Alumni Display their Artistic Talents

Inside: A 16-Page Alumni Opus


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 considered like a game of tidy wins.

These were among the themes in trends in higher education discussed by Hope's senior most faculty member at a convention marking the beginning of the second semester on Jan. 5.

Dr. D. Ivan Dykstra, professor of philosophy since 1947, titled his remarks, "Grant Us Wisdom; Grant Us Courage."

Directing his comments almost exclusively to his colleagues on the faculty, Dykstra cautioned that the tenure system has given rise to a widespread reliance on one's circumstances rather than on one's ideals, for a sense of security and confidence.

"When we rely on circumstances, we put ourselves on the way to becoming victims of circumstances," said the longtime professor who gave up a ministerial career to join the faculty in the days before tenure. Formal contracts and job descriptions. "We still work hard, but half of our effort is misplaced. We spend less energy on playing the game and more on rigging the rules of the game, less on the development of talent and more on advertising what we are, less on the achievement of our maximums and more on the promotion of our averages...

If we rely on institutionalized, mechanical security, we turn out institutionalized, mechanical products—whether it is the arts or the sciences.

"Suggesting that wisdom gives rise to a courage derived from internal—rather than external—sources, Dr. Dykstra said that wisdom should be more than the accumulation of knowledge and the perfecting of talents.

"Wisdom is the ability to synthesize knowledge to the point where wisdom is a guide to action...

"Wisdom is the ability to use knowledge in the best way possible, for the benefit of others..."

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Hope students are enjoying newly enlarged Phelps Hall dining room

Finally! Hope Defeats Knights

A decade of frustration ended Feb. 6 as the Hope men defeated the rival Calvin in a key MIAA basketball game for both teams, 65-67.

Hope entered the game having lost to Calvin 12 consecutive times over the past 10 seasons in one of Michigan's most spirited college rivalries.

In addition to ending the hex, coach Glenn Van Wieren's Dutchmen moved into a first place tie with Calvin in the MIAA standings. It was the team's seventh straight victory in an 11-5 campaign, a long disappointing streak by a Hope team in 15 years.

The victory before a capacity Holland Civic Center audience of 3,000 fans was a fitting climax to President Gordon Van Wylen's 60th birthday.

Earlier in the year the Hope women defeated Calvin for the first time ever in basketball.

Theatre Production Gains Regional Finals

The Hope theatre department production of the musical "Mack and Mabel" was named a finalist in the tri-state American College Theatre Regional Finals.

The Jerry Herman musical was presented by the Hope theatre department during the fall semester and was one of six selected for the regional competition which will be held at the University of Akron, Ohio in January.

The musical centers around the life of comedy director Mack Sennett and the silent film era. It was directed by Donald Rieves of the Hope theatre faculty.

The American College Theatre Festival, entering its 12th season, annually selects distinguished college and university productions in 13 regional districts, with the winning shows going on to the Kennedy Center in Washington.

It is the third time during the '70's that Hope has been honored as a regional finalist. Previous selections were "Hallelujah" in 1971 and "Bullwinkle" in 1975.

In addition, two Hope students were named finalists for scholarships in the regional theatre acting competition. They were Lori Moore, a junior from Portage, Mich., and Elizabeth DeVette, a senior from Muskegon, Mich.

Critical Issues Symposium Explores The Middle East

The Middle East will be examined in depth during the first Critical Issues Symposium to be held at Hope College on Thursday, March 31.

This symposium will provide an opportunity and environment for the Hope College community to confront an issue of major contemporary significance," noted President Gordon Van Wylen.

Classes will be cancelled March 31 to allow students and faculty members the opportunity to hear a series of keynote addresses and participate in workshops.

Theme for the symposium will be "Focus on the Middle East: Israel and the Arab World."

Keynoters representing several viewpoints will present lectures on the general theme "The Configuration of Peace in the Middle East."

The symposium will be open to the public. A preliminary schedule appears on page two. A brochure listing events, times and places may be obtained from the Hope College Office of Information Services.
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 hydroxylated acids that are naturally occurring in the human brain. One objective of the research is to explain the biochemical function of trace metals found in the brain.

Students in Dr. Friedrich’s laboratory will use lasers to study hydrocarbons, which are chemical compounds derived from petroleum. One student will use lasers to measure thermal conductivities of petroleum solvents at very low temperatures. Another student will assist in developing a new method for measuring the response of laser-energized molecules to electron fields.

