Academic Process Demands Vision: D. Ivan Dykstra

The system of tenure gives rise to a misplaced sense of confidence and the academic process is sometimes conducted like a crazy game of touch football. These are among the thieving trends in higher education criticized by Hope's seniormost faculty member at a convention marking the beginning of the second semester on Jan. 17.

Dr. D. Ivan Dykstra, professor of philosophy since 1947, told his colleagues, "Grant Us Wisdom; Grant Us Courage." Dykstra challenged the system as "a time to dawdle, not to make a difference," a time to "ponder our calling and more on the promotion of our averages." If we rely on an institutionalized, mechanical security, we turn institutionalized, mechanical products—whether it be art or science. Suggesting that wisdom gives rise to courage derived from internal—rather than external—sources, Dykstra said that wisdom should be more than the accumulation of knowledge and the perfecting of talents. "Wisdom is not less than knowing facts—it is more... How can we resist the temptation to perceive wisdom as the art of solving problems?"

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Research Grants

Two Hope chemistry professors, Drs. Donald H. Friedrich and Rodney F. Boyer, have been awarded grants to continue their research in the areas of physical chemistry and biochemistry, respectively. The two-year grants totaling $24,000 from the Petroleum Research Fund, administered by the American Chemical Society, are specifically designed to strengthen undergraduate student interest in chemical research.

Students in Dr. Boyer's laboratory will investigate the interaction of metals such as copper, zinc and iron with hydroxyls in acidic solution. One student will assist in developing a new method for measuring the response of an enzyme to different metals.

In Dr. Friedrich's laboratory, students will use lasers to study hydrocarbons, which are also employed in the production of petroleum. One student will use a laser to measure thermal conductivity of petroleum solvents at high temperatures.

More Honors

Senior Craig Groendyk was named the recipient of a National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) postgraduate scholarship. Groendyk has already earned both All-America and Academic All-America recognition for his role in leading the Hope football team to the NCAA championship.

The scholarship, which includes a $2,000 award, is given to the student whose contribution to the university or professional school of the student's choice, is recognized as one of the most prestigious honors that can be presented to a student-athlete.

"The number of potential candidates from across the country, who stand as a significant honor for the student, and a testament to our institution," said Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA.

Only six football-playing students in the NCAA Division III were presented with the scholarship award and Groendyk was the only Michigan player among this year's recipients in all of the NCAA divisions.

Groendyk is the first Hope student to receive the award since 1974 when Ronald Posthuma was honored.

Student Research

Hope College has been awarded a National Science Foundation summer undergraduate research grant to support the work of six students in basic chemical research. The students will be among 1,003 of the nation's most gifted science majors to have the opportunity to work directly with college professors and industrial scientists.

Students selected for the Hope program will have the opportunity to work as a collaborative team with faculty mentors in the research areas of biochemistry, organic synthesis, analytical chemistry, environmental chemistry, laser spectroscopy, toxicology, and analytical instrumentation chemistry, according to Prof. Rodney F. Boyer, program director.

Russians Cancel

The American tour of the Krasnayark Dance Company of Siberia, which had been scheduled to perform as part of the Holland Great Performance Series March 13, has been cancelled. Michael Grindstaff, coordinator of cultural affairs at Hope College, said notification of the cancellation was received from Columbia Artists management which is the dance company's booking agent.

The Great Performance Series is co-sponsored by the Holland Concert Association and the Hope College Cultural Affairs committee.

The 80-member KrasnayArk Dance Company was scheduled to open a two-week-long tour of the United States in January. Grindstaff said arrangements are being made for an alternate event.

Honor Retiring President

Retiring Alma College President Robert S. Swanson was honored during the opening convocation for the second semester.

Dr. Swanson was awarded an honorary Doctor of Humanities Letters on behalf of the Hope College Board of Trustees for his contributions to this university and private higher education during 23 years as president of Alma College. He will retire from the post at the end of the current school year.

Humanities Post

Jacob E. Nynius, dean for the arts and humanities, was recently elected to the executive committee of the Federation of Public Programs in the Humanities.

The Federation, based in Minneapolis, is an organization of state humanities programs. Dr. Nynius is a member of the Michigan Council for the Humanities.

Wilson Scholar

William W. Richardson, assistant to the chairman of Mobil Oil Corporation, will be on the Hope College campus the week of April 13 as a Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellow.

The Woodrow Wilson Fellow program was established to encourage the flow of ideas between the academic and nonacademic worlds and to help students see the relation between a liberal education and their lives after graduation, according to Dr. Jacob Nynius, dean for the Arts and Humanities.

Earlier this year Ambassador L. Dean Brown visited under the program to discuss current affairs relating to the Middle East.

Richardson will deliver a public address in addition to classroom lectures and meetings with student groups.

A graduate of Princeton University, he has been employed by Mobil since 1948. He has held several management positions with the firm, including chairman and president of Mobil Sekiyu K.K., the corporation's largest overseas affiliate.

National Office

English Professor Charles A. Hutter has been elected to a three-year term on the national governing body of the Modern Language Association. The Delegate Assembly is an advisory body of 241 members, elected to represent the 28,000 members of the Modern Language Association. Dr. Hutter will represent the division on religious approaches to literature.

Critical Issues Symposium

Thursday, March 13
focus on the Middle East: Israel and the Arab World

9 a.m. - Major Address: A Palestinian View

10:30 a.m. - Workshops

Islam in the 20th Century

Presidential Politics and the Arab World

Energy and U.S. Foreign Policy

American Church Involvement in the Arab World

2 p.m. - Major Address: An Israeli View

3:30 p.m. - Workshops

The Peace-Making Process Begins at Camp David

The Middle East today

7 p.m. - Major Address: The American View

All addresses and workshops open to the public. A brochure describing the symposium is available by writing Office of Information Services, Hope College, Holland MI 49423.

COMMUNITY SEMESTER 80

- TIMELY INTELLECTUALLY STIMULATING MINI-COURSES
- FIVE SESSIONS - FEBRUARY 25 THRU MARCH 28
- ALL COURSES TAUGHT BY HOPE COLLEGE PROFESSORS

COST: $10 PER COURSE; DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE FOR MULTIPLE FAMILY REGISTRATIONS.

SHAKESPEARE DRAMAS

Professor John Cox

Thursdays 7 P.M. Lubbers 103

THE FICTIO N OF JOHN UPDIKE

Professor Kathleen Verdun

Mondays 7 P.M. Lubbers 101

JOURNEY INTO SELF

Professor Robert Brown

Thursdays 7 P.M. Peale 207

PRESIDENTIAL POLICIES 1980

Professor James Zetterway

Thursdays 7 P.M. Lubbers 110

EUROPEAN CAPITALS IN HISTORY

Professor David Clark

Wednesdays 7:30 P.M. Lubbers 110

BEGINNING RACQUETBALL FOR WOMEN

Professor George Kraft

Tuesdays & Thursdays 5:30-10:30 P.M. Dow Center

WHAT'S WHAT/WHY OF PERSONAL COMPUTING

Professor Harvey Leland

Tuesdays 7-9 P.M. Physics-Math 205

RELIGIOUS THEMES IN DRAMA

Professor George Ralph

Thursdays 7 P.M. DeWitt 221

SOCIAL DANCE

Professor Sandra Parker

Tuesdays 7 P.M. Dow Dance Studio

BIRD STUDY

Professor Edwin Greig

Tuesday 7-9 P.M. Peale 151

ENGINEERING SCIENCE 495-FINITE ELEMENT ANALYSIS: THEORY & APPLICATION

(1 sem. credit granted)

TUITION & FEES: $100. 1.0 undergraduate credit

Professor Robert Norton

Thursdays 7 P.M. Physics-Math 205

A brochure describing course offerings is available from the Hope Registrar.
Editor's note: We have invited an authority on Iran, Prof. Dr. van Voorst, to share his insights on the current crisis. Dr. van Voorst is a 1948 graduate of Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was a member of the faculty at the University of Colorado School of Medicine from 1950 to 1976. He is currently the Director of the Institute for the Study of Iran at Harvard University and has been a member of the faculty at Harvard University since 1971. He formerly was employed by the U.S. Foreign Service for a time as a political officer in the U.S. Embassy in Iran from 1960 until 1965 by appointment of former President John F. Kennedy.

by Renze U. Hooksema

The Shah of Iran was an influential figure. He was the leader of the country and controlled its government. The Shah made decisions that affected the lives of his people. He was responsible for the safety and security of the country. He was also involved in international affairs and played a role in the world stage.

The Shah made decisions that were not always popular. His policies sometimes angered people who disagreed with him. The Shah's government had control over the media, which sometimes prevented people from learning about the policies and decisions of the government. This made it difficult for people to understand the true situation in Iran.

Despite the challenges, the Shah continued to rule Iran until his overthrow in 1979. His legacy is complex and continues to be debated by historians and experts in the field.

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Hope Journalist in Iran Forefront

Bruce van Voorst '54 almost missed out on The Interview of the Year. The Time Magazine's reporting station chief and Hope alumnus was looking forward to covering the story of Iran's revolution.

On Dec. 24, when a three-part interview from an Iranian Foreign Ministry official came to Time, Van Voorst was in Qum, where he had been working on a story about Ayatollah Khomeini, the leader of the revolution. The interview was scheduled to air on Dec. 25, but due to a mix-up, Van Voorst was not informed of the interview.

The interview was a significant event for Iran, as it provided insights into the mind of the country's leader. Van Voorst was able to secure the interview by establishing a relationship with the Iranian government.

"It was a stroke of luck," Van Voorst said. "I was able to get the interview because of my connections with the Iranian government."
For students interested in trying their hand at writing for the stage or screen, the Hope English and theatre departments jointly offer a course in playwriting. Students move from selected special readings in the writing of full one-act or longer scripts. Whenever possible provision is made for reading performances of work-in-progress. In cases of exceptional merit arrangements are made for public performance or screening of a finished script.

