

1972

## The Canon, [1971-72]: Volume 2, Number 4

Dordt College

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MOTIVATION  
TO  
CREATION

*ARETE' EDITION*  
FOR THE 1972 FINE ARTS FESTIVAL

**CANNON**

DORDT COLLEGE — SIOUX CENTER, IOWA  
1972 — VOL. II — NO. 4.



**JEREMIAH'S LAMENT: O AMERICA!!**

by David Cummings

*Israel, among the nations most blest;  
Israel, whom God coddled to His breast  
In times bygone, what is this you have done?  
My inspir'd lips give no consolation;  
I lament in bitt' rest agony;  
You people passing by, Behold and see!  
Was anyone's sorrow ever as great  
As prophets', who fear what they must relate?  
Like Odysseus, secure to the Mast,  
I perceive the warnings as life goes past.  
Unwax your ears, Israel, lest, like Rome,  
You grovel in the rubble of you home.*

*From making rubble your wars do not cease;  
Rebellious contention builds for release;  
Crying "peace! Peace!" You find no Peace.  
Your elders bear hearts washed in your deceits,  
While false prophets counsel with whoring priests;  
These, your leaders, encourage harlotry,  
With Baal, seducing you to adult'ry;  
They are, like you, lusting stallions aware  
Of their own passion for their neighbor's mare;  
And like you, rather than flee the impure,  
They gleefully play the role of the whore.  
In the form of lion, wolf, and leopard,  
Men lurk in your cities: you need a guard,  
Yet you forsook the only Good Shepherd.  
Who will now protect you from these wild beasts  
(Beasts, who devour you in religious feasts  
Honoring their idols of self-int'rest,  
New icon forms of an ancient incest):  
Who, from these wild beasts, has shelter given,  
Since you forsook the blessings from Heaven?  
Caught in the clutch of these sensuous brutes,  
You offer yourselves to their vile pursuits;  
Not squirming to release from their grasp,  
You submit to adder, serpent, and asp.  
Resigning yourselves to obey their will,*

*You care not for good, but only for ill,  
Saying with the Cyclops, when the warning  
Of the prophet comes, "No-man is harming."  
As people shunning communication,  
You fail to tell of your own desolation;  
And if told, could we believe you sincere,  
Or would we an artificial cry hear?*

*In your reveltry, the Star of David  
Has been betrayed, even desecrated;  
That Star, though not a god, has become one.  
Betrayed you own idol, that's what you've done!  
Carrying on the rites with your own Baals  
Robs this Star of any meaning, and fails  
To restore meaning, since evil prevails.*

*Confess now your sins to your Cov'nant God,  
And repent from the wand'ring ways you trod;  
Listen to my warnings and heed my plea;  
Cry to Jehovah; seek Him for safety.  
Seek the Physician's Balm in Gilead,  
That Ointment which makes the wounded soul glad;  
See Peace with God, and He'll answer your cry,  
Giving Peace among beasts whom God defy;  
Find your retribution at Shiloh,  
Cling to Him there, and never let go.*

*Lord, hear the anguished voice of my homeland,  
Crying for aid from your Sovereign hand;  
Holy Lord, be Merciful and Gracious,  
And make Kindness, Goodness, and Love, spacious:  
Spacious enough, to these generations,  
That all dry bones become new creations;  
Good Potter, relent, have mercy I pray,  
And form useful vessels from the clay.  
This lonely nation needs your Kindness,  
For the trails she blazed were done in blindness;  
She gropes, alone, on solitary seas:  
All her friends have become her enemies.  
O Lord, do not dwell on her transgression  
But consider her humble confession;  
Will we find your great Mercy reflected,  
Or a people, by Justice, rejected?*



**THE THISTLES**

by Milo Arkema

*I walked away from the thistles one day  
Pop said they needed cutting  
I guess he was right  
I hated the thistles  
They reached out and stuck you when you tried to cut them  
We never got rid of the thistles  
But I cut them every year  
Today my brother walked away from the thistles  
Pop wasn't there anymore.*

**ALFRED JAMES**

by Irene Bulloyt

*Littler than all the rest,  
He sat on the curb  
And watched as the others  
Played and pointed at him.  
But, just then he didn't care  
It had all happened somewhere  
Before -- when he could see.  
It wasn't so much he couldn't bare  
It was just something he learned to be,  
Black and blind and half-past three.*



## FIRST PRIZE – Short Story

The first prize short story was published in the last issue of the Cannon titled, "TO BE OR NOT TO BE AN OREO" by David Cummings

## SECOND PRIZE – Short Story

### THE FOREMAN

by Gary Wondergem  
Dordt College

"I ain't had much formal schooling, like them executives that run this place, and I'm just a common workin' man. But anyone with only a half-a-mind could see our foreman wasn't doing his job."

"You see I've been in this business a long, long time. 30 years to be exact. I only need another 19 months and I can retire, even if it is only on half-pay from the Social System, and my pension will take care what I need for the rest. But, as long as I'm healthy, I might as well work."

"But, getting back to our foreman, I ain't never seen the likes of such a boss. He goofed up more jobs in the two years he was here then you can shake a stick at."

