

1919

Milestone 1919

Hope College

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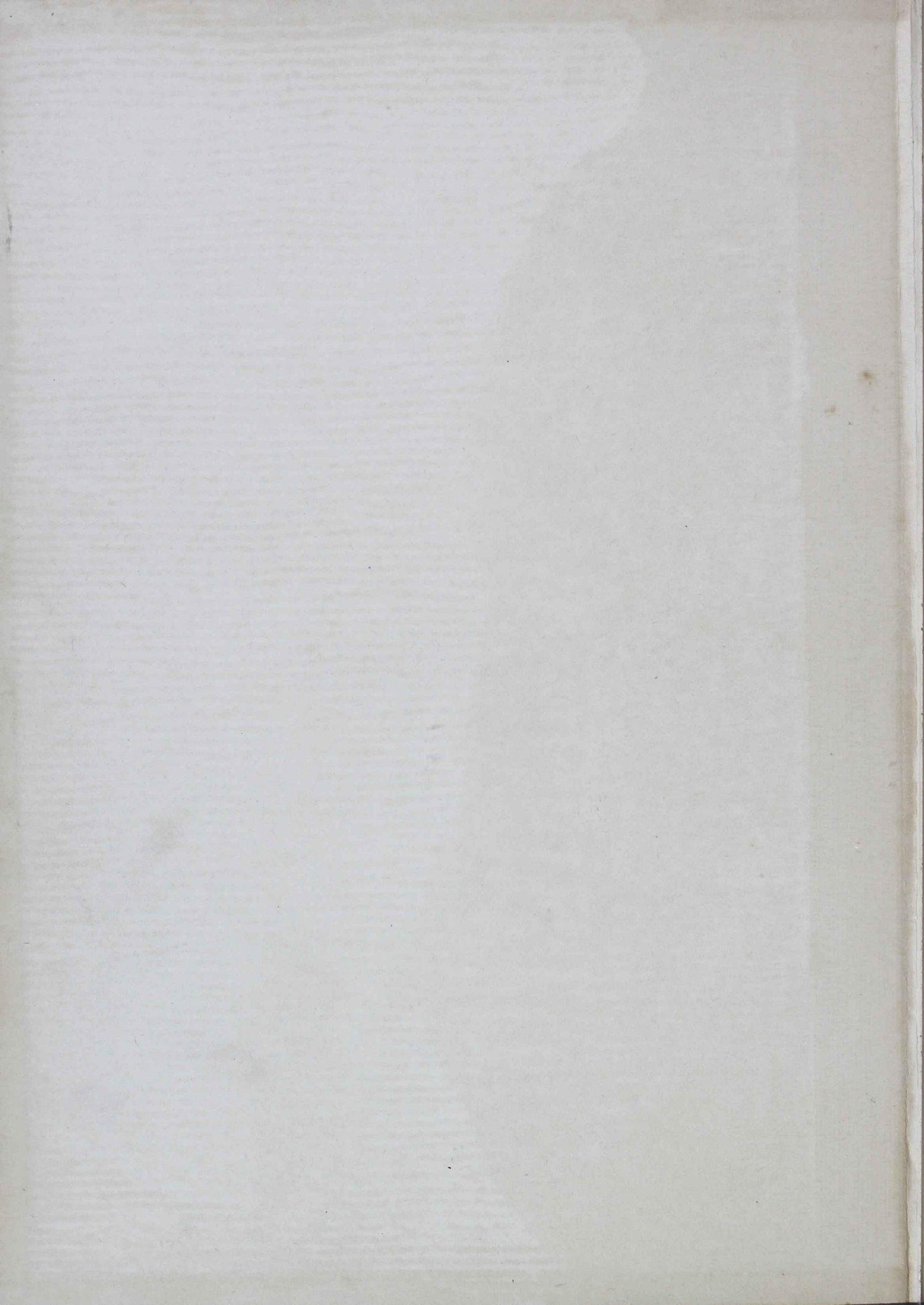
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The

MILESTONE







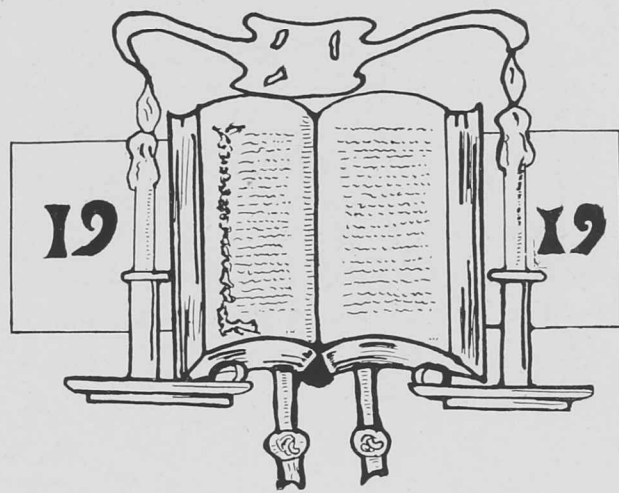


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P. J. Siegers.

M. M. Broekema.

MILESTONE



Published by the Class of 1920

Foreword

To draw a true picture of the life of Hope College; to honor the good fellowship that exists upon our campus; to make this book a book of pleasant recollections; this has been our purpose. May our effort foster a spirit of closer unity and a broader good fellowship.

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Advertising



Dr. J. Ackerman Coles

Dedication

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE is a product purely American. It is the fundamental expression of the highest American ideal. It could have grown up nowhere else, for the American method was necessary to the expression of the American ideal. To this expression great hearts were essential; unstinted benevolence was a first requisite; an unfaltering belief in God, in youth, and in country were the dynamic. Of old and in other lands colleges were groups of youth eager for knowledge and learned men anxious to promote knowledge. The American College comprises these but it embraces more—the men and the women of great wealth or little but always of large heart and unswerving faith who have founded and endowed the American College, all those who have given of their wealth of brain and heart and purse constitute the third great element in the American College.

Hope College has known many of these great hearts and her history is theirs. Nathan F. Graves, Garret Winants, Robert Schell, John S. Joralman, Gerard Beekam, George Birkhoff, Jr., A. A. Raven, W. J. Rodman, Andrew Carnegie, Ralph and Elizabeth Voorhees, William Elliott Griffis, J. Ackerman Coles and Maria Ackerman Coles,—the names of Duryee, DuBois, Lansing, Venuema, Vander Laan, Liesveld, Dosker, Mrs. Eva De Bey, Giebink, Bruins, Trompen, these and many others unite with the Alumni body to form that mighty third who with students and faculties are Hope College. To these the CLASS OF 1920 dedicate THE MILESTONE as an Appreciation of Faith, of Devotion, and of Benevolence.



HON. NATHAN F. GRAVES, L.L.D.



CAPTAIN GARRET ELLIS WINANTS



MR. AND MRS. RALPH VORHEES



E. D. DIMNENT, A.M.
President of Hope College

The Council of Hope College

EX-OFFICIO

EDWARD D. DIMNENT,
President of the College.

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| REV. H. J. VELDMAN | Vice President |
| HON. G. J. DIEKEMA | Secretary |

COMMITTEES

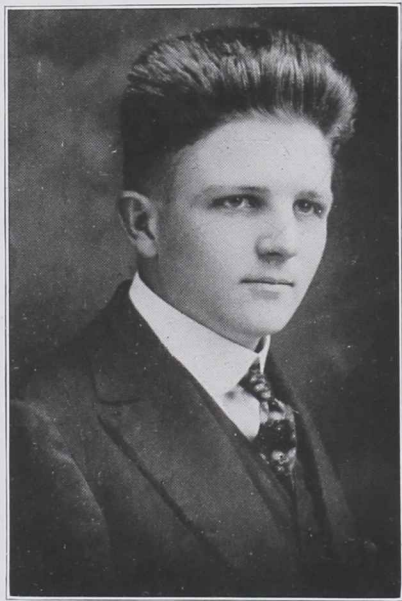
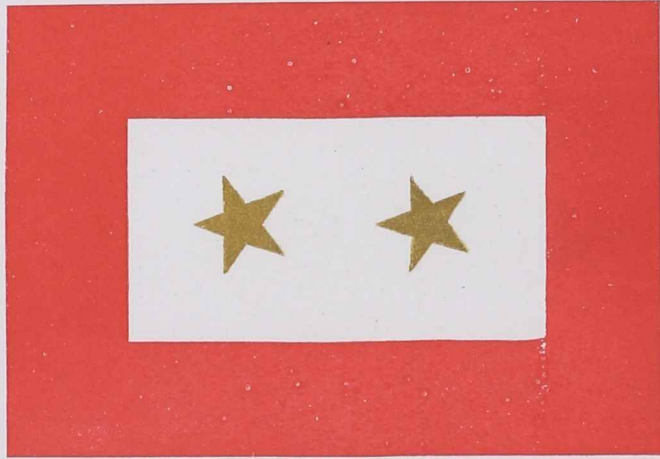
Executive Committee

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| PRESIDENT E. D. DIMNENT | Chairman |
| REV. G. DE JONGE | Secretary |

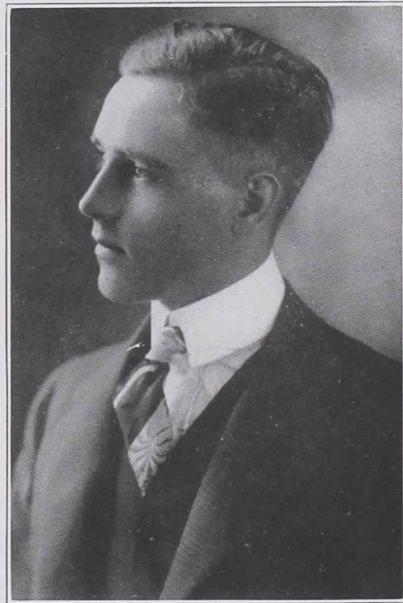
HON. G. J. DIEKEMA
REV. H. J. VELDMAN
MR. A. VISSCHER

Investment Committee

HON. G. J. DIEKEMA
PRESIDENT E. D. DIMNENT
HON. A. VISSCHER



Private
WILLIAM A. JANSMA



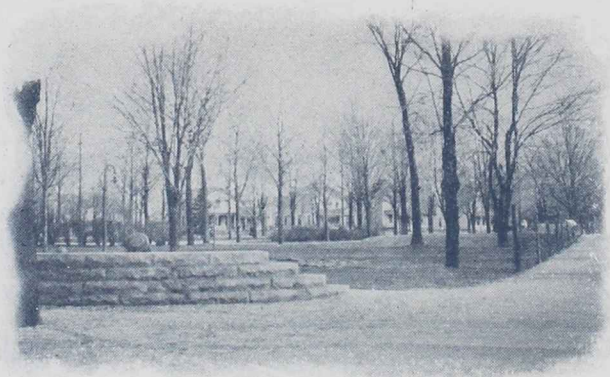
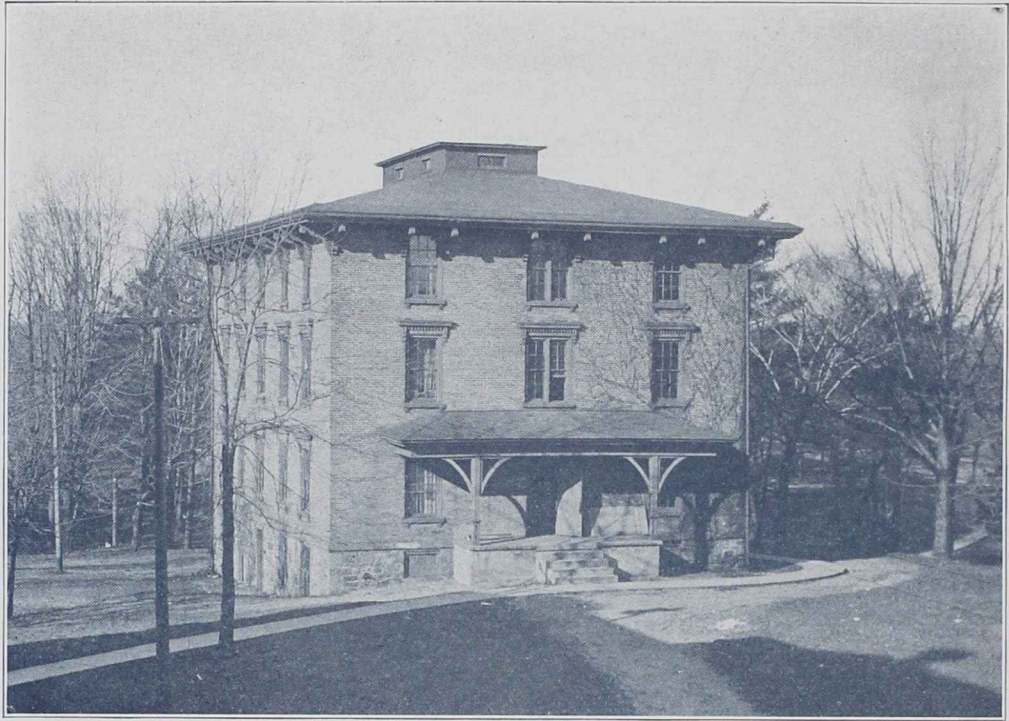
Sergeant
GEORGE J. ROOSENRAAD

To Private William A. Jansma and to Sergeant George J. Roosenraad, our beloved classmates, who made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of liberty and right, we the Class of Nineteen-twenty lovingly dedicate this page.

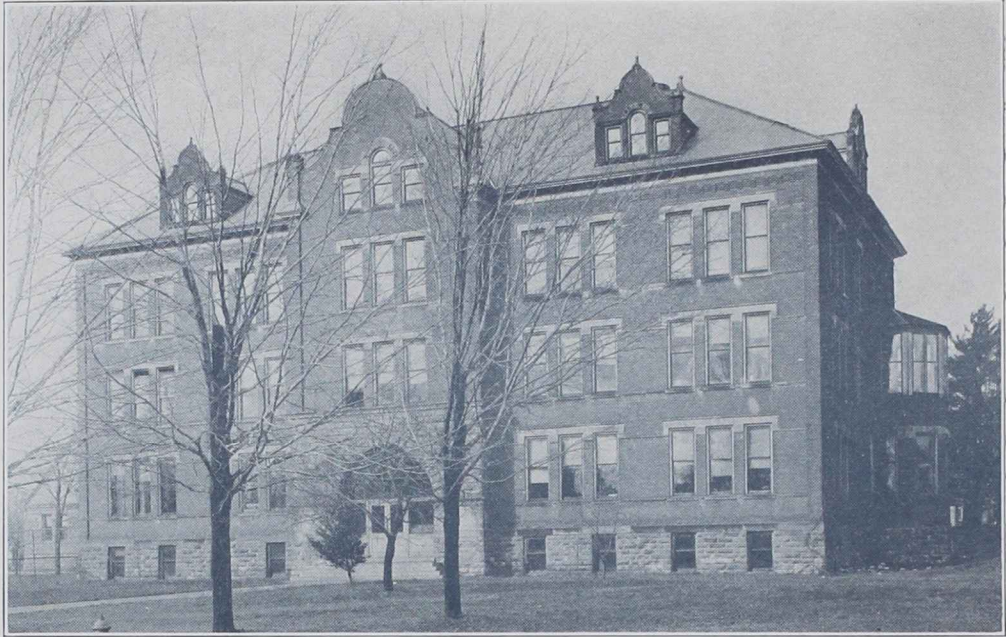
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Memories

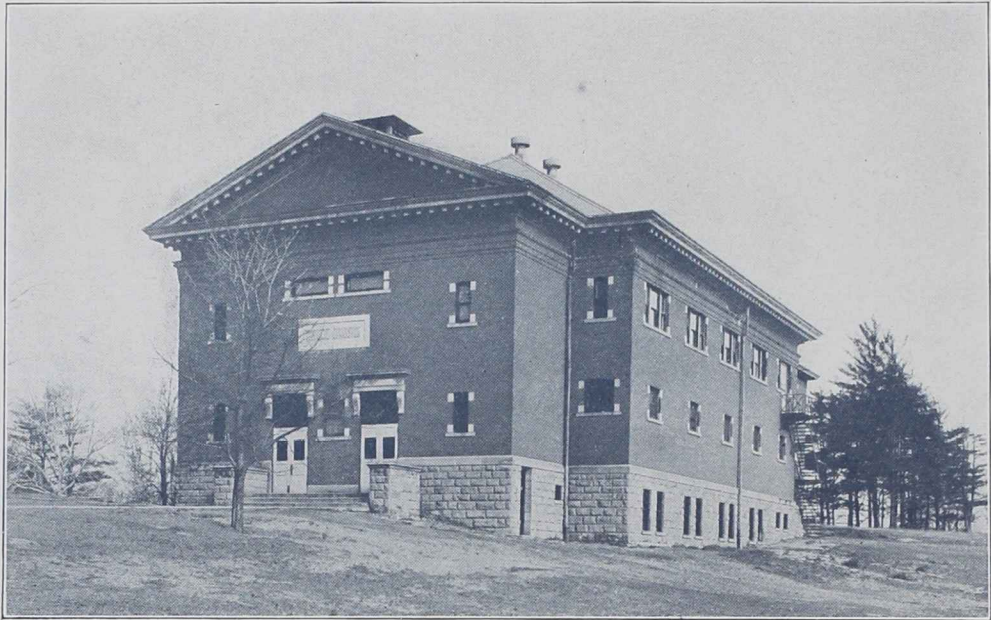


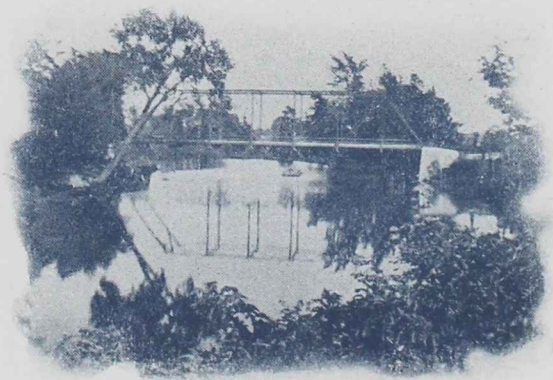






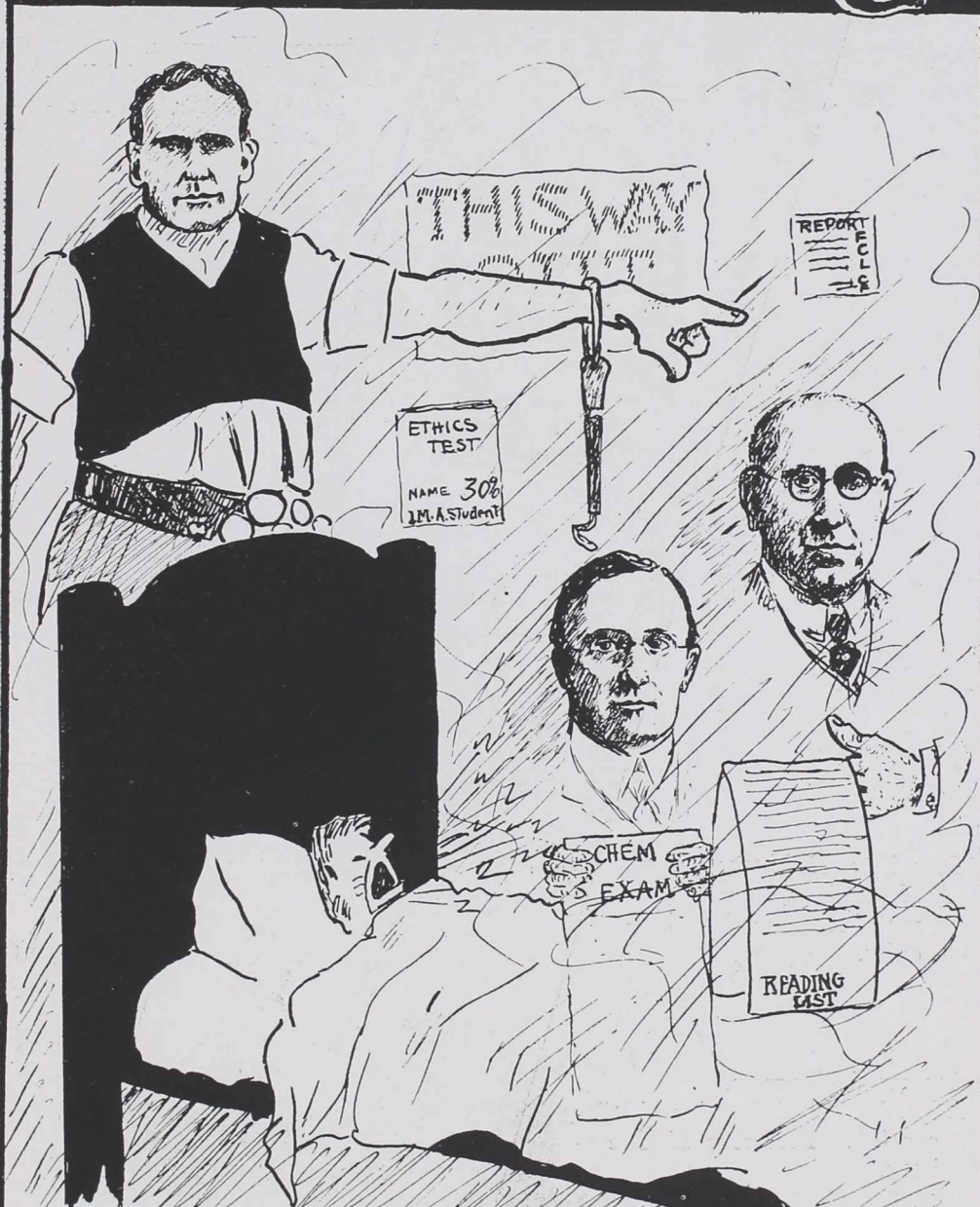




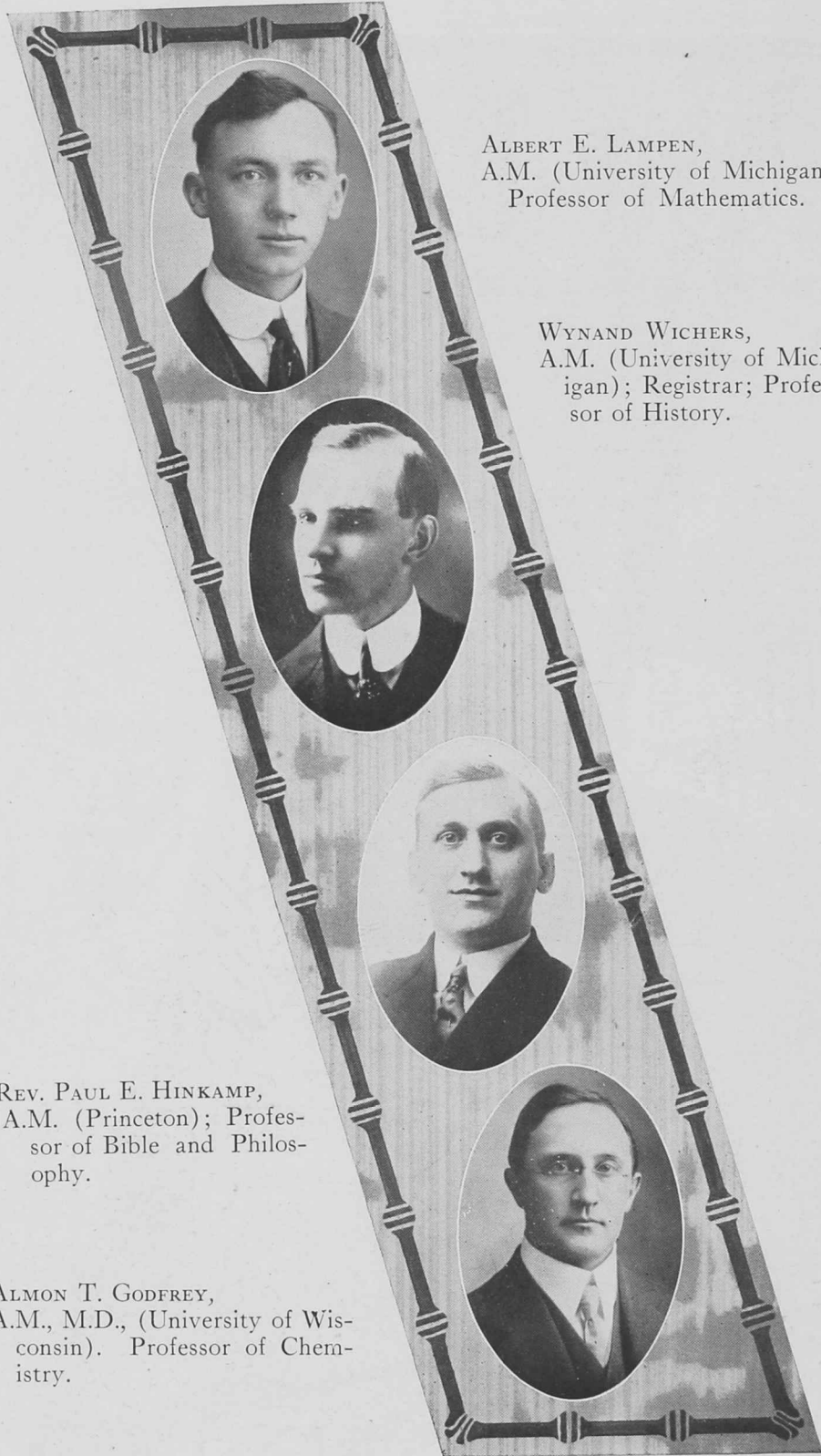




The Faculty



"A STUDENT'S NIGHTMARE"
Buel



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WYNAND WICHERS,
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Scotia). Professor of Biology.



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A.M., (University of Mich-
igan). Rodman Profes-
sor of Latin Language
and Literature.



ALBERT RAAP,
A.M. (Hope), Educational
Secretary. Professor of
the Dutch Language and
Literature.



GERARD RAAP,
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Mathematics and Physics.



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A.M. (Hope), Oxford; Secretary. Professor of the English Language and Literature.

MISS MAE L. BRUSSE,
A.B. (Hope); Instructor in German.

ARTHUR H. HEUSINKVELD,
A.B., (University of Chicago); Assistant Professor of English.

MISS CHRISTINE C. VAN RAALTE,
A.B., (Hope); Instructor in French and German.



CARL J. KNOCK,
Ph.D., (University of Iowa);
Professor of Education.

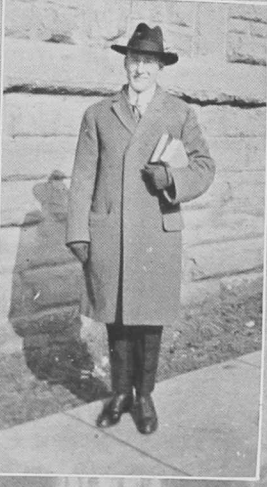
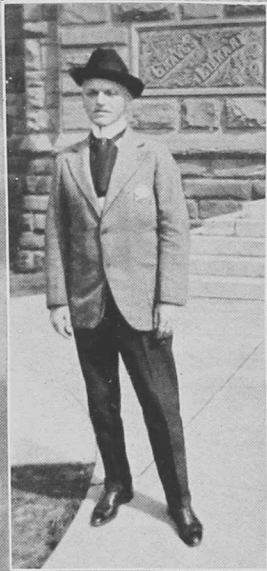
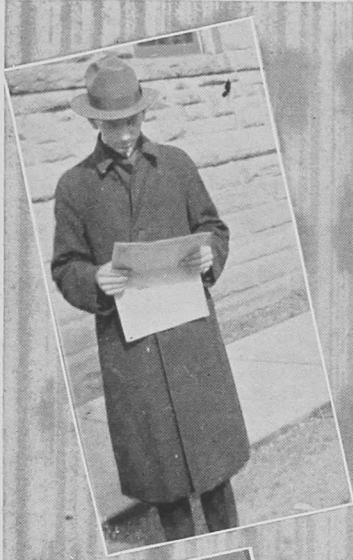
MISS ELIZABETH A. HUNT,
A.B., (Alma); Instructor in
English.

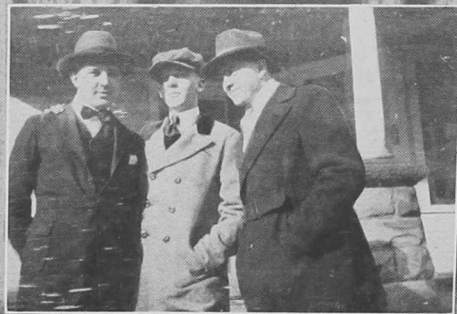
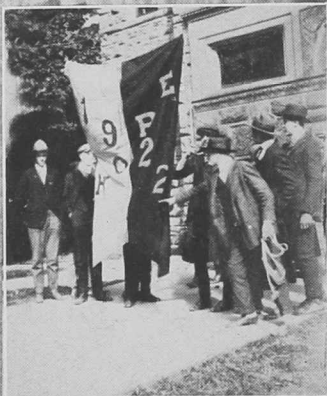
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Professor of German and
French.

MRS. WINIFRED H. DURFEE,
A.M., (University of Wisconsin);
Dean of Women; Instructor in
French.



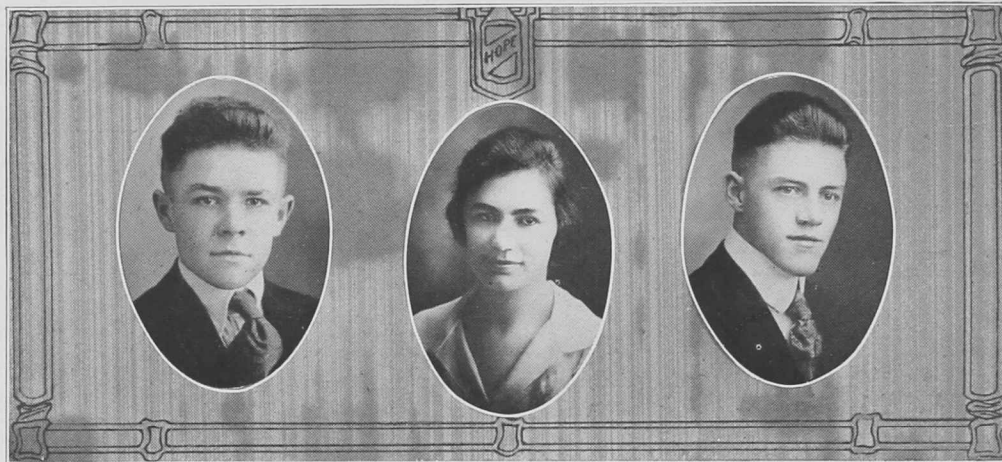
MISS MAGDALENE M. DE PREE,
Librarian.





Seniors-



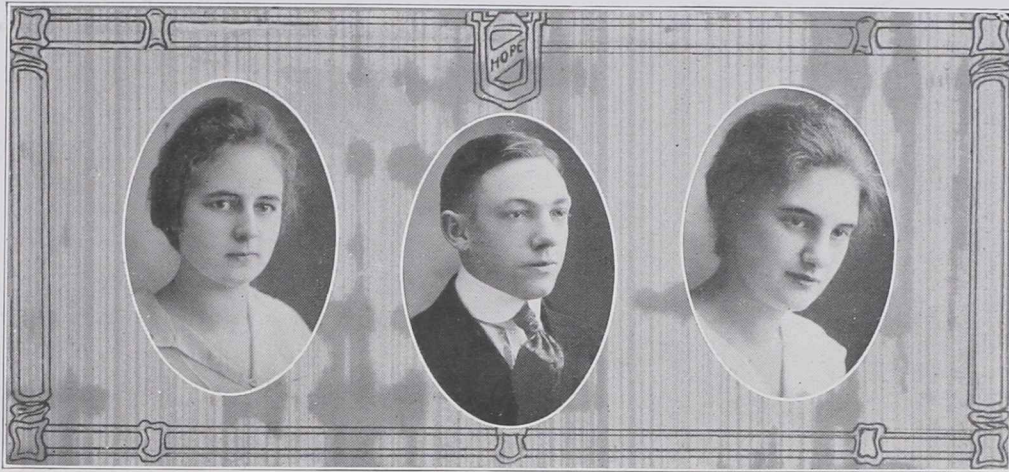


RUDOLPH DUIKER HOSPERS,
 (Holland)
 Fraternal
 Student Council (Pres.)
 Milestone Staff '18;
 Anchor Staff; Senior Play.

MAYME KLOOTE,
 (Grand Rapids, Mich.)
 Sorosis;
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '18, '19, (Pres.)
 Student Volunteer;
 Milestone Staff '18.

CLARENCE KLEIS
 (Holland)
 Michigan State Scholarship.

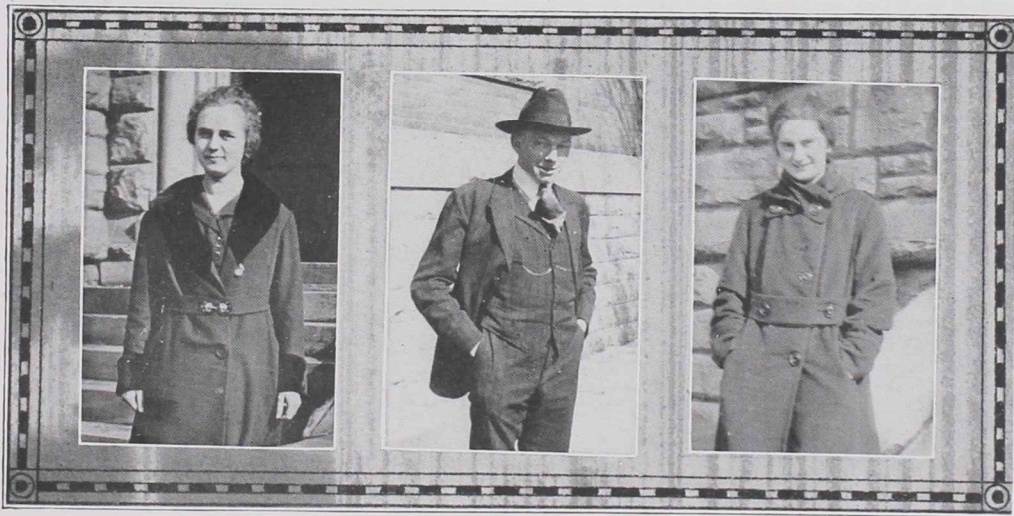


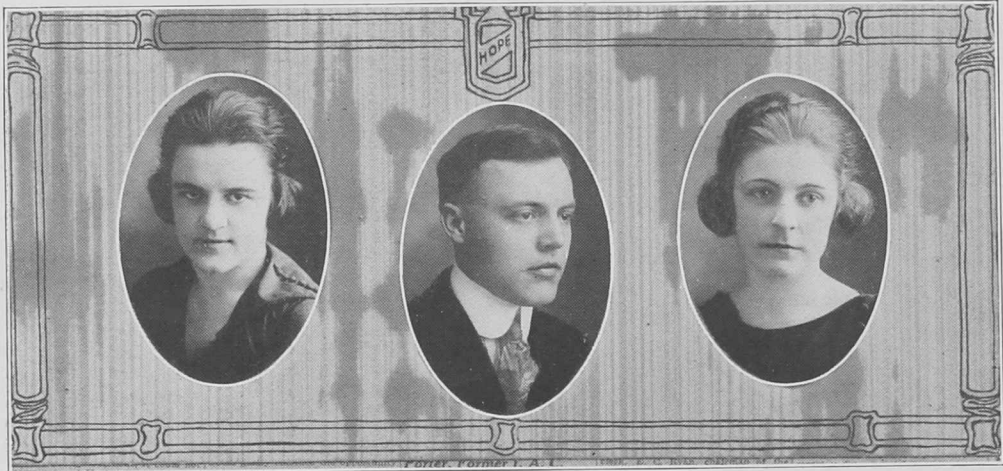


CYNTHIA PENNING,
 (Orange City, Ia.)
 Delphi;
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19.
 Glee Club; Senior Play

BERNIE MULDER,
 (Holland)
 Knickerbocker (Pres.);
 College Debater;
 Student Council; Ulfilas Club.
 Y.M.C.A. Cabinet '16.
 Milestone Staff '17;
 Senior Play (Mgr.)

MARTINA MAGDALENA DE JONG
 (Holland)
 Delphi.
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19.
 Glee Club.



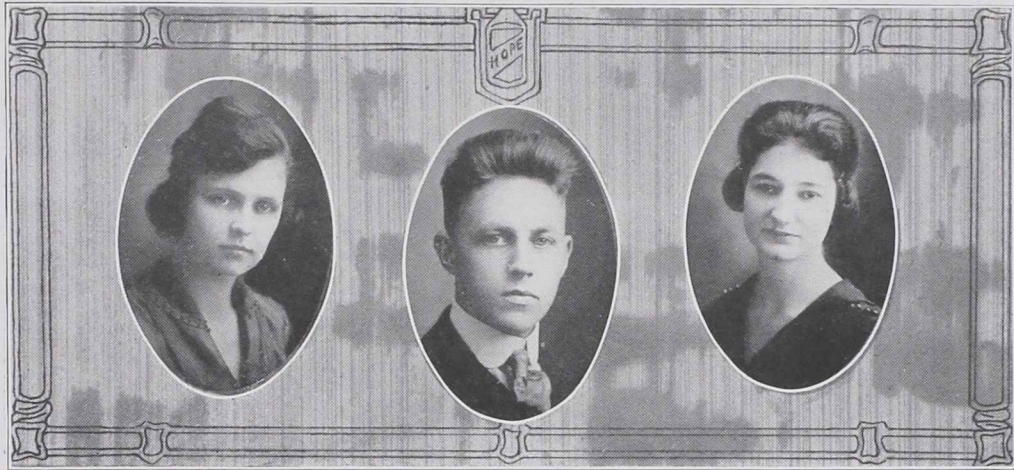


HARRIET ZAVERA BAKER
 (Grand Haven)
 Sorosis (Pres.)
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19;
 Dramatic Club;
 "Uke" Orchestra (Director)
 Patriotic League; Senior Play.

ANDREW KARSTEN,
 (Hudsonville)
 Science Club;
 Ohio State Scholarship.

MARGARET THOMASMA,
 (Grand Rapids, Mich.)
 Sorosis
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '18;
 Dramatic Club;
 Glee Club; Student Council.



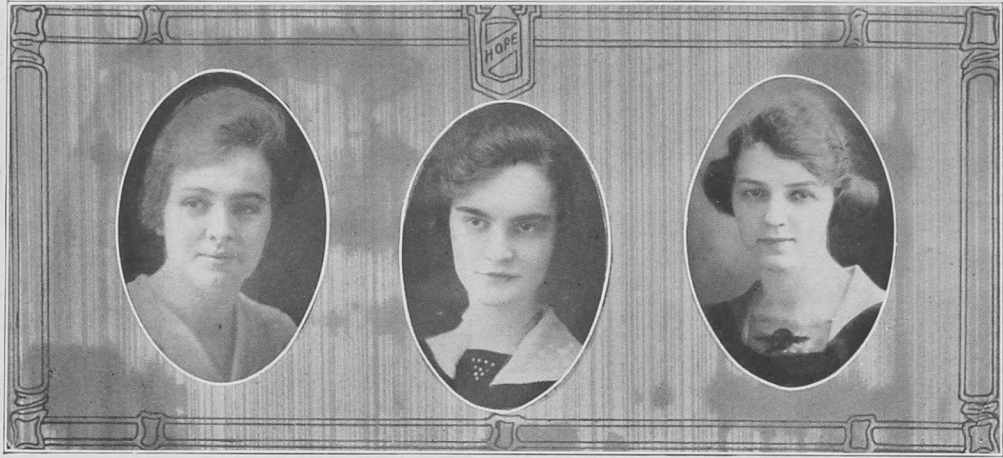


FLORENCE JEANETTE VYN,
 (Grand Haven, Mich.)
 Mu' Delta Sorority, Ypsilanta
 Sorosis
 "Uke" Orchestra.