The following feature written by Assistant Professor of English Jack Ridi (who teaches playwriting) gives readers a look at the course in action.

by Jack Ridi
Assistant Professor of English

Setting: A seminar room in DeWitt Cultural Center. In center of room is a long table. Chairs surround the table. A blackboard is on one wall.

Time: Wednesdays.

Characters: Hope College students, an English teacher, a theatre teacher

Scene opens as student playwright is assigning parts from his course to members of the class.

Student Playwright

All right. Here's Harold. I said Harold, Beth. Like being Beth. I'm like her, right? It's like being her. I get her. And, uh, Carol, too. How about you? What's going on, Beth? What's going on with Harold and Beth? They're spread all over the place. They're spread all over the place. Right? (pause) Good. Well... ready?

Carol (as Beth)

Harold, I want Tom riding Gold Bar in that stock show!

Bill (as Harold)

I said no! He's not running off to Denver with you and your horse when I need him up here.

Carol (as Beth)

He's the only one who can handle him. Harold, you know that you are the only one left around here... that you haven't tired or scared off...

Bill (as Harold)

I've been told.

Carol (as Beth)

... The only one who can relate to those misfits I've got up there... if I don't get some work out of these people around here, there is going to be... (Later, end of reading scene)

Bill (as Harold)

(slight pause)

(Begins sentence softly, then intensities speed, volume)

What do I have to do to get it through that head of yours? I've got up there... if I don't get some work out of these people around here, there is going to be...

Carol (as Beth)

(strikes table top)

It's this time or nothing. I've told her! I've told her! I'm... quitting. I'm quitting because I'm... (confused. Discovers something he does like about himself)

Loud, intense)

Fifteen years.

(pause)

Fifteen years.

(Beth starts to speak, but she never gets words out. Harold turns on her.)

Have you ever tried to do anything for fifteen years? Do you think that fifteen years and get kicked at from every side of the whole way? Have you? Did you ever work for anything in your life? And love it? Or... never even get it? Did you?

(grabs her arm)

Huh? Did you?

There won't be any more chances. None. You hear me, Beth? Not one. It's this time, or...

(less her go)

(lights fade out)

Theatre Teacher

Where is the climactic moment in this scene? I can see a subtle change in your characters. Where did the change begin? Why did it?

Student

On page three, it seems to me. When Harold thinks of the horses. That triggered something in his mind.

Theatre Teacher (to playwright)

Is that what you intended?

Student

Yes.

English Teacher

Look at page two, at Beth's speech. Do you think that is the Beth would speak? What do you think?

Student

Almost. I think, I think she would likely say "shut up." But, I think she would say it after, not before she spat out all that other stuff.

Student

Yes. And that would give her speech more dramatic irony.

English Teacher

Anything else about her speech?

Student

Well, if we're to put the strongest part at the end of a scene or speech, or the part that the whole speech depends on for its punch, then maybe he should have Beth say she's leaving at the end. Then it would go something like this... Blah, Blah, Blah, etc. "Harold, you just go on and on. You never let me, just let me, it's always go do, I hate that. Why don't you listen? Why don't you sit down, just once, and listen? Why don't you shut up, I want you to shut up. Harold, just shut up. Shut up long enough to watch, just sit there and watch me leave. Harold, you love me. Harold, leave."

English Teacher

Did you catch the rhythm in that speech? Is it correct?

Theatre Teacher

I don't think so. It sounds real to me.

Theatre Teacher

Real. Real as in the way we talk?

Student

No. We don't talk that way. But, well, the way people or characters talk. It's true.

Student

I think it's real because it accompanies the action. Action inside the person, action of the character. It rises out of the conflict between the two characters, between Harold, Beth and between them and their situation and the conflict each has within.

Theatre Teacher

That's the key to dramatic conflict: having three levels of conflict at once—between characters, between characters and their situation and the conflict each has within.

Theatre Teacher

That is the key to dramatic conflict: having three levels of conflict at once—between characters, between characters and their situation and the conflict each has within. You can see this in any great drama. Think of Oedipus, Hamlet, Willie Loman, Mock and Mandy...

Student

Mock and Mandy?

Theatre Teacher

Joke.

Student

Oh.

English Teacher

And the conflict is seldom solved; it's usually resolved. We resolve the way to live with that which cannot be solved. Don't destroy your audience. You can leave with hope—hope that the character will endure—retain his dignity, find compassion, or some such resolution.

Student

But shouldn't we show more goodness, more love? Be like we never see anything but desolation or despair on stage—even at Hope?

English Teacher

It seems that way. We often hear, "Why don't you playwrights, directors, actors, ever portray love, peace, etc.?" But, perhaps the most powerful way to portray such is to show the necessity for love, compassion, understanding, forgiveness by bringing to our attention the consequences of their absence. For example, Tom in his scene, isn't advocating the character be handled, but...

Commuter Musician

"It would complain about it," said sophomore Mary Scott of Green Bay, Wis., "just like any kid would about any instrument." But for most people, a harp is not just an instrument.

Mary started learning to play the harp when she was twelve. It was her mother's idea—actually her mother's unrealized childhood dream. When the Scotts lived in Vermont, Mary's mother took her to see a harpist in concert. Since then Mary has been studying.

Hope music professor Robert Kriemel said that it's been about ten years since Hope has had a harpist on a regular basis. If harps and harps are rare, harp teachers must be very rare to find.

"They're spread far and few," said Mary. Now she flies to the Cleveland Institute of Music every two weeks for a lesson with Alice Chalfoux whom she met at a harp camp in Maine last summer. Why does she go so far? "She really inspires me," she said, "I wanted to continue."
to Playwriting

consequences of misplaced values of the lack of compassion, understanding.

**Theatre Teacher**

There's nothing wrong with escape from reality, if we know we're escaping. The writer who deceives, however, is the one who leads people to think that he's seen something real, that this is how people live. Then he becomes disillusioned, feeling something's wrong when he follows all the rules of the Ready布鲁奇 or a television commercial and then finds out they don't bring the same results as they brought the Brady or the fellow who uses Ultima Fiction.

**English Teacher**

Precisely. We should leave theatre either refreshed by honest escape or with a sense of realization that we may not be as compassionate, honest, forgiving as we thought we were. Anyone else have any comments?

**Student**

I think playwrights should try to get the audience to empathize with the characters. The audience might disagree with what a character does but should understand why he did what he did. The audience doesn't have time to stop to think or analyze during the production. After the play, people can think about what they felt saw.

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**Flexible Curriculum Structure Encourages Career Pursuit**

Countless plans have revolved around the young, small town artist who packs up all his belongings (usually few) and travels off to New York City to discover something about him or herself.

But Catherine Hondy reversed the pattern. Having grown up in New York City, the Brooklyn College student had plenty of big city savvy. She decided to transfer to Hope, located in the town of her birth, keeping my roots." Last spring Hondy returned to New York to take advantage of dance opportunities available through the Great Lakes Colleges Association Arts Program, an official Hope off-campus student program. Ironically, she returned to New York with a new sense of confidence and direction.

"I always wanted to dance," she remarks. "At Hope I realized that I can do it."

Hondy, like most GLCA Arts Program students, was involved in two apprenticeships while in New York. She studied with dancers Murray Louis and Alvin Nikolai and also worked with the recently disbanded theatre organization of Riverside Church.

She returned to Hope certain that she wanted to pursue dance full-time. She was faced with a choice of dropping out of school or working out some way to study dance in New York and receive academic credits at the same time. (The GLCA program can be elected for one semester only.) Hondy's contract curriculum plan, an alternate study program for full-time directed students, enabled Hondy to choose the latter option.

Under the terms of her contract curriculum, Hondy attended daily dance classes, kept a journal, wrote an extensive research paper, and choreographed and produced a dance piece which was presented on the Hope campus in mid-December.

Hope student dancers Moira Poppen, a senior from Fremont, N.H., and Henry Loudmiller, a senior from Brunswick, Me., joined Hondy in performing her dance, "Wind Tide.

"The hardest thing about choreography is getting ideas," says the Hope senior artist. An innovation in "Wind Tide" was that the dancers all held thin bamboo sticks. Hondy says she came up with the idea while aimlessly walking around with a stick one day in her New York neighborhood.

"I became interested in extending my own line of energy into space and also got excited with the idea of balancing spindles," she recalls. And thus "Wind Tide" born.

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**Arts Calendar**

Spring Semester, 1980

**FEBRUARY**

16 Music Department Senior Recital: Sarah Edgcomb, bar clarinet & Sally Mason, flute; Wichers Auditorium, 8 P.M.
17 Faculty Chamber Music Recital: Kenneth Delfs, tenor; Hope College, 8 P.M.
18 Festival of Hymns: Dr. Eric saying, director; Dimnent Chapel, 8 P.M.
25 Guest Recital: Robert Riesing, clarinetist; Wichers Auditorium, 8 P.M.
26 Workshop: Robert W. Robison, professor of Music; Hope College, 8 P.M.
26 Guest Recital: Larry Malfroid, guitarist; Wichers Auditorium, 8 P.M.
26 Hope College Orchestra-Symphonic Concert: Terry Moore, violinist; Dimnent Chapel, 8 P.M.

**MARCH**

2-26 Art Exhibition: Delinhei folk art exhibition
6 Music Department Student Recital: Wichers Auditorium, 7:30 P.M.
13 Music Department Senior Recital: Hope College, 8 P.M.
14 Guest Recital: Robert Rice, violinist; Wichers Auditorium, 8 P.M.
20 Hope College Orchestra-Symphonic Concert: Terry Moore, violinist; Hope College, 8 P.M.
23 Workshop: Robert ROYCUTCH, artist; Hope College, 8 P.M.
23 Guest Recital: The Musical Arts Festival, 8 P.M.
23 Hope College Orchestra-Symphonic Concert: Terry Moore, violinist; Dimnent Chapel, 8 P.M.