"The first one he fixed but good. It was an order of about 700 chairs. I can't remember the place they was exactly headed, but they was headed to some new school. The stainers kept putting them out darker and darker colors, but George, the foreman, said it didn't matter. They'd be O.K. but the architect at the school didn't agree. He sent them right back to us, and here I was stuck with 700 wrong colored chairs. It's bad enough to sand a big order like that once, without having to sand it twice."

"The next thing he did, I just couldn't understand for the life of me. An order came for about 1,000 chairs for another of them college places. It makes me wonder, if all those kids do in those places is sit around. That's what I gather from all the orders we get from those places. Well, anyhow, George he tells us, you got to bleach the backs of these chairs. You can't get them too white, he says. So, I started bleaching. It's a terrible boring job. Just take one chair after another, and bleaching the back that you lean up against. Well, after doing that two or three times, the stainers started complaining. They said the backs were too light, and the backs weren't matching the rest of the chair. So, I, get back all the 1,000 or so chairs, and what do I have to do, George tells me, I have to bleach the rest of the chair to match the backs."

"Well in all my years of workin' for the company, I ain't never seen anything like it. It seemed to me that I just couldn't get a job done. No more than finish it, that foreman, George, he would have me doing it again. It wasn't that I weren't doing my part, I just do as I'm told, that foreman he was throwing a wrench into the works."

"The thing that really got my goat was that problems I had with my washing and drying machines. Part of my job is to go around the whole plant and pick up the dirty rags, take them up to the fourth floor, and wash them. You need lots of rags in a factory like this. The stainers need them 'specially. Well, the first part that got me mad, was the distance I had to travel to wash and dry them rags. I ain't as limber as I used to be, since I had that operation on my leg. The washing machine, it is way up on fourth floor, but where does George keep the dryer, on the first. I have to spend so much time riding up and down that freight elevator that it's foolish."

"And if that ain't so bad, then listen to this. My washing machine don't work right. The stupid machine, when you set it at one level, just doesn't take notice, and runs right over that level. So, I go to George and tell him, George, that washing machine don't work right, you set it for level and it runs right over. Instead of having it fixed, George just shrugged his shoulders, and says, just set it a level lower. Well, I set it one level lower, and it still ran over. I set it two levels lower, and it still ran over, I set it three levels lower, it still ran over. I finally set it all the way down, but that machine, it don't care, it still ran over. To tell the truth, it ran over more than before, right through the ceiling, into George's office, and right onto the papers on his desk."

"That got George really mad, he came running upstairs, yelling at me to shut things off, but, I told George I couldn't do that, cause the rags wouldn't get clean. Well, George he starts yelling about me not listening to him, and doing my job, and he didn't say it in such pretty language."

"Our union doesn't like that. We have a clause in our contract that says we don't have to take that kind of talking by any of the bosses. So, I waited a bit till I had cooled down, and went and got my shop steward, and we went downstairs to talk to the brass. The brass don't like us comin' in like that, because the word spreads fast through the shop and workers, they get mad when they hear one of their union brothers is being treated bad. With the shop steward standing next to me, I tell my story to the personnel manager. The personnel manager asks the steward if what I say is true, and the steward has to answer yes, cause he heard the argument with his own ears, since he works right near the washing machine. Besides George was shouting so loud you could hear it all over the fourth floor. The personnel manager, he calls George down to hear his version of the story, George knew he couldn't get out of this one. He says that he lost his temper, and he was sorry. So, I says that I Don't want to file no grievance, that I like workin' here, and that I'd like to get back on the job, cause the stainers must need rags by now for sure."

"The steward and me, we left, but not George. The personnel manager must have really raked him over the coals, cause George got my machine fixed, and was really nice to me as long as he worked there."

"George must have dug his grave with all those mixed up orders, cause it weren't more than a month, and he was out a job. I weren't too sad to see George go, but his replacement weren't any better. Some smart-sleck college kid with a big vocabulary, who said he was going to set things straight. Well, he weren't willing to learn from us old timers, so he didn't last long either, but that's a whole different bushel of apples."



## SECOND PRIZE — Poetry

### *EULOGY: RAYMOND YELLOW THUNDER*

*by Wayne N. Farr—Dordt College*

*Yellow Thunder*

*only a classless prairie dog  
flung senseless from Paha Sapa to  
unknown places  
unknown*

*Yellow Thunder*

*faces drown in grey-clay mud  
slumped in succession of  
unknown chiefs  
unknown*

*Yellow Thunder*

*photograph of bitter winters  
silent strife superseding  
unknown reasons  
unknown*

*Yellow Thunder*

*retching in the back alley's  
realm, crused repeatedly in  
unknown cities  
unknown*

*Yellow Thunder*

*a living Sioux center that isn't  
on roaming buffalo that doesn't on  
unknown prairies  
unknown, but*

*Yellow Thunder*

*is  
known . . .  
. . . drums*

*POEM, by Wayne N. Farr*

*i had a dream*

*of bulldozers moving mountains for  
soil itself was man's new furnace, and  
that spiders grew to chair size  
unharmd by chemical concoctions, and  
that christians pettily struggled  
underground for the system banned  
us from the face of the earth*

