Workstudy gets pay hike

By George VanderBeek

The wage for students employed by Dordt’s workstudy and Work for Institution programs will rise in January in correlation with Iowa’s minimum wage.

Darrel Rath, of the Business Office, said that the raise, from $3.85 to $4.25 per hour, will be in effect as of January 1, 1991. The 15-cent-per-hour disparity between the more desirable jobs and those in the commons, housekeeping and farming departments is likely to continue, he added. A worker in the commons, for example, will be making $4.40 per hour in January compared to $4.00 per hour presently.

The raise will be enjoyed by all 561 students currently employed on campus. Michael Epema, of the financial aid department, said that a majority of the increase will come out of the Dordt College budget even though the workstudy program is federally sponsored. The government portion is a fixed allowance to the college and not be adjusted to cover pay increases.

The federal government currently pays 70 percent of the worker’s wage under the workstudy program. Epema said. Dordt College is responsible for the remaining 30 percent. Epema stated that roughly half of those employed on campus are under this program.

The Work for Institution program employs the other half of the present workforce. Epema said that this number includes Canadian students and those from the United States who are ineligible for workstudy or who did not apply in time for that program. Dordt funds 100 percent of the Work for Institution payroll.

Epema said that while the number of jobs on campus has been reduced to allow those who are employed here to work more hours, the demand for workers off campus has increased. He pointed to a strong local economy and the good reputation of college workers as contributing factors in this increase.

Whether or not a climbing minimum wage will have an effect on the number of off campus employment opportunities will be seen in the new year.

Student-directed play opens tonight

by Julie DeBoer

I Love You, I Love You Not is not another Suspended Sentence. True, they are similar in that they both deal with WW II, where Suspended Sentence ended on a sad but somewhat positive note (with the promise of a new generation), I Love You, I Love You Not is more “upbeat,” says director Jull Sawtelle. It was written in the 1980s when the spirit of surviving was less prevalent than the spirit of moving on.

In I Love You, I Love You Not an elderly woman who survived the horror of Auschwitz at the tender age of 15 is now a grandmother who is confronted with a withdrawn 15-year-old granddaughter, Daisy, who must learn to stand up for herself. Throughout the play survival is stressed—survival through the war but also survival of adolescence, which, most importantly, involves growing up and being who you are.

Daisy is played by Michele Cobb, while Jull Sawtelle plays the grandmother. "I Love You, I Love You Not" is especially exciting for Ms. Sawtelle as she has chosen it for her senior show. It is an excellent opportunity for her to have a role of an aging woman, a talent she has acquired through an applied acting class.

I Love You, I Love You Not looks to be very inspirational and interesting as well. It will be showing November 15-17 in the New World Theater.

Theater trip tough act to beat

by Teri Nikkel

Nearly forty students and professors didn’t have to act like they were enjoying themselves on the theater trip this past weekend.

Last Friday, November 9, a number of theater arts majors and other Dordt students drove to Minneapolis, Minnesota, to attend three live plays and to visit additional city sights. The first evening performance, A Compelio by Carlo Goldoni and enacted by the Theatre de la Jeune Lune, took place at the Hennepin Center for the Arts. The slapstick comedy portrayed stereotypical Venetian women and their quest for mates. Later, the group gathered for an Italian dinner and turned in for the night.

Everyone was on their own Saturday morning: many visited local department stores and a mall. Thornton Wilder’s The Skin of our Teeth kept the audience guessing for the afternoon matinee at the Guthrie Theater. This was the bizzare story of the Antrobus family, survivors of the past, present, and future, who barely escape numerous calamities. Time after the performance was spent admiring the Walker Art Gallery and the sculpture garden.

After dinner and more free time to roam, the group returned to the Guthrie for The Front Page by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Having been called “the world’s greatest newspaper story” by critics, the play focused on a group of Chicago newspaper reporters kicking back in the press room. The plot centers around the escape of a convicted cop-killer and anarchist, and the unfolding events which affect the reporters.