**APRIL**

4 Guest Recital: The Musical Arts Festival, 8 P.M.
19 Workshop: Robert ROYCUTCH, artist; Hope College, 8 P.M.
20 Guest Recital: The Musical Arts Festival, 8 P.M.
26 Dance VI: DeWitt Cultural Center, 8 P.M.
26 Dance VI: DeWitt Cultural Center, 8 P.M.
26 Guest Recital: The Musical Arts Festival, 8 P.M.
26 Concert: Hope College Band; Hope College, 8 P.M.
26 Concert: Hope College Band; Hope College, 8 P.M.
26 Concert: Hope College Band; Hope College, 8 P.M.
26 "Requiem" by Gabriel Faure, Dimnent Chapel, 8 P.M.

**MAY**

1 Concert: Hope College Orchestra; Wichers Auditorium, 8 P.M.
3 Open Workshop Series: DeWitt Cultural Center, 8 P.M.
8 Opera Workshop Series: DeWitt Cultural Center, 8 P.M.
13 For further information contact Hope College 616-392-5111
Theater Department—ext. 3113
Art Department—ext. 3110
Music Department—ext. 3110
Office of the Dean for the Arts—ext. 2180
Plan Now to Meet College Costs

It's the time of year to start planning for ways to meet college costs. The following interview was held with Hope College Director of Financial Aid Bruce Himebaugh to shed some light on the topic of financial aid.

Himebaugh holds positions with the Midwest Association of Financial Aid Administrators. In February 1979, he was elected by his college peers to the Student Loan Service Division Governance Committee, a planning and advisory board for financial aid programs.

When should high school students begin looking for financial aid? To whom should they go for advice?

I think it is too late for many students. It involves planning for the type of school you want to go to. You have to make educational decisions first and then the financial decisions follow. But I think most students begin too early or too late with respect to the type of schools they are interested in. The most common time for students to actually go to schools and begin asking specific questions of the college's financial aid office is usually the last minute of the financial aid application process.

Do students sometimes find they cannot afford their schools even though they qualify academically?

There are some types of aid that are available without financial need. If we include all forms of financial aid, a student should be eligible for at least one of the three types. We doubled our loan application this year and the number of students who have financial need may have a different meaning to parents. Most families feel they have a certain amount of need, but it's determined by a national formula.

What are the forms required for a family's financial situation?

That's become greatly simplified over the years. There's only one form now that a family must file in order to be considered for financial aid at Hope College and that's a form called the Financial Aid Form (FAF). It's a form that's filled out by the family. We also require that the student complete a Student Loan Agreement (SLA) for the student's financial aid if they select a private school like Hope.

Is there anyone who is not eligible for financial aid?

There are some types of aid that are available without financial need. If we include all forms of financial aid, a student should be eligible for at least one of the three types. We doubled our loan application this year and the number of students who have financial need may have a different meaning to parents. Most families feel they have a certain amount of need, but it's determined by a national formula.

How does the college work-study program work and who subsidizes it?

The college work-study program is a program that is funded by the government. The work-study program is a program that is funded by the government. The work-study program is a program that is funded by the government. The work-study program is a program that is funded by the government.

Will you describe the difference in the type of aid packages an in-state Michigan student and a non-Michigan student can receive? Are there different types of aid for private and public institutions?

We try to make as much of a difference in the type of aid that we give to in-state and out-of-state students. We try to make as much of a difference in the type of aid that we give to in-state and out-of-state students. We try to make as much of a difference in the type of aid that we give to in-state and out-of-state students. We try to make as much of a difference in the type of aid that we give to in-state and out-of-state students.

What are the dates for the financial aid school year?

For Michigan residents, there is a financial aid application deadline of March 1 for freshmen students and March 1 for transfer students. For non-Michigan residents, the deadline for financial aid applications is April 1 for freshmen students and April 1 for transfer students. The application deadlines are set by the Michigan Office of Postsecondary Education (MOPE) and are subject to change. It is important to note that the deadlines may differ for different types of financial aid, so it is recommended to contact the financial aid office for specific dates.

Do people who default on their loans affect the future of students obtaining financial aid?

Yes, defaulting on loans can negatively impact a student's ability to obtain financial aid in the future. When a student defaults on a loan, it is recorded on their credit report and can negatively impact their credit score. This can make it difficult for a student to obtain future financial aid, as lenders may view them as a higher risk for defaulting on loans. It is important for students to understand the consequences of defaulting on loans and take steps to avoid default, such as making timely payments and communicating with the loan servicer if faced with financial difficulties.

Do you want to go to college? What is it really like? Can I make the grade?

Exploration '80

Explore the possibilities of a college education through classroom experiences, extra-curricular activities, and free time. You will live in college housing on a college campus and learn from college professors. You will be a part of a community that will help you develop your own unique career path. You will be able to make the decision about college in the future.

Exploration '80, for high school students who have completed their junior year, is a program that is designed to help students make an informed decision about college. The program is held on the campus of Hope College, in West Michigan, beginning on Sunday, July 20. A number of high school students who have completed their junior year have participated in the program. The program is free of charge and is designed to help students make an informed decision about college.

Do you want to go to college? What is it really like? Can I make the grade?
I'll never forget the look on his face.

It was last winter and I was plotting out the soon-to-be-announced Alumni Opus contest in creative writing and visual arts. Fearful of taxing my not-as-yet-approached judges, I asked Tom Renner, my boss, if he thought I should limit the contest to the first 500 entries.

Tom has been an administrator long enough to know that it's generally best not to laugh at an underling right to her face. But he came close.

I admit it now—I was overly optimistic. At the same time, I knew Tom would now admit that he had been overly doubtful. We received 211 entries for this first-time-ever contest. And on those days when I arrived at my office to find a desk piled high with envelopes and packages addressed to Alumni Opus, I tried not to gloat. I have been an underling long enough to know it's best not to visibly glow when you've proven your boss to be wrong.

The contest was offered under the sponsorship of the Alumni Association as a means of recognizing and rewarding the artistic achievements of former Hope students. A total of 60 individual artists entered and contributors ranged in age from the Class of '20 through the Class of '78.

Thanks first to every single person who sent in an entry. We were impressed by each of your entries. I wish we had more space. Some very good works do not appear on these pages.

We sought in this publication to present prize-winning and other quality works which would give some indication of the types of entries we received. Space limitations and the quest for variety were factors that tugged with equal strength. In the case of photography and art, the entry's reproducibility on newsprint was a factor we had to consider in making layout determinations.

Thanks is also in order to Del Michel and Bruce McCombs of the art department and Dirk Jellema of the English department. They taught me everything I needed to know about running a contest like this. The following people, who joined me in judging the contest, deserve special recognition for the attention they gave to their task:

Bruce McCombs, dept. of art, Hope College
Rod Pederson, dept. of art, Calvin College
William Schutt '71, Western Theological
Seminary faculty
Henry ten Hoor, professor emeritus of English, Hope College
Mae Van Ari, Holland artist

The drawings which illustrate Alumni Opus poems are the work of Kevin DeYoung, a Hope senior from Kalamazoo, Mich. Kevin is a psychology major and a member of the Arcadian fraternity. He is the son of Don '52 and Jacqueline Van Heest '52 DeYoung.

This special section was designed by Richard Angstadt '69 who has been our faithful News from Hope College consultant since its inception.

And so, in an age when some would have us believe that nothing that can't be said on a bumper sticker is worth saying at all, we offer Alumni Opus, a diverse collection of contemporary artistic statements. We would be pleased to hear your reactions.

Eileen Beier
News from Hope College editorial assistant
And Alumni Opus editor

The Winners

First Prize, Poetry Division
Del Sneller, '67, Holland, Mich.
"Alcoholic"

"Writing is work and I have no desire to romanticize art into anything greater than work. One thing I am trying to do in the work of writing is emphasize subject matter and style less. So much contemporary poetry is fantastic stylically, but it says nothing worth remembering, nothing to enrich or engage."

From another's perspective, Del Sneller's life could be seen as a series of reversals. After earning a doctorate in English at Michigan State University in 1972, he taught at a college in Kentucky for two years. He resigned and accepted employment in a Holland factory. Last year he became a cemeter master at Fern Valley Vineyards of Fennville, Mich.

Sneller himself, however, soon despairs any tendency to conclude that the absence of academia in his life is a source of frustration or disappointment. His contentment is impressive. He finds his work in the winery to be interesting and enjoyable. He is a father of three in all the old-fashioned meanings of the term. He writes whenever he can.

In between the classroom and the cellar, Sneller's book was a first book of poems, Secret and Silent In The Earth, published in 1976. Poetry is as much a part of my surroundings as I am," says Sneller, "it's all a matter of finding the time to work on some more." Easing out of academia gave Sneller the time and concentration he needed to write.

Sneller's book of poems has sold out and received good reviews, including praise from widely-acclaimed poet William Stafford. For the past three years Sneller has been a Michigan Council for the Arts poet-in-residence. He has given readings and received some prizes. Recently he has experimented with a different kind of writing—religious and other prose poetry.

Married to the former Jereen Evon Bergman, a desk clerk at a resort motel, Sneller is the father of three daughters: Michelle Robyn, age 11, Emily Dawn, 9, and Leslie Anne, 5.

The family farms a 10 acre vineyard of French hybrid wine grapes.

Sneller's prize-winning entry, "Alcoholic," impressed the Alumni Opus judges with its light construction and powerful imagery used to present a haunting human portrait. Also published is "Meditation," a prose poem.