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 MIAA championship.

The scholarship, which includes a $2,000 award, is given 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.

“Considering the number of potential candidates from across the country, this award stands as a significant honor for the student and a rare achievement,” 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 18 recipients in all of the NCAA divisions.

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

Student Research

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

Students selected for the Hope program will have an opportunity to work with faculty mentors in the research areas of biochemistry, organic synthesis, environmental chemistry, laser spectroscopy, toxicology, and biochemistry and bioinorganic chemistry, according to Prof. Rodney F. Boyer, project director.

Russians Cancel

The American tour of the Krasnayar Kachina Dance Company of Siberia, which had been scheduled to perform as part of the Holland Great Performance Series March 19, has been canceled.

Michael Grisnicht, 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 sponsored by the Holland Concert Association and the Hope College Cultural Affairs Committee.

The 80-member Krasnayar Kachina Dance Company was scheduled to begin a two-week tour of the United States in January. Grisnicht said arrangements are being made for an alternate event.

Honor Retiring President

Retiring Alma College President Robert D. Swanstrom was honored during the opening convocation for the second semester.

Dr. Swanstrom was awarded an honorary Doctor of Humanities on behalf of the Hope College Board of Trustees for his contributions to private higher education during 25 years as president of Alma College. He will retire from the post at the end of the current school year.

Humanities Post

Jacob E. Nyenhuis, 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 a national organization of state humanities programs. Dr. Nyenhuis 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 non-academic worlds and help students see the relation between a liberal education and their lives after graduation, according to Dr. Jacob Nyenhuis, 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 meeting 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. Huttar has been elected to a three-year term on the Executive Assembly 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. Huttar will represent the division on religious topics 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

Presidental 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 Political Process in Israel

Presidental Politics and the Israeli World

The Peace-Making Process Begins at Camp David

Zionism in Israel 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: $30 Per Course, Discounts Available for Multiple Family Registrations.

SHAKESPEARE DRAMAS

Professor John Cook Thursdays 7 p.m. Lubbers 103

THE RECEPTION OF JOHN DE LAKE

Professor Kathleen Verden Mondays 7 p.m. Lubbers 101

JOURNEY INTO SELF

Professor Robert Brown Thursdays 7 p.m. Peale 027

PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS 1980

Professor James Zerwey Monday 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 Tues. & Thurs. 1-3:30 p.m. Dow Center

WHAT? WHY? HOW? OF PERSONAL COMPUTING

Professor Harvey Leland Tuesdays 7-9 p.m. Physics-Math 205

RELIGIOUS THEMES IN DRAMA

Professor George Ralph Tuesdays 7 p.m. Devlin 33

SOCIAL DANCE

Professor Sandra Parker Tuesdays 7 p.m. Dow Dance Studio

BIRD STUDY

Professor Donald Greig Tuesday 7-9 p.m. Peale 151

(NEW THIS course will meet April 8 – May 13)

ENGINEERING SCIENCE 405 – FIVE ELEMENT ANALYSIS THEORY & APPLICATION

(1 semester credit)

TUITION & FEES: $100. 1.0 undergraduate credit

Professor Robert Norton Mondays 7 p.m. Physics-Math 205

A brochure describing course offerings is available from the Hope Registrar.

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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 Midwest Bureau chief and Hope alumnum was lucky, running about the last minute to the interview on Dec. 29 when a telephone call from an Iranian Foreign Ministry official came to Time's Tehran office. Van Voorst had been in Qum that evening if he wanted the private interview with Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini that he had been promised in early November.

The interview was arranged by various ministers of the Iranian government, van Voorst's long-awaited interview with the leader of the Islamic Revolution, who was expelled by the National Guidance Ministry on accusations of "uncivilized and biased" coverage by the media.

"Clearly, the Foreign Ministry did not know that we were about to speak to the National Guidance Ministry—a lack of coordination that was typical and, for once, fortuitous," said van Voorst.

After receiving the telephone call on the 14th, van Voorst had only about 45 minutes to translate and transcript a speaker and to accompany him to an airfield where an airplane was waiting. The Iranians had asked van Voorst to bring his personal assistant, who had to fly from Qum. A bare chamber, the room was set up like a TV studio, van Voorst reported, with cameras from the National Iranian Radio and Television network sampling the audience. The interview took 45 minutes, and the footage was taped for broadcasting.