“The students got to see a wide variety of shows,” says John Holland, professor of theater arts. “They had a good time and it was valuable for them to stretch their understanding of theater.”
Time to move on

Reflections on the spirit of change

by Daniel Mennega

In reflecting on the events of that weekend, everything seems so different. It's hard to put my finger on exactly what, but so much has changed on campus. We all have felt it; after Khamko's death the college seems to have been drawn together, almost as if for the warmth and comfort from the chilling events. So many people have told me how a strange spirit of togetherness has seemed to enclose the student body in Christian unity.

Khamko's death has stripped away all the superficial differences we cling to and has unmasked the facades we hide behind. I look around and see the coming together of people once separated by trivial, insignificant differences of cliques, sports, nationalities—closing in on each other for community. I see Christians.

The pain will fade. For some it already has. The pain will never go away, but it will fade, perhaps flaring up at times, bringing with it hot tears for Khamko's roommates) bound us together that first week? Is that love and concern for each other just going to fade as time goes by?

In that case, I hope we never forget, because I don't want to see it fade. I want to see us continue overlooking differences in people around us and seeing only Christians, equal in our faults and weaknesses, equally in need of friends and encouragement, just as during the long, cold days and dark nights of that unforgettable weekend.

That's what this Diamond is about—the change that was brought about. Don't read the memorial pages as if they're just stirring up the recent and painful past. Instead, keep these pages, and when you look at them, remember the spirit of change that came to Dordt last week. Then don't let it fade away. As Dr. Paulo Ribiero said concerning the last couple of weeks.

"If we would live our daily and normal lives the way we walk together through the valley of the shadow of death, our fallen and temporal lives would be much closer to the Light of Life... and the transition to full life, much less painful."

A strange spirit of togetherness has enclosed the student body in unity.

Students say...

by Kevin Wassenaar

Usually in this space one would find the feature Students Say. Therefore, this essay probably warrants an explanation. What students say is very important. This is your college and what you say can make a difference. This point was well proven to me through an incident early last week.

Many people on this campus have been touched in some way by the tragedies occurring lately. I too have been affected. Khamko's death has stripped stark lives and body in Christian community. I see Christians. When I think about the kind of sharing and reaching out that students experienced (especially the care of those others involved in the accident and Khamko's roommates) during the past weeks, I just can't believe that feelings this strong can in one week be diluted by our normal lifestyle—ourselves, studies, sports.

Of course, you might say, the need for that display of Christianity isn't nearly as necessary now as it was then—we're over it.

It is good that so many of us are able to get on with our lives and continue with our schoolwork. It's good that we can put the past behind us and hold our chins up to the future. In fact, it was hard for me to decide whether or not even to have a memorial issue. Would an issue like this come too soon, and be too painful, or bring back too much, just when people were beginning to forget?

Then I asked myself, are people also forgetting the tie that bound us together that first week? Is that love and concern for each other just going to fade as time goes by?

In that case, I hope we never forget, because I don't want to see it fade. I want to see us continue overlooking differences in people around us and seeing only Christians, equal in our faults and weaknesses, equally in need of friends and encouragement, just as during the long, cold days and dark nights of that unforgettable weekend.

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"If we would live our daily and normal lives the way we walk together through the valley of the shadow of death, our fallen and temporal lives would be much closer to the Light of Life... and the transition to full life, much less painful."

Khamko?" Then she told me this story:

Enoch and God were the best of friends and took daily walks together, talking and sharing with each other. Each day Enoch's walk took him farther from his house and closer to God's. Finally, one day as they neared the end of the road God turned to Enoch and said, "You know, we are closer to my house than yours. Why don't you just come home with me?"

What she said made a difference. It gave me a sense of peace and comfort. I know Khamko is in heaven at this very moment. It must be wonderful for him to finally know the great unknown!