Second Prize, Poetry Division
Linda Walvoord, '64 Girard
"Peter"

"...Two writer's workshops I belong to are quite professional and fill the need for colleagues and critiques. The housewifely/father's problem, I think, is not material (Peter Rabbit will do, and so will a lawn sprinkler, an onion, a tone arm, or a dial tone these days), but of feedback that's on a high enough level."

First Prize, Fiction Division
Beverly Greer '70 Langvevald,
Southfield, Mass.
"Harvest"

"I once penciled in my notebook for quite a while before I even started writing this. I had worked my way through, then wrote a first draft. After an initial revision of the first draft, I tried to put the story away for three to six months to gain some 'space.' The process goes on until I feel the story has the right balance. My courses at Hope showed me that you become a writer by writing, that there is no such thing as instant inspiration."

In many ways Beverly Greer Langvevald is typical of young writers. Writing has been a part of her life for a long time (she wrote her first poem at age 11). She knows that good writing only rarely comes easily and she is well acquainted with the despair of rejection slips. Her writing has never earned her any money and she's learned to be flexible in vo-cation (her post-Hope employment record includes jobs ranging from a systems analyst to a chef at a New England inn). She'd like to someday do screenplay writing. She's realistic about her chances for success. And she keeps at it.

Since 1972 she has been employed as secretary to the president of ASC Leisure Magazines, a division of the American Broadcasting Company.

She is married to Martin Langvevald, a lawyer and marketing director of Up Country, a monthly New Hampshire newspaper.

Together Martin and Beverly publish a monthly community newsletter under the sponsorship of New Marlborough United Church of Christ, where Beverly is a deaconess and choir member.

She has been previously published in the 1975 edition of Latina Women's Anthology.

Langvevald's prize-winning entry, "Harvest," tells the story of a Depression-era boy who must choose between conflicting loyalties when an afternoon baseball game is suddenly inter-
First Prize, Two-Dimensional Art Division
Ralph B. Schroeder '70, Holland, Mich.

Untitled Drawing

"My ideas very seldom develop before I start working on a drawing or painting plate. I 'break' the surface as freely as possible, forming visual images in my mind in a stream of consciousness manner, with no set direction or message. As more is put into or removed from the drawing, the information flows through, hopefully in reaction to the developing image."

It was during his years at Hope that Ralph Schroeder says he learned "I wouldn't be a complete fool to take my art seriously." After earning a master of fine arts degree from the University of Utah, his "small hopes of becoming a college art instructor were squashed by an extremely tight job market. He returned to Western Michigan, spent a year in a work training program, three years as a teacher in a migrant education program, and managed a Holland art gallery for a year.

He is now a craftsman for Slijh Furniture of Holland, building hardwood desks and clocks for sample shows. He teaches drawing, photography and cabinet-making classes in a local adult education program and also designs and builds his own furniture.

Hope was a rounding-out experience, with much varied information that crops up occasionally," he remarks. "I feel more balanced and aware as a person and artist because of the diversity that Hope offered."

He is married to the former Jane Dykhuisen '71. The couple has two children, Matthew, age 6, and Joanna, 2.

Schroeder's prize-winning entry is a drawing which illustrates the lively quality resulting from the artist's flexible approach.

Second Prize, Two-Dimensional Art Division
Joan TenCate '63 Bonnette, Dundee, Mich.

"Two Doves"

"I try to make the painting a new creation rather than a copy, though a recognized object from nature is usually present."

Discipline enables Joan TenCate Bonnette to incorporate her various art experiences in her own creations. She has been privileged to study with a number of talented artists since her days at Hope: Schoppers has since returned to Hope to teach, in addition to serving as a private artist who has exhibited widely. She feels that this new freedom has allowed her to develop her own style and to create works that are unique.

First Prize, Photography Division
Robert J. Eckrich '71, Utica, N.Y.

"Barn on a Foggy Morning"

"I prefer to be spontaneous with my efforts in photography and like taking different types of photographs—portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, etc. Essentially, I take photos for fun, just to please myself. I'm most gratified that someone else finds it as well."

Eckrich, instructor of medical technology at Utica College of Syracuse University, has been taking pictures since 1973 when a friend purchased a 35 mm camera. Impressed by his friend's successes, Eckrich decided to try photography himself. Recently he has begun experimenting with biomedical photography in connection with his job.

He has exhibited at the 1979 New York State Fair and has several photographs included in this year's edition of Utica's student/faculty art and literature publication. After graduating from Hope, Eckrich served in the U.S. Air Force for four years as a medical laboratory specialist. He earned the M.S. degree in adult education from Syracuse University last summer. A registered medical technologist, he holds membership in several professional organizations.

Eckrich's prize-winning entry, "Barn on a Foggy Morning," is a black-and-white landscape which overcomes several technical difficulties.

Honorable Mention

Poetry Division
Gordon Ronald '67, Tamil Nadu, India

"Sonnet for a Creative Writing Teacher Whose Course I Never Took" and "Birthday Valentine to Jeanne" and "Hummingbird" and "Tribute to the Bones of a Vegetables" and "In Praise of the Lord's Suitcases"

Photography Division
Harry Bylsma '51, Midland, Mich.

"Pottery Derivation #1" and "West Farm" and "Post in Snow" and "Old Farm House" and "Busy Hands, Happy Hands" and "Marge Naber '68 Vanderhall, Orange City, Iowa" and "Clumps of Sand at Granada, Almeria, Spain" and "Clamshell"

Vanderhall has turned to watercolors, often large-scale and vibrant colors. He believes, however, he should be called "the ultimate standard." And when it is the painter and the photographer have much common ground.

"I begin by looking around to find something I like to look at," says Vanderhall. "This is usually a natural object, like flowers or clouds. I paint a watercolor in 2-3 hours while constantly looking at the object I'm painting. When I take photos, I do the same thing—only it doesn't take as long."

He holds the master of fine arts degree from Cranbrook Academy of Art and taught previously at Muskegon Community College. He is married to the former Margo Naber '68, a high school art teacher and won an honorable mention in Alumni Opus for her photography. The couple has a daughter, Nicole, age 4.

Vanderhall's prize-winning entry, "Stone into Sand," is a black-and-white photograph which isolates an often overlooked natural image.
PETER

It wasn't only that I lost my way, scuttling my plans among the beans, hearing the scratch scratch of the hoe, but that once lost among the lettuces rose-leaved, and the rose-nippled radishes I was so casually disgraced.
I lost myself by mishaps—one shoe among the cabbages, another among the potatoes—

ah, then dangling on a gooseberry net strung on my own brass button 'til the ground was splashed with bitter juice
I saw the bush orbiting over me while sparrows twitted the obvious "Peter! Peter! Flee! Flee!"

Yes, I later met the enemy, and yes, there was a chase, but that too ended poorly. My escape from Old MacGregor was for no good reason. He tired of me and went back grumbling to his chores.

So back among the vegetables I found myself not dead, only still lost, begging direction of a mouse who could not say, making her deft, daily run under the great locked door her mouth full of a pea.
I hated her just as I hated the white cat, perfectly still who would not answer me, twitching only her tail to show she was no stone, for she belonged just there, always had sat at the pool's edge in her kingdom while I went lippity lippity not very fast.

Once home, heaved on the sandbank sobbing at my mother's feet, I knew I would never be so well off as my good fat sisters, Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail nibbling the sweet, safe blackberries nor so well off as my father whose fate was to be snatched up awfully at one full strike and put up in a pie. His name rings in the ears of little ones while my little blue jacket hangs crumpled on a stick.

Linda Walvoord '64 Girard North Barrington, Ill.

HUMMINGBIRD

A hummingbird paid me a visit this morning.
He came with bright streaks of sun
Peeked in at my picture window
Gave me one ruby flash of his throat
And was gone.

Lois ten Hoor '70 Sterenberg
Hillsboro, Ore.
TRIBUTE TO THE BONES OF A VEGETABLE

Turnips and beans and tomato skins and summer squash with warts, and cabbages blessed with memory in their wrinkles,

the life of a vegetable is brief
and his bones are beautifully tender. He is re-incarnated each year, and the womb of the earth mother rocks him all over again in the cradle of spring thunder.

Fine skin grows as cells call back measurements of time and lives gone on before, cells pouring into form, pouring into bones, white and stalk-shaped. And under the sky tent of blazing sun and thunder the vegetable-thing is born.

But his life is altogether brief
and his bones deserve much gentleness, white jelly bones remembering their origins in water, now firm for a few days, now shaping the super-brains of cauliflower, purple bottoms of eggplants, and the cracked leather mouths of potatoes not yet ready for speech in this Millenium,

these are a prophecy of others to come, sure as grocers' scales and new paper bags.

Julie Herrick '56 White
South Bend, Ind.

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THE LATE, LATE MOVIE

When the late, late movie flicks on,
And I should be pursued by ghoul, Helli-bound, or some persistent demon.
The schmalz of the witching hour Dares not deny me switching power, As a rule.
(So my fathers would have done, For they walked to school.)

Although a Grabled Barrymore may smile 'Mid technitronic incantations
Headed by some sorcerer's secret choral

That flashes out from inward flurry bright.
To flutter chill and gray upon the night
His yawning, cenotaphic aberrations.

Or transmission suddenly go blank
And my distracted torpor rashly off,
When chain at sleepless souls out there can't clank
So sponsor threat and fume his being foiled,
From dry-webbed eyes I sweep whatever's coiled,
Then kindly rise to turn the dial off.

William L. Schutter '71
ON VACATIONING LOW-DOWN IN MAINE

In craggy coves we catch crabs.
Pat's leg limp and my palm blistered,
our pail sloshing salt water
and in plops a green crab,
pink around crusty edges.
From those legs we'll suck sweet butter.