"I think they were looking for a target. And they were a pretty big target," van Voorst said.

During their final weeks in Tehran the Time correspondents were under surveillance and were visited several times by the ministry that is considered their "pace." The ministry's safety was unannounced by the ministry, but the correspondent who was visiting revolutionary tribunal agents who searched the bureau. van Voorst said that the announcement was "a棵mobilization of the crowds in Tehran was "frightening."

Van Voorst arrived in New York after his expulsion from Iran. He spent most of the holiday season writing the "Man of the Year" articles. He said he had been in communication with several high-level US. govern- ment officials, including the CIA, which he described as "well known for its protection in the CIA and the CIA."

The specific objectives voiced regarding the interview "were not valid," according to van Voorst.

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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 work on selected special topics in the writ-
ing of full one-act or longer scripts. Whenever possible, provision is made for reading perfor-
mances of work-in-progress. In cases of excep-
tional 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: Winter, 1986

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

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

Student Playwright
All right. Let's see. Uh, Bill would you play Harold. And, uh, Carol, how about you play Beth. I think you know pretty well what's going on and what Harold and Beth are like from the scene two weeks ago. Right? (pause) OK. Good. Well... ready?

Carol (as Beth)
Harold. I want Tom riding Cold 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 cause you saw it yourself. He's the only one left around here... that you haven't tired or scared off.

Bill (as Harold)
It's the only one who can relate to those misfits I've got up there... If I don't get some work outs these people around here, there is going to be...

(Later reading of scene)

Bill (as Harold)
(slight pause)
(Begins sentence softly, then intensifies speed, volume)

What do I have to do to get through that head of yours? That this is? This is the last deal! This is it? I have to beat it into you! Either let that old barn of junk this time or that's it. There just won't be any more.

(strikes table top)

It's time or nothing. If I've hit it. I've... other. I've hit it. I'm... quitting. I'm quitting because I'm...

Carol (as Beth)
Huh? Did you?

Bill (as Harold)
There won't be any more chances. None. You hear me. Beth. Not one. It's time or...

(leans 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 this change begin? Why did it?

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

Theatre Teacher (to playwright)
Is that what you intended?

Student Playwright
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 mean, I think she would likely say 'shut up'. But, I think she would say it after, not before she sputtered 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 'Oh, oh, oh. Harold. You just go on and on. You never let me, just let me. It's always go.' I hate that. Why don't you listen? Why don't you set down, just once, and listen. Why don't you shut up, I want you to shut up, Harold, to just shut up. Shut up long enough to watch. Just sit there and watch and me leave. Hear that, Harold?—me leave. Leave.

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

(confused. Discovers something he does like about himself)

(pause. Reflectively)

Fifteen years.

(pause. Loudly, intensely)

Fifteen years.

(pause)
(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 we were and get kicked at from every side 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)

Theatre Teacher
(holds hands)

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

English 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 and 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 crisis situation, within themselves. You can see this in any great drama. Think of Oedipus, Hamlet, Willie Loman, Mark and Mandy.

Student
Mark 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 can't be solved. Don't deceive your audi-
ence. They can live with hope—the 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? Seems 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 has handling things the way he's doing...

Here's A Practical Approach
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 what he's seen goes real, and that this is how people live. Then he becomes disillusioned, feeling somethings wrong when he follows all the rules of the Brady Bunch or a television commercial. And then finds out they don't bring the same results as they brought the Bradys or the fellow who uses Ultra Breath.

English Teacher

Precisely. We should leave theatre either refreshed by honest escape or with a sense of realization that we 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.

Theatre Teacher

Saw exactly. Remember, a play is seen, it's action accompanied by dialogue. It's seen, we do—and chatter while we do, or after, or before. But even our talk expresses something we're feeling, thinking, worrying, growing, hoping.

Student

Are we learning to write plays in here or this course about life or something?

Theatre Teacher

Let's go on to another scene. Kathy, why are you crying?

(Student

(Curtain)

Flexible Curriculum Structure Encourages Career Pursuit

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

But Catherine Hondorp 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, kept her roots. Last spring Hondorp returned to New York to take advantage of dance opportunities available through the Brooklyn College Association Arts Program, an official Hope off-campus study 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!"