*i cried awake*

## HONORABLE MENTION—Poetry

### *"SENSE"*

*by Mary Nieuwsma—Dordt College*

*Walking*

*Walking*

*No movement. . . no energy*

*Captured*

*Turning in slow motion*

*To the rhythm of sweet-smelling silence*

*Touching black velvet*

*With our faces, our hands, our eyes*

*Not once a reflection of seasons gone on*

*Yet multiplied many times over*

*God's ancient universe gazing upon us*

*With tender beams*

*Never binding us in time*

*A kiss of imagination leaves us*

*understanding*

*knowing*

*The night of no words*

### *COMING HOME*

*by Linda De Wit*

*Are you expecting someone too? My son  
is coming home tonight. He's going to find  
this area changed. He always use to run  
outside to watch the trains. He knew the time  
each freight would pass -- the nine-fifteen and eight  
o'clock Northwestern. Half-an-hour before  
the Pullman passed, afraid he would be late,  
he looked for Charlie's train; he always wore  
the cap that Charlie gave him. Charlie blew  
the whistle, "Hi"; he waved, "You're right on time!"  
He asked to watch the midnight special too.  
"Just once?" he'd beg; he'd be asleep by the time  
it passed. Just one thing -- I didn't like about  
the trains -- they seemed to come so close to him.  
And now the trains so seldom take this route;  
they never come on time. But Charlie Flynn  
will get him here. Well, no, there never was  
a depot, just a crossing sign; it's gone  
now too. My son can get off here because  
he's Charlie's friend. I can't go along  
with you! Tonight my son is coming back.  
Perhaps tomorrow night. He's coming back!  
The trains passed so close to him. Stand back!  
I told him not to stand so near the track.  
I told him not to stand so near the track.*



### THIRD PRIZE — Poetry

#### WAVES

by Jane Vreeman—Dordt College

*Rolling waters slide past on memories  
of relived summer hours*

*when all the night seems one eternal crush  
in sparkling accents—*

*The bubbling breakers spill out  
their inner core.*

*They grasp the sinking sands with  
frothing fingers*

*And fill the night with their own peculiar  
sounds of impulsive exposure—*

*then*

*slip back into their own oblivion,  
in wide world of water  
leaving only single lines where  
wet touches dry.*

*There is no difference between one  
and his neighbor except if he catches seaweed or rock  
dumps it up  
to become one again. Because memories do not die  
they become one.*

#### SKY

by Helen Blankespoor

*Some day I want to be  
Sky*

*For clouds white sculptured  
art,*

*Later moving out for grumbling  
elephants who*

*Plod on to work,*

*Yet lumbering past for sunshine's  
party with multi-colored streamers  
hung in the east;*

*Before I whisper pink good nights  
and hint, "A bright tomorrow."*

*Then I will hang a velvet  
scroll*

*And write a thousand sentences of  
magic night*

*and use the stars as periods;*

*I will smile to know the black of  
Dimming stars*

*Promises morning rose bouquets.*

*"So there!" I laugh and  
trap a sun lion*

*Roaring for the world and  
tossing his mane for me  
someday.*

#### REMINDER

by Karl Neerhof

*dull raindrops fall  
splattering  
glazing my window in blotches  
and blurring my view of the farmland*

*the colors converge  
as the forms of white birches  
seem twisted  
refracted  
deformed*

*dead grasses Rejoice  
for the saturate Life from above  
and whole fields Hosannah their Maker  
with loud photosynthesis*

*"...I will give you the rain of your  
land in his due season ..."  
Deuteronomy 11:14*

#### CHILD OF LOVE

by Barbara Andriesen

*I can't deny  
The fact that I  
Am a child of Love.*

*The earth embraces  
The Human races  
And gently leads them on.*

*The Hand that holds  
And gently molds  
My life in patterned plan.*

*I can tell  
That all is well,  
When embraced in Love I am.*

#### WASHED—UP

*Smelly and smeared with grease, gas and oil  
and thankful that my God-given forty hour week was over,  
I rode home happily alone  
until*

*a man (an Indian)  
beer-mouthed, sugar-beet dust covered and stumbling drunk,  
stuck up his thumb  
for a ride.*

*I brought him as far as I was going.*

*Leaving him  
nowhere  
waiting for another ride  
I took a bath and killed another weekend.*



### THIRD PRIZE — Short Story

#### A FABLE

by Bryce Bandstra  
Dordt College

Once upon a time in a large forest there was a tree. It was a very healthy tree. Its roots extended deep into the earth, giving it strength and a solid foundation, which the many storms in the forest could not shake loose. The bark of the tree was thick and firm, and the tree's inner system was so healthy that there was an abundance of food for every branch on the tree. And there were leaves. And this made the tree different because there were all different colors of leaves on the tree. There were green leaves and yellow leaves, red leaves and brown leaves, and even orange leaves. They thickly covered the branches. And the tree dropped its leaves all year round, not just in the fall like most trees do.

Even the shape of the tree was unique. For even though it did not tower above many other trees in the forest, it was very wide. So wide, in fact, that many branches intertwined with branches of nearby trees. And underneath were cool shade and the soft bed of leaves for the weary traveler.

Of course, the tree was not without imperfections. Here and there was a branch dangling from a limb, having snapped loose under the stress of a storm. And here and there a branch stood fast on the tree, yet was black and quite dead, almost as if it had ignored the life-giving nutrients the tree offered. And if one examined the tree even more closely, he could notice that occasionally some of the leaves were infected with blight or other diseases, and some were even black, which was the color of dead leaves.

