Dordt Christmas Party Planned

TO BE HELD IN SCHOOL
AUDITORIUM DEC. 22

Preparations have begun for the annual Dordt Christmas Party. Marian De Jong, who serves as chairman, when interviewed said: "With full cooperation, this Christmas party should be the best ever and promises to be a huge success." With such optimism prevalent among those organizing the party, those who attend can look forward to having a really good time.

The party begins at 6:30. This year, unlike other years, the students will not be required to buy tickets. Instead, each is asked to bring along his Student Activity card. However, those who attend who are not students of Dordt must have tickets which are on sale now for the price of 75c. The dress for this evening will be semiformal.

The committees who are planning the evening are:

Program: Bill Nibbelink, Pete Jouwstra, Trudy Modderman
Food: Annette Vugteveen, John Koster, Jan Vink, Marilyn Vande Werfhorst
Decorations: Roxine Baker, Ed Blankespoor, Joan De Vries
Harv Blankespoor, Jim Verbrugge, and Marian De Jong with the advice of Mr. Sjoerdsmma did the overall planning and organizing.

The program has been set up as thus:

1. Opening prayer and scripture—John Addink
2. Reading—Pete Andringa
3. Trio—Phyllis Jansen, Marian De Jong, Trudy Modderman
4. Duet—Mr. De Boer and Mr. Grotenhuis
5. Reading—Eunice Meyer
6. Musical Reading—Lily Schultz
7. Choir
8. Baritone Solo—Pete Jouwstra
9. Group singing—Mr. Grotenhuis

This tentative menu has been pre-

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Shown above are the people who are in charge of planning the Dordt Christmas party. From left to right: Harv Blankespoor, Jim Verbrugge, Marian De Jong.

'DORDT DAY' AT PARKERSBURG

On Tuesday, December 1, two cars, carrying representatives from Dordt, journeyed to Parkersburg to attend Dordt Day. Dordt Day was sponsored by District 7. The Executive Board is planning to sponsor a Dordt Day in each of the districts as a means of establishing a closer relationship between the college and the people of the districts.

After Rev. Haan opened the meeting at 4 o'clock, he and Rev. Hulst met with the ministers and board members of District 7 to discuss college matters. Mr. Ribbens met with approximately thirty high school juniors and seniors to explain the academic program of Dordt and to answer any questions about college.

(Continued on page 4)
Christmas means many things to many people. To little children it means glittering Christmas trees and extravagant, shining windows. Or it may mean beautifully decorated boxes, stuffed under the Christmas tree, containing toy soldiers and toy farms and trucks and missiles and maybe even a baby dog or a kitten. To some children it may mean a huge jolly man puffing his way down their chimneys to bring them candy and fruit and gifts.

To adults, Christmas also means many things. It means office parties and the food and drink associated with them. Or it may mean parties for Sunday School classes, parties for student groups, or even all-school Christmas parties. Christmas means Sunday School programs, and cantatas, and The Messiah. On the economic side, Christmas means bills, and for the store owners, hopefully, enormous profits.

But to Christians, Christmas must mean much more. It is, after all, the day on which our King was born. It is the day on which he became a man, the day on which he began His suffering for us so that we might be saved.

Perhaps there is nothing wrong with parties and cookies and Christmas trees, but for the Christian, Christmas is first of all the birthday of Christ.

Of course this is an old, familiar theme. We hear our ministers making sermons on the subject. We hear the subject discussed in our chapel services, and we read essays about it in our religious magazines. But, somehow, the message seems to be lost in all the business of the Christmas season. We hear the sermons or read the essays and then become involved in all the things which are secondary to the celebration of the birthday of Christ.

Perhaps we should listen more to cantatas, more to The Messiah, and pay less attention to gifts and Christmas trees and parties and Santa Claus. Certainly we must do whatever we can to celebrate and remember the birth of Christ.

—p.a.
Now I Belong To Christ

I was born third in a family of eight children. My oldest sister was all that a daughter should be. My elder brother, who was two years my senior, was a daring young fellow with an affinity for trouble. For as long as I can remember, I followed him around with complete adoration trying to do the things he did and often getting hurt in the process. One thing I remember clearly was jumping from the barn loft into a shed full of hay. I was too hurt in that little escapade—when father caught us.