Hondorp, like most of GLCA Program students, was involved in two apprenticeships while in New York. She studied with dancers Murray Louis and Alvin Nikolais and also worked with the recently disbanded theater 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.) Hope's contract curriculum plan, an alternate study program for full time directed students, enabled Hondorp to choose the latter option.

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

Hope student dancers Moira Poppen, a senior from Orange, N.J., and Kenneth Lemberdet, a senior from Brunswick, Me., joined Hondorp 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 a bamboo staff. Hondorp says she came up with the idea while absent-mindedly fiddling around with a stick one day in her New York loft.

"I became interested in extending my own line of energy into space and I also got excited with the idea of balancing spirals," she recalls. And thus was "Wind Tide."
Plan Now to 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 subject of financial aid.

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

When should high school students begin their financial planning? To whom should they go for advice?

I think it is more than just financial aid planning. 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 late, even their junior year, to focus on the type of institutions that they're interested in. The most common time for students to actually go to schools and begin asking specific questions of the campus is usually the fall. The aid application process begins after the first of January for incoming freshmen.

Do students sometimes find they cannot afford to attend a school even though they qualify academically?

They may be eligible for some of the financial aid programs, but they may not be willing to sacrifice in order to go to school. The State of Michigan has a Tuition Assistance Grant (TAG) program that provides a certain amount of money to students who have a financial need. The 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 kinds of loans are available for students?

There are two types of loans. A student who files the financial aid form will be given an automatic college loan. This is known as the Stafford Loan and the Federal Family Education Loan Program. The Guaranteed Student Loan is quite different. The dollar amounts are more. The Guaranteed Student Loan carries a 5% interest rate and is a loan to a student and their family.

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

The work-study program is one of the three federal programs that we apply for additional aid. It's a part of the student's total aid package and the student should be aware of it. The work-study program is designed to provide a student with a part-time job while they are in college and to help them with the cost of education.

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

This is one of the biggest problems. If a student default on their loan, it will affect their ability to get a loan in the future. It will also affect their credit rating.

What is the most common problem made by students when dealing with financial aid?

There are many problems, but in my opinion, the biggest is not understanding what is available. Many students are not aware of the financial aid programs that are available to them.

Do I 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 tuition. You can experience living on the campus, housing on a college schedule, and learn from college professors. The goal is to make your education experience something you can take with you for the rest of your life. You will be better prepared to make a decision about college in the future.

Exploration '80, for high school students who have completed their junior or senior years of high school, will be held Sunday evening, July 27, and continues through Saturday, August 2.

Send this coupon for complete information.

Please send details about Exploration '80

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

Zip:

Phone No.:

In 1980, I will be a high school junior ( ) senior ( )

Send to: Rev. Peter Spak, Hope College, Holland, Mich. 49423.
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-appointed 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 know 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 won't say how many 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 newspapers 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 Jelkema 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 their attention they gave to their task: Bruce McCombs, dept. of art, Hope College Rod Pederson, dept. of art, Calvin College William Schutter '71, Western Theological Seminary faculty

Henry tenHoor, professor emeritus of English, Hope College Mae Van Ark, 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 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 Beyer

News from Hope College editorial assistant

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 more and style less. So much contemporary poetry is fantastic stylistically, 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 degree 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 civilian master at Ferm Valley Vineyards of Fennville, Mich.

Sneller himself, however, soon dispels 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 farmer in all the old-fashioned meanings of the term. He grows whatever he can.

In between the classroom and the cellar task 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 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 Robin, 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 critique. The housewive/sub:ter'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."

The Winners

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

"I love procrastination. In my head for quite a while before I even start my writing would think a story was coming through, then write a first draft. After an initial revision of the first draft, I try 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 Langeved 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 voicing her post-Hope employment record includes jobs ranging from a systems analyst to a chef at New England Inn. She'll be likely to someday do screenplay writing. She's realistic about her chances for success. And she keeps at it. Since July, 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 Langeved, a librarian and marketing director of Up County, a monthly New England newspaper-advertising magazine.

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 Ithaca Women's Anthology.

Langeved'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-
Second Prize, Fiction Division
Vera Holle '34 Bloemers, Sheboygan, Wis.
"Crib Dwellers"

"I write whenever I am inspired. I am not satisfied with a piece until it is "word-perfect.""

Vera Holle Bloemers is the oldest Alumni Opus prizewinner and her work bears testimony to the fact that good writing favors no generation. Her penchant for exactness can be traced back to Hope courses taught by Meta Ross, whose term papers were "both demanding and rewarding."