One day a big green worm was crawling along and happened to notice the abundance of leaves under the tree. Even as he looked up, he could see an occasional leaf drifting down to earth. And he looked around, and noticed how protected the area was by the tree, and how cool and pleasant it was here, out of the sun. And suddenly, a great thought hit him.

Why not start a whole colony of green worms here?

Just then, he saw another green worm crawling by. He called to it, and explained the idea to him. The other green worm was thrilled because he and his fellow-worms were suffering from a shortage of space at their present home, and some might be interested in starting a new home, he said.

And so the call went out to the green worms all over. Many were afraid to leave their present homes for such a new danger. And others said it wouldn't work, an elephant would come along and trample it down. But it did work. In fact, the colony thrived. And all were thankful for the leaves, for that was what made it all possible.

Some leaves were used for building shelters. Other leaves were used for food. Here a strange thing happened. For it was discovered that some worms thrived best on green leaves, while others thrived best on yellow leaves. Some enjoyed red leaves most. And so each worm nourished himself on what was best for him. Many worms in the colony became leader worms, guiding the others in the proper way of living a worm life.

By and by, some of the worms spun cocoons for themselves from the leaves, and emerged as beautiful butterflies with wings of gold and purple and crimson and white. And they flew off, gathering nectar, and generally helping the whole forest. An odd thing was noted, and it could not be explained. It was this: some of the butterflies always preferred white flowers, while others preferred yellow or pink. It did not take them long to find their chosen flower.

Occasionally there were elephants. But never did they stomp the colony down. Instead, they merely commented on it in one way or another. One time, an elephant even wrote down in a book that it was a good example of a Green Worm Colony.

But sooner or later, as it often seems to go, trouble began. Some of the worms were becoming more and more discontent in the colony. Some wanted to go out from under the protection of the tree, but the leader worms refused, saying it was safer and better for them under the tree. Other worms began complaining about the leaves, how some were too diseased or not good enough. Still others were dissatisfied with the rules they were governed by, even though, as we all know, a colony needs rules of order. And the leader worms kept telling them all to keep quiet, or the old tree would no longer give them leaves, for they felt that the tree had a sort of magical sensitivity about it — that it knew what was going on around it. But the other worms just laughed, for how could that big old thing have feelings.

More trouble came. Worms who thrived on red leaves banded together into cliques. Then those who thrived on yellow leaves did the same. And then so many worms began complaining about the rules that the leader worms were frightened. And as some of the leader worms saw that more worms were against them than for them, they switched to the majority's side.

Then one day, it happened.

Two elephants who stopped under the tree began talking. And they noticed the colony of green worms hard at work. And then they mentioned how this colony was different, for while other colonies of green worms were busy chewing the bark off their trees, this colony was content to nestle among the leaves around the tree.

When the elephants left, some of the worms were upset (for they understood what the elephants were saying). Immediately the demand arose among some of the discontented worms: do like the other colonies are doing! They chose their own leaders, and together they set out to gnaw at the base of the tree. They attacked the tender places voraciously, but left the tough area more or less alone.

The remaining worms were in an uproar. They suddenly realized what could happen if the few were allowed to continue, and so they fought them. It was a terrible fight, but in the end, the gnawers were humiliated and defeated.

However, it was too late. The damage was done. Shortly afterwards, nothing but dead, black leaves were falling from the tree. And they were useless to the colony, for no nourishment was in them, and they were useless in building, for they crumbled quickly.

And so the worms, foreseeing the danger and the inevitable results, began leaving the colony. If they had known that the tree was sick only for awhile, and would be well again, they might have stayed. But they didn't know this, and so they all began leaving. Sadly the leader worms saw them go, and nothing they would say or do could make them stay.

Soon, only a few of the leader worms were left. They sat around silently. Then a worm — the one who first had the idea of the

(Continued on page 7)



## THE FABLE — (Continued from page 6)

colony — looked up at the sky now showing between the bare branches. And he cursed the branches for dropping their leaves. Then he looked down at the earth, and cursed it for not providing enough nourishment for the tree. And then he looked at where the worms had gnawed the tree, and he realized. He realized that it was not the earth or the branches at fault; it was nothing but the fault of the worms.

And then, as if all the leader worms realized the same thing at once, they looked at each other. And one said, “Let us see what we have done wrong, go to a new place, and begin.” And so they left. And all that remained of the colony were the dead leaves.

One day, a soft, gentle rain came down through the bare branches, and washed them away.

## HONORABLE MENTION—Short Story

### A MEMIOR

by Eileen Borduin  
Dordt College

I always played the boy. Now maybe it was because I was the tomboy of the family and don't have any brothers; perhaps it was merely because nobody else would play the boy, and he was necessary; or perhaps deep down it was my secret love of the “Ben Casey” shirt we had or the infatuation I had with baptising dolls and announcing hymn numbers; but for some reason, whenever we played anything, I was the boy.

Summers were so long when I was little that we soon got bored, and by the end we were anxious for school to begin and give us something to do. We would usually lie in front of the T.V. watching “Captain Kangaroo” into the morning cartoons and then our favorite “Romp a Room” until my mom finally kicked us out into the “beautiful sunshine”, as she called it. Then we'd sit on the back stairs blaming each other for having had the T.V. so loud that she'd heard it; or for fighting and making her come into the room away from her housework. But after about ten minutes of that “beautiful sunshine” gleaming at us, our imagination would explode with fine particles of fun-filled pleasures falling to the earth with a joyous thud of realism; for to us they were truly real.

