

THE CRUSADER

"Let us not look back in anger, nor forward in fear, but around in awareness."—Robert F. Kennedy

NAMPA, IDAHO

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Crusaders Hear Andrus' Political Pitch

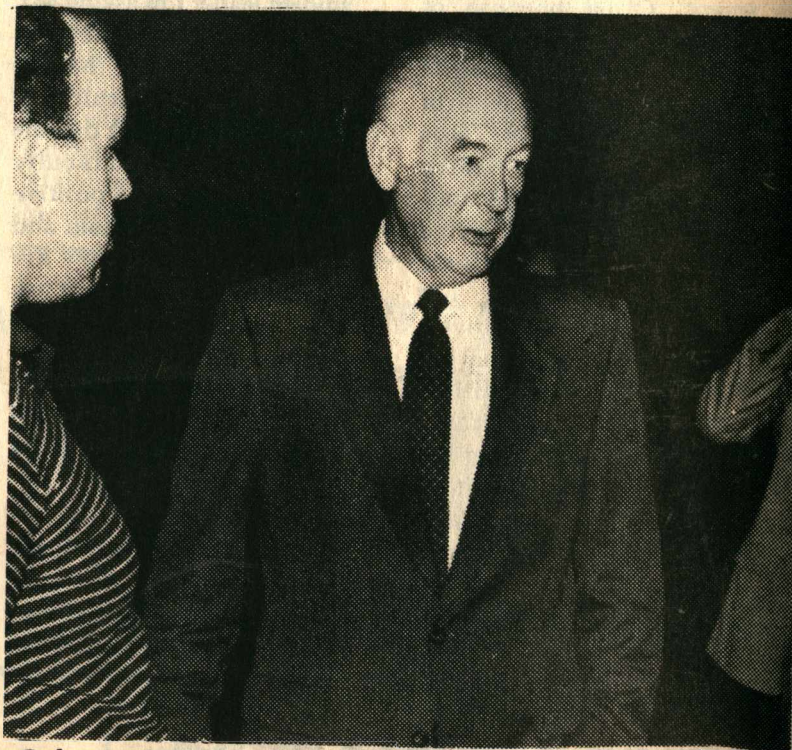
by Rich Hume

Former Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus spoke to students during the convocation service on April 30, 1986, at Montgomery Fieldhouse.

The Idaho Democrat stated that the most important issue in Idaho is education. "I believe the future of Idaho's economy is bound to the quality of our educational system. We need an updated system and adequate financing," Andrus asserted.

Andrus reminded students that having been twice previously elected governor (1970, 1977) and serving as Secretary of the Interior for the Carter Administration (1977-1981) he had demonstrated leadership. Andrus is seeking a third term as Idaho's governor.

Andrus' opening comments were brief as he departed from the typical campaign appearance to allow time for students' questions. Senior Bob Rapp asked how Andrus



Gubernatorial candidate Cecil Andrus talks with NNC students.

taking money from other areas would produce the added funds. He went on to assert that his past ability to gain compromises from the Republican dominated legislature would allow for greater partisan cooperation on the issue.

ratios in small rural towns Andrus said that more money for education would mean more teachers and greater teacher compensation.

Lee Taylor asked Andrus about President Carter, his brother Billy, and fishing



frequently in order to escape the tension of the presidency.

One student asked what the candidate thought of a lottery as a fundraising avenue. Andrus quickly asserted that a lottery would not solve any problems and could possibly

economic development. The former governor answered by saying that if Idaho would strengthen its education system and if protection was given local industry against foreign competition, Idaho's economy would create more jobs.

Watson Defines Academic Changes

by Daniel G. Snethen

Dr. Watson, Academic Dean, reports of many new things to come. Next fall, kinesotherapy, a new major, will be offered. Kinesotherapy will give students excellent preparation for graduate school in the fields of Physical Therapy and Athletic Training. It will be an interdivisional major combining HPER and Biology, thus giving students a solid background in biological science as well as Physical Education related subjects. Interested students are urged to speak with Dr. Hopkins in the PE department or Dr. Fyffe in the Biology department for further information.

Also, the Computer Science and the Computer Information Services majors are

money for education. He replied that possibly a small tax increase combined with

In responding to questions from Freshman Stacy Murland about student/teacher

trips. And as reported, he did not spend much time with Billy but that he tried to get the President to go fishing

Finally, Nef Reyes asked Andrus about his plans for

gubernatorial race by Republican Lt. Governor David Leroy.

RADical Days A Big Success

by Vernon A. Thillet

The evening of Wednesday, May 7th, they started to arrive. With great expectations of a fun weekend Junior and Senior High School students invaded NNC. These youngsters came from Alaska, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Oregon, and some locals as well. We all knew they were coming, but we were afraid of what could happen with a massive amount of kids orbiting around us.

The Regional Activities Days were created by the different NYI regional directors as a very ingenious marketing tactic. Some questions stand out; are they missing the point? What is RAD Days here to accomplish? Are these days a vacation for the RAD students? School was canceled for some people on Friday. These days were RADically different, in some way or another, to our regular school schedule. It seemed like the whole college joined in a family reunion, the kind which we are all forced to attend.

This year's RAD Days response was near 700 students. Did we really enjoy having them here? NNC's male population did not suffer too much, but there were some ladies' rooms with up to eight RAD girls. One wing in a girl's dorm had 35 extra RADical human beings plus the regular college students. These numbers speak for themselves. By the way, did you know that next year the RAD boys are staying in the men's dorms?

These RAD students came into our lives for four days seeking for the real portrayal of student life, to understand

why college is important. Many came with mixed feelings about studying and the pursuit of a career. Hopefully some learned the meaning of being in college. Because those who fool around while at NNC instead of doing some serious studying will be blown away by the end of a test curve. But learning seemed very difficult while they played videogames, pool, bowled,

and then crowded a concert.

To this respect, our new ASNNC President Laura Grossi said, "We will not organize any more concerts for them, they were not cooperative with the school." When asked to compare the previous RAD Days to this year, Grossi's response was, "This year was a lot better, but we still need to work." Concerned by the lack of communication between the

NYI regional directors and the College's organizers, Grossi encourages the people involved in next year's RAD Days to decide everything in one accord.

A never-ending line in front of the cafeteria and a three hour long dinner made many students question the organization of the whole event. We all know there is always room for improvement.

NNC's students, as a general response, felt good about having prospective students for our college here on campus. Many were looking forward to meet with old friends, others were ready to make some new ones. A real atmosphere of friendship and the special willingness to share only found in NNC made RAD Days a success.

will introduce students to both the scientific and business aspects of computer study. After being properly introduced to both majors, students will be more capable of choosing the major that will most adequately fulfill their goals.

Next year will see many new faces on campus as replacements for retired teachers are being hired and many vacancies which haven't been filled in the past are now being filled. Next year will also bring back some familiar faces: C.S. Cowles in the Philosophy and Religion Department, Keith Drahn in Speech Communications and Randy Simmons with the John E. Riley Library.

This summer over fifty undergraduate and graduate courses will be offered at NNC. Summer school will consist of two four week sessions. The first session runs from June 16 to July 11, and the second session will run from July 14 till August 8. For further information and a complete list of course descriptions contact the Registrar's office.

Plans that will be seeing major emphasis next year are the construction of a new two year catalog for 1987-89 and a self-evaluation of academic course offerings. In October of 1987, the Northwest Accreditation Association will be evaluating the curriculum at NNC.

Dr. Watson has had a very busy two terms as the new Academic Dean. He has spent much time and effort in refilling positions that haven't been filled and in getting things caught up. As for next year, Dr. Watson says, "I'm still real excited about the potential and the cooperation of everyone getting me oriented. I look forward to a really good year next year."

New Class Officers Elected

by Cinda Kammermann

Spring term is a time for new life, renewal, fresh ideas, and positions to be filled on the campus of Northwest Nazarene College. This includes the elections of the new class officers. The newly elected officers are--Sophomore class: President, Bryon Hemphill; Vice-President, Greg Cullen; Secretary, Karen Steenblock; Treasurer, Dolly DuBois; Chaplain, Paul Barber; Publications Board members, Gretchen Dautermann and Rebecca Nauman; Senators, Scott Higer, Brent Rice, and Kurt Finkbeiner. Junior class: President, Bob Condon; Vice-President, Vernon Thillet; Secretary, Debbi Geno; Treasurer, Kris Sturtz; Chaplain, Tom Oord;

Publications Board members, Lorren Maggard and Tim Petty; Senators, Ryan Roberts, Tyler Martin, and Sharna Newell. Senior Class: President, Jeff Shea; Vice-President, Jana Zellmer; Secretary, Kristyn Prins; Treasurer, Cindy Bowen; Chaplain, Lou Garza;

Publications Board members, Mike Bannon and Sandi Nelson; Senators, Mel Lima, Rich Hume, and Olivia Tate. Friday, May 2 each leader assumed the responsibility of the office they were elected to for the 1986-87 academic year.

Each year creates new horizons to be reached to further the development of NNC, and tie the bonds of unity tighter among the classes. The new leaders have already taken that first plunge. Oord expressed, "I think we really have some very qualified people. I feel Bob Condon will do an excellent job because he is creative and has experience in organizing activities." Oord also mentioned his desire as Chaplain to do some unique and different things in correspondence with the other class Chaplains. Another class officer, senior Sophomore

Senator, Kurt Finkbeiner, determinedly spoke of his expectations, "I'm looking for-

ward to the challenges and the possibilities that are going to come before the Senate. My desire is to serve the people in the position of an officer in the student government. I would like to see the students be more involved in that they are more informed of what is going on in the Senate and the student government." He would like to push for a

Senate newsletter. It is obvious that these new leaders are capable leaders with the willingness to work overtime to get the job done properly. *The Crusader* wishes to extend congratulations and much luck to the new class officers. Freshman class officers will be elected at the beginning of the next school year.

Popcorn

by Karyn Imel

The rugged edges of a creamy-white puff yawn to expose tiny flecks of gold leaf, the only remains of a former life.

Blooming in an easy miracle without sunlight or water, a ripe flower of brittle softness was born, weightless and without life.

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EDITORIAL

Beware the Bummer Summer

A. Gordon Wetmore
NNC President



Moving from a structured environment to one that is less regulated can be a blessing or a bane, especially if it is an interim between the spring/fall terms. For those who are graduating and entering the "work force" the structure will come with a paycheck.

The defense against the bummer summer is to do a bit of planning as to how one could use one's time in the relatively unstructured summer.

Here are some guidelines to beat the summer bummer blues:

1. Center down for awhile and reflect on your personal quiet time with Jesus. Revive the basics of scripture study, prayer, and meaningful involvement in a community of believers and active disciples.
2. Take time to look around and see where you are on your personal journey. Reflect on where you have been and where it seems you are going.
3. Intentionally commit yourself to a summer project. List the options which arise from some purpose of thinking on your part. Write down your plan to accomplish the project. Keep it simple and practical. You may want to keep a journal on your progress.
4. Make someone else's summer better by intentionally choosing to do so.

You need not be captivated by the summer bummer blues. The summer of '86 could be your best ever.

So, be it!

Liberal Arts or False Starts

by Rich Hume

Liberal arts education. This is probably the most overused and least understood phrase the NNC undergrad hears. This tired phrase is loosely slapped upon everything we do at college. For this college to claim that it has arrived...that is, that it has accomplished and is accomplishing the liberal education of its students is really a cause for fear and alarm.

I do not consider myself educated or wise. However, I am familiar enough with NNC to realize what I have learned from my experience here.

This college has all the potential of a liberal arts institution. It's combination of humanities, social sciences, physical and natural sciences, and theology/philosophy all provide an umbrella under which the student can learn. However, many of these programs consist of a single professor who alone must give many students education in diverse areas. One professor, with one mind,

with one set of values, cannot do justice to "liberal arts education."

Liberal arts education is not ongoing when a science professor feels an obligation to offer what amounts to a near apology for being a uniformitarian. Liberal arts education is not ongoing when denominationalism controls a Religion/Philosophy department. Often because of NNC's great Nazarene heritage religion is taught rather than the discipline of theology. Liberal arts education is not ongoing when artists and musicians, and actors are restricted regarding the free practice of their art. NNC is not adequate...it has not arrived. There is so much potential but it is shackled by a political constituency and governing denomination that either has rejected its Wesleyan heritage or is plainly not interested in using the brain to God's glory.

Well, that was the prophecy. NNC is doing

several great things. The recent push to motivate NNC faculty without doctorates to earn them is positive. The recent student art exhibit in the library was positive. The plans for institutional development are positive. All of these efforts are very very encouraging. The NNC of 1995 will be a better college.

Yet, as a student entering his senior year and as a student leader I'm asking MY COLLEGE for something more. I'm asking the administration and faculty not to limit students. I ask that the administration and faculty show courage to do positive things for the Kingdom and education even if they are politically unpopular. I ask those who profess Christ to students to do business differently than the world does. If NNC is truly in God's will than no "constituency" can put the "squeeze" on it.

There are no colleges that provide a true "liberal arts education" completely. Just as "Christian perfection" can never be completely realized

for the earthbound individual neither is providing a "liberal arts education" something that can be completely achieved. As the Oracle of Delphi assured Socrates that wisdom is knowing ones ignorance so must this attitude be held at NNC. We have not arrived but we are continuing the struggle. Some colleges are farther along in understanding and offering true liberal arts education but once a college says..."we are there" they have really gone wrong. We must never take for granted anything. Faculty, students, and administrators must always be open and self-critical.

This is the last issue of *The Crusader* for 1985-86 and I hope the newspaper has been a part of education. The ideas and opinions from above are my own. I am not wise nor particularly intelligent...only concerned. Concerned about my education and the education of my friends.

Meanderings of an aimless mind.

by Leland Ford Taylor II

In 1892 there wasn't much to see in Nevada. The desert is a peculiar place. What trees there are are severely thin. George Washington grew up in Nevada. So did Marilyn Monroe. There were many Mexicans and other races. One woman, Ruth Neslund

was milking cows one day when her house burned down. She had nothing left so she went south. Crossing into Arizona, she bumped into the King Tut tomb. Tut repressed his feelings to such a degree that his body just hung around 2,000 years waiting for him to feel. That night he

happened into the Taurus Lounge to witness Rita Coolidge sing "Feelings." Since there were no servicemen along, he sat at table 5 and ordered a coke. Aaron Spelling was at the next table and he had the waiter take Tut a bowl of pretzels. Ruth walked in. Tut spied her. She

spied him. As she sat down beside him, he whispered "It can't be this good." She swooned. He caught her and kissed her. She got up, walked out, hailed a taxi, and built Mt. Rushmore.

To the Editor:

In the last week I have observed an interesting phenomenon and I would like to share it with you. Let's call it the disease of "close-minded inconsistency." Those who went to see "Persecution" play at the All-School Skate fundraiser for the Crusader Choir saw a prime example of this. "Persecution" was told not to play because of the "wrongness" of rock music. I can handle it if someone believes that—but then to turn around and play ZZ Top's song, *She's Got Legs (and She Knows How to Use Them)* and to play YMCA by the Village People—which is a song by fags about homosexuals—is a little inconsistent from my viewpoint.

We can talk about faculty being inconsistent—but what about us students? In Senate the debate rambles on—who should the Chief Justice be? Is the criteria based on experience? If it is, then no one will ever be approved by Senate because on June 9th there will be no student here on NNC's campus who has previously been the Chief Justice (both Bruce Booker, and Dorothy Farhadian will be graduating). But if the question is—who will represent the Associated Student Body as a whole? Then the class Senators have a duty to vote as Representatives from their class not as the elected, voting on the basis of their own whims and desires.

I hope that *The Crusader* will continue with its fine efforts toward being consistent.

Thank You,
Laura Grossi
ASNNC President

Dear Editor:

I have a tremendous bone to pick with ASNNC and the students of this college.

Today, May 23rd, I observed a petition to recall the **election** of the current Executive Vice-President. I consider this to be the last straw in the conflict between certain officers of the ASNNC Executive Cabinet. Being a Senator, I have seen and heard of the bickering and backstabbing between those certain officials. Granted, I do not know the whole story behind the conflict; however I perceive the strife to be debilitating intertwining of political and personal views. This has led to miscommunication and second-guessing of the two opposing officers. I appeal to the involved. Please, for the sake of your friendship and ASNNC, leave your personal fights out of the office. Petitions are immature and roundabout ways of dealing with the real problem. Confront each other with this dilemma, get it over with, and then work together. Politics is the resolution of conflict, but when personal matters jump in the way, feelings are hurt and nothing substantial is done.

To the students who signed the petition, I say this. I have attended Senate every session since this conflict began, yet most every name I saw on the petition has not been present and seen this. Thus, you have not been subjected to both sides of the issue. The petition was biased and partially untrue. I am not saying the Executive Vice-President is completely innocent, in fact, some of the accusations are partially true. However, I urge every student who signed that petition to get the whole, unbiased story and then

reconsider their signature. The students of Northwest Nazarene College have been wrongly shown a personal conflict as a political problem. I consider this recall petition senseless. The majority of the students have no idea really what they are signing, for the truth has been twisted.

I urge the conflicting officers to discuss between themselves the problem, give the students of NNC their feeling and other relevant information, and *then* allow the petition to circulate. The students of NNC could then intelligently make a decision.

Sincerely,
J. Brent Rice
Sophomore Senator

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter in regard to Jim Chase's letter in the last issue. Although I didn't try out for a summer traveling group, (because I can't sing), I did hear about many of the same complaints that Jim Chase did. Whether these are true or not, I don't know, but I do know that Mr. Chase made a few comments that I don't agree with. He said that "the majority of the people that went last summer were freshmen," but for Mr. Chase's information only four out of fifteen people were freshmen, hardly a majority. This year, seven out of sixteen people are freshmen, which is very nearly a majority. He also inferred that the reason

The Crusader welcomes your Letters to the Editor. If you have a comment you would like us to print, please limit it to no more than 500 words. We will not print libelous or profane comments. Send your letters to:

To the Editor
Box C, NNC

the four freshmen who traveled last summer are traveling again this summer is because of their "political pull and connections." Those four people made the summer traveling groups this summer and last summer because they are very talented musicians and outstanding people. I think Mr. Chase needs to get his facts straight before he writes any more letters.

Sincerely,
Alex Allen

To the Editor:

Several times this past school year many people asked me whether or not I was a senior and how long I have been here. Well to set everybody straight, I am not a graduating senior, I will be here next year, making it 5 years, not 7, or 6, and besides I'll be rich enough to buy this school some day, and I'm going to turn it into an amusement park with the Administration Building being the Haunted Mansion because those pictures hanging in the hallway are scary as ----Then I'll show you all.

Sincerely,
Leland Ford Taylor II

Ed,

Why does Colleen Coberly sleep in a Maytag clothes dryer?

To the Editor:

Isn't it a sin for us to be looking at a picture of a girl's body in a tight swimsuit in SAGA? Why is rock music devil worship? Do you play all your albums backwards to see if there is a hidden message? Did you notice that on RAD days lots of NNC guys tried to hit on high school girls?! NNC girls must be too mature for them or none will go out with them. What seems to be the problem with the guys here? There needs to be a course here for guys—"How to Talk to Girls." The stereotype that NNC girls are all cows is, pardon the expression, "Cud!"

Sincerely,
Colby

Dear Editor,

I have roomed with Lee Taylor for one term this year, after the Corlett R.D.s suppressed me into having a roommate. His feet smelled, his posters were dumb, and he used all of my toothpaste. Tell me why?

Sincerely,
John R. Mack

To the Editor:

Because of the administration's blatant refusal to meet our demands, we have no other choice but to begin to do what we promised. By the end of the school year, this campus will be a living map of graphic terror and destruction. We cannot be stopped.

L.F. "I done told ya you meaney."
Leader of the M.A.L.P.F.

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The Crusader
c/o NNC Box C
Nampa, Idaho 83651



Nazarenes: Neo-Feminists?

by Vernon A. Thillet

It is definite that women's position in society has changed. Married women used to be thought of as housewives, but now many have become nine-to-five workers. Now women not only work at home, but they also have their own competitive jobs. This topic is directly related to our college. At the present, NNC's enrollment is divided almost

equally between men and women. Why would a woman study if it wasn't because she had a career in mind? These ladies have been influenced by a wave of self-supporting professionals.

Relating this movement to an institution close to us, the Church, we find the 1986 graduating class of the Nazarene Theological Seminary reveals a considerable quantity difference between male and female students. Out of the 69 students graduating with a Master of Divinity, only two

are women.

This kind of behavior does not go along with the rest of our progressive society where women are more conscious of their importance. Women are ready to take their place inside this new demanding society. In the same way, the involvement of women in the Church could be greater.

In a local church a woman usually serves as the secretary, Christian Life Chairman or Sunday School Director, and the ever popular Missionary Society President. A cultural ap-

proach will reveal that in some countries women cannot exercise their right to work in whatever they want and are still seen as child-bearing homekeepers. In other words, there is a certain need for the Church to abandon the established molds for women's responsibilities inside a church.

The phenomena of women leaders, directors, and family providers can be seen in open-minded developed countries, where management positions have been made available for women. Leadership positions

within the Church of the Nazarene are dominated in greater by men. The only ministries traditionally done by women are those concerning missions and the so-called compassionate ministries. Have you ever wondered why there are no female General Superintendents in the Church of the Nazarene?

Our society, in constant evolution, puts its concerns on progress and material things; if there is anything that opposes progress it is very likely to be destroyed.

Women have redefined the word *work*, and how to do it. They have demonstrated a great capability for handling jobs with high responsibility. New insights on working procedures have been discovered because women could do an efficient job without using men's physical emphasis. A very important question arises; is the Church supposed to change with the times? If it should, in what aspects?

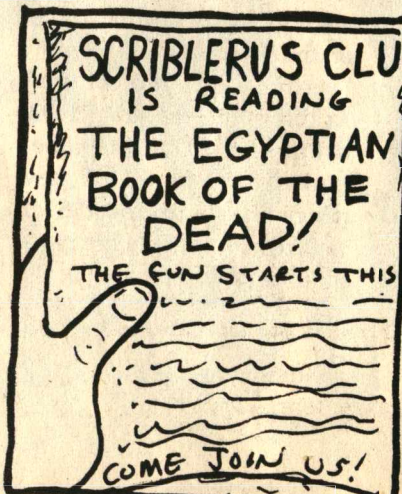
Changes occur with new ideas and women have

(cont'd to page 6)

STUFF I'VE GROWN TO HATE IN JUST 9 MONTHS! by Lion 1986



3:05 AM FIRE DRILLS



NNC "JUNK" MAIL.



WHEN MY ROOM MATE SPILLS COFFEE ON ONE OF MY

Letters...

(cont'd from page 2)

Dear Editor,

The following letter is written in seriousness and is not a jest.

The theme for the 1985-86 *Oasis* is "NNC: An Original." In keeping with that theme, *Oasis* editor Jon Remy decided to follow a suggestion to use original artwork by NNC students on the divider pages (pages that separate the various sections of the *Oasis*). Artists chosen to do pieces for the divider pages had to meet only one criteria: the artwork was to be as original as possible. Artists were to avoid

We, the artists, are angry. When we made the piece we were working under the belief that we could work with whatever images we felt. Remy never mentioned any restrictions other than to avoid typical images.

The skeletons and skulls that worried Remy so much are rather obscure, hidden images. The two skeletons that are obvious are very cartoonish. None of the skeletons or skulls dominate the image. They are all small parts of a whole.

We do not claim to have made a masterpiece of art.

by S. Emerson

I liked RAD days. I like extremes, and RAD days was rather intense. Kids and noise everywhere. It was so great I kept looking for the clowns, elephants, roller coaster, and merry-go-round. What a blast.

Unlike Junior-Senior days, my roommate and I didn't have anyone staying in our room. To tell you the truth, we didn't have anyone stay with us on Junior-Senior days. We had two guys that were supposed to, but for some reason, they decided to sleep in the TV room when I told them that I got up at 5:00 AM. Whatever.

But Garsh, wasn't RAD days fun? Especially trying to eat. My roommate, Mike Robbins, encountered a couple of RAD days visitors (RAD brats) in front of one of the milk dispensers in SAGA.

"What's the difference between 2 percent and skim milk?" they asked.

"You don't know?" Mike asked back.

"No."

"Skim milk is colder."

"Wow! Really?"

"Yeah."

They drank skim milk with that meal.

The picnic was the definite high point of the whole RAD extravaganza. All that food and all those people; it was really keen. Several of us didn't want to dine at ground level with the common folk, so we climbed the stairs to *The Crusader* office. The office has a great view. We could see the kids. We could see the NNC students. We could see John Mack throwing cherry tomatoes at us.

Since John, more or less, did start the whole thing, I really can't entirely blame the RAD brat for what happened next.

Cherry tomatoes are marvelous little things. They have all the benefits of a regular

tomato, but they are a lot smaller. Small enough to put them in a salad without cutting them up. Small enough to put a whole one in your mouth. Small enough to throw really well, which is what that particular RAD brat did.

No damage was done, but the kid freaked out pretty good when Jeff Shea (who had just gone down from the office to get another ice cream bar or something) walked up from behind him and told him that throwing cherry tomatoes at *The Crusader* office was not a very nice thing for a young visitor to our lovely campus to be doing. After Jeff came back upstairs, the kid still wanted to throw cherry tomatoes, but this time he wanted to throw them through an open window into the office, and he wanted me to open the window.

I have to admit that it was a lot of fun watching the kid stand in the middle of the patio trying to get me to open the window. He motioned "slide the window open". I motioned "no". He motioned

"chicken". I motioned "come up here". The kid motioned "chicken" again, and this time the kid's bigger companion motioned "come down here". I motioned "gorilla". They decided to come up.

The kids that came up to the office were probably really serious about the whole situation, so I guess it wasn't very nice of us to be laughing as hard as we were. We checked to make sure the door was locked, then we all moved to the part of the office that you can't see from the door, just to bug the kids.

Maybe where those particular RAD brats came from what they did is proper etiquette, I don't know, but instead of knocking, they lit a smoke bomb outside the door, then left.

Where is Jerry Hull when you really need him? Why are there no smoke alarms on the second floor of the Student Center? No smoke really got into the office, but there was a colorful burn mark and some smashed cherry tomatoes on the floor.

Editor-in-Chief, Rich Hume, loves cherry tomatoes, and he just happened to have a whole plate of them in his hands when he went to the window to see some more sights. Someone down on the patio called up a question to Rich, something about the Passover and releasing Barabas instead of Jesus. Rich leaned out the window a little to hear the question, and dang if the whole plate of cherry tomatoes didn't just spill out the window and hit a particular RAD brat who had just filled the second floor of the Student Center with smoke and called me "chicken" twice.

Rich is a pretty sensitive guy, and he did apologize, I think. The kid didn't accept his apology, and he came upstairs again. This time he was pointing a squirt gun full of juice through the broken vent of *The Crusader* office door, squirting Cinda Kammermann (she's assistant editor now, you know).

The kid just must have been stupid. There were some pret-

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typical yearbook type illustrations. The piece submitted could by anything from a line drawing to an abstract expressionistic painting so long as the image was creative and original.

LEE/EME was one of the several artists asked to do a divider page. LEE/EME is an artist duo made up of Leland Ford Taylor II and S. Emerson. Our work generally is mono prints with drawing over them.

We did a piece specifically for the class divider page. It was a black and white mono print with the graduation years of the freshman, sophomore, and junior classes, a couple of cartoon like characters, a clock face, stick figures, several skeletons and partial skulls (3 skeletons, two skulls) various other images, and a lot of writing (most of it nonsense or things pertaining to the classes) drawn over the print.

After seeing the piece, Remy was afraid that if he printed the piece in the yearbook, he would have a lot of complaints from various persons next year. Why? Because of the skeletons. Remy said that he was trying to "stay away from this kind of thing" in the yearbook. Therefore he decided not to print it.

We are angry not so much because the piece was pulled but because of what Remy based his decision on. Remy did not consider artistic quality at all, instead he thought about how much flack he would get next year if the piece was printed.

Students who have seen the piece so far have enjoyed it (no one mentions the skeletons). The *Oasis* is supposed to be a representation of students, by students for students: Remy has decided what the NNC student body should see, his decision not based on good or bad representation of the students, but on making things easier and more comfortable for himself next year.

In protest of Remy's decision one of us, S. Emerson, has requested that a solo piece he did for another divider page be pulled. If it does appear in the 1985-86 *Oasis* it will be entirely against the artist's will.

Sincerely,
LEE/EME
Leland Ford Taylor II
S. Emerson

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GLOBAL NEWS

Chernobyl Radiation Burns The World

by Elissa Westbrook

On Saturday, April 26, a "chemical explosion" destroyed reactor number 4 at the Chernobyl nuclear power plant, 80 miles north of the town of Kiev. The explosion has been blamed on human error or a possible broken pipe or valve, but the reason for the initial damage remains yet unknown. Whatever was the cause, the Soviet Union under its new leader, Gorbachev, now must face up against what it considers to be two highly combustible materials: the radioactive waste leaking from the plant and the Western Press.

In general, the Chernobyl plant was old and outdated. It was without the safety system found in nuclear plants universally. The Soviets had maintained use of this type of plant because of its ability to produce large quantities of "weapon-grade" plutonium.

At 1:23 AM on the morning of the 26th, Chernobyl's reactor number 4 exploded. Essentially what happened was that the water used to cool the 1,661 uranium fuel assemblies set in pressure tubes surrounded by some 1,700 tons of graphite bricks was lost. This caused

the bricks to overheat rapidly.

As temperatures reached in excess of 3,500 degrees, the pressure tubes melted and were combined with steam from the water that had been

tomb that will prevent any further emissions of radiation. Thanks to the help of scientists from all over the world, with the exception of the U.S., the disaster is being

answer: under all circumstances, Communists always need the truth."

In 1957 a nuclear waste dump in Russia near the Ural Mountains exploded and

the old ways can no longer work or be acceptable.

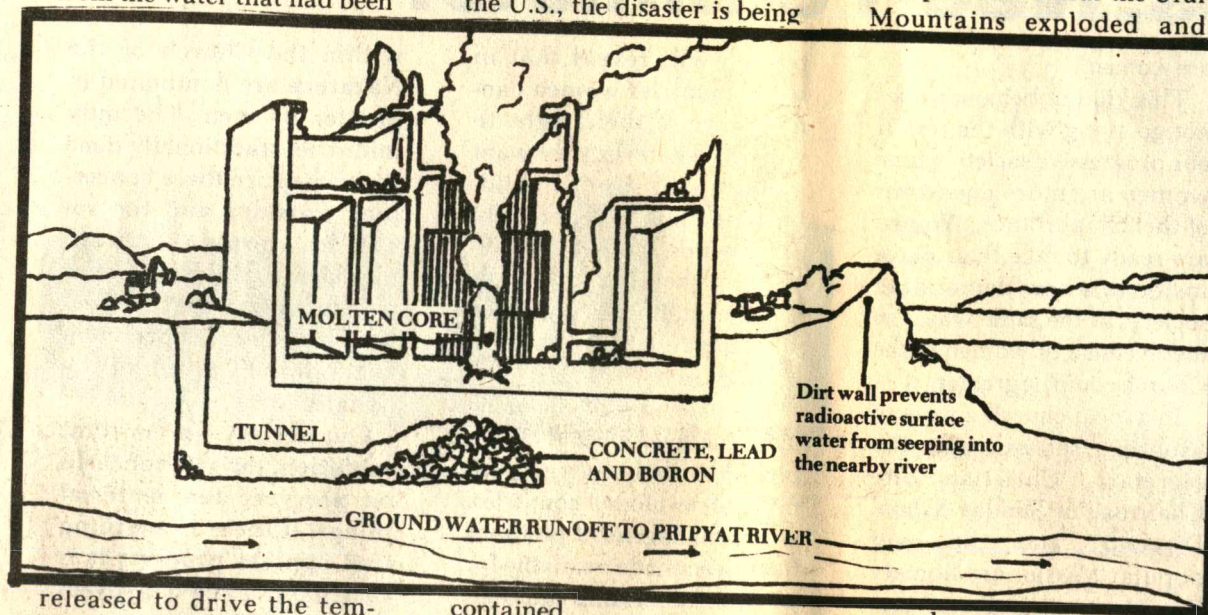
The chance for openness has arrived and Gorbachev passed it up. The Soviet's compulsive resort to secrecy compounded the damage. The Kremlin has only succeeded in portraying an image of an organization callous enough to risk the lives and health not only of its own people, but of others as well--just to save face.

Finally, just last week, over 18 days after the disaster, Gorbachev appeared on Soviet television. He did let out that "such a sinister force as nuclear energy ... has escaped control." In also acknowledging that some 299 persons had been injured he revealed some of what was going on. The greater scope of facts that he failed to release were glossed over in attacks on the Western Press release's "veritable mountain of lies." At this point, the subject was dropped and Gorbachev moved into plans for new peace talks with the U.S. in regards to nuclear weapons build-up and deployment.

Rumors about the amount

of people injured or dead have been flying around the Press since the word was first released. Some sources state that over 2,000 have been killed, while others say only 2. The majority of the nations of the world want to know what has happened and are interested in helping, but much of this help has been refused and what information given about progress has been limited. This only brings about more problems for the Soviets who in turn put pressure on their people to keep silent and suffer through any possible radiation damage.

The key to Soviet power is silence and policies based on keeping their people basically uninformed. In the words of contemporary writer Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., "The dismaying thing about the classic totalitarian mind is that any given gear, though mutilated, will have at its circumference unbroken sequences of teeth that are immaculately maintained, that are exquisitely machined." The Soviet Union is a machine, well-oiled and running in its own way.



released to drive the temperature up to 5,100. At this point, the uranium-oxide fuel itself began to melt. Over several hours, the gases build up and eventually there is an explosion.

Now, almost a month later, the Soviets are starting to contain the disaster in a bed of concrete and jokes about the Challenger. Plans have begun on a tunnel underneath the hulk of wreckage to lay a foundation of concrete that will encase what remains in a

contained.

The other side of the issue, that of the Press, remains a problem to the Soviets. Throughout Russia's recent history, the code of silence has been a key to Kremlin strategy. When Gorbachev took office it appeared that this wall of secrecy would give in a little. When asked how he felt about informing his people as to what current events of the state were, he replied, "There can only be one answer to this, a Leninist

spewed contamination over hundreds of square miles, killing hundreds of people. Not until the 1970's was this revealed by a Russian scientist in exile who managed to piece the story together and publish it. This secrecy is no longer possible thanks to modern surveillance and radiation equipment. The Soviet Union is growing in many ways and is becoming a technological giant. Because of this, it is important for them to realize that many of

Western Leaders Hold Summit In Tokyo

by Doug Wright

and Prime Minister Mulroney of Canada

creates a trade imbalance in

porting their goods.

Overall, President

An economic summit meeting of the western countries was held last week in Japan. Among those who attended this meeting were President Reagan, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher from Great Britain, Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone from Japan, President Francois Mitterrand from France,

and Prime Minister Mulroney of Canada.

Economically, Japan and Germany benefitted the most from this summit, at the same time leaving many unsolved problems for the rest. The problem with Japan and Germany in regard to the United States is that more goods are imported into this country than are exported from here to there. This

creates a trade imbalance in the favor of Germany and Japan. President Reagan's supposed plan of action at the summit was to negotiate and plan for a more equal trade imbalance between the different nations. But, as there was no firm opposition from the other summit leaders, including President Reagan, Japan and Germany were thus left alone to continue ex-

porting their goods. Even though President Reagan lacked in economic gains at the summit, he did manage a united stand from the summit leaders denouncing Libyan terrorism. Western Europe support of the U.S. raid on military positions in Libya has been a goal of the Reagan Administration since last month's raid on the 17th.

Overall, President Reagan was apparently happy about the results of the summit meeting, describing it as a "...triumph in Tokyo ..." The result of the Reagan Administration's participation in this year's economic summit didn't accomplish much economically. On the international level of politics, it did allow for Reagan to finally get allied support of a

common denouncement of Col. Khaddafi and Libyan terrorism.

Overall, what was an economic meeting became a discussion on international terrorism, thus earning the title of "a summit that everyone lost."

Packwood Offers Tax Plan

By Marvin Rusell

"It was a frustrating day for lobbyists when a panel of Congress threw out what the lobbyists were fighting against and passed the most radical tax reform. This finance panel passed it with a 20 to 0 vote for the reform," said Melinda Beck, a reporter for *Newsweek Magazine*. That tax reform will be an explosive issue when it comes before the senate and house of representatives.

Many tax reforms have been proposed, passed and failed, so why is this tax reform any different? It has taken on a new twist. Many reforms have made the poor poorer, and the rich richer.

This reform is just the opposite. The reform was introduced by Oregon Senator Robert Packwood, who was a member of the finance committee on designing this reform. This tax reform would tax the wealthy up to 17 percent more than the standard tax rate for middle class and low-income families. The poor would be the most to benefit from this plan. They would take 6,000,000 low-income families off the tax rolls and those earning less than \$10,000 a year would see their taxes cut on an average of 62

percent. The middle class would also pay less on taxes, but tax breaks on contributions to Individual Retirement Accounts (IRA) would be eliminated, who also have company tax deferred pension plans which is more than 50 percent of IRA holders. Also being eliminated would be deductions on interest for credit card charges, auto loans, college loans, and write-offs

med. Because this is a very complicated issue, many things are unclear and hard to understand. There are many pro's and con's covering this issue, and one problem is that the expert bankers, investors, and people on wall street do not have all the answers to what effect this would have on the economy. This is what makes this issue very touchy.

The main idea of this bill is to eliminate loopholes and

I.R.S.



for items such as union dues safe deposit boxes, and professional publications, will also be eliminated. A 27 percent top rate tax would cover the income from the sale of stocks, stamps, gold, and other investments, which is 20 percent higher than it is now. One hundred and eight billion dollars would be shifted from individuals to corporations by being taxed.

Even though the things that have been mentioned may sound good, that was just the top of the issue being skim-

deductions, and help the poor in a share-the-wealth kind of attitude. Even President Ronald Reagan applauded this kind of reform. However, the bill must pass through the senate and house of representatives with all their provisions and amendments to make are take out.

If you would like to have more information about this tax reform, you can read the May 19th issue in *Newsweek Magazine*, or write to the finance committee in Washington, D.C.

Crusaders Visit 'Frisco

by Don Wols

Earlier this month nine of NNC's finest students accompanied Dr. Irving Laird to the revolution capital of America, San Francisco. Once the rumbling hot spot of the sixties San Francisco's Haight-Ashburg district is rampant with bums and homosexuals. Why were 10 conservative NNCers in such a place one might ask? They were being exposed to what is called Inner City Missions.

"It was a great opportunity for the guys to get a first-hand exposure to the inner-city and the many needs represented there," says Doc Laird. He adds, "the most encouraging aspect of the entire trip is seeing the change in each and every guy." These guys were all a part of Doc's covenant group which consists of: Bill

Barr, Jeff Carr, Dave Daniels, Chris Egger, Brian London, Jim Rotter, Cliff Taylor, Steve Yerger, George Zickefoose, and, of course, Doc Laird. The idea started when Jim Rotter, after reading a book that was required for a class, suggested that the group might put their hands where their hearts were and do something, like this, to help others. The idea slowly caught on and the trip to Frisco was on.

Troy Knight and many students of NNC donated clothes, blankets, money, and in Troy's case a pickup truck. Special thanks are due to all who contributed. All together 60 blankets, 50 Gideon Bibles, many hygiene kits, and a truck load of clothes were delivered to the Golden Gate mission and the

surrounding communities of Haight-Ashburg, Golden Gate Park, and the Tenderloin district. The guys also served 2100 meals at a local food line.

As Jim Rotter reflects, "It was amazing to see the looks on the peoples faces. For instance, Jeff Carr and Chris Egger approached a very drunken and distraught 'bum' and gave him a sleeping bag and hygiene kit. As we were driving away I was amazed at the sober look on his face as he stared at us driving away, as if we were the only love he had ever felt." This was just one of the many encounters the guys had. Chris Egger said the trip was definitely worth it and that he'd go again if given the chance. The highlight of his

(continued to page 6)

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Tradition Continues

Malibu Fest Meant Fun In The Sun

by Leland Ford Taylor II

No bikinis. That was the only thing missing last Saturday as NNC turned into Southern California for a day. Malibu Fest has been a tradition here for many years now, and in this writer's opinion, this year's festivities rank among the best. The only thing that flopped was the mud bowl. Nobody showed

up. Just a week earlier though, Circle K held their annual mud bowl and car smearing revival. Other than that Malibu was a huge success.

The big hit was the Malibu beach volleyball court. Bald-headed judges and everything. Even live sand. And a few people were spotted with sun-screen on their noses. Volleyball was played

into the night until it was time for the bonfire at the lake.

The Mirandas won the obstacle course. It was a brutal and challenging test of human endurance and courage. It was also an international event with Carla Miller from East Germany being the only woman to enter the competition. Miller placed high over several of

NNC's top male athletes.

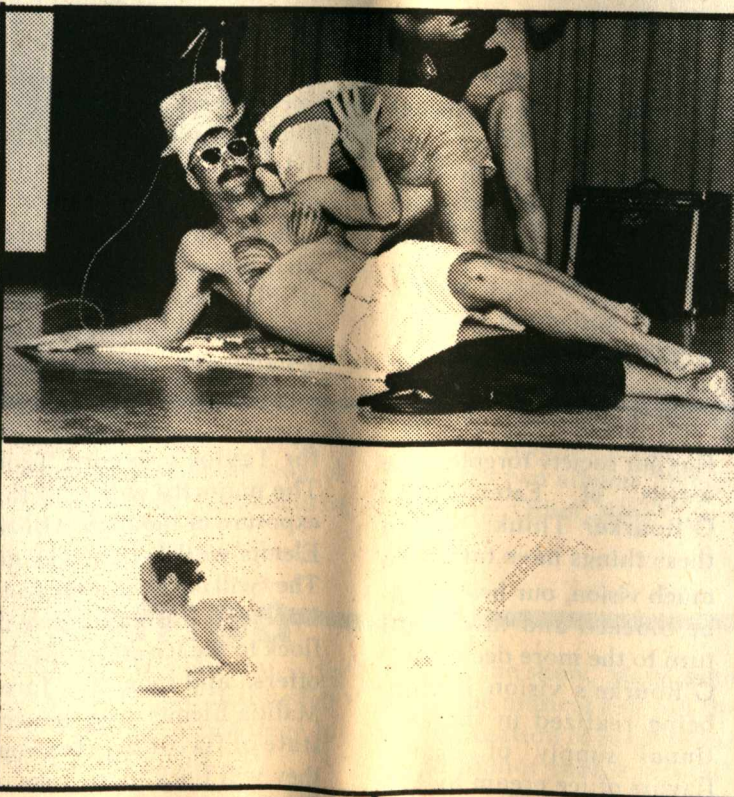
Over at the skimboard competition Jim Rumann sported his ever popular headstand skim-on-the-water glide. Doug Fadenrecht was a crowd pleaser when he glided on the water then flipped over forward and landed on his back. While the crowd enjoyed the many different styles of skimboarding being

performed, Rodney Norcross provided mood setting music by the Beach Boys.

The day was topped off by "A Night at the Beach" variety show. The show featured everything from a cowgirl to the Monkees. The show ran smoothly and all of the acts were rewarded with healthy rounds of applause. After the show, volleyball was

played into the night until it was time to stop.

"I thought it was a good idea to have the volleyball tournament on the 'beach court' because it fit the Malibu atmosphere," expressed sophomore Cinda Kammermann. "Having the outdoor court is a fun way to get more people involved in volleyball."



Carver To Be C.J.

by Rich Hume

The past several weeks have kept the entire student body on pins-and-needles over who will be the next Chief Justice of ASNNC. Everyone can now relax because at the Senate meeting of May 27, senators confirmed John Carver as the 1986-87, ASNNC Chief Justice.

ASNNC President Laura Grossi submitted Carver's name to the Senate for confirmation. After a short question period the Senate deliberated in Executive Session. Senators voted to confirm Carver, unanimously. After the meeting Grossi said, "I am excited about their (the Senate) decision. John will make an outstanding Chief Justice." Grossi went on to state, "I am excited to see what next year brings. Each executive officer is more than qualified to do the job."

Grossi explained that she nominated Carver, "...because he is a well-balanced individual. He will

look at cases with compassion and will see things accomplished justly." Carver's qualifications include serving in several organizations, a familiarity with the ASNNC Constitution, and most recently an ASNNC presidential candidate. Carver, during the hearing, said, "I believe there must be a mixture of upholding the rules and being fair and flexible." Carver promises to give much time and energy to his new position.

Student reaction was mixed to the confirmation. Christy Kniefel said, "I think Mike Davidson (Grossi's first nominee) would be just as qualified." Dino Di Pasquale agreed to her position. Curtis Blum offered "He's a nice guy," when Blum learned of Carver's new job. Jim Mhoon, upon learning of Carver's appointment, mused, "That's interesting."

However one feels about the Senate's Tuesday night action, the business of government goes on.

Chief Justice Dilemma Causes Rift

By Rich Hume

Who ever said that ASNNC student government was boring? Well, if that has been the stereotype, the 1986-87 ASNNC government promises to be different. The ASNNC Senate has twice denied to confirm Mike Davidson as ASNNC Chief Justice. ASNNC President Laura Grossi, who has twice submitted Davidson's name maintains that she is "totally confident with Mike in holding the position of Chief Justice."

At the first 1986-87 ASNNC Senate meeting, Grossi nominated Davidson for Chief Justice. The Senate questioned Davidson and then moved into Executive Session for discussion and to vote. In a 7 to 2 decision, Davidson's appointment was denied. This event occurred,

almost exactly the same, a week later. Grossi is firmly convinced of her nomination and the Senate has reaffirmed its denial. So, ASNNC is at loggerheads over the Chief Justice decision.

Grossi expressed a definite "disappointment" with how the Senate reviewed Davidson's nomination. Grossi asserted that she would not back down towards the Senate... "I believe that there may be personal conflicts between myself and a few senators."

Grossi went on to state that she believes the Senate denied Davidson's appointment because, "He does not fit the stereotype of a Chief Justice in the Senate's mind. Senators clamor... 'experience, experience,' but how do you get

experience? Well maybe the Judicial Board is stagnate and there needs to be change."

As it became apparent that other issues may be the cause of the problem, Grossi became more specific. "I think this (denying Davidson) is an excuse. Some people are still angry over (Senator) Ryan Roberts going to Boston (for a conference)... and there are other things. I don't think the Chief Justice is the main issue."

Grossi indicated also that she perceived some kind of a struggle between herself and the Executive Vice President, Rob Thompson. Grossi offered, "I don't know why the struggle is there, but it certainly seems to be the talk of the town."

ASNNC Executive Vice President Rob Thompson, realizing the emotion involved in this issue, was thoughtful as he mulled the problems. Thompson said, "With all respect for Laura (Grossi) and speaking as a student, I think she's wrong about the Chief Justice appointment. The Senate has the

responsibility to confirm the best candidate. And its (Senate) taking that responsibility seriously. Senate thought that there were people more qualified to be Chief Justice. It's not personal against Mike, but it's just the way the Senate decided." Thompson felt cause to explain, "There are some conflicts between Laura and the Senate. There are 12 senators and with that many people there are always going to be conflicts."

Senior Senator Mel Lima, who supported Davidson's appointment, clarified, "The problem is not that the Senate is against Mike, he's just a pawn in a chess game between Laura and Dorothy (Farhadian, Chief Justice) and their supporters and Rob (Thompson) and his supporters."

Grossi agreed to submit a new name for consideration at the May 27 Senate meeting. Who ever said that ASNNC student government was boring?

Scholar Speaks To Mind

by Elissa Westbrook

Dr. John E. Reily was President of NNC from 1952-1973 and served as a very "significant leader." Several years ago the alumni association and several friends began building an endowment fund for the John E. Reily Intellectual Life Lecture Series. Dr. Reily was in attendance for this year's lecture on May, 5th.

The annual lecture, according to the college catalog is "to be delivered by a Christian scholar of acknowledged education and experience, for the purpose of stimulating thought, and understanding especially in the area of relating religious faith to all areas of knowledge."

This year's speaker was Dr. Eugene R. Rice. Dr. Rice is

Professor of Sociology of Religion and is head of the sociology department at the University of the Pacific in California.

He is a graduate of Pasadena College and has received an STB degree from Harvard School of Divinity and a Ph.D. from Harvard University. He has been much involved in the development of higher education. He was involved in the writing of two important publications in this area. He has also served as a program director for the Danford foundation for the advancement of teaching. He has received an award for the Carnegie Foundation.

After paying his respects to NNC and Nazarene Colleges in general, Dr. Rice introduced his lecture topic: "The relationship between

personal vitality, a sense of self, and public life, the nature of community."

Throughout his lecture, Dr. Rice cited several different current publications dealing with the idea introduced by Alexis DeToqueville in his writings on democracy in America: The Habits of the Heart.

Dr. Rice's key idea is that no matter what a person's vocation is, as long as it comes from their heart, it is what God is calling them to be. Through the lecture, Dr. Rice went through several ideas introduced in the 50's, 60's and 70's. He saw the 1950's as a time of increasing activity in the Church as far as ministry in concerned. In the latter decades, concentration shifted to the idea of the self. People became involved

in various political movements to help others, thus maintaining the idea generated in the 50's of servanthood.

As the 80's have arrived, people are becoming aware that no matter what they do, if it is what they really feel is in their heart, it is the will of God. This idea is bringing people together in the attitude of a servant creating bonds of people helping in ways they enjoy rather than committing their lives to martyrdom.

He stressed the importance of a liberal arts education and especially its usefulness through a Christian setting. This setting can enable a young person to discover what it is that really makes him happy and willing to serve in order to follow the plan God has for their life.

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NEWS

Shaw, Ellis, Freeman, Bennet, Sherrill, Waller

Valuable Faculty To Leave NNC

by Marvin Russell

"I will have fond memories of my students and colleagues, not remorse or regret, but carrying their memories with me," Dr. Steve Shaw after thinking of what he would say.

Shaw is leaving NNC after this year to teach at Seattle Pacific University. Why is he leaving? Shaw answered, "I've been here for seven years and it's time for a change, to face a new challenge."

Shaw picked an area like Seattle because he wanted to move into a pluralistic environment and urban area like Seattle, and all the things that go on in that kind of environment. He also said, "I want to go where there is less snow and ice."

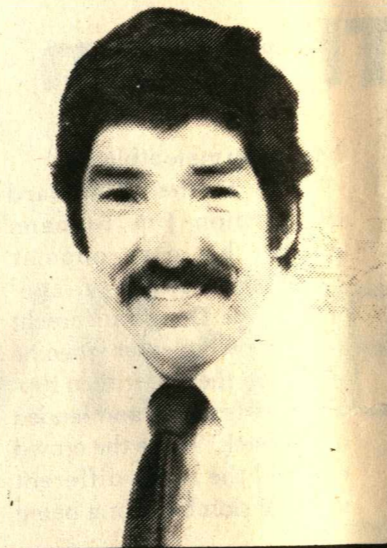
"I will be joining the political science department at Seattle Pacific. The department will have more colleagues to work with, and I



Dr. Steve Shaw

will be able to specialize in the field and teach the courses in the field in which I specialize in," Shaw stated.

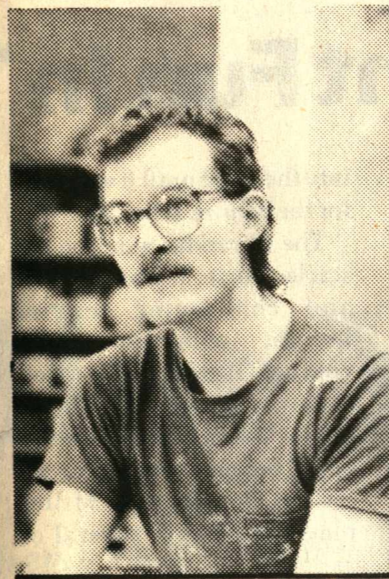
Shaw didn't see any drawbacks to leaving except leaving his colleagues and students which he has made friends with. He will miss



Dr. Art Ellis

seeing those students that he has started in the political science department go through the years and then graduate. He said he will miss playing softball with his team.

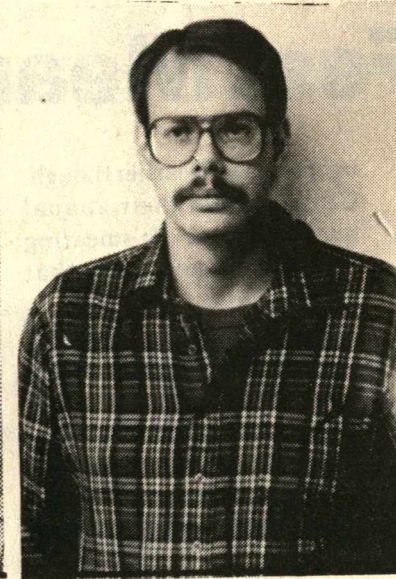
"I enjoy teaching and in-



Kirk Freeman

teracting with my colleagues and students. The reward is thinking and knowing that I made an influence on the students here."

Shaw is looking forward to what things lie ahead of him at SPU. "The challenge I face is to make the political science department stronger and



Scott Bennet

make it a presence known on campus. I will also help develop the curriculum and help reconstruct some new classes to offer more in the political science area. I would like to do some things that will overlap and interact with other departments," commented Shaw.

Along with Shaw, Dr. Ellis and Dr. Bennet will be leaving, both unavailable for interviews.

This will be the last year that Dr. Laird will be working with summer ministries. He has worked with Youth in Mission and traveled with a quartet and other things related to this area for twenty years now. This was a year round contract.

"I'm getting burned out and I wanted my summers free to work in urban ministries. My whole family is working in urban ministries and I want to be with them," Laird expressed.

Laird also said that he just wanted a nine month teaching contract each year.

Summer ministries will miss Dr. Laird. he has done an outstanding job, touching the lives of everyone involved. Thank you, Dr. Laird, for giving up of yourself.

(cont'd from page 4)

trip was "realizing that every person on the street, poor or gay, has someone just like you inside of them."

We all can learn from our experiences and at the same time have a good time. Not one of the guys said that it was a horrible trip but God really used them so it was all right. They all were used for furthering the Kingdom of Love and at the same time had fun being with each other and learning more about themselves. Jim Rotter adds, "It was cool seeing how God can

Letters...

(continued from page 3)

To the Editor:

I have been invited to comment on an issue that is hardly worth the readers' time or the space it takes on this page. This notion of censorship in the *Oasis* is being exaggerated. I will make a few comments though.

I sincerely appreciate the artists who have worked so diligently to provide art work for the *Oasis*. Thanks for

Finally, I would like to thank you all for allowing the *Oasis* staff to serve you this past year. We trust that you will enjoy the book we have put together for you. The book will be ready for distribution on registration day next fall.

Sincerely Submitted,
Jon Remy
Executive Editor
Oasis

To the Editor:

Has our society forgotten the words of Esteban L. O'Rourke? Think: "When these things have taken too much vision, our hearts will be blocked and tastes will turn to the more decadent." O'Rourke's vision is truly being realized in the continual supply of "safe" flavors of ice cream by Mr. Lee Taylor.

Taylor, a true incarnate form of the evil that befalls men in these times, brings his ice cream flavors into this en-

for Taylor's flavors. True! The majority will read this exposure of the Jureo Militia Elemts' work here, and laugh! They will not believe the truth I present...instead they will flock to the ice cream Taylor offers...and soon, in a Jureo Malitia Elemts drug induced state of flavor deprivation, they will flock to the tune of Taylor's flute...stupid rats going down into a Jureo Malitia Elemts-type hell! As Steven L. Bockosterworth said, "...it is such that brings persons like this to the feet of

Dear Editor,

My roommate told me that if I dipped my *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue in water, the swimsuit ink would wash away and I would have untouched and unairbrushed glossies of les femmes. Well, my roommate was untrue and we now have a very unsexy glob of paper-mache on our wall. Could the editors of *The Crusader* find it in their heart to reprint the 1986 *SI* swimsuit issue? Preferably before the end of

years to come.
 Those of you who are interested in the issue of censorship are more than welcome to speak with me in the *Oasis* office. The Publications Board also welcomes your constructive input. We are all interested in publishing the best *Oasis* possible.

the end times, it is no wonder that certain primitive tribes saw the coming of Halley's Comet as a true sign of the gods. Needless paper products, disposable diapers, "pump" toothpaste bottles...all signs of where America is going. And most laugh when they hear this.

quest for new tastes, Taylor and his Jureo Malitia Elemnts in site have been allowed to poison our enlightened system.
 Mory Ross Evingston said, "The factual twist of the Jureo Militia Elemnts is such that the realization of a hope, oh American truth, is failing." So we, like blind sheep, line up

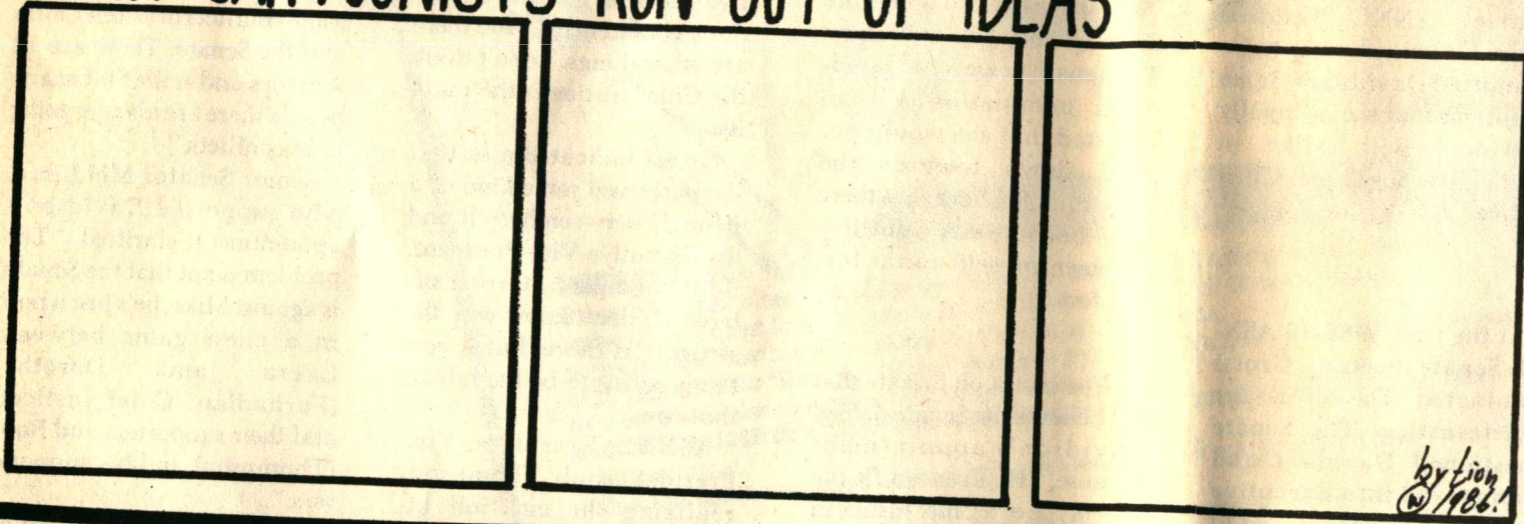
to ultimate destruction."
 I have warned you, heed these words or follow Taylor's flavors to destruction!

Sincerely,
 E. Peterson

copy was getting worn out anyway.
 Thanks,
 J.B.R.
 Editor,
 Those in the Home Ec Building know full well that L.F. is no bluffing. Beware! The time has come for NNC to shake in fear of the M.A.L.P.F.
 J.E.

work through plans to make them successful and how He can use people in such an exhilarating way. This was the highlight of my trip."
 That is Inner City Missions. Being used to help people and having the burden of loving the unlovable. If there really is one of us in every person then we indeed should love them and should be willing to give a little of ourselves to help them.

WHEN CARTOONISTS RUN OUT OF IDEAS



by lion
 © 1986

(continued from page 3)

ty big guys in the office. The ones that weren't big were mean looking. Anyway, the RAD brat started calling out-threats to us. This was

amusing for about three minutes, then we decided to leave. Despite his threats, name calling, and squirt gun-full of juice, the kid was gone when the door opened.
 I didn't see that particular

Rad brat again, but I did hear some firecrackers going off later that evening. I have my suspicions.

I liked RAD days. I hope

next year we get to have room guests, especially one kid in particular. I hope we have another picnic, with cherry tomatoes, of course.

(cont'd from page 3)

realized that they have a unique individual value different from men and they have decided to use it. If this same enthusiastic attitude was used in the church the expected female involvement would be strengthened. In this way, women can be a highly contributing source to the church from leadership positions as they have already done in society. Social changes have affected people in negative and positive ways, why don't we give women a chance?

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Moore Rocks RAD Crusaders



by Tyler Martin

Geoff Moore (pronounced jef mor) is a man of strong Christian conviction with a deep desire to serve God. A sincere man who is both friendly and admirable. He could be any number of men you might know. A member of the Church Board or a youth leader. But there is

Brigadoon

Scottish Highlands In Nampa

by Stephanie Azeltine

NNC's Northwesterners performed their annual spring concert on May 9, 10, 12, and 13, which this year took the form of the musical *Brigadoon*. The show was performed in the Science Lecture Hall with a full house at each performance.

The 19 member group

something that sets this man apart. Geoff Moore likes to rock. And on May 8th, Moore rocked the Montgomery Fieldhouse harder than it's been rocked in a long time. For those who braved the more than 700 RAD students, the concert was a real treat. It's always good to take a break from studies to clap

your hands, strain your vocal chords, and let your ears ring. But the Moore concert was more than just entertaining; it was an uplifting and worshipful experience.

Moore's message was hammered home through songs like "Over the Edge" which deals with the issue of cutting the ties that bind us to

the world so we can go "over the edge" and be fully committed to Christ and "Love the One You Live In" which talks of how we get so down on ourselves that we are useless to God. God made us the way we are and if we are ever going to know Him, we must love ourselves first. And on a lighter note, there was "Why Should the Devil Have All the Good Music." This song, written by Larry Norman, gave Moore his first number one hit on the Christian charts. It makes a basic statement that one can be filled with the spirit, love the Lord, and still rock-n-roll.

For most people at the concert, it was their first exposure to Geoff Moore. Much audience participation was not expected for such a new artist, but in actuality the opposite happened. Moore's strong, clear singing and dynamic stage presence compelled response. Indeed his live performance was such that his two albums "Where Are the Other Nine?" and

"Over the Edge" don't do him justice. He should definitely consider doing his next album live.

Another thing Moore ought to consider is getting a drummer. Alas, there is always something to criticize.

The electronic drum machine suffices pretty well, but it can't allow for spontaneity. And after all, it's just not the same.

The Geoff Moore concert was very impressive and as far as the ASNNC Social Vice President, Ken Lewis, is concerned, "a success" would describe it. Moore will be touring this summer with DeGarmo and Key and Petra, so it seems that he is on his way. You can be sure of seeing more of Geoff Moore in the future.

NNC Art Show

by Richard Owen

NNC's Art Department, tucked away into virtual obscurity in the basement of the Fine Arts Building, came out of hiding recently with a juried exhibit that proved to be of surprisingly high caliber. Thanks to the efforts of the art dept. faculty, a permanent exhibit space has been established on the second floor of NNC's library. Two shows have been held in this space since that time, the first being an exhibit by the art dept. faculty and the most recent one a juried art show by the students of NNC. This student show was the first of its kind at this school and will be an annual event from this year forward.

Nine students were represented in media ranging from sculpture to prints to airbrushed photography. Out of these nine, Glen Ness, Randy Maves, and Mike Robbins each received Purchase Awards, making their work a permanent part of NNC's art collection. Mike Watanabe and Kevin Dunton received honorable mention awards and Mark Winchester won the Best of Show Award. An excellent show in all regards.

NNC's most recent exhibit contains the work of senior art students Mark Winchester and Kreg Owens. It is a very strong and versatile exhibit that literally needs to be seen to be appreciated. The name of the exhibit is "Two Guys Who Don't Lie" and runs



enjoy the show. Many who saw the musical enjoyed the combination of seriousness and humor that it offered. Janice Lewis said, "It was a serious play, but yet it had a touch of humor that made it great." About Ed Johnson, Ron Hanson said, "I loved all his smart lines." Several students commented that they

Overall, those who went to see *Brigadoon* loved it. The acting and music were both excellent. Byron Hemphill summed it up by saying, "I enjoyed the simplicity of it. I didn't have to kill myself to understand it." He also added, "I think the Northwesterners did an excellent job with their acting, singing, and presentation." Judging

together shortly before spring break and spent many hours each day rehearsing scenes, music, and putting sets together. Northwesterners member Kirk Sherrill said that Dennis Tilsey deserved much credit for the time and effort put into the design and construction of the sets. He also said that Todd Ferring did an excellent job directing the choreography and background music.

When asked, group members said that they greatly enjoyed participating in *Brigadoon*.

Melody Handley, who played the female lead of Fione, said that she enjoyed her role because, "Fiona was a real person, not just a fantasy."

The part of Tommy, the American caught between the present and *Brigadoon*, was played by Larry Hart. Hart



positive response of the crowd he knew that the time he had put in had paid off.

When asked about his role as Jeff in *Brigadoon*, Ed Johnson enthusiastically replied, "I liked the story, and when I heard we were doing *Brigadoon* I thought it was the greatest thing, because I

before retiring, and he felt that the show was a great success. He said the success of it and his enjoyment in putting it together was due to the hard work and drive of the students involved.

It was obvious that the hard work and time paid off, because the audiences at each performance seemed to really

enjoyed the show. When asked, many girls seemed to voice that their "favorite part of the show" was Ed Johnson.

by their performance, *Brigadoon* was an obvious and huge success.

through June 6th. Feel free to make comments and enjoy the work of these artists.

Groups Promote College

by Marvin Russell

Three music groups from Northwest Nazarene College will be representing our college this summer during the months of June, July, and August.

The groups are going to be real busy traveling, ministering and performing, as they travel to states such as Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and also here in Idaho.

Heirborne is a group of five freshmen guys who formed a group here on campus and have performed in many variety shows and activities on campus. The members are David Ackerman, Paul Barber, Eric Maine, James Taylor, and Doug Wood.

James Taylor said, "The main goals of our group are 1) striving to lead people to Christ, and 2) to promote NNC." Paul Barber added, "It's also uplifting and leading people to Christ."

Rejoice, another traveling group, has talent from Crusader Choir to the Northwesterners. This group has six members who are Scott Daniels, Heidi Hagood, Larry Hart, Kim Lybyer, Sharna Newell, and Lisa Weatherford.

Larry Hart said, "The main goal is recruitment for the campus and letting them know what NNC is all about."

The last group that will be traveling is called Living Faith. This group will be busy visiting four summer camps around the district. The talent in this group ranges from Crusader Choir and the Northwesterners, to the NNC Orchestra. Kim Fulwood,

Heather Hull, Ryan Roberts, and Kirk Sherrill are members of this group.

Ryan Roberts commented that, "Our main objective is to minister and uplift people. It is also to spread the gospel

and the glorification of Jesus Christ. We must set a good example of Jesus Christ and how we can represent Him best. And of course, the NNC promotion."

PAPYRUS

by Daniel G. Snethan

Fragrance of alfalfa filled the pollen-laden air. Perched upon an Allis Chalmers D-17 tractor, the farmer watched as the sea of purple fell prey to a nine foot mower bar. Many thoughts filled the farmer's brain: the daintiness of the tiger-swallowtail fluttering from alfalfa blossom to alfalfa blossom, a cool, cold draught of lemonade and the crack of a bat at a baseball game—surely the farmer was enjoying himself.

A noise broke the peacefulness of the day. It was a noise which the farmer had never before heard. Yet, it

was unmistakably the bleating of an injured fawn. The farmer's spirit ebbed when he saw the little spotted critter all entangled with the mower. Without even thinking, he shut off the power leading to the mowing machine. Expecting a bloody, legless mess, the farmer approached the wounded animal.

Rather than finding a mutilated mess, the farmer found that the mower bar had ridden on top of the fawn and had been dragging the tiny creature along with it. There was but one cut, a small one, on the hip. Lifting up the bar, he watched the tiny thing

gather itself up and bound off towards its mother—running into the tractor hitch, stumbling and falling, before it finally reached the sanctity of its protector. Then perfectly content, the small Bambi-like creature began to nurse and the farmer was pleased.

The farmer wasn't the only one to hear the baleful cries of the fawn. Not more than twenty yards away, nervously stood a doe. Anxiously she stood watching, as the man neared her baby. The mother cared not that she herself was exposed; she cared only for the safety of her little one. Intently she waited, as the man stooped over the fawn.

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