After teaching high school English for two years, Bloemers devoted her time to her family. She is married to Dr. Harris Bloemers '31, a general surgeon until his retirement in 1976. The couple has two married daughters, Barbara '62 (Betke) and Brenda.

In 1966 Bloemers returned to teaching, this time at an evangelical Christian school for black children on Chicago's Southside. She retired in 1975. Bloemers' prize-winning entry, "Crib Dwellers," provides a captivating look at human nature as seen through the glass of a hospital nursery. (Space prohibits printing "Crib Dwellers" in this publication. Copies are available upon request from the Hope College Office of Information Services.)

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, using 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 Iowa, 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 as a work training program, three years as a teacher in a migrant education program, and managed a Holland art gallery for a year. Now he is a draftsman for a furniture company, building hardwood desks and cabinets 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.

He hopes to sell his "racing-out experience," with much varied information that crops up occasionally," he remarks. "I feel more balanced and aware as a person and an artist because of the diversity that Hope offered."

He is married to the former Jane Dykhuizen '71. The couple has two children, Matthew, age 4, 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 many elements of nature in her work. Her prize-winning piece is a painting of two doves perched on a branch with leaves, twigs, and a nest. The artist's use of light and shadow creates a sense of depth and realism.

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 I like taking different types of photos—portraits, still lifes, landscapes, etc.—Essentially I take photos for fun, just to please myself. I'm most gratified that someone else finds them as interesting as I do."

Robert 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 College'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.

First Prize, Photography Division
Rein Vanderhall '67, Orange City, Iowa
"Stone Into Sand"

"My interest in becoming an artist began in fourth grade when I learned I drew better than I spelled. Although I was an art major at Hope, some of my most enjoyable courses were creative writing, short story and literary criticism. I learned about art from more than one discipline or point of view. This is more easily done at a small liberal arts college."

Although Rein Vanderhall earned his Alumni Opus award in the photography division, he is primarily a painter. As assistant professor of art at Northwestern College, he teaches painting, sculpture, photography, art education and ceramics. Like most of the Alumni Opus winners, his art has changed significantly since his undergraduate days. At Hope he worked mainly with oils and his work was largely abstract. In recent years, Vanderhall has turned to watercolors, often large-scale and brightly colored. Nature, he believes, should be utilized as "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 then 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 who 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 object over-looked in nature.

Honorable Mention

Poetry Division
Gordon Kenning '67, Tamil Nadu, India
"Sonnet for a Creative Writing Teacher Whose Course I Never Took"

"Birthday of a Valentine"

Lisacf Hooper, St. Berenice, 70, Hillsboro, Ore.
"Hummingbird"

Julie Herring, Wood "56, South Bend, Ind.
"Tribute to the Bones of a Vegetable"

"In Praise of the Lord's Suitcases"

Photography Division
Harry Bylsma '51, Midland, Mich.
"Pottery Derivation"

"Winter Farm"

"Post in Snow"

"Old Farm House"

Robert Eckrich '71, Utica, N.Y.
"Busy Hands: Happy Hands"

"Margo Naber '68 Vanderhall, Orange City, Iowa
"Cluster of San Carlo Alle Quattro Fontane"
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, dally 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.
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,

despite 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, Hell-hound, 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 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 doff, 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
rents

TOUCHING

As if touching them, husbands and fathers, as if
touching their arms of their grey 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-
mans 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 embarraasment?

If I die, running from something,
fell 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 Steller '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—
Presumed these were mundane, and thus
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 POETRY

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 Mandrell '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.
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 in 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.
ONTOMETRY

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

Lynn Adams '63 Deur
Grand Haven, Mich.

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 interlaces 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.

Gordon Korstange '67
Tami-Nodu, 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-Modu, 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 Wilschut '77
Zeland, 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 as the pitcher called out, "Hey, Robbie, come on over and play ball."

It was Eddie. When Robin had first come to this town, three weeks ago, plagued with smallness and a girl's name, it was Eddie who protected him from the cruel jokes and harsh words. There were still some who taunted Robin, but not in Eddie's presence. He was older, thirteen at least, and few of the boys would dare fight him.

"I'll have to let my mother know where I am," Robin called back.

"O.K. See you later." Robin hurried. The faster he got home, the faster he could go back and play baseball.

"Hey you!"

