

DORDT



COLLEGE

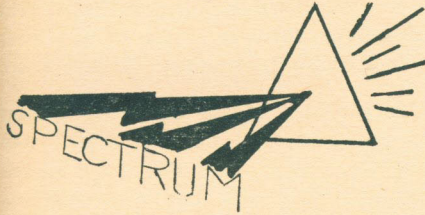
DIAMOND

Student Publication of Dordt College, Sioux Center, Iowa

Volume VI

Tuesday, March 19, 1963

Number Eleven



—La Verne Rens

In the past several years the medium of television has made the courtroom a rather entertaining place through such impeccable impresarios as Perry Mason. Despite the drama to make your blood surge in anticipation, these programs lack something of reality. In December of 1961 a book appeared that may prove to be the missing link. The book entitled **My Life in Court**, by Louis Nizer, has been holding its own on **Time's** non-fiction list for some time now.

Louis Nizer is a famous trial lawyer, and in his book he narrates six of his most dramatic cases. The book gives us an insight into the shrewd, comprehending, and calculating mind of a trial lawyer. Says Nizer, "His sensitized mind, eye, and ear may pick messages which only the antenna of complete concentration can receive." The trial lawyer can sense in the atmosphere of the courtroom how the case is progressing. He must be able to comprehend the psychological time to be venturesome with a witness.

The minute detail and the excerpts from the actual testimonies add much to the book, although some dialogues are rather long. The weighing of evidence and the interpretation of complicated laws help the layman in his evaluation of the book.

Of the six cases, the libel suit of Quentin Reynolds against columnist Westbrook Pegler is the most memorable. Nizer's greatest accomplish-

ment is making the trials understandable and interesting to the layman and giving him insight into the working of a legal mind.

COMING EVENTS

- March 21, 22 — Thurs., Fri. — Play — "Flight Into Danger"
- March 29 — Friday — Travelogue, "Sweden—Year Around"
- April 5 — Friday, 2 P.M.—Spring Vacation begins

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Boertje on the birth of Kevin, March 15. The Boertjes now have three boys and two girls.

DE YOUNG ENGAGES IN EXCHANGE SERIES

Mr. Marvin De Young, of the Dordt Science Department, will exchange speaking engagements with Dr. Charles Dewey of Dakota Wesleyan University in Mitchell, South Dakota, and with Dr. Richard Landburg of Augustana College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Dr. Dewey's talk will be on the use of pesticides and insecticides, a subject recently popularized by Rachel Carson in her book, **Silent Spring**. (Dates for the addresses by Dr. Dewey and Dr. Landburg will be set soon.)

On March 19 Mr. De Young will give his address in a seminar at Dakota Wesleyan, and on April 16 he will speak at Augustana College. The subject of Mr. De Young's presentation is "The History and Development of Atomic Theory."

This scholarly exchange is designed, says De Young, "to lay a foundation for next year's seminar program at Dordt."

Then on April 26 and 27, De Young will read a technical paper on stereoisomers (compounds that exist in left- and right-handed forms) at the South Dakota Academy of Science, which will meet at the South Dakota School of Mines in Rapid City, South Dakota.

An exciting prospect for next fall's science program: The American Chemical Society, Sioux Valley Section, has accepted an invitation to meet on Dordt's Campus in October of 1963.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Merle Meeter on the birth of a daughter, Cynthia Joy, born March 9. She is greeted by two brothers, Gregory Lee and Robin Dale.

"FLIGHT INTO DANGER"

March 21 and 22



Cheerleaders Ready for Flight

THE DORDT DIAMOND

Published fortnightly by the Students of Dordt College, Sioux Center, Ia.

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"Scientechnic"
"Spectrum"
"Athletes' Feats"
"Touchstone"

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—Marj Meyer

For most people, the mere mention of a Viennese operetta conjures up waltz composers—Franz Lehar (*The Merry Widow*) and Oskar Straus (*The Chocolate Soldier*). But beside these names belongs another: Robert Stolz.