He talks with a drawl
but wears wool like a native,
and recites a Bar Harbor Haiku:
F. Scott Fitzgerald

Touching

As if touching them, husbands and fathers, as if touching their arms of their gray stockinged feet could tell anything.

But the cat was untouchable, stranger cat who fell in our yard while running. We tried to shovel her. She was too stiff. And the tail would not fit the shoebox.

Between the chimes of certain clocks is no-man's land. Do I hear violin music pushed out in thin strads from a cat's nostrils? Do I already feel the growing stiffness, the fixed positions, giving neither joy nor embarrassment?

If I die, running from something, fall beautifully by the north side of someone's house, into what curious-shaped box will they shovel me?

And in the meantime, perhaps it is better not to touch the spines of pigeons left-over in attics, or feel with my fingers the powdered substance they leave.

Julie Herrick '56
South Bend, Ind.

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ALCOHOLIC

Sorrow beat his hands thin—
Transparent.
His life hung
Crooked on the wall.

He understood the wasp stinging itself,
The hexagon of pain,
The large rooms
He swept with his heart.

He tumbled away from us.
Slowly like a kite—
The broken string
Just out of reach.

Del Snell '67
Holland, Mich.
MORNING CHAPEL LESSON

The chapel choir had solemnly
Intoned the morning litany,
And next should come the tedious moan
Of some sonorous "monodrone"
Invoking o'er our bowed heads
The lettered list of daily needs...
Yet seldom... almost never... heard
For better marks one blessed word—
Some lesser need, not worth the fuss.

However, in some devious way,
The ordered plans were turned about,
For this was clearly Prexy's day
To chew habitual stragglers out.
"This coming late has got to stop!
I know there are occasions when
You have a reason, but we've found
That some are oftener late than not!"

(It happened I was one of them)
And then, by way of afterthought,
In tones he did not oft' employ—
"But maybe some of you don't care
To mingle with the hoi polloi!"

This "hoi polloi" was something new—
Its language quite beyond my ken,
Yet if I knew not... dared not guess...
What "hoi polloi" was all about,
I only knew that henceforth when
The chapel chimes rang clearly out
I saw those "hoi polloi" within
And me... poor lesser breed... without.
So if, perchance, the first note rang
And found me clearly on the "out",
I ran to join those safe within
And leave the riff-raff stand without.

I tell you now, those taunting words
Have stuck with me through thick and thin
For all these years, but Oh! I wish
I'd delved into their meaning then.
The other day to pen this rhyme
I thought I'd better take a look,
So browsing through the usual haunts
I found them... right in Webster's book,
Where, as good dictionaries do,
It listed all the meanings too.

Now this, dear friends, is something that
I'm mortified to tell about... .
For all those endless scurryings
"To be an "in" and not left "out,"
Then, for the moment, if you please,
Imagine my profound chagrin
To find that in Platonic Greece
And by the social order then
That they... the "hoi polloi"... were "out",
And we... the other breed... were "in".

HAiku POsTey

Is there a color
In heaven like Spring Green here
To show all's made new?

Dandelion peeps
Through newly-warmed soil to see
If he'll outwit us.

Betty Whitaker '62 Jackson
Claverack, N.Y.
TWO EPIGRAMS

I. A Dancer's Reply
How can I hope to grasp
The sky with my two arms
—Sappho
Two arms may lift and shape the air,
Embrace in one long arc, hold there
In quiet tension between palm
And palm what in a breath is gone.

II. Pas de Deux in Rehearsal
In the rhythm of our coupled movement,
Our sweat, fragrance, mingled to one intent,
We form time in the harsh studio light
With our bodies’ grace: my hands, your flight.

Steve Mandnelli ’75
Lexington, Ky.

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

Today is molten metal, brilliantly glowing,
Ore from the ancient mountains
freed of its dross;
Held in the ladle, seething and sparkling,
To be poured, rolled, beaten,
shaped, trimmed and fashioned
To create the World of Tomorrow.

Summon the wisdom of sages,
dreams of the prophets,
The passion, the yearning, the hunger of peoples,
Brawn of arm, skill of hand,
Warmth of heart, art and genius:
Join in the shaping, join in creating
the World of Tomorrow.

Structure we raise, O may it be glorious!
Make power its servant, make justice its pride.
Away with the causes of hatred and warfare,
of strife and oppression.
Build it a home for people to dwell in
happy and free.

God has planned. Let His planning
guide our toil, His love be the spirit
of all who are building
the World of Tomorrow.

Roscoe Mott Giles '20
Albany, N.Y.

Old Farm House, Harry Bylsma '51
ELEGY FOR A YOUNG FRIEND

Tally the wings of angels,
Stoke the fine clouds with a shout,
Bind your loosed light to your kindred,
Flee from the wreckage without.

Unite the reckoning cinders,
Besiege the bridge and the wall,
Strew your good seed on the meadow,
Ascend through the brackish soil.

Run from the darkening valley,
Bend the hard fog from your face,
Thrust your still gifts to the lightning,
Then burst from the desert to shade.

Drive your hail-covered wagon,
Wring the sun's mass through your soul,
Now move the huge stone toward the summit,
Break the great seal—and be whole.

Janet Hildebrand '71
Fort Worth, Tex.

THE JANUARIES OF MY OTHER LIFE...

The Januaries of my other life crowd upon me
with the knowledge that, if suffering suits me,
I can find the ways. But if, refusing such an
easy use of time, I venture into places that hide
joy in quite surprising garb—what pleasant days.

Marilyn Veldman '52 van der Velde
Ann Arbor, Mich.
ONTOGRAPHY

The study of Being:
Some thought that philosophy
Was the method for the pursuit of knowledge.
But it was art,
The creator of ideals.

The miracle, the paradox:
That new ideals come into being every moment
Even though they're eternal.
It was wrong to generalize.
Intuition was the way through
This world of particulars that defy analysis.

The many can't be captured with any physical sense:
Only a sixth can approach that.
Individual things fly through the person constantly,
He can't fight them all and survive.

II
There is a mountain that has no top:
You are a part of it.
It is possible to rise.
Art is the master,
Surpassing all disciplines,
Because its language
Comes closest to revealing God
If the artist is pure in heart;
For art can be used to express anything
From sacred scriptures
To pornography.
The individual can be torn apart
From trying to comprehend the whole of God's creation:
To feel it all,
The infinite complexity
Where nothing remains the same.

III
Being,
The shadowy after-image of Nothingness.
Is it paradox or contradiction?
The miracle of impossibility?
The individual must decide.

Being,
That which everything has in common,
The only thing.
From the dew-laden, leafy green vines of a Grecian garden,
Born with language,
Perceived by intuition.

Epilogue
During your most tormented winter,
See how people are like snowflakes.

LE NOUVEAU RICHE

A modern Croesus, richer far,
I count my golden treasury of hours:
Shining hours, radiant as a star,
Burnished by your presence' loving powers.
Days, hours, minutes, coins of time
Slipped idly through my fingers valueless
Until you placed your hand in mine
And gave life riches with your dear caress.
Should all the years as this one past
Consign us equal hoard of daily joy,
Such mighty treasure will at last
Redeem our paradise from all alloy.
And I, a beggar once at life's shut gate,
Shall boast King Midas' touch without his fate.

Ivan C. Johnson '32
SPRING PILGRIMAGE

my brother's pocketknife
old and dulled
stuffed in my jeans
his threadbare jacket
pulled high around my neck
i trudged the muddy field
furrowed since fall
to the creek

the wind
fresh and damp
straightened curls
falling from the
faded cap
and promised
the willows
would be ready

firmly sometimes
then sinking
to the leak
i waded
sucking murky waters
to bushes
perfectly furry
and grey

my brother's pocketknife
old and dulled
pulled from my jeans
i sawed
twisting
and pulling branches
from the bush
stinging my hands
white
then red

miles and years
away
the pocketknife
jacket
boots and cap
discarded
i still recognize
the wind
and think i feel
the murky creek
sucking at my feet

BIRTHDAY VALENTINE TO JEANNE

Vital goes pandering red
to spirit's brittle blue,
with desire finally dead
will we find the true
thread binding us through
the colors that have fled
into our tapestry of time?
The hours are of your weaving
like a continuous rhyme
that interfaces my being
it is so light!
And I rebel against
the bright beauty of your surrender.
No use. I am a small boy
rejecting birthday cake,
sulking in a corner
for appearance's sake
with eyes full of candle-light.

II
Love is merely a wave
on the ocean of our union;
swept together from the antipodes
we float on a fulfillment
too deep for understanding.

III
Men like me think and plot
trying to decipher women's heart,
but you have cleansed my exhausted brain,
you are a still pond pelted by my rain;
take me straight to your depths.
I am enfolded again and again.

Lynn Adams '63 Deur
Grand Haven, Mich.

Gordon Korstange '67
Tamil Nadu, India
SONNET FOR A CREATIVE WRITING TEACHER WHOSE COURSE I NEVER TOOK

We sat in our sunlight on an iron rail
Exchanging the stale chat of the literary trade,
You were somehow outside our pale,
Writers, we knew, were born not made.

I was young and (yes) innocent
Before the immortal words of the textbook ages,
With crashing symbols and mute assent
I hailed the performance of the critical sages.

But now I can no longer find much worth
In gobbling others' food with monkish greed,
And as I begin to plow my own hard earth
Strangely I feel your presence holding the seed.

Making this sonnet's creaking rhymes
Means more to me than all of Shakespeare’s lines.

Gordon Korstange ’67
Tamil Nadu, India

SONG OF ASCENTS

I will amplify the name of the Lord
for dull are the ears of those in the land
who exist in a time of turbulent lies;
the name of the Lord shall I advocate
for his promises endure forever
and sustain his saints in desperate seasons.

