

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CAANS fall 1990 meeting, Grand Rapids MI, call for papers
CAANS 1991 Learned Societies Meeting, Kingston, call for topics
Réunion 1991 de l'ACAEN aux Sociétés savantes, Kingston, appel de
thèmes
Dutch Crossing
Press cuttings about Dutch authors
AADAS
Adrian van den Hoven: My personal war

CAANS 1990 FALL MEETING

This will be held at Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan, on November 9 and 10, 1990. Members will already have received a flyer about it. We strongly urge you to attend and to offer a paper for this meeting, despite the relatively short notice. So do please contact Martin Bakker (Dept. of Dutch, Calvin College, Grand Rapids MI 49506, (616)957-6321) or Basil Kingstone (Dept. of French, Univ. of Windsor, Ontario N9B 3P4, (519)253-4232, ext. 2066 or 2062) by the end of the month.

As an encouragement, we may add that one can stay at Calvin College amazingly cheaply: lodging and three meals a day for US\$32.55. Shuttle service from grand Rapids airport is US\$3.00.

See you there!

CALL FOR TOPICS FOR 1991 MEETING

CAANS' annual Learned Societies meeting will be held at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., on June 1 and 2, 1991. It was agreed at the Annual Meeting at Victoria that the membership at large would propose topics for the 1991 meeting, and the Executive would choose from among the proposals at its fall meeting; the topic chosen would then be announced in the December Newsletter in the Call for Papers. If you would like to propose a topic, please send this form by October 31 to me:

Basil D. Kingstone
Dept. of French
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ont.
N9B 3P4

Name:

Address:

Topic:

INVITATION DE THÈMES - CONGRÈS DE 1991

Le congrès annuel de l'ACAEN aux Sociétés savantes se tiendra à l'Université Queen's à Kingston, Ont. les 1er et 2 juin 1991. Or, il a été décidé à l'assemblée annuelle tenue à Victoria que les membres proposeraient des thèmes pour 1991, l'exécutif devant choisir parmi ces propositions. Si vous voulez nous proposer un thème, envoyez donc votre suggestion, au plus tard le 31 octobre, à:

Basil D. Kingstone
Dépt. d'études françaises
Université de Windsor
Windsor, Ont.
N9B 3P4

Nom :

Adresse :

Thème proposé :

DUTCH CROSSING

Our Journal's fall 1989 cover was a half-tone reproduction; Dutch Crossing 40 (Spring 1990) follows our example, with a detail from Aelbert Cuyp's The Maas at Dordrecht: The Great Assembly of the Dutch Armed Forces, June - July 1646. Cuyp's painting is the subject of a detailed analysis by Margarita A. Russell. The issue begins with some 450 lines of a translation by R. H. Bathgate of Hendrik van Veldeke's 6000-line poem The Legend of St. Servaes, which was written in Maastricht ca. 1160 and is probably the first major Dutch poem. Still on the subject of translations, Koos Daley presents one of Huygen's 19 versions of Donne poems, namely "Good Friday 1613. Riding Westward." Huygens keeps the metaphysical conceits and reinforces them with complex word-play, but since Donne is Catholic and he is Calvinist, he subtly plays down Donne's uncertainty about salvation.

Judit Gera describes the dreams of the heroine of Van de koele meren des doods, concluding that they reflect the evolution of her personality and that this procedure of van Eeden's is not naturalist. John Irons shows that in 1907 P. C. Boutens revised his poems to reflect - solely by the use or non-use of capital initials - a view of the world as having three levels: the physical, the metaphysical and the Absolute (Gij), who may perhaps be identified with the the Eros of Plato's Symposium. Wiljan van den Akker compares the attitudes towards nature of Roland Holst, a romantic who hated the city and all things modern, and Nijhoff, a modernist who loved them.

