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# CRUSADER

MAY 7, 1976

Stam

A personal history ...

## Here At The Crusader or, one flew into the cuckoo's nest

by Kevin Harden

One of the more difficult jobs of a journalists today, I would imagine, is to tell the literate public how exactly a newspaper works. It is difficult for two reasons: newspaper work is hard to do and even harder to describe; and, no one would believe that anything but muckracking fiction came from the typewriters of modern day journalists, so why try to tell them otherwise?

Since we, as a school, are placed together on this small five or six block sphere we call a campus, I suppose it is fitting for a campus newspaper, and tell them what goes on in that under-populated office on the second floor of the Student Center building. It may nigh be impossible to explain some of our mistakes, but it is next to inconcievable that we would actually tell how we made them.

My story begins, not on a sunny southern plantation while chopping cotton, or with a giant shark about to eat an unsuspecting swimmer, but in the bowels of what Stienbeck has described as "Cannary Row." It was Salem, Oregon, the summer of 1975 and I was gainfully employed by a number of the local economy builders known as canneries.

I pushed crates of brined cherries in the dark of the night and shoved newly canned beans in the heat of the day, all the while trying to make up my mind as to whether or not to return to NNC. There were several reasons for my decision. I had a chance to be Editor of the *Crusader*, I had already pre-registered at NNC and I had the money to return and didn't think myself ready to journey to a public University just then.

As my body pushed and shoved the various cannery products my mind raced with ideas for the up-coming school year and particularly the campus newspaper. I had several plans. Some seemed feasible, some otherwise.

My quest for the office of the Editor began the May before when it became open due to the resignation of newly elected Editor Lois Lindsay.

Lois had been elected by the Publications Board and had then decided to attend the University of Oregon, a school known for its fine Journalism program. Lindsay, excellently talented writer, would fit in just fine at the huge school in Eugene, Oregon, she would be missed, not only for her writing talent, but also for the fact that she was singer Mark Lindsay's (of "Arizona" fame) sister.

With Lindsay gone--or planning to go--the Pub Board, as they are affectionately called by all those who know and love their good intentions, was faced with the task of finding another Editor to take the newspaper for the following year. A large job, indeed. Sign-ups were posted the second-to-the-last week of school and three names were scribbled down; Mark Chaparro (who seemed to run for everything), Mike Lodahl and myself (who really didn't realize just how big a job of being editor could be.)

We three candidates prepared our written statements saying we were the most qualified for the position because for this blah reason and that blah reason...the list could have been endless had we let our imaginations run wild. I suppose the most flattering way to the Pub Board's heart is through the candidate's imagination.

It was all set. The tension was mounting for the day when some lucky journalist (or aspiring journalist, as the case may

be) would be crowned 'Editor In-Chief'. (I never knew what the "in-chief" stood for, I had seen it in a New Yorker Magazine cartoon once and have been captured by it ever since.

The Pub Board held a meeting. It could have been decided then and there who was to be the Editor but it wasn't. They, according to inside sources, dilly-dallied about and accomplished nothing. The tension was still mounting.

Rex Wardlaw, elected ASNNC President only a month before, had been bestowed with the inglorious job of Pub Board chairman. It was the assignment of the chairman, along with every other assignment, to seek out and find a suitable Editorial candidate. With less than two weeks to go it seemed that the chairman and the Pub Board would be a bit more active in their pursuit of an Editor. They weren't. Their reason: "not enough time to have another meeting." This left myself, Mr. Chaparro and Mr. Lodahl to the summer, knowing only that he who is finally elected will have a hard job of putting a newspaper together the first month of school.

Summer passed. I knew it was going to be hard when, the last four days of school, Howard Miller called me into his office and handed me a loan form by which, once my signature was afixed to it's bottom line, the school would get their \$750.00 balance on my account from a certain bank in town and I would get \$250.00 - a - month loan repayments. It all seemed fair and square. "We've got it all set for you," Dr. Miller chimed as I sweatingly pondered the possibility of missing a payment, "We've arranged for you to get a loan through the Bank of Idaho." Joy, rapture

and glory were words not used to describe my opinion of the whole situation.

By the grace of God, I made each payment, the last just by the skin of my (Thorton Wilder, bless you) teeth.

Throughout the summer I made plans, dreamed dreams and plotted continuously on how I would run a newspaper such as the *Crusader*. I had been a steady writer the year before, contributing my fair share of 24 articles to the pages of the paper. I had dabbled, hardly slaved, at the Editorial make-up of the paper and had even defended it against the most vilest attacks by its opponents, who seemed to be in abundance that year.

As a fledgling Publications Board member and a rookie on campus affairs, I had stuck my neck out so far as to oppose the censorship of the infamous Joe Schmuckatelly--that proponent of near-communistic, virtually satanic questioning of authority on the NNC campus who ruffled everyone's feathers but those he either did not attack with his lethal Bic pen or those he did not know, who were often times one in the same. "It's obvious that he hates the Administration," declared Mrs. Geneva Bittleston, campus librarian faculty member of the Pub Board and staunch supporter of the Administration, I decided my thought couldn't hurt, "I think 'hate' is too strong a word to use," I proposed, getting myself adjust to new-found position as a Pub Board member (I had been elected to that spot only a few months before and this was my first meeting; it seemed that Pub Board meetins were only called in the event of a severe crisis or natural disaster -- Schmuckatelly seemed to embody both), "I think that Schumatelly has seen some things about our campus

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# A Christian Challenge

by Stan Rodes

For most college students the years spend getting a higher education are also years spent in transition. The years in college are like a slow-motion kick out of the nest of total dependency on parents in the "cruel world". If this thought doesn't make you feel a little apprehensive, then you are either ignorant of the world in which you will live when independent of your parents, or disinterested in the future, or over-confident.

It's really not a totally cruel world. After all, there are beautiful sunsets and bright-colored flowers and kind people. But, at the same time, there is economic struggle, racial prejudice, poverty, illiteracy, and war. And there are broken homes, dead marriages, scarred relationships, and personal struggles in a world that doesn't have time to care or the will to care. As mankind progresses, his future becomes more and more uncertain.

Is there anyone who does not want a better world to live in? I haven't yet met

such a person. There is a catch, however, to making the world better: the individual must take part. Intentions must be turned into actions and action must begin with the individual. The positive change of the world cannot take place apart from the positive change of the individual.

This positive change of the individual is the key to world improvement in that it is the key to the individual's ability to live life successfully, which, in turn, improves the lives of those who are touched with this successfulness.

This kind of successfulness which improves the lives of others can be found only in Christ. Our success at effectively living the Christian life is what will truly touch and change the lives of others and thereby make the world a better place in which to live. At this point, what it means to live the Christian life needs some attention desperately.

The true Christian life is not a commitment to a Christian code of ethics. It is a commitment to and a relationship with the Person of Jesus Christ. Paul, a

missionary of the early church, is a prime example of the fact that we are alive in Christ alone, and that there is no life found in being committed to a code of ethics.

Yet, the disease that seeks to seduce our Christian life, our churches, and our world is the attempt to live the Christian life without an all-out commitment to Christ. It's a horrible cancer among Christians that very subtly squeezes God out of our lives and that before long brings about spiritual death.