JOHN TEN HAVE
 (Zeeland, Mich.)
 Knickerbocker.
 Science Club.

ANNA JUNE AMEELE,
 (Williamson, N. Y.)
 Sorosis.
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19.



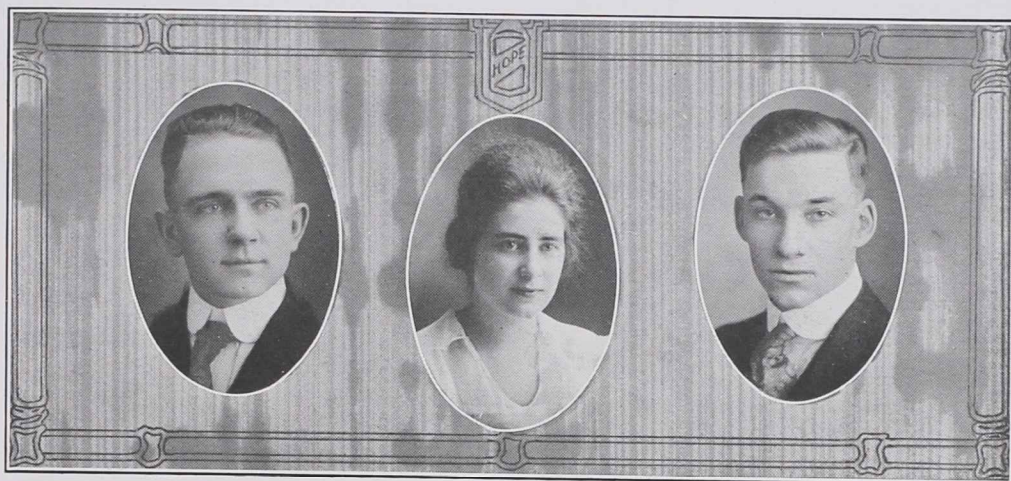


DORA MAY VAN LOO,
 (Zeeland, Mich.)
 Sorosis.
 Valedictorian

CLARA ELIZABETH REEVERTS,
 (Peoria, Ill.)
 Delphi.
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19;
 Glee Club.

ALICE EDITH RAAP
 (Holland)
 Sorosis.
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19.
 Milestone Staff '18.
 "Uke" Orchestra.



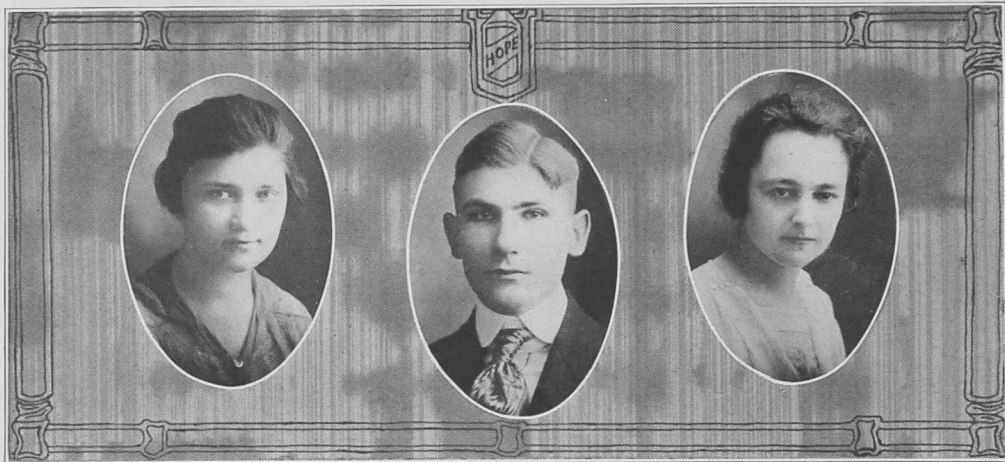


RALPH GARRET KORTELING
 (Chicago, Ill.)
 Cosmopolitan.
 Y.M.C.A. Cabinet '16, '17, '18.
 Student Volunteer;
 Senior Play.

ANNA RUTH WINTER,
 (Fairview, Ill.)
 Delphi
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19.
 "Uke" Orchestra.
 Glee Club.
 Scholarship
 Penn. State Medical

CLARENCE HEEMSTRA,
 (Chicago, Ill.)
 Cosmopolitan
 Anchor Staff '18.
 Milestone Staff '18.
 Basketball Varsity.
 Baseball; Track
 Dramatic Club;
 Senior Play.



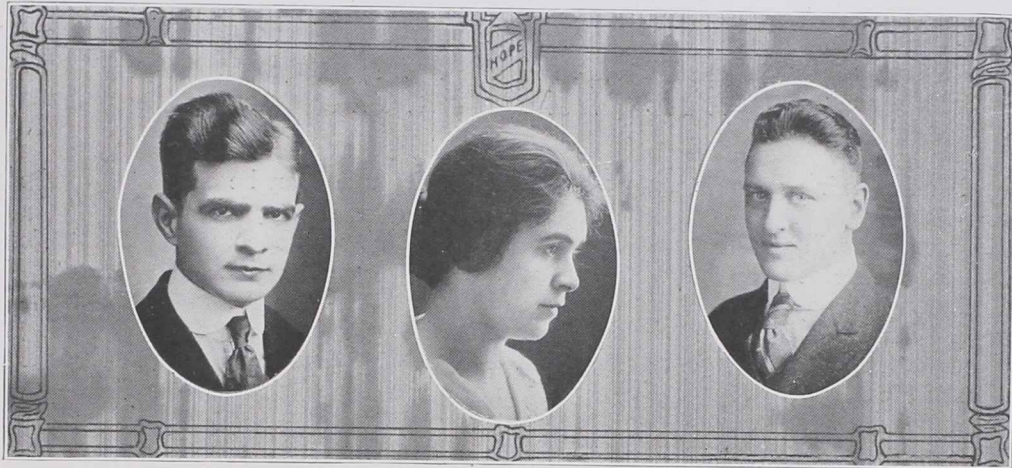


IRENE DOROTHY VAN ZANTEN
 (Holland)
 Sorosis.
 Y.W.C.A. Cabinet '19;
 Student Council;
 Senior Play.

JOHN HENEVELD,
 (Holland)
 Student Volunteer.

CATHERINE MARGARET POPPEN
 (Holland)
 Delphi.
 Glee Club.





JAMES J. BURGGRAEF
 (Hudsonville, Mich.)
 Cosmopolitan.
 President of M.O.L. '19;
 College Debater '18;
 Milestone Staff, '18;
 Ulfilas Club.

ESTHER ROZELIA MULDER
 (Holland)
 Sorosis.
 Glee Club;
 Senior Play.

GEORGE JAMES DE WITT
 (Holland)
 Cosmopolitan.
 Editor-in-Chief Milestone '18.
 Anchor Staff;
 Y.M.C.A. Cabinet '18;
 College Debater;
 Student Council '17.



The Class of 1919

Nineteen-nineteen, the class with a reputation, will soon be relegated to the annals of Hope. After our four years' experience as a class, we suspect that a few members will wonder, as they are to receive their sheepskins, whether it is their commencement or their finish which is being made the occasion of honor.

During their college career the class of '19 experienced the tremendous upheaval of the world war. Entering Hope at the time of her highest glory, sharing as Freshmen in her semi-centennial jubilee, seeing her bend nobly under her share of the war's burdens, and, on the eve of departure, watching her arise again with evidence of greater power and greater glory to come: this has been the peculiar lot of the present Seniors. The history of the class of '19 is a dual history—one part enacted here, in the classroom and the gymnasium, on the athletic field and the roster; the other in the army camps of the United States and on the field of France.

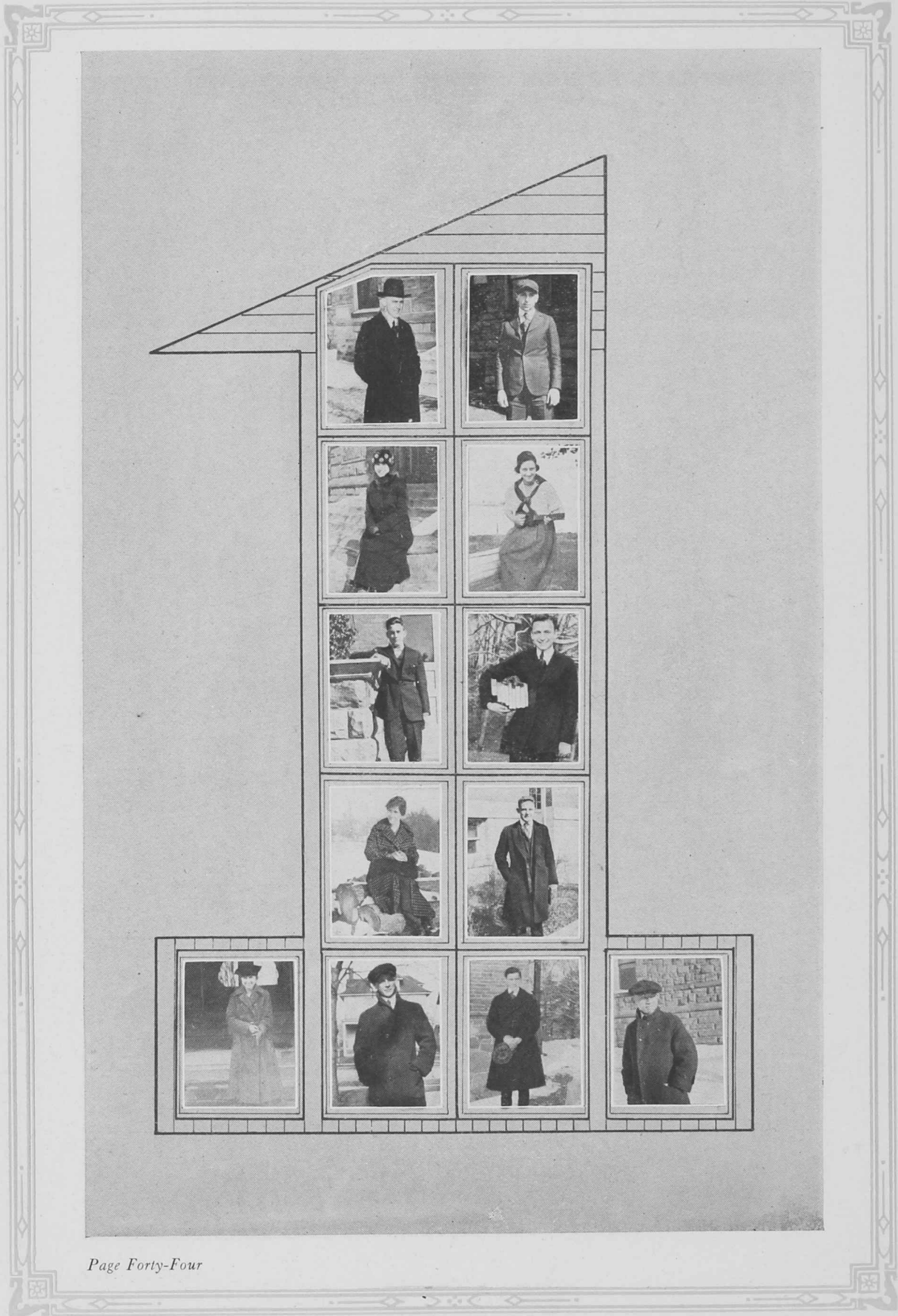
We finished our Freshman year undefeated in any line of competition. We were the recognized champions of the school. The reputation for life, for spirit, for "pep", which has always adhered distinctly to this class, was acquired in our infancy and grew along with us. The second year was similar, until the call for men sounded, and one by one our men began to leave. For the remainder of the Sophomore, and thruout the Junior year this continued. Then, the armistice. From our own members and former members of previous classes our ranks were re-formed; the old class consciousness returned; life red-blooded and vibrant with power, with the fire of pride and determination, was ours once more. Many of our classmates are still wearing Uncle Sam's olive drab. Some will be required because of their long absence to remain when we leave, to finish with another class. They are still a part of Nineteen-nineteen. Their deeds belong to our history.

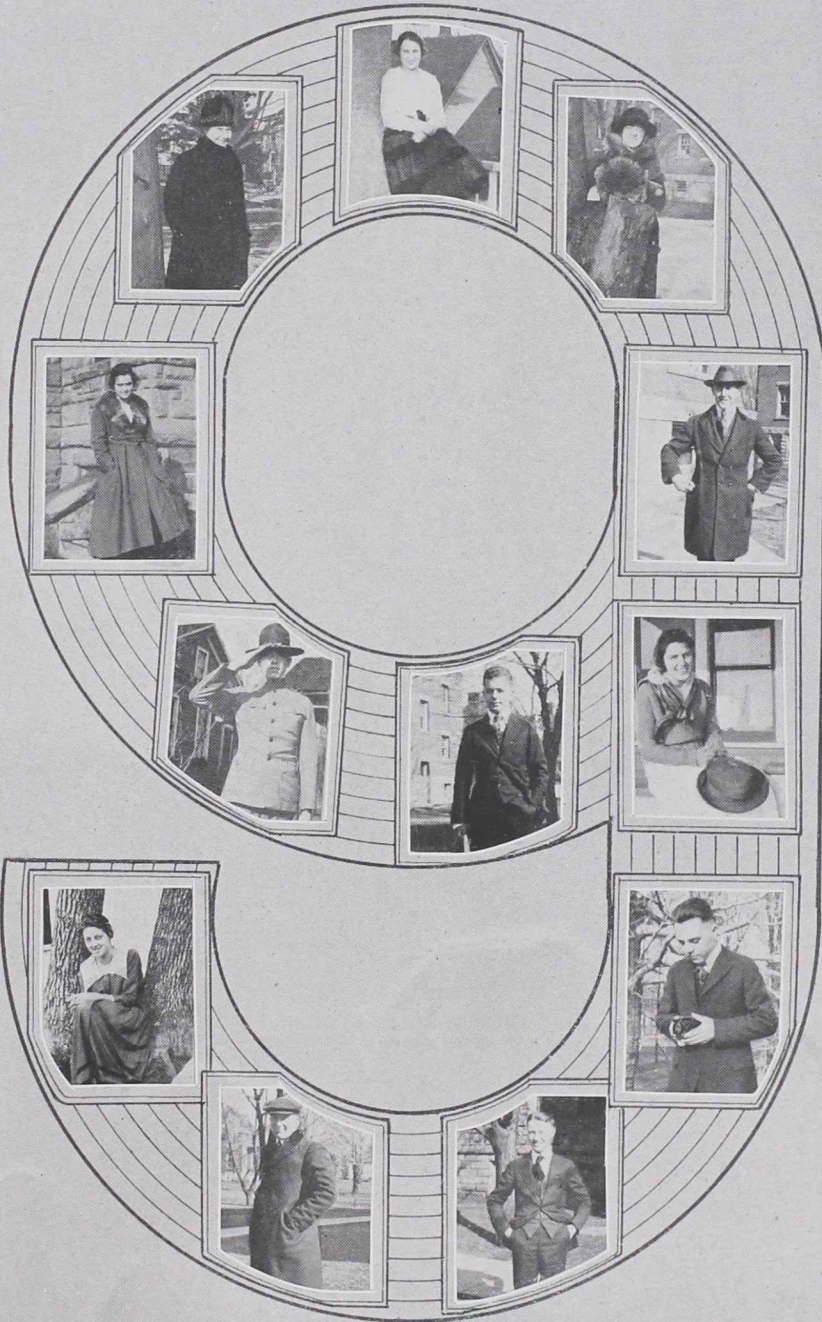
Four years the members of the class of '19 have worked and played and fought for themselves and their Alma Mater. In our lives the work we have done will count for power; in our memories the enjoyments we have had will remain unfading bits of brightness to be recalled with pleasure. We have sought to catch, to interpret, to spread abroad the Hope Spirit. We have endeavored to contribute those elements which we consider essential to its enlargement and successful working. We dare boast some measure of results accomplished and shall not cease in this endeavor when we have departed. We should like to stay. We are eager to go. We are ready to face life, seriously, cheerfully, trustingly; ready to take and to give what the world has to offer and to receive; ready to put to the test the knowledge, the experience, the philosophy of life, which Hope has taught us. These have stood the test in other lives: they will not fail in ours.

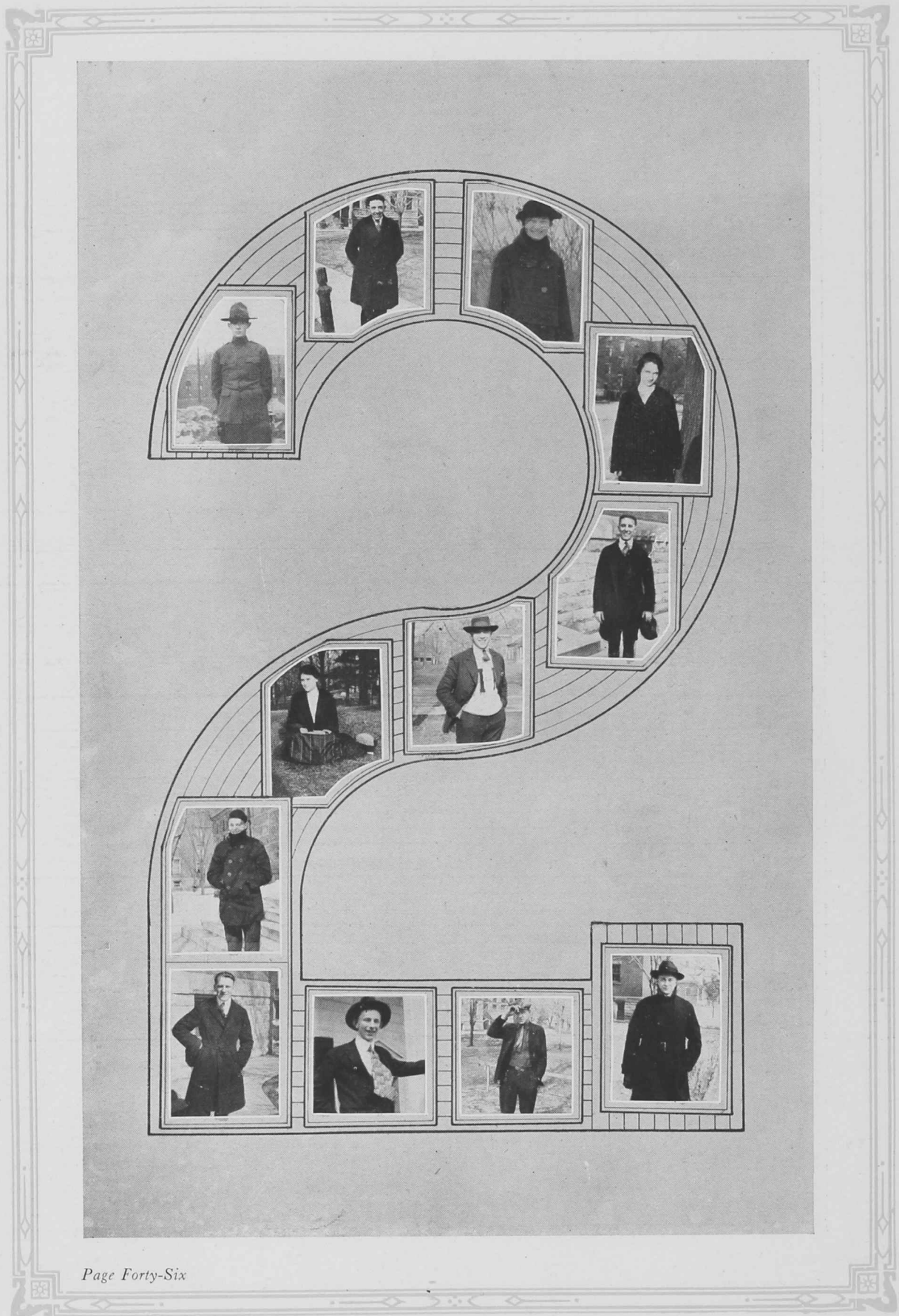
OFFICERS

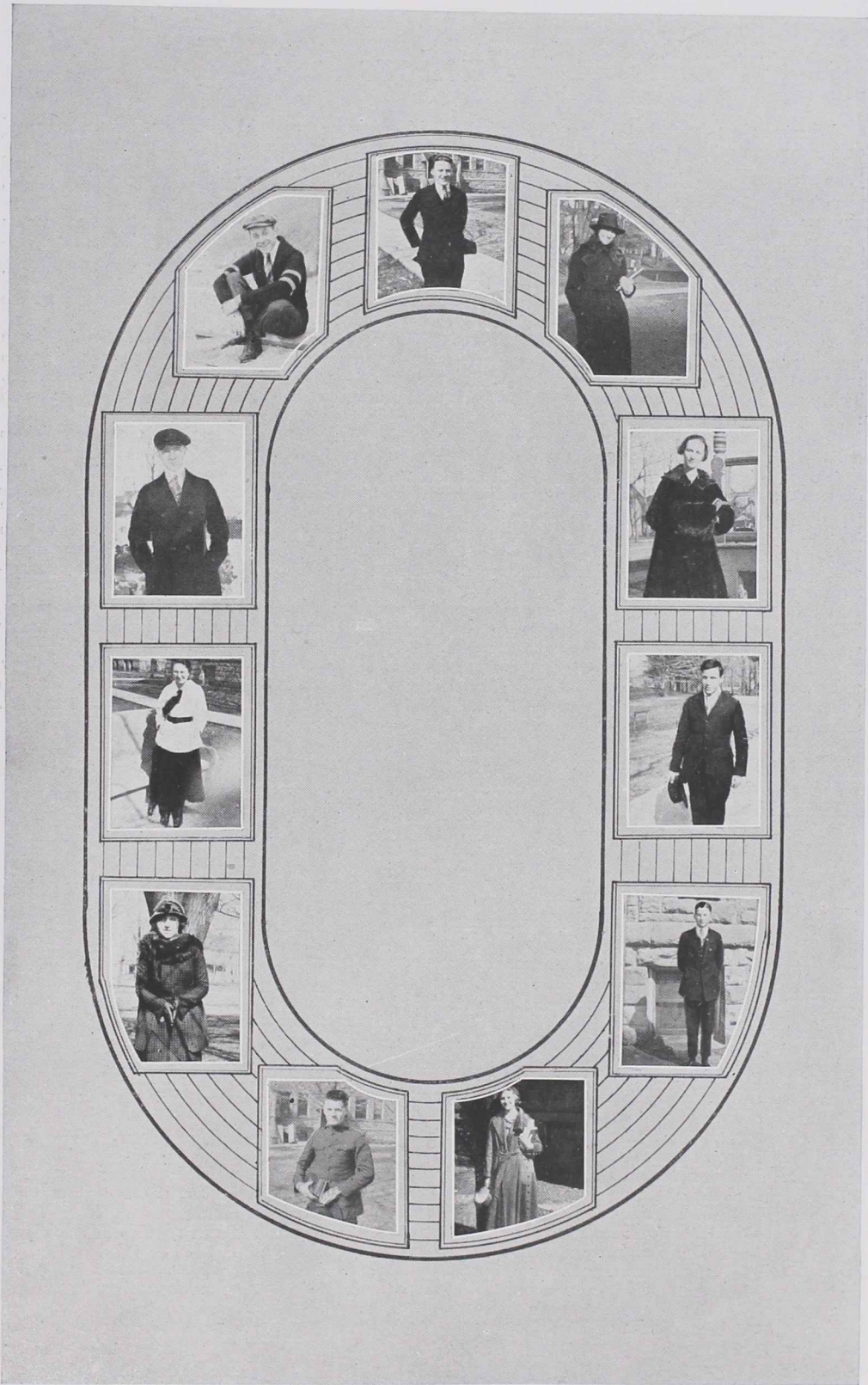
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|--------------------|---|---|---|---|-----------------------|
| RUDOLPH D. HOSPERS | . | . | . | . | <i>President</i> |
| MISS FLORENCE VYN | . | . | . | . | <i>Vice President</i> |
| JOHN HENEVELD | . | . | . | . | <i>Treasurer</i> |











Juniors

When on the twentieth of September 1916 the goddess Aurora sounded the bugle call there appeared on the scene a motley multitude, assembled from the four corners of the earth. There were tillers of the soil, aspirants to the pulpit, congressmen in embryo, physicians of infantine proportions, imperfed pedagogues, from the crowded thorofares of Iowa, the lumbercamps of Muskegon, and the cornfields of Hoboken, irrespectively—a vast mass of latent energy.

It was an inspiration to the aborigines of the institution to see the eighty-six stalwart exponents of verdure, who, with sprightly step, took possession of the Freshmen seats of honor in Winants amphitheatre, and listened with wrapt attention as Prexy repeated his annual words of welcome.

Neither as Freshmen nor as Sophomores were we forced into submission by the "Tug of War" into the threatening black waters. Our honor has been maintained in spite of the atrocities of the opposition.

Now that the bugle has blown, let us send forth a mighty blast from the athletic horn. As Freshmen we contributed our full quota toward every field of athletics. As Sophomores two of our men were on the varsity team and four on the reserve team; we took pride in the six men who played on the gridiron. This year our attempts have been jolted by disturbing conditions; the "Fans" have disappeared and reappeared; but through it all our support and interest has not waned.

There are other lines along which we have actively directed our efforts,—the participation in religious activities, and the development in the realm of music, art, science, and dramatics.

But the stronghold of the Class of 1920 is and ever will be scholarship and forensics. The faculty declare the class of '20 to have a higher academic record than any class for many years. Listen to our record in oratory! This is the second year that we have supplied the representative for the ladies' M.O.L. Contest and each time the heroine has returned bearing the insignia of success. But not thru the girls alone did we gain our laurels in oratory, for did not the Skaneatelesian return this very spring wearing the crown of victory? In debating we produced several men who won honors in the intercollegiate work.

During this year our banner has been twice at half mast in remembrance of our beloved classmates, William Jansma, and George Roosenraad, who are absent from us, for whom we grieve, whose memory we cherish—they who "have poured out their last full measure of devotion"—our heroes!

And now when peace has banished the cloud of sorrow from our portals, and Father Time is about to turn over to our Senior leaf in the calendar of school years, we the Juniors would humbly leave to you as a heritage, this our best pamphlet—the Milestone,—we, the class of 1920, on whom the sun of success never sets.

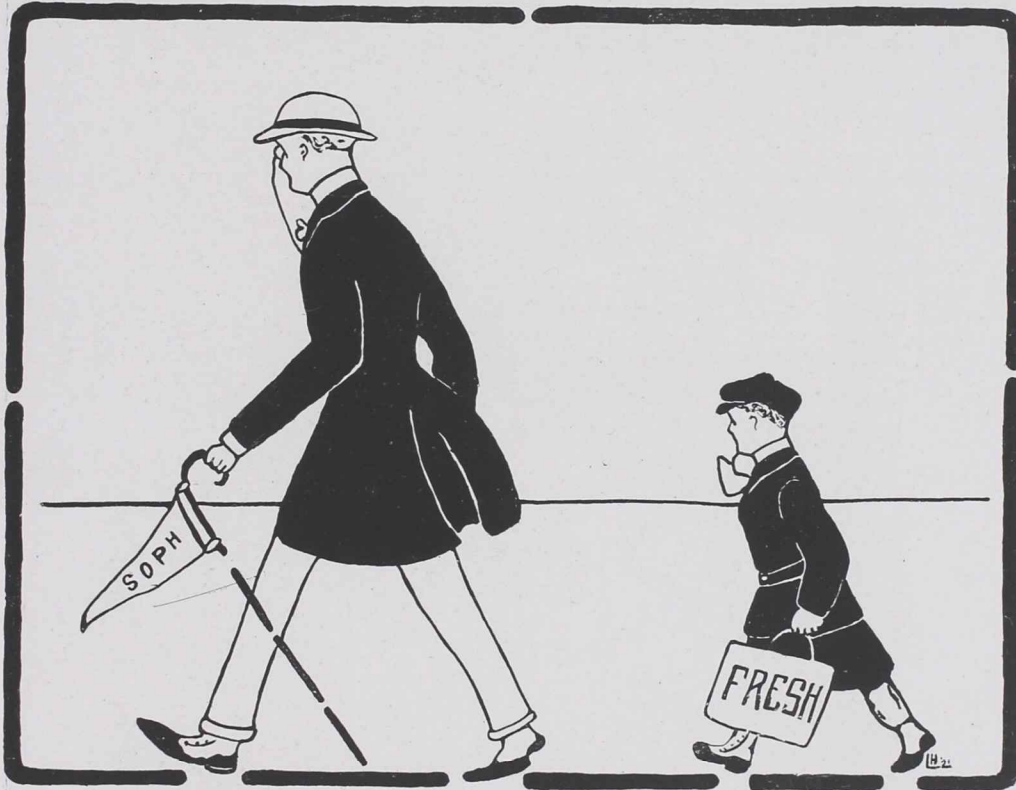
OFFICERS

| | | |
|---------------------|--|----------------------------|
| PETER J. SIEGERS | | <i>President</i> |
| WILLIAM VANDER WERP | | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| HELEN BELL | | <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> |

CLASS ROLL

| | |
|---|---|
| Broekema, Myron M. Baker, Peter Garret Bell, Helen Martha Belt, Josie Bolks, Marie Christine Bos, Nanko Cornelius Chen, Hsi Yuan Danhof, Marie Walkley De Jonge, Chris Anthony De Jonge, Oliver John De Pree, Ada Johana Dulmes, Henrietta Geegh, Mary Emma Giles, Roscoe Mott Hager, Harry James Hoekstra, Theodora Holkeboer, Henry Holkeboer, Tena Koppenaar, William Paul Meengs, John Henry Meyer, Helene Frances Muilenberg, Marcus C. Muyskens, Gerrit Dick Osterhof, Gerard Gorden | Potts, Jane Henrietta Prins, Peter Nicholas Prins, Teunis Wayenberg Reeverts, Emma Marie Roggen, Arthur Siegers, Peter John Stopples, Catherine Bertha Ten Have, Ralph Te Paske, Eva Estella Van Ark, Jurry John Vanden Noort, Judokus Vander Borgh, Garrett Vander Meer, William Vander Werp, Jeanette Vander Werp, William Van Dyke, Harold Milton Van Westenberg, Pearl Vermeer, Hattie Voskuil, Harmon Voss, Fred Westmaas, Adams Whelan, Anna Mary Wolters, Edward John Zemer, Evelyn |
|---|---|

SOPHOMORE



CLASS



Sophomores

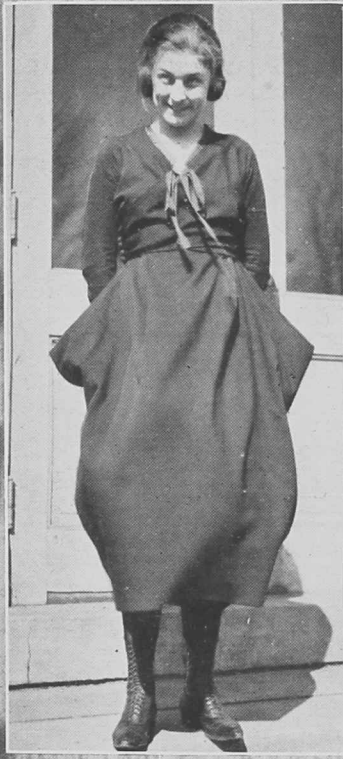
Lord Byron tells us that "The Secret of Success is constancy of purpose." The Sophomore class realizes the truth of the saying and lives this ideal in all its activities. What class has revealed more latent talent, more promise for the future glory of Hope? In the fields of literature, art, science, and forensics she has put forth men and women creditable to any college. In athletics she has shown a favorable, though not as prominent a part as in other fields. During the past year her various talents have made their impress upon the students of Hope. Along literary lines the class of 1921 has shown great talent, her poets and prospective short story writers being quite distinctive. Her art and science students are ranked highest in the school. In forensics her men have done well; she has the honor this year of having one of her members on the college debating team. This class, also, has supplied the track team with three men and the college basketball team has benefited much by one of her members for the past two years. The class is one of extraordinary capabilities and Hope may well expect great things from "Twenty One."

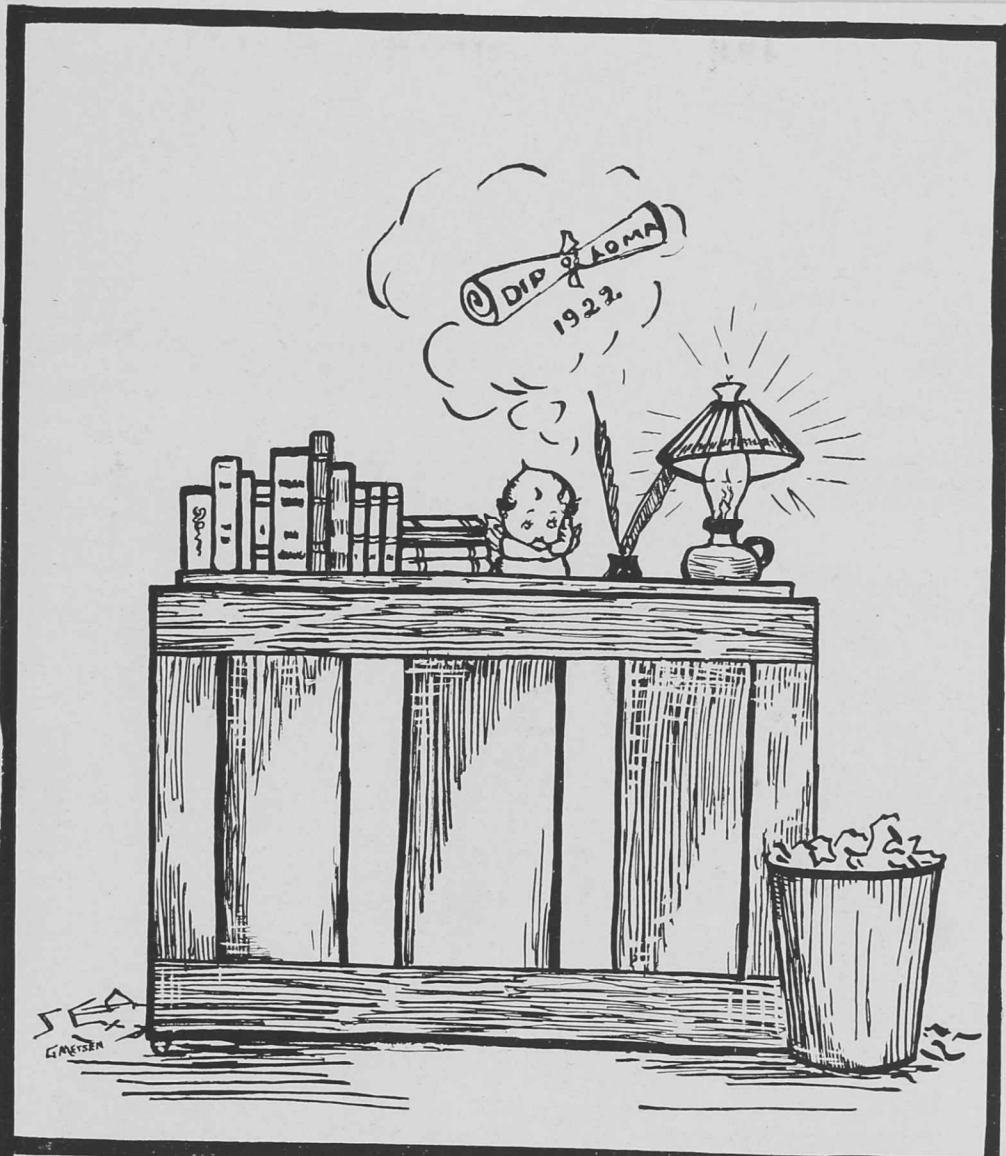
OFFICERS

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| JOHN KEMPERS | <i>President</i> |
| KATHERYN VANDER VEEN | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| MARGARET VAN DONSELAAR | <i>Secretary</i> |

CLASS ROLL

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Boersma, Harry Albert | Pieters, Janet Gertrude |
| Brink, William | Poppen, Clarence John |
| Dalenberg, Florence Hazel | Prakken, Katharyn Carolyn |
| Dekker, Fred Henry | Pyle, Henry William |
| De Wolf, Martin | Schmid, Katherine Irene |
| Diekema, Edith Mae | Smith, Helen Elizabeth |
| Du Mez, Frances Bertha | Soerens, Wilhelmina G. |
| Elferdink, Marie Elizabeth | Stephan, Gertrude Henrietta |
| Hemmes, Jessie Cornelia | Teninga, Tonetta |
| Heemstra, Lucile Elizabeth | Telinde, Ruth |
| Hoffman, Justin Harvey | Thoms, Frances Marion |
| Ihrman, Francis P. | Thornton, Mary Ellen |
| Kempers, John | Vanderpleeg, Jeannette E. |
| Keppel, Vera Jane | Vanderploeg, John Bert |
| Klein, Harriett | Vander Veen, Katharyn E. |
| Klomparsens, James | Van Donselaar, Margaret |
| Klooster, Alexander Melvin | Van Loo, Maurice |
| Leroy, Francis | Van Putten, Henrietta |
| Luxen, Emily Hortense | Van Raalte, Helene W. |
| Manting, Myra Marguerite | Vaupell, Edward Delbert |
| Meyer, Nella Katherine | Verduin, Maurice John |
| Mol, Henry | Walvoord, A. Christopher |
| Mulder, Mabelle | Weersing, Deane |
| Ossewaarde, Jedidah A. | Yntema, Theodore O. |





FRESHMEN



Freshmen

In September, 1918 some sixty or seventy Freshmen entered the doors of old Hope and enrolled as first-degree members in the world wide association of loyal Hopeites. The year 1918 marked an abnormal period in the history of Hope College, for the ranks of the upper-classmen were greatly depleted, and the Freshmen class stood somewhat in the majority.

During the first few weeks the life of the Freshmen was not all sunshine and roses. They were strangers, and as such were "taken in" by everyone. But they proved their mettle at various times, and always showed the right spirit, and soon the class of '22 commanded the respect of faculty and upper-classmen alike. Freshmen, gathered from all parts of the country and even from the Old World, showed exceptional ability in every line of endeavor. In the classroom, on the athletic field, in the literary societies and in the social life, the Freshmen have demonstrated that they possess talents which are not to be slighted.