Lastly, Wolfram Reiner traces the process of depillarization. From 1815 till the 1950's, Dutch constitutional matters were negotiated among the country's "pillars" (the churches, the liberals, and later the socialists), and the rights of individuals vis-à-vis the government were severely limited; indeed, their only contribution to decision-making was to elect the Second Chamber. Since then, however, things have changed, and the Constitution of February, 17, 1983 is a radical reform.

Two reviews in this issue are of historical works. J. van den Berg and Ernestine G.E. van der Wall's Jewish-Christian relations in the seventeenth century is about theological relations, and its five essays and ten documents make up "a well-balanced volume which adds substantial new information to our knowledge." P. J. a. N. Rietbergen's De eerste landvoogd Pieter Both (1568-1615), Gouverneur-Generaal van Nederlands-Indië (1690-1614) traces the early history of the Dutch United East Indies Company, Both's life, and his career as the first Governor-General of the East Indies, and (in a second volume) a scholarly edition of his letters to the board of directors. "A fascinating, useful and accomplished publication." Theo Hermans reviews R. Breugelmans' bibliography of the translations in volume form of Couperus' works (a second list, of translations which did not appear as separate publications, is forthcoming), and Yann Lovelock describes the seven publications of, or containing, English versions of some of Gerrit Achterberg's poems.

PRESS CUTTINGS ABOUT DUTCH AUTHORS

come to us in packets every two months from the Stichting ter bevordering van de vertaling van Nederlands letterkundig werk. Needless to say we are very grateful to them for this steady stream of information, and we would like to share it with our members. The cuttings are almost entirely reviews of works by contemporary writers, and are taken from De Tijd, Elsevier, Trouw, NRC Handelsblad etc. There are also some articles from Septentrion, which of course are in French and have a higher proportion of older authors. The number of writers reviewed stands at present at 139, some represented by one page, some by much more than that. Do please contact us at the University of Windsor, Ont. N9B 3P4 (519-253-4232 ext. 2066) if you wish to see any of this material; it should be put to use.

AADAS

We have learned a little belatedly of the seventh Biennial Conference on Dutch-American Studies organized by this association, which will be held at Dordt College in Sioux Center, Iowa on September 28 and 29, 1990. The theme is "Suffering and survival: the Netherlands 1940-45, a commemoration."

MY PERSONAL WAR

We offer you in this Newsletter an account of what it was like to be a boy living through World War II in the Netherlands, by Adrian van den Hoven. He read it to the CAANS fall conference last year, on the influence of the war on Netherlands literature and culture, but for reasons of genre (it is not a scholarly article as such, nor really a short story) it could not be included in the Journal issue now in press. We certainly feel it should be published, however, so here it is, starting on the next page.

MY PERSONAL WAR

A. van den Hoven
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ontario

My father always worked on the farm. Since he was the oldest and his mother died when many of the children were still young, he and his father did everything together. They cooked, they cleaned, they ploughed the fields, they dredged the ditches and even built bridges when the authorities refused to help. My mother came from Loenen, a village near Apeldoorn. When she was eighteen she left for Utrecht and worked for a family as a housemaid. She spent her free time reading books and writing letters, a habit that she never lost.

My mother met my father on a bridge in the heart of Utrecht. He had wanted to go out with her girlfriend but her family considered itself too rich for him, their farm being nearly twice the size, and so she recommended my mother. They went to the circus together where my mother saw dwarfs, hunchbacks, and ponies: creatures she had never seen before and over which she marvelled for many years. The trapeze artists and the other acts seemed to have interested her much less and she seldom talked about them.

Soon thereafter they married and moved in above a corner store near the train station: a property they bought with my father's share of the farm which he would otherwise have inherited.

That farm is now part of the huge intersection west of Utrecht where several of Holland's freeways converge. I pass through that intersection every summer and I look in vain for the red brick house and the barns that once stood there. In my mind they will always remain and I consider it a sacrilege that cars now drive through the fields and the orchards that my father once worked. The store as well as the entire block were also demolished to make way for a wider entrance way to the heart of the city. I visited the area just before the bulldozers moved in. As I was staring at the store windows two old ladies, sitting on the steps, spoke to me: "We know you. You are Adrian junior. You look just like your father".