This disease is the root cause of apathy, of inconsistency, of the inability to love our fellowman, and of the lack of the feeling of urgency to actively express that love. It is this spiritual sickness that the world sees in so many Christians that causes those seeking to lose their confidence in Christianity.

I challenge you (along with myself) to conquer this disease with Paul's prescription in Romans 12:2:

"Adapt yourselves to the pattern of this present world, but let your minds be remade and your

whole nature thus transformed. Then you will be able to discern the will of God, and to know what is good, acceptable, and perfect." (NEB)

Too many of us kid ourselves into thinking we are not conforming to the world by living up to a code of ethics. Doing so satisfies us because, as Rev. Little said in a recent Friday chapel, "Man would rather live up to the world's idea of spirituality rather than accept the responsibility of freedom in Christ."

If you are going to be a true Christian, you can no longer adapt yourself to "the pattern of this present world." You must let God (for you cannot do it yourself) remake your mind and transform your whole nature. In so doing, you can handle the responsibility of freedom in Christ.

Our vocation, our preoccupation, our highest aspiration must no longer be for material gain, or towards academic endeavors, or the career you are training for

or beginning, or even towards those that are especially close to us. Sharing Christ and living for and in and through Christ must be our daily goal...the focus of our energy and the center of our living. All else must be secondary. Christ must be our life. There must be no competition allowed for His position.

There is a price to be paid if we are to truly live the Christian life. Yet there is a much greater price to be paid for not living it--a more desperate world situation is just an example. Life here on earth and after death apart from Christ is perhaps a more direct and personal result.

The words on the banner hung in chapel, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God", are not words made-up by the Nazarene Church or the Board of Regents. They are the words of Jesus to His disciples whom He loved, and who lived for Him, who died for Him...who changed their world through Him.

Change your world.

## Certainly not for the love of money ...

and would like to change them." I couldn't justify my statement, Schumately saw so many things that he's undoubtedly like to change that my declaration of his sanity probably got lost in the shuffle of which thing he wanted to change that week.

I passed from the oblivion of summer to the insanity of registration in what seemed like on week. It was one week.

Had it not been for my lovely fiancée (and hopes of becoming Editor) I probably would have followed the example of the frustrated young lady caught in the never ending entanglement of registration lines and would have thrown my hands up in despair, leaving the classes to those they were required of. Needless to say (which is a stupid cliché, since I am about to say it), I didn't.

The first month of school was undoubtedly the roughest for myself and my lovely fiancée. It was during this time that the new Pub Board (the same which had dilly-dallied the last year but had a new year in which to dilly-dally) met three times. First to become acquainted with their interim Editor, Will Merkel, and then to discuss the possibility of electing a real Editor some time within the next nine months (to those candidates involved, it seemed it would take that long to get them to do the job).

The second time they met, the Pub Board reviewed the list of potential candidates, talked

with them and tried to make up their minds. They couldn't, thus, a third meeting was set.

Between the time the third meeting was to take place, I worked to put together a half-way legitimate staff, which proved to be a task only comparable to Moses' producing water from a stone. It was doubtful that one could buy a writer, even if the paper did have enough money to do so.

The third meeting came to pass. The Pub Board had more witnesses than a Senate subcommittee to help them make their decision. First, after interviewing each candidate (plus one Bob Sevier, who had been allowed to sign up in the Fall-which seemed grossly unfair to myself, who had suffered the slings and arrows of anxiety during the summer now past concerning the Editorship--Mr. Sevier had not), the Pub Board deliberated for a few minutes--undoubtedly pondering the fate of the newspaper in the hands of each of the potentials. Jay Vail, probably the most worthy of the opponents, had dropped out of the race two days before (he announced his decision that night) leaving the choice between myself and two others. I won, with only two negative notes out of twelve.

The first leg of a difficult journey had passed. I was now Editor. Will Merkel had made it official by handing me the key to the Crusader office while declaring to Miss Helen Wilson

that it was some sort of ceremonious moment. I accepted the key and began my turn at the Editorship.

My first month, October, was characterized by what some would like to call "getting to know the job" (others, Grae Renshaw especially, would call it "sensationalism"). I had faced my first real tragedy of an editorial concerning the music being piped into Saga's dining hall and had received the royal treatment, a talk with Dr. Irving Laird and the whole route. (I admit that I borrowed the idea for the editorial from Mike Rap and Mark Chaparro--all the while wishing they had been sitting in Laird's office listening to his lecture instead of me.)

My "Senator X" editorial, as I reflect, seemed nothing more than, as it has been already mentioned, sensationalism. It turned out to be a joke instead of a meaningful experience.

My hours were long, my staff virtually non-existent and my credibility at an all-time low. I tried to explore a long standing question of the Nazarene Movie policy, and ended up with a jumble of articles and a semi-humorous front cover picture. I tried to figure out what "screening a picture" meant, and ended up with pages of black boxes instead of creative pictures. I began to wonder about the usefulness of such a job as editor.

November was a sad month for myself, but a promising

month for the newspaper. I had been left alone by the departure of my fiancée, who--we both decided--came to the conclusion that it would be better to leave now and work in order to have some level of subsistence than to stay and starve later in the first days of our married life. And I had shuffled my belongings from one off-campus apartment to another in search of my most coveted peace and privacy. (I finally moved into a dorm--Lord only knows what I was thinking then.)

Outside of my own personal problems, November turned out to be a fine month for stories. I ran up the phone bill while chasing down the story behind the capture and imprisonment of our two missionaries, Armond Doll and Hugh Friberg. It was perhaps the most exciting story I had written to date. (The most humorous aspect of the story - gathering process was the fact that I represented myself as the Editor of the "Northwest Nazarene University" newspaper--I figured that when calling the U.S. State Department one must represent something a tiny bit larger than an ordinary college, or one just may be disconnected. And besides, you only go round once in life, so why not?)

I spend countless hours in the preparation of the story, with visions of the Helen G. Wilson Journalism Award floating about inside my head. I wrote the story in hopes that the Herald of Holiness would snatch it up and leave a check for a negotiable amount of US currency in its place. They didn't. In fact, I hardly heard a word from even the students I sup-

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A GREAT MAN IS HE WHO HAS NOT LOST THE HEART OF A CHILD.

MENCIUS

special:  
guest editor's section  
eight pages of original journalism

BY WILL MERKEL WITH ASSOCIATE CAM AIRHART AND FRIENDS

# LETTERS

## Traditional Action Lamented

I imagine that it is presumptuous of one who lives on the other side of the world and who has no official connection with the College to seek to intrude into your columns, but perhaps the fact that I taught at NNC last term and was once a student and, alas, even an Associate Editor of the Crusader will dispose you to allow me a few column inches about the recent controversy over Expression.

From the leading article in the Crusader of 12 March, 1976, it would appear that the real issue has not been the content of the paper but the treatment, by the College, of its editors. This is regrettable not merely because Expression contained much that was perceptive and creative, and also a good deal that was immature and clumsy--all of which should have been discussed--but because it suggests that there are some at NNC who are still so fundamentally immature, still so unconfident of the intrinsic worth of the values of a Christian liberal arts education that their only response to dissent and ridicule is to hide behind a tradition that is neither coherently articulated nor intelligently argued for.