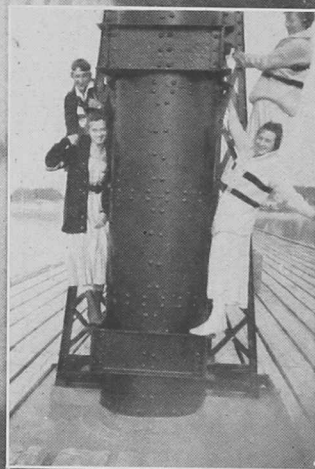
And now that their first year at Hope is over, the Freshmen can well be proud of their record of the past year. They began their four years journey through Hope quietly and slowly, but through the passing months their momentum has increased, and they are now holding their own among their fellow Hopeites. Of course, their numerous endeavors have not always ended in success; but they have profited by those mistakes, and defeat has only spurred them on to a great victory. They have caught the vision of old Hope. They are proud of her and look forward to a life of such service that some day Hope may be proud of them.

HAROLD LUBBERS
JOHN HAGER
GRACE MERSEN
ABRAHAM RYNBRANT

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer
Assistant

CLASS ROLL

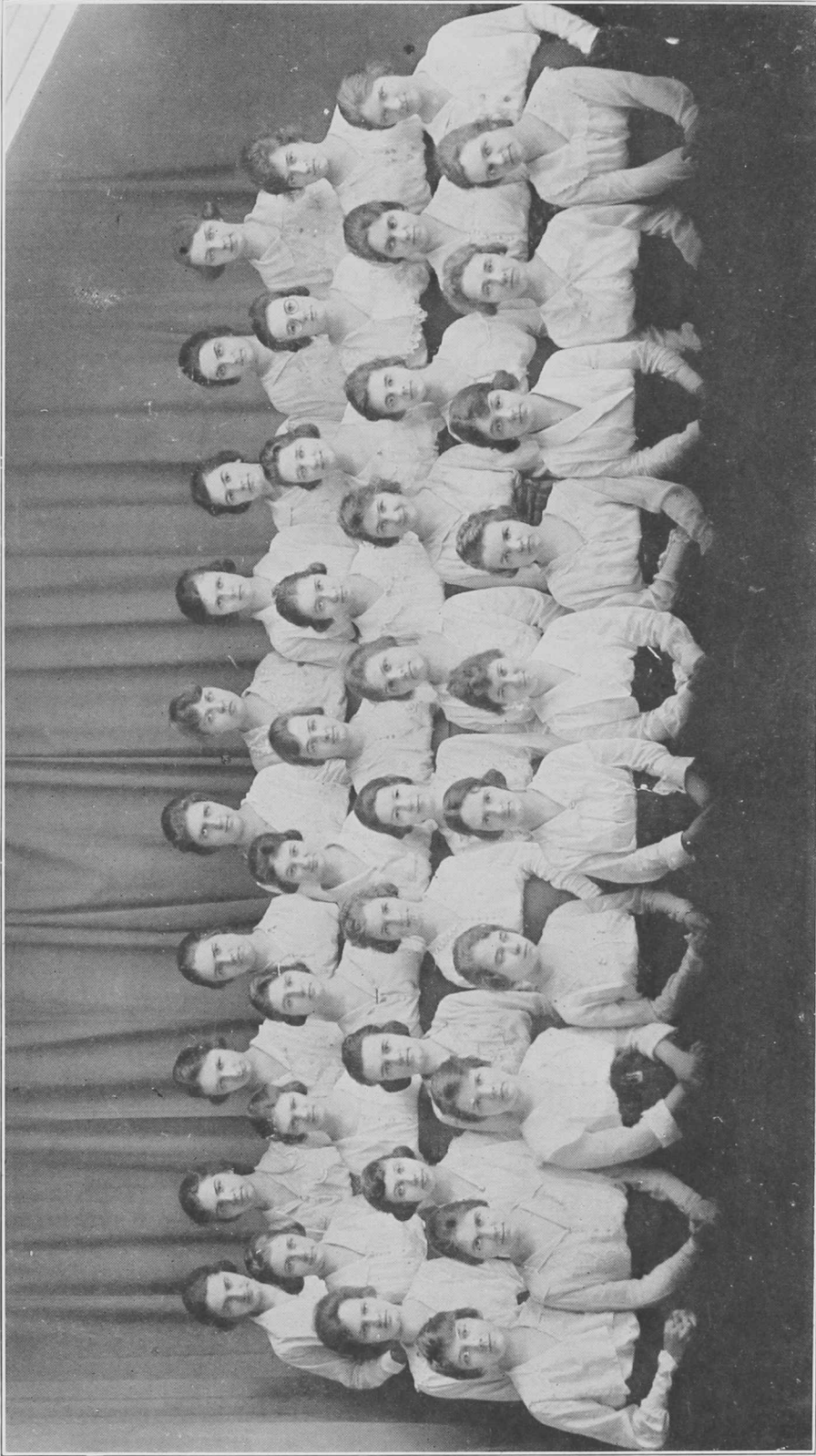
| | |
|--|---|
| <p>Beuker, Herman Bolks, Stanley Blocker, Richard J. Bolt, Henry John Buchanan, Ellace Earline Burggraaff, Winfield Dalenberg, Lina Dekker, Henry William De Cook, Anna Pearl De Jong, Garrett Edward Den Uyl, Teunis De Young, Ward Adrian Doan, Dorothy Duiker, William John Dyke, James Andrew Fokkart, Marvin James Gaikema, Everett William Grannert, Robert Ogden Gunneman, Freida H. Hager, Richard John Hamelink, Marinus Hamelink, Susanna Heitland, Freda Hoek, George Edward Hoffman, Jeanette M. Jappinga, Dick Kamps, Jacob Joldersma, Rensie Henry Kingma, Albert Kleinheksel, James Harvey Kloote, Leona Knox, Emma Kramer, Gertrude E. Lubbers, Harold A. McBride, Katherine Laura</p> | <p>McKelvie, Florence Ansley Meinecke, Egmont S. Meengs, Anthony Zenus Mersen, Grace M. Nye, Beulah Elva Oosting, Edna Osborne, Beatrice Helene Pennings, Bert Henry Plasman, Frederic Rozeboom, Egbert Andrew Rynbrandt, Abraham Schepel, Jacob Schipper, Stanley Dwight Schnooberger, Wilamena Schuurmans, Mike Steggarda, Morris Sulkers, Ernest Henry Te Paske, Leo Henry Tysse, Henry Vande Luyster, Nelson VanderPloeg, Harold A. Vande Wall, Agnes Van Duren, Arthur Jr. Van Lente, Fred Harry Van Oostenbrugge, Matthew Van Putten, James Dyke Van Tol, Cornelius Visscher, Maurice Bolks Wassenaar, Gerrit Henry White, Fern Whitman, Ada Evelyn Wierda, Jake Zweering, August Lambert Zwemer, Daniel J. Zwemer, Everett John Zwemer, Nellie Elizabeth</p> |
|--|---|



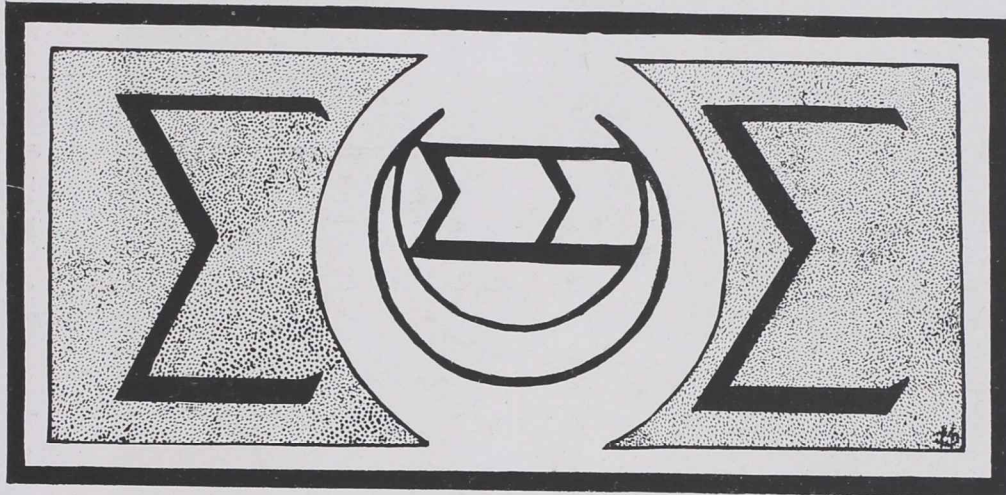


SOCIETIES

-H. P. R. B. E. R. -



Top Row Left to Right: Henrietta Van Putten, Marie Elferdink, Beatrice Osborne, Tonnetta Tenninga, Mary Thornton, Whilhelmina
 Schnooberger, Florende Vyn, Mayme Kloote, Helene Van Raalte, Alice Raap. Third Row: Margaret Thomasma, Kathryn Vander
 Veen, Gertrude Pieters, Anna Ameele, Dora Van Loo, Helene Meyer, Helen Bell, Leona Kloote, Beulah Nye. Second Row: Emily
 Luxen, Nella Meyer, Harriet Baker, Lucile Heemstra, Helen Smith, Ruth Telinde, Vera Keppel, Anna De Cook, Mabelle Mulder, Irene
 Van Zanten. Bottom Row: Elizabeth Zwemer, Esther Mulder, Frances Thoms, Gertrude Kramer, Marie Danhof, Lina Dalenberg,
 Fern White, Katherine McBride, Florence McKelvie, Pearl Van Westenbergh.



SOROSIS

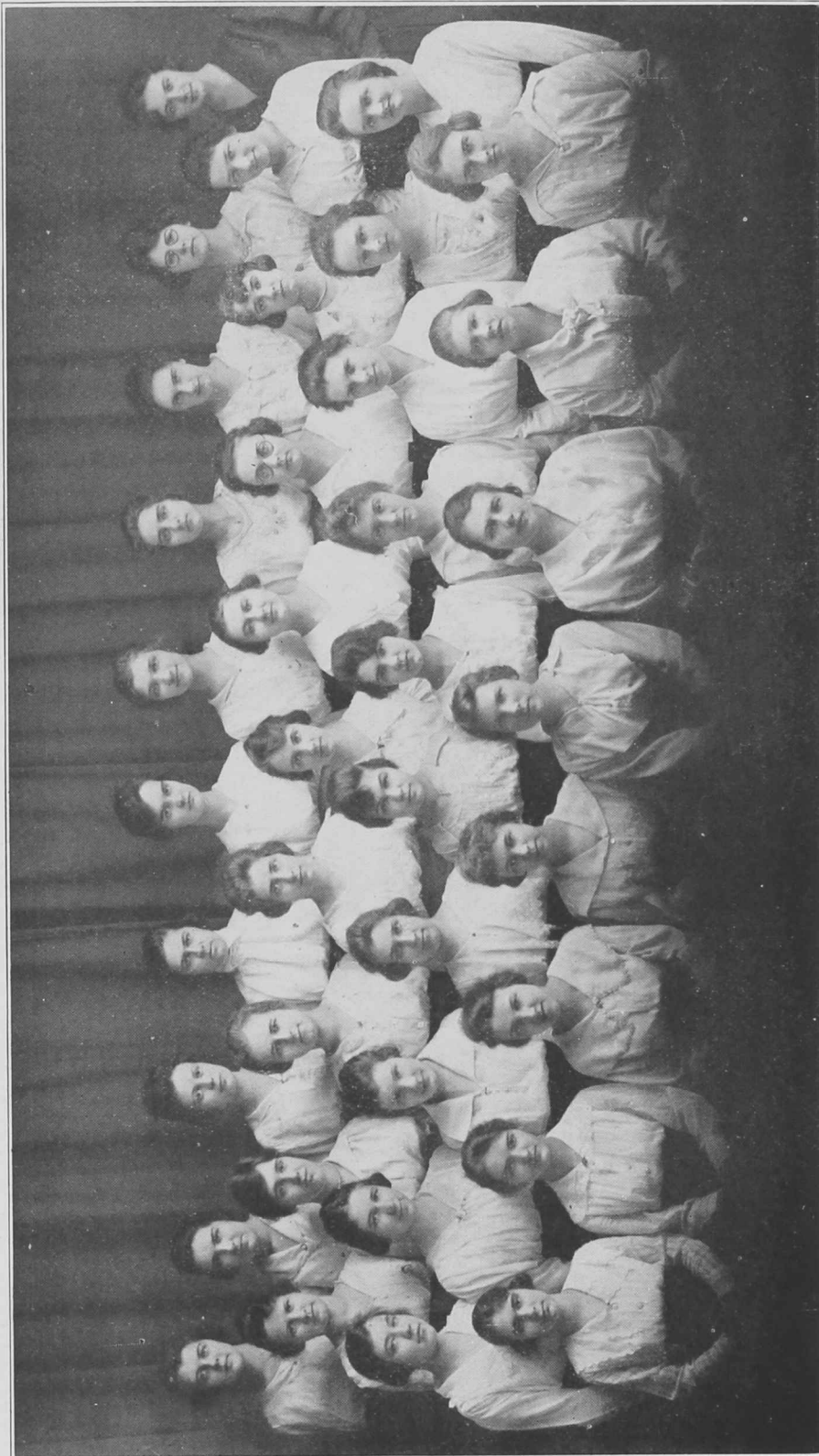
OUR SIGMA SIGMA

Sorosis, to thee we bow our heads,
 In true respect and praise
 For standards thou hast held for us,
 And urged us higher raise.
 Thou'st taught us how to know ourselves,
 And by that knowledge learn
 To know and love each other more
 With that love for which we yearn.

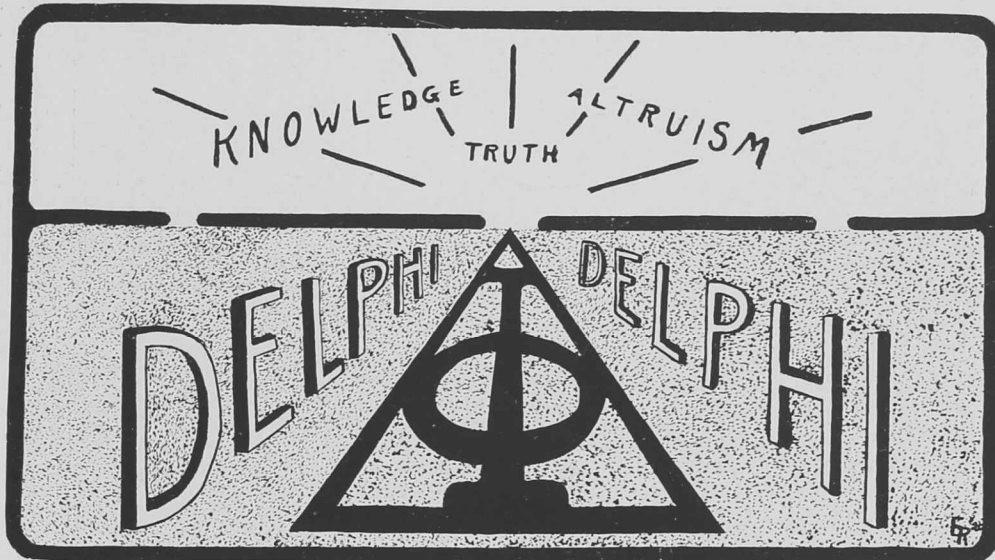
We have come to thee when happy,
 We have come to thee when sad,
 We have shared each joy and sorrow,
 And in sharing were made glad.
 We shall ne'er forget thy friendships,
 And Sorosis love shall live
 In the hearts of those who knew thee
 To whom we tribute give.

OFFICERS

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|
| MARGARET THOMASMA | . | . | . | . | <i>President</i> |
| FLORENCE VYN | . | . | . | . | <i>Vice President</i> |
| PEARL VAN WESTENBERG | . | . | . | . | <i>Secretary</i> |
| LUCILE HEEMSTRA | . | . | . | . | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| FRANCES THOMS | . | . | . | . | <i>Keeper of Archives</i> |



Kathryn Prakken, Marie Bolks, Harriet Klein, Deane Weersing, Clara Reeverts, Jane Potts, Elizabeth Hartgerink, Martina De Jong,
 Edith Diekema, Susanna Hamelink. Second Row: Hattie Ver Meer, Emma Reeverts, Cynthia Pennings, Anna Ruth Winter, Anna
 Whelan, Myra Manting, Jessie Hemmes, Frances Du Mez, Ada De Pree. Third Row from top: Margaret Van Donselaar, Jededaha
 Ooswaarde, Emma Knox, Josie Belt, Agnes Van De Wall, Bertha Stopples, Henrietta Dulmes, Evelyn Zwemer, Catherine Poppen,
 Jeanette Vanderploeg. Bottom Row: Ellace Buchanan, Katherine Schmid, Mary Geegh, Jeanette VanderWerp, Freda Heitland,
 Wilhelmina Soerens, Frieda Gunneman, Theodora Hoestra.

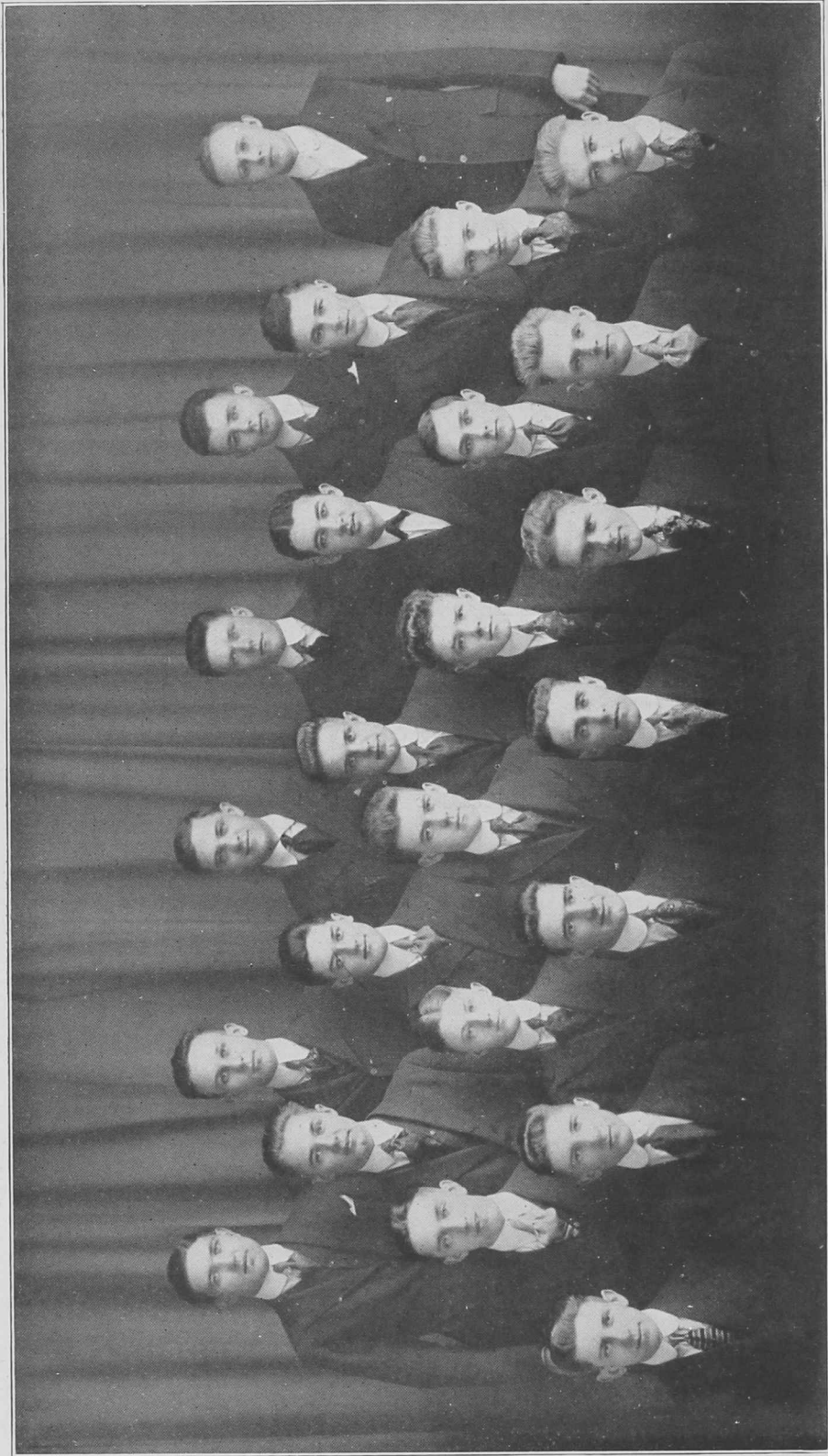


DELPHI SOCIETY

As Delphi passes her tenth milestone she looks back upon a pleasant, profitable, and, in many respects, memorable year. Tho never losing sight of her quest after knowledge and truth, the significant events which have transpired in the world's history, have stimulated her to emphasize the altruistic ideal. She has endeavored to make the Delta-bound Phi a symbol of true altruism,—a spirit of loving helpfulness and cooperation to her fellow members not only, but a spirit of unselfish interest in every fellow-Hopeite, and of willing service to all the world.

OFFICERS

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------|-----------------------|
| CATHERINE POPPEN | | <i>President</i> |
| JEANETTE VANDER WERP | | <i>Vice President</i> |
| JOSIE BELT | | <i>Secretary</i> |
| THEODORA HOEKSTRA | | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| EVA TE PASKE | | <i>Reporter</i> |



Top Row (Left to Right). Reininga, Granert, Bos, Bolt, Siegers, De Young.
 Blokker. Second Row: Vaupel, Duiker, Yntema, Hospers, Kingma, Japinga.
 Prins, Poppen, Klomparens.
 Third Row: Leroy, De Wolf, Vander Meer, Oltman,
 Bottom Row: Van Putten, Ihrman, T. Prins, Baker, P.

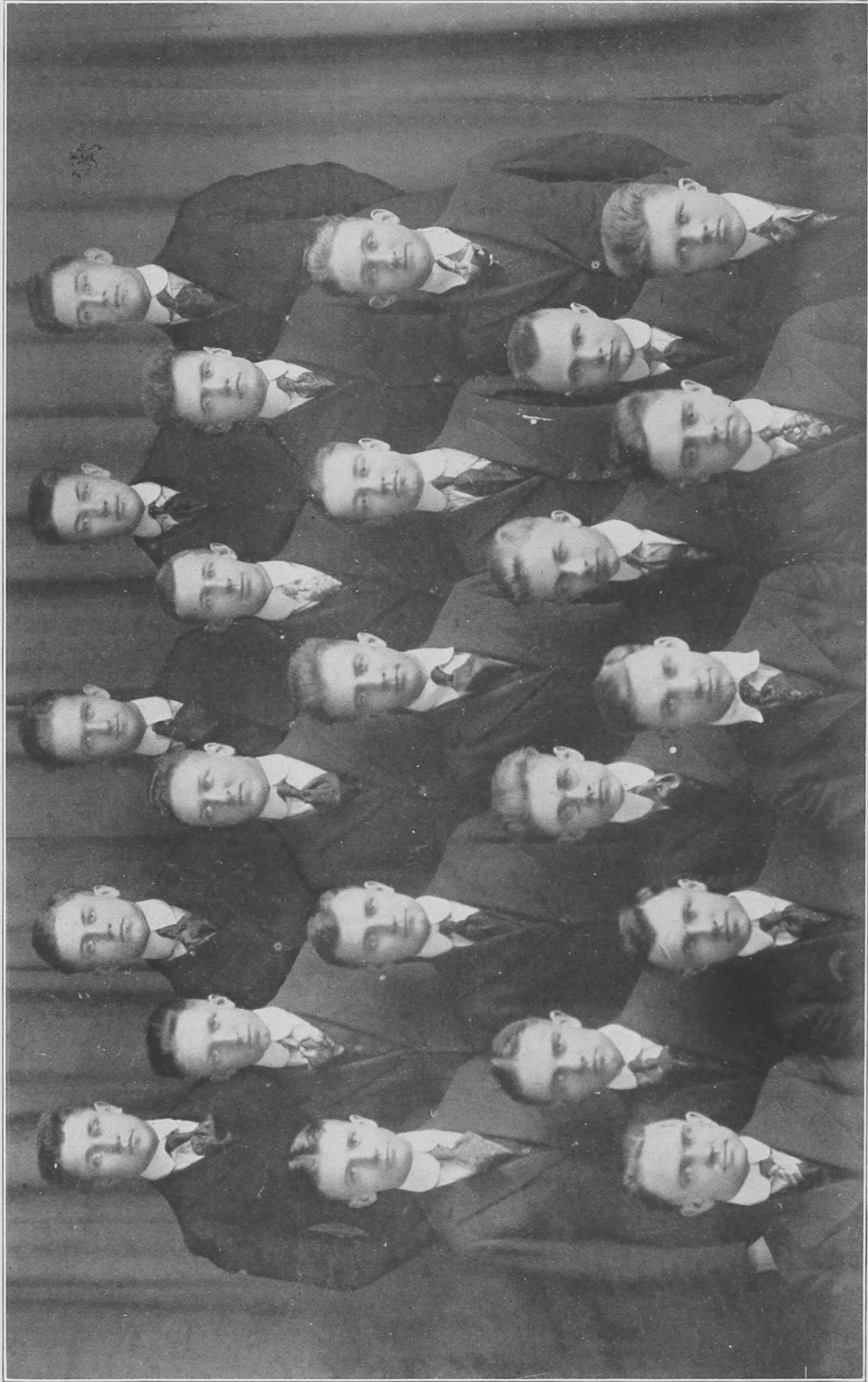


FRATERNAL SOCIETY

Reinforced and strengthened by the return of the Fraters who were in service, the Fraternal Society, the oldest literary society on the campus, entered upon its eighty-sixth year of existence with greater prospects and hopes than ever before. Her motto of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH has ever been the aim and guiding star which enabled her to weather storms and conflicts of four-score years and four. With the record of past achievements to inspire and encourage her, F.S. confidently turns to the future fully assured that the final outcome can only mean success.

OFFICERS

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------|---------------------------|
| TEUNIS PRINS | | <i>President</i> |
| PETER BAKER | | <i>Vice President</i> |
| THEODORE YNTEMA | | <i>Secretary</i> |
| NANKO BOS | | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| FRANCIS IHRMAN | | <i>Keeper of Archives</i> |



Top Row (Left to Right): G. De Jong, Te Pasky, R. J. Hager, Kleinheksel, H. Hager Fourth Row: Kempers, De Witt, J. Meengs, Schroeder.
Third Row: Rynbrandt, Vander Werp, Burggraaf, Gaikema, Sulkers. Second Row: Steggerda, Van Oostenbrugge, A. Meengs, Walvoord.
Bottom Row: Korteling, Mol, Heemstra, Pennings, H. Lubbers.



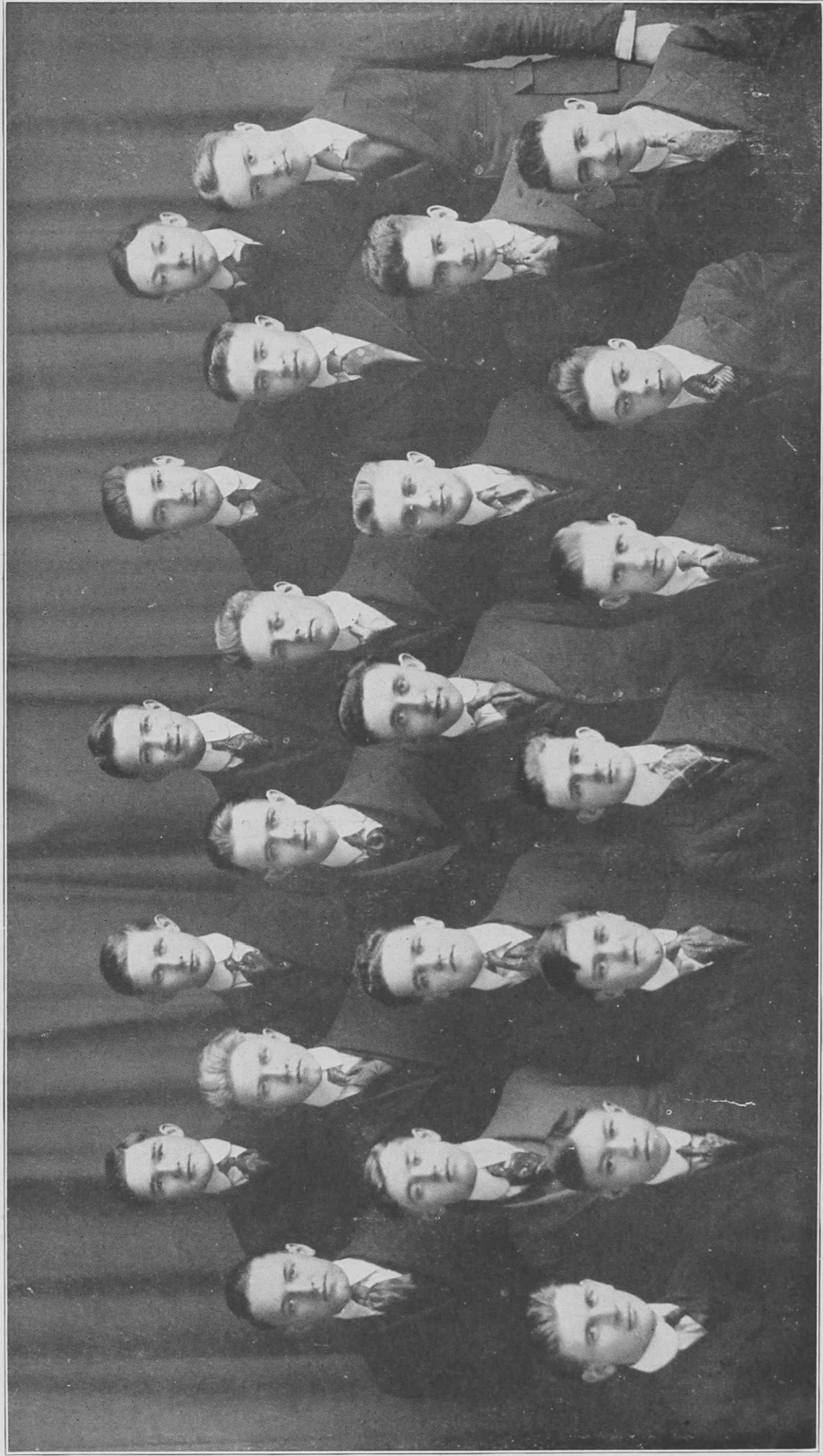
COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY

The Cosmopolitan Society started upon its twenty-ninth year crippled in membership because of the war. Many of its members had put aside their collegiate work to serve in the army and navy of the United States. Usual participation in society life on the campus was prevented by the S.A.T.C. But devotion to, and enthusiasm for the ideals of Cosmos evinced themselves in a well organized society at the beginning of the Winter Term. Literary excellence and social development characterized the meetings and programs. Sincere devotion to the ideals of Friendship, Truth and Progress is the pride of every true Cosmopolitan.

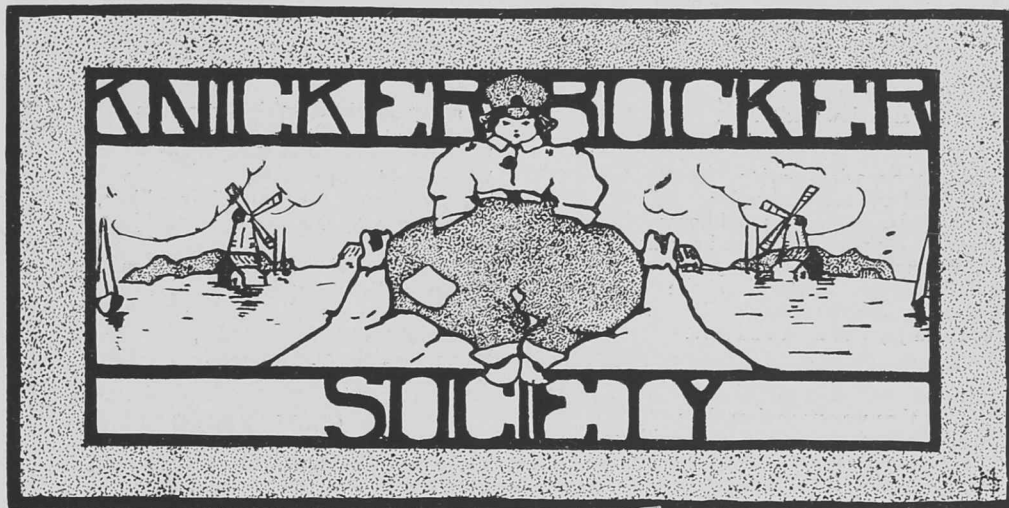
A wave of sorrow came to the Cosmopolitan Society when the Great King saw fit to change two of its stars of blue to gold. William Jansma and George Roosenraad made the supreme sacrifice in the service of their country. Our tribute to these noble Americans and Hopeites cannot be too high. The entire college shares the inspiration of their last great contribution to freedom and the world.

OFFICERS

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------------|
| RALPH KORTELING | | <i>President</i> |
| CLARENCE HEEMSTRA | | <i>Vice President</i> |
| JOHN HENRY MEENGs | | <i>Secretary</i> |
| JOHN KEMPERs | | <i>Treasurer</i> |



| | | | | |
|-----------|--------------|-------------|-------------|----------|
| VISSCHER | VANDER BORGH | OSTERHOF | MUILEBERG | MUIDER |
| WAASENAAR | BUEKER | TEN HAVE | O. DE JONGE | VAN DYKE |
| VER DUINE | F. DECKER | G. MUYSKENS | VAN TOL | VOSKUIL |
| HOLKEBOER | H. DECKER | C. DE JONGE | VAN LENTE | DEN UYL |
| | | | | HAMELINK |



KNICKERBOCKER SOCIETY

The Knickerbocker Society is ending its eleventh year in Campus history. The end of the Great War finds the organization overflowing with its old time spirit, in spite of the many vacant places.

The society meets weekly in K.S. hall, in an atmosphere fruitful of the common weal. Its members are all-around college men, who render the best there is, productive of instruction, inspiration, and entertainment. Father Knickerbocker has created a spirit of fellowship and goodwill and service that ever projects the Ruby-Black into new fields of Social, Moral, and intellectual achievement under the guiding hand of the Orange and Blue of *HOPE*

Officers

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| BERNIE MULDER | <i>President</i> |
| FRED VOSS | <i>Vice President</i> |
| HARRY BOERSMA | <i>Secretary</i> |
| FRED VAN LENTE | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| CHRIS DE JONG | <i>Keeper of Archives</i> |
| CORNELIUS VAN TOL | <i>Marshal</i> |
| MILTON VAN DYKE | <i>Chorister</i> |

SOROSIS

In robes of filmy white arrayed
With sunlight on her golden hair,
Bedecked with jewels bright, the maid
Appears to us, in splendor rare.
Her face with happiness agleam,
Her eyes with love and joy are bright
Her smile a radiant glory sheds,
Her path is all aglow with light.

The white the mark of purity
Of high ideal and noble thought;
Firm purposes, strong aims and hopes
This maid to human hearts has brought,
The Gold our friendships represent;
The sunkissed hair that shines above
The beaming face the happy smile
To us mean joy and light and love.

Chorus
Sorosis 'tis thee we our praises sing;
Oh, may the White and Gold, thy emblems,
 ever wave
In loyalty and love.
O, sorosis, Hail!
Hail to the White and Gold

DELPHI

Of Delphi girls a loyal band,
We send forth our kindest greeting,
United in spirit and love we stand,
In token of friendship meeting.
Then come let us praise, but first let us raise
Our voices in gladsome song,
Here's to our emblem's colors true!
Now let her banners wave!

Oh, here's to the Gold and here's to the Blue
Let's sing for her loud and brave,
Oh, here's to the dear remembered name,
Our banner so proudly unfurls,
Oh, here's to our Delphi's health and fame,
Oh here's to our Delphi Girls,
Here's to our Delphi's health and fame,
Here's to our Delphi girls.

Chorus:
Oh Delphi girls, dear Delphi girls, we cannot
 soon forget,
Oh Delphi girls, dear Delphi girls,
We cannot soon forget,
Those ev'nings spent in sweet content,
As in thy halls we met,
Those hours blest with happiness;
Our mem'ries sunlit aisles;
And when we gaze on bygone days,
Our tho'ts are wreathed in smiles.

FRATERS' SONG

Let's sing once more my merry Fraters,
Tune your hearts to music loud and long
Ev'ry heart it needs must thrill,
Ev'ry soul with rapture fill,
As we join in the Fraters' song,
As we join in the Fraters' song.

O, many are the clust'ring memories
Of those halcyon hours of yore,
When each heart with hope alight
We assembled of a night,
To disport with our load of learned lore,
To disport with our load of learned lore,
Chorus
Heart and voice all unite in the chorus boys,
Till our walls with melody resound
Tho' old time goes slipping by,
Love and friendship never die,
When born of Fraternal joys.

COSMOS SONG

We're a band of happy Cosmos brothers,
For Cosmos is our native land,
And with her we will abide,
What of good or ill betide,
And we pledge her our heart and our hand.

O, the mem'ry of those blessed moments,
That we spent within the Cosmos Hall;
And the faces that we met
We will nevermore forget
But with pleasure remember them all.

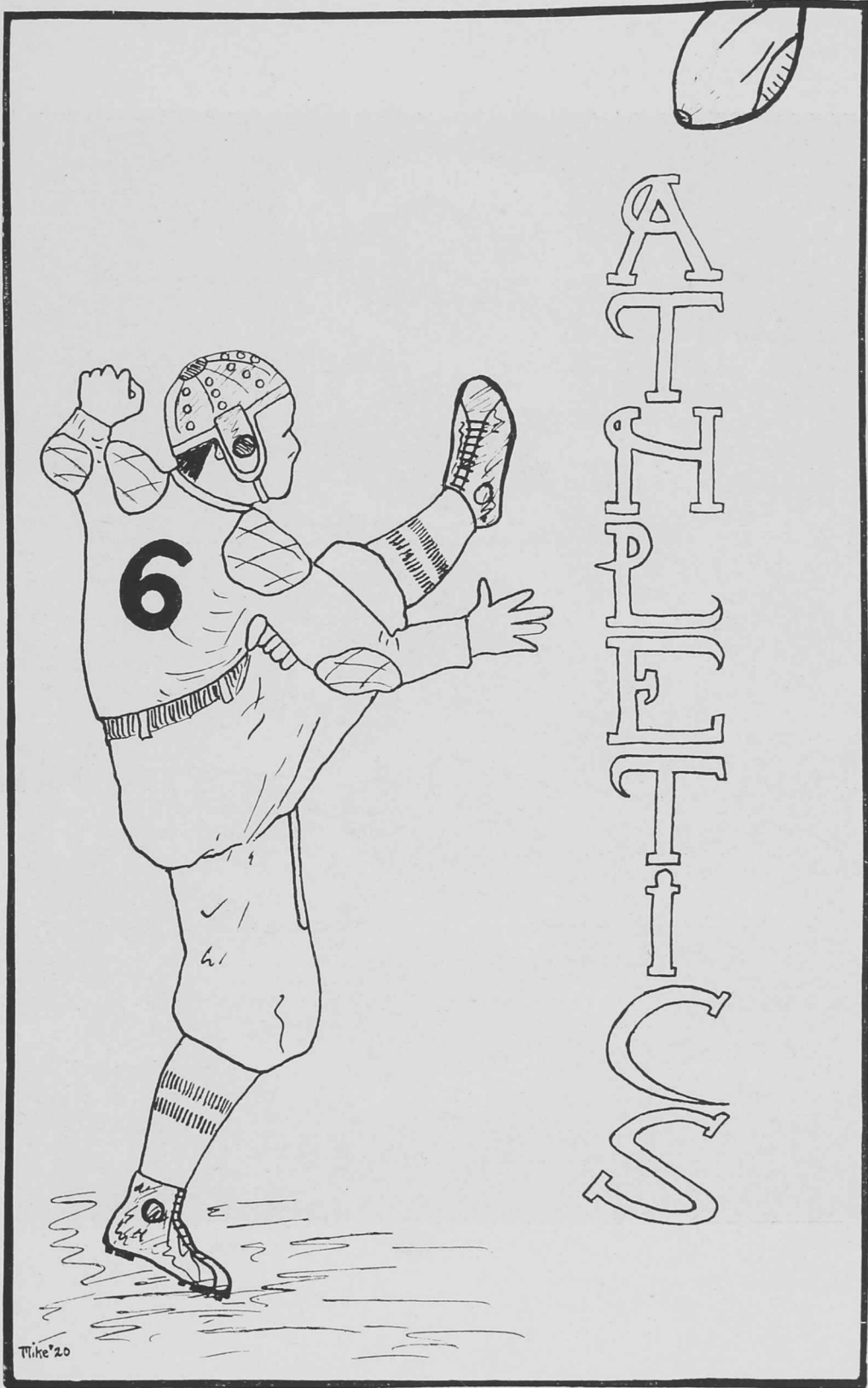
Chorus
Cosmopolitans we, and a happy throng,
All ye echoes send the word along,
For Cosmos we will sing,
And Cosmos we will ring,
Till the stars shall join in the song.

