be different;
they are Hope alumni.

Tuesday, April 1 — Lots of folks acted foolish today and no doubt in some cases
it wasn't all acting.

Monday, April 8 — Back again after a swell vacation and a much needed rest.
When we got back we found the town painted red with modernism. Everyone is talking
about the increeping modernism at Hope. Ye diaconatical diarist sort of giggled out loud.

Friday, April 12 — Hope played its first baseball game of the season today at Kazoo
and were beaten. Poppink and Van Lente pitched well but the support was — well, let's
not mention it.

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Monday, April 15 — Jimmy Moran got a 71 in Greek today but he says he's contented since that is par for the course. Ye diarist believes that the moon promises to make things rather lively at the cemetery these nights.

Wednesday, April 17 — The campus beauties were selected today by the societies. Over fifty were chosen and these will be sent to John Held, Jr., who will pick Hope's seven representative girls. Congratulations to the winners.

Sunday, April 20 — Today was Easter Sunday and new dresses, suits, and hats flocked into church by the hundreds. They say you can tell a person's character by his or her clothes; but ye diaacoustical diarist is sure these co-eds have more character than that.

Thursday, April 24 — Today and tomorrow the Hope board will hold its meeting. It has been decided the modernism has been well checked.

Friday, April 25 — The Fraters and Sorosis societies had a joint meeting tonight.
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26 East Eighth St.
Coffee and sandwiches were served, after which the girls didn’t go home alone — ask them.

_Sunday, April 27_ — The Pre-medics were a bit too late, for before they could arrive on the scene Betty Smith’s blue chicken had already passed into the happy — scratching grounds. You have our sympathy, Betty; now Clarence must do the setting.

_Thursday, May 1_ — Many Spring flowers are in bloom now and it’s funny to see the great big boys in the Herbarium class going around picking the pretty little posies. Tra-la-la! Spring is here and lots of it. At least you would think so if you were following the budding romances closely.

_Friday, May 2_ — The societies met tonight and despite interesting programs everyone wanted to respond to moonlight madness.

_Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 7, 8, 9_ — These three days have been given wholly to the Senior Play. It was a howling success and if you don’t think so, ask the cast, they’re not prejudiced.

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GRAND RAPIDS...MICHIGAN

We have enjoyed working with the Staff in the preparation of this Annual and are proud of the part we have taken in making it a success.
Friday, May 9 — Today was Arbor Day and after a fine speech by Prof. Ritter, the tree-planting ceremony was performed. Afterwards all disappeared and the Juniors went to Castle Park and had a real swell party.

Monday, May 26 — The society spring banquets began tonight with the Addison fete. The day after tomorrow the Aletheans will entertain their boy friends at their banquet.

Friday, May 30 — Decoration day and everyone seems to be going somewhere or doing somebody. The Milestone staff house party began today and so far we're having just a peach of a time — swell eats, too! Not much sleep for the boys — what with serenading the cooks!

Wednesday, June 4 — Ye diarist attended the Sibylline society banquet tonight at the country club, and he's tellin' the world everyone just enjoyed the affair superlatively. The girls cleverly worked out a Pirate theme.

Thursday, June 5 — The Cosmopolitan buccaneers entertained their ladies fair at
Castle Park this evening. If the good time ye diarist had is a fair example, then certainly everyone is happy.

Friday, June 6 — The Dorians banqueted tonight at Spring Lake. They used a baseball theme and from what I heard the evening was a "home run hit."

Saturday, June 7 — Tonight the Knickerbockers held their banquet at the Country Club. It was Saturday and everyone was happy and had a huge evening.

Wednesday, June 11 — The Emersonians celebrated tonight at Spring Lake. Their favors were a wow! Ask the lucky ladies. Yep! H. K. was there with Impromptu.

Thursday, June 12 — Those dreadful exams started today. Everyone is running around in a pensive mood trying to remember what they forgot to remember, and praying the Profs will be lenient.

The Sorosis Society entertained their weaknesses on board the S.S. South America. Luckily no one had to swim home.

Friday, June 13 — The Delphia Society went to Charley Young's at Grand Rapids to have their banquet. The atmosphere was oriental, the moon was full and so was everyone else. What a night!

Sunday, June 15 — The Bacchaleate service was held in the chapel tonight and in spite of the torrid temperature the place was full to overflowing. Ye diacritical diarist was turned away, because they said he filled two seats too many. Boo-hoo! nobody loves a fat man.

Monday, June 16 — The Fraters held their annual frolic at Spring Lake. The only thorn in the affair was the fact that the girls in their high-heel slippers couldn't walk on the golf course. They were mad enough to knock somebody for a hole-in-one. Any.
way, it was some party!

Tuesday, June 17 — It's almost over now. Already some are saying their au revoirs, adieus, and smack-smacks. Tonight every nook and corner was occupied by some farewell party. Well — er — sniff, sniff — it is a sad world — this "good-bye."

Wednesday, June 18 — Well, folks, it's all over. The Seniors were kicked out into the cruel world tonight with nothing but a sheep-skin for protection. I hope everyone has enjoyed this year as much as ye diarist has. It's a great life — if you don't sag.

Adieu — see you in September.

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THE STAFF OF THE 1930 MILESTONE.
AND AT LAST

Our work is done. The 1930 Milestone is complete. Our aim has been to give you a book which will be truly representative of the splendid student body at Hope. We have done our best to please you and hope that you are pleased with our efforts. We thank each one who has aided us in any way and we thank Heaven that it is all over. To the Milestone editors of the future we extend our sympathy and best wishes. Some people are able to make good grades and have idle hours, others edit a yearbook.

Willard C. Wichers.