We had moved to the village of Maarn in 1939 some forty odd years before! My father bought a milkstore from a Nazi collaborator who had let it fall into disrepair. Every morning at five he loaded up his motorized three wheeler with ten-gallon cans of milk, cheese, and butter at the dairy in Woudenberg. The milk was kept cool in a concrete tank filled with water. As the cans emptied

they tipped on their side and floated to the water's edge. We would push them down to watch them bounce up again and again.

Compared to our neighbors, we were rich. We had an electric stove, an icebox and a telephone; No. 22, as I recall. Everybody used it in emergencies. Sometimes we would run over to a neighbor, knock on the door and yell, while pretending to be out of breath: "Mrs. de Borst, you're wanted on the phone!" The poor lady would quickly slip on some shoes and hurry over, to discover the phone still on the hook and my mother totally unaware of any call.

War brought curfew and black-outs. At night my father, mother and the help would clean the milk cans behind closed curtains. If only the smallest beam of light showed, one of the patrols would bark out orders to shut off all lights. My dad would peek outside and if he recognized a collaborator he would yell out that he was a traitor and that he had better mind his own business. Nevertheless, my mother would adjust the curtains as best she could and hope that the patrol would not return.

The village had its share of unreliaables and of known collaborators and somehow people seemed to know instinctively who was what. About our neighbors to the right, no one was in doubt. When the couple got married, they walked through two rows of soldiers, with rifles raised, towards the waiting car. Mrs. de Borst, who was watching the ceremony through the curtains of her living room window, took a three foot tall statue of Christ from the cupboard, held it up to the window and asked him to intervene. Nobody trusted our neighbor across the street. He had been seen in the schoolyard where the German soldiers were bivouacked but he also claimed sympathy for the underground. Since no-one liked him anyway it was easy to impute treacherous motives to him.

After the war I made friends with a boy who lived on the hills in the woods. They never had any visitors and did not deal with anyone in the village. He and I built paper and balsa airplanes together and exchanged books. He was fascinated by politics and one day he gave me a book on Hitler. I walked into the grocery store with it and the owner wanted to know what I was reading. I told him what it was and who had lent it to me. He warned me to be careful because "After all the boy's parents had been collaborators." I could not keep the secret to myself. I asked him if it was true. He denied it but in turn asked his parents who admitted everything. It did not affect our friendship but then I understood why no one ever came to visit them.

The neighbor to the right of us came back from the war in rough shape. He had tuberculosis and a stiff leg. He spent most of his time in bed making rosaries just to pass the time away. One afternoon he came over leaning on a cane, sat himself on a kitchen chair and told his story. He had signed up to fight in Russia and had made it there and back all in one piece. At the end of the war they had imprisoned him in Amersfoort in the same concentration camp the Germans had used for the underground resistors and the Jews. After a while he could not take it anymore and he decided to escape. He climbed onto the rolls and rolls of barbed wire that surrounded the camp and, on his way down, he got stuck. A Dutch soldier came to the rescue. "That klutz," yelled my neighbor, "I told him to stop pulling on my leg but the peasant refused, and the barbed wire cut a muscle. Now I have a stiff leg."

One night we received a visit from a member of the underground. He asked if Father wanted to join. He looked my mother in the eyes and she said "No. With six kids and a seventh on the way; you have other responsibilities." My dad said that he was sorry and told them that he would do what he could. He warned the visitor against the neighbor across the street; he suspected him of being a double crosser.

The Germans put my father in charge of food distribution. On a Saturday afternoon he came home with his three wheeler loaded with live chickens. Every family in the village received one, but the school principal wanted two or three because of his position and the fact that he had seven boys. He walked away with his solitary chicken under his arm muttering angrily at my father.