Robin stopped and felt a cold tingling bristle 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 hing-sling 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 on his belly jigged up and down, "Robin! Tweet, tweet, tweet."

The boy laughed again.

"I have to go home," said Robin.

The 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 a stone across the street and started to walk away.

"What's your name?" Robin called after him.

The boy turned around. "My name is Hanley Hansen, and I live on the biggest farm in this country, and my father's the best farmer this side of the Mississippi River, and I have the most special place in the world and I don't show it to very many people." He stopped to catch his breath. "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 slang 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 bird!" he yelled and ran off through the fields.

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

Robin stopped in the front hallway and put his books on the shelf. He heard angry voices coming from his room. It was the boy who taunted Robin and the boy who seemed to be sparing him.

"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 was just getting by and then you and Robin came 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.

"Can't do anything. Yeah, you and your fancy sewing."

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

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

"But what can I do, Mama? Charlie always brought home most of the money. My sewing was just for extra. 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 the mill to do the washing. You just go up there and bring the uniforms home and you wash them and you iron them and you take them back and you pay you for it. You know how to wash and iron, don't you?"

Robin strained to listen, but his mother said nothing.

"Laure, 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 that you want to work."

"I can't!"

"Not 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 mouths to feed and no more money."

"Please."

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

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

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

"I don't want another husband," said Laure. "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 breathing 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 while they were silent, but then his mother spoke, so quietly that he almost didn't hear.

"I'll go to the mill tomorrow."

"Laure, honey, I 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 in all, and falling heavy on the shoulders of a ten year old boy.

"Can I help, Mama," he asked.

Laure 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. Lace costs nine cents a yard. Nine cents! Enough for flour and sugar for weeks. When your Daddy was alive...!

Then her voice faded.

Robin pulled away from her. She touched his face and kissed him. "Go play," she said in a hushed 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 songs were just changing as he came up to the field.

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

One of the other boys nodded and threw a mitt to Robin. He crooked behind the piece of shale 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 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 whished the ball past him.

"Strike three! You're out!"

"Whaddya mean, I'm out?" asked Mike.

"I mean you're out."

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

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

"You 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 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.
"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 ‘em."

Robin threw the ball back to Eddie. Marty took his place at bat and was crouching ready for the pitch when Jackie cried 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 spat a glob of chewing tobacco into the dirt.

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!"

"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 us, 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, pimple 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 either 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 flailed 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 this 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. Here 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.
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.

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.

3

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 of this earth and ascend like thunder towards the crucified Lamb—all the powers of creation and resurrection in my eyes.

Del Sneller '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 formedly served as chairman of the board of the international corporation which produces office furniture and systems for office, health care, laboratory and industrial environments. He replaces his brother, Hugh DePree '38, who retired after serving in Herman Miller's top post since 1952.

Max DePree began his career with Herman Miller in 1947 as a part-time agent. He served subsequently as plant manager, director of Manufacturing, director of Sales and Marketing, National Operations, and executive vice president of Operations.

In 1969, DePree became executive vice president of International Operations. For the next two years 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 also lectured at a number of colleges and universities as 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 served at the University of Pittsburgh and at Harvard University as part of a specialized training program.

DePree and his wife Eileen have four children: Jody DePree Hanks, who practices law in Dover, 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 Legal 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 Legal Service in Europe.

Vander Lugt planned and oversaw the establishment of a branch office in Siponto, Sicily, and also developed a plan for the centralization of the administration of the U.S. Navy's claims funds in Europe. He took the initiative in revamping the office's personnel function throughout the administrative accomplishments practiced militarily.

Commander Vander Lugt's conscientiousness, integrity, good judgment and selfless devotion to duty reflect great credit upon himself and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service,

the citation further reads.

He is 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 Mokma '61 and the son of Hope professor, and chairman William Vander Lugt. Bob and Ruth have three children, Sandra, Bob and David.

Bird Brain Research

Studying bird brains is not for the birds. 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. Tim De Voogd '72.

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

De Voogd 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, De Voogd has held a postdoctoral fellowship under Dr. Fernando Nottebohm at Rockefeller University in New York City.

De Voogd's research focuses on the effects of lesions on the left hemisphere of the brain, which contains the primary facility for vocal 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 lateralization in 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 De Voogd to Hope students.

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

The question of the relationship between the one gram canary brain and the human brain began with a question that Dr. De Voogd 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. De Voogd 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 De Voogd.