KNICKERBOCKER SONG

Lo the rubyblack forever wings the light of
 new born skies,
See the flare across the heavens when the day
 of conquest dies,
'Tis the first to greet our vision and the last to
 fade away,
Our emblem bides the day.

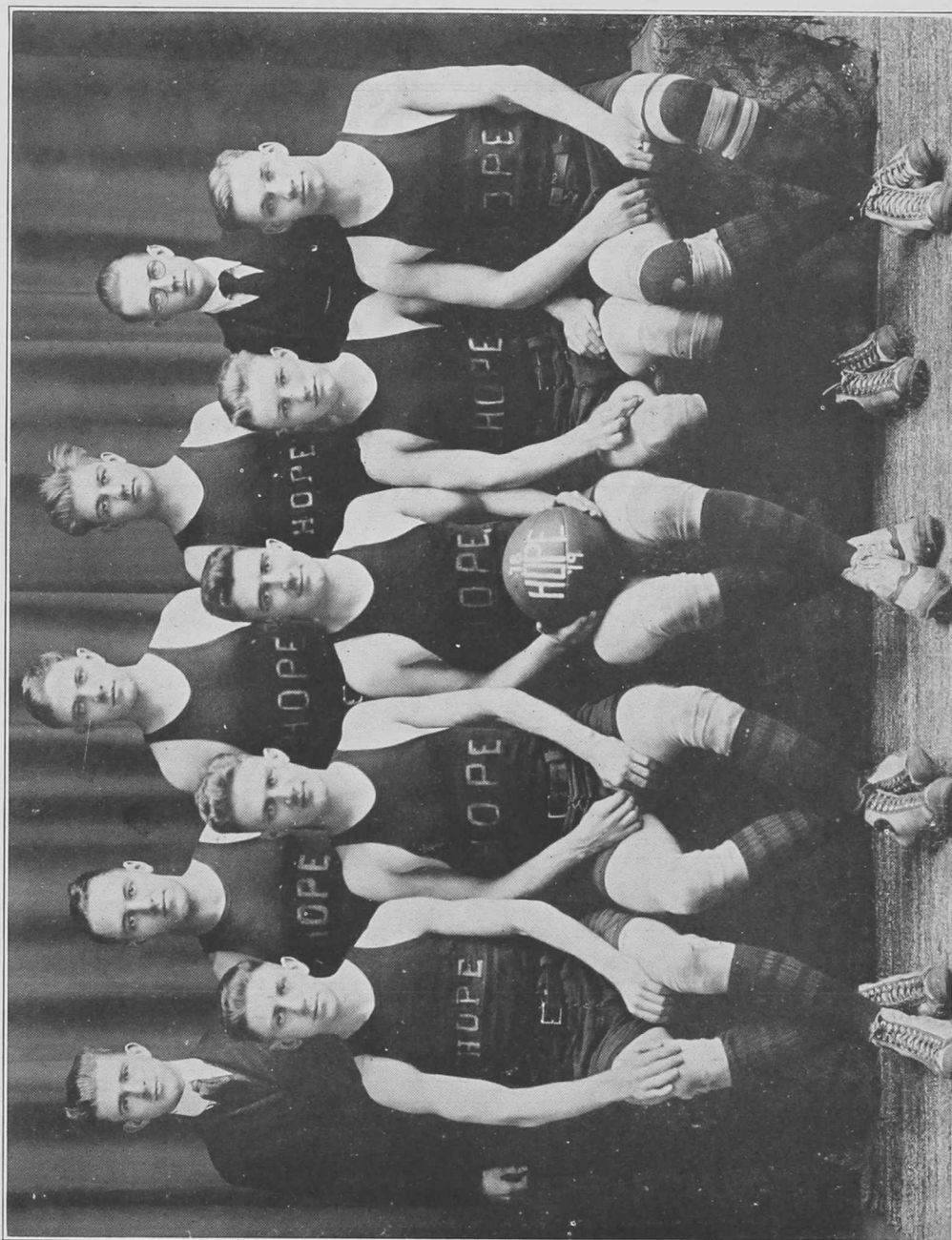
We have faced the storm and tempest thru
 the dark and dismal night
We have trumped the shouts of victory in a
 score of conqu'ring flight
We behold the gleam and follow with a spirit
 and a will
Our watchword sounds afar.

Chorus
Onward! Knickerbockers!
Upward! yea, and always upward,
'Neath the rubyblack be loyal and win the
 victors crown.



Mike '20

ATHLETICS



LOKKER (Coach)
HEEMSTRA

KLOMPARENS
JAPINCA

BOS
T. PRINS

WAASENAAR
P. PRINS

DE JONG (Mgt.)
VAN PUTTEN

Basketball

We are very proud of the wonderful record the Orange and Blue basketeers made this season. The team, which has again and again been called the best in the history of the college, not only won the inter-collegiate championship of Michigan, but also gave the famous Detroit Rayls a hard fight for the state independent basketball championship. Furthermore, the team performed the rare feat of twice defeating the much-tooted M.A.C. quintet, and made the exceptional record of winning eight consecutive games,—marking a new era in Hope College basketballdom.

Our list of victories is indeed a long one and, altho each player on the team deserves special credit for his work, we owe to Clarence Lokker an inexpressible debt of gratitude for his services as coach. Clarence has not forgotten the fine points in basket ball since the day when he piloted the pill through the meshes for the Orange and Blue, and altho he is small in stature he is one of the biggest coaches in the state. To him the team owes the spirit of "laugh when you win and smile when you lose"—the spirit that made the players more than conquerors.

Hope won eight games and lost four. The first two games with Grand Rapids "Y" and Camp Custer Officers were lost because the players had just returned from service and were sorely in need of practice. But when the team once hit the old stride there was one victory after another; even Gauthier's Famous Farmers could not stop Lokker's lanky long-shooters. First, there was that exciting game with the Muskegon "Y" which lasted five minutes over the regular allotted time. With ten seconds left for play she made one more point than her opponent, winning the game by a score of 27 to 26.

Then the team travelled to Kalamazoo where it defeated Spaulding's warriors by four points. M.A.C. was the next victim being defeated by three points. Northwestern College of Naperville, Ill. then stood in the dust of defeat, losing to the Hope aggregation by a score of 29 to 19. What Hopeite was not proud of the team on that night when our bitter rival, Grand Rapids, "Y" which had been fortunate in winning the first game of the season, was trounced by forty-five points? And, again, what Hopeite did not rejoice when he heard the glorious news of Hope's second victory over the M.A.C.? The Farmers have defeated the strongest teams in the Mid-west including the crack Wolverine aggregation, but the Orange and Blue proved to be too much of a match for them and they humbly drank the dreadful dregs of defeat. By defeating the fast Kalamazoo Normals in the next game, Hope cinched the inter-collegiate basketball championship of Michigan and was heralded as one of the strong contenders for the state independent championship. Hope also won the City championship by defeating the Holland "Y" by a score of 34 to 26. This was the eighth consecutive win for the Hope team and then the schedule ended as it began—with two defeats. The one was suffered at the hands of the unsportsmanlike Muskegon "Y" on the Muskegon floor. The other game was lost by nine points to the Detroit Rayls of inter-state fame. The fine game the Hope warriors put up against the Rayls clearly demonstrated that this year's team was one of the strongest that ever represented the Orange and Blue.

We look forward to the coming season with great anticipation as the prospects for another winning team are very bright.

OUR RECORD

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|----|--------------------------------|----|
| Abroad Hope | 12 | Grand Rapids "Y" | 34 |
| At Home Hope | 15 | Camp Custer Officers | 22 |
| At Home Hope | 27 | Muskegon "Y" | 26 |
| Abroad Hope | 29 | Kalamazoo Normals | 25 |
| At Home Hope | 21 | M.A.C. | 18 |
| At Home Hope | 29 | Northwestern College | 19 |
| At Home Hope | 62 | Grand Rapids "Y" | 17 |
| Abroad Hope | 26 | M.A.C. | 20 |
| At Home Hope | 34 | Kalamazoo Normals | 26 |
| At Home Hope | 31 | Holland "Y" | 23 |
| Abroad Hope | 23 | Muskegon "Y" | 38 |
| At Home Hope | 17 | Detroit Rayls | 26 |



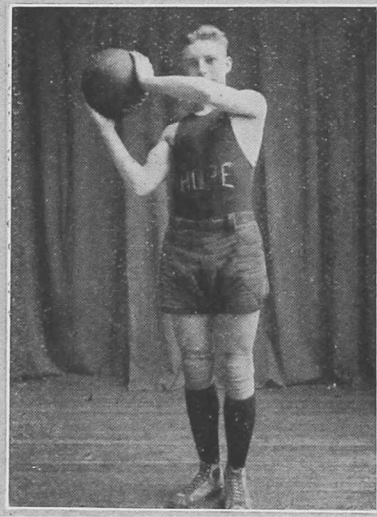
CLARENCE LOKKER, (Coach).

We had some excellent basketball material this year and it only required the efficient coaching of Clarence Lokker to make out of the players a championship team. Clarence was one of the smallest players that ever donned the Orange and Blue basketball togs, but he is one of the biggest coaches Hope ever had.



CAPTAIN TEUNIS PRINS, (Guard).

"Teunie's" defensive work easily featured every game he played in. The big guard caged six field goals and held his opponents to almost the same number of baskets. Prins' record has indeed made him King of the guards in Michigan.

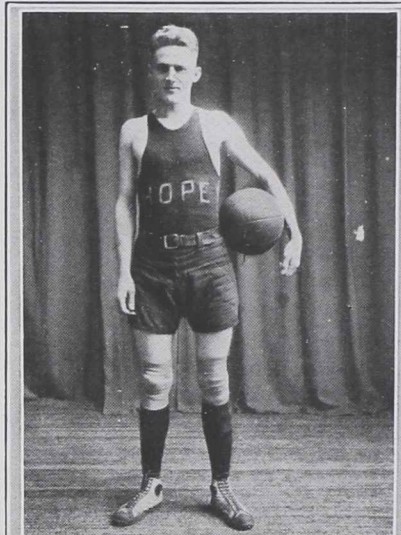


DICK JAPINGA, (Forward).

Ever since the Muskegon "Y" game when he tied the score in the last ten seconds of play, "Dickie's" star has been constantly in the ascendant. His matchless eye for the basket netted him thirty field goals.

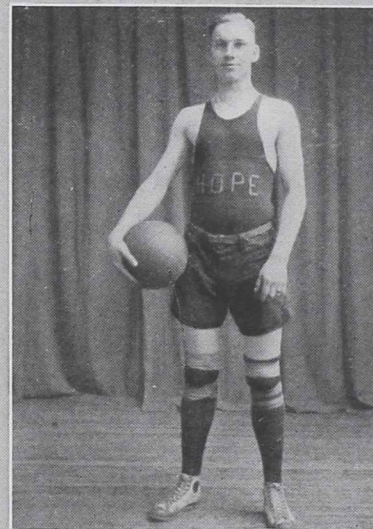
PETER PRINS, (Forward).

"Pete" is one of the two players who participated in all the games this season. He played a consistent game and was always full of pep. Twenty-four baskets are chalked to his credit.



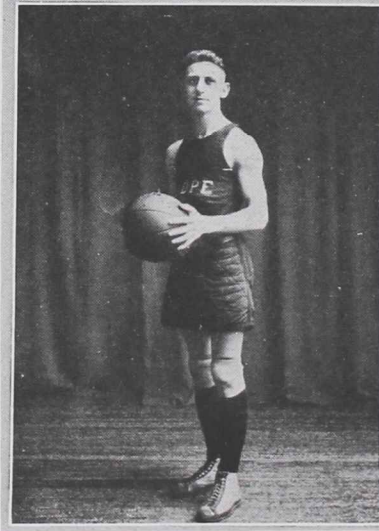
CLARENCE HEEMSTRA, (Center).

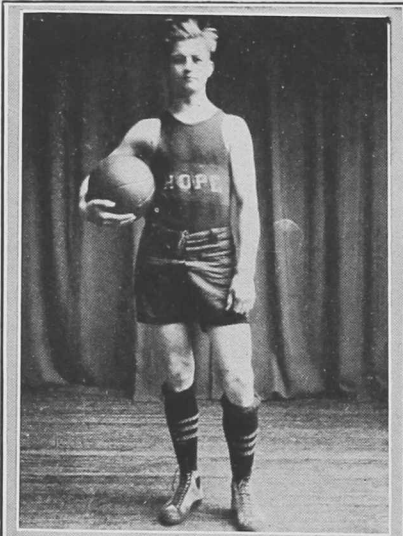
With the loss of "Heemie" by graduation, Hope loses one of the best centers that has ever held the pivot position. He caged fifty-eight foul goals and forty-seven field goals, or a total of one hundred and fifty-two points.



DYKE VAN PUTTEN, (Guard).

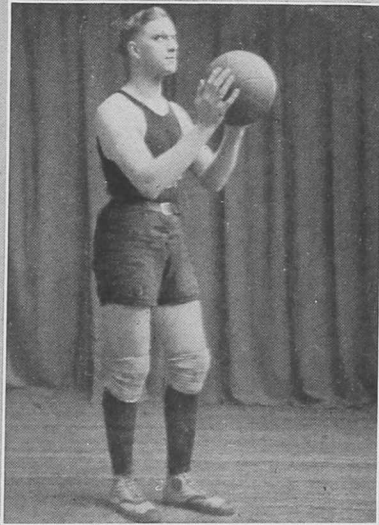
"Dyke" played a stellar game at guard and secured sixteen field goals. It seems as if the opposing teams found it impossible to stop the "Dike" of Holland.





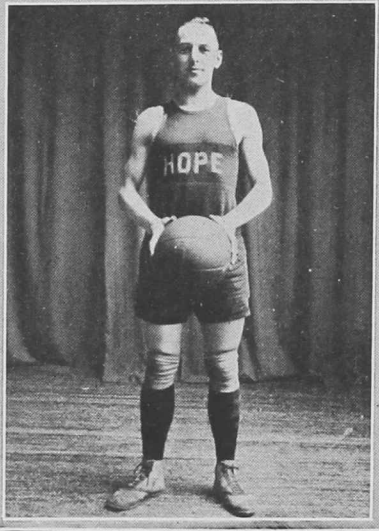
JAMES KLOMPRENS, (Sub-forward).

Altho he seldom got into the fight, Jimmie showed the stuff that's in him.



NANKO BOS, (Sub-forward).

One of the subs who did his best to uphold the record of the Orange and Blue basketeers.



GERRITT WAASENAAR, (Sub-guard).

"Waas is one of the "scrappiest" players that ever played on the local court and will bear close watching.

"All Hail" to the team. We are mighty proud of its record and we congratulate the players for keeping Hope's name in athletics as high as it is in oratory and debating.

Ottawa! Ottawa!
 Ki Yi! Mushua!
 Peenix, Peshunika,
 Obijii, Tashua,
 Yah! Yah!
 Yah! Yah!
 Bazhoo!
 HOPE!!!

How-do-you-do,
 You do, you do
 How-do-you-do
 You-do-you-do
 Hello—
 —(College).

H*O*P*E* Zip Rah bang
 We're all here the hopeful gang
 Boom za ta ra, Kalialiope
 Bow Bow
 Yum Yum
 Rah
 HOPE!!!

Cannon Ball.
 (Clap hand on knees)
 (Stamp with Feet———)
 (Song, shrill whistle———)
 Boom!!
 HOPE

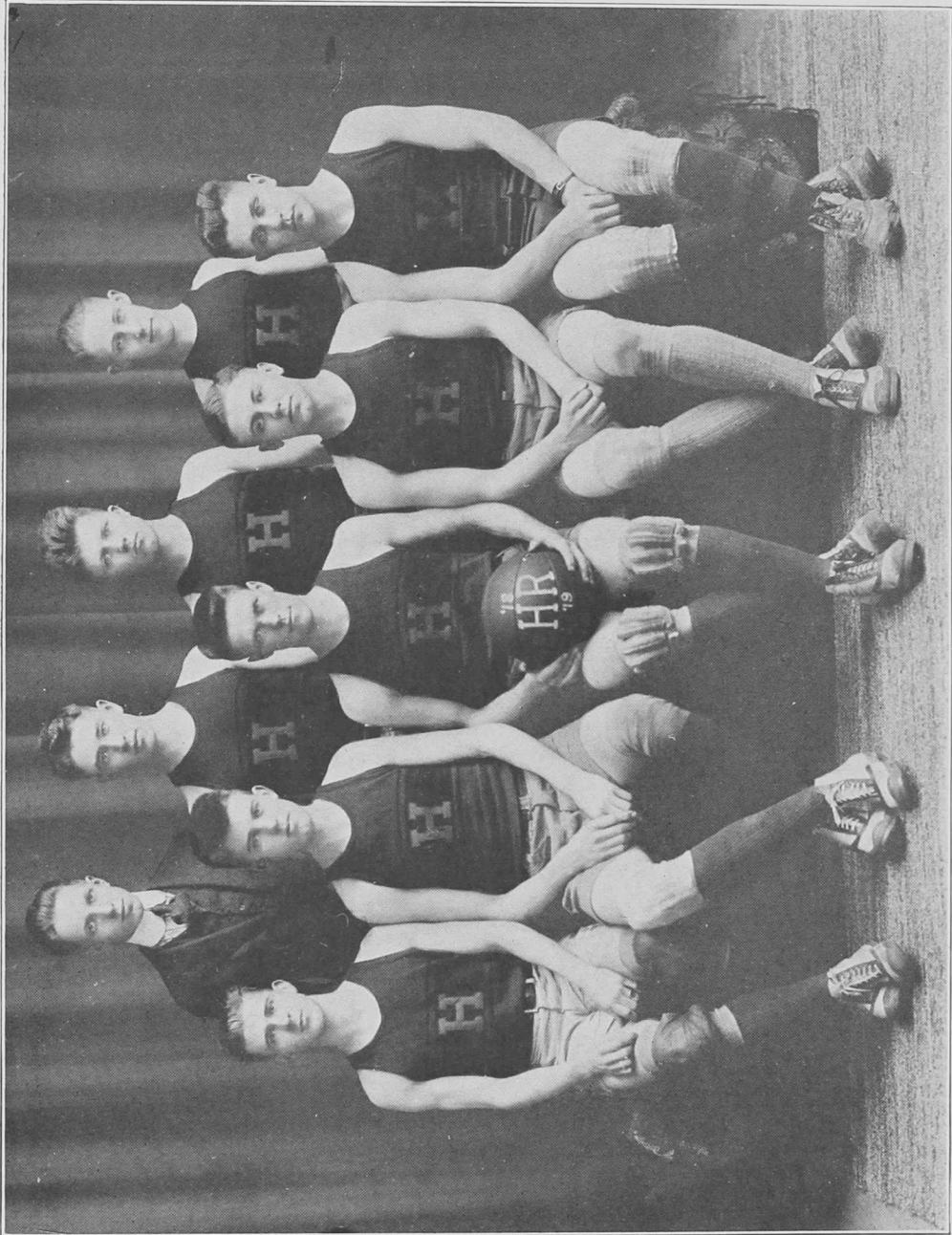


BILL DUIKER
 Yell Master

LOCOMOTIVE

H-O-P-E
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 H-O-P-E-
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 H-O-P-E-
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 H-O-P-E-
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Yea———HOPE!!

Boom Chick-a-Boom
 Boom Chick-a-Boom
 Boom Chick-a-Rick-a
 Chick-a-Rick-a-Chick-a
 Boom!
 Zis Boom Bah
 Zis Boom Bah
 HOPEITES! HOPEITES! RAH! RAH
 RAH!



KEMPEERS (Mgt.) O. DE JONG VAN DUREN
 SCHURMANS BOILT G. DE JONGE
 LUBBERS TE PASKY

Reserve Basketball Team

We often forget that the Reserves are a very essential factor in producing a winning first team. Although they come out faithfully for every practice, they are merely labeled "scrubs" and then are forgotten.

This year's Reserve basketball team vindicated its existence by finishing the season with seven out of nine games to its credit. The only two games they lost were to the Grand Rapids Bethany Quintet by two points and to the Zeeland Y.M.C.A. by one point, on the Zeeland floor. Later the Bethanys were defeated by fifteen points while the Zeeland aggregation refused to play a return game on the Hope Floor. The Reserves won the city amateur championship by twice defeating the Holland "Y" Reserves and the Western Theological Seminary. The team had two very enjoyable trips to Fremont and Grand Haven.

There will be no scarcity of basketball players to defend the Orange and Blue for some years to come, for the Reserve team contains some excellent first team material.

RESERVE RECORD

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| AbroadReserves..... 8 | Grand Rapids Bethanys.....10 |
| At HomeReserves.....21 | Holland "Y" Reserves.....14 |
| AbroadReserves.....13 | Holland "Y" Reserves.....10 |
| At Home.....Reserves.....17 | Seminoles15 |
| AbroadReserves.....27 | Zeeland Y.M.C.A.....28 |
| At HomeReserves.....24 | Grand Rapids Bethanys..... 8 |
| AbroadReserves.....34 | Fremont Independents33 |
| AbroadReserves.....26 | Grand Haven Veterans.....11 |
| At Home.....Reserves.....33 | Seminoles21 |

Football

For four years intercollegiate football had been tabooed by the council, but in 1917 the quarantine was lifted and Hope was permitted to play football games with her old rivals in basketball, baseball and the other fields of competition. The awakening of 1917 was so sudden the Giant "Football" was only able to stretch. This year, however, the conditions were more favorable. The organization of the Students' Army Training Corps brought many football stars to Hope. These lively adherents of Giant "Football" rallied around the fallen hero who soon waxed strong in strength.

Under the efficient coaching of Sidney Drew of Holland High, the team was speedily whipped into shape. Owing to the late start it was possible to schedule only three games. The initial contest was staged at Kalamazoo against Hope's most bitter rival, Kalamazoo College. The Dabney-Drew devil-dogs forced their opponents to eat the dirty dust of defeat by coming out on the long end of a 13-14 score. It was a "wet" victory as the game was played in a muddy mud-puddle which became muddier every minute.

In the next game the locals were pitted against the Western State Normal team at Kalamazoo for sixty minutes and held Coach Spaulding's proteges to 62 points. The Western Normal team was one of the fastest teams in the state, holding the wonderful M.A.C. machine to a mighty close score. It was indeed no disgrace to drink the dregs of defeat offered by such a team of star players.

The final game of the season as played on the Hope gridiron on Thanksgiving Day. Rain—little drops, big drops and all kinds of drops united that day in making the football field one mass of sticky clay and little pools. However, the Orange and Blue warriors put on their moleskins and went out on the field. By mixing clever team work with the mud and water the Hope eleven formed a compound called "Victory." When the referee's whistle blew at the end of the fourth quarter the score stood 27—0 in Hope's favor.

We have just reason to feel proud of our football warriors of 1918-1919. Special credit for the success of the team is due to Lieutenant Dabney and Coach Drew who put in a great deal of time in their efforts to produce a winning team.

Thanksgiving Day evening, the wild wind, whistling woefully through the goal posts, sounded taps for the team that had carried the name of Hope College into the realm of football.

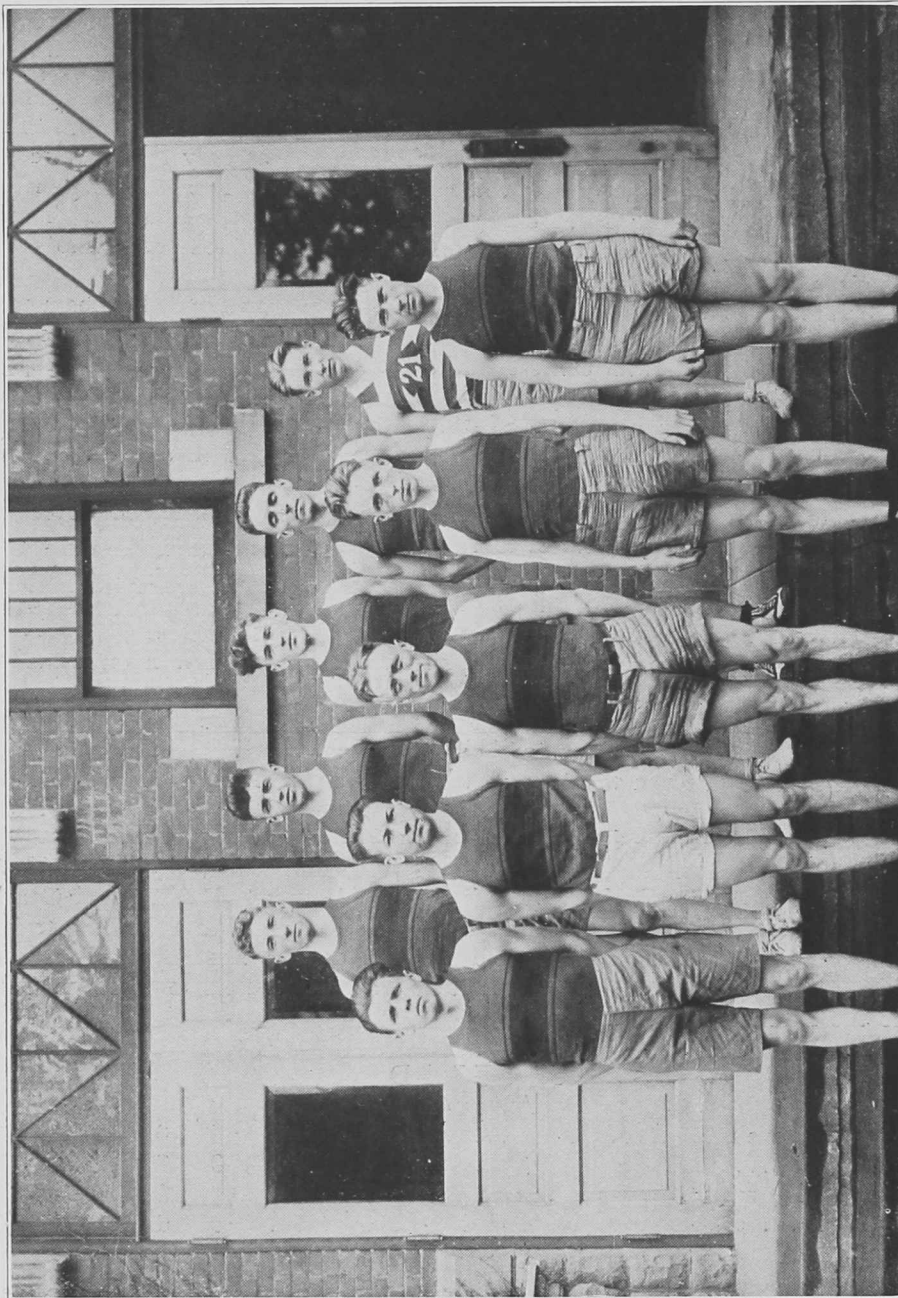
OUR RECORD

ABROAD

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------|----|----|----|-------|
| Kalamazoo College | 6 | 0 | 7 | 0—13 |
| Hope College | 0 | 7 | 0 | 7—14 |
| Western State Normals | 21 | 13 | 14 | 14—62 |
| Hope College | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

AT HOME

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|---|---|------|
| Grand Rapids Junior College | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |
| Hope College | 14 | 6 | 0 | 7—27 |



IHRMAN PYLE HAGER BAKER (Capt.) TANIS
 Vos FLIKKEMA LUBBERS KEMPERS DALENBERG (Mgr.)

Track

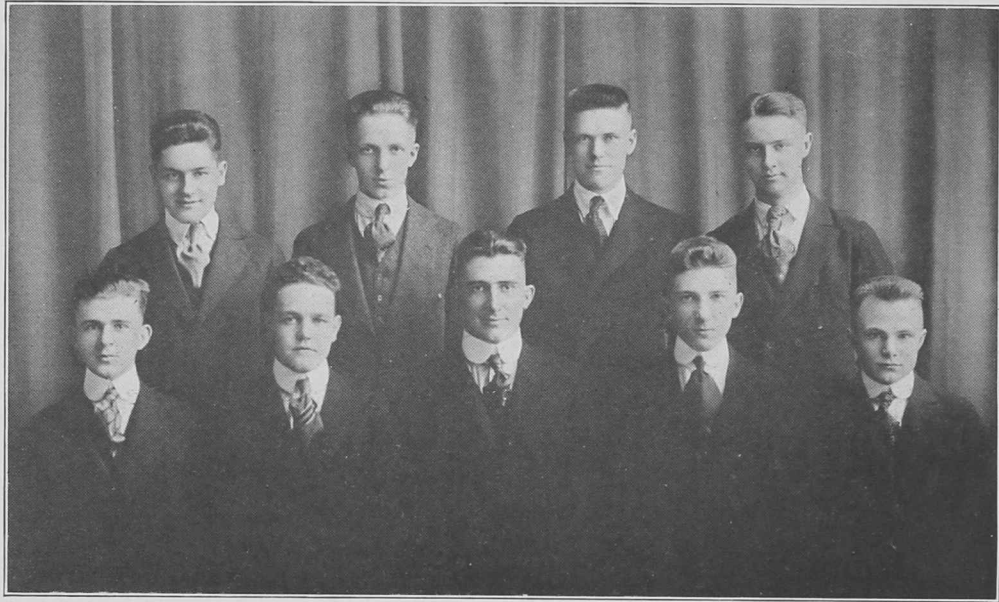
The crowning event of the year 1917-18 was the annual thirty mile relay race between the Grand Rapids "Y" and Hope. While several of Hope's former track stars "over there" were running at the heels of the Kaiser's short-winded team in its hasty retreat to Berlin, the members of the Orange and Blue track team over here were running neck and neck with their old rivals, the Grand Rapids "Y". The "Y" had a good team but Hope had a better team and finished the thirty mile lap with a two minute lead. Hope had a green team, but it won the blue ribbon and brought home the cup.

The first Hope runner started on the initial lap with a sprinter's speed and touched off the second man with a half-mile lead. However, the distance between Hope and the "Y" gradually dwindled down to a few feet. In a couple of minutes the fifth Hope runner and his opponent were running neck and neck. Both men stuck like glue and it was only a question of real nerve and endurance—who was to give up first, for the pace was unusually fast. Hope smiled as she saw her opponent wobbling and walking and barely progressing. Hope's lead speedily increased to a mile, but the terrible tooth of time gnawed this lead down to a bare nothingness. However, the last Hope man started on the final stretch with lots of determination and crossed the tape two minutes ahead of his opponent who was plodding on in the dark dust of defeat. Then it was three big yeas for Hope and the much-coveted cup was ours.

It was not only a pretty race but it was also a fast one. The time for the entire race was three hours, ten minutes and thirty-eight seconds which is better than several previous. "Elm" Lubbers ran his course of two and nine-tenths miles in the remarkable time of fifteen minutes which is a new record.

In the annual inter-class meet held at the fair grounds the class of 1920 was the victor, scoring forty-five and one-fourth points. The class of 1919 furnished the big surprise of the meet. With only five men entered they registered a total of forty-one points. The class of 1918 and the present Sophomores were tied for the last place, both making twenty-one points.

As we sum up the prospects for this year's track team, we reach the happy conclusion that the Orange and Blue will again be represented by a winning team.



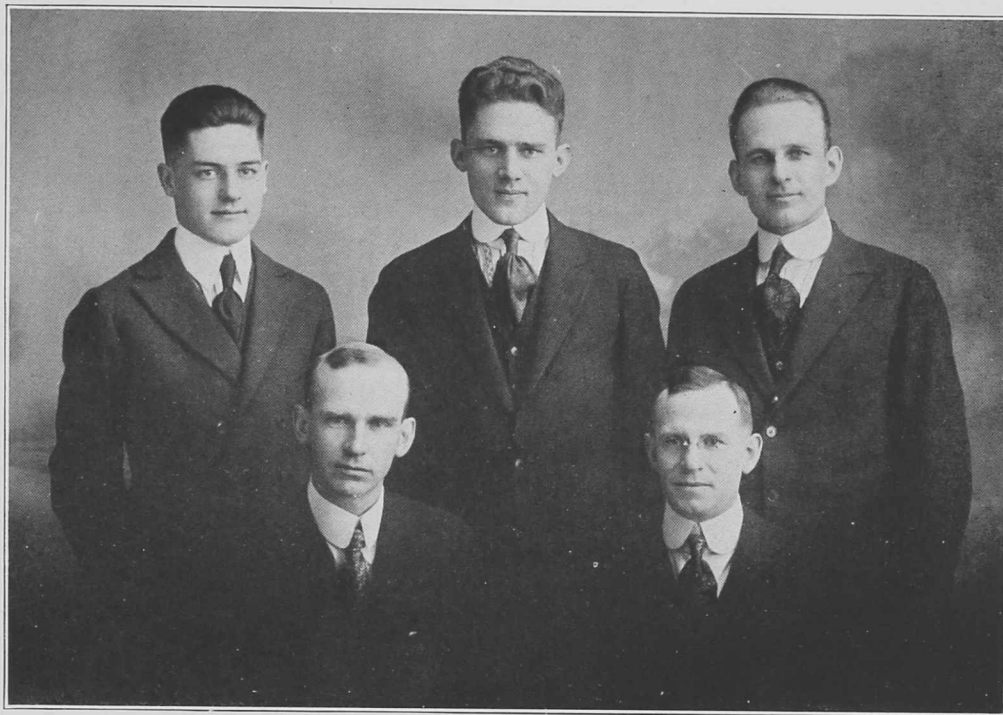
M. DE WOLF J. KEMPERS H. BOLT M. VAN DYKE
 C. DE JONGE F. DEKKER T. PRINS F. IHRMAN C. WALVOORD

The Athletic Board

The Athletic Board, which is composed of the officers of the Athletic Association, the managers of the different athletic departments, and the captains of various athletic teams, was organized three years ago. Its function is to transact all business relating to athletics. This expeditious manner of conducting our athletics has been found much more satisfactory than the effete method of supervision by the entire Athletic Association.

OFFICERS

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| MARTIN DE WOLF | Director |
| FRANCIS IHRMAN | Secretary |
| H. MILTON VAN DYKE | Treasurer |
| FRED DEKKER | Baseball Manager |
| MARTIN DE WOLF | Football Manager |
| FRANCIS IHRMAN | Track Manager |
| ANTHONY C. WALVOORD | Tennis Manager |
| CHRIS DE JONGE | Basketball Manager |
| JOHN KEMPERS | Ass't. Basketball Manager |
| TEUNIS PRINS | Captain First Basketball Team |
| HENRY BOLT | Captain Reserve Basketball Team |



M. DE WOLF P. PRINS F. DE YONG
 PROFESSOR W. WICHERS PROFESSOR A. HEUSINKVELD

Athletic Board of Control

All control over athletics at Hope College is vested in the Board of Control of Athletics. This board is composed of five members: Two members of the faculty appointed by the president of the College; the president of the Athletic Association; one member chosen by the Athletic Association; and one alumnus chosen by the Alumni Association. The members of the board hold office during the scholastic year.

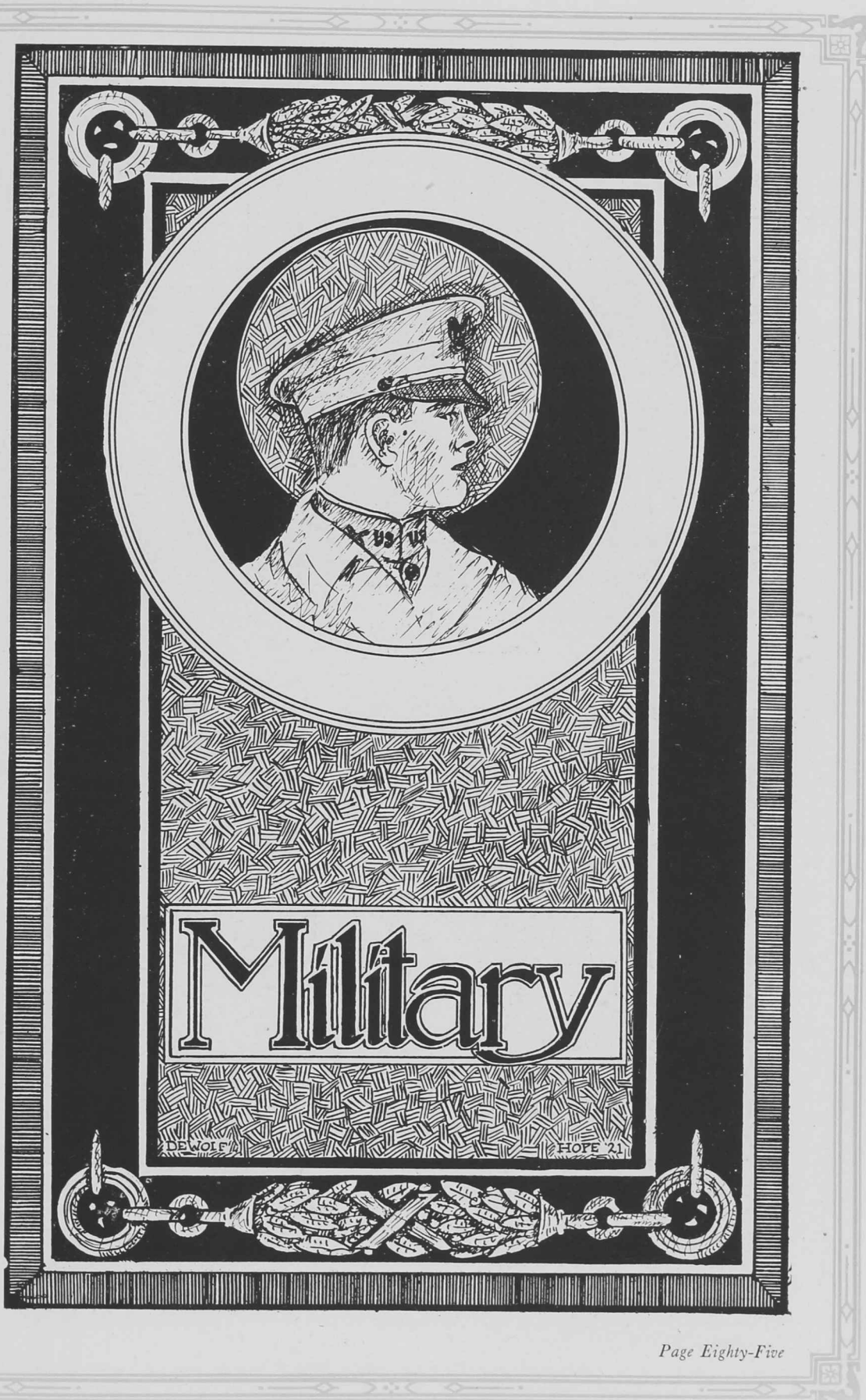
No games are scheduled or contracts made except upon the approval of the Board of Control. Students must maintain an average of eighty per cent. while playing on a Hope team. No student having a "C" can play on any of the teams, and a student having an "F" is barred from one term immediately following that in which the failure was received. The Board requires that all players on any Hope team shall show a certificate of medical inspection. Further, no student is allowed, during term time, to play on any team not connected with the College or Preparatory school under penalty of suspension.

