

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor  
Spring, 1927



Mr. Fred Alumnus,  
Calvin College Prism,  
U.S.A.

Dear Old Fred; I just know you'll be interested in meeting again the old pals from Calvin, and to avoid that well-known "awkward pause" that comes when we greet too heartily someone we ought to know but don't, I will refresh your memory by the means you see I have chosen. you looked the night we had eyes that your brother has. a la Buddha, cross-legged gazing or else thinking on laboratory, where he "assists" couple we call Mr. and Mrs Tony Vergeer, our latest acquisition in Tony figures that if one moustache is on some occasions to be over youth, surely two cannot be amiss. He's following J.P. Van H. in chas -es; has a three-year job researching the life history of a European and will be all set with a Ph.D. when he's finished. And this is Ray You can see youthful hope and enthusiasm still glowing on his eager crushing dialectic can be seen welling up behind those flash-light paddle in his hand is not the one he uses for positive agitation backward philosophy students, nor yet is it the regulation fratern tion paddle, but just a harmless ping-pong bat. Ray will shake the a doctor's thesis on the Negative Judgment.



Way down there we daughter, Patricia Ann. She's while John is just as pleasant al years counting fish scales evolution, is still doing rese with another girl; this is Patricia Ann and related to Stevens and her husband. She Bouwema and is now doing the in philosophy. Hubby dabbles in



see John Van Oosten learning this squinting business from John, and unpretentious as he looks. He spent sever for the government; knows something about arch work. Here he is again, this time Lillian Van Oostan, mother of John by marriage. side there we have Mrs. used to be known as Angelyn residence work for the Ph.D.



meaning  
Way  
is Wendell

Medic and has gained the almost in the Medic School, stay for the second semest corner is Jay Zandstra, tell Teacher the answer as Bruggema when they were his St. school. Jay is engaged

people  
down  
Rooks.



In this connection I of Henry Brunsting, whose missing here, but who fills a gap in the Freshman Bolt also is among those absent; probably had a criminal case to write up for Monday class. Muppy isn't as "shy and undemonstrative" as he used to be; he's in the class of "promising young lawyers" now. Lawyer's Club is his chief avocation. Fred Haan, the outline of whose ventral apical projection is likewise a negative quantity in this letter, is "accepting the universe" as a Junior Dent. When I last saw him he was at his chair in the clinic, probing a fellow dent's mouth with glum determination to get out everything that didn't belong there, let the chips fall where they may. As I withdrew it was with a shuddery sigh of thanksgiving that I am not a dental student and am thus not called upon to immolate myself on the altar of science and medical mercy. As Prof. Hobbs says, man is a fighting animal, and he'd ought to know, for isn't he a geology prof.?



Might interest you to know that Brunsting, Beets, Brinkman and Van Eerden operate what might be called Bachelor's Hall and sell lunches to Rooks and Bruggema. They have coffee for breakfast, soup for lunch, and corn flakes and boiled cabbage for dinner. They are all still living.



To the left here we have Gertrude Elsie De Vries, of piano fame, now Mrs. O.K. Bouwsma; she's doing her level best to look interested and sprightly as matrons do, but the camera-man really caught her off guard. She didn't actually sleep during the party, but just wondered once or twice about Billy and Charles in their teddybear suits. Those young scions are presented below in their teddybear suits. At Gertrude's feet is Oets Bouwsma himself, alias Oscar Kolk, alias etc., according to his crimes. He has just finished saying, "There! you'll have to admit it; you know it's true!" Oets is a rhetoric instructor, also a dialectician, and some day that feminine and eloquent left hand of his will abet the triadic movement of his thought to the annihilation of all philosophic error. Is writing on S. Alexander.

Up in the right-hand corner is George Alder, the acquisitive instinct suddenly awakened to expression in his facial surface. George is Mynnie Uhlenhoppe's husband; Mynnie is busy being a

mother, and that brings us to Elizabeth Jane, who is continuing her mother's love for scientific investigation by critically examining what she finds on the rear of John Kuiper's head. That is John, looking needlessly alarmed and on his guard, even to the extent of holding his shoes. But John should worry: 40 of the 119 residents of Martha Cook dormitory for women put in individual requests to invite him as house guest for the same evening. John gives a course or two in British Empiricism, being accustomed to balancing fine points, (cf. his moustache) John will write on the Theory of Relations, since he has lots of them. Here we have Husselman, Beets and Kempers, all in a row. Husselman mixes business

and courses in Business Ad. & goes his quiet, unassuming way to be a captain of industry. Beets goes his....well, his way, to an acquaintance with the science of medicine. Is still sarcastic, iconoclastic --- and plastic, around the middle. See him to the left, 2.

Starting over again, we take up John DeGroot. As Frank DeJong would say, "He's a good old crook!" John's face betrays his inner thot "I just know you're kidding me, but I can't quite tell how!" See his artistic temperament flowing off his tapering fingers; John is getting his M.A. in English.

Here are the Christmas socks and Harry Brinkman. Certain individuals of Brinkie's pre-medic class still cherish definite impressions of that "Hot-pants" hand, here prominently and amply displayed. His strong professional (?) interest brings him into frequent and intimate contact with a representative nurse. This trio,

Drukker, Swets and Plekker, once shared a room for a whole year. Henry is taking graduate work in Engineering in addition to being the president of his fraternity. Swets got married and is no more --- at Michigan. Johannes Plekker has a semi-faculty position in Chemistry, belongs to Druk's frat, and causes a stir among the girls whenever he appears in public. In the clipping next to him is Arthur Raisch; see the gleaming eyes and socks; studies Law, awful hard.

Below Arthur is Jack Bruggema, trying to look pleasant while wondering where in thunder the garter on his right leg went to. Really Jack is otherwise a quite respectable sort of chap; studies medicine, and that has a tendency to increase sobriety of expression.

That leaves only Cecil De Boer. Cec really is not as gullible as he looks here; this is merely his sociable mood and smile. His doctor's thesis is the Correspondence Theory in philosophy, --- a peculiarly significant topic, in view of his extensive experience with G.R. mails.



Well, Fred, this is getting to be rather long for a friendly letter, but I just simply must tell you about Albert Hyma, who teaches history here. You know he did the bold thing to write a book, "The Christian Renaissance", to show that the whole world has been wrong about the origins of the Reformation. Well, there is Dr. Hyma, behind the spacious rear of John Muyskens. When the camera-man shot the flashlight, Albert ducked! Must have had a bad conscience about a heavy quiz he had just sprung on his classes.

Theda Muyskens stands before Daddy, and next to her is Sister Florence. The girl next to Florence is Mother Muyskens, wife of the Van Dyked diplomat. He teaches Phonetics with a sense of humor. Top and bottom, to the right, are the Vander Lugt's. Aren't they the bridal couple, after so many years! Gerrit teaches Rhetoric and writes on Emergent Evolution.



Ann (Haga) just had her hair bobbed. Coy. Below us here is Everett Kuizema, dent student, counting the photographers crowns, inlays and bridges. C.deBoer again, thinking about getting married. Teaches logic. And De Groot, reflecting. Dan VanHoute, here, mentally running through Sanskrit conjugation. Holds 3yr. scholarship

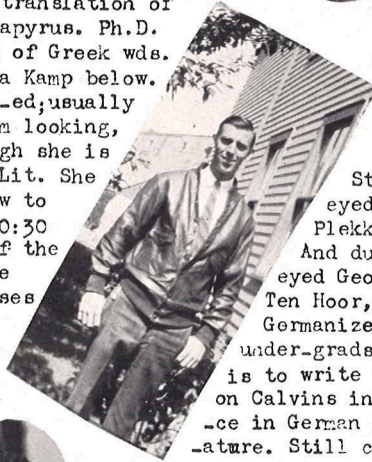
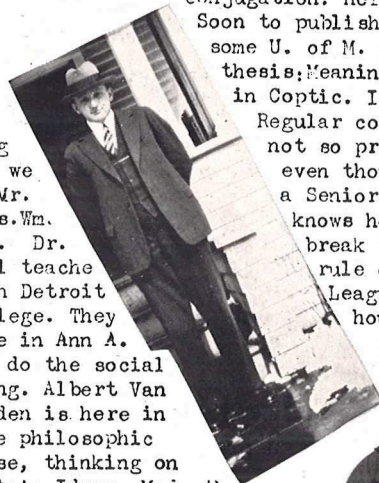


Soon to publish translation of some U. of M. papyrus. Ph.D. thesis; Meaning of Greek wds. in Coptic. Ida Kamp below.



Along here we see Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Trap. Dr.

Will teaches in Detroit College. They live in Ann A. and do the social thing. Albert Van Eerden is here in true philosophic poise, thinking on Plato's Ideas. Made the Varsity Glee Club, though a stranger on the campus. Gerrit Kempers, on another page, found fame as the ruable end of the old Calvin Quartet. Ph.D. in Reformation.



Regular coo-ed; usually not so prim looking, even though she is a Senior Lit. She knows how to break 10:30 rule of the League houses !

Starry eyed Joe Plekker. And dusky eyed George Ten Hoor, who Germanizes

under-grads and is to write thesis on Calvins influence in German literature. Still covers

the whole side-walk as he ambulates. Has a poetic soul, expressing itself in various ways, nicht wahr, Fraulein? Gewiss.

Nellie Bosma, having cut open frogs for zoology beginners enough to depopulate the Gulf of Mexico with Grand River thrown in for good measure, is now M.A.-ing for herself. She gets homesick for Grand Rapids occasionally but is otherwise well-educated. Harry Waesink, below TenHoor, having now finished Calvin and Nil Nisi Verum, is absorbing Mech. Engineering. He still carries a strong Christian Ref. odor, having but very recently joined our ranks. But as for Ed Ronda here, he's a pretty good Baptist by near-marriage. Ed always was a good boy, but he fell in love Is Assistant in Ceramics.



And now goodbye, old top, and let me hear from you a little oftener. Sorry I can't be with you during Alumni(ae) day in June, but the folks at Calvin always choose a day which bars our whole gang. Tell me, does Rooks still wear the black shirt he bought in Italy? And is Nieuwdorp still sleepy? Hoekstra sarcastic? Stob dogmatic? Jellema problematic when not enigmatic? Does Van Anandel continue to betray his household affiliations?



All these things and many others I should like to know, but I have none to tell me. Yours, *Scoop.*