While there may be a Nazarene 'tradition' whereby the editors of non-official student publications are expelled by presidential fiat without due process, and while this tradition may provide reasons for certain actions, it does not necessarily provide rationally adequate reasons for these actions. (Jones may traditionally sleep through his early morning philosophy class but this does not mean that his action is rational.) Put simply, tradition and reason are not logically conjoined, and those who urge one to accept the former without resort to the latter have no part in a liberal arts community dedicated to critical and creative thinking.

NNC does have a tradition embodying values which are eminently defensible, but is not the tradition of these new 'traditionalists' whose actions betray both

the poverty of their thought--they have managed to learn nothing and to forget everything--and the paucity of their commitment to the Christian morality of justice as fairness and the liberal arts mentality of critical tolerance.

It has been suggested in your columns that Master Reason has been assaulted and now lies near death. Might I suggest that it sounds more like Minerva, the ancient goddess of Wisdom who is always portrayed accompanied by her pet, a screech owl, who is being attacked. For a screech is both a cry of distress and of warning.

John C. Luik  
Oxford, England

## If I Were A rich man

To the Editor:

Isn't it wonderful that when UCLA loses the NCAA basketball crown, when a President falls from office, when Irving Laird puts pinball machines in the Student Centre; in short, when every thing that once appeared to be absolute is suddenly crumbling beneath our feet, isn't it wonderful that we have principle on which to lean--which will never waiver? Isn't it wonderful that we have tradition? (Pause)

Tradition assures us that when we go to church on Sunday, there will be a service, that when we go to our favorite business class, we will go to sleep. Tradition dictates that we will never see a steak in Saga unless accompanied by a Regent, and that freshman girls will get beautiful golden red fans every spring.

But these are mere appendages to the great concept. The glory, the security, the heart-felt appreciation of tradition lies elsewhere; we mortals are gloriously freed from the frightening task of thought.

Gone is the terror of decision, the contemplation of truth, freedom, justice, and oughtness. God knows that we are incapable of using the minds he gave us, so He has given us tradition. (Pause)

But even tradition does not work by itself. For us to enjoy the pleasure of untroubled minds, there must be someone who makes the decisions, some courageous martyr who sacrifices his

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## Perspectives in perspective

BY BILL NANCE

In these troubled times at NNC it is beneficial to rest occasionally and look about to gain perspective. Without some realization of the direction in which we are headed we may only wander away from our ultimate purpose. Perhaps this is why the President's report to the Board of Regents March meeting is particularly upsetting. The report expresses confusion as to the purpose of the college and may be instrumental in explaining recent administrative decisions.

The report quotes from a non-footnoted source in mentioning, "Every member of the faculty shall be in the experience of entire sanctification." In other words, the current administration will hire only Nazarene professors, to the exclusion of other Christian scholars who may be far superior in ability. This situation has indeed occurred at NNC several times in recent years. The result of this chauvinistically Nazarene policy can only be a dilution of academic quality. Apparently the hoped for trade-off (academics for doctrinal purity among instructors) will be more revivals on campus. Towards that end the administration recently rammed an amendment through the Academic Senate, above student protests, expanding the chapel hour to 40 minutes next year. From whence adequate programs to fill the void will come remains a mystery.

The report also quotes Dr. J.B. Chapman when it asserts that "it (is) more necessary to have revivals in the school than to pass the final examination for the year's work." While placing proper emphasis on spirituality, the statement is baldly irrational in implying that scholarship and religion are not compatible. The campus must be a place where students can readily sense God's leadership and direction, but far from being a sanctuary, it is and always will be an educational institution.

Yet the report casts doubt on even this basic assumption when it notes, "The College has for its goal the spreading of scriptural holiness over this and every land." Let us hope that this is not so. While NNC has the capacity to produce fine Christian scholars who in turn may spread the message, and while all members of the NNC community should strive each day to profoundly influence their fellows for Christ, it is a mistake to pretend that NNC is a church and not a school. NNC's mission is to provide education with a disinctive Nazarene taint. This is the only thing that justifies her existence. We have an obligation to preach that message. But when we lend higher status to proliferating chapels and revival meetings and simultaneously ignore all non-spiritual concerns, we are in peril of missing our goal.

The concern for evangelism, expressed throughout the report, is certainly valid. But there is no cause for paranoically believing that the length of the chapel hour or the number of special speakers imported is inversely proportional to the percentage of NNC students saved and sanctified.

The report insightfully states that, "Fac-

ulty members must urge students to seek truth from every source." Fantastic. What better atmosphere exists for students to begin to discover the rather harsh realities of life than under the guidance of Christian educators, who, in my experience, have always been willing to suggest answers, offer advice, and aid in problem solving? The artificiality of "quarantine Christianity" often employed in operating the College cannot be justified.

Is the idea to present a united front? that NNC is another branch office of the Paseo?, that NNC is as dissension-free as a typical local church? It is ludicrous to even assume so. NNC is a Christian community, but it is an academic community foremost. In any organic academic community differences of opinion must arise and exchange of opposing viewpoints must take place. An atmosphere in which those who air non-"approved" ideas are subjected to harassment and coercion in violation of basic Christian principles hardly matches the ideal of an open forum that those of us from cosmopolitan environments have come to expect. The tactics that a church administer might use to squelch dissension in a local church simply will not suffice.

One also must note that not once in the seven page document are students even mentioned other than as statistics, as children of constituents or as warm bodies to be evangelized. It is easy to harken back to the President's first speech to the student body in September, 1973 when he emphasized three areas of concern: the faculty, the administration, and the constituency. Do students have a place in this ideal college, or is it in reality a day care center for offspring of protective fundamentalist parents. Apparently some believe it is the latter.

The report finally concludes with heavy emphasis on stewardship, finances and books displaying black ink. Certainly this is of vital import. Yet even in this area we must not become overzealous. If the college president spends so much time in fund raising activities that he loses touch with the realities of campus life, can we not afford to hire a fund raiser? If athletes are subsidized (whatever their porportion of allotted funds) to the point where their influence on campus exceeds that of serious scholars, can we not afford to attract greater numbers of academicians? (When was the last time a scholar was "recruited" at NNC?) If pinball and pool (which more "liberal" schools such as SPC still prohibit on their campuses, and which seems to be a center of mindlessness at NNC, but are JUSTIFIED by the Student Center Executive Committee on grounds of profitability) help contribute to 200-plus students on the "bench list" (one of every five NNC students), can we not afford to forego the revenues they bring in?

The report exhibits some dangerous errors in perspective and poses several difficult questions. What are our goals?, where are we going?, and most incisively, what are we doing to ourselves? We require revelations to meet changing times. We require new leadership. We require help from above.

ON THE PHONE HE'S THE MOST STIMULATING MAN IN THE WORLD.



IN PERSON HE'S ARGUMENTATIVE AND PROVOCATIVE



ON THE PHONE SHE'S LOVING AND SUPPORTIVE.