I hope all of us at Dordt College can each day, in our walk of life, take a few steps further away from our house and a few more closer to God's. And who knows, tomorrow He may ask you home with Him.
Short Cuts
by Sandra De Jong

First transplant recipient dies

Stormle, 13, was brought to the hospital with a sore throat and a fever early Sunday night, and within hours of her arrival her blood pressure had dropped and she suffered a heart attack.

Stormle made history when she was only six years old when a medical team at Children's Hospital gave her the organs of a four-year-old girl from New York who had died in a car accident.

Student vandals demand improvements

On Monday masked vandals stoned police and set cars on fire during a demonstration by 100,000 students seeking better school conditions in Paris, France.

Students learn to defend themselves against criticism, boredom, and the cold weather, but until now they haven't had the chance to learn defense against rapists, muggers, or angry ex-boyfriends.

Anyone for English tea?

A meeting for those interested in a tour of England will be held on Friday at 4:00 in room C113.

A three-week study tour will take the group to London and the surrounding countryside, including Shakespeare's Stratford, Oxford and Cambridge, Hardy's Dorchester, and such historic places as York, Stonehenge, and Scotland. Tour dates are planned for May 16 to June 6.

While touring England, the group plans to see Stratford and London plays and lodge in classic bed-and-breakfast inns.

Dutch student teaches judo
by Sharon VanderKruk and Gary Dykstra

Students learn to defend themselves against criticism, boredom, and the cold weather, but until now they haven't had the chance to learn defense against rapists, muggers, or angry ex-boyfriends.

On Monday and Thursday afternoons twenty students unfold the blue tumbling mats in the gym lobby and meet for Dordt's first ever judo class.

Els Rijkens, a transfer student from the Netherlands, instructs the class in the basic holds and throws of judo. The judo course, a work-study job, is her first time teaching, and she loves it.

"It's a lot of fun and I'm learning more as well," Els says. In teaching the class and interacting with students she not only learns each judo move better, but also gets to know her students well.

Els began taking judo lessons when she was eleven years old, and in six years has already earned a black belt. She says that knowing judo has proved beneficial. "When someone pushes me over I can use the judo roll to avoid getting hurt."

At the club where she took lessons she was taught to fight only when absolutely necessary. "Judo needs to be taught in the right manner," Els stressed. It is very important to use it as a last resort when threatened, she continues.

"Els feels comfortable knowing she can protect herself, plus she jokingly describes a sense of satisfaction throwing down a guy every once in a while."

In the future Els hopes to receive higher degrees beyond her present black belt, though she takes judo lessons mostly for enjoyment, and not really for self defense. She loves play-fighting and often did so with her dad and sister (who also took judo) when she was younger.

Interest in the new class has been overwhelming. At least fifty-two people originally signed up to take judo, but enrollment was limited to the twenty people now taking the class. But never fear, according to Els, "Next semester there will be two judo classes," she says.
Reflections

by Arnold Koekkoek

The year was 1688. William of Orange, Prince of the Netherlands, embarked on an invasion of England, at the request of English parliamentary leaders, seeking to overthrow King James II. The shortest route was straight across the narrow north sea, and King James had his army waiting on England's east coast for the expected landing. Instead a storm came blew William's fleet all the way around to the south coast, and there he landed his soldiers, unopposed by James, who was still waiting far away. "What do you think of predestination now?" William asked of his associates.

The year is 1979. From the little country of Laos, ravaged by wars and the aftermath of the long, bloody Vietnam war, many refugees have fled. Among them are the Baccam family, who now find themselves on a journey halfway around the world, in a strange land with strange customs, strange language, strange people, to an unknown town with a strange name, Sioux Center, Iowa. One of them is an eleven year old boy named Khamko. They find themselves taken into the fellowship of the Bethel Christian Reformed Church, and they begin to learn all kinds of new things, including about a new religion and a loving Father-God, whose son died for all those who believe in him. "Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his paths past tracing out!"