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 1970 to 1971 he was a principal in the school district and a former superintendent of Lakeview Public Schools, Muskegon, Mich. In 1970 he was named principal of North Muskegon High School after holding the same position 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 John VanderVeer '30 Brieve. Frederick and Joyce have two children, Elizabeth, 19, and Thomas, 16.
1940's

Kathleen De Young '41 Fotis has written a second novel, Keeper, under the name Kathleen. Her first novel was called Lost Kennebunk.

The Reverend Theodore Zelinski '41 is the minister of pastoral care at Trinity Reformatted Church in Milwaukee, Wis.

Robert J. Donohue '42 is a real estate agent in the city of Milwaukee.

Harold Desmond '42 has retired from the American Baptist missionary and elementary school teaching. He is now a professor of Education and Religion at San Francisco State University. His inaugural address was delivered on January 15 at the California Academy of Sciences.

Shirley Leslie '42 Dyckstra is selling real estate in Chicago.

Ted Rolf '42 is a retired military service in Japan during World War II.

The Reverend William C. Goodenough '42 is the senior minister of First Presbyterian Church of Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mellie Van Heusden '42 '44 has retired from Hope College and is now working in the field of community relations in Michigan.

The Reverend John L. Jewett '42 is a member of the faculty of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Technology.

Harvey Koos '43 is a circuit judge for Hillsdale County, Mich.

Robert A. Schellens '43 '44 is the director of the International College of Pharmacy in Chicago.

Mary Van Haren '43 is a registered pharmacist in the American Language Academy, Alexandria, Va.

Lavina M. Hoffman '44 is a professor of English at the University of Illinois.

William M. Hoffman '45 is the chairman of the Board of Trustees at Duke University.

Donna J. Rubeck '45 PhD, MD, M.D. is a professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Chicago.

The Reverend Robert J. Langenbrunn '46 is a minister of the First Reformed Church in Grand Haven, Mich.

Glen Stratus '46 is a specialist in internal medicine at the hospitals in Carbondale, Ill.

Mary Van Haren '47 is a registered pharmacist in the American Language Academy, Alexandria, Va.

William M. Hoffman '48 is a professor of medicine at the University of Illinois.

Dr. John F. O'Connor '48 is a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

The Reverend Robert J. Langenbrunn '46 is a minister of the First Reformed Church in Grand Haven, Mich.

Vera S. Kinkade '46 '47 is a specialist in internal medicine at the hospitals in Carbondale, Ill.

Mary Van Haren '47 is a registered pharmacist in the American Language Academy, Alexandria, Va.
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Linda Johnson '71 Bancroft died in December, 1973 following a long illness. She was a resident of Brooklyn, N.Y. Among her survivors are her husband, Stephen, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnson.

Garret J. Boone '24 died on January 28, 1980 in Hamilton, Ohio from injuries suffered in a fall. Dr. Boone was a member of the Class of 1924 from the University of Cincinnati. He was a former Butler County, Ohio for 40 years. He was known for his skill in forensic debate in courts of law. Among his survivors are his wife, Carol; one daughter, Virginia Frye, one son, Garret J. Jr., a daughter, Alice Boone Rusk '29, and a brother, Daniel.

Helene Van Raalte '21 Dalenberg died on Jan. 11, 1980 in Holland, Mich. She was the daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Albertus Van Raalte. She lived in Chicago, Ill. She was a member of the Class of 1921 from the University of Chicago and was known for her scholarship and service in the community. Among her survivors are her husband, John J. and two sons, John and Robert V. Jr., and a daughter, Christina R. Van Raalte '24 Van Westen.

Gus Lukacevic '76 is a physics-chemistry teacher at Wayland Union High School. Janet Lutsko '76 is a customer service representative at First Michigan Bank in Grand Rapids, Mich. Richard Martz '76 is a financial analyst for Western Union in Chicago, Ill. Charles Prunier '76 is completing his doctorate in physiological psychology at the University of Hawaii, Honolulu.

Nancy Stuart '76 is a high school guidance counselor and county in-house counselor in Cowlitz County, Wash. He is also a member of the National Honor Society. Leda C. Daucher '76 Snow has retired from college and is now engaging in a private practice in psychology. Leslie Doonan '76 is employed as a research associate in the Department of Biological Sciences at Ohio State University.