IN PERSON SHE'S COMPETITIVE AND EMASCULATING.



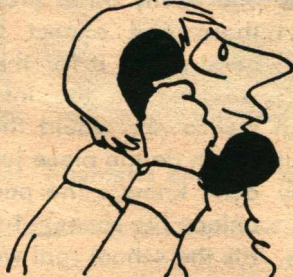
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SO WE NEVER SEE EACH OTHER ANYMORE.



BUT WE TALK ON THE PHONE FOR HOURS.



THE SECRET OF TRUE LOVE IS: NO PERSONAL CONTACT.



# If I Were A rich man

own peace of mind for the good of the world. For too long, we have withheld our thanks and expressions of appreciation for a job well done. Now, at the end of the school year, we pause (tradition) and remember NNC's custodian of precedent. Thank you, gentlemen, for standing in the clutch, for not allowing any considerations of legality or fairness to pollute your mind. Thank you for upholding the only thing students really have----tradition. (Selah)

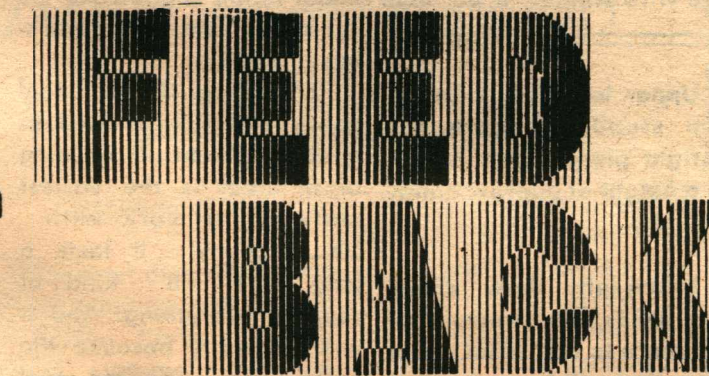
Gene and Arnie

To follow foolish precedents, and wink with both our eyes, is easier than to think. Cowper

# Vietnam Editorial Draws Fire

To the Editor:

We feel it imperative to respond to what we consider a tragic example of the pseudo-value system which real Americans utterly reject. Your editorial of April 30, 1976 reeked of the foul gutters of passivism. Lurking behind your humanistic, Harvard-type liberalism lies the awesome threat of



Communist domination. Do you think we did the world a favor by turning our backs on a freedom loving people? The only thing that five American Presidents fell prey to, was your blindness to historical fact. Have we not seen the results of appeasement? Did Munich teach us nothing? We are faced with a "red horde" abroad and their lackeys, like Harry Reasoner, chirping within our own borders. Every decent American knows that we pulled out of Vietnam because of your fear of standing firm against oppression. Of course life in South Vietnam hasn't changed--the Commies were handed victory on a silver platter. By refusing to maintain the struggle we allowed one more crucial domino to fall.

After all, 30 years isn't really so long - Europe fought a Hundred Year's War for their freedom. Its success of NNC (Northwest Nazarene College) students in discovering their true menace. Do you think that we were smart to get out of Angola? We finally have a president who is not a product of the Eastern-liberal-Kennedy-papal clique. But when he tried to rescue a people calling for aid against Cuban lackeys of the Red Giants, he was prevented by a "soft" Congress, elected by eggheads and atheists like you. Its

persuasion who have tried to floridate our water, register our guns, integrate our schools, and control us with the federal government and the Supreme Court.

Never before have the dangers of socialist infiltration been greater. We are ready. Your flowery rhetoric cannot dissuade us from fighting Communism to the death.

# Nuptial Commission Reports

Dear Mr. Editor,

It is unbelievable that a year has passed since our organization reported their initial findings. In this, our second year, the NNC (Nazarene Nuptial Commission) has been astounded by the success of NNC (Northwest Nazarene College) students in discovering their true reason for existence. In establishing our purpose, the Commission has endeavored to see that the students on this campus are allowed maximum advantages to becoming a whole man or woman. We, of the great Commission, feel that the primary facet of becoming a whole person is in the scouting, pursuing, and eventual securing of one's

mate, within the context of his newly acquired mission.

Our organization was astonished last year by the monogamous tendency of the average Nazarene collegiate. Our list of engagements compiled just one year ago has payed off in extremely huge dividends 96% of the 47 couples engaged in May 1975 have either followed through into eventual matrimony, or as in the case of a few hesitant souls are laboring towards commitment to the primrose path. Only 2 couples out of the 47 have been unsuccessful in their appointed mission. Of the 48 couples that were predicted to enter into the garden of promise (engagement), 65% eventually rendezvoused with their destiny. This is an indication of our success as an organization and your success at self-actualization.

A desired goal of the 1975-76 school year was projected at 150 persons (75 couples). This total includes those who came together within the past year in engagement and were married or are to be married. The goal also includes those souls that for one reason or another have not decided to tie the knot, if you are in this number we are praying for you. It is our proud honor to say that we have successfully achieved our goal. The mark of 150 has been passed and the 1975-76 total stands at 184 persons. Our thanks goes to the Crusader Dating Association and the ACE Preacher's Wife Service for their devoted efforts to aid us in this spirited adventure. Thanks is extended especially to those in the student body who have seen the light.

It is our goal to inhabit the earth with 'little' Nazarenes

and it is your devotion that will make this possible.

In competition with other Nazarene schools, we have seen fit to offer the student body president of the winning school, a reservation on the night of June 12, 1977 for two at the Chapel of Paradise in beautiful Winnemucca, Nevada. Also included will be a briefcase in keeping with tradition. It is only necessary that you exceed your goal of 220 blissful lovers by a larger percentage than the goals possibly exceeded by the other competing schools. Good luck to all concerned. Yours for a happy honeymoon.

# 1975-76: It was the Worst of times...

To the Editor:

It was the worst of times. It was the worst of times. This year we've gone from New York City to the fabulous 50's; from the chaos of the 60's to stream-of-consciousness "devotionals" for the hard of thinking; from behind the big silver screen at the Pix to a cheap rip-off of Expression and Harden's instrumental role in the release of High Friberg. We look back on the past year of struggling through editorial after editorial and are relieved that it is over.

An anonymous NNC'er and prominent Nampa businessman

Letters continued page 8

# Davidson creates Breeze in steel

by J.E. Vail

We walked across the parking lot, sat on the grass and turned our backs to the shop where his creation lay unfinished.

"I don't make any claims to being an artist because I don't believe that I am. I don't think I'm that far yet. I don't think you can say that a person is an artist until he's produced consistently for years."

What Fanny Davidson is, is a sculptor. His tools are a arc wire welder, a portable

different from my other work. The problem is you've got to come up with something that fits the institution, that fits its ideologies as well as its approach to life. Like I couldn't throw one of my other pieces out there and expect to feel good about it for the piece wouldn't do the institution justice nor would the institution do the piece justice. I don't know... (he pauses to unlace his shoes) I think it fits the school real well. It's nothing they have to worry about being suggestive.

I asked him about working in metal.