As the younger members of the family came along, my brother and I became still closer. As the family grew older, my brother and I became still closer. My oldest sister was considerably, and consequently I was alone. This partial separation did not end our filial relationship, however, and I confided to him my desire to obtain a high school education, something which then seemed a hopeless dream. To consider college did not then even occur to me. I knew I would have to work for my high school education since there were still the five younger children's educations to finance. Peter promised to help if the need arose.

When my oldest sister married, my dream seemed out of reach; but after much pleading and discussion, Mom and Dad finally agreed to let me try. They did caution that I could not expect to help financially since there was hardly enough money to cover the immediate expenses of the family. Still, should I fail, there was always home to come to.

I worked part-time during the school year and full-time during the summer, occasionally since there were long hours. Sometimes I could find no work. At these times my brother helped my morale and my finances. This was the greatest need I do not know. At any rate, I graduated from Edson high school in June, 1958.

I hoped to further my education and eventually become a teacher, but the prospects of my doing so did not seem too bright. I was, therefore, determined to relax and enjoy myself after three long years of hard work.

I obtained a summer job at the small town of Edson, working in a drive-in-dairy-bar, helping a friend of mine manage it. This gave me ample income and, having many friends at Edson, I proceeded to enjoy myself after three long years of hard work.

Both Peter and I belonged to this group, but we were drifting apart. This Christian Reformed service was quite different from the Roman Catholic Mass, which is filled with ritual and ceremony. This service was simple in comparison. The sermon seemed like a lesson forcing me to take an account of the way I had repaid my Savior. This first service stayed in my mind for a long time, even after I began to attend church regularly.

When I finally accepted the Maris's invitation to attend a church service, it was not without a certain amount of guilt. My Roman Catholic upbringing had taught me that leaving Holy Mother, the Church, meant eternal damnation. I could not forget nineteen years of belief in just a few months.

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This did not mean that I was converted “over night”, so to speak. There were many of my old beliefs that I could not discard lightly. And there was my refusal to abandon especially my mother. It would hurt Mom terribly to know that I was planning to leave the church. I kept thinking. I also had to take into consideration that the effect my action would have on my younger brothers and sisters.

Aside from this, there was the
NOW I BELONG TO CHRIST
(Continued)

question of whether my interest in
the Christian Reformed Church was
sincere, or whether it was influen-
ced by a high regard for a certain
young man. This was something I
could not answer to myself, let a-
one discuss with anyone else. I
just didn't have the courage to go
to my family and discuss openly my
new discoveries. I was afraid of
Mom's reactions. Her violent op-
position would surely have reper-
cussions upon the entire family
scene. Besides, I told myself, I
could not answer to myself, let a-
ed by a high regard for a certain
family and discuss openly my
problems and go back to my former way
of life.

That was precisely what I tried
to do. I stopped coming to church
and spent my weekends at home
with my family. But somehow my
conscience still nagged at me. I
ignored it and began a round of
dancing and partying
with my family. But somehow my
conscious still nagged at me. I
felt guilty because I
had broken the moral standards
set by a church I had come to respect.

After much thought, for I knew
this had to be my own decision, I
decided to join the Christian Re-
formed Church. I told my family
of my decision. The effect was
largely what I had anticipated.
Though far from being disowned, I
was asked to keep my Protestant
ideas out of my home. I wished
my family to share my happiness
but I could not disobey Mom's wish-
es in the matter.

I went to my friends, Mr. and
Mrs. Maris, for advice and guidance.
Through them and with the help of
their minister, I found a Christian
Reformed family who would be will-
ing to rent me a room on weekends
so that I could attend church freely.
From this fellowship of the
Christian Reformed people to-
ward someone who needed help.
These people gave me a room free
of charge for three months. It was
when illness in the family made it
impossible for me to remain there,
that another family opened their
home to me. I protested these
arrangements and asked to be
allowed to pay them for this.

One Sunday, my family's words,
“We want nothing.” These experiences
gave me a greater understanding of
Christian love.

By the time school was over at
the end of June and I had moved
back to Edson from my rural school,
I had decided on the advice of Mrs.
Maris to attend a Christian college
to complete my education. Just
how I was to do this I was not cer-
tain, but determination was half
the battle won. What I had saved
from my supervisor's wages was not
enough but I could, perhaps, obtain
a loan to pay the remaining sum.