Louis I. Berenson '76 is a professor of mathematics at the University of California, Berkeley. He is the author of several books on advanced mathematics.ultimo.

D.A. VandeBerg '76 is a research scientist at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md. Donald Van Veen '76 is a junior high school math teacher at Villa Walsh Academy in Beloit, Wis. John Dutton '76 is a construction manager for a large construction company in Boston. Robert Gunther '76 is a Ph.D. candidate in psychology at the University of Michigan. He is also a licensed psychologist in private practice.

Mary H. McDaniel '76 is a registered nurse and public health nurse in the Baltimore, Md. area. David H. Sullivan '76 is a personnel assistant in the personnel department at the University of Michigan. Linda Johnson '76 is a registered nurse and public health nurse in the Baltimore, Md. area. Sandra Lee '76 is a registered nurse in the intensive care unit at the University of Michigan Hospital. Mary Ann '76 is a registered nurse in the intensive care unit at the University of Michigan Hospital.

Alumni Weekend
May 9-11, 1980

REUNIONS

Fifty Year Circle
Lavene VanderHill, president
Saturday Van Vleck Hall 4 p.m.

Class of 1930
Bernard and Gene Vandenhoff Arandishoff, co-chairpersons
Pre-Dinner Get-together Thursday 7 p.m.

Class of 1935
Virginia Koolker Luidens, chairperson
Saturday Luncheon 1 p.m.

Class of 1940
Henry Mouw, chairperson Saturday Luncheon 1 p.m.

Class of 1945
Barbara Tazelaar Hine, chairperson Saturday Luncheon 1 p.m.

Class of 1950
Irl Streu Schepfer and Janice Vander Borgh Ven Hed, co-chairpersons Friday Informal Gathering 8 p.m.

Class of 1955
Joyce VanderBorgh Rinke, chairperson Friday Golf and Tennis 4 p.m.

Class of 1960
Chuck Coulson, chairperson Saturday Luncheon 1 p.m.

Class of 1965
Ron and Sandy Cady Mulder, co-chairpersons Saturday Luncheon 1 p.m.

ALUMNI DINNER
Popeyes Patio 5 p.m.
Dinner 7 p.m.
Tickets available through the Alumni Office 10 p.m.

Campus tours will be available throughout the day from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

A Hospitality Center will be located in The Kletz, DeVitt Cultural Center.

Reunions for the Classes of 1970 and 1975 will be held in conjunction with Homecoming, October 24-26, 1980.
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 prompts us to question R. Dirk Jellena, chairman of the department of English, about the current state of poetry and fiction writing on campus.

Jellena has been teaching creative writing—partly by terror! ("Our grades will be based on how many pages you write!"); partly by anunci-critical! ("Why don't you go back and do another draft and try making the ending believable!""); partly by encouragement that is neither effusive nor expected ("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 brought about 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 a accusation that I would have to deny it. There has been a decline in some things, but, as an expository writer, it is traceable almost exclusively to the kind of reading students do and the kind of hearing that students do. I think they are not more interested in the important things of writing—say, the use of accurate words or the use of the right kind of logic—than they were 15 or 20 years ago. But, of course, I am in that answer trying to compensate for the enthusiasm I had in my youth as a writer, as opposed to the evidence. You see the same things over and over again, of course.

Corresponding trends in creative writing? Well, people read (interested as much in writing as in reading). In the last five years, say, by and large, there have been more people wanting to take creative writing classes. Many of them have been ones that have been taught in the method of "free writing," they think of writing as therapy, and not much else. They have even been known to think of the kind of positive reinforcement that goes on in high schools where they were in the past. I am not convinced by this judgment, but that's a speculation I have.

A connection between good expository writing and good creative writing? I suppose, although I think there is a great connection between what I call intelligence (which maybe the people in the psychology department would regard as a different kind of writing because high intelligence has something like imagination going with it). That, of course, would mean that there is a correlation between expository writing and poetry writing.

So there are three questions subsumed under one or all of them; get itchy and evasion answers.

Q. Are good writers born, not made?
A. I suppose that of the people who register in a creative writing class, 15 of them would be good writers—whatever one means by "good writers"—but they don't put the work into it; I think that I am better than that. Maybe you are better than that, too. It is hard to say.

Q. Is it possible that people who register in a creative writing class, 15 of them would be good writers—whatever one means by "good writers"—but they don't put the work into it; I think that I am better than that, too. It is hard to say.

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