In his long career Stolz has written as many operas as the others combined. He is now 82 and the sole survivor of the Golden Age of Viennese music (1910-1925.) Last fall at Austria's open-air amphitheater on Lake Constance, composer Robert Stolz was still at work. Tall and gaunt, he mounted the podium and led the orchestra in a performance of *Trauminsel* (Isle of Dreams.) It was his forty-third full-length operetta, and it was pure Viennese delight.

Stolz's career in three-quarter time has yielded, in addition to his operettas, over two thousand songs, written while he was in the army and afterward when he came to the United States to live. In 1956 he returned to live in Vienna, where he is honored as the last practitioner of a once-popular art.

Editorial

—Arnold Van Dyken

There is much that can be written on good stewardship of time but I will comment only on proper use of time in our college studies.

Why are we here at college? To obtain an education, to learn more of God's creation and its workings in order to be of greater service in His Kingdom. These are answers which can be given, but the answer which will not hold is, "To have fun."

In which field ought we to invest most of our time? We of course must set aside some time for recreation and "letting off steam," but we must restrict such activities in the interest of our main purpose.

One important step toward better studying is constant review and "overlearning" of material. When we know and realize this, we will never say, "There's nothing to do."

College education is a full-time job; it is not to be attended to only when and if we have fulfilled our every momentary desire.

Scientechnic

—Ken Vande Griend

A possible "missing link" has been discovered in the world of microbes. Dr. John Couch of the University of North Carolina reports finding a new group of microorganisms, Actinoplanes, in the soil. Actinoplanes are related to a group of molds, the Actinomycetes. These molds are plants belonging to the fungus group, but close observation shows that their reproductive spores are very similar to some bacteria. Unlike most plants, Actinoplanes lack chlorophyll, the substance which enables plants to make their own food. Thus they must depend on other organisms for food.

Where will this "link" fit between the animals and the plants? The present hypothesis is that Actinoplanes are slightly higher than bacteria, but definitely lower than fungi.



Ken Post—Head Officer in a Swoon



—Kari

Once upon a time there were three bunnies, Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail. It so happened that these three bunnies were extraordinary — they had lots of vim, vigor and vitality. They loved to romp around with their buddies. They weren't bad; they just liked having fun.

One day these "Three Musketeers" decided to go and see some of the world, so they planned an all-day excursion to the briar patch northeast of their burrow. Some of their friends found out and laughed, saying, "Oh, Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail, you'll never make it! Your paws will get sore and stiff and then if some hunters come after you, you won't even be able to run away!" These three were not discouraged, though, for they went over to Farmer McGregor's garden to buy carrots and lettuce to take along on their trip.

The next morning they set out. For the first few miles they skipped, jumped and hopped down the pathway, flopping their ears in salute to the many well-wishers who passed by. After several miles they paused to nibble on some carrots, revived, and hopped on. Finally they reached the briar patch—it wasn't as lush

or green as they had expected it to be, but they had fun rolling around in the grass and eating clover.

Then Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail started back home. It was quite a few miles to go and they were rather tired, but they had to go, just to prove to their friends that they weren't quitters. They didn't feel like hopping or skipping any more; in fact, they didn't even feel like moving!

After several miles they met some of their school pals who had come out to see how their trip was. They asked the three bunnies if they wanted a ride, to which they bravely replied, "No" and quickly limped away, blinking back big tears. Later it got colder, snow began to fly and the wind began to blow, ruffling their well-groomed fur, so that they lay down in the ditch and wished they had never left home to see the world. They kicked their sore, swollen paws in the air, wriggled their stiffening tails and flopped their wilted ears.

Just then Lucifer the Hound came whizzing by and barked, "Ha! Ha! I knew you couldn't do it!" Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail were so peeved that they jumped up and hopped all the way back to their burrows. Just to prove that their journey hadn't really bothered them at all, they went out sledding that night. They had lots of fun and several aches (which no one ever knew about).

Now when the other rabbits ask Flopsy, Mopsy or Cottontail when they are going to visit the briar patch southwest, they reply they would like to, but they don't have time.

Touchstone...

—Sandra L. Williamson

GIFT FROM THE SEA, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Pantheon Books, Inc., 1955.