"I'm doing this in steel because of money, because as far as the actual building of it, steel is the easiest material to work with. Uh...longevity. It lasts a long time. It kind of reaches everything. And it will be pretty because the color is pretty. Kor-ten steel is a steel that has a high copper content and when it rusts, the copper covers the piece and stops it from oxidizing. So you have the piece ending up a really pretty rust color. It'll stop running rust and it will be preserved against the weather. I think it's beautiful."

Davidson, 28 years old, graduated from NNC with two degrees, one in English and one in Art as well and taught here for two years. He paused, then edged into a more philosophical train of thought.

"People talk about the creative curve. Kind of what it is, is like when you have your technical abilities and your creative abilities--when they reach an apex,

when they come together, that's when you produce good things. If you don't bring them up at the same time, one will be down here where as the other will be way up here. You've got to bring them up at the same time and then, who's to say when they will meet? You may be 60 years old. That's the gigantic, spooky gamble about being an artist.

"I liken it to one time when I was a kid. We lived up against the hills and I'd go off riding by myself on my horse and not come back. One night I went and I had a hide out with a fire and I was a frontiersman, you know, and I didn't want to go home. But it was late and as I got out on those sagebrush covered hills starting down, it got really dark. On the way back, I had to go in front of this big gigantic rock. We called it Black Rock and it hung way out over the road and it had big, spooky holes way back underneath it. I had this gigantic fear of going in front of it in the night. It's kind of the same now--I can't see what's in front of me. I think sometimes my lack of insight is really good because maybe if I could see the future and see with the proper perspective, I wouldn't be doing what I'm doing. I just don't see. When I undertook this piece I had no idea what it entailed. Everything I do is like that. I just get this idea

Upper left: Fanny Davidson stands beneath the upright piece which towers to a height of approximately 25 feet.

Below left: Here, Davidson welds the structure of the piece to the round metal stem that will be embedded in a concrete base.



grinder and he works in kor-ten steel. The piece he is presently working on will be given to NNC and will sit in the rectangular area between the Administration Building and the Wiley Learning Center.

"To be really honest, I don't think the piece is that great. I really don't. It's very simple. It's balanced. It uses most of the cliché things for design--repetition of angles, repetition of surface, symmetry and a asymmetry--all those little things with which you can sit down and formulate a piece. It's ironic, because the piece is very much

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and I don't care what's in front of me, I just want that idea. I just want to follow it through.

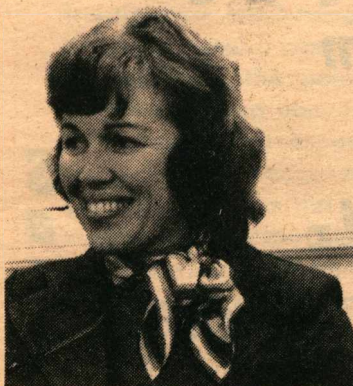
Like that rock, you know, I got up there and I was really afraid and I really have likened it to going ahead when I've thought about a decision--it was dark and I didn't know what to do but I knew I had to go home. So, I just gritted my teeth and went through there. Everybody has done that and everybody pretty much does that with their lives. A lot of people don't care to gamble much, though.

"It's so doggone important for people to relate creatively to life. Everybody's like is just like what I'm doing. I mean, it's like I'm really not doing anything different from anyone else, it just happens to be art. Everybody..they don't think about their lives creatively. It's the ideas, it's the way they relate to people and the way they relate to life that's important."

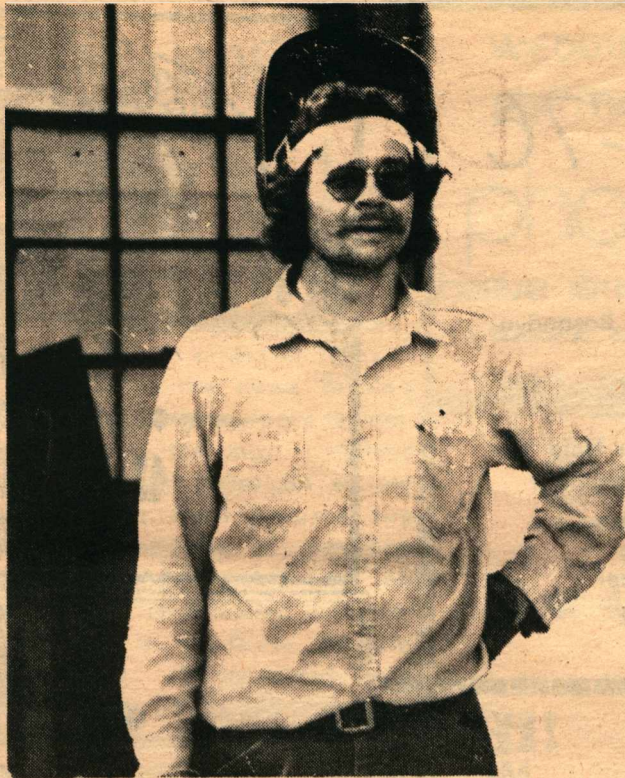
We strolled back across the parking lot to the open shop door and Davidson pointed out where he had a rough time welding or where he miscalculated angles and had to fill in and sand down. He slipped back on the welder's mask, picked up his tools and sent the tiny orange-red sparks skittering off the metal to disappear. Earlier, he had said,

"I don't know...as far as a career goes, there is no way in the world I can give up. It's just out of the question. I mean, it's just totally out of my realm of thinking. I can't get away from this, it's just too exciting. I'm a very lustful person and it's just too exciting."

As I watched him, bent over the metal, I believed him.



Ladonna Webb will call it quits next week when she hangs up her duties in NNC's counseling office.



Above: Davidson pauses to examine his work.

# Anti-Washington Aspect disturbing

by Michael D. Rap

The most disturbing thing about campaign '76 thus far is neither Carter's "ethnic purity" statement, nor Reagan's harangue about "tin-horn dictators" and the Panamal Canal; rather it is the "anti-Washington" kick that seems to have preoccupied all of the major presidential candidates in both parties. President Ford himself has denounced "faceless bureaucracy" and the burgeoning interference of the federal government.

The institution of the state has played an important role in modeling the choices and life styles of Americans. Through economic mechanisms such as the tax structure, hiring practices, and welfare allowances, the government has become involved in our daily lives. It is true that legitimate questions can be raised with regard to the efficacy of federal programs. Many Americans are finding government involvement to be arbitrary as well as beneficent; programs have been grossly wasteful at times and occasionally fail to help those who really need it. This imperfect record of dealing with social welfare has led political leaders to the conclusion that government does not presently and never will have the ability to solve our problems. A view that hardly comes as a surprise when we consider the nature of man and the fact that government is composed of men -- sometimes irrational, often obdurate, always fallible.

But before we accede to the "anti-Washington" trend and make "decentralization" a panacea, we must recognize that the growth of mass society necessarily results in greater interdependence and thus emphasizes the need for collective solutions to major social problems. Secondly, we must realize that local control has frequently been used to frustrate vital reform and to protect entrenched groups. State and local governments are themselves in serious need of improvement and rarely have the capacity for an adequate response to the challenge of poverty, crime, regulation of polluting industries, protection of consumer interests, health care, and education.