Sometimes we'd play hospital. Blankets, doll beds, cribs and baby carriages filled our yard making up the “wards”. Most of our patients were dolls, but once in a while if the “little kids” wanted to play with us “big kids”, they were our “live patients” made comfortable on their picnic bench beds, with doll blankets and pillows. Then, I in my Ben Casey shirt, along with my big sister as head nurse (she had the nurses cap — that made her the nurse) would go around and give examinations with a nurse's kit from the 5 and 10. In some cases, candy pills were distributed (that was the best part of being a “live patient”). On rare occasions the patient was rushed in the baby stroller to the “all sterile” picnic table, and I, after scrubbing up (putting my hands under the cold water tap), would proceed and operate (with my head being wiped every so often). Miraculously, our victims always managed to survive, and life was happy.

When we felt like doing something different, we sometimes played restaurant. We have one of those bars in our kitchen which maybe sent electricity to our “thinking caps” and gave us the idea. But whatever the reason, there we'd be dragging the piano bench and the “little red table” (as we called our children's table set) into the kitchen and surrounding them with chairs. The large kitchen table was always reserved for “big families”. When our customers would come, we'd hand them the menu: soup, tea, coffee, milk and dessert (always consisting of water) and chicken dinners with a few potato chips or a cookie as the chicken. Sometimes when us “chefs” got carried away and brought out candy, soda, cereal and everything else imaginable, my mom would send us back into the “beautiful sunshine”.

Another favorite past-time of ours was playing church. We'd lug kitchen and diningroom chairs along with any other we could find and place them in neat rows — like real church benches! Then when the piano bench was set at the front with the big family Bible on it, and minister's waterglass was nearby, the organist (my sister with two years of piano lessons) would begin with a beautiful prelude of “Jesus Loves Me” as all the members filed in with their big families (dolls, dolls and more dolls). I, the minister always managed to enter just a little bit late, always carrying my Bible in hand. After an opening hymn we'd have the offering in which selected deacons passed soup bowls (taken from the kitchen cabinet) from row to row and you'd hear that metallic sound of copper pennies hitting cheap china. Unfortunately the fact that I was the minister didn't mean I could keep the collection (which everybody had gotten from their piggy banks before church started), so always after church the money was redistributed and replaced safe and sound in our piggy banks (mine wasn't a pig though; it was a dog).

After the offering, we usually had baptism. (It was unbelievable how many new babies were born into our congregation each week). The mother would remove the doll's hat and come up to the pulpit where I'd be waiting with a small cup of water and usually drown the poor kid even before I got the “The Son” part of it.

The last part of the service was my sermon which I had spent the two minutes the organist played before church, to prepare. The organist would slide from her place at the organ (piano actually) and find a seat somewhere between the dolls.

Then I'd be reading a few verses and proceeding into my “fire and brimstone” sermon which I usually got from our Sunday school paper “The Light” after the amen and a hymn, I'd go to the back of the church and wait for everybody to get on coats and hats and all other paraphernalia so I could shake hands with them all.

By the time all this was cleaned up and everybody had his own pennies back, we'd be quite sick of each other and quarrels would arise. But mom had the answer. In a little while we found ourselves back out in the “beautiful sunshine.”





Tim Vanden Berg  
Photography  
"Nature's Window"



Merwin Rylaarsdam  
Oil Painting  
"The Beginning"



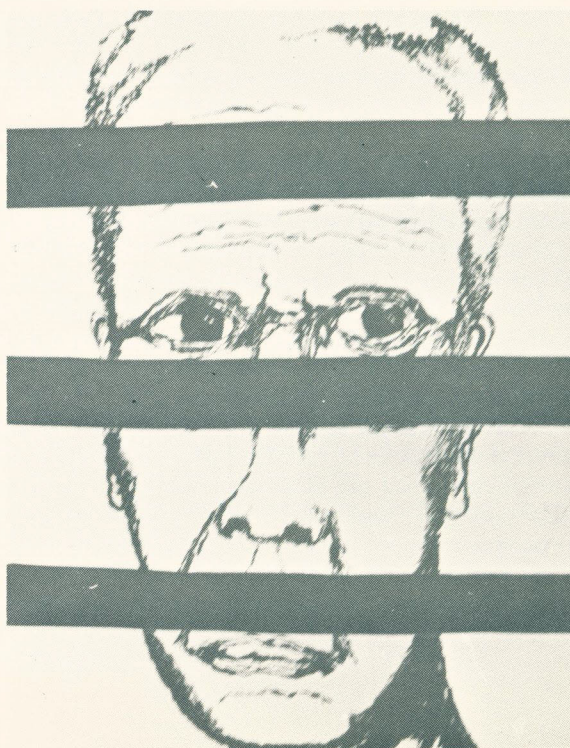
## photography

Page 8

Charles Dockter  
Photography  
"To God Be The Glory"