The Board of Control and the Athletic Association seldom strike a note of discord, but, on the other hand, always work together in perfect harmony for the furtherance of athletics at Hope.

OFFICERS

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| PROF. WYNAND WICHERS | <i>President</i> |
| PROFESSOR ARTHUR HUESINKVELD | <i>Vice President</i> |
| FRED DE YONG | <i>Alumni Representative</i> |
| MARTIN DE WOLF | <i>Director of Athletics</i> |
| PETER PRINS | <i>Athletic Ass. Representative</i> |





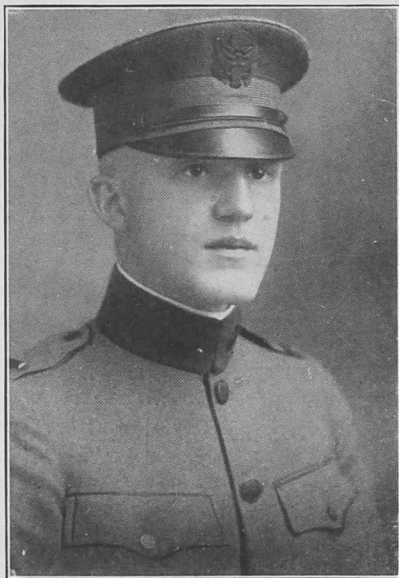
Military

DEWOLF

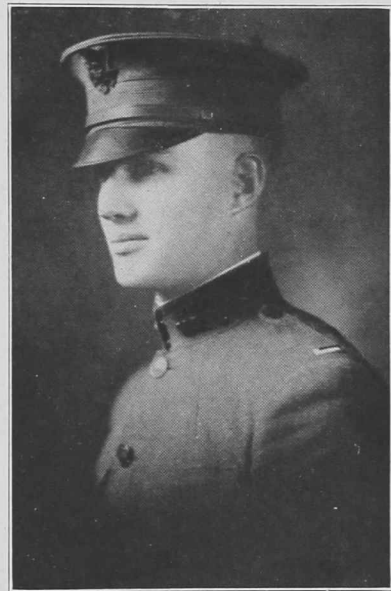
HOFF



LIEUT. J. D. JACOBSON
Commanding Officer, S.A.T.C. Unit



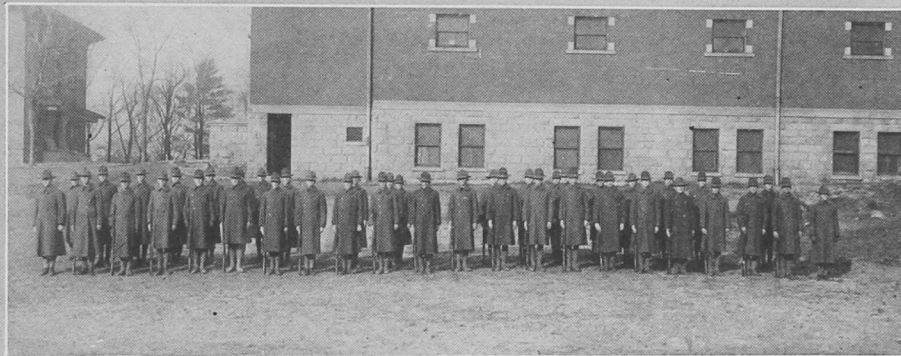
LIEUT. FRIEDLUND
Personel Adjutant



LIEUT. DABNEY
Infantry Drill



SHOULDER-ARMS



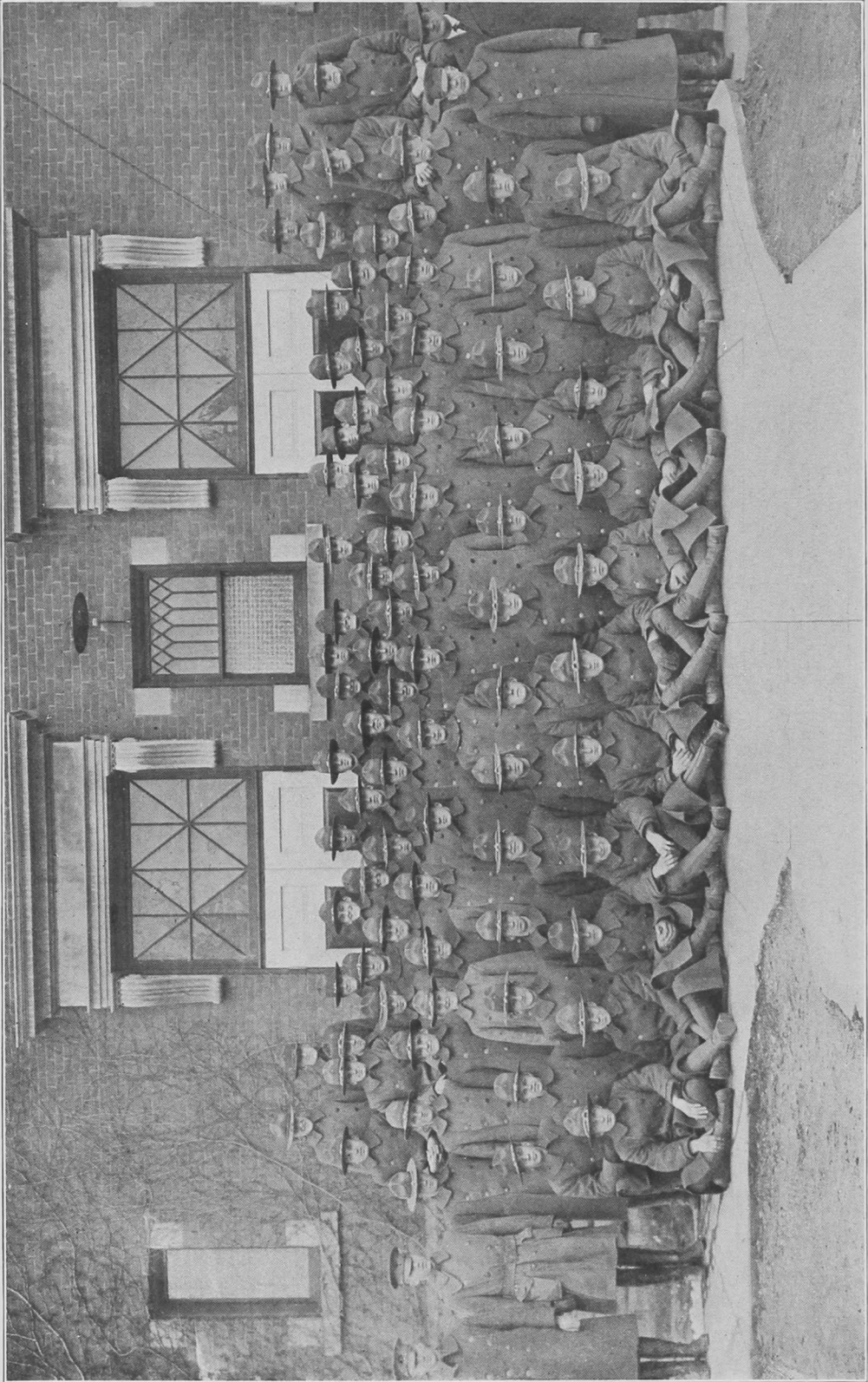
1st PLATOON



2nd PLATOON



REST



S.A.T.C.

Student Army Training Corps

The fall term of 1919 started with a boom. Everything boded a winning year in the annals of Hope College. Enthusiasm ran unfettered around the staid campus. School spirit that had ebbed since the declaration of war was given a new birth. Freshmen groped their way through the new surroundings, while the upper classmen grasped the ropes with old time pep and with set faces proceeded on their life's journey.

Above this all, smothering and dampening life's ambitions, hung the war cloud, threatening and sinister. The distant boom was somewhat hushed, 'tis true and the scenes of misery were hidden from our eyes. Nevertheless we felt that we had a vital part in the conflict across the water. Millions of American youths with boundless possibilities were making the supreme sacrifice. Men were needed to mould the crude masses into a perfect and powerful fighting machine. With this pressure upon the government, it was decreed that units for military training be established in all accredited universities and colleges. Hope classified and our time-honored institution was taken over by the U. S. government and proved itself successful in the new regime.

The first day of October 1918, seventy-five Hope College students were sworn into the service of the U. S. government as enlisted privates. Our army at Hope was commanded by Lieut. Jacobsen. He, assisted by three other lieutenants, drilled and forced us into military shape. The pre-war enthusiasm and pep was crystalized into a firm sense of duty and a devotion to an inter-national purpose and ideal. Old Carnegie Gym, the scene of many hard-fought college battles lent itself handily to the cause. On October first it was filled with steel pots, Russian rifles, noise and other army equipment. We were immediately put under army schedule and discipline. The weeds on the athletic field were doomed to an early death and the town's people found diversion in the tramp of ninety soldiers plus a lieutenant.

Mess, the most important part in the army schedule, was served on the third floor of Van Raalte hall. The museum was undecked of its antiques and forced to listen to the wail of hungry appetites.

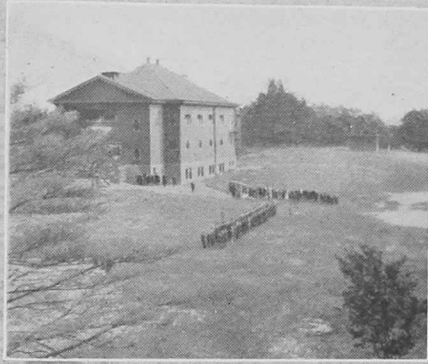
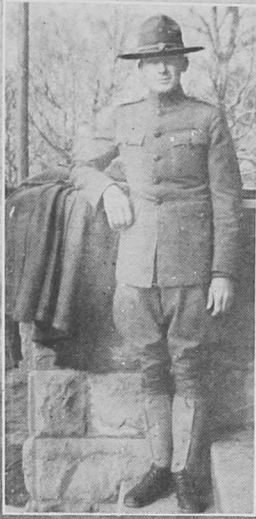
The unit at Hope was especially fortunate in warding off the epidemic of Spanish influenza. There were many cases of severe colds and minor ailments, but the health and lack of fatality were remarkable. However, death robbed the roster of one name. Sgt. George Roosenraad, while home on a week-end pass succumbed to an attack of Spanish influenza. His death left an aching void in many hearts. He was given a military burial at his home in Zeeland.

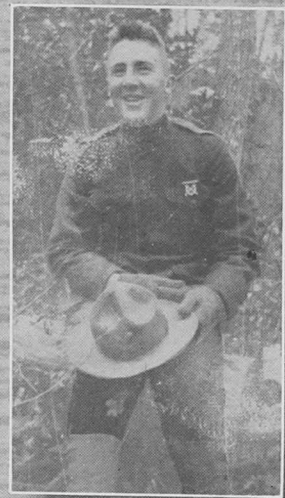
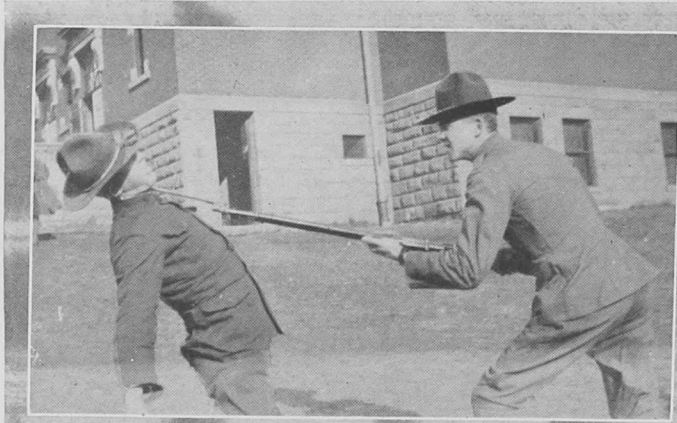
As a whole, however, the existence of the S.A.T.C. at Hope proved rather conclusively that liberal education and strict military discipline cannot exist successfully together. The scholastic program was changed, shifted and rechanged. Government orders, imperative but contradictory, muddled up the academic work. Students could not study successfully under the existing circumstances. The instructors could not adapt themselves to the ever-changing schedule and get good results. Many precedents were shattered and new ones, unheard of before, were established.

The armistice, ending the world struggle that had waged for four years, put an end to all our difficulties. Our unit was demobilized on the twelfth of December and then and there ended the military career of Hope College.

S. A. T. C.

HOWARD ADDISON
HARRIS J. C. BERTSCH
HERMAN BEUKER
HARRY ALBERT BOERSMA
GERRIT JAROLD BOEVE
STANLEY BOLKS
HENRY JOHN BOLT
NANKO CORNELIUS BOS
WILLIAM BRINK
JAMES JACOB BRUMMEL
WINFIELD BURGGAFF
CLYDE GEORGE BUTTLES
LEWIS LEE CLARK
BRYAN ORRIN CROFOOT
FRED HENRY DECKER
GARRETT EDWARD DE JONG
OLIVER JOHN DEJONGE
TEUNIS DEN UYL
MARTIN DEWOLF
WARD ADRAIN DEYOUNG
WILLIAM JOHN DUIKER
WILLARD ELFERDINK
HENRY JOHN ENGELSMAN
ROBERT OGDEN GRANERT
JOHN C. GUNNEMAN
HARRY JAMES HAGER
RICHARD JOHN HAGER
BERNARD DICK HEITBRINK
GEORGE EDWARD HOEK
RAYMOND JOHN HOPKINS
RUDOLPH DUIKER HOSPERS
FRANCIS PETER IHRMAN
JOHN WILLIAM JOLDERSMA
RENSE HENRY JOLDERSMA
JACOB KAMPS
JOHN ROZEBOOM KEMPERS
JAMES HARVEY KLEINHEKSEL
CLARENCE KLEIS
JAMES KLOMPARENS
ALEXANDER MELVIN KLOOSTER
EARL RAYMOND KNUTSON
FRANCIS JAMES LEROY
CORNELIUS LOKKER, JR.
HAROLD ANTHONY LUBBERS
EVERETT JOHN ZWEMER
ANTHONY ZENUS MEENGES
RENDERT MULLER
MARTIN NICHOLS
GERARD OSTERHOFF
BERT HENRY PENNINGES
FREDERIC PLASMAN
ARTHUR PLOEGSMA
CLARENCE JOHN POPPEN
PERRY REININGA
JOHN ROEK, JR.
JOHN V. D. M. ROOKS
GEORGE JOHN ROOSENRAAD
EGBERT ANDREW ROZEBOOM
RUSSELL JAMES RUTGERS
ABRAHAM RYNBRANDT
ELMER JOHN SCHEPERS
STANLEY DWIGHT SCHIPPER
CARL J. SCHROEDER
MIKE SCHUURMANS
WALTER AUGUSTUS SCHOLTEN
HENRY E. SEINEN
MORRIS STEGGERDA
ERNEST HENRY SULKERS
LEO HENRY TE PASKE
PETER TUINSMA
NELSON VANDE LUYSTER
GARRETT VANDER BORGH
HARRY VANDER MEER
JOHN BERT VANDER PLOEG
WILLIAM ANDREW VANDER WERP
HAROLD MILTON VAN DYKE
FRED HARRY VAN LENTE
CHESTER VAN LOPIK
CORNELIUS VAN TOL
RAY CORNELIUS VAN ZOEREN
DELBERT EDWARD VAUPELL
MAURICE J. VERDUIN
HARMON VOSKUIL
A. CHRISTOPHER WALVOORD
HENRY WILLIAM WARNSHUIS
GERRIT HENRY WASSENAAR
JAKE WIERDA
EDWARD JOHN WOLTERS
AUGUST LAMBERT ZWEERING





Hope College Honor Roll

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| PVTE. TEUNIS BAKER | C.P.O. PAUL E. MCLEAN |
| CORP. PETER G. BAKER | PVTE. JOHN HENRY MEEGS |
| PVTE. GLEN ANDY BELKNAP | PVTE. JOHN M. MINNEMA |
| PVTE. ALBER J. BOLKS | PVTE. HENRY L. MOL |
| PVTE. HARRY BONDHOUSE | CORP. JOHN S. MOORE |
| ENS. MARVIN G. BROWER | LIEUT. JAMES MULLENBERG |
| LIEUT. ORREN D. CHAPMAN | PVTE. ARTHUR G. MULDER |
| PVTE. HERMAN G. COOK | LIEUT. BERNIE MULDER |
| PVTE. PETER COOPER | CORP. PETER J. MULDER |
| CADET JOHN R. DALENBERG | PVTE. JOHN E. NIENHUIS |
| PVTE. LAURENCE H. DALMAN | PVTE. RAYMOND NYKAMP |
| PVTE. FRED C. DE JONGH | CORP. JOHN OLSEN |
| LIEUT. SIMON D. DEN UYL | SERGT. JUDSON OSTERHOF |
| CORP. FRANK DE ROOS | PVTE. JOSEPH POTGETER |
| PVTE. WILLIAM DE RUITER | PVTE WILLIS J. POTTS |
| SERGT. CHARLES DE VRIES | LIEUT. PETER N. PRINS |
| LIEUT. GEORGE DE WITT | LIEUT. TUNIS W. PRINS |
| PVTE. WILSON E. DIEKEMA | CADET HARVEY J. RAMAKER |
| SEAMAN LAWRENCE DORNBOS | LIEUT. MAX J. REESE |
| LIEUT. CORNELIUS D. DOSKER | PVTE. WILLIAM F. REUS |
| PVTE. JAY DOSKER | PVTE. ARTHUR ROGGEN |
| PVTE. ANTHONY ENGELSMAN | PVTE. CORNELIUS STANDARD |
| EVERT R. FLIKKEMA | PVTE. PAUL STEGEMAN |
| JOHN FLIKKEMA | SEAMAN FRED STEININGER |
| LIEUT. J. FRANK CLINTON | PVTE. JOHN D. STEKETEE |
| PVTE. ELWOOD GEEGH | PVTE. ABRAHAM H. SYWASSINK |
| PVTE. WALTER W. GUMSER | LIEUT. WILLIAM H. TEN HAKEN |
| CADET BERNARD D. HAKKEN | LIEUT. JOHN TEN HAVE |
| CORP. LAURENCE HAMBURG | RALPH TEN HAVE |
| SERGT. HENRY J. HARSEVOORT | PVTE. HERMAN TER BORG |
| LIEUT. CLARENCE R. HEEMSTRA | SEGT. JOHN TER BORG |
| LIEUT. DAVID W. HEUSINKVELD | PVTE. ALBER H. TIMMER |
| SEAMAN EDWIN D. HEUSINKVELD | PVTE. BERT VAN ARK |
| PVTE. HENRY HOVEN | CORP. DICK. H. VANDE BUNTE |
| PVTE. OTTO E. HUNTLEY | PVTE. WILLIAM VANDEN BERG |
| PVTE. WM. A. JANSMA, (Deceased) | PVTE. ERNEST VANDEN BOSCH |
| PVTE. ELMER EARLE JEWELL | PVTE. JOE VANDEN NOORT |
| CORP. ANDREW PETER KARSTEN | CADET JOHN VANDER BROEK |
| MUSICIAN HAROLD J. KARSTEN | PVTE. 1ST CLASS JOHN VAN GORKOM |
| COOK DELBERT LEE KINNEY | LIEUT. WILLARD VAN HAZEL |
| PVTE. JOHN LEWIS KLEINHEKSEL | PVTE. HENRY VAN LIEROP |
| SERGT. JOHN KOBES | CORP. ALBERT VAN NEDERYNEN |
| PVTE. PETER KOPPENAAAL | LIEUT. MARINUS W. VAN PUTTEN |
| PVTE. WILLIAM KOPPENAAAL | PVTE. RALPH VAN ZYL |
| LIEUT. RALPH G. KORTELING | PVTE. HAROLD E. VELDMAN |
| SERGT. ELDRED KUIZENGA | LIEUT. PAUL VISSCHER |
| PVTE. BENJAMIN LAMAN | LIEUT. FRED VOSS |
| PVTE. CLARENCE LAMAN | SEAMAN ADAM J. WESTMAAS |
| SERGT. ELMER H. LUBBERS | PVTE. JOHN WIERDA |
| CADET IRWIN J. LUBBERS | PVTE. DOUWE WIERSMA |
| PVTE. ZENAS Z. LUIDENS | LIEUT. THEODORE O. YNTEMA |

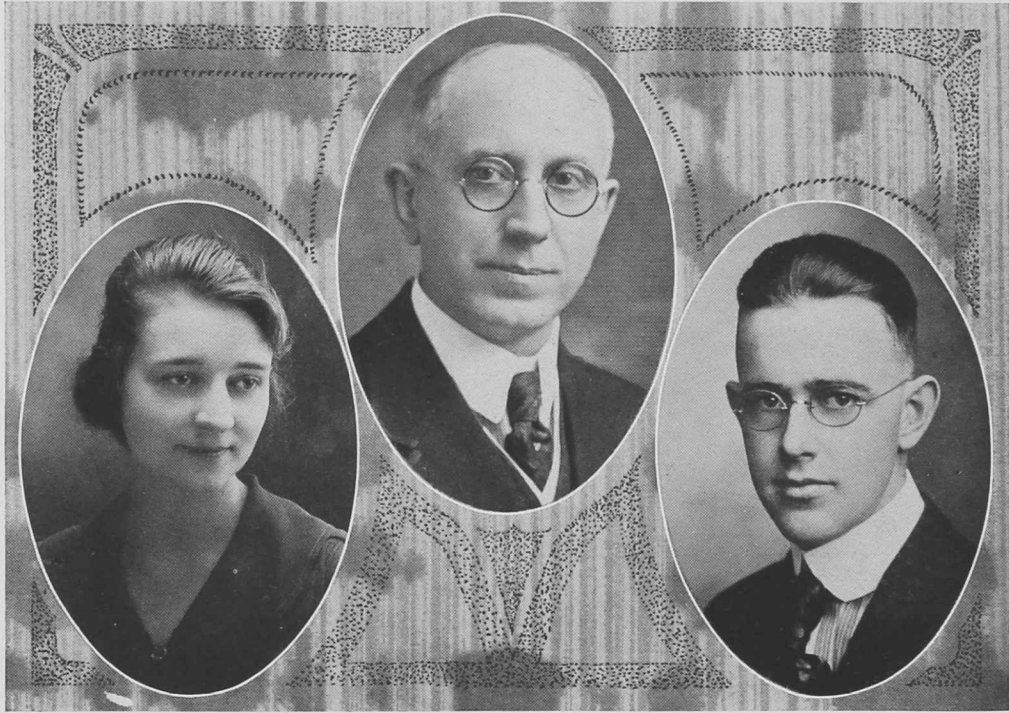


COMMISSIONED HOPE MEN WHO HAVE RETURNED TO SCHOOL
 SECOND LIEUTENANTS

Top Row (Left to Right): P. Prins, (Heavy Artillery), C. Heemstra (S.A.T.C.), T. Prins (Field Artillery), T. Yntema (S.A.T.C.) G. De Witt (S.A.T.C.)
 Bottom Row: F. Voss (Infantry), B. Mulder (Field Artillery), R. Korteling (F. A. Aerial Observer), J. Ten Have (Field Artillery).

Forensics





MISS HELEN M. BELL

PROF. J. B. NYKERK

ROSCOE M. GILES

Professor Nykerk has the distinction of coaching more college orators to victory than any instructor in Michigan. When Hope won her fifth consecutive victory in the state oratorical contest held at Ypsilanti this year, a state record was made which has never been equalled by any state college. Hope's representatives were rounded into form in less than six weeks by Professor Nykerk. Professor Nykerk is recognized as one of the leading teachers of voice culture and expression in the middle west. A graduate of Hope college with the class of 1880, he studied in Chicago, Boston, New York, and at the University of Oxford, England, under leading instructors in the art of oratory. He is head of the departments of English and Music.

Roscoe Mott Giles carried off first honors in the Michigan Oratorical League contest held at Ypsilanti on March 7. With the oration entitled, "The New World," Mr. Giles easily succeeded in defeating the representatives of Kalamazoo, Adrian, Olivet, Alma, Ypsilanti, and Albion. Mr. Giles is the fifth consecutive orator who has brought the gold medal of first place home to Hope. His victory in the M.O.L. gave him the opportunity to represent the state in the inter-state contest.

Miss Helen M. Bell represented Hope in the ladies' contest of the M.O.L. A forceful, winning speaker, she did Hope credit in her effort. The plea in her oration, "The Golden Spire," was noble and strong; her delivery, marked by grace and charm. First place in the contest was awarded to Miss Estelle Cozine of Albion. The judges awarded fourth place to Miss Bell.

Oratory

"For the fifth time, Cicero, dauntless and unmoved, arose and swayed the crowds to silence." So relates the historian in his Life of the master Roman Orator. And believing to do as the Romans do, Hope College places special stress upon forensics, realizing and recognizing that the ability to address an audience clearly and impressively and with force is an adjunctive necessity to a collegian's life career. Resultantly for the fifth time, in as many years, our orator won the coveted gold medal, sought by eight state colleges as members of the Michigan Oratorical League.

Five outstanding factors predominate in our phenomenal success. The literary societies, where public speaking is the order, and unscathed criticism the rule; one hour devoted to class room work each week; private tutorage to those so inclined; the natural talents of Hope men and women; and Professor J. B. Nykerk, the coach primus inter pares, nulli secundus, whose superior work has gained us five state victories, two interstate and a national victory in five years.

Hope College is a charter member of the Michigan Oratorical League comprising eight state colleges. The organization was effected in 1897 with Professor Nykerk representing our institution. In 1903 Michigan entered the Interstate Association, our representative winning the state and taking second in the interstate that year. In 1916 Hope College broke into National circles, and proceeded to take first place in the contest in that year. In 1912 we entered the Women's Department of the League and took first that very year. Beginning that year, Hope never dropped below fourth place in either contest, and has now more "firsts" than the other seven colleges put together. In 1917 the annual lists were fought in Carnegie Auditorium and the silver tongued battle sounds are pleasant reminiscences in the memory of the upper-class men.

The Association contests this year were held at Ypsilanti Normal.

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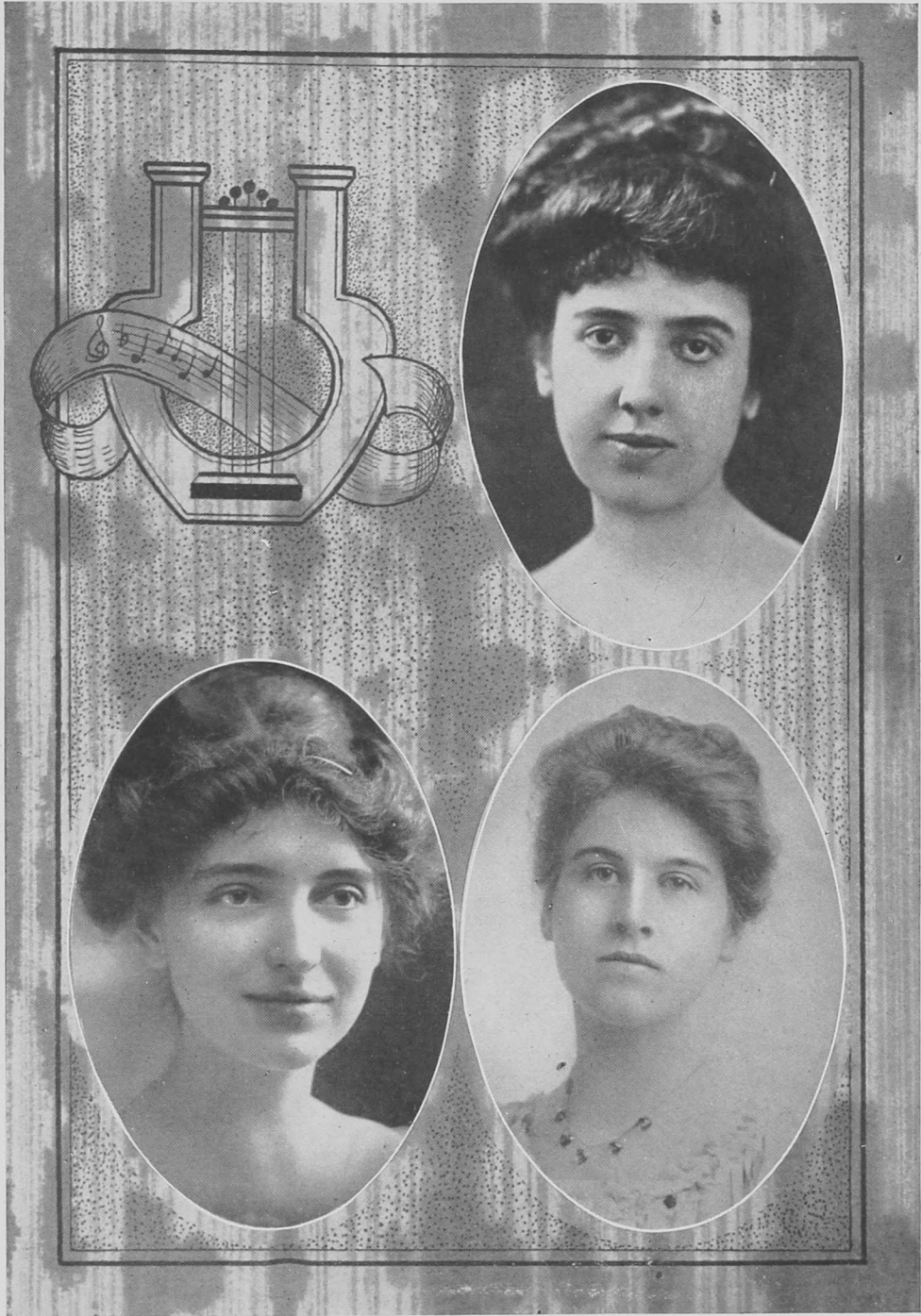
School of Music



ARTHUR ANDERSCH (Piano)

OSCAR CRESS (Piano)

BRUNO MEINECKE (Violin)



MISS MABLE MARBLE (Piano)

MRS. W. J. FENTON (Voice)

MRS. M. C. ROBBINS

The School of Music

In spite of the fact that during the course of the year several changes of personnel in the school of music had to be made on short notice, the school has prospered. In the early part of the school year Mr. Cress, of the piano department, was succeeded by Mr. Arthur Andersch and Miss Mable Marble, both of Grand Rapids. Later, Mr. Karl Andersch took the place occupied by his brother. It was not long, however, before Mr. Cress came back to head the piano department, thus restoring the original situation, saving for the fact that Miss Marble constituted an addition to the department for the present year.

The position at the head of the voice department, held last year by Mr. Stanley Deacon, has this year been very ably held by Mrs. William J. Fenton, of Grand Rapids. Mrs. Fenton has endeared herself to her pupils, the student body, and the general public of Holland. Every moment of Mrs. Fenton's two days at the studio has been occupied, her lessons not coming to an end before nine-thirty in the evening. The voice department has never been in a more flourishing condition.

The violin department has this year, as last, been under the efficient management of Professor Bruno Meinecke. Tho the violin department never counts as many pupils as the piano or voice departments, Professor Meinecke has enjoyed the choicest body of violin students the city of Holland has to offer. It is hoped that more students will avail themselves of Professor Meinecke's expert instruction, for the lack of violin players in college is painfully evident.

There are prospects of putting the school of music next year on a much firmer basis by linking it more closely to various aspects of our academic curriculum. If the plans now being made are carried out, watch the school of music grow.

The long-deferred recital of the school of music and of expression as finally given on March 19, in Winants chapel. Tho the entire school of music was not represented, the recital proved to be highly creditable to the departments and most acceptable to the public. The program follows:

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|------------------------|
| Zigeunerweisen | Mr. Bruno Meinecke | Saraste |
| Aria—"Il est doux" (Herodiade) | Mrs. Grace Dudley Fenton | .Massenet |
| Grande Valse | Miss Mabel Marble | Glazounow |
| Reading—"A Dark-Brown Diplomat" | Miss Ethelyn Metz | Marjorie Bunting Cooke |
| Parsifal Paraphrase | Mr. Meinecke | Wagner-Wilhelmj |
| a. "Il neige" | | Bemberg |
| b. L'Amour S'envole | | Wekerlin |
| c. Bergere Legere | | .Wekerlin |
| d. "My soul is like a garden-close" | | .Woodman |
| e. "My lover comes" | | .Clough-Leiter |
| | Mrs. Fenton | |
| | Mr. Arthur H. Heusinkveld, Accompanist. | |

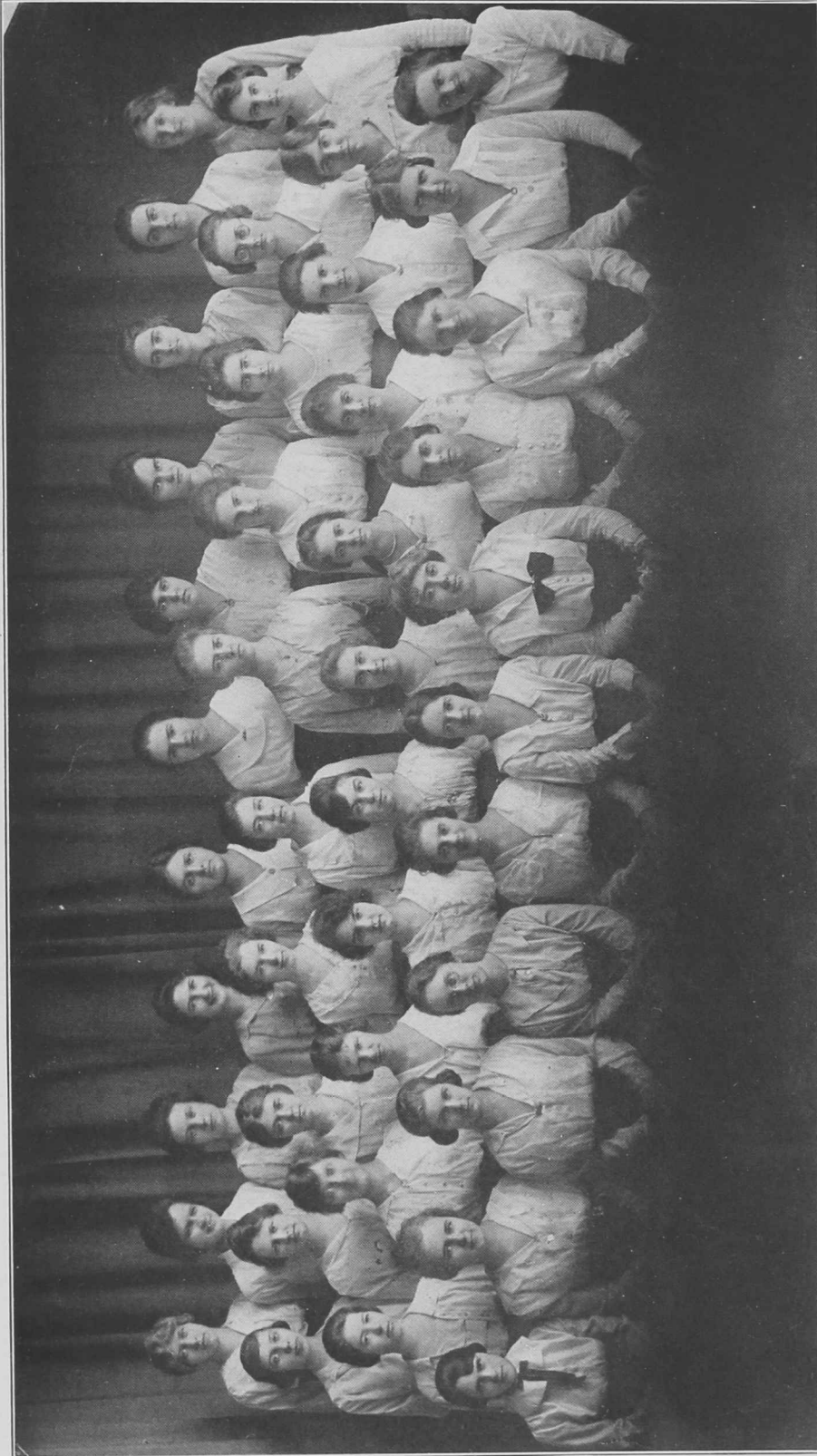


Top Row (Left to Right: Miss Moore, Miss Meyer, Miss Tenninga, Miss Dalenberg, Miss Van Raalte, Miss McKelvie, Miss Brower.
 Second Row: Miss Winter, Miss Van Putten, Miss McBride, Miss Heemstra, Miss Vyn, Miss Van Zanten, Miss Hemmes, Miss De Vries.
 Third Row: Miss Baker, Miss Vander Veen, Miss Danhof, Miss Raap.



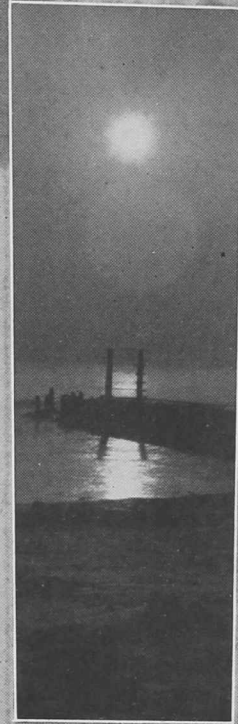
VAN DUEREN JOLDERSMA C. POPPEN GRANERT VAN PUTTEN DUKER H. POPPEN OLTMAN

MEN'S ORCHESTRA



LADIES' GLEE CLUB

Top Row: Misses Broeckema, Luxen, Klein, Keppel, Telinde, Tenninga, Stephan, Reeverts, Hartgerink, Van Raalte, Iben.
 2nd Row from top: Meyer, Ver Meer, Vander Werp, Heemstra, Van Donselaar, Keizer, De Jong, Winter, Hemmes, Whelan.
 3rd Row from top: Smith, Zwemer, Vander Veen, Stopples, Van De Wall, Belt, Hamelink, Dulmes, Zwemer, E. Reeverts.
 Bottom Row: Moore, Pennings, Thomasma, Te Paske, De Cook, Danhof, Fenton (Leader), Mulder, Van Zanten, Thornton, Vander Ploeg.