The year is 1986. Khamko Baccam came to Dordt College, and I became his adviser. Quiet, shy at first, scared as any freshman, he soon settled into the routine of college, wet his feet in his studies, made many friends, excelled at soccer, and settled on a history major. So we spent a lot of time talking together, as well as working in classes. Every registration time Khamko came to talk, even though he didn't have to, for he knew the ropes well enough. We talked about his future as a teacher, and it was a chance for me to get to know something of the fine person that was underneath the reserve. It was a relationship of trust, respect, of Christian love. "If we love one another, God abides in us and his love is perfected in us." The year is 1990. We are stunned by the new of that Saturday's tragedy. Our friend is not here any more. It seems unre-

I will miss you tomorrow: a reflection

(recited at Khamko Baccam's memorial chapel November 6)

Khamko died...
and with that the game of soccer lost not just a player
but some of the beauty, and the elegance;
the speed combined with control;
the emotion and the passion;
the joy, and the magic
that each play contained
when he
ran, handled and touched the ball

Having lived most of my life in a country where soccer was not just another entertainment, or a game...
but a way of life;
a culture;
a religion;
where people don't get too excited about the spheres of sovereignty,
but rather the black and white sphere...the soccer ball;
I felt the death of Khamko very deeply.
The times we played together will remain in my memory forever.

Khamko died...
but his example lives...
and after all, the game of soccer gained from his dedication,
persistence, sportsmanship, class, finesse, technique...and not just power and push (he played reformed soccer).

He was not tall:
but he was great,
he was not big:
but he was fast.
He was not blonde:
but he was brilliant.

I was very much looking forward to this Wednesday (tomorrow), when the soccer players would be joining the indoor soccer club. As a captain of one of the teams I hoped a player like Khamko would land on my team (actually, as a member of the indoor soccer board, who would be dividing the players among the seven teams, I would be certainly tempted to put him on my team...after all, I have to find someone to compensate for my age and injuries).

Khamko, you missed the final game...
but I pray that you got there just in time for a celestial play-off.

Khamko, I will miss you tomorrow.

As I said to you my final good-bye or rather a hello...
I remembered and comforted myself...Heaven will be even funnier having you around...

Thank-you

We would like to thank everyone for their support, encouragement, and prayers during the week of Khamko's death and the days following. We greatly appreciate the community of friends that helped us through the most difficult days.

Sincerely,

Arthur Tel
Ken Timmermans
Kurt Ackerman
Scott Van Dyken
Kevin Vander Hoek
Tom Ten Cate
Lisa Hilverda
John Mensonides

Khamko Baccam

"...He played reformed soccer."
My grace is sufficient for you

Written upon the occasion of the memorial chapel service for
Khamko Baccam, November 6, 1990 by Professor Lou Van Dyke.

II Corinthians 12:7-9. "To keep me from becoming conceited because of these surpassingly great revelations, there was given me a thorn in my flesh, a messenger of Satan, to torment me. Three times I pleaded with the Lord to take it away from me. But he said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.'"

On Friday, November 2, Khamko Baccam approached me before class and asked if he could be dismissed a little early because he had to meet with the soccer team and be in uniform by one o'clock. Thus, he would need a little extra time. I said, "Well, Khamko, I know enough not to stand spread-eagled in the classroom doorway in order to prevent you from going." He gave me his usual infectious grin and said, "Thanks, you have a good weekend." I replied, "I will see you on Monday, Kham."