At night we said many prayers that the war might be over soon and the Germans go away. That Uncle Hendricus, who had joined the army, might come back alive. I was also told that he went to Germany out of fear. He and his brother Joe had stolen a pig and slaughtered it. After they were caught, Hendricus offered to go to Germany to avoid imprisonment. Joe spent six weeks in jail. We also prayed for neighbour van Alphen, a Protestant whose wife had come over in tears. He was taken away after he and his fellow railroad workers had gone on strike. Van alphen tried to hide in the attic that could be reached through a small door behind the bed but the Germans found him easily. Also for Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant, our Jewish neighbours; one Sunday they came over with some of their silver and asked my father to safeguard it for them, the next week they were gone. Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant were already very old and my mother said it was a shame. I asked her how anyone

could tell that they were Jewish and she said that it was easy, then I asked her if God would intercede for the people of different religions and she said that God did not care about that.

One morning when my father was away, a German came by, yelled out "Räder fordern!" and jumped on the heavy duty delivery bicycle that was leaning against the fence. My father had attached a steel rack to the bars to hold two milk cans and it took skill to steady it. The German rode ten feet, the bike began to sway, dropped to one side and crashed to the ground with the German pinned underneath it. He cursed loudly and we all laughed. Then he pushed away the bicycle and took off on foot. We thought that it was one of the funniest things we had ever seen and we told everyone.

In 1944 things started to get worse. Visitors arrived from Utrecht and Amsterdam, they had come to beg for food. They were the people my mother had worked for as a maid before her marriage, and their relatives. They rode bikes with solid rubber tires and their clothes seemed too loose on them. They would wrap the food up very carefully in brown paper and tie the package with store string.

My father turned the storage shed and barns behind the store into an animal farm. We had six pigs, three goats, ten chickens, and rabbits. Every day we had to dig up dandelions for the rabbits and take the goats to a field where, tied to a rope attached to a stake, they grazed all day. In the fall he also bought two sheep which he was able to graze on a field a kilometre away. The weather got colder and colder. He brought the sheep into the barn but it was too late; they died of a head cold. The goats too started to get sick. The only warm place in the house was the living room with its wood stove. My dad placed the playpen on the left side of the stove and built a wooden box and placed it on the right side. He tied two of the goats in the playpen with their heads facing the stove and the third was tied into the box in a similar fashion. My mother was disgruntled and outraged. But my father said: "What can we do?" She pointed to the wall paper which was now covered with yellow streaks and pointed to the smelly droppings which the goats had kicked out onto the living room floor.

Wishing to have chickens as early as possible, my dad incubated eggs early in the middle of winter. On January the fourth, my brother's birthday, twenty yellow chicks and one brown one emerged. After a week they were moved from the barn to the attic and from there to the living

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room, in front of the windows, where they squeaked all day long in an oblong box covered with netting. Since one of the chicks was of a different colour, it was henpecked and my dad separated it. It became imprinted and followed him everywhere. At dinner time, it would jump on the chair, from there onto the table, and start pecking away at the food on my father's plate.

On Sunday my father went to early mass. He put on his wedding suit and his shiny black shoes and walked to church. Afterwards he would change into his oldest work clothes, tie a rope around the neck of his favorite pig and take it for a walk. He did not have a name for it, he would call out "piggie" and it would come running towards him. My mother was ashamed of my father, taking a pig for a walk on a Sunday, but my father said that pigs too needed exercise. My youngest sister, who was called Theresa after the village church because she was born soon after we arrived there, did not walk for the longest time. Instead, she preferred to race through the house on all fours, and my father called her "piggie" too.

One Sunday morning, my older sister and I were skipping rope outside. My mother, my older sister and brother had gone to second mass. Suddenly, we noticed six black dots far away above the houses. They grew larger rapidly and descended with an incredible roar. We ran inside and hid under the staircase. My sister screamed. The windows shook, the earth trembled, there were explosions everywhere. Ten minutes later my mother came home with my sister on the back of her bike. When the bombs began to drop she was already on her way home and she kept on riding to get home as fast as possible. Half an hour later my brother arrived home crying, not from fear but because of the shock effect. He simply could not stop. A bomb had dropped thirty feet from him and his friend. They jumped in a ditch and he had to dig his friend out. The church rectory received a direct hit. My father, who had gone to help with the rescue, came back in the afternoon with a bag of burned cookies. The parish priest's maid had been baking them on the stove.