Organizations



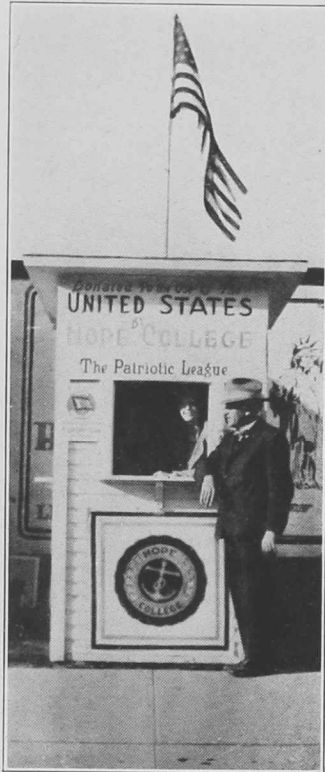
Miss B. Stopples, H. Hager, Miss W. Schnoberger, M. DeWolf, Miss H. Van Raalte.
J. Ruisaard, Miss M. Thomasma, R. Hospers, Miss A. Ameele, E. Gaikema.

The Student Council

The year 1918-1919 marks a new era in the history of the Student Council. In the past years the Council has suffered from a lack of cooperation between the different boards which control student activities. During this year it has made every effort to establish itself as the central governing body, in which all student interests are represented. Besides arbitrating in all disputes, and financing debating and oratory, it has helped to regulate student activities in such a way as to promote harmony and enthusiastic college spirit among the student body. This year a special effort has been made to finance the improvement of the athletic field, tennis courts, and campus grounds, and as a result the campus presents a very tidy appearance this year.

OFFICERS.

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------------|
| RUDOLPH HOSPERS | . | . | . | . | . | <i>President</i> |
| MARGARET THOMASMA | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Vice President</i> |
| EVERETT GAIKEMA | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Secretary</i> |
| MARTIN DE WOLF | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Treasurer</i> |



PATRIOTIC LEAGUE BOOTH

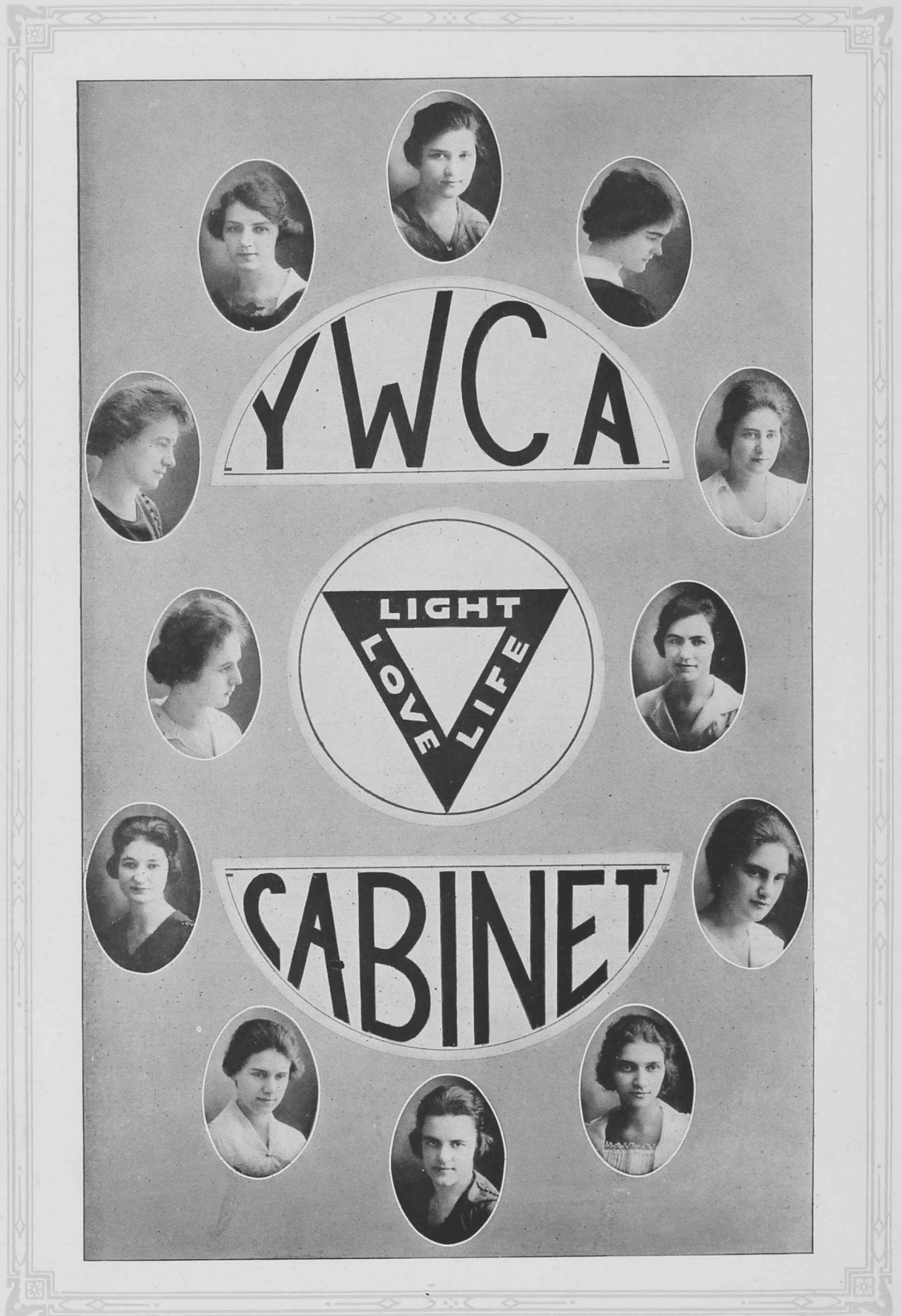
The Patriotic League

I pledge to express my patriotism—
By doing better than ever before what-
ever work I have to do,
By rendering whatever special service I
can to my community and country,
By living up to the highest standards of
character and honor, and helping
others to do the same.

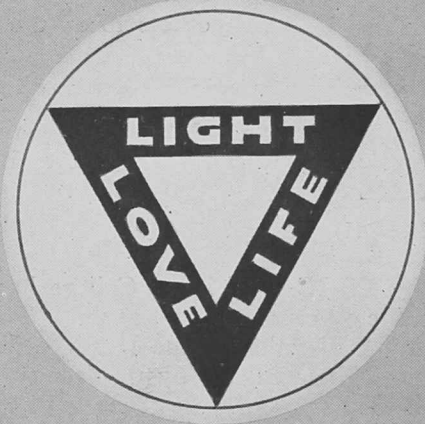
Under this pledge the Y.W.C.A. of Hope College has organized a Patriotic League with every girl on the campus an active worker. The league was organized in the fall of 1917 under the direction of the Dean of women. The first work was to organize a system of letter writing by the faculty and students, in order to keep the Hope boys in the camps in close touch with college activities. Later in the year "comfort kits" and New Testaments were sent to the boys, and at Christmas time boxes of good things to eat brought holiday cheer into the camps. Before the college closed for the summer each girl was given a list of soldiers' names for progressive letter writing, so that each Hope soldier received a letter a week from some Hope girl.

The year 1918-19 found the Hope Patriotic League even more strongly united than ever before. The work was immediately started by cooperating with the city of Holland in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive and in the National War Work Campaign. A booth was donated to the United States government to aid patriotic movements. It is very conveniently located on Eighth Street between Central and River Avenues, affording easy access from all parts of the city. Here the Hope girls sold \$15,000 worth of bonds during the Fourth Liberty Loan drive. Also in connection with the last Liberty Loan drive, detachments of girls offered their services to the Liberty Loan headquarters every afternoon, in classifying necessary lists for city reference.

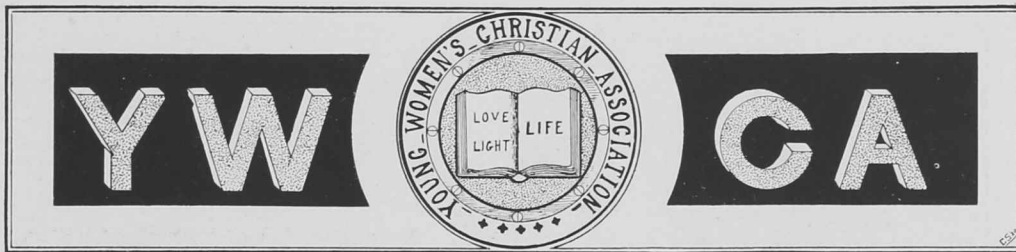
If enthusiasm is the measure of success, the efforts of the Hope College Patriotic League will be realized in still greater service during the remainder of its existence, thus truly fulfilling the spirit of the national pledge.



YWCA



CABINET



Hope College is very fortunate in having practically every girl on the campus a member of the college Y.W.C.A. The spirit of unity which is brought about by spiritual and social fellowship makes it possible for the Association to direct the activities among the College girls. Every year in the history of the Hope Y.W.C.A. has been eventful and has showed marked advancement. In every respect the Association is one of the liveliest and most flourishing institutions on the campus, and it is an increasingly important source of leadership, available for all kinds of service concerned with the welfare of the girls.

The girls, however, do not practice this service on the campus alone. The past year has been marked by two great "off Campus" movements. Last spring it was with some hesitation that we, in cooperation with the Y.M.C.A. of the college, pledged ourselves to the great undertaking of raising \$10,000 among the student body as an endowment fund for the upkeep of Hope High School in India. Still, after a few days, the project, which at first seemed impossible, became a reality and through the efforts of the two Associations Hope High School now has a firm financial basis.

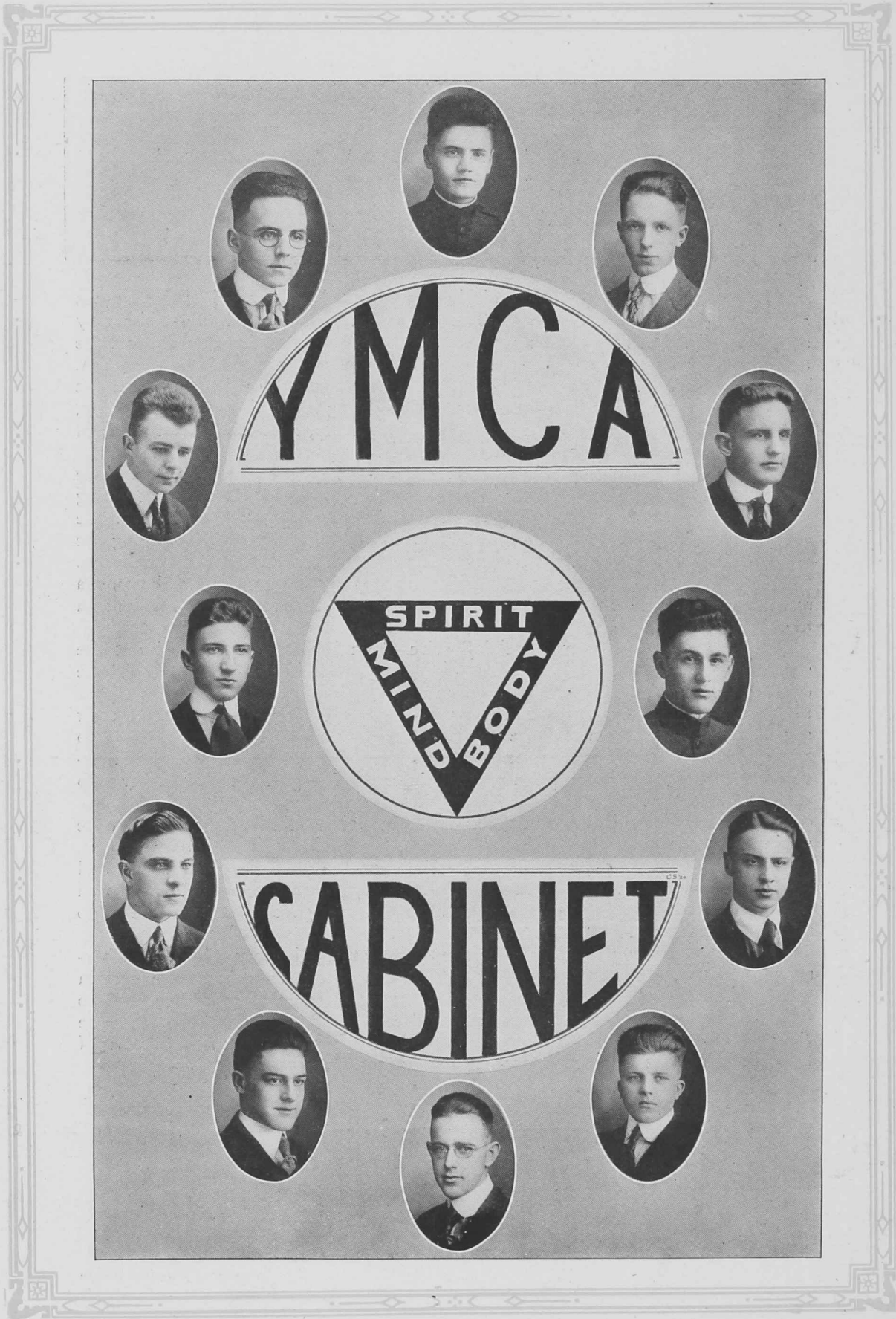
During the summer our Social Service Committee again followed out the suggestion of the National Y. W. C. A. in organizing "Eight Week Clubs". These clubs were formed by college girls living in country communities, for the purpose of rendering themselves useful to their community during eight weeks of their summer vacation. Some of these clubs were merely social, while others took up some form of patriotic service, and others sought to promote an intellectual development; but in every case the college leader tried to give the girls in her club some inspiration which she had received at Hope.

Great benefit was derived from our intercollegiate relationships, which were made possible through various conferences to which Hope delegates were sent. At these conferences the different colleges drew strength from one another and local problems were often solved through mutual counsel. The visits of several field secretaries during the year proved beneficial and gave us an estimate as to our high standing in Association work.

It is through our religious meetings which are held every Thursday afternoon, through the united prayer and consecrated effort of all who have part in the work, that the Association seeks to deepen the sense of reverence, and to infuse with fresh motive the daily way of life,—the ultimate objective being the development of Christian character. Thus the Y. W. C. A. is a means of bringing to college days their deepest and fullest significance.

OFFICERS

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------------|
| MAYME KLOOTE | . | . | . | . | . | <i>President</i> |
| IRENE VAN ZANTEN | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Vice President</i> |
| ANNA RUTH WINTER | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Secretary</i> |
| HENRIETTA DULMES | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Treasurer</i> |



YMCA



CABINET



The Y. M. C. A. was at the beginning of this year greatly handicapped by the loss of practically all of its former leaders. However, those old men who returned to school in the Fall quickly reorganized the association and campaigned for a larger membership. In face of many difficulties, the "Y" has retained its position as the most important and most influential men's organization on the campus. After the close of the war and the return of many Y. M. C. A. workers, the association now enjoys a period of prosperity even greater than any in the past.

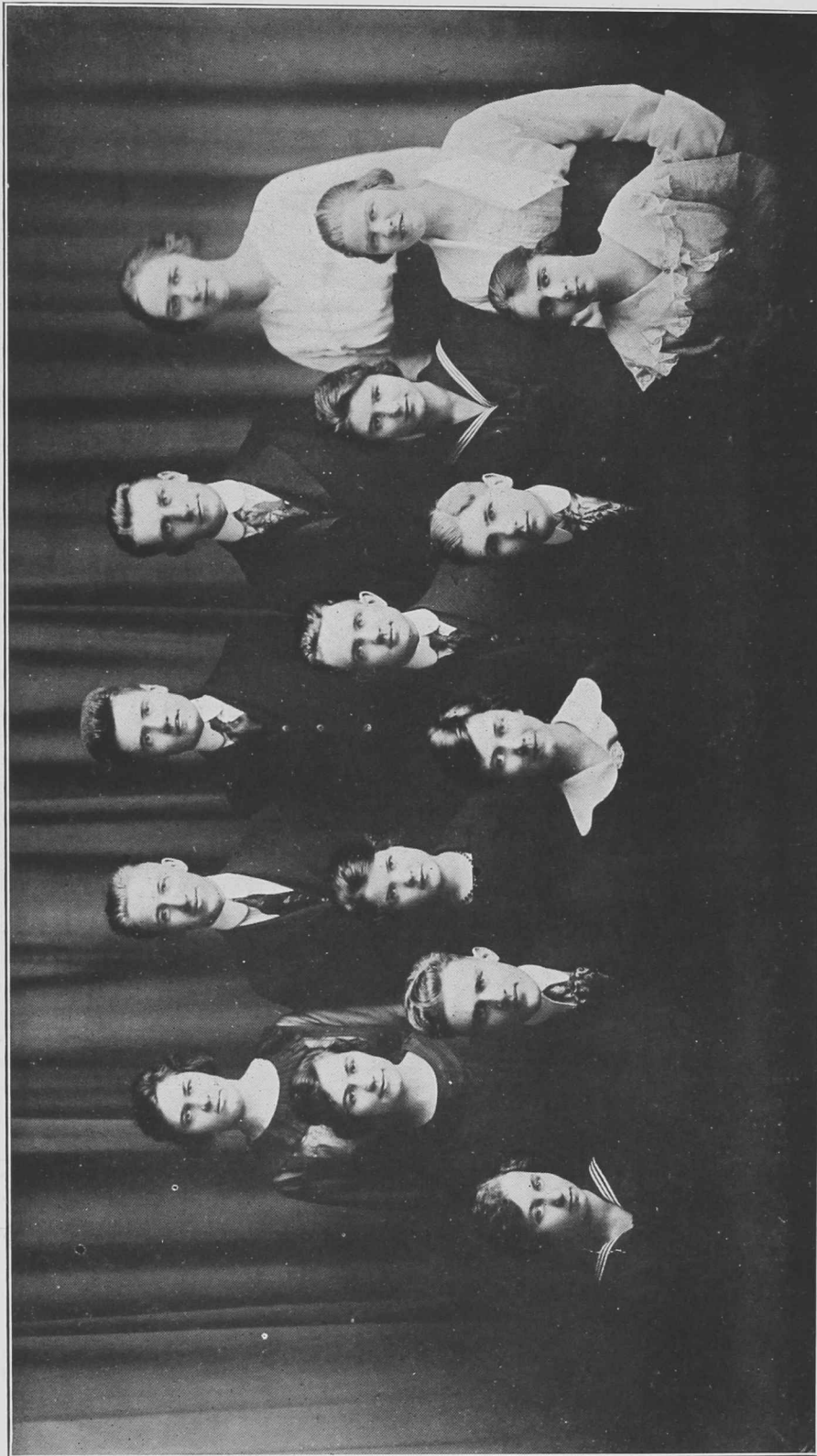
The regular weekly prayer meetings, the Week of Prayer in November, the State Conference meetings,—all have contributed to the moulding of a "Y" spirit which is deeper and more potent than it ever was before. We believe that the true Hope spirit is genuinely exemplified in the Y. M. C. A. this year.

OFFICERS

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| HARRY HAGER | <i>President</i> |
| FRANCIS IHRMAN | <i>Vice President</i> |
| P. J. SIEGERS | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| WILLIAM VANDER MEER | <i>Secretary</i> |

COMMITTEES

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| JOHN KEMPERS | <i>Personal Work</i> |
| CARL SCHROEDER | <i>Missions</i> |
| MARTIN DE WOLF | <i>Social</i> |
| NANKO BOS | <i>Sunday School</i> |
| HAROLD LUBBERS | <i>Membership</i> |
| ROSCOE M. GILES | <i>Publicity</i> |
| FRANK HUFF | <i>Conference</i> |
| MILTON VAN DYKE | <i>Music</i> |



Miss Dean Weersing, W. De Ruyter, C. Schroeder, B. Hakken, Miss T. Holkeboer
 Miss M. Kloote, Miss F. Thoms, R. G. Korteling, Miss G. Pieters, Miss F. Gunneman
 Miss H. Wieringa P. Prins, Miss E. Zwemer, J. Heneveld, Miss E. Buchanan

The Student Volunteer Band

The great world war is over. Its material aspects are already fading away; but the mighty movements which it has set into motion will sweep on and on, until they culminate in the glorious result for which they were begun. If the universal interest, and the vision of service, which the war has awakened in all men, can be diverted into missionary channels, they bid fair to accomplish "the evangelization of the world in this generation." They offer a solution to the problem presented by the missionary situation, which, says John R. Mott, "is absolutely unique in the history of religion—unique in opportunity, unique in danger, unique in responsibility, unique in duty." Keenly alive to this situation, the Hope Volunteers are springing to meet the need as enthusiastically, and with as soldierly a spirit, as they answered the nation's call, ready to lay life itself upon the altar of consecration, as one of their heroic men was called upon to do in service "over there."

The ranks of the Band are increasing, both by the enlistment of new recruits, and by the return of those who have been absent in their country's service. Its peculiar province is the fostering of an active missionary spirit. Its influence is becoming stronger and stronger, with the result that it is fast becoming the best known organization upon the campus. It was largely through the leadership of the Band that Hope, two years ago, undertook the support of the Principalship of Hope High School at Madanapelle, India; and, in order to perpetuate this support, she has during the past year pledged an endowment of ten thousand dollars, to be raised in ten annual instalments. It is largely due to the activity of the Band, that Hope has for some years had the honor of being the leading missionary in this country; and, today, to an even greater extent, there is emanating from Hope, that influence, that will ultimately bring all the world into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

OFFICERS

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|-----------------------|
| CARL SCHROEDER '20 | . | . | . | . | <i>President</i> |
| MISS TENA HOLKEBOER '20 | . | . | . | . | <i>Vice President</i> |
| MISS DEAN WEERSING '21 | . | . | . | . | <i>Secretary</i> |



| | | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|-------------------|-------------|-------------|------------|-------|
| MOL | SCHROEDER | KLEIS | KLEINHEKSEL | G. DE JONGE | JHRMAN | HAGER |
| A. MEENGES | MERYSKENS | WESTMAS | TE PASKE | BURGRAAFF | LUBBERS | |
| | VANDER PLOEG | VAN AOSTENBRUGGES | MULDER | DECKER | J. MEENGES | |
| | | | BOERSMA | | | |



THE ULFILAS CLUB

The Dutch Society was organized in 1886 by Prof. C. Doesburg, who was also its first president. Holding for its purpose the perpetuation of the Holland language and literature, the Ulfilas Club, has remained a potent, progressive force during the thirty years since its founding. The weekly meetings on Monday evening produce the best there is in the language and the literature of the Hollanders. Prof. Albert Raap, who is at the head of the department of Dutch language and literature, acts as critic.

During Commencement week Ulfilas is in special prominence, being the only College society privileged to render a public program.

OFFICERS

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------|----------------------------|
| PROF. A. RAAP | | <i>Honorary President</i> |
| BERNIE MULDER | | <i>President</i> |
| WINFIELD BURGGRAAFF | | <i>Vice President</i> |
| JOHN VANDER PLOEG | | <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> |



Top Row: Miss Geegh, Miss Zwemer, M. Van Dyke, T. Prins, Miss Keppel.
 Middle Row: Miss Baker, P. Prins, C. Heemstra, Miss Bell, Miss Stopples.
 Bottom Row: R. Korteling, Miss Thomasma, W. Duiker.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Hope College Dramatic Club was organized in 1917 through the efforts of James Muilenberg. During the second year of its existence, the play "Mr. Bob" was rendered; and the reputation of the Club was sealed. The members were greatly handicapped this past year in giving their annual play. The Club has been a success however, in stimulating an interest in dramatic art among the students.

OFFICERS

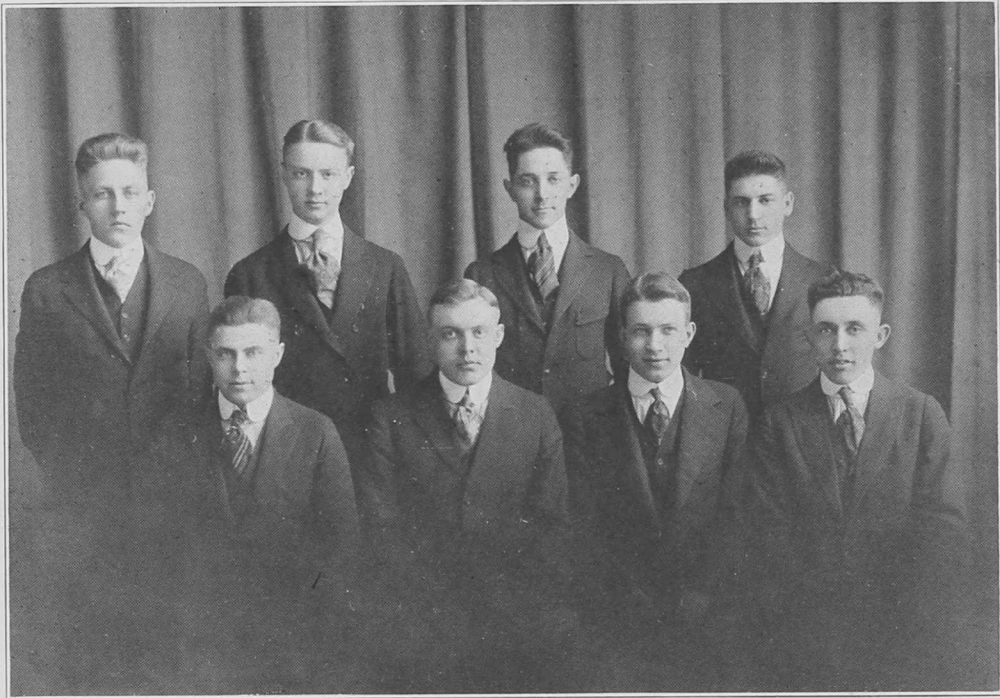
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|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------------------------|
| TEUNIS PRINS | . | . | . | . | . | <i>President</i> |
| MARGARET THOMASMA | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Vice President</i> |
| CLARENCE HEEMSTRA | . | . | . | . | . | <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> |

The Senior Class Play

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

Popular opinion and custom dictate that all Professors be absentminded. And following an age old rule, the Professor fell in love, but did not know it. Dr. Cosens discovers the source of the ailment in Miss Lucy, the private secretary to the inventor, but does not dare to tell the Professor because of a technical hold that the secretary has upon him. The Dowager, Lady Gilding is after the Professor too, and tho' she will sacrifice an annual Five hundreds Lbs. to her son and daughter-in-law, who by the way are very anxious to marry her off, she is willing **to lose money for fame.** The secundus love plot, in which Pete and Henders, two farmer lads, are rivals for the hand and heart of Effie, the maid of the Professor, and the final adjustment of the major love affair, in which the Dowager goes to get a mat upon which she may feign a faint and have the Professor find here thus and leaves Lucy to entertain the Professor should he arrive upon the scene; how Lucy faints when the Professor does come, and his proposal to her, all give abundant room for humorous situation, of which the author of the play makes the best possible use.

This delightful three-act farce-comedy was presented by the Class of '19 on the evening of the sixth of May. The event was greeted by a capacity house, the audience rendering a verdict of enthusiastic approval. Too much cannot be said for the acting. Miss Harriet Baker carried the leading lady's part with charm and grace, typifying Miss Lucy in the business to make a match. Clarence Heemstra in the title role was a perfect Professor, but showed that even these when once awakened can be ardent lovers. The excellent support of Misses Mulder, Thomasma, Van Zanten, and Pennings, and of Messers Baker, Hospers, Peter and Teunis Prins, and Korteling made the dramatic event of the Collegiate season an entire success.



J. Ten Have, M. Van Dyke, J. Van Ark, G. Van Zyle
 F. Voss, A. Karsten, G. Oosterhof, G. Muyskens

HOPE COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB

Existing war conditions scattered the members of the Science Club, and the organization disbanded. It was reorganized, however, during the Winter term of the past year.

The aim of this organization is to increase the knowledge of its members along scientific lines. Only those men who have pursued advanced science work are eligible as members. Very much pleasure as well as instruction is derived from the fortnightly meetings. Frequently subjects of interest are discussed before the club by prominent scientific men of the community. The work of the club touches upon a broad phase of scientific research. Although a comparatively new organization, it has proved to be an important factor upon the campus.

OFFICERS

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|----------------------------|
| GARRIT VAN ZYL | . | . | . | . | <i>President</i> |
| ANDREW KARSTEN | . | . | . | . | <i>Vice President</i> |
| MILTON VAN DYKE | . | . | . | . | <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> |
| FERDINAND VOSS | . | . | . | . | <i>Janitor</i> |

Trinity Sunday School Class

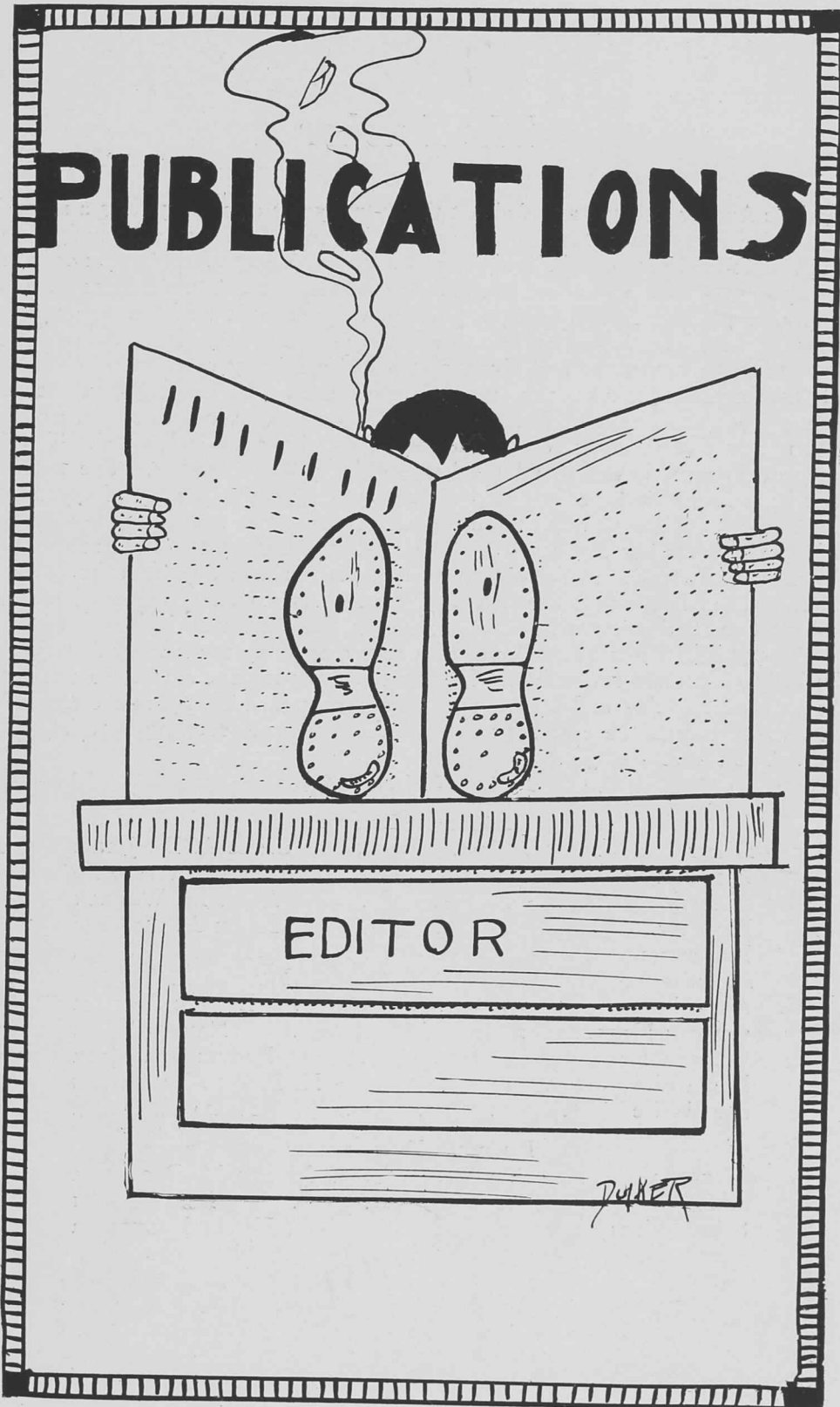
In the year 1916 the Rev. J. Van Peurse, at that time pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, originated the idea of establishing a Sunday School Class in his Church, intended for Hope College Students exclusively. The Rev. Van Peurse secured Dr. Beardslee, Jr., professor at the Theological Seminary, to conduct the class, and in spite of the great distance between the college campus and Trinity Church, the class was started with a considerable number of pupils. When Dr. Beardslee left Holland, Michigan, the class called upon Prof. E. D. Dimment, under whose leadership the attendance increased considerably, and who conducted the class until he was chosen President of the College, and found that other matters required too much of his time and strength. The Class then was fortunate enough to secure the able leadership of Prof. W. Wichers, who is still with us at present.

The aim of the class, besides providing adequate treatment of the Sunday School lesson for the college students, is to provide a more thorough and more fitting preparation for such of the students as go out to teach Sunday School classes either in the local churches or in the classes, instituted in the neighboring country schools by the college Y. M. C. A.

The attendance, altho somewhat irregular at times, as a whole is satisfying, and the class faces the future enthusiastically and hopefully.

It might also be mentioned that part of the proceeds of the class go to defray the expenses of occasional social activities, and another part toward the payment of a \$500 pledge in behalf of the Hope High school endowment fund.





The Anchor

The Anchor has just rounded out thirty-two years of activity. As a monthly publication it maintained its high standards, but in 1914 the student body found it advisable to change from a magazine to a weekly newspaper. They needed an agency to play a more intimate role in collegiate activities. The Anchor now holds a peculiar position in Hope life, a position which cannot be filled by anything other than the best, a position due to two purposes, uniformly maintained.

The more immediate and obvious of these is literary excellence. Scholastic drill does much to train the pen and tongue, but the work springing spontaneously from the student in the student paper also has a unique influence. The pursuance not only of rhetorical exactitude but of creative style is fostered. The literary department brings to all the best of the students' efforts. The amateur experience in editorials, write-ups and comments stimulates facility of expression.

There is another purpose, more fundamental, the real function of the Anchor. It is to champion the Hope spirit. The Anchor preserves the close relations of alumni and students. It holds the spirit of Hope above any other school consideration. It is the first to praise and the first to condemn. Openmindedness and positive frankness are two of the qualities that have won its reputation.

The publication is in the hands of a staff elected by the Anchor Association, the body of student subscribers. During the last year the staff have put forth their efforts honestly and constantly; they have shown ability and enthusiasm. Now under the guidance of the new staff the Anchor is entering its thirty-third year. The future is bright.

1918-1919 STAFF

BOARD OF EDITORS

| | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| Editor | CHRIS A. DE JONGE |
| Assistant | DEANE WEERSING |
| Literary | ANNA M. WHELAN |
| Reporter | RUDOLPH D. HOSPERS |
| Exchanges | HELEN M. BELL |
| Athletics | FRANCIS P. IHRMAN |
| Alumni | EVELYN ZWEMER |
| Campus News | NANKO C. BOS |
| Campus News | HATTIE VER MEER |
| Rapid Fire | H. MILTON VAN DYKE |
| Rapid Fire | NELLA K. MEYER |

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

| | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Manager | MYRON M. BROEKEMA |
| Assistant | MARY GEEGH |
| Subscriptions | HENRY HOLKEBOER |

The Anchor

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan, Wednesday, March 19, 1919

HER EIGHTH STRAIGHT

DETROIT RAYLS PLAY ON LOCA MARCH TWEN

JOINT FACULTY RECITAL of the Hope College Schools of Music and Expression Wednesday, March 19, 8 o'clock p

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

DETROIT JUNIORS WIN CONSECUTIVE VICTORY

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

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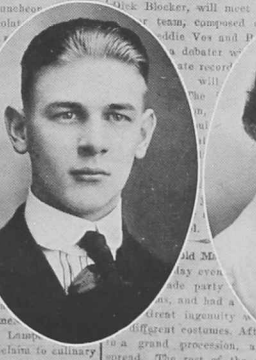
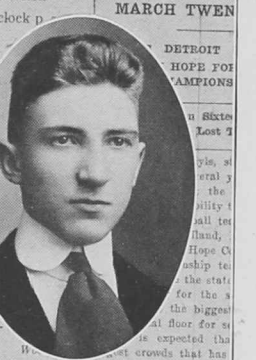
DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS

DETROIT HOPE FOR CHAMPIONS



After the game, Sister Vyn of Hope Senior class chaperoned the boys to her home as there they were royally entertained on their victory. It is rumored that several members of the team have requested Sis to start a matrimonial...

After the repeat the merry ones gathered...

Y. W. C. A.

The Milestone

The custom of publishing an annual at Hope was initiated by the class of 1917 and their product was the 1916 Milestone. The first effort was such a distinct success and the value of an annual to the college so easily recognizable, that the publishing of the annual by the Junior class has become a permanent rule.

The present volume is sponsored by the class of 1920. Early in the fall of the year the class at one of their regular class meeting elected the editor-in-chief and the business manager; the editor in turn appointed the department editors, and the business manager, his assistants.

The board of editors of the 1919 Milestone is as follows:

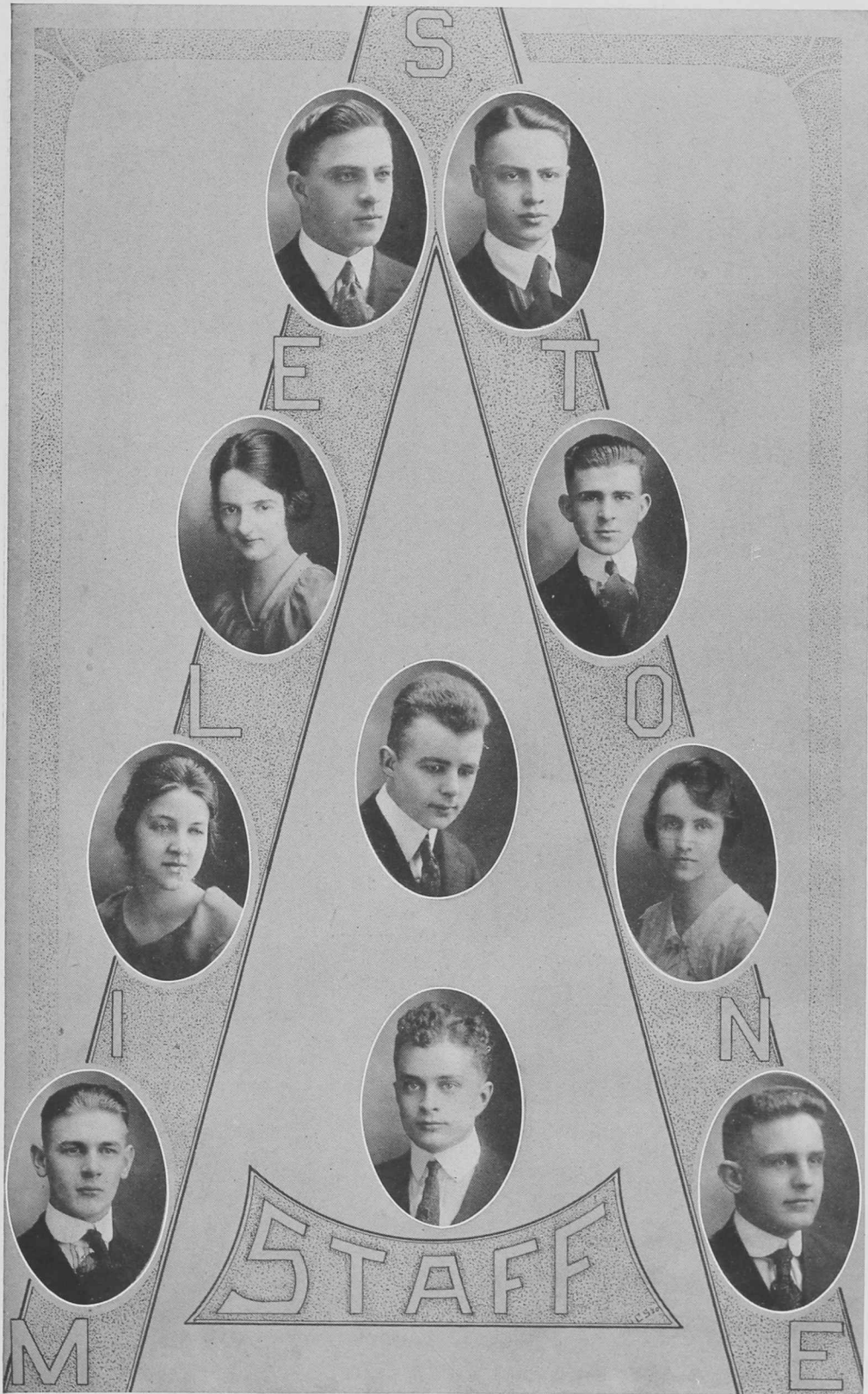
| | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| P. J. SIEGERS | Editor-in-Chief |
| MISS MARY GEEGH | Assistant |
| MISS ANNA WHELAN | Literary |
| CHRIS A. DE JONG | Athletics |
| H. MILTON VAN DYKE | Jokes |
| NANKO C. BOS | Photography |
| MISS MARIE DANHOF | Art |

The editor takes this opportunity to express his appreciation of the excellent work of the department editors, and to compliment their efficiency, close harmony and cooperation. To the faithful, efficient assistance of Miss Mary Geegh whose work throughout was characterized by a spirit of untiring zeal, the editor feels himself greatly indebted. To the work of Miss Marie Danhof and her staff of artists the Milestone is indebted for all drawings, cartoons and etchings that it contains. Miss Danhof has made especial mention of the character and quality of the work of Mr. Carl Schroeder in the art department.

Myron M. Broekema headed the business department and did his work both creditably and successfully. The distribution was in the hands of William Vander Meer and his assistant, Henry Holkeboer. The entire business department of the 1919 Milestone was characterized throughout by efficiency and prudence.

The work of publishing the Milestone from year to year has come to be a large and interesting activity on the college campus. It has always met with the genuine support and the goodwill of the student body, the faculty, and the friends of the institution. The Preparatory Department is represented in the annual and in turn its students have shown their interest and a willingness to aid. It has been the custom to feature in a brief way, the Western Theological Seminary, which is also located in Holland. This custom arose from the fact that the two institutions, although in no way related the one with the other, are both institutions of the Reformed church in America and enjoy in common the support of its friends. But the prime purpose of the Milestone, as of every annual, is to feature the college year with all its activities and varied interests.

—THE EDITOR.



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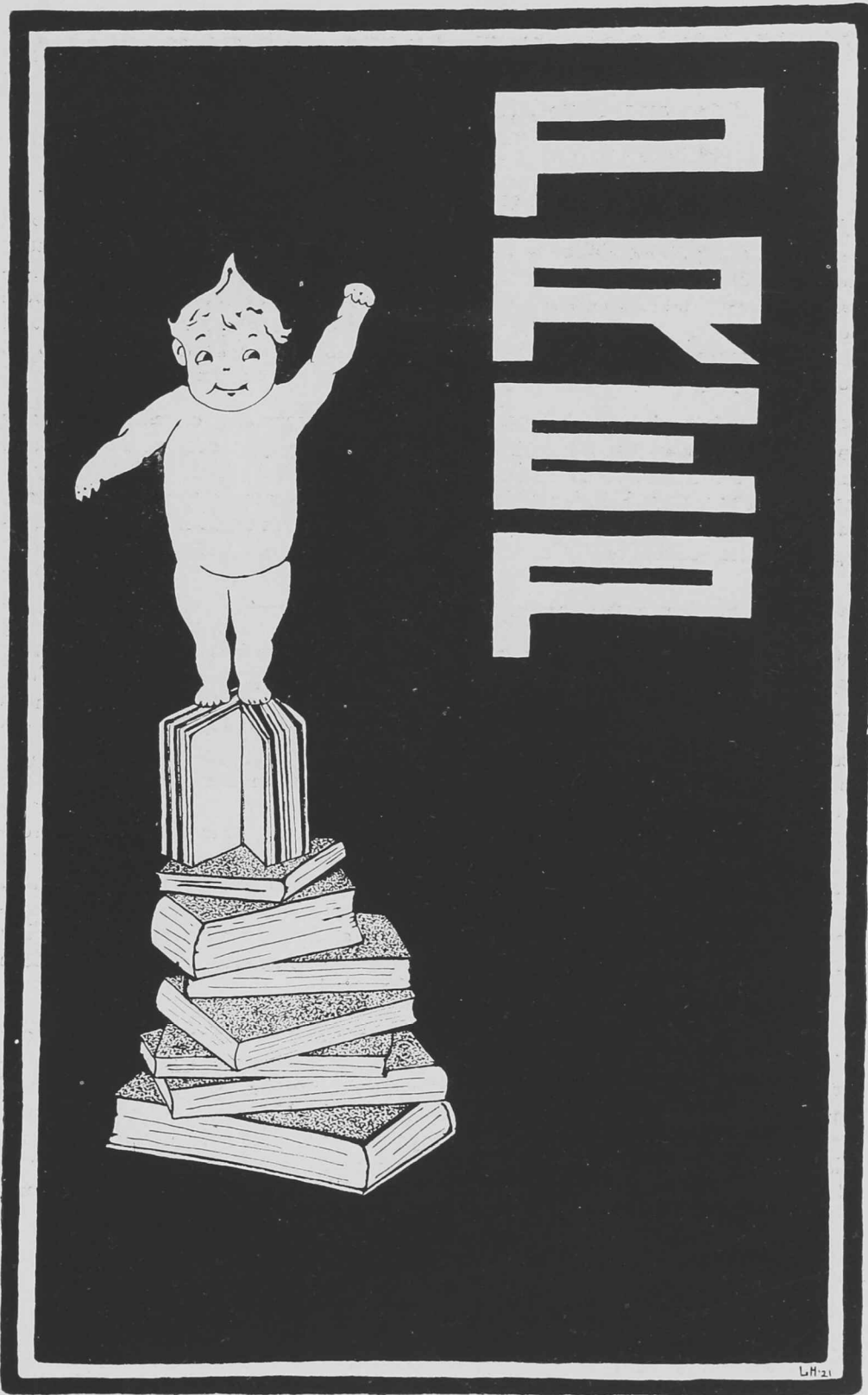


Miss L. Heemstra, M. De Wolf, C. Schroeder, Miss G. Mersen
Miss E. Reeverts, W. Duiker, Miss Marie Danhof (Art Editor), M.N. Van Dyke

THE ART STAFF

The Milestone is greatly indebted to the Art Staff for the persistent, hard labor each member put on the work assigned. May we solicit your appreciation with ours by referring you to the title pages and drawings in this volume.

—THE EDITORS.



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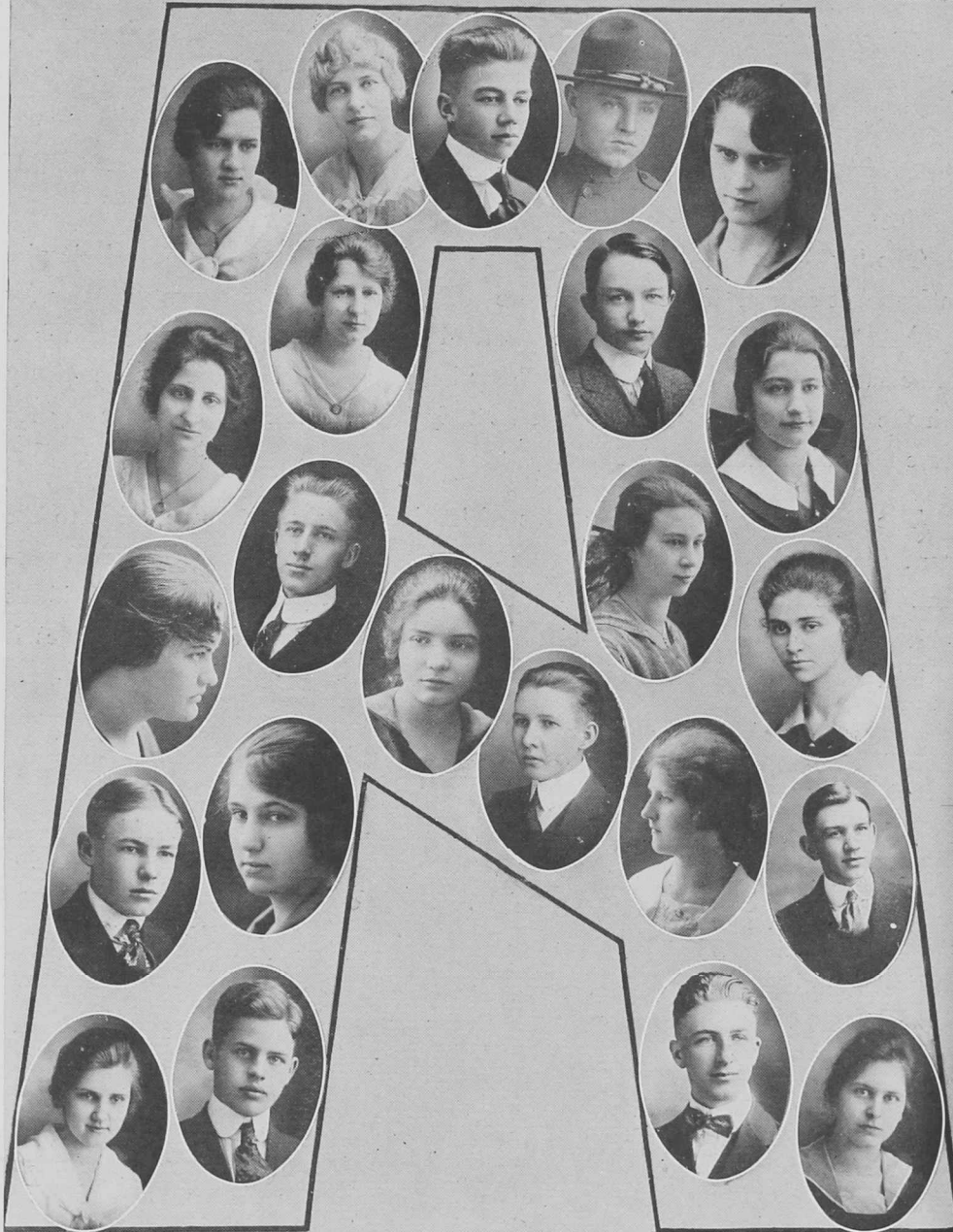
The Preparatory School

Among the most important constructive changes at Hope we have witnessed this year a reorganization of the Preparatory School. The Preps have for years been wandering about aimlessly and have lacked somewhat a definite sympathy and cooperation of some one faculty member appointed for that purpose. Accordingly last Fall the administration and supervision of this department were delegated directly to a new officer, the Principal of the Preparatory School, and already a more distinctive atmosphere and identity have been imparted to its policy and program.

We are living in a period when the policy of secondary education in many quarters is in a constant flux and turmoil; when stability, tradition, wisdom, and reason are sometimes thrown to the winds; when thoroughness and accuracy of instruction, as well as high ideals in scholarship, are sometimes superseded by tads and a bread-and-milk diet. The just as good policy is in some instances developing substitutes educationally as well as commercially, but the man of discretion is constantly reminded of the dictum of Horace that *nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus*, and it is upon the truth of work, more work, and more hard work that our fundamental conception of educational values must be based. The talisman of success this year as in other years has been *ora et labora*, a fitting expression for the faith of our fathers. There are ever present with us two elements in life, one transitory and progressive, the other in part, if not wholly, non-progressive and eternal. In our educational program we lay the emphasis on the second, not on the first; and this is chiefly concerned with the soul, the things of spirit which in turn depend upon the will, on aspiration, on the quality of the individual soul, and not discoveries and material advances which can be accumulated and definitely summed up like so many figures. Our facilities for preparation in the Preparatory School are arranged in conformity to such a view of life, and hence our students are in the main composed of those who aim at fitting themselves for humanistic endeavors, who wish to enter the great professions, and who believe in serious work and study. Our appeal is inevitably directed to those whose educational interest lies on the academic side, who believe in the conservation not the dissipation, of the mind.

The unparalleled world conditions this year did not affect the Preparatory School adversely, tho the enrollment was somewhat below the average. A uniform interest has been fairly well maintained during the year and the spirit of work and scholarship has in no wise been sacrificed. Numerous social gatherings, athletic events, and the Kollen Cadet Corps have supplied ample opportunity for relaxation and recreation. The "A" class comprehends this year the number of 22 and this is a good representation considering the severe conditions of this year.

PREP



1919

The "A" Class

The "A" class finds itself the largest class in the preparatory school, despite the fact that several of the members are still in service. The badge of honor for high scholarship might fittingly be awarded this class, especially in Latin and Mathematics. The career of the "A's" has been stimulated by the intense rivalry with the present "B" class. In athletics they have exhibited skill promising for future champion athletes for Hope.

The Preparatory graduating class of '19 has caught the Hope spirit to the extent that the majority are planning to continue work in the college department. Those who will not be able to come back next year have the high ideals of Hope so ingrained in mind and soul, that the influence of these principles is destined to propagate wherever the "A's" may go.

OFFICERS

| | | |
|------------------|-----------|------------------|
| JOHN RUISSARD | | <i>President</i> |
| MARY E. BOER | | <i>Secretary</i> |
| HENRIETTA NYHUIS | | <i>Treasurer</i> |



Preparatory Roll

"A" CLASS

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| GERTRUDE FABERA ALTHUIS | ADELAIDE DE VRIES |
| HENRIETTA WINIFRED ALTHUIS | THOMAS DE VRIES |
| MARINUS ARNOYS | ESTHER DELIA KOOPS |
| MARY ELEANOR BOER | NELLIE LAM |
| IRVIN BORGMAN | HENRY LUIDENS |
| RUTH BROEKEMA | HENRIETTA JOSEPHINE NYHUIS |
| ALICE MAE BROWER | JOHN RUISAARD |
| THEODORE ARTHUR COOK | ALBERT HERMAN TIMMER |
| HELENE DE GOED | JENNIE MAE VAN DYKE |
| WILLIAM DE RUITER | MARGARET ZUIDEMA |
| AMANDA RUTH ZWEMER | |

"B" CLASS

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| ALBERT BERKOMPAS | JACOB PRINS |
| GARRET JOHN BOONE | FRED SCHUURMAN |
| DANIEL WILLIAM DE GRAAF | SENA TONETTA TINHOLT |
| EUGENE LESLIE HUYSER | ANNA MAE TYSSE |
| KATHERINE HELENA KAMPS | WILMA VANDER BUNTE |
| GEORGE RUSSELL KARSTEN | HELENE VAN KERSEN |
| DICK HERMAN LEESTMA | PETER VOS |
| BERTHA MOUW | JAMES VOSS |
| JAMES LEONARD POPPEN | DWIGHT BALDWIN YNTEMA |

"C" CLASS

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| RENSA DYKSTRA | LOIS THOMS |
| WILLIAM EININK | ALETA VAN DYK |
| FRANK AVERY HUFF | JANET JOHANNA VOORHORST |
| JULIA AMELIA KOOPS | GRACIA WAGENVELD |
| MARTHA KOPPENAAAL | IRA HENRY WEERSING |
| RAYMOND KUIPER | ADRAIN FREDERICK ZWEMER |
| WILLIAM WELLS THOMS | AMY RUTH ZWEMER |

"D" CLASS

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| ADA CORNELIA BOONE | CHARLES LOOMAS |
| NICHOLAS H. BRUINIX | HENRY NYBOER |
| NELSON HENRY CLARK | ORRIN SANTHUYSEN |
| GERALD ELENBAAS | TEUNIS VAN ZYL SMITH |
| HENRIETTA KEIZER | MARINUS VEELE |
| GLADIS JULIET KLEINHEKSEL | HILDA WIERINGA |
| MYRTLE KLEINHEKSEL | CHESTER LOOMIS YNTEMA |



Top Row (Left to Right): Amanda Zwemer, Anna Tysse, Henrietta Keizer, Helene Van Kersen, Anna Iben, Margaret Zuidema, Ruth Broekema. Middle Row: Nellie Lam, Helene DeGoede, Lois Thoms, Amy Zwemer, Henrietta Althuis, Gertrude Althuis, Mary Boer, Jennie VanDyk. Bottom Row: Florence Moore, Alice Brower, Adelaide De Vries, Hilda Wieringa, Martha Koppenaal, Wilma Vande Bunte, Janet Voorhorst Minnie Keizer.

Minerva Society

The Minerva Society has this year reached her quarter century mark, and we feel that with her high ideals and noble aspirations she has not existed in vain. Her patron goddess has indeed cherished her, and has blessed her daughters with a rich measure of that wisdom which only a literary society can afford.

The year 1919 shows an enrollment of twenty-three members, who have faithfully endeavored to maintain the worthy standards, as long as Minerva may exist. Little matter by how much space or time her members may be separated from her, they will still ever heartily sing:

“Then hail to Minerva, the Red and the White,
The Red and the White for aye!”

OFFICERS

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------------------------|
| JENNIE VAN DYKE | | <i>President</i> |
| HENRIETTA KEISER | | <i>Vice President</i> |
| MARTHA KOPPENAAAL | | <i>Secretary</i> |
| JANET VOORHORST | | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| HELEN VAN KERSEN | | <i>Keeper of the Archives</i> |

MINERVA SONG

Minerva, to thee we our loyalty pledge;
Our love and allegiance we bring,
We will ever be true to thy noble ideals
While we praises exulting sing.

'Tis thy love and thy light that have e'er been our guide
'Tis thy name that doth always inspire;
And we give thee our pledge, that what ever betide,
Our gratitude ne'er shall expire.

CHORUS

Minerva, to thee we will ever be true
We will love thee till death do us part;
We will honor the name, we will e'er spread the fame
Of Minerva, so dear to our hearts.



Top Row (Left to Right): R. Zwemer, G. Karsten, A. Berkompas, R. Kuiper, J. Ruisaard. Middle Row: N. Bruinix, D. Yntema, D. De Graff, W. De Ruitter. Bottom Row: G. Boone, T. Cook, F. Huff, A. Zwemer, W. Thoms.

Meliphone Society

The Meliphone Society has passed its sixty-third year and can look back upon the past with great pride.

Every Friday night the Meliphonians hold their meeting; excellent and instructive programs are rendered. The predominating object of the society is the advancement of its members along literary lines. The fame of Meliphone has spread far and wide by the success of its annual play which is pronounced the great event of the year by the crowded throngs which gather to hear its best production.

The Meliphonians of the graduating class carry ever with them the happy reminiscences of the society. The influence of Meliphone proves a vital factor in their lives.

OFFICERS

| | | |
|------------------|-----------|---------------------------|
| WILLIAM DERUITER | | <i>President</i> |
| DANIEL DEGRAAF | | <i>Vice President</i> |
| JOHN RUISSARD | | <i>Secretary</i> |
| GEORGE KARSTEN | | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| DWIGHT YNTEMA | | <i>Keeper of Archives</i> |

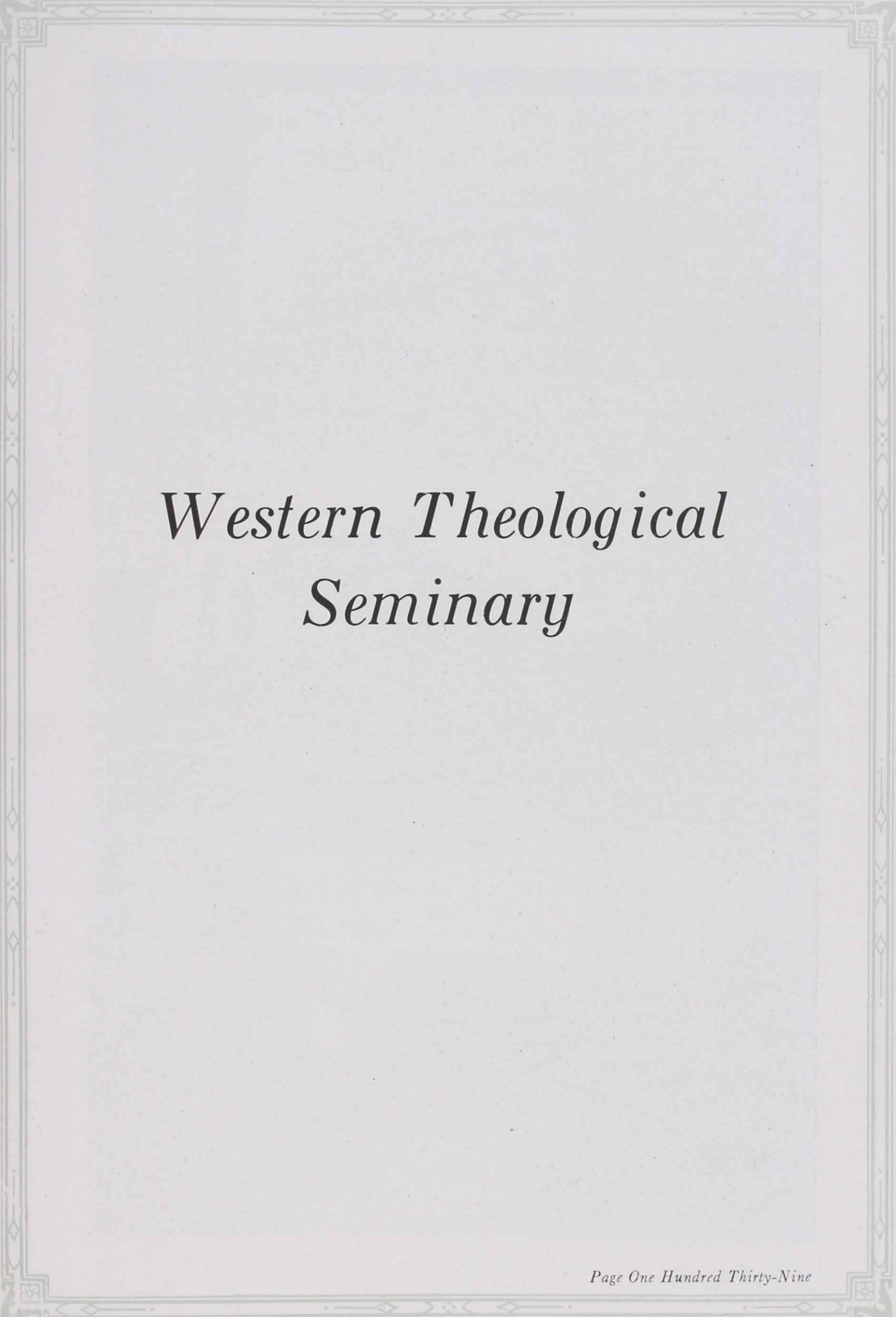
MELIPHONE SONG

Our Meliphone, the light which shown
Thro' all these blissful years,
Still bears its light thro' darksome night,
And drives away our fears.

Oh come what may, we'll ne'er repay
The good which it bestows,
Thro' out our life, in daily strife
It conquers many foes.

CHORUS

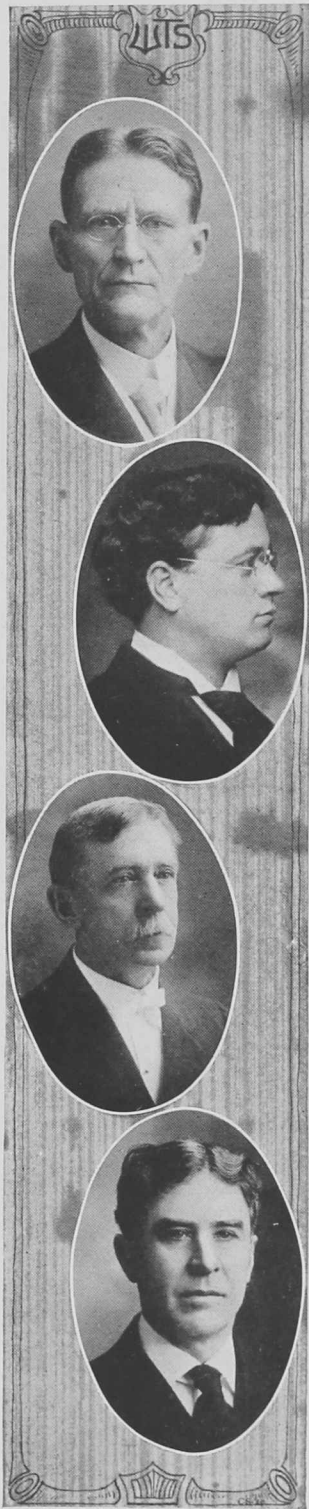
We'll always cheer where'er we hear
That name known far and wide,
The name alone of Meliphone,
With us will e'er abide.

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*Western Theological
Seminary*



REV. EVART J. BLEKKINK, D.D.
Librarian; Professor of Systematic
Theology.



REV. JOHN E. KUIZENGA, D.D.
Secretary; Professor of Practical The-
ology.

REV. JAMES F. ZWEMER, D.D.
President of the Faculty; Professor
Emeritus of Practical Theology.

REV. HENRY HOSPERS, D.D.
Professor of Old Testament Languages
and Literature.

Western Theological Seminary

Greetings:

The members and faculty of the Western Theological Seminary, advocates of the "Second Mile," appreciate the opportunity of advocating the Milestone as well. Tho sometimes facetiously or innocently designated the "Cemetery"—suggestive perhaps of being buried in thot—still, in truth, the Seminary exhibits "Life" in various ways. In the readingroom, classroom, pulpit, and on the basketball floor, it is considerably in evidence.

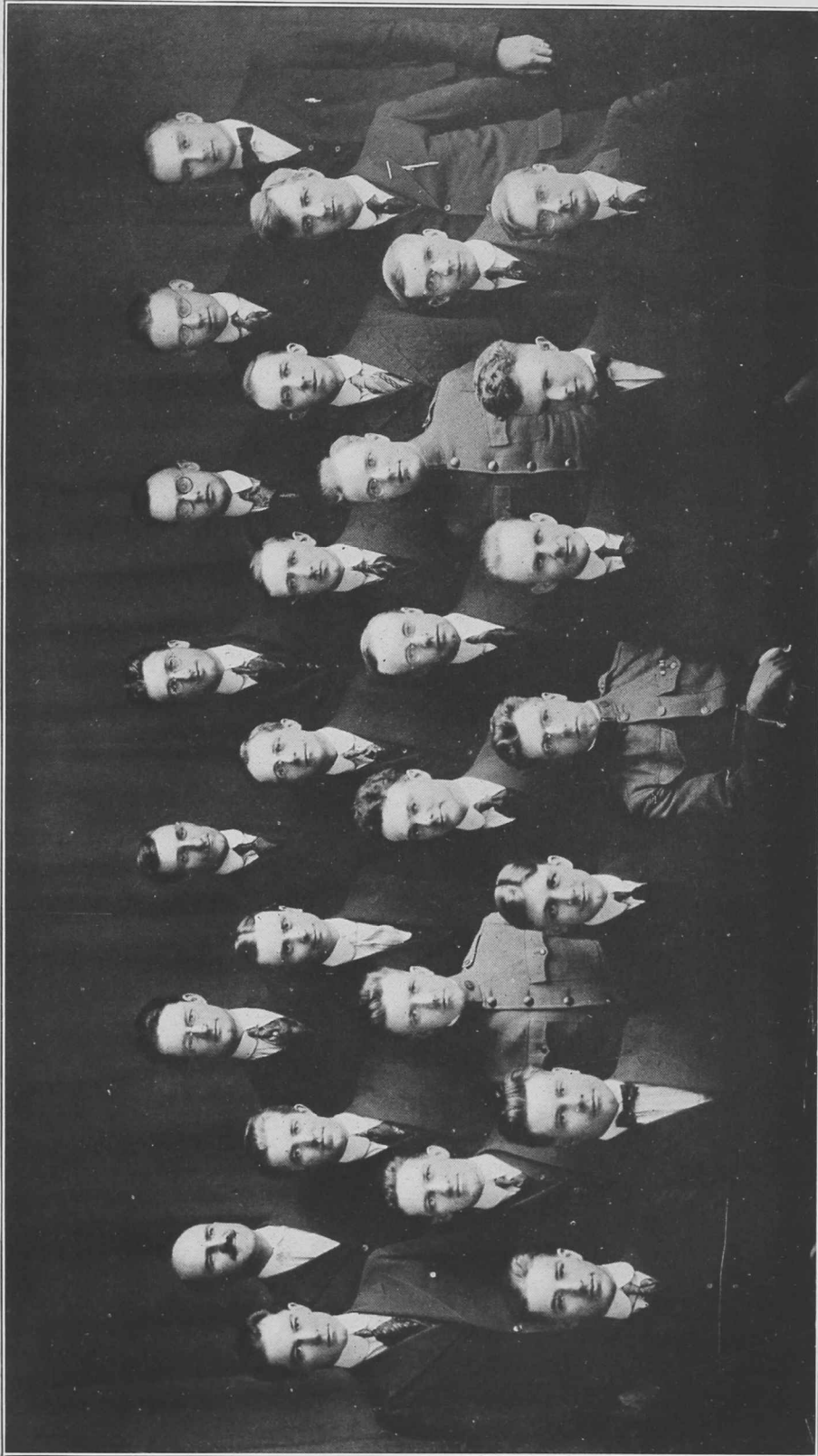
Social life is made pleasant thru the associations in our splendidly equipped dormitory, which is already storing up historic Van Vleck-like memories. The usual afternoon Boston Restaurant "Koffie Klets," in which "Mikkie," the janitor participates, has become indispensable. Equally agreeable are the more formal receptions at the opening and middle of the year, while the usual social hour, the climax of the weekly Adelpic Society meeting, is generously appreciated.

This year is distinctive in the history of the institution in that it marks the Fiftieth Anniversary of her life and service. The occasion will be commemorated appropriately by a dignified and elaborate function to be held in May.

That even play is not inconsistent with the orthodoxy of the modern "Dominie" is evidenced by the creditable efforts of the school's basketball team. Even the Hope College Reserves will admit this.

Tho separated from the college by a somewhat hard and cold pavement, still our sympathy for and interest in all the activities of our Alma Mater is warm and genuine. In spirit we share her victories and defeats. The path between is well-trodden, and the wire well used. 1409 Seminary Hall is even popular with many college men because of its fine connections with 1307 Voorhees Hall. One would call this a communication camp.

But it is particularly a training camp. Her highly qualified corps of instructors merits distinction and emulation. The entry of two wearers of Khaki, and the return of one, has swelled the ranks to 27 men, several of whom will enter "Overseas Service." Thirteen Seniors, the largest class in the history of this school, will obey the May command of "Forward March." A comrade in the service, Mr. Irwin Lubbers of the Middle Class, will be the short-term overseas servant of Hope College, as principal in Hope High School, Madanapalle, India. A common cause unites in a common service.



Top Row (Left to Right): Maatman, Dolphin, Braam, Mulder, Van Westenbergh, Stegeman, Van Egmond. Third Row: Klaaren, De Roos, Frericks, Maasen, R. Lubbers, Ter Louw, Van Lierop. Second Row: Koeppe, I. Lubbers, Timmer, Kuite, Kuizenga, Dunnewold. Bottom Row: Van Dyke, Heyenga, Vander Linden, De Vries, De Yong, Hospers, Bakker.



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Literature

Silent Songs

The bloody, shell torn fields of Recicourt, Very, Montfaucon, Epionville, Gesmes, Romagne and Beaufort, where so many of our comrades sleep, have returned to silence—the silence of death. We had left these fields, entrusting to them those of our comrades who could not come along to where the ship was coaling up. We were now billeted at Champcourt, waiting for new clothes and transportation that would carry us to the sea. The village was a sea of mud, especially where our kitchen was located. When waiting in mess line one had to move his feet continually, that he might not sink down too far.

It was there on a Sunday noon when I had just received my chow, that, as I bent down to place my canteen cup full of hot steaming coffee on a stone not altogether submerged, I discovered a very small rivulet of clear water streaming from under the stone. Immediately I removed the stone and found a tiny spring that, despising all the mud and filth of its surroundings, had broken forth in the middle of the mud covered road. It was there, seated in a torrent of rain beside the pure, tiny spring, that I thought of what I am now to write.

What that tiny spring on the muddy road was to a weary, wet, tempest-tossed soldier, that poetry has been to him during twenty long, endless months of his military career. That Sunday noon Nature taught him that no matter how mean life may be there are springs even amidst the mud and scum of this world that make the faces of those who look into them radiate with purity and joy.

When a man is taken out of what he thinks his life work, is suddenly cast on a pile in which is found much good, tempered steel but in which scrap iron finds no less conspicuous place, when one is to be melted in the war furnace of a nation, the question comes to him. How can I retain my integrity? How can I remain kind, loving beauty and truth? Those virtues must be maintained if one would be true not only to himself but also to his fellow men. At first it seems an impossible task, but soon one becomes adjusted, gets a footing, and I confess that I have been true to myself and my fellow soldiers according to the time I devoted to reading my copy of English, Prose and Poetry, and that of the Chief American Poets. Nor were we ever called out so early or hastily but I strapped these two books to my pack with great care, for they meant much to me.

Poetry helps one to express his hidden emotions. The poet long before we lived had experienced what we feel now. Living in days like our own, as in those of which Wordsworth says:

“The soil of common life was at that time
Too hot to tread upon;”

and being often misunderstood by their own generation they, long ago, had learned what it is to be sad and lonely, to be weary and sick at heart. They have not only felt but they have also spoken. Nature has given them silver words with golden lining and when we read those words:

“Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.”

We feel that we have found a brother who suffered or rejoiced as we do now.

Poetry too can provide one with the stimulus necessary to endure great hardships. No man can live under long continuous hardships and not wish for something that, even if only for a moment, will lift him above the common-place of

things. One feels the need of a moment's freedom,—to regain breath, to feel that one is still a divine spirit, at least a spirit if less divine. It is because of this that some men use cocaine, opium or wines, and deceived by drug or wine they imagine that they live a fuller, freer life than we who, thru reading Bryant, Burns, Browning, Tennyson, Lowell or Longfellow, are brought closer to our Father's heart, where alone can be found rest and life more abundant.

Then to whom should poetry appeal more than to a soldier who, far away from loved ones, faces hardships and dangers? Poetry deals with home and country, heaven and earth. What a picture of home the reading of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" can bring to a lonely soldier! One experiences again the sacred atmosphere of home, sees mother, with her sweet smile, knitting or sewing, sees father reading the evening paper after a day of toil, while the little brothers or sisters are preparing tomorrow's lesson, or planning a surprise on teacher. One sees again the "big ha' bible" on the table near father, sees the familiar pictures on the wall and the sleepy canary in his gilded cage hiding his little head in his feathers. What joy such recollections can bring! Or one reads Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and soon he is transported to "bowers of innocence and ease," where every sport could please.

Again he sees:

"The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill."

Then as he looks around over the ruins of French villages more destroyed than deserted he renews his vow that no Hun shall continue such a work as long as his blood is warm within his veins.

Moreover, a soldier in the field lives very close to nature, and what is poetry but one of the avenues of God to His work? Many, many a night have I with four or five comrades been lying under the starry heavens, waiting for the foe to come with his deadly burden and often have we sat for hours in silence, helmets beside us, gazing at the stars, not a word being spoken. The distant rumbling of the guns, their flashes reflected in the sky, the tracers of remote anti air craft guns, the different colored signals sent up by friend or foe were all that could be heard or seen. How "deep and tender" the moonlight was! It turned our hearts to love and reverence. When finally the silence was broken by the monotonous drone of an enemy's machine, we arose quietly and with steady hand restrained the shaking machine gun. For a moment, only a moment, we had been in the silent, calm presence of our Creator. How majestic, how divine such moments are! How precious when we have in memory a few lines that can then express our deep feelings!

Yes, the poet is our talisman who tells us what we experience. He is our brother who sings to us not only when we have conquered but also when the fight is on, when we are weary and sick at heart, or when in the great silence of our Maker we grope for words of wonder, admiration and love. O, if we would listen more to the silent songs of earth and heaven, we would be better men, and more worthy too of those who died that we might live happy and free!

JOE VANDE NORDT.

THE FIGHT AT FINNSBURGH,—A FRAGMENT

John B. Nykerk, Head of the Department of English

How intensely interesting to students of the *Tragi-comedie humaine* are these occasional gleams we catch thru the chinks in the dense wall obscuring the pre-historic past from the living present. In early English literature there have been preserved for us the "Battle of Brunanburh" (See Tennyson's translation) and the "Waldere" and "The Fight at Finnsburgh" fragments. These all reveal the stern realities of a life of intense struggle, when thane and serf
"—— laid about them at their wills and died."

In the fragment I have here endeavored to translate into modern English heroic metre, we vividly sense the fierceness and tenseness of the grim and grisly struggle incident to an ancient tribal feud between the Danes and Frisians, in which, as critics think, the youthful king Hengist, who succeeded Hnæf after the latter's death (cf. *Beowulf*, II. 1115 seq.), with only sixty warriors, defends his mead hall against the treacherous midnight attack of Finn and his fiendish army. What a weird atmosphere the author has created in his "arrant moon" shining "between the clouds!" How fierce the din of onslaught, and how resolute the resistance! We wonder how many will survive the battle, for
"*Wyrd often saves an undoomed warrior,
Provided that his fortitude be good.*" (*Beowulf*, II. 572-573.)

The "fragment" consists of only fifty lines, found between the wooden cover, and its surrounding parchment in which an ancient book of homilies was bound. In my translation I have mainly followed Holthausen's Anglo-Saxon text, and have made the version as literal as the exigencies of verse allowed.

—— Never are gables burning (here.)

The youthful warlike king then made reply:

" 'Tis not day dawning, nor doth hither fly

'A dragon, nor here do this hall's gables burn;

'But here the mortal enemies bear forth

'Their ready war-equipments, birds (of battle)

'Sing, the gray corselet clinks, the spear makes din,

'Shield answers shaft. There shines the arrant moon

'Between the clouds; now dire deeds have rise

'Which of these needs effect this tribal feud.

'But up! Arose ye now my warriors!

'Hold firm your shields and think of glory-deeds,

'Fight at the front and be ye brave of heart! "

Then many a valiant thane, bedecked with gold,
Arose from seat and girded on his sword.

Then, to the doors, the noble warriors went,
Sigferth and Eowas, and drew their swords,
And at the other doors Ordlof and Guthlof,
And Hengist himself; moreover, Garulf turned
On their track and cautioned the War-Dane, that he
Should not expose such noble life, such arms,
On the first occasion, at the castle doors,

Since the slaughter-hardened one desired to take it.
For the brutal-hearted man did openly,
Above them all, inquire,
Who held the door?

'Sigferth's my name, chief of the Secgs am I,
'A wanderer widely known; much woe endured
'Have I, hard conflicts; for thee is here decreed
'Whichever thou thyself wouldst seek for me.'

Then on the wall was sound of slaughter grim;
The chilly shield, the bone-defense must burst
The fierce one's hands. The fortress-floor did din,
Until in battle Garulf prostrate lay,
The foremost of all dwellers on the earth,
The son of Guthlaf, around him many braves.
Above the carcase of the fallen, watched
The raven, black and sallow-brown; sword-gleam
Did glance, as if all Finnsburg were on fire.
Ne'er have I heard of three score victor chiefs
Behaving better and more worthily
In strife of men; nor e'er of serfs to pay
For sweet mead better, than his liegemen rendered due
To Hnæf. Five days they fought (.....
.....) so no one of them fell,
Of hero-comrades—but they held the gates.

Then turned a wounded man to go away,
Said that his coat-of-mail was broken in two,
Armor unavailing, eke his helmet pierced.
Him quickly then the people's Shepherd asked
How then the warriors survived their wounds,
Or which one of those youths, ~ ~ ~ ~

GLEANINGS FROM OLD AUTHORS

Recently I lifted from the library shelves two ancient volumes whose perfect intactness betrayed their evident neglect. One of these worthy volumes thru merit of its severe, black-brown cover, its stained, uneven pages wore an air of utter dejection. As I aimlessly paged thru it, the milder spots on the large, crowded yellowed pages, the frequent italics, and the numerous subdivisions increased its air of gloom. I turned to its companion of neglect. Its cover was green, a very noticeable green, adorned with gold,—in fact with three gold fish, with mouths, fins and tails, and even gold waves to swim upon. In large bold type stood forth—"The Compleat Angler—Izaak Walton—With Eighty-Two Illustrations." I opened its pages with curiosity. It obviously had withstood the stain of time. The sheets shone fresh and white, with large margins on all sides; suggestive scenes of brooks, bridges, and woodland seemed bent on inviting further friendship.

With no more delay I hastened to make the author's acquaintance in his letter to the reader. In a simple manner he told me that in the writing of his book he had made himself a recreation of a recreation; and, that it might so prove to me, and not read dull and tediously, he had in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth. He was going to acquaint me with many things that are not usually known to every angler, but not endeavor to teach me the art of angling, for that art, like all arts, is not taught by words, but by practise.

Thus I joined him with his friends Mr. Auceps and Mr. Venator in their morning walk, where my host Mr. Piscator explained himself as follows: "I am a Brother of the Angle and therefore an enemy to the otter, both for my own and their sakes who are of my brotherhood." How similar in ideal to our brotherhoods, that I. The arguments of Mr. Venator and Mr. Auceps, as to the major importance of the earth and air, and consequently of their sports, failed to convince me; whereas the pleasing discourse of my friend Piscator established the supremacy of water beyond all doubt. For was not the water the eldest daughter of the creation? Against the importance of fish what could be said in face of the knowledge that Jonah was entrusted to a whale? Together with Venator, I wished to become a disciple of the angle and endeavored to follow Piscator's advice: "Doubt not that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning: the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? For angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, tho both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward in itself."

Now Piscator gave me instruction in the art of catching chubs and trout and in preparing the same. I cast out my line, but just as a wary chub was about to take my hook, my shadow in the clear stream frightened him. Piscator had forgotten to warn me. I moved behind a clump of willow bushes and cast out again. Thru his simple friendship my newly found companion indeed proved his observation that "good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue." Just as evening was drawing nigh Piscator was saying, "Look, under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the

adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade; whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating *dames*. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thot, as the poet has happily expressed it,

‘I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.’”

How this civil, quiet Piscator with an appreciative eye united angling with a sympathetic contemplation of Nature and of Life! Just before we turned to go, he saw a milkmaid and her mother coming thru the pasture. She had sung for him on that former day beneath the beech-tree, and now he entreated her to sing a ditty for me. As reward for her sweet verse she received with simple thanks the chub I had just slyly hooked. As I placed the green, fish-adorned volume aside, I vowed to say again “Good Morning, Piscator” on some fresh, cool spring day when I would endeavor to persuade him to teach me how to catch an eel.

For several days the ominous Brown Volume, beside its restored companion, remained untouched as if frowning upon me for presuming to give preference to a gay, green fish book. In it I had found a new friend,—would I dare to hope for yet another friend in this Volume which stood aloof and offered no enticement, rather repelled friendship? Then in an unaccountable way I was seized unawares and rushed into a downcast mood; perhaps rising from the fatal side of the bed, perhaps being accused of obstinacy, admitting it, and wilfully adding—“I’m glad I am stubborn,” perhaps the deserved reproof which followed, perhaps all of these and even the rain conspired to make me despondent enough to seize the gloomy Volume, and the crouch off in a corner to anatomize the “Anatomy!”

I paused at the spotted ancient frontispiece for it exhibited the only pictures in the book. In *amorat, solitudo, superstitiosus, maniacus* I could understand. With the aid of a Latin dictionary, I construed the meaning of *Zelotypia, Hypocrojudiacis* and *democritus Abderite* all figurative of the subject matter, I supposed. Opposite I read: “The Anatomy of Melancholy, What it is, with all the Kinds, Causes, Symptomes, Prognostiks, and Several Cures of It. In three partitions, with their several Sections, Members, and Subsections, Philosophically, Medicinally, Historically Opened and Cut Up—by Democritus Junior.” There, too, was a letter to the reader:—“Gentle reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antick or personate actor this is, that so insolently intrudes upon this common theatre, to the world’s view, arrogating another man’s name, whence he is, why he doth it, and what he hath to say. Although, as Seneca said, *Primum si noluero, non respondebo: quis coaturus est?* (I am a free man born, and may choose whether I will tell: who can compel me?) If I be urged, I will as readily reply as that Egyptian Plutarch, when a curious fellow would needs know what he had in his basket, *Quum vides velatam, quid inquiris in rem absconditum?* It was therefore covered because he should not know what was in it. Seek not after that which is hid: if the contents please thee, and be

for thy use, suppose the man in the moon, or whom thou wilt, to be the author: I would not willingly be known."

Well then, if Democritus was not like my hospitable Piscator, I would nevertheless follow his instruction to see whether the contents pleased me, and for convenience would suppose the author to be the church sexton. "Great travail is created for all men," said Democritus, "and an heavy yoke on the sons of Adam, from the day that they go out of their mother's womb unto that day they return to the mother of all things; namely, their thoughts, and fear of their hearts, and their imagination of things they wait for, and the day of death. From him that sitteth in the glorious throne, to him that sitteth beneath in the earth and ashes—from him that is clothed in blue silk, and weareth a crown, to him that is clothed in simple linnen—wrath, envy, trouble, and inquietness, and fear of death, and rigor and strife, and such things, come to both man and beast, but sevenfold to the ungodly. All this befalls him in this life, and peradventure eternal misery in the life to come." How could Piscator sit contentedly angling were he aware of the awful destiny that hung over him, over me, over all men? How could he say "No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us."

But here was at least an authoritative, serious book, dealing with the facts of life unmincingly. "Our intemperance it is that pulls so many incurable diseases upon our heads, that hastens old age—that which crucifies us most is our own folly, madness, weakness, want of government, our facility and proneness in yielding to several lusts, in giving away to every passion and perturbation of the mind, by which means we metamorphose ourselves and degenerate into beasts." I would face the situation as bravely as Democritus,—knowing that beside being intemperate, I was degenerating into a beast, I turned rapidly to the cures, for I could never again meet Piscator as I was. I passed by the unlawful means—magicians, witches, incantations, which though mentioned were forbidden—to lawful cures. Of these the care of physician would not do, for besides the impossibility of obeying Democritus' advice—"that out of bashfulness he do not conceal his grief: if aught trouble his mind, let him freely disclose it"—there would be the distasteful pills. Nor would diet serve, for my tastes were too decided. But here was yet another—exercise! "Exercise of body and mind, but moderates, as hawking, hunting, riding, shooting, bowling, fishing—." Fishing! and advised by Democritus!

"Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it with nets, weeles, baits, angling or otherwise, and yields out as much pleasure to some men, as dogs or hawks. Plutarch speaks against all fishing, as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it nor worth the labour. But he that shall consider the variety of baits, for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, will say, that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them; because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to

the brook side, pleasant shade, by the sweet silver streams; he hath good airs, and sweet smels of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds; he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, and many other fowle, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise that they can make."—I started up—the cuckoo in the hall had counted five. Out of the realm of *je ne sais ou* I dropped to earth. I had been anatomizing four whole hours! The book had fallen open at a Third Partition. A ray of sunshine fell upon it revealing—Love, Melancholy. I made a double promise, one to the book—perhaps, perhaps in the future to venture to invade its faded pages of the Third Partition, the other to the ray of sunshine—to certainly on the morrow meet Piscator with a jury of flies, such as he had taught me to make, likely to betray and condemn all the trout in the river—and to give an outlet to early Spring Melancholia which the "Anatomy" had so nearly cured.

KATHERINE I. SCHMID.

SPERA IN DEO

Hope, thy slogan is the wondrous
Song of David, King of old,
Song thy sons will aye remember,
Sing it thru life's projects pond'rous;
Hold it dearer far than gold.
Spera in Deo.

Scattered are thy sons and daughters,
Far and wide on earth they dwell,
Yet their voices blend together;
Join, like rushing, roaring waters,
In a prayer—God bless you well.
Spera in Deo!

FRANCES M. THOMS, '21.

THE ORANGE AND BLUE

Proudly we wave Hope's banner, Orange and Blue
To her fair shining symbols We'll e'er be true;
Orange for royalty, Blue for true loyalty,
Fling out our banner free! And sing out anew:

Like her we show the Orange Proud let us be!
Children of Alma Mater, Royal are we!
Blue is the trust of youth, Honor and love and truth
So let us wear them both, That all men may see—

Of life's unfolding pathway little we know,
Yet, over all the journey Hope's light shall glow.
When sinks the closing day, Over the fading way,
Then we shall see its ray, Fair glory bestow.

CHORUS

Orange and Blue! To them we'll e'er be true!
We'll keep them flying, Forever flying.
Together cheer and shout! (Yea, Hopeites)
Orange and Blue!—Raise the song anew
We'll ever hail our glorious Orange and Blue!

A STUDY IN POETRY

It is a vista, clouded with the dust of three centuries, thru which we see the lives of Jonson, Milton, Dryden and their satellites. The grave swallowed up their personalities. Heaven, we trust, has received their spirits. For us, what is left? It is a harshly kind law that life succeeds life rather than accumulates; it is a kinder law that poetry accumulates rather than succeeds itself. This heritage—what is it—what is poetry? Some call it soulful expression in worded beauty; some tell us it is truth recrystallized in art. I like to call it life. For where is the happy lyric, (I speak of true poetry,) that is not a pleasant hour or a fruitful day; where the elegy that is not a man mourning by the open grave; where the epic that is not a great life? Poetry is not artificially created. The gems of our literature are precious, not merely because they sparkle, but because they throb with the naked life of men.

So, the yellow, torn volume of poetry before us is forgotten. Only the poet is there. Perhaps we see him toying with his pen:

“But I have told them. Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who’re false to you.”

Uncannily we know that jerky-stepped Donne has failed his best in this quip,—too cynical, too light. Another page may offer a better introduction.

“Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be
If she whom I love, should love me.”

Not yet in his element. Perhaps a reflection of a mood, but not a reality in his life. A twist adroitly given, but where is the soul, the spirit?

“O God, O! of Thine own worthy blood
And my tears make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin’s black memory.
That Thou wilt remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if Thou wilt forget.”

The scholar, the pastor, the orator, the deep-souled intellect—there is the man.

Let us stay a moment with Robert Herrick.

“Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself or else stands still.”

Perhaps he composed that after a soul-refreshing ramble in the dawn. Every line dances like the “orient pearls” with the newness of the day and shines with its glory. Oh! that we had the eyes of a Herrick. Perhaps life would be a little less burdensome, and our path a little less rocky if we saw more of beauty as he appreciated it. And what a lover; deep devotee to the classics; wonderful disciple of nature; and what a soul for romance! Mark it.

“Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss both odd and even,
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love’s firmament.”

And here our good friend Izaak Walton steps out of his “Compleat Angler” to meet us. The same old swimming hole, the first fish—the pride of the childish

heart,—it all comes back with him. What they have missed, who are not anglers, only they who are will ever know. A lively rod, a ripple on the stream, a blue sky, you and your thots,—many a king longs to throw away his crown for that and cannot. "Let him that thinks fit scoff on and be a scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love Virtue and Angling." "Virtue and Angling." Thanks for those two, Piscator.

We cannot forget Ben Jonson, who puts a sermon in a sentence, an invective in a word, a eulogy in an epitaph.

"But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine."

"Underneath these stones doth lie
As much beauty as could die."

A volume from the common pen could not approach such feeling, such felicity of word or sentiment.

I love the passionate simplicity of that line:
"Oh, so white, oh, so soft, oh, so sweet, is she."

You may well stop in amazement. This from burly-framed Jonson? Poetry may belie the muscle, never the man. Have you not longed to meet him, to shake his hand and look him in the eye, to spend a day at the tavern with him and Shakespeare?

"Small Latin and less Greek,"

of Shakespeare? Now we encounter the scholar and the classicist. I like to think of Jonson brooding over the loss of his great friend, seated before the desk in his private den; on the shelves the myths of Greece and the great men of Rome, in his mind their stories, in his heart the life of Shakespeare. I do not know, I do not care if that was the way this tribute to his friend was written. All that matters is that Jonson and the Bard of Avon live again in its spirit.

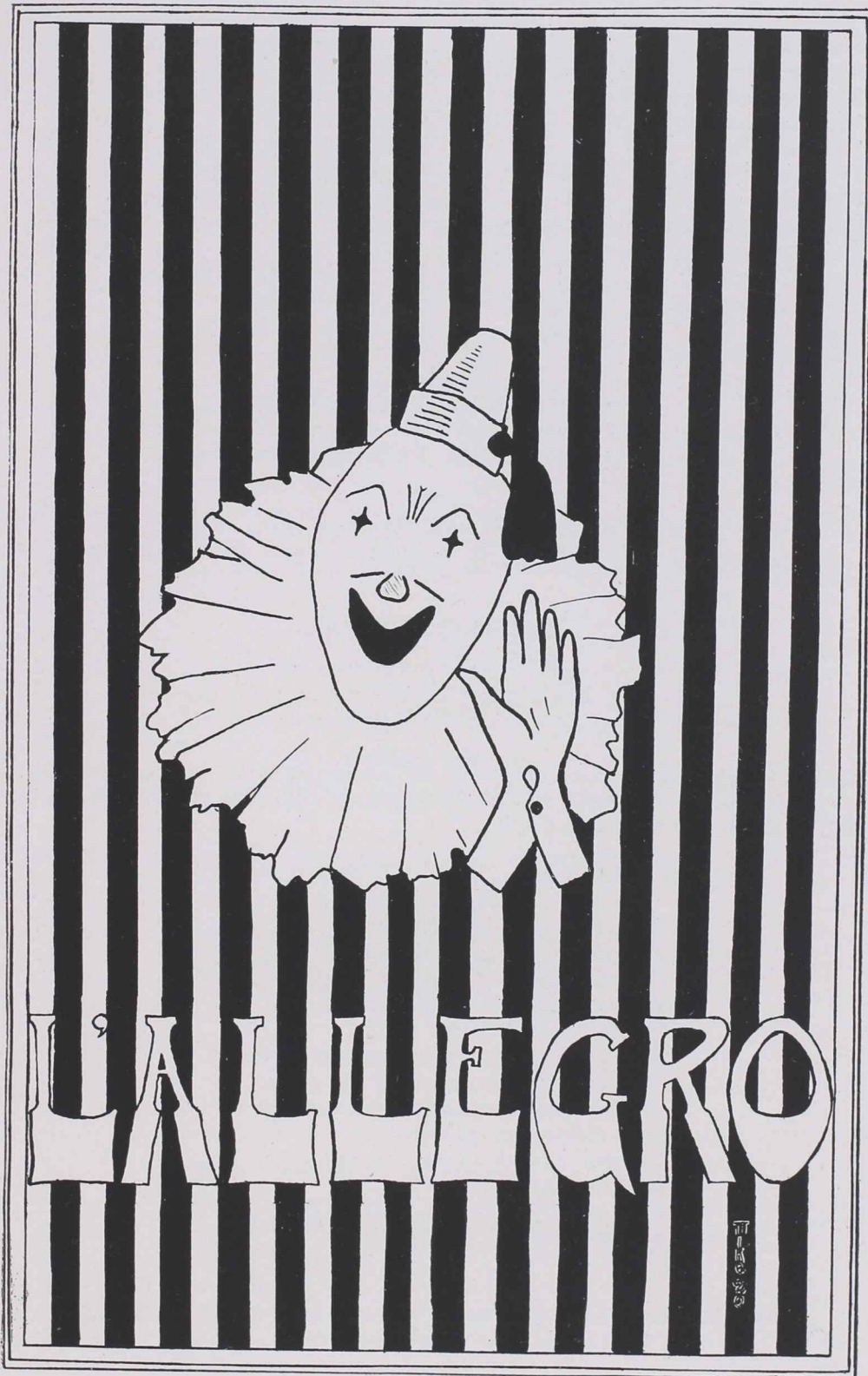
"My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther to make thee room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb."

Can you conceive that born of Jonson's fancy? Poetry is life.

In some such way I wish we might drift back thru three centuries to jest with the jolly cavaliers, to search deep with Burton and Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, to commune with Dryden, to sit at the feet of Milton and listen to such mighty lines,—"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks," or again to drink in the deep-toned echoes of "Paradise Lost," or in his "Doric Lays," to come closer to his star-like soul. But that would take a volume to begin, a life time to half accomplish. Meantime we must on.

"Tomorrow to fresh wood and pastures new."

THEODORE YNTEMA.



Dere frends—
 Well, here we are,
 At last.
 Most uv the guys,
 That is fixing up,
 This here book,
 Has got all thru, ffl
 With their work.
 But I'm just commencin'.
 But you kin just,
 Believe me, thet,
 When I commence,
 I begin.
 I'm jest gonna write

A few things thet happened
 This year
 Bout the kids here in school,
 'n everythin'.
 Well, here goes.
 An' I hope that they all.
 Meet with your appruvale.
 —MIKE.

P.S. This is an awful crazy,
 Job to do.
 But I'll do.
 My best.

HEARD IN SURVEYING CLASS

PROF. LAMPEN: "From which end would you measure the stakes?"
 KLOMPARENS: "From the end that sticks out of the ground."

HELEN SMITH: "But seriously now, Ray, how many subjects do you take?"
 RAY OLTMAN: "Well, Helen, to be true to you, I don't take any of them seriously."

LISTEN TO THIS!

Real jokes are few;
 So don't be sore
 If the joke's on you.

OH! BE JOYFUL!!

A recent announcement in "The Sentinel": "The choir at Hope church Sunday was full, and the music excellent."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE S.A.T.C.

NEVER MORPS

Student Army Training Corps,
 You sure made us awful sorps;
 Clumsy, tiresome, hopeless borps,
 We were shot—but shed no gorps—
 Studied little, poked morps,
 Raked the campus, scrubbed the florps,
 Played the peeler, watched the storps,
 Soaked up goulash, learned to snorps,
 Had experiences galorps,
 'Nough to make an angel rorps.
 Now, imposter, all is orps;
 Fare you well—please shut the dorps—
 Student Army Training Corps.

Ex.

Rensie Joldersma says that there was one good thing for him about the S.A.T.C. after all, because, if he ever goes bankrupt, he can go to the soldiers' home.

The following is a true account of what took place in one of the men's societies some time ago:

BILL: "I lost my key and should like to know if I may have one from the piano?"

J. "I think we could let him have one if he gives a note for it."

H.: "Pretty flat, eh?"

B.: "Say, pitch him out of the window."

P.: "No; hang him with the lost chord."

PRES.: "Gentlemen, the discussion is becoming too sharp; further contention will be barred."

PETE BAKER'S AMBITION

To have an eye that seeks the light
That shines on lovely faces;
An arm that is successful quite
In getting 'round waist places.

WORDS FROM OUR WISE

G. J. DIEKEMA: "How fortunate it is for Hope that her yell leader Bill Duiker contracted 'water on the brain,' while still so young."

PRESIDENT E. D. DIMMENT: "I feel much safer when with two girls or young ladies, than with only one."

YE JOKE EDITOR

"Ten words make a joke,
Ten jokes make a humor department,
Ten humor departments make one weary."

PROF. NYKERK: "It seems to me, from my observation, that the moon does not have as great an effect on the tide as on the untied."

Swallowing one's pride never gave anyone indigestion.

FRESHMAN RIMES

Well, I've been here for quite a while,
And I find to my dismay that it's the style
To study books and get in at ten;
Which surely isn't the way of great men.

I think I'll get an easier way,
A way that's not work, but is play,
I'll climb to the top with a single leap:
What's the use to crawl and creep?

I'll stay out till ten twenty-five,
And then just as sure as you're alive,
I'll race thru the streets with a terrible noise,
And become classed with the baddest of boys.

I dare to do this; I dare to do more—
But what's the use to get the cap sore;
So I'll stay at my work and dig and dig,
And make the noise when I am big.

Anchor Ad:—

WANTED—One coat of paint to cover the hole in my umbrella.

KAY McBRIDE

DIMMIE: "Well, Reininga, what's the matter? I haven't seen you in chapel lately.

PERRY: "Yes, sir, professor, I haven't been there."

"Hey, Bo', what's the sco', Bo'?"

"Do' no, Bo'; must be 'bout fo'teen t' fo', Bo',—Can't yo' see the sco, bo'd Bo'?"

NATURE STUDY

Spring thots:—Wing foot rubber heels.

"What is that noise?" asked Lois Thoms,
Out walking in the park;
"That noise you hear," young Huff replied,
"Is but the dogwood's bark."

"And tell me why the dogwood barks?"
She urged with much ado.
"I think," he then replied, "you hear
The pussy willows mew."

Myron and Gertrude Kramer were motoring, and he bade defiance to all police traps.

"We're going at about 55 miles per hour," he said; "are you brave?"

Gertrude: (Swallowing another barrel of dust) "Yes; I'm just full of grit."

Shall I telephone or write?
Shall I write or telephone?
Guess I'll wait until tonite;
D'ruther write at home alone.

Shall I telephone or write?
She'd prefer my dulcet tone;
My handwriting is a sight—
I'm quite witty at the phone!

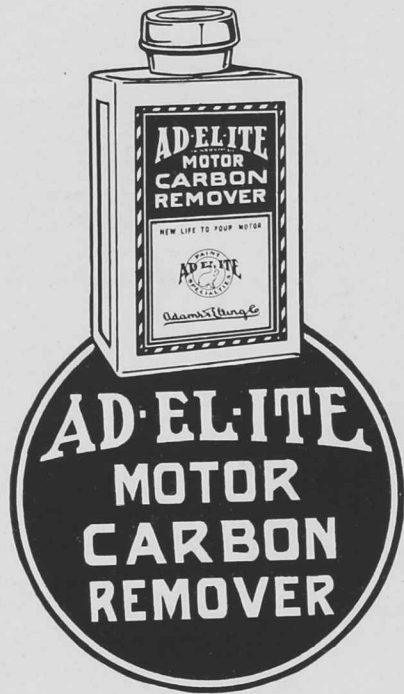
Wish I'd written yesterday.
I can almost hear her groan,—
If I call her right away—
Chasin' down stairs to the phone.

Shall I telephone or write?
Shall I write or phone at all?
If my clothes weren't such a sight
I'd just hop around and call.

"A church without a steeple,
A man without a rep,
Is not so bad, I tell you,
As a school without its pep."
All right then, snap into it!

Advertisements

Our Advertisers have done their part to make this Milestone a success. Therefore let us do our part by giving them our patronage in the same generous measure.



NO LAY UP

Keep Your Car Youthful and Useful.

AD-EL-ITE Motor Carbon Remover gives your engine greater power and speed, makes hill climbing easy and saves gas and oil.

Full line Auto Paint and Varnish Specialties.

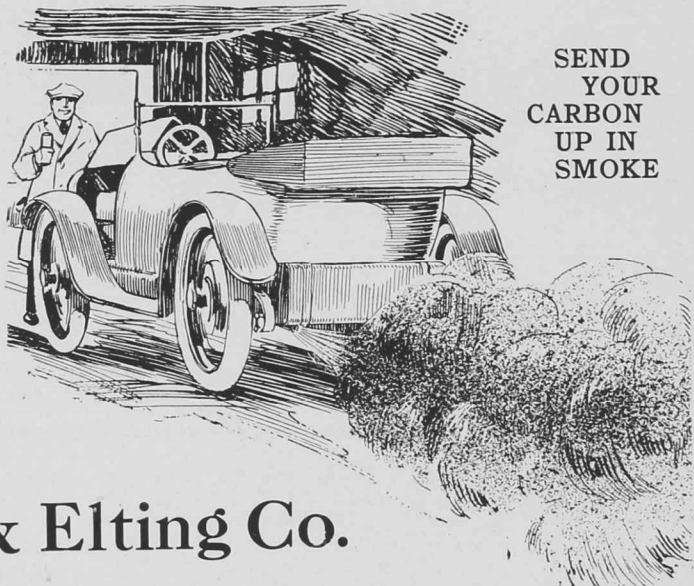
AD-EL-ITE Anti-Friction Oil. Use wherever a noise or squeak can develop. Use it in the springs, generator, self starter, shock absorber, etc. Gives longer life to springs and bearings.

AD-EL-ITE Auto Wax Polish (paste or liquid form) revives and protects varnish coats, giving a dry, lustrous, water and dust-proof finish.

AD-EL-ITE Leak-Seal, for radiators. Stop leaks quickly. Easy to use and does not clog the water system. A positive cure for leaky radiators.

C-E-Z (See Easy) Celluloid Cleanser

removes dirt and scratches from celluloid windows in drop curtains. Preserves and keeps "windows" clear.



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The past year surely has been one of progressive forming of new societies and clubs. We have met with the "Bolsheviki," the "I.W.W.," the "K—K—K—K's," the "I—I—I—I's" and the "league of Notions;" but the one society of real great import is the "F.F.F."

FLUNKING FAKERS FRATERNITY

Motto—"When joy and duty clash, let duty go to smash."

President—Ray Oltman.

Vice-President—Perry Reininga.

Secretary-Treasurer—Rensi Joldersma.

Chief Bluffer—Bill Duiker.

Assistant Bluffer—Pete Baker.

Here are a few points in the constitution:

"No member shall open a book more than once a week."

"No one shall dream of hesitating at bluffing or using cribs or ponies."

"Any member getting a grade of more than 70, shall be dropped automatically from the roll of the society."

"Has Bill Van der Meer an ear for music?"

"Yes, and the trouble of it is that he insists on trying to use his voice too."

When a girl makes a fool of you, sonny,
Don't take it too seriously;
It's probably well worth the money
To see what a dolt you can be.

If you look at it right it's funny.
Makes you feel like the dickens? What then?
It has happened to all of us, sonny,
To the best and wisest of men.

And the very best antidote, sonny,
When a maiden thus makes you feel blue,
Is to hunt up another sweet lassie,
And let her make a fool of you, too.

AT THE MASS MEETING

Rud took charge of the meeting and called upon several of the students to make a short speech to inspire pep.

When he called on Esther Mulder she later went up to the platform and began by saying: "I asked Rud not to call on me, but he insisted so I—"

Voice: "What nite was that?"

Then Bernie Mulder was called on and urged the fellows to take girls to the games. Then, in bawling the fellows out, he said, "Why, at the game the other nite there was almost a whole side of girls there without young ladies."

Then Pete Baker arose and, in his introductory remark, started to rave about the good qualities of the Marines: "The Marines were called to quell an uprising in Cuba, and soon had the situation well in hand, then they were called down to Mexico and soon had the situation well in hand over there; later, they were called to France, and soon had the situation well in hand—"

Voice: "How many hands have they?"

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173 W. South Water St.
Chicago Illinois

Reference:
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Over 55 Years in the Trade

C. H. Weaver & Co.

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150-152 W. So. Water Street
Chicago

Reference
First National Bank.

A Question and an Answer



Why is it that while typewriting
champions change, the International
record is always made on the

UNDERWOOD

BECAUSE the machine is mechanically correct.
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The dormitory milkman to the suspicious cook at the Dorm: "No, Missus, you won't find nothing wrong with that milk, missus, all 'are' milk is paralyzed by a government anarchist."

Noah played a great game. He drew pairs and got a full house.

HARRIET BAKER: "Really, for a time I was quite beside myself."

PETER PRINS: "You surely had charming company."

Even a realistic writer sometimes realizes that he cannot realize on his realism.

The following is a sentence extracted directly from a story by one of our green Freshmen:—"And tears ran down his continents."

While boating on the bay one night, This made me jealous as could be—
I saw the ocean's arm It really made me sore—
Steal gently round the neck of land, And so I paddled toward the land
To keep its shoulder warm. And closely hugged the shore.

HELEN: "Can you keep a secret, Marie?"

MARIE: "Surely, but it's just my luck to tell it to other girls who can't."

THINGS WE'VE NOTICED

The most wonderful—An individual opinion.

The easiest—Blaming the other fellow.

The hardest—Proving it.

The safest—The other's bird's course.

The most foolish—What we said when we tried to appear bright.

The driest—Our rival's toast.

The kindest—Not to mention it.

DO YOU DO THESE DON'TS?

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched: sell the eggs.

Don't marry in haste to repent at leisure: get an early divorce.

Don't hit a man when he's down: kick him.

Don't smoke: chew.

Don't lie: forget it.

I sit alone in the moonlight, And murmur over and over,
Forsaken by women and men. I'll never eat onions again.

"BABE" ROGGEN: "I wonder why Helen never asks me to call any more?"

PETE: "Perhaps she thinks you might accept."

"Don't wander in the meadows, Mary,
For the flowers may be wild."

SLANG

Slang is ragtime speech. A little ragtime is relished by all men, but when overdone, it renders one's artistic sensibilities on the fritz. One man writes that "the slang of today is the accepted language of tomorrow." In that case most of us are about 100 years ahead of our *time*. *Slang* is one of the best ways of saying what you really mean without any strings attached. But we're asking you seriously now, if you would ever have heard of Tom Moore if he had "smote his lyre" as follows:

"Drink to me only with thy lamps Or come and jazz a smile with me.
And I'll go fifty-fifty; And I'll say it would be nifty."

HEEMIE: "How was the show, last nite?"

HAK: "Rotten, my foot went to sleep and I envied it."



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Page One Hundred Eighty

At eight p. m. when Ma and Pa
Helped entertain with sis
John and Mary in distant seats
Were—far—apart—like—this.
At ten p. m., as Pa withdrew
And sought his room up stairs,
Ah then, ye Gods! What bliss!
The lovers sat, till nearly one,
Aboutascloseasthis.

SUGGESTIONS TO CHEMISTRY STUDENTS

- 1.—Do not lock your desk, it implies the distrust of your fellow students.
2. Never read over your manual before performing an experiment; it destroys all originality in the work.
- 3.—Do not clean your glassware; if it is dirty it shows that you have used it.

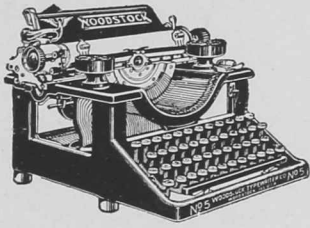
By following these suggestions we feel sure that your success with Doc Godfrey will be great.

TO THE LATIN DEPARTMENT

Giv it tu em gud ent plenti
Soc et tu em gud ent strong;
Never let em get a stand in,
Gopher every word thets rong,
Mak'em flunk ent mak'em worry,
Mak'em sit up nites ent buck;
Mak'em wonder wat cher thinking,
Mak'em curse ther evil luck.
Never lettum get tu hopeful,
Never say there doin' well;
Make'em wish you hadn't cum here
Mak'em wish you were — at
home.

They were speaking of the Zoo —
"I remember seeing one animal with
his hind feet in front."
"Some freak, eh!"
"No, no freak at all; it was a hind."

Days may come
And days may go,
But where they come from
I don't know.



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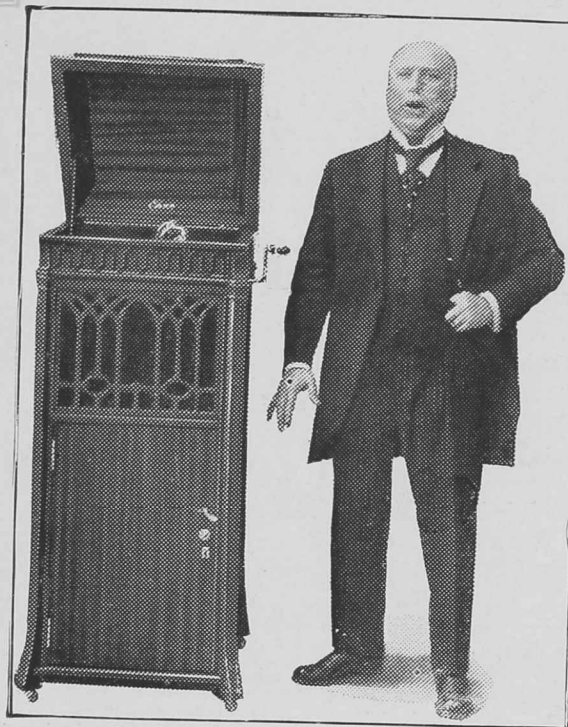
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BERNIE: Don't parvenus make you sick?"

LOUISE: "Well, I don't know, I never tasted any."

P'heter P'Hooligan had a P'hig,
And he was D'houble j'hoited
He Tr'hied to T'heach him to D'hance and J'hig,
But he was da'his'appointed.

Marie Danhof was giving a pre-chapel recital the other morning, when her voice arose to a very high level.

"That must be about (x) I'd say."

"Well it sounded more like "L".

Our father slipped upon a peal,
Because he could not stand;
He saw the glorious stars and stripes,
We saw our fatherland.

Father's hair is a recollection,
Mother's is an acquisition,
Sister's is an aggregation,
And baby's a mere premonition.
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Doc. Patterson: "Mr. Karsten, according to theory what is man's ancestor, farthest back?"

"If money is really vocal,
Then, by George," said Huff,
"It's an optimistic talker,
For it cheers a fellow up."

"Van Loo is a pretty good thinker, isn't he?"

"Yes, he thinks he knows it all."

Prof. Wichers: "The Socialist thinks that all material wealth should be distributed equally among the people. For instance, there are two doctors, getting the same salary, one kills fifteen men a year and the other kills fifty: which is the better doctor?"

Bolt: "The one who kills fifteen."

Zwemer: "No, the one who kills fifty, because then the rest of us would get more."

"Bud has such funny notions!
We artists can't, said he,
'In oils paint stormy oceans,
For oils do calm the sea.'"

"Did you call Edith up this morning?"

"Yes, but she wasn't down."

"But why didn't you call her down?"

"Because she wasn't up."

"Then call her up now, and call her her down for not being down when you called her up."

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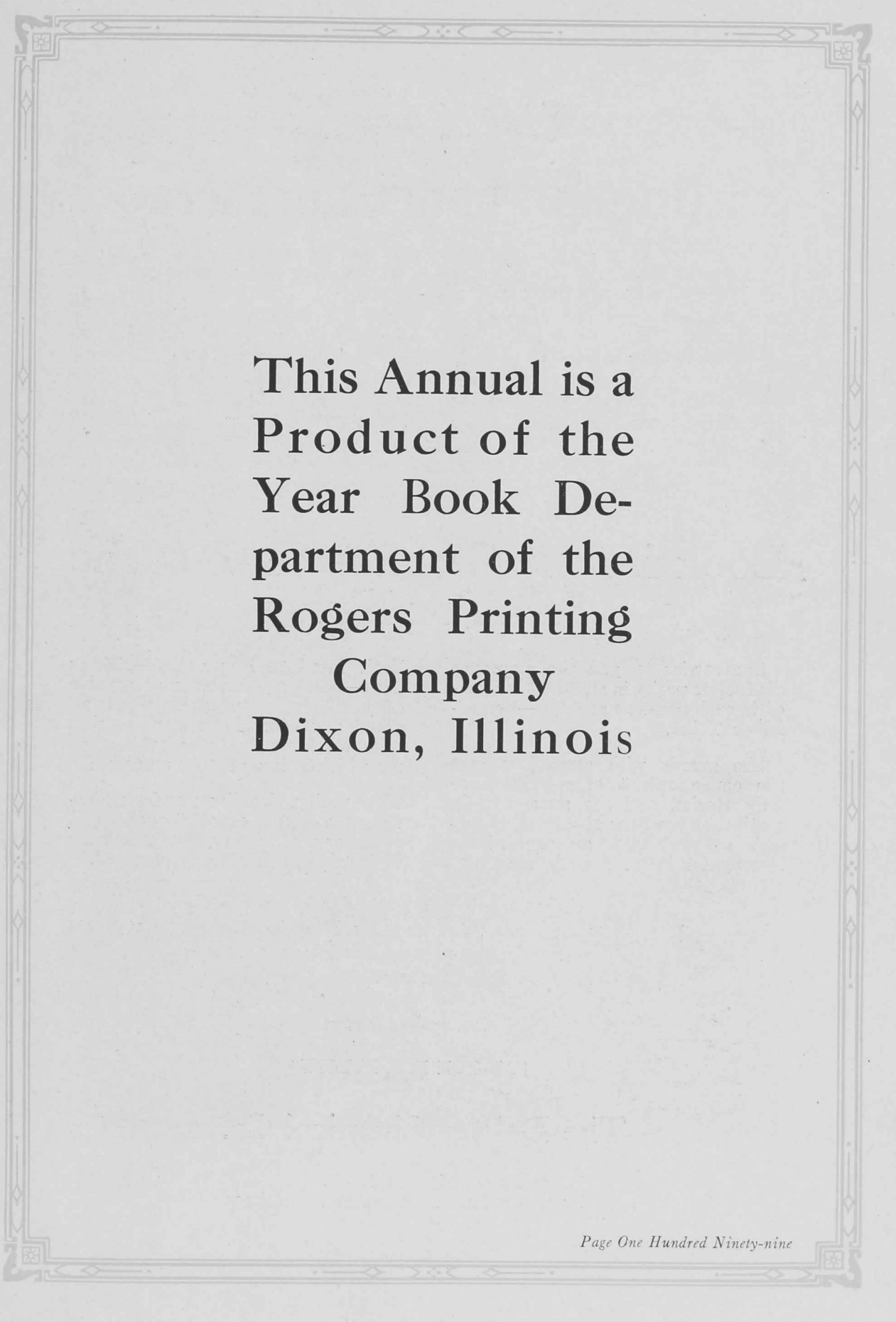
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