As it turned out, we did NOT have a good weekend. It was a nightmare. I eagerly anticipating a Friday night. I did see Khamko again but not in our early Monday morning class as usual. I was in mid-stripe across our dining room when I heard the news come over the radio—a Dordt college student fatally injured. If I had collided with a brick wall, I could not have stopped sooner. I stomped into the nearest chair, and my mind raced as I listened to the detail. "There are a lot of Dordt students," I thought, "and I probably won't recognize the names." As the details came in, my reaction was, "No, that can't be right. I know these young people. They are good people, and they don't deserve this kind of thing." And through the day on Saturday as the news began to sink in with terrifying finality, I began to argue with God. Abraham said, "Why, Lord? Why? I just don't understand. Why did it have to be Khamko? Why could it not have been someone else—someone whom we didn't know? Why could it not have been some homeless derelict, some nameless junkie, maybe? Perhaps it could have been some criminal who had cleverly eluded justice and who you were now bringing down in Your own good time. Why could it not have been someone who was a blight on society instead of someone who contributed to it? Or, failing that, why could it not have been some one who was nearing the end of his career instead of someone who was just at the beginning of it, someone who had a whole lifetime ahead of him, someone who was participating his entry into Christian service? He had so much potential, so much to give and so much to share. And now we have had to place all that talent in the ground."

It doesn't make any sense, Lord. Why did you allow Khamko to escape the turmoil and horror of Southeast Asian war, to allow him to embrace Christianity, to incline his heart to promoting the cause of Christian education only to have his life crushed out before he even got started? And I said, "You really are the loser, Lord. You have it all wrong. I hope you realize that."

All THE LORD SAID: Be still! and know that I am God. I have a few questions to ask YOU. Do you really think, O mortal, that I am not aware of how many hairs you have on your head? Do you really think that I don't know how many hairs you have lost over the years? Do you really believe that I am possibly absent somewhere when a sparrow falls to the ground? Are you really convinced that I don't know where Khamko is right now—that My plans for him are not well thought out? Listen! I have great things planned for Khamko of which you are not even aware, of which you cannot even comprehend.

"Withdraw/passing on November 3, 1990. Transferred to heaven."

My plans for him were laid before he was born, before you were born, before the WORLD was even born. If I did not love him, if I did not love you and all those who mourn him today, do you think I would have sent MY SON to become one of you so that someday you could all be reunited? Think about that one for awhile. It will go further than you can imagine.

Friends in the Lord never have to say goodbye...

I saw the Lord always before me because He is at my right hand, I will not be shaken. Therefore my heart is glad and my tongue rejoices; my body will also live in hope, because you will not abandon me to the grave.

- Acts 2:25-29a

Steeped in death's ruthless control we try

to fathom a lifeless form

bathed in snow. Friends in the Lord never say goodbye?

Curses of disbelief stab the sky where heaven hides eclipsed by the Reaper's glow.

Steeped in death's ruthless control we try

with shock-stripped innocence to deny

the pervading pierce of a crushing foe.

Friends in the Lord never say goodbye?

In tear-fuddled daze we find a binding tie

through weary arms that embrace our sorrow.

Steeped in death's ruthless control we try

to regain yesterday's memories by praying in faith that we

will know that Friends in the Lord never say goodbye.

But... Christ promises clouds will part with trumpet's cry

a heavenly roar will thunder below.

Set free from death's ruthless control we will fly.

Friends in the Lord will never say goodbye...

- Tim Antonides,
Wayne Dykstra

---

Thank-you

From Khamko's roommates:
We have felt your support through prayers, gifts, visits, etc. You have comforted us through a very difficult time. Surely we are not the only ones who have felt the sting of Khamko's death. This time has proved to us how invaluable it is to attend a Christian college like Dordt. A special thanks to Pastor Draayer for all his guiding assistance. We ask for your continued prayers and support in the coming weeks as we resume our studies.

Sincerely,

Rob De Vries
Jim Dirkse
J.C. Kelso
Kevin Jansma
Case Verburg

Friends in the Lord never have to say goodbye...
Sand in your face

Dear Editor,

I'm a frustrated old man. I want to lash out at someone. I'll just kick sand in your face and enjoy myself. Sure, I know it's a lousy catharsis, but I'm a nincrompoop.

I'm sorry. I'll be a nice grandpa. But then you'll all ignore me! Or worse, you'll all wave in synchronism as I walk past and then slyly snicker behind my back. That's what I did to fogeys when I was a kid. But do what you want: why should I care?