After spending a short time in
Edson, I found that I could not live
the life I wished, there. The tem-
perations of my friend's invitations,
and the objections of my family
were more than I had strength to
face. I had to go to a new en-
vironment; I needed a new begin-
ning.

Through my minister I contacted
Rev. Piersma, pastor of the Second
Christian Reformed Church of Ed-
monton, a city 120 miles from Ed-
son. With his help I found work
there as a secretary with another
Christian Reformed girl. This was
my first experience with city living,
and though I had escaped my for-
mer problems by coming to Edmon-
ton, I found new temptations before
me.

The bright lights, the gay
parties have a strong lure for one
who has known their carefree gaiety.
And in trying to overcome these
temptations, I had a tendency to
over-correct. During catechism clas-
ses, Rev. Piersma observed this and
changed my plans greatly because of
it.

Up to this time I had intended to
study at Calvin College. Rev. Piers-
ma advised me that Dordt College
would be more suitable. The city of
Grand Rapids might have the same
temptations that Edmonton had for
me. If there continued a non-social
life, he warned me, the chances
were much in favor of the other
extreme, complete isolation. I
found the happy medium. Though I knew it
would disappoint many of my
friends who had attended Calvin, I
could only agree with him.

On August 23, 1959, I made my
public profession of faith and be-
came a confession member of the
Christian Reformed Church. Many
of my friends from Edson were pre-
sent. Mr. and Mrs. Maris were there
beside me as encouraging and under-
standing as a family could have
been. This was indeed the happiest
day of my life.

Since that day I have often been
asked why I joined the Christian
Reformed Church. The greatest fac-
tor was that these people had some-
thing I felt I badly needed. It
was the sincere witness of the Maris
family that first impressed me. It
was this family that helped me over
the doubts and struggles of begin-
ning faith. As I grew to know
more Christian Reformed people,
this impression grew and with its
growth the need for their content-
ment grew in me. I needed a rea-
son for living, a central purpose in
life.

As I learn more about church
doctrine, I am more and more impres-
sed with the truth of the basically
Christian principles practiced. I
am more and more able to see the
great blessing that has been granted
us, undeserving though we be.

Though I did not realize it until
later, the most important reason I
joined the Christian Reformed
Church was the compulsion from
within: the desire to believe. This
desire was the call of the Holy
Spirit to my Savior, Jesus Christ.

My family has accepted the
change and I am as welcome as ever
in my home. By unspoken agree-
ment we do not discuss the differ-
ences of our faiths, lest we lose the
new understanding that is ours. I
cannot deliberately try to convert
my family; I can only try to be a
good Christian and witness for my
Lord. Perhaps someday my family
and I will all be worshipping togeth-
er. I pray that this may be so.

I can but leave the future to
God. I do not know in what way God
may want me to serve Him. I do
not even know why He called me.
But I will follow where He leads
and sing with a full heart:

I know not why God's wond'rous
grace
To me He has made known,
Nor why, unworthy, Christ in love
Redeemed me for His own.
But I know Whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto Him, against that day.

Poetry

IN HIS STEPS

It's in His steps that I am walking,
Clinging to His loving arm.
Knowing that for now and ever
I'll be kept from all alarm.

Fearing not what lies before me:
Living just from day to day.
Trusting that my loving Savior
Will guide my footsteps in the way.

Looking to the distant sunset,
From behind which shines the day
That will dawn when life is ended
And this earth has passed away.

Some loved ones have gone before
us
And are drinking in the sight
Which we shall also some day see;
The Loving King, our help and
might.

It is this which leads us onward.
Helps us bear each added weight.
The which goads us ever forward
To that sweet, celestial height.

—Elaine Te Velde
seems to me that your convictions, might be stronger, or at any rate more apply (sic) expressed.

In closing I might say I've been harsh not because of my ammosity (sic) to you or the institution (sic), but rather because I feel that Dordt can, and probably will be a major factor for good in the lives of many of its students.

I would be glad to answer any reply you might like to give, and you may publish this article if you choose, only don't dismiss it as an outburst of biased scarestm (sic), I thank you for your time.

Sincerely yours
Arnold D. Davelaar '57

Reply:
In his letter of criticism, Mr. Davelaar calls one of the editorials which appeared in the Diamond a "shame sheet, or a gossip column." I wish to assure Mr. Davelaar that the purpose of the editorial was not to smear him to the utmost. Certainly admonition is an accepted aim of editorializing. The point which I attempted to make in the editorial was that cheating can and does take on many subtle forms and that these subtle forms of cheat ing often are left unpunished, while the more obvious forms of cheating, such as stealing tests, are punished.