GIFT FROM THE SEA is a charming book, with a quiet, searching tone. The author has captured the feeling of a deserted, sun-drenched beach in her introspective monologue. This aura is the product of a solitary vacation which the author took in order to rediscover life's deeper significance, and to retain a balanced perspective of values in the complex and cluttered life of our day.

In her beach world there was little to distract or clutter. The sea, sand, sky, and shells were her chief companions. What was there to learn from these? In the shells along the shore she found symbols to suggest and illustrate the philosophy which developed from her solitary meditations.

(This) "shell — it is simple; it is bare, it is beautiful. Small, only the size of my thumb, its architecture is perfect, down to the finest detail . . . its shape . . . winds in a gentle spiral to the pointed apex. My shell is not like this, I think. How untidy it has become! . . . its shape is hardly recognizable any more . . ."

What is the shape of my life?" This question sums up the central theme of the book. The author wants to sweep away the accumulated "junk" — even some which is made from good materials — in order to uncover the true and meaningful center of her life. Simplicity of existence and opportunity to rejuvenate the drained soul with quiet times of creative work or meditative solitude: these are the principal aims to be pursued (according to the author) if one is to have a happy, balanced, fruitful life.

In what she says, the author has much that can be called wise and remarkably observant. She seems to have especially good insight into the proper role of woman. However, the one great fault she manifests is equating spiritual with earthly religion with nature. The kingdom of heaven is found in the relationships of love springing from the heart of man. To be found "in grace" is not to be living under God's Word and in His will; rather it is to live in simplicity and happiness.

Therefore, though filled with many useful observations and even much wisdom, the true answers to life's problems, the deeper causes of our frustrations and confusions and inadequacies are left buried in the sand. But, in fairness to the author, she herself realized to an extent the incompleteness of her GIFT FROM THE SEA:

"There are other beaches to explore. There are more shells to find. This is only a beginning."



Our Eclectic Paperback Display

Athletes' Feats

—Lee

Creaking joints and aching muscles characterized physical education students this week.

Flashball, dominating the athletic scene at present, has produced a variety of physical woes among the participants.

Ping pong, preceding flashball, has moved to the final round of competition in both the boys' and girls' divisions. Semifinalists include Jan Van Sant and Beverly Joling in the girls' division. In the boys' division, Dave Netz and Alden Altena have battled their way to final-round competition.

Monday, March 11, ten-pin compe-

tion began, with entries in three divisions: men's, women's and mixed teams. Winners in their respective divisions will be announced at completion of this event. A record will also be kept of high individual scores.

The Defenders in post-season competition suffered defeat at the hands of the Sioux Center Independents. The Defenders made a game of it throughout the first three quarters, but went cold the last quarter, allowing the Independents to open an impressive margin: the final score, 96-77. High scorer for the Defenders was Norm Prins with 21 points.

Skaters Waltz To Sandy Hollow

Ankles are becoming stronger, although bruises are increasing, as Dordt students make ice skating expeditions to Sandy Hollow. So far everyone has been able to keep his head above the ice even though the melting season is probably fast approaching.

Almost every Friday or Saturday night a group of students go skating, and others are invited also. Those who do not know how to skate will find plenty of help in learning. So gather your friends into the car, throw a few pieces of wood into the trunk for the fire, take a shovel or two to help clear the ice, and meet the rest of the gang at Sandy Hollow. Oh, don't forget the ice skates!

Holmes at the Breakfast Table

"I allow no 'facts' at this table. What! because bread is good . . . and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking?"

"The hydrostatic paradox of controversy (water seeks its own level): argue with a fool and you become one."

"You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the population that dwells under it."

"The whole force of conversation depends on how much you can take for granted. Vulgar chess-players have to play their game out; nothing short of the brutality of an actual checkmate satisfies their dull apprehensions. But look at two masters of the noble game! White stands well enough so far as you can see; but Red says 'Mate in six moves; White looks, —nods; —the game is over. Just so in talking with first-rate men. . . ."

"One's best thoughts always seem old; they stain back rapidly through the pages of the past." —Oliver Wendell Holmes

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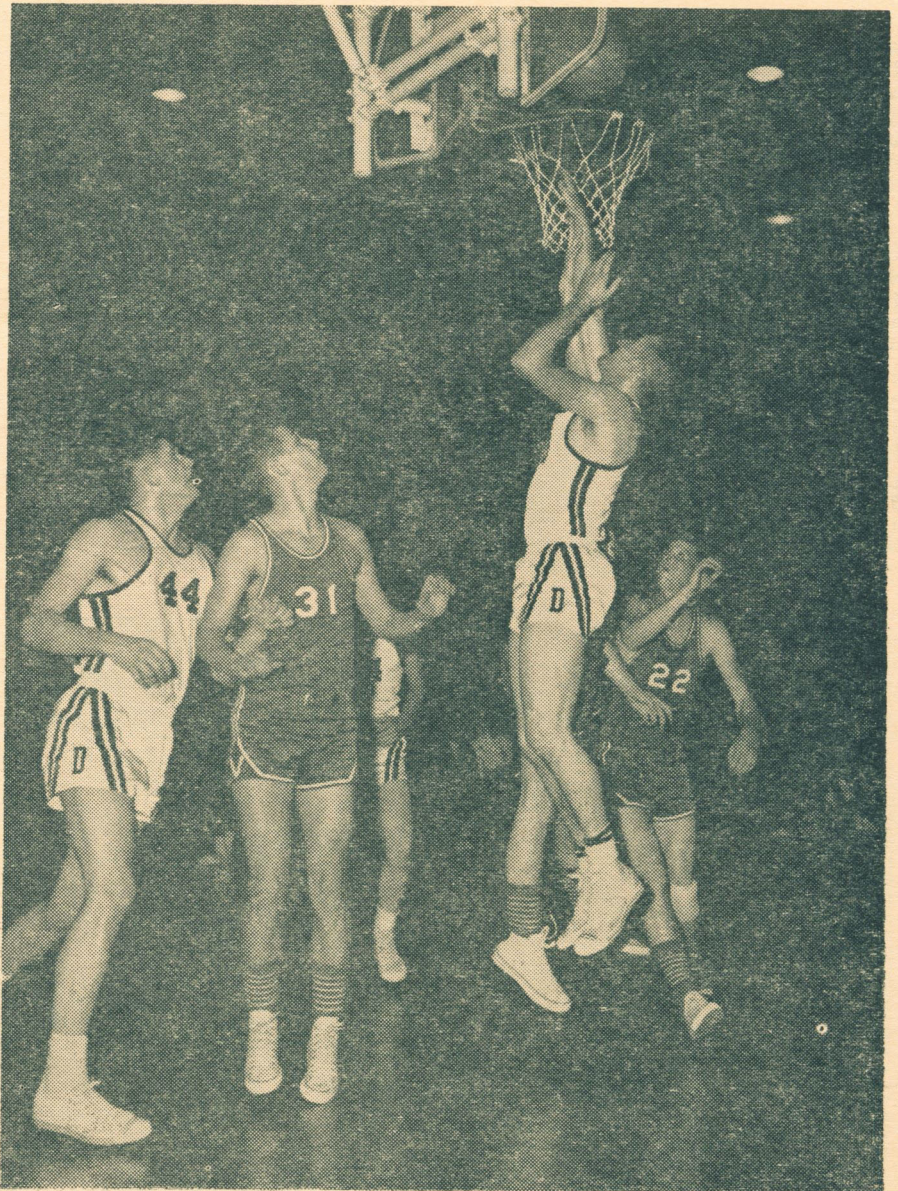
—from THE GREAT DIVORCE

"There have been men before now who got so interested in proving the existence of God that they came to care nothing for God Himself . . ."

"There are only two kinds of people in the end: those who say to God, 'Thy will be done,' and those to whom God says in the end, 'Thy will be done.' All that are in Hell, choose it. Without that self-choice there could be no Hell. No soul that seriously and constantly desires joy will ever miss it."

"I know it has a grand sound to say ye'll accept no salvation which leaves even one creature in the dark outside. But watch that sophistry or ye'll have a dog in the manger the tyrant of the universe."

—C. S. Lewis



Alden Altena Ends Two Years of Yeoman Play
(Aldie also won the Men's Singles in Ping Pong)