Bernice Vander Zee  
Oil Painting

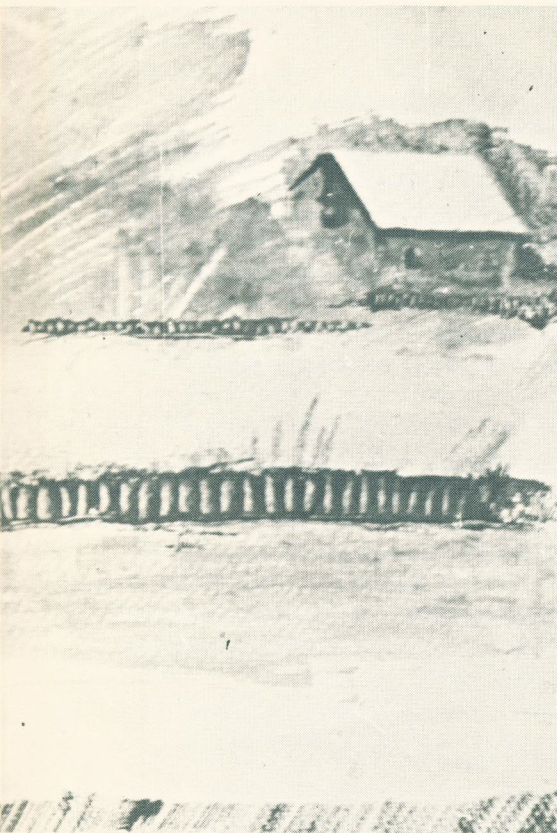


Leanne Jonker  
Pen and Ink  
Untitled





Cathy Williamson  
Watercolor  
"Home Again"

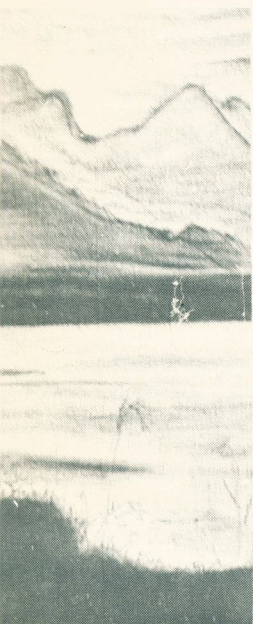


"Trudy Van den Berg  
College  
"Wintery Night"



Pat Visser  
Pencil Drawing  
"Together As One"

## art work



Trudy Van den Berg  
Pastel on velvet  
"Waterton Lake"

Lucinda Sjaardema  
Charcoal Drawing



Pat Visser  
Oil Painting  
Still Life



**DOUBLES AND TRIPLES**

Julius de Jager  
Dordt College

The bus bounced its way down the road, the dust billowing out behind it. The children peered out of the dirty windows as they were jolted by the ride. Coming to a halt at the end of a long driveway, the bus released a small boy. When the doors were shut it drove off, again raising the dust.

The boy began to trudge down the long drive. A battered lunchbox under one arm and his school-books under the other pulled down the boy's shoulders. The weeds along the side of the road swung in the breeze, shaking their haughty heads at him as if daring the boy to pull them out.

As he came into the yard, the boy saw his mother hanging up the wash. Time was beginning to tell on her. Years of toil and hardship had left their mark on her face and hands. Strength there was but the spring of a young woman was gone. When she saw her son she waved and walked toward him.

"Hi, jonge."

"Hi, Mem."

"How was school?"

"Okay."

"Der's some tea and cookies vor you in de kitchen."

"Okay."

After throwing his coat on the washing-machine in the corner, the boy sat down by the table. Noticing the empty cups in the sink he realized his older brothers and sisters had already come home and were probably on their way to the beet field. The tea was good so he poured himself another cup. Sipping it carefully, the boy watched a fly crawl up the light string.

At the sound of a car approaching, the boy stiffened for a moment, then spun around and quickly disappeared upstairs. He had already removed his shirt and belt when he got to his bedroom. As he was putting on his work shirt, the screen door opened and slammed. A few minutes later, the boy came downstairs.

His father looked up at him. The eyes focusing on the boy were steel blue. The lines on his face, criss-crossing from the top of the forehead down through the heavy stubble, moved as he chewed. The white forehead contrasted with the red, weather-beaten face. A shock of greying hair approached the ears and crept down the back of his neck.

"Hi, Heit."

"Ja, kom an, eh."

Finishing his tea, the old man got up, put on his cap, and walked to the door. He paused for a moment to look at his wife by the clothesline, then opened the door and began walking to the field. The boy followed, attempting to zipper his jacket.

Together they picked up their hoes and made their way down the path, the boy trying to keep up. At times he would break into a jog and then slow down again. The man continued to walk on. The other children in the field saw them coming and began to work harder.

As the boy began his row, he looked toward the other end. The thin strip of green stretched over a rise and appeared again where the rest of the children were hoeing. Although he detested these little green plants, there was something about hoeing beets that the boy enjoyed. Here he was king. He could chop down anything he wanted. Weeds fell by the hundreds under his hoe and many a beet was saved or destroyed by his will. He knew it was better for the beets if he would space them out and pick out the doubles. Often in the fall, he had seen how two or three beets would grow around each other, choking each other, yielding both useless.