Take last Friday night for example. I just know that least 50 of you must have watched The Simpsons. Why not The Three Stooges? But what do I know about entertainment anyway?

Let me think of something better, like that film Romero. That's the stuff Christians should pay attention to—all about liberation theology... oh, excuse me, some of you don't think theology is entertaining. So this film, it's about guerilla warfare, not that's &@%&'s. Lots of suspense, spine-shilling action... But I counted only 22 students at the college is throwing opportunity in

Jan Hyden's collages encourage interest in abstract art.

Give it a chance!

by Karen Krikke

I went to the Dordt College art gallery in the chapel mezzanine the other evening (November 2) to listen to John Hyden talk about her "Kimono Series." On exhibit October 15 through November 21, I didn't know what kind of art to expect so when I first entered the gallery I thought, "Oh yuck!" The room was filled with huge abstract paintings. I love art but I've never been very fond of abstract works. However, I was a captive in the room once the artist started speaking.

The figure is life size and reaches the edges of the canvas. It transmits a feeling of power and dominance. Bold, symmetrical shapes are used to portray the kimono and figure. The woman has no face, and her face looks calligraphic. The subdued colors are typical of the traditional Japanese theater. Textured horizontal lines which run along the front of her garment brighten up the layers in the picture and add even more interest.

I encourage you to check out this exhibit for yourself. The "Kimono Series" will be in the chapel's art gallery until Thanksgiving break. It's certainly a different type of art but if you give it a chance and try to understand what's involved in it, you might just like it!
Review: The Year of Living Dangerously

by Michael Goehart

Unlike Peter Weir's most famous films, Witness and Dead Poets Society, his film The Year of Living Dangerously is neither concerned with domestic locales or the ordinary becoming extraordinary. The setting is the political turmoil in Indonesia in 1983. The Communist Party is gaining a great deal of support in Indonesia, and a takeover seems imminent. The focus is not immediately on the setting, but on budding Australian journalist Guy Hamilton (Mel Gibson), and we are pulled along on his maddening trip through this Asian nightmare.

Through Billy Kwan (Linda Hunt), Hamilton gets a tough interview with communist leaders and senses that something big is about to happen in a few weeks. Hamilton meets and falls in love with British Intelligence agent Jill Bryant (Sigourney Weaver). Despite the fact that she is leaving Indonesia in two weeks, she becomes involved with Hamilton.

Billy, meanwhile, is busy with his own problems. The Indonesian woman and small boy whom he has "adopted" are living in misery and poverty, the boy becoming sicker each passing day from the disease-ridden water which he drinks.

The situation begins to grow more complicated when Hamilton learns from Jill that the PFI will be receiving a major arms shipment, a fact that could blow the already-turbulent political climate in Jakarta sky-high. Finally, Guy is willing to risk everything for the story he believes is the biggest yet, a choice which may ruin the friendships he holds dear or even cost him his life.

Weir has fashioned a classic portrait of the struggle of the human soul. He uses the insightful Billy as his eyes, and as a sort of frame for the action, a narrator who is given glimpses inside men's souls. Billy's voice-over musings provide blow-by-blow narration of the journey of Guy's soul, and closely parallel the developing action.

The Year of Living Dangerously is a superb drama, well-acted and directed, and full of powerful images and thoughts. It is a roller-coaster ride through a kind of hell, a place riddled with questions and begging for answers, answers which ultimately lie in the mind of each viewer.

Pro-life or pro-white?

Dear Editor,

Going to chapel each Tuesday and Thursday is something I look forward to at Dordt College. The pro-life chapel on Thursday, November 1, however, was an exception. I can not imagine how the pro-life cause can be anything but hindered by this type of speech. While I certainly sympathize with the terrible ordeal this family had to go through, the racist elements in the speech negated whatever point the speaker was trying to make. The speaker referred to her daughter's discomfort when seeing a "black" man near her apartment. Being "black" people did not live in that apartment complex. Then the woman told how about a group of "black" men raped her daughter. She later went on to mention that a "white" family offered to adopt the possible child which could have resulted from the rape. The term "black" and "white" were in no way necessary for an understanding of her message. She was not giving us a physical description of any person for identification purposes, so why were the terms used? Was she trying to give the impression that the deed was even more horrendous because it was done by "blacks" and the couple willing to adopt the child was so terribly gracious because the child would not be white? This insensitivity only leads the media and those favoring abortion to see the pro-life cause as being a fringe group made up of redneck extremists.

Actually, the talk had little to do with the pro-life cause of seeing all children as creatures of God. In fact, it gave further ammunition to those who dismiss a strong pro-life position because of its perceived insensitivity to the plight of the other oppressed groups in our society. It was an emotional appeal but I am not sure against what; there was not even a baby involved.

During this whole chapel talk I had to fight the urge to get up and leave. I was extremely uncomfortable for the black students in our audience and felt a sense of outrage that Dordt would sponsor this speaker. However, on reflecting on this chapel talk, I realize that one cannot always anticipate what a speaker is going to say so I am not being critical of the chapel committee. But there is still one thing I cannot understand and that is why the speaker was applauded at the conclusion of her speech.

Pam Adams

Beyond the Obvious

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Team starts young

By Steve Kortenhoeven

After three scrimmages, Dordt College's men's basketball team is ready to begin their season. The men's team exhibition schedule included games against Briar Cliff, Mt. Marty, and Bellevue. The season begins Friday with the St. Cloud tournament.

Vander Berg feels that this year's team will take some time to gel because of their youth. The team roster includes no seniors and only two juniors. The majority of the team is made up of sophomores (9 out of 13). There are also two freshman playing for the Varsity team this year.

Many of the players have never played together before, so it will take time to learn how to work together. Although their inexperience might hurt them in some games, their excitement and energy will definitely be a plus. Coach Vander Berg is looking forward to another successful, play-off bound team this year.

The team will be led by the two juniors: Brian Driesen and Chad Ringler. Driesen, who is also the team captain, and Ringler will be expected to show leadership throughout the season. Sophomores who will join these two juniors are: Jamie Bandstra, Galen Van Roekel, Jeff Zylstra, Brian Sipma, Doug Veenstra, Harold Wierenga, Craig Veurink, Troy Koolma, and Richard Van Lingen. The team is rounded off by the two freshman, Todd Koolman and Mark Van Gorp.

Lady Defenders open with win

By Pam DeBoer

This year's women's basketball team is young. Returning starters include Rhonda Gritters, Jill Boessenkool, and Lisa Wubben. Three other experienced players, Lynn Van Heyst, Lou Ann Bolkema, and Natalie Vander Meulen will also contribute. Seven freshmen complete the 1990-91 Lady Defenders team.

Home Opener:
The Lady Defenders opened the season on Wednesday night, hosting Dana College from Blair, Nebraska. The lead changed hands several times, but Dordt held on to win 67-62.

Vander Meulen led Dordt with 18 points and 10 rebounds. Lisa Wubben contributed 12 points and Jill Boessenkool 6 assists. Dordt outrebounded Dana 44-27 and had 23 assists to Dana's 9. Their next test comes against Dakota Wesleyan next Tuesday, up in Mitchell, South Dakota.

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722-0008

232 North Main Ave. Located just south of First National Bank

Blades are ahead in the race for the puck.

By George VanderBeek

The Dordt College Blades hockey club recorded its first win of the young season Saturday by defeating Carleton College 10-5. This win ended a string of three losses in which the team performed admirably, but had trouble scoring goals.

In the home opener against Iowa State, the Blades played well but fell short when they lost 4-3. The following afternoon they fell 8-4 to a bolstered Iowa State squad.

On Friday, November 9, they once again showed signs of potential early in the game, but fell into penalty problems and lost 4-3 in the final minutes to Carleton College.

The Blades are ahead in the race for the puck.