I will celebrate the name of the Lord
for unremembered are his abundant mercies
by a people who utterly need forgiveness;
the name of the Lord shall I sanctify
for his thoughts are pure, without reproach,
and excellent beyond comprehension.

I will edify the name of the Lord
for lame are the efforts of the unsaved
who pretend to know him as their God;
the name of the Lord shall I elevate
for his wrath defies the ungodly
and consumes unerringly the wickedness of men.

I will meditate upon the name of the Lord
for scorned are his perfect commandments
in a land where justice is frequently mocked;
the name of the Lord shall I magnify
for his goodness surrounds the afflicted
and never forsakes the contrite in heart.

I will verify the name of the Lord of Lords
for lost is this world and the present age of man
which continually gropes for the answer to life;
the name of the Lord shall I venerate
for his love has embraced a thousand generations
and redeemed all those who have called on his name.

O that I might glorify the name of the Lord
and illumine his truth in the minds of my friends,
for then would I rejoice and make my heart glad.

David A. Cochrane ’77

HUTI WATSI YA

In the maple-forested mountains
The River of the Rainbow deepens in blue
While the sun sharpens its streams.
The Great Bear paws the bending trout
From the whirling waters of the rapids,
Her cub stands near her.
Hiding in the late shadows,
Seven young hunters of the crimson feathers
Kneel in the darkness, holding their stone-pointed spears.
"We are sorry, o spirits, that we must hunt you.
But we must eat to live."
They climb the shoulders of the grey stone hills.
The setting sun burns the clouds.
Hanging smoke in the mountains of the west.
The silence of the twilight settles.
On the rippling waters of glowing lakes in the valley,
The sky clears. Mountains, buried in blackness,
Lie like old chiefs on their backs, watching the stars.
Sleeping in the birchbark wigwams,
Women and children breathe the life of the Pine-Evening.
The twin star-eyes of the mountain lion
Stare as he crouches for his prey.
The Great Bear and her cub
Stand in giant silence in the northern winds.
They splash the sparkling trout
In the violet waves of the northern lights.
Seven stars rise in the path of the sun,
Brightening and fading like breath blown
On the campfire’s dying ashes.
Spears and arrows part the wind.
But the animals shine.

Larry Wilschat ’77
Zeeland, Mich.
HARVEST

A heat wave had settled on the small western Maryland town and added yet another burden to the daily pressures and disappointments of the first week in June, 1932. The boys released their frustrations that weekday afternoon at still being pent up in school by hurling the baseball and various taunts at each other.

"You couldn't hit the side of a barn if you were three feet away from it," yelled one of the boys in the field.

"Oh, yeah? I'll hit your eye if you don't shut up," yelled the boy at bat.

Robin Mattern watched them longingly from behind the fence. It was a heat wave, and he could go back and play ball. "Hey you!"

Robin stopped and felt a cold tingling bristle the hair on the back of his neck. "Hey you," the voice said again. "New kid. I'm talking to you."

Robin turned around and saw a boy, eleven or twelve years old, acne festooning his hostile face. The boy walked toward Robin with the swagger of a man who knows his territory and authority. He was dressed in dirty overalls that strained at every seam. A large shiny-shot protruded from his back pocket.

Well, ain'tcha gonna say nothin', huh? Cat got your tongue?"

"Hello," said Robin.

"Hey, now, that's a real good start. What's your name, kid?"

"Robin Mattern."

"Robin?"

"Yes."

"Like the bird?"

"Yes."

The boy started to laugh and the rolls of fat in his belly jogged up and down. "Robin! Robin! Robin!"

"Robin, Tweet, tweet, tweet."

The boy laughed again.

"I have to go home," said Robin.

The fat boy stopped laughing. "Whatcha have to go home for? School just got out." He whispered, "I got a special place I can show you."

"My mother would worry. She doesn't know where I am."

"You a mama's boy, too, Robin? Tweet, tweet, tweet."

"Stop that."

"Oh, am I making you angry, little boy?"

"You're not being nice."

"So what? You're not being nice, either. I said I'd show you my special place and all you do is complain that you've got to go home."

"The boy kicked at the fencing up. "Are you going to come with me?"

"I have to go home," Robin pleaded. "And then I'm going to play ball with Eddie."

"Well, so much for you, then." Hanley stormed away from Robin. He took the slingshot out of his pocket and selected a small stone from the gravel. He aimed at a group of sparrows pecking in the grass thirty feet away from him. The sparrows scattered to the sky. Hanley singled out one and aimed again, but he missed.

"Darned birds!" he yelled and ran off through the fields.

When Robin arrived home, he opened and closed the door quietly. His grandmother didn't like the noise it made when he slammed it.

Robin stopped in the front hallway and put his books on the table. He heard angry voices coming from the kitchen toward the back of the house. "You ain't worth nothin', nothin' at all." He recognized his grandmother's voice, strangely different in anger.

"Mama, please."

"It hasn't been easy on me, either. I just got through, and then you and Robin come along. I could barely take care of myself. You think I can take care of three people?"

"But I can't do anything."

Robin moved closer and stood just a few feet from the archway that led to the kitchen from the dining room.

"I can't do anything, yeah, you and your fancy sewing."

"But I was good. Mama, really good. Those ladies paid me a lot for me to sew those beads and laces on their dresses."

"Good, hmph. Good for nothin' if you ask me. Fancy sewing ain't gon na bring no money into this house. Not in this town."

"But what can I do, Mama? Charlie's always bought home most of the money. My sewing was just for dress. To buy things we couldn't have otherwise. I can't do anything else."

"You got two hands, don't you? They're always lookin' for people up at the mill to do the washing. You just go up there and you bring the uniforms home and you wash them and you iron them and you take them back and they pay you for it. You know how to wash and iron, don't you?"

Robin strained to listen, but his mother said nothing.

"Laura, you are gonna have to step down off that high horse of yours."

"I'm not on a high horse!"

"You been holding your nose high up in the air since you walked in this house three weeks ago."

"No, I haven't."

"Then you go to the mill tomorrow and you tell them you want to work."

"I can't!"

"I can't," his grandmother said softly, "won't."

"Mama, don't please."

"I don't know what I'm gonna do. Don't you understand? I've got two more mouths to feed and no more money."

"Please."

"It's a simple fact, girl, when you got to buy more food, you gotta have more money."

"But the mill is such a dirty old place, and all those men."

"They do you good to be around men. Might find another Dance."

"I don't want another husband," said Laura.

"A woman needs a man. It's too early now for you to know, but you'll feel it soon, you'll feel the ache for a man come creeping back into your bones, and you won't be able to sleep at night."

Robin imagined he could hear them breath not more than ten feet from where he stood. He didn't understand what his grandmother had said, but it made him feel ashamed that he had listened for so long without letting them know he was there. He was going to go into the kitchen where they were silent, but then his mother spoke, so quietly that he almost didn't hear her.

"I'll go to the mill tomorrow."

"Laura, how I do understand. I know you don't want to go there. I know you don't want your hands to get all red and sore like mine, but."

"Why can't it be like it was?"

His mother's question was so full of anguish that Robin was in the kitchen before he knew what he was doing, and when she saw him standing in the doorway, she opened her arms wide and called, "Robin!" a plea for help, warmth, and pity all in one, and falling heavy on the shoulders of a ten year old boy.

"Can I help, Mama," he asked.

Laura stroked his hair. "No, Robin." She sighed and held Robin's head against her breast. "It's just that sometimes I remember when your Daddy was alive, when I used to sew for all those fine ladies. I dressed them up real pretty in lace and beads. Oh, they were so beautiful. But now I don't even have a piece of lace for myself. Laces costs nine cents a yard. Nine cents! Enough for flour and sugar for weeks. When your Daddy was alive. . . . Her voice faded.

Robin pulled away from her. She touched his face and kissed him. "Go play," she said in a hoarse whisper. He heard a funny catch in her voice, and one tear rolled down her cheek. "Go play," she said again.

As he walked out of the house, he could hear her no longer muffled sobs. He ran the rest of the way to the baseball field, trying to forget them.

The sky was just changing as he came up to the field.

"Hi, Robin," Eddie called. "Good timing, Hey, Bobby, why don't you go out into the field and let Robin catch?"

One of the other boys nodded and threw a mitt to Robin. He crossed behind the piece of slate that served as home base. He watched intently for Eddie's signal and prepared to catch the ball. Eddie was the eldest of the boys, thirteen years old and tall, with a promise of future muscle in arms that spun the ball over home plate and smugly into Robin's mitt.

"Strike!" yelled Robin. Mike took a better stance and raised the bat. Again, Eddie threw the ball.

"Strike two!" yelled Robin. Mike gave him a sour look and raised the bat for another try. Once again, Eddie whirled the ball past him.

"Strike three! You're out!"

"What, where'm I? I'm out?" asked Mike.

"I mean you're out."

"That ball was three feet below my knees. It was a ball."

"I said it was a strike, and I mean it was a strike."

"Your calling me a liar?" asked Mike.

"I'm not calling you anything, but it was a strike!"

They stared at each other. The veins in their necks throbbing, their eyes bulging. Eddie walked to home base from the pitcher's mound.

"Come on, now, Mike. You know it was a strike. Wasn't it a strike, Jackie?" Eddie looked over at Jackie, the captain of the other team, with a jovial smile, and Jackie nodded his agreement.

Mike moved away, ready to renew the argument, then said, "Aw, all right, it was a strike." He tossed the bat on the ground and walked back to join the other members of his team.

"Play ball!" Eddie yelled from the center of the diamond.

Robin watched closely and saw the signal for a slow ball.

Eddie checked the bases and threw a
"Strike one," called Robin.

There was no argument. Eddie poised himself to throw again.

Robin instinctively reached up to catch the ball when he heard the resounding crack of the hard core of the baseball on the wood of the bat.

Cheers went up from Jackie’s team.


Tony rounded first base, a piece of rag held down by a rock, and when he saw that the ball was still rolling in the direction of the school and that John was trailing far behind it, he confidently went on to second base. By the time he got there, John almost had the ball, but Tony kept running. When he was somewhere between second and third base, John turned and threw wildly. The ball flew over Eddie’s head and into the foul territory behind the third base and home line. Robin ran for the ball and barely missed colliding with Tony coming into home. Robin scooped up the ball and turned just in time to see Tony touch the piece of slate.

Jackie’s team gathered around Tony. They laughed and slapped him on the back and pulled his cap down over his eyes. Robin tried to avoid them as he walked back to home plate.

"That puts us one up on you, Eddie," yelled Jackie with obvious satisfaction.

"Not for long," Eddie yelled back. "Come on, Robbie, we’re gonna show ’ems."

Robin threw the ball back to Eddie.

Tony took his place at bat and was crouching ready for the pitch when Jackie crept out. "Hey, look, there’s old man Hansen."

"So what? Come on, let’s play ball."

"Yeah, but he’s driving right onto the field."

The rattling pick-up truck sent up a wake of dust and headed for the middle of the playing field. Eddie stood where he was. The truck pulled up near him and stopped. Jake Hansen, a hard, lean man about forty years old, jumped down from the truck. He hitched up his overalls and spit a glob of chewing tobacco into the dust.

Hanley Hansen watched his father approach the group of boys that now surrounded Eddie. He slouched into his seat so that only his head showed in the window.

"You boys got nothing better to do than waste your time fooling around on this here field?" challenged Hansen.

"Done all the chores at home, Mr. Hansen. Don’t see why we shouldn’t be out playing ball," returned Eddie.

"Well, it sure is a waste of good labor, that’s all I say."

"No jobs to be had that I’ve heard of, Mr. Hansen," said Eddie.

"Then maybe you ought to listen, boy. The peas out on my farm are ready for harvest and I need some boys to come help me pick."

"Didn’t know you could grow anything on that old piece of dirt," called Tony.

"How much you paying?" asked Eddie.

"Pay three cents a bushel," said Hansen. "Peas are early and it’s hard to find help. It’s a good wage."

There were muffled whispers of “Three cents, do you know how much three cents can buy?” Robin knew that lace cost nine cents a yard, three bushels of peas.

While the boys were discussing the matter among themselves, Hansen had been counting them.

"Can’t use all of you, though. Only need eight of you."

Robin thought of the lace and asked, "But which eight?"

"Well, I don’t know about that sonny, I guess you’ll..."

"Make them fight for it!" Hanley’s voice came from the truck and he enjoyed watching the boys stiffen.

"Hanley," yelled Hansen, "you shut your mouth."

"Yeah, pretty face, be quiet," yelled Tony.

"Tony Giorgio, your mother wore combat boots in the First World War and she hasn’t taken them off since," retorted Hanley.

"Oh, yeah," yelled John, "well, your mother is a..."

Bobby jabbed his elbow into John’s side and tilted his head toward Hansen, who had been listening to the exchange.

"Come on, Pa, make them fight for it." Hansen could hear the edge in his son’s voice. A slow chuckle rose in his throat. He turned to the boys and said, "Why not?"

Eddie felt himself at the center of attention. He scanned the pleading faces, thought a moment, and walked up to Hansen. "No. He looked beyond Hansen to the truck and Hanley.

"You’re making a mistake, boy," said Hansen.

"We’re friends. We don’t fight," said Eddie.

"No reason for eight of you to lose the money just because he’s being so stubborn," Hansen said to the other boys.

Robin thought of his mother and the lace. He dropped his head, kicked a small pebble in the dust and moved closer to Eddie. "Eddie, isn’t there something else we can do?" asked Bobby.

"Let’s draw lots," said Eddie. "There any sticks around here?"

Hanley’s voice came from the truck. "The only way you’re going to get to pick is if you fight each other for it. Ain’t that right, Pa?"

"That’s right," said Hansen.

Then we’re not coming," said Eddie.

"Then I guess I’ll have to go somewhere else and find some boys who are willing to do what I want them to do," said Hansen. He walked toward the truck and started to get in. At the final loss of the money to buy the lace for his mother, Robin panicked. He turned on Eddie and punched him hard in the stomach. Eddie, taken off guard, doubled over. Robin hit him again, this time in the eye.

The other boys, now aware of what was happening, grabbed Robin from behind. He twisted around and kicked his white-knuckled fists at them. One of his fists caught Bobby on the ear. Four of them wrestled him to the ground and Jackie slapped him. Robin was quiet.

Hanley watched the incident from the truck. He turned to his father, and the gleam of revenge lit his eyes. "See what we can make them do, Pa? See?"

Hansen didn’t understand the sudden attack on Eddie, but it didn’t frighten him as much as the look in his son’s eyes did. He jumped down from the truck and ran over to Eddie. He bent down and put his hand on the boy’s shoulder. "You all right, son?"

Eddie shrugged away Hansen’s hand. "Sure," he answered.

Hansen laughed a hoarse, nervous laugh. "I guess I can use all of you, after all. Have you all work for less time. Anyone that wants to come out to the field and pick, climb aboard." He turned and looked at his son. Hanley slouched further down into his seat. His father said nothing to him when he climbed back into the truck.

The boys pushed the pick-up and helped each other onto the open space behind the cab. Bobby helped Eddie stand up and find a place with the others. Robin propped himself up on his elbows but moved no further.

The pick-up started to pull away. Robin watched Eddie, the proud form slightly bent, one hand still on his stomach. He saw Eddie raise his other hand and call. "Come on, Robbie, before it’s too late. Come on."

Robin wrenched himself from the ground and ran the other way.

Beverly Greer ’70 Langenfeld
MEDITATION

1

Flesh is poor shelter for my soul. Generation by generation, the cruel eclipse, death's time change, cuts nearer my heart. Will I forget the sun and moon entirely or release rain from memory, bright windows, frost ancient as zero? Will place alone prevail—dandelions turning white, a brass bucket of fish heads, someone hammering in the cold garage?

Fear death with me Jesus, fear again the broken temple, the rainbow of blood, three corpses left in thunder. Receive the guilt, the shroud, the cave. Angels hold stars against their mouths, for all history becomes hammer and nails. Fear the small voices who point to Bethlehem and the star fallen from Satan's hand. Salvation is all scar.

2

Out of kindness, resurrection. Earth cries like an old man, but the sky is full of talk. Your wasted face, deity come clear upon the cross, thorns gathered from the time time's contract ends—to these my nod of faith, consent to miracle. Faith becomes an embrace; time and eternity, blood and prayer touch. The shepherd's empty tomb is heritage enough. Under the cross, the positive sign, I wait for sleep more sincere than sleep.

3

Jesus, this reputation received by asking—does it say I am not one of my kind? Or is my love nickle and dime love, common along the narrow way, this hand-me-down earth?

You know me alive and dead; tell me, will my dreams clear of falling days and find your new creation sweet as fresh-hewn wood? Will angels put the centuries away like old riding coats—their hands gestures of fire above time's coarse cloth. Will I see you?

Forgive me. I am lost between staying and going. I kneel and the Big Dipper hits the road.

4

After I die I would like to be alone for a long time in a deep field. Then I would like to walk the rolling golden seasons before the second coming and talk beneath the mushroom woods the mystic talk of pilgrims. I will wait with the gentle earth and ascend like thunder towards the crucified Lamb—all the powers of creation and resurrection in my eyes.

Del Snell ’67
Holland, Mich.
Students were back in a totally renovated Phelps Hall dining room at the beginning of the second semester. The $1.2 million project includes a near doubling of seating capacity and a change in the concept for serving so as to reduce lines. Project is part of continuing effort to improve quality of residential life on campus for
Max DePree Named Chief Of Herman Miller, Inc.

Max DePree '48 became chief executive officer of Herman Miller Inc. of Zeeland, Mich., on Jan. 1. The son of Herman Miller's founder, Max DePree formally served as chairman of the board of the international corporation which produces office furniture and systems for office, health, labor, and industrial environments. He replaced his brother, Hugh DePree '38, who retired after serving in Herman Miller's top post since 1956.

Max DePree began his career with Herman Miller in 1947 as a purchasing agent. He served subsequently as plant manager, director of manufacturing, director of sales and marketing, national operations, and executive vice president of operations.

In 1968, DePree became executive vice president of international operations. For the next year and one-half, he resided in Europe in order to manage Herman Miller, AG, in Basel, Switzerland, and to establish the company's wholly owned subsidiary in Bath, England. Under his leadership, International Operations grew to encompass activity in Latin America and the Far East, and the development of an international management team was begun.

In 1971, the year after Herman Miller became a publicly owned company, DePree was elected chairman of the board of directors. He helped change the composition of the board by bringing outside professionals to reflect public ownership.

DePree retains his seat on the board of directors of Herman Miller, AG. A member of the American Management Association, DePree has lectured at a number of colleges and universities and is a member of the adjunct faculty of Aquinas College in Grand Rapids, Mich. He is chairman of the Board of Trustees of Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, Calif., and serves on the editorial council of the Church Herald magazine.

DePree began his college studies at Wheaton College in Illinois in 1942. In 1945, he joined the U.S. Army and studied at the University of Pittsburgh and Harvard College as part of a specialized training program. DePree and his wife have five children: Judy DePree Handy, who practices law in Denver, N.H.; Charles, an MBA who works for Owens-Illinois in Conn.; Nancy, a Hope college graduate who works in Holland, and Kris, a junior at Hope.