When the boy reached the rise, he stopped and leaned against his hoe. His father had completed his first row and was working on his second. The other children were also working on their second row, strung out between the boy and the old man. Far off to the south lay the town where he went to school. He didn't like it there. They never got anything done. The kids at the school bothered him. Often they would point at his patched clothes and laugh. Or they would call him names that he didn't understand. They were stupid kids. All they did was fight—either with him or with someone else. And the way they behaved in class! If his father was the teacher they would listen and not say the things they said. Then, the boy thought, we would learn and not waste time. He began to chop at the ground with new vigor.

Before he realized it the boy reached the end of his row. Looking up he noticed the sky darkening. Hunger pangs attacked his stomach. Just then the old man motioned and the boy began to run to tell his brothers and sisters to stop for supper. The happy little troupe made their way back to the house with the red sun on their backs.

The mother was waiting for them at the house where she had prepared supper for her family. The old man sat down at the head of the table with the rest of the family squeezing in where they could. Then the old man bowed his head and prayed the regular prayer he always prayed. The children recited their little prayers too. The family began to eat. The mother brought in stampot, a Friesian meal-in-a-dish consisting of potatoes, turnips and chunks of bacon mixed together. This was rationed out among the family so each person would receive enough. For dessert one of the sisters brought out another pot full of porridge. After everyone had his fill and the pots were scraped clean, the Bible was brought out and read. The children sat very still under their father's gaze and didn't dare open their eyes even when he closed in prayer.

After supper, as the sisters did the dishes, the boy got out his homework. Gripping a knife-sharpened pencil with his grubby

(Continued on page 11)



fingers, he carefully calculated the arithmetic problems. The boy liked to draw numbers because they were never the same no matter how hard he tried to make them that way.

The whole family was startled by a knock on the door. Questioning eyes followed the father as he answered the door. The old man had a frantic look in his face but he let the guest in. The family looked him over from the bottom up. A pair of polished shoes stuck out of the man's neatly creased pants. The suit-coat clung to the slim frame as if it were painted on. The man had a rasping voice and an air about him as he glanced around the room. The old man led him into the livingroom while all the children fled to the kitchen.

When the door was shut the children began to whisper among themselves. One thought that he had seen the landlord talk to his father after church on Sunday and that he had told his father to pay the rent this week or else. Another said that he had come because they hadn't finished the beets yet. One of the girls thought that they would have to move again and began to cry. The little boy stood there, not quite sure of what to think.

Meanwhile, the voices in the other room began to get louder as both men hacked into each other. The landlord would say something in his horrible voice and the old man would retort with equal vigor. The boy heard his mother sob and a lump came in his throat. All at once the door burst open and the guest stomped out of the house, buttoning his suit-coat, followed by the old man. The boy was shoved out of the way by his father and fought back the tears.

The guest's car sped away down the long drive leaving the old man on the porch. The mother came out on the porch and stared at the set of red lights until they disappeared behind the tall weeds. She wrapped her hands around the pillar, hung her head and began to sob. Her husband came over and tried to comfort her while the children disappeared into the house.

The boy went to bed. He buried his head in his pillow and cried. Why did things have to be this way? Ever since they had come to this country they were pushed around and laughed at. His father thought that he had found a place to settle when he first met the landlord at one of those church meetings. The boy remembered how happy his mother had been when she told she could fix the house up any way she wanted to. And then tonight the horrible look on his father's face when he ran after the landlord. Why? Why? It was just stupid! Nothing was getting done this way. The owner would still need to have his beets hoed and they probably wouldn't get such good workers this late in the year. If only he would have waited a while longer. Then his father could have paid him too. Why?

The next day the family solemnly loaded the car. No one spoke. The boy handed his father the hoes that he had retrieved from the field. The old man set them carefully in the trunk along with the rest of their belongings. When everything was loaded the family stopped for a moment to look at the house. One of the sisters began to cry. This time the father didn't glare at her but slowly got behind the wheel.

As the car moved down the long driveway the boy noticed the tall weeds again. Looking back, he wondered how the beets would fare in the harvest. Perhaps someone else would do a good job of thinning them.

#### HAIKUS

by Bolluyt

*Rhymes came shivering  
Out of an old typewriter....  
Trembling with joy.*

*Leaves fallin yellow,  
A breathless swirl of color  
And a mellow crunch.*

*An ancient rocker  
Now tiredly crick-cracking  
Out on the screen porch.*

*Soft voices of night  
Lullaby the earth to sleep  
In the hand of God.*

*Flickering candles  
Endless drippings of wax  
Over an old bottle.*

#### FIVE HAIKU

by Karl Neerhof

*March blankets of snow  
Razor blade winds of young March  
Stifle cries of "Spring!"*

*Tempting bubble gum!  
Your tasty goo makes me spend  
Hoarded "college" coins*

*Barefoot ragged girls  
Hungry market children ask  
Have you had enough?*

*As hard as you'll try  
Sapless metallic lamp post  
You'll not be a tree*

*A caterpillar's  
Single overhaul proves  
God's warranty best*

#### COMPANION

by Warren Swier

*One day she joined me on the  
field of our lives  
And we romped through  
pastures of imagination;  
But we got hung-up  
on a petty fence  
And never crossed into reality.*

*Yet to this day  
Floods of yearly tears  
have failed to wash away  
(And the sun's dried baking  
only served to harden)  
Our footsteps, immortalized  
upon the field of my life.*



"Sketch for Brass Quartet"

BY LAMBERT ZUIDERVAART

Trumpet 1  
Trumpet 2

Trombone 1  
Trombone 2

5

10

15

20

mf

25

Trumpet 1  
Trumpet 2

Trombone 1  
Trombone 2

30

35

cresc.