There is no point in decrying highly organized society. In fact, increasing centralization is inevitable as our society and economy become more technologically complex. Our chief task is to bring this federal bureaucracy into the hands of the people and insist that organization serve man, not vice versa. The "anti-Washington" spirit has generated a good deal more heat than light and obscures the fact that a great and greater percentage of Americans enjoy the various benefits of the welfare state, and that the rights of the individual have greater legal security today than at anytime in our history. It is only by prudent utilization of the superior resources of the federal government that we can move toward a more equitable social system.

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# Top ten hits of '75-'76

| Dedicated to              | Song Title                  |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Rex Wardlaw            | Blame it on the Bosanova    |
| 2. Senior Class project   | Ain't that a shame          |
| 3. Single senior men      | Mr. Lonely                  |
| 4. Bennett and Mackeson   | Homeward Bound              |
| 5. "The Big Man"          | No Arms Could Ever Hold You |
| 6. ASNNC Pres. Sam Hunter | Heartaches By The Number    |
| 7. Single Senior Women    | The Impossible Dream        |
| 8. Dean Lyle Robinson     | For the Good Times          |
| 9. Non-graduating Seniors | See You In September        |
| 10. The Freshman Romances | Can't Hurry Love            |

# GETTING OUT!

By Schmidt

"The Board of Regents, The Faculty, and The Senior Class of Northwest Nazarene College announce the Sixty-Third annual Commencement..."

This is it, they're getting out. Four years of somewhat hard studies for most will end a week from today. Time to step out and join the real world. Middle class America, here they come.

And what a treat Middle Class America will be getting. Every graduating class likes to pat itself on the back. The Class of '76 is no different. But at least they have something to brag about.

Even graduating is something to be proud of. Only 70 of this years graduates (out of 140) are pictured as freshman in the 1973 Oasis.

That's less than 25% of 1973 entering freshmen. A number of factors caused the high attrition rate. The two major causes seem to be marriage and lack of academic ability. Some people see a correlation between these two. Another factor is the infamous boot: among others, the freshmen class president of 1973 was asked to leave for having women in the dorm.

Academically, the class of '76 has proven itself competitive on the national level. Roughly half of those pursuing graduate studies scored in the upper 30% nationally on the graduate record exams. One senior, who isn't considered one of the twelve "outstanding," was accepted at Purdue, Stanford, Cal. Davis and MIT for graduate work. The percentage of Seniors who have been accepted for graduate study is surprisingly close to 100% of those who applied.

The members of the Class

of '76 played a major role in a number of changes here at NNC, some trivial, some important. Upper class women are now treated as women in regards to curfew hours. Men have broken into the formerly all-female bastion of chapel checking. There is now a Judicial Board to decide publicly all ASNNC issues. Though unknown to most, students now have a legal counseling service for on campus problems. The President's on-campus home was opened, the cobweb closed for good. The Deans were removed from the Student Life Executive Committee. ASNNC will now be sponsoring its own lecture series.

The Class of '76 has seen major changes in the personality and atmosphere of the campus. In the last four years, the President and 17 faculty members have either retired or taken on new positions away from NNC. The attrition rate is almost as high as that of this year's seniors. Some old landmarks have been removed or altered as well. The old gym is gone, the new one completed. Ten to fifteen elm trees have been removed because of disease; the rest will fall soon. Wall to wall carpet has been added to the Student Center Lounge, Saga, the halls in all the dorms, and to the steps of the administration building. The last four years have indeed been full of some life changing events. The most important change for this year's seniors, however, is internal, not something found in NNC itself. They may be beginning to get the first taste of adult life while realizing they never get too old for corny emotions. With commencement a week away they remember

years past crying over good-bye, expressing fears about the future, skipping studies because of spring fever, worrying about how to live an unmarried life, and becoming generally apathetic. But these corny emotions happen to everyone at least once during their third term senior year in college. In this respect, the Class of '76 is no different.

Reginald Finger

## Finger Thanks Community

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks to all those people in and around NNC who have made my three years here profitable, exciting, and blessed. Here I have learned, above all, to love other people with the love that Christ gives--something I had a very limited understanding of before coming to college.

Just a few specifics: Thank you, administrators, for assuring us an environment with spiritual resources. Thank you, faculty members, for providing academic resources in a spiritual framework. Thank you, fellow students, for being my brother and sisters in the faith.

One person among the many on campus who typify Christ's spirit is my sister Bonnie Woodbeck: it was she who suggested that I find a way to share with the campus this one scripture: "Freely you have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8. Surely this is true of us here at NNC. We have received again and again. As we leave, let us give just as freely.

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# Picking the winner On prime time t.v.

by Kevin Dennis

Just one night after the Indiana, Georgia, and Alabama primaries, Roger Mudd of CBS has announced that Jimmy Carter has amassed so many delegates that he can now begin thinking beyond the nomination to the election campaign itself. This is in spite of the fact that Carter even now has only one-third of the actual number of delegates needed to win the nomination; that even with his two most recent victories he has been able to win only 36% of the delegates selected (642 being pledged to someone else or uncommitted); that he has yet to prove he can win convincingly and consistently in Northern industrial states (beating Wallace in Illinois and garnering 372 of the Pennsylvania vote do not offset poor fourth place showings in Massachusetts and New York); and the fact that he has yet to be pitted against two new faces in the selection process: Frank Church and the enigmatic Jerry Brown. I don't think Carter has the nomination in the bag yet, but the news media may help him put it there by continuing to say he has.

Don't mistake me for one of those who believe the media is actually manipulating our election process. However, the election reform laws make this year's candidates very dependent on the small contributions of large numbers of givers. As people are more likely to donate money support a candidate they perceive as a winner, it can obviously be very important how journalists communicate the complexities of the political process. If reporters persist in depicting a certain candidate as the likely nominee, the possibility is heightened that he will in fact be so chosen. Granted, Carter may be the Democratic frontrunner; but I have yet to hear or read a convincing refutation of the potential problems I cited above.

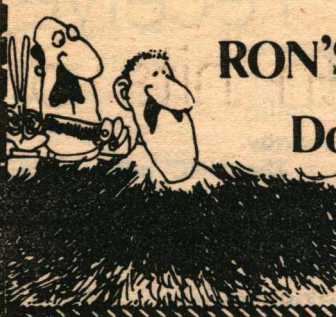
Perhaps I am especially disappointed because the complex race for the Democratic nomination has offered the American media an opportunity to demonstrate an unprecedented sophistication in its reporting; and for the most part I feel that it has failed to render anything but the most superficial analysis of the

political process in action. And I am afraid that this is due to the news media's continuing tendency to ponder to the most simplistic facets of American society rather than assume the responsibility of providing the general public with the often complicated information it needs to educate itself. Stories about front runners and underdogs grab headlines and are easily understood, but they also distort the nature of political reality which often lies in the thinking and activities of the less-glorious "pack" that is always somewhere in between. Men who attempt to deal with issues in any great depth are often passed over because justice is so seldom done to them in the three paragraphs or thirty-second spots accorded to them. And the news media has an obnoxious tendency to perpetuate myths simply because they are so fascinating. (The one most current is that the only thing that may stop Carter at the convention is decisions made in "smoke-filled rooms". In actuality, the number of party bosses with sufficient power to deliver on demand blocks of delegate votes for a candidate chosen in such a manner is nearly non-existent these days. Yet if the eventual nominee is chosen by a method other than the primaries, he may find himself haunted by the specter of those imaginary "smoke-filled rooms".) A more dangerous problem occurs when political journalists manufacture "pseudo-news". I contend that it is not news when a television network determines early in the evening "on the basis of carefully selected precincts" who will be the winner and by how much. It serves no useful purpose, and it should not be reported as if it did. The problem was demonstrated recently when at the end of the CBS evening news Walter Cronkite flashed figures projecting that Carter would beat Wallace in the day's primary by 13 percentage points. If the viewers bothered to see or read the actual results later, they would have found that he actually won by only about 2 percentage points. Not only would that 11 percentage differential have been intolerable to the regular professional pollsters, and not

continued page 10

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# NNC to receive computer

The NNC Science department may soon be the recipient of a computing system initially valued at \$150,000, from the Honeywell Company of West Covina. Fred Dauterman, a part time member of the Mathematics staff, reported this week that NNC would get the DDP 124 system free from Honeywell, a firm he worked for for three and a half years.

In an April 12 letter, R. E. Reid, Dauterman's former supervisor at Honeywell, explained that the DDP 124 was now considered capital surplus and was no longer needed at West Covina. Honeywell has marked it as potentially available to a college as a gift.

The only expense involved would be the cost of shipping, installation, and bringing the system up to operational level. This expense is estimated at from \$5,000-7500.

Dauterman was informed of the possible gift for three reasons, he says. "We (Dauterman and Reid) are good friends. Second, Reid knew NNC didn't have a computing system. Third, he knew that NNC was quite a way from a good computing system." NNC students now used the facility at Boise State, 25 miles

away. The NNC administration, says Dauterman, has made the appropriate correspondence to Honeywell requesting that NNC be considered as recipient of the system. If the system is given to NNC is is expected to be operational by the start of fall term or no later than Christmas this year.

The DDP 124 is considered a general purpose computer with 16,000 words of memory. Although it is programmed for scientific design, Dauterman has programmed on it before and believes it can be used for business applications as well.



**Fred Dauterman**

# The media elects

only was the discrepancy never pointed out and discussed on later CBS reports, but the impression of another big win for Carter was undoubtedly left in the minds of many viewers who didn't bother to follow through.

But the worst example of "pseudo-news" is what I term "journalistic reality". This is when reporters determine (by who knows what method) not only who should win a given state, but by how large a margin. If the victory margin is not up to par with the reporters predictions, the winner may be tragically transformed to a "loser". Thus Edmund Muskie "lost" the New Hampshire primary in 1972, and George McGovern was given that all important initial boost. A more subtle version of the same thing occurred in this year's Pennsylvania primary. I admit that the state was tailor-made for the kind of campaign strategy used by Jackson, and his poor showing was extremely significant. But precisely be-

cause he "should" have done well there, the relative significance of Carter's victory was expanded to "landslide" proportions by news reporters even though he actually got only 37% of the vote. This "landslide" was depicted as proof-positive that Carter could carry northern industrial states.

I must admit that a good part of the responsibility for such shallow political reporting lies with the general public itself, the complacent buyer of this Gerber's baby food version American political activity. We should be more demanding of those who dispense information to us, and more discerning in our interpretation of that information.

(After all, I got my information from the very media I am criticizing.)

In the end, Jimmy Carter may very well be the Democratic party's nominee in any case. But the news media has no place making it any easier for him. And I can assure you, if someone else does get it, I'm going to be a lot less surprised than Roger Mudd.

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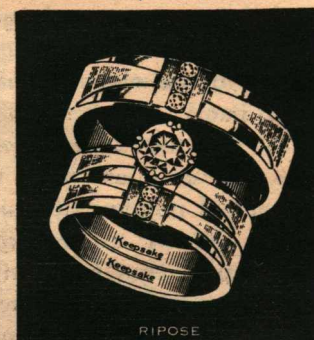
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# rumor, innuendo, and falsified information

posedly wrote it for. Only one person said she enjoyed the article, and that made it all worthwhile.

With Homecoming behind us, December was another month of good stories and long hours at work on them. Senator Frank Church dominated my story writing time, again looking for that coveted Helen G. Wilson award. One of my favorite stories was the December 12 Tribute to Dr. Mac Webb compiled by Stephen Hauge. It was a fitting farewell to an excellent teacher and respected counselor who was forced to resign either because he had recommended "pornographic literature" in one of his private counseling sessions (if *The Joy of Sex* is pornographic, I'm Dr. Spock).

For Christmas I received everything I wanted, except the chance to go to another school.

January came around and the hot news was the rewriting of the campus Bill of Rights by the Board of Directors of the Board of Regents. Due to the sharp journalistic insight (and a generous student government official) Jay Vail, the story was out, so to speak. It appeared that no one wanted us to write anything about the fact that the Bill of Rights had been revised and that version was currently under serious consideration.

Jay wrote while I fought with our new type-setting machine as it insisted on connecting the capital letters G, I, V, P and C. It was machine over man when we learned that the Board of Regents wanted some student input on the proposed Bill of Rights. Two students were appointed to a committee which, in actuality, was without any kind of legislative power and could only make recommendations which no one was obligated to follow. The students, Rex Wardlaw and Cam Airhart, joined faculty, staff and Administration representatives on the committee. They debated the proposal, with the loudest opposition coming from Dave Hanson, the Alumni Association Secretary. It seemed strange indeed, but what didn't those days?

It was about that time, the end of January, that I interviewed Dr. Joseph Mayfield, the appointed chairman of that committee, to get as much information on the meeting as I could. He volunteered it and I set my pen in motion, declaring in a defunct Editor's note that the *Crusader* would print the "Bill of Rights and outline the significant changes in the proposal." Upon seeing this the two student representatives seemed to have nothing better to do with their time than ask me not to blow their case which they were about to present before the committee as to why they shouldn't accept this proposal. I heard no opposition to my writing from any of the other committee members,

leaving me to wonder if they had either read it or had been in favor of such an article. I tried to refrain from asking our student representatives why they had voted to channel all information through the chairman of the committee instead of letting each committee member speak his mind. Or why it was that, even though he staunchly insisted that he was not a member of the committee, President Pearsall could sit in on committee meetings when no one else could. Or what exactly they were representing, the students or their grade point averages.

The whole affair ended with the last Regents' meeting when they disbanded the committee in favor of a consultant which will supposedly relieve all our campus problems through a report to the Academic Accreditation Committee.

The next few months, February, March and April, passed unnoticed except for the printing of the present Bill of Rights, an essay questioning the validity of such a document our campus, the big story on the dancing students' and their "reprimand shuffle" (some people--Regents especially--were upset by my Editorial outlining the violation of student Rights concerning the whole disciplinary process of the dancing matter. It seemed to me that it was alright for those in authority to violate students' rights, but not alright for the campus newspaper to tell the students their rights had been violated.), the publishing and distributing of the *Expression*, that underground newspaper which provided Gary Bennett and Wayne Mackeson with an extended vacation, 22 letters to the Editor and the subsequent Board of Directors of the Board of Regents meeting with the bewildered Publications Board.

It was a gloomy Saturday morning and my clock said eight o'clock. The Regents couldn't have picked a better time to grill us, I thought, well all be half asleep.

The meeting lasted three hours. In that time I listened to more complaints about the *Crusader* than I thought existed. I was ready to resign at noon that day, but my masochistic tendencies compelled to stay on.

I heard one Regent ask me if the word "Shee-boppin" was consistent with my Christian Commitment. I heard another call me immature and irresponsible. I heard a third offer to buy the *Crusader* for 5,000 dollars (American) more a year, of course the students would continue to own the paper, they'd just like a piece of the rock. I heard a fourth complain that the newspaper was just a sounding board for any radical with a cause, that it wasn't open to true student opinion.

Back to the first, "Would a

Christian use such words as: 'release the grease' or 'flip yur hip?'" Or, what was my philosophy of Christian journalism (I didn't have the heart to tell them that I couldn't really make a distinction between Christian and other wise journalism because it is all journalism, only one is an advocate of Christianity and one is supposedly unbiased)?

Down to the second, would I do something "responsible" for once and not put out a newspaper on prospective student day? We wouldn't want to scare the little money-bringers away, would we?

So on and so forth. The list is endlessly more boring than the meeting itself. But, one fine thing did come of that meeting, that Publications Board suddenly realized that it had a job to do.

After that Saturday morning fiasco the Pub Board would take no more chances. They now were suddenly awakened from their stupor of inactivity and thrust into the world of responsibility, maybe a bit too fast.

At their first meeting following that Saturday morning, the Pub Board decided it would be a good idea to review the newspaper every week and make sure such a meeting didn't take place again in the future. This all seemed fine and dandy until the first review came about. It was a lovely, positive and non-issue oriented paper (much along the same manner of my first few months of papers). It was given a clean bill of health.

My second paper review was less than exciting. One idea kept creeping into my head through the whole review: the Pub Board just might be trying to play Editor. This was not my own idea, it was brought up by a student who was in a position to know about such matters. He saw it, I saw and a few other knowledgeable people saw it.

I listened to their complaints about the paper each week at the Pub Board meetings and heard only one offer of help. The percentage of complaints vs. offers of help would have been something along the line of 99% to 1%. To the unlearned eye this might seem less than balanced, but to myself and other Pub Board members it seemed to say that they were just the publishers of the paper and I was the Editor (or, lackey, as one member put it). They were there to help, I was there to listen to their help. It didn't matter if a number of them knew of my problems concerning lack of staff and lack of adequate help, they would publish the paper, I was just to make sure it was done right.

Barring my troubles with the Pub Board, I pressed ahead to these last newspapers. Now, it seems, I have arrived.

They haven't

been the best, but these past two newspapers have been filled with campus news. I doubted if anyone would notice the fact that in the last seven newspapers we have only used one story that wasn't written by a *Crusader* reporter or Editor. I also doubt that anyone would notice that our photographers have done a tremendous job this year. Wendy Wright covering mainly sporting events, Phil Wong handling the mundane photos that make newspaper work often less than filled with Karl Koleshak excitement and Paul Harmon, who couldn't resist the temptation to be paid for taking special event pictures.

I also doubt that anyone would notice--although I can't think of any excuse as to why not--that the *Crusader* Logos had not been the same two weeks in a row, thanks to graphic artist Jim Brown. A little creativity never hurt anyone.

One of the most overlooked members of my staff this year has been headliner Dennis Peterson (who also complains of being the most underpaid staff member.) Without him I would have spent more than four 24 hour nights for the year.

Dennis also should get the "mistake of the year" award for his discovery of the sentence, "life is not always cut and fried", in the Ann Kiemel article, March 5.

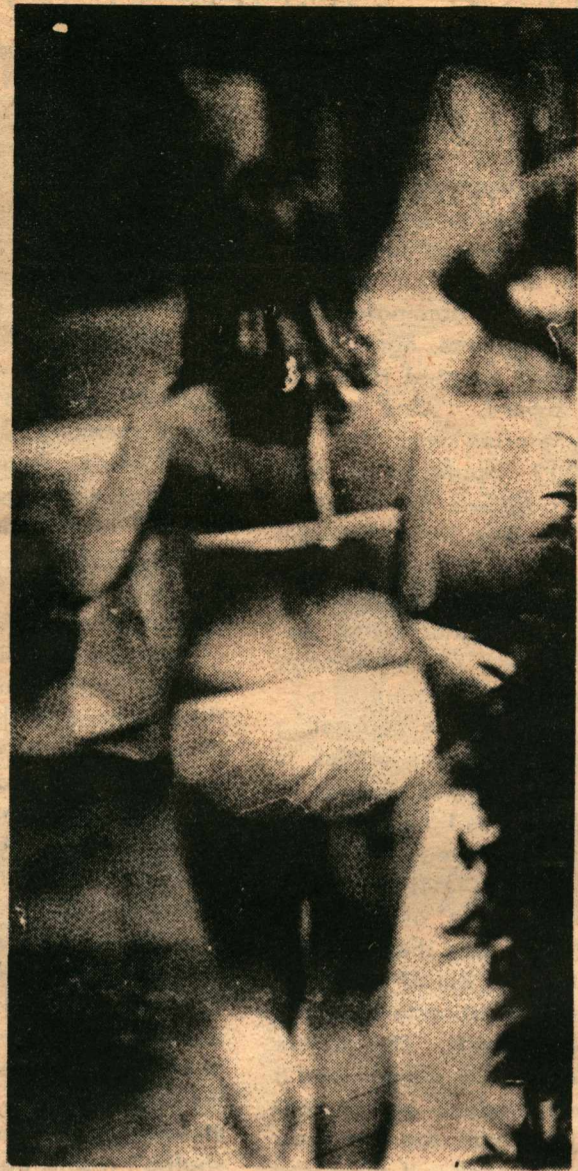
My typist this year, LaVonne Roberts deserves some special recognition for at least mastering the art of typing on a typesetting machine that once cursed at Rick McCarty.

The advertising for this year was probably one of the best jobs ever done by a *Crusader* staff. But don't let Rick, Grady Zickefoose and Steve Watkins fool you, they were paid for their work.

And, lastly but never leastly, a special recognition should be made to my fiancée, Janae Mitchell, who offered much more than just simply tea and sympathy--but that's no one's business but our own.

So now I am alone with my memoirs, as it were. I can see that I have left a lot out of my writing. I left out the fact that I honestly enjoyed being Editor of the *Crusader*. I left out the fact that being such an Editor is a very compromising job, and it is up to the students of the college to see that it isn't compromised. I also left out the fact that few people really realize how much hard work it is to be a journalist, how writing for this newspaper is so difficult because one must always be careful with what one says.

I have left out a lot of things from this personal history of the newspaper we affectionately call the *Crusader*. I left them out on purpose; you wouldn't believe them anyway.



Paul Harman  
presents:  
The Spring Of  
"76"