Secondly I wish to express my sympathy to Mr. Davelaar for the fact that his "friend is a question- able term at least." I also wish to assure him that his first interpretation of the phrase "great Christian nation" was correct. How he could assume upon the completion of his reading of the editorial that I actually believe in the term, I do not understand. May I humbly add, Mr. Davelaar, that my opinions were my own and not those of a "moralist reporter."

Mr. Davelaar also criticizes the paragraph which discusses "another institution which purports to be Christian." This paragraph discusses a specific cheating incident which took place at Dordt College. Mr. Davelaar apparently is under the mistaken impression that this paragraph is a continuation of the discussion of the lack of Christianl-ty in our great "Christian" nation. Mr. Davelaar also disapproves of the use of the term "naughty little boys" in an editorial written by a colleague student. Apparently, Mr. Davelaar is completely incapable of recognizing satire.

In conclusion, I wish to assure Mr. Davelaar that I have done my best to aptly express myself. Perhaps Mr. Davelaar might be a bit more apt with his own written expression.

Did You Know . . .

that the rich who are unhappy are worse off than the poor who are unhappy. . . ? The poor, at least, cling to the hopeful delusion that more money would solve their problems — but the rich know better. — Sidney J. Harris

that a pedestrian is a person who can "find the place where he parked his car." — Daily Mail, London

that the ones who have the most trouble keeping up with the Joneses are their creditors. . . . — Jan Hargel

that when a British astronomer was asked by a reporter at Idlewild about flying saucers, he snapped: "No come!" . . . — Bennett Cerf

that happiness isn't something you experience — it is something you remember. — Yoram Krichevsky, Levant

that a foreign country is where people tell us Americans to go home and leave them a loan. . . . — Oren Arnold

that science shows us how to sail under the North Pole and fly over the moon, but you are still on your own when you cross the street. . . . — Copper's Weekly

that conscience is that still small voice that tells you what other people should do. . . . — Arnold H. Glasow

that an amusing sign was seen on an electrician's truck in Laguna Beach. "VOLTS WAGGON" . . . — Gordon Strachan

that when it comes to consuming food for thought, some people go on a permanent hunger strike. . . . — S.C. Journal

that a braggart is a person who enters a conversation feat first. . . . — Tony Pettito

that grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of joy, you must have someone to share it with. . . . —Mark Twain

that "I can forgive, but I cannot forget." is only another way of saying, "I will not forget." . . . For givingness is the only like a cancelled note—torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown aga- against one. — Henry Ward Beecher

that dumb people are lucky. . . . They don't have to worry about acting against their better judgment. — Sioux City Journal 1.d.

The Temper of the Times

Starting December 3 our President has opened what is to be a year of travel for him. At present he is on a 19-day journey which will cover more than 22,000 miles in Europe and Asia. The President is planning he is going to South America and will add 15,000 miles to his travels. In June he is to visit the Soviet Union adding another 9,000 miles. There is also an air trip being mapped out to Japan, the Philippines and Hong Kong, and this would be another 22,000 miles.

The reason for all these trips is that our President wants to do what he can personally do to dispel doubts about the United States' interest in peace. The newspapers say "The President's trip is the act of a man who did better than Marshal Poch in knitting together awkward commandos in the great European war and who still believes he can do the same with the world."

On December 6, President Eisenhower, only the second President to call in person at the Vatican, visited Pope John XVI. From 1728 to 1848 the United States had a consular representation in the papal domain, while papal officials served in the United States from 1826-1895. But in 1867 Congress refused to maintain funds and thus the United States' Minister was withdrawn. After World War II Roosevelt appointed a personal representative to go to the Vatican and this representa- tive remained there till 1950. Now after the President has talked with the Pope, many people are wondering whether the question of resuming diplomatic relations with the Vatican will arise on the President's return to Washington. The United States and the Vatican have this in common: they are both searching for peace with justice and are both struggling against Communism.

Another highlight of this trip so far was President Eisenhower's visit to India. Here he was received with open arms. Nehru has said that there was something behind Eisenhower's visit that was more important than external manifesta- tions and it was that which struck the hearts of his people. President Eisenhower was honored and cheer- ed no matter where he went in India, even though at no time did he make any commitment on military aid to India or increase in eco- nomic aid. One reason for this is that Nehru not only is against Communism and therefore it is much easier for the United States to understand and get along with him and his people. — r.b.
**The Sports Scene**

**Dordt 69, Waldorf 78**

On December 1st, Dordt met Waldorf. Dordt started out with a commanding lead, but melted before an offensive surge of Waldorf. The score at half time was 43-38 with Waldorf at the helm. During the second half, Dordt rallied to tie and then went ahead of Waldorf. The lead changed hands several times. In the closing minutes Waldorf pulled ahead and went on to win, 78-69.

Tom Den Ouden, Harv Blankespoor, and Jim Verbrugge took scoring honors with 24, 20, and 16 points respectively. Anderson, Oswald and Hovick led the visitors by netting 21, 15, and 13 points.

**Dordt 61, Estherville 70**

Dordt lost their third game in a row by submitting to Estherville on Dec 3. The Defenders played an excellent type of ball and fought with Estherville on even terms throughout most of the game. A full court press in the last half folded up Dordt’s offense and Estherville won on a win by a 70-54 margin. Dordt held the lead at half time by the score of 34-30. Harvey Blankespoor led all scorers with 26 points. Jim Verbrugge had 18. Christensen led Estherville with a 24 point output.

**Dordt 50, Worthington 54**

Worthington handed the Defenders their fourth straight set-back. The Dordt cagers played an excellent ball and led at half-time 26-23. Worthington came out in the second half with a full-court press which stopped Dordt again. Dordt fell behind in the closing minutes and fell by the score of 54-50.

Harv Blankespoor led all scoring with 25 points. Kulseth had 17 to lead Worthington.

**Christmas Party, (cont.) - -**

During the supper hour, Mr. Grotenhuis arrived with five students. They joined the others at the dinner table.

For the evening meeting, Rev. Hulst was the speaker. He spoke on ‘Choosing’. He pointed out the advantages of attending a Christian college such as Dordt, rather than some state college. Special music included the brass quartet consisting of Helena Wiersma, Irma Dykstra, Bill Nibbelink and Pete Jouwstra and a duet by Bill Nibbelink and Pete Jouwstra accompanied by Annetta Vugteveen.

After lunch in the church basement, the group again began its ride to Sioux Center. It is hoped that Dordt Day did accomplish its purpose and that next year will see still more students at Dordt from District 7.

**Of Books and Men**

In the October, 1959 issue of Harper’s Magazine there appears a short story by Wallace Stegner entitled “The Wolfer.”

This is an adventure story which has its setting in the winter of 1917 in the cattle country of the Canadian Northland. The narrator is a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who regularly checks his assigned area which lies in the cattle country. His area is populated by about 200 cowboys and trappers and there are about 70,000 cattle.

One of the trappers, Henry Schulz, lived with his son and a dog, Puma. For some reason or other, Schulz had left, leaving the boy at the shack. It is hoped that the boy would settle down and be put to work. The policeman suspected violence and set out to find Schulz. After following the tracks of the dog and the man, the narrator of the story (the Mountie) found the dog dead in the snow, and because night was falling, returned to a shack which had been prepared for him.

While the policeman is going through the various stages of the pursuit, the author relates what happened to the dog and the man along the way through the policeman’s ability as a woodsman. Then when the dog’s body is found, the author goes into a rather detailed description of what the policeman supposed had happened and how it happened. Although Plain Stegner was doing a fairly good job with his story until I read this. The ending, however, was so abrupt that I felt disappointed. A possible explanation is offered by the suppositions of the policeman, and when he returns at night to the shack I certainly expected him to return to the scene in the morning and continue the chase because he had been so “hot” on the trail. Rather, Stegner puts the policeman to bed with a Chinook blowing and awakes him in the morning supposing that the tracks in the snow, the dog’s body (imagining that), and possibly the old man’s body were all drifting down the river.

Such an ending would suggest to me that now the reader should find his pen and continue the story. Then too, there is the possibility that this is supposed to be a story from the records of the Mounted Police. However that doesn’t seem to be a very good explanation either because, if it were, some “mountie” slipped up on his job by failing to find the old man.

a.h.