40

45

50

mf



55

Trumpet 1  
Trumpet 2

60

Trombone 1  
Trombone 2

65

70

75

*p cresc. poco a poco*

80

85

*ff dim.*

90

95

Trumpet 1  
Trumpet 2

100

Trombone 1  
Trombone 2

105

110

115

120



## HAIKU

by David Cummings

Warm sand filters through  
My toes.

But clams tolerate  
It on their tongues. Ew!

Ho! A hidden reef!  
Beautiful Coral breaking  
our love—feast....makes schisms.

An autumn oak tree . . .  
Uprooted! Swirled! Snagged! . . .Fruitless,  
save some bloated fish.

A package from home!  
Stale cookies.

Next time please pack  
them with popcorn balls.

Blaring sun! So warm!  
Please take out winter's nuts and  
make mud puddles - - soon!

Curfew! Drone in the  
Passion Pit

Sadly leaves his  
Snap-dragon's nectar.

Look! There! A robin!  
But it sabotaged a branch  
full of powdered snow. . . .

## SPRING

by Paul Tapper

I enjoy the Spring  
when the flowers appear,  
and the grass flows thick and lush  
around our feet.  
the warm breeze blows against your hair  
and your cheeks bloom with beauty.  
your eyes glow, and your smile  
fills the sky with streaming sunlight.

we lie in the grass,  
and stare at the flowers  
as they sprinkle the green  
around us.        Listening  
to the birds,  
as they sing of love.

I would say, "i love you."  
but to love you would be to know you  
and after I'd said, "i love you."  
I couldn't take it back.

You may be the one  
I will walk through the sky with,  
while at our feet lie rivers and hills.  
but here as I move with You,  
the fog coners our feet,  
and we go  
Together,  
as One.

## SOMETIMES

by Jeffrey K. Boer

Sometimes . . . .  
I look at the sky  
on a clear night  
I see a million stars  
then,  
the fog moves in  
the stars disappear.  
but I know better.

Sometimes . . . .  
I look at a tree  
in blossoming springtime  
I see life flowing  
then,  
leaves fall and blizzards bite  
the tree dies.  
but I know better,

Sometimes . . . .  
I look at a caterpillar  
with its soft black fur  
I see beauty there  
then,  
it spins a hiding place  
and grows ugly.  
but I know better

Sometimes . . . .  
I look at my life  
especially looking back  
I see God's loving hand  
then,  
problems overwhelm me  
my God deserts me.

## SELF

by Dale E. Leensvaart

## SELF

Suspended in the heart a fabric unrevealed  
An embryo.

clutching, cringing  
In anticipation  
Finally  
Lets loose its bundobust feelings.

## OTHERS

Which could have brought us  
together;  
Crossing our minds  
in time.  
Yet we were and are  
so far.

## GOD

Hung in delicate, definite time  
'Twixt black and white,  
a texture underneath.  
Screaming !  
Eeeeeeeeeaaaaoooooooooooooooo . . .  
And time is gone.

## SPECTACLE

by Warren Swier

He donned a pair  
Of attic-musty glasses  
And thought he would view  
His world from a new  
angle . . . .

He thought he'd framed  
His world more beautiful  
And to his own liking  
But the frames held broken  
glass.

## CANNON

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## HONORABLE MENTION—Poetry

### NO PARADOX

by Dave Cummings—Dordt College

1. . . —

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Lives

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God  
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3

Cohesive 7, verse 77

6 Poems by Susan E. Damon

### WORRY

Sleep has come but still  
through all my dreams run  
nightmare phantoms from  
the day and will not  
go away

### HAIKU

In the night Dawg barks.  
Here's water, Dawg (the neighbors!).  
Man is Dawg's best friend.

### HAIKU

Sun has parched your soul,  
and your flowers have withered.  
Come to my garden.

### POEM

Sunlight streams  
into the dark recesses  
of my soul;  
its warm caresses  
soothe, and once again, it seems,  
I shall be whole.

### AMBITION

A dashing young fellow  
was climbing the ladder to success,  
missed a rung  
and splashed at the bottom.

### HEDONIST

The party  
is getting late.  
We should  
have started yesterday.

### HAIKU

by Gary Wondergem

A lovely pattern  
Is formed by blowing, wet snow  
On the Window pane.

The hot and sleek car,  
Must travel very slowly  
On ice covered roads.

Shrill! The whistle blows  
The factory's machines stop,  
A nightingale sings.

When the plastic bird,  
Soars high over the net,  
Smash! I end its flight.

The moon still shines bright,  
Over the darkened city,  
When the power fails.

### JOURNEY

by Jane Vreeman

Running, running because of the  
Beat of the heart that is tired  
of fighting between  
the winter and springtime  
the summer or autumn  
And feeling the blacknews  
of failing and falling  
and fearing and fighting  
because of the throb of the  
mind that is weary of  
whirling, the whirling and eternal  
running.

### SOLOMON FOUR—FIFTEEN

by Wayne N. Farr

My smile is  
My wife  
need I say more?