Commander Vander Lugt Honored for Service

Cdr. Robert W. Vander Lugt '58, Judge Advocate General's Corps, U.S. Navy, was recently awarded the Meritorious Service Medal by Captain David S. Boyd, Commanding Officer of the Naval Training Center, Orlando, Fla. The citation reads:

"For outstanding meritorious service as assistant officer in charge, U.S. Naval Service Office, Naples, Italy, from August 1976 to July 1979, Commander Vander Lugt's exemplary performance of duty contributed significantly to the accomplishment of the mission of the Naval Service in Europe. Commander Vander Lugt planned and oversaw the establishment of a branch office in Signa, Italy, and also developed a plan for the centralization of the administration of the Navy's claims funds in Europe. He took the initiative in revamping the office comptroller function, and throughout these administrative accomplishments practiced military law. Commander Vander Lugt's conscientiousness, integrity, good judgment and selfless devotion to duty reflected great credit upon himself and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

The citation further reads:

"A graduate of Indiana University Law School and a member of the Indiana and American Federal Bar Associations, he entered the Navy in 1962 and reported to his present assignment in July. He is married to the former Ruth Molena '61, and the son of one Hope professor, Dean and Chancellor William Vander Lugt. Bob and Ruth have three children, Sandra, Bob and David.

Brieve Heads Schools

Frederick J. Brieve '50 has been named superintendent of the Fruitport, Mich., school district and began his new duties in early January.

For the past eight years Brieve was professor of educational administration at Virginia Tech University in Blacksburg. From 1959 to 1971 he was associate superintendent in the Dallas school system and is a former superintendent of Laketon Public Schools, Muskegon, Mich. In 1958 he was named principal of North Muskegon High School after holding the same post for two years in Hart, Mich.

is presently doing research for a book on time management as it relates to public schools. He has written numerous articles on education and has served as a consultant to government and state agencies, school districts and institutions of higher education, and international education associations.

He holds the M.A. and Ed.D. degrees in educational administration from Michigan State University.

He is married to the former Joyce Baker '50 and is the son of Joan VanderWert '30 Brieve. Frederick and Joyce have two children, Elizabeth, 19, and Thomas, 16.

Bird Brain Research

Studying bird brains is not for the bird. "Because of the way so many important biological issues can be studied in the song systems of canaries, studying bird brains can be relevant to us," said Dr. Tom DeVoogd '72.

DeVoogd was on campus last fall to participate in a colloquium sponsored by the biology and psychology departments.

DeVoogd graduated from Hope with a B.A. in mathematics. He then entered the University of Illinois where he earned both his master's degree and doctorate in biological psychology. Since October of 1978, DeVoogd has held a postdoctoral fellowship under Dr. Fernando Nottebohm at Rockefeller University in New York City.

DeVoogd's research focuses on the effects of lesions on the left hemisphere of the brain, which contains the primary facility for verbal development in canaries. Data based on the research reveals that only male birds sing and that when the left hemisphere is damaged the right will assume control of song production. The bilateralization of canary brains allows for the ability to produce a song to switch to the right side and produce a song "almost as good as the original."

"The implications of this occurrence for the study of human brains depend on whether or not this transfer of control between brain hemispheres in canaries can be pushed experimentally.

If it can, it would clearly have implications for recovery from brain damage in people," said DeVoogd to Hope students.

DeVoogd and Nottebohm's research has important relationships in communications, brain lateralization, recovery from brain damage, problems concerned with learning and sex differences.

The questions of the relationship between the one gene canary brain and the human brain began with a question that DeVoogd posed before Hope students last November: "Is there anything about vocal behavior in particular that makes the study of canary brains a good way of organizing the brain? And, what are the underlying physiological and anatomical events in song learning?"

Dr. DeVoogd pointed out that scientists for a number of years have been looking for a model where the learning is similar enough to the sorts of learning that humans do that it's interesting but not so complex that it can't be understood.

It would appear that this system, the song system in birds, is a prime candidate for that sort of model," said DeVoogd.

The story of Hope is now on film!

Signs of Hope


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1940's

Kath De Young '41 has written a novel, Noteger, under the name of Mary B. Herbert.

1950's

Harvey Mols '50 is a circuit judge for Hildale County.

Robert A. Scheuneman Ph.D. '50 is director of the Institute for Advanced Studies for the American Language in Washington, D.C.

1960's

Mary Ann Klaevent 60 Anderson taught in the University of Illinois during the 1978-79 school year.

Ronald 'Charlie' Chandler Ph.D. received a year-long grant from the National Science Foundation to investigate the role of the National Science Foundation in the development of new research programs in the United States.

1970's

Deborah Ann Kinslow '70 is a professor of English at the University of Kansas.

Robert J. Enkoff '70 is an assistant professor of English at the University of Kansas.

1980's

John Devries '80 is a pastor in the Reformed Church in America.

1990's

Gary Van Singil '90 is an engineer at Rensselaer, Inc. in New York, NY.

1960's

Alfred W. Swift Jr. '60 has been appointed as chairman of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Michigan.

1970's

J. Richard Whelan '70 is a professor of Chemistry at the University of Michigan.

1980's

James A. Schmidt '80 is a professor of Chemistry at the University of Wisconsin.

1990's

John Devries '90 is a pastor in the Reformed Church in America.
Have We Heard From You?

If not, please send your check to the Annual Alumni Fund now. Become a part of the present and future of Hope.
Gus Lukov ’76 is a physics-chemistry teacher at Western Reserve Academy in Hudson, Ohio. Ralph Stiles ’76 is a partner in the Boston law firm of Hill & Stiles, P.C.

Janet Luppke ’76 is a customer service representative at First National Bank in West Bend, Wisconsin. Richard Michaelis ’76 is a financial analyst for Western Corporation in Kansas City, Missouri. Charles Pruin ’76 is completing his doctorate in biological anthropology at the University of Washington.

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What Does it Take to be a Writer?

Wit, Word-Power and Work

The publishing of Alumni Opus in this issue of News from Hope College prompted us to question R. Dirk Jellema, chairman of the department of English, about the current state of poetry and fiction writing on campus.

Jellema has been teaching creative writing—partly by letter ("Our grades will be based on how many pages you write!")—partly by announcement ("Why don't you go back and do another draft and try making the ending the beginning"), partly by encouragement ("That's a pretty swinging poem")—since he joined the Hope faculty in 1964.

He is a graduate of Calvin College and holds the Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of Oregon.

Q. Nearly everyone agrees that recent years have seen a decline in students' expository writing skills. Has there been a corresponding trend in creative writing? Is there a connection between good expository writing and good creative writing?

A. I wish I had time to answer that. The decline in students' expository writing skills, I suppose, is so broad an accusation that I would have to deny it. There has been a decline in some things, but, as far as I am concerned, it is traceable almost exclusively to the kind of reading students do and the kind of hearing that students do. I think there is no more evidence in the important things of writing—say, the use of accurate words or the use of the right kind of logic—than there were 10 or 15 years ago. But naturally, I am in that answer trying to compensate for the enthusiasm I had in my youth as a teacher, as opposed to the enthusiasm I have. You see the same things over and over again, of course.

Q. Corresponding trends in creative writing?

A. Well, people are interested in much in writing. In the last five years, say, by and large there have been more people wanting to take creative writing than has been the case in previous years. There have been ones that have been taught in the methods of "free writing," they think of writing as therapy, and not much else. There have been ones that have been taught the kind of positive reinforcement that goes on in high schools than they were in the past. I am not confident of that judgment, but that's a speculation I have.

A. A connection between good expository writing and good creative writing?

Of course, you might mean that there is a correlation between expository writing and good creative writing.

Q. There are three questions subsumed under expository and all of them get telly and evasive answers.

Q. Are good writers born, not made?

A. I suppose that of the people who register in a creative writing class, 35% of them could be good writers—whatever one means by "good writers"—but they don't put the work into it. I think that there are excellent students who, in creative writing, are not very good. I mean that there are so many circumstances that enter into something as chance as writing.

Q. Are good writers born, not made?

A. Yes. Nobody is a completely great writer. I suppose it possible for a person to be a completely great painter. But not a writer. Language is complex. Not a musician; music is too complex.

Q. Is it possible for a person who writes on a one-to-one basis?

A. Yes. Parts of it, yes. There are principles involved. What I can do in the evening session falling on cups or a number of one, teaching people to read and, number two, giving the principles of writing—or teaching things to avoid in writing. Lots of writers have tried lots of things in history—and lots of them should not be done. It has been a tried agreement among writers and critics that there are certain things you do not do if you hope to come out writing well. Like writing poems about snow what have one-word lines, all ending in-

Q. Is it possible for a person who writes on a one-to-one basis?

A. You're asking me not as a writing teacher, but as a critic, and I don't like criticism very much. But—no poetry is harmless. Many of contemporary poetry seems formulaic, and much of it is. Well, I don't like it, I like regular poetry. So don't, and I like Auden, and I like Auden, and I think that reason.

Q. The elements necessary are: strong images, a good word and a vocabulary that can't be beat. Because words are much more important in poetry than in prose. If you throw in a cliché, one sad smile, one bade adjective, one weak verb into a poem, the chances are you're going to ruin the whole poem...

Q. That's the biggest obstacle facing writers today?

A. Young writers are like inventors. How many people get out of college with an A.B. degree and say, "I'm going to be an inventor?"

Q. What's the hard three things about poetry writing?

A. Getting students to write, that's all. They think they have nothing to write about. Well, you start them out thinking they have everything to write about and that all they can write about is something they've been taught in a way, is what everybody writes about. But they have to learn to cough it in the right terms.

Q. The nonsense today pass for poetry. What elements or characteristics do you think are necessary for a poem to be a poem?

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