During the battle of Arnhem, just south of us, the sky filled with smoke and bits of blackened paper. Refugees filled the village. A woman came to beg for food in exchange for helping my mother with the kids. We had just fed the pigs some potato peels. She went into the barn and quickly dug out the ones that were still left in the trough and rolled them up in her apron. Soon no one had any more food. One afternoon my father came home with a bag of wheat, which he had exchanged for a spade and a pitchfork. My mother decided to make bread with it. She wrapped it

in a damp cloth and steamed it on the stove. We were given chunks of it covered with a layer of wet milk powder. It was hard to keep down. In the meantime our bellies began to swell up like balloons.

My mother told my sisters to stop rubbing their backs against the door posts, but the itching would not stop. It was lack of vitamins, said the doctor. My brother and I had boils on our necks and I also had them on my knees and elbows because I was prone to falling.

One afternoon, I went for a walk with my friend from across the street and we decided to follow a group of Russian prisoners-of-war who were laying telephone cables. As they unrolled the wire, they moved farther and farther away from the village. When we turned towards home, it was already getting dark. An older man on a bicycle recognized us and offered us a ride home. He lifted my friend, being smaller, onto the crossbar and I climbed on the back carrier. I was tired and I let my legs dangle. The spokes caught my left ankle and pulled it down and it stuck between the spokes and the horizontal frame member. I screamed. The man had a hard time removing my foot. It took an hour to get to the doctor, who bandaged it as best he could. He was afraid a nerve or a muscle had been damaged, but he could not tell and there was no sense going to a hospital. After a while they took the bandages off. My foot pointed inward and every time I ran fast I tripped over it.

In the spring the sun came out and the Austrian soldiers who were living in the public school down the road began to pack up. My sister came home with a pair of scissors, needles and thread, and they gave me a horsehair blanket. Then they wandered off in a long column on foot, on bicycles, and on horse drawn carts.

We found a discarded German rifle in the woods. It was rusty and part of the wooden stock was broken off. We took it home, tried to clean it, and put a live shell in it. The bolt would not budge. We banged the muzzle on the kitchen floor. The gun went off with a bang and put a hole in the linoleum. Our parents made us hand in the gun to the police.

My friend and I spied two Tommies in the woods and we showed them the school. They carried hand grenades on their belts but they did not have chewing gum like the American soldiers. We were all terribly impressed by Americans, even though we had never seen any, because some time earlier we had received a big box of crackers and a dented can of sausages that they had dropped by parachute.

When school reopened we were checked by the nurse for lice and every morning we had our

hair combed with a steel comb. The Red Cross also came by and gave us clothes. Every family received one pair of brown corduroy pants and a jacket for the boys and a dress for the girls. In my friend's family there were three boys and one girl. After the boys had grown out of the Red Cross outfit, their mother made a skirt out of the jacket for the youngest girl. Most of the corduroy was gone by then.

My father's business barely improved after the war. My older brother had to help out with deliveries after school, and I had to look after the three goats by myself.

Then my father was bitten by a dog and he developed blood poisoning. He was compelled to stay home with the bad leg stretched across a chair. He went back to delivering milk before he was better and started to complain of a tooth infection and a fever. He felt so bad that he asked his clients for aspirins. He came home early one day to rest because his birthday was coming up and all the relatives would be there. That night he died of a stroke. The entire house was in an uproar. The phone was ringing, my mother, my brothers and sisters were crying. They took me to the neighbours.

The next morning my mother took me up to see him. Half of his face was purple and the room smelled. It was the end of August and still summer.

In church they sang "Dies irae" as we slowly walked towards the back door. It took fifteen minutes to get to the graveyard which is hidden in the woods. A mound of earth pointed to the spot where the grave had been dug. We all stood around while the priest said his prayers and then each one of the children threw a shovel of dirt on the coffin. Birds sang in the trees and butterflies flitted from flower to flower. The sun was blazing and far away one could hear the laughter of children playing.

In September I went back to school. My mother had sewn a black diamond shaped patch on my sleeve but no one noticed. In the school-yard the kids were skipping rope and playing cowboys and Indians. I leaned with my back against the wall and stared at them. Someone threw a ball at me and told me to catch it. I did not budge. When the bell rang, I waited until everyone had gone inside and I spoke to nobody. Somehow I knew that my life would never be the same again.



University of Cambridge, 1-12 July 1991
MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE DUTCH READING AND GRAMMAR COURSE

This course is intended to give those with little or no knowledge of Dutch the ability to read texts in the original with the use of the available handbooks. Some knowledge of another Germanic language is an advantage, but a facility for, or an interest in languages would be sufficient. The tuition will be intensive, in small groups with time for self-study under the guidance of one of the course tutors. The course will comprise :

- 1) **Introduction to Dutch medieval grammar and syntax**, and the use of the available handbooks. In addition participants will be given xeroxed copies of a specially prepared grammar and reader in English.
- 2) **Reading of specific texts.** Those interested in a particular aspect of Dutch medieval or renaissance literature will have the opportunity of reading texts in the original and of discussing them with others working in the same field. (Please specify your particular interests in your letter of application.)
- 3) **Lectures** on subjects of interest by medieval scholars resident in Cambridge and by scholars from the Netherlands and Belgium. Details of the program will be arranged when the particular interests of the participants is known.
- 4) **Excursions :** tours will be arranged of some of the manuscript collections in Cambridge colleges, and of those parts of medieval Cambridge less frequently visited by tourists. Depending on the number and interests of the participants, excursions will also be arranged to places of particular interest to medievalists in the environs of Cambridge, such as Ely Cathedral, the Saxon church at Barnack, the late Norman castle at Hedingham, and the medieval towns of Finchingfield, Lavenham, and Thaxted.

Participants will stay in one of the University colleges where breakfast and dinner will be provided. Lunches can be taken in College, at the Faculty or elsewhere in Cambridge. Tuition will take place in the Faculty of Modern and Medieval Languages on Sidgwick Avenue. If you have particular dietary requirements, or are disabled, please let us know in your letter so that the appropriate arrangements can be made.

Cost : The cost of the course will be 550.00 pounds sterling for half-board and tuition, but not including entry fees and excursions. Unfortunately the University of Cambridge does not have funds available to provide financial assistance.

Please send a letter of application stating your name, address, and university, and any particular interest within the field of medieval or renaissance Dutch literature together with an initial booking fee of 25.00 pounds sterling made payable to **Dutch Medieval Course**, to :

Dr S. Murk Jansen
Robinson College
University of Cambridge
Cambridge CB3 9AN

A further deposit of half the course fee will be required in February. The organizers reserve the right to cancel the course if there are not enough participants.

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CANADIAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF NETHERLANDIC STUDIES
REQUEST FORM for National and -----Chapter Membership

I wish to start/renew my CAANS/ACAEN National membership as follows:

Regular membership January - December 1990	\$15.00
Student or Senior membership January - December 1990	\$ 7.50

Members of CAANS receive the Canadian Journal of Netherlandic Studies and the Newsletter (total value \$10.00). \$5 is a charitable donation.

Name-----

Address -----

----- (postal code)-----

Phone (home)----- (work)-----

Local chapters may assess an additional fee (Montreal, Winnipeg \$5).
CAANS/ACAEN -----Chapter \$-----

Mail form and cheque or money order to local chapter, if you are joining one, in which case please add the local fee; or to:

Mrs. Trudy Joldersma, Treasurer CAANS,
2835 - 26A St. S.W.
Calgary, Alta.
T3E 2C8

Please list your suggestions for CAANS/ACAEN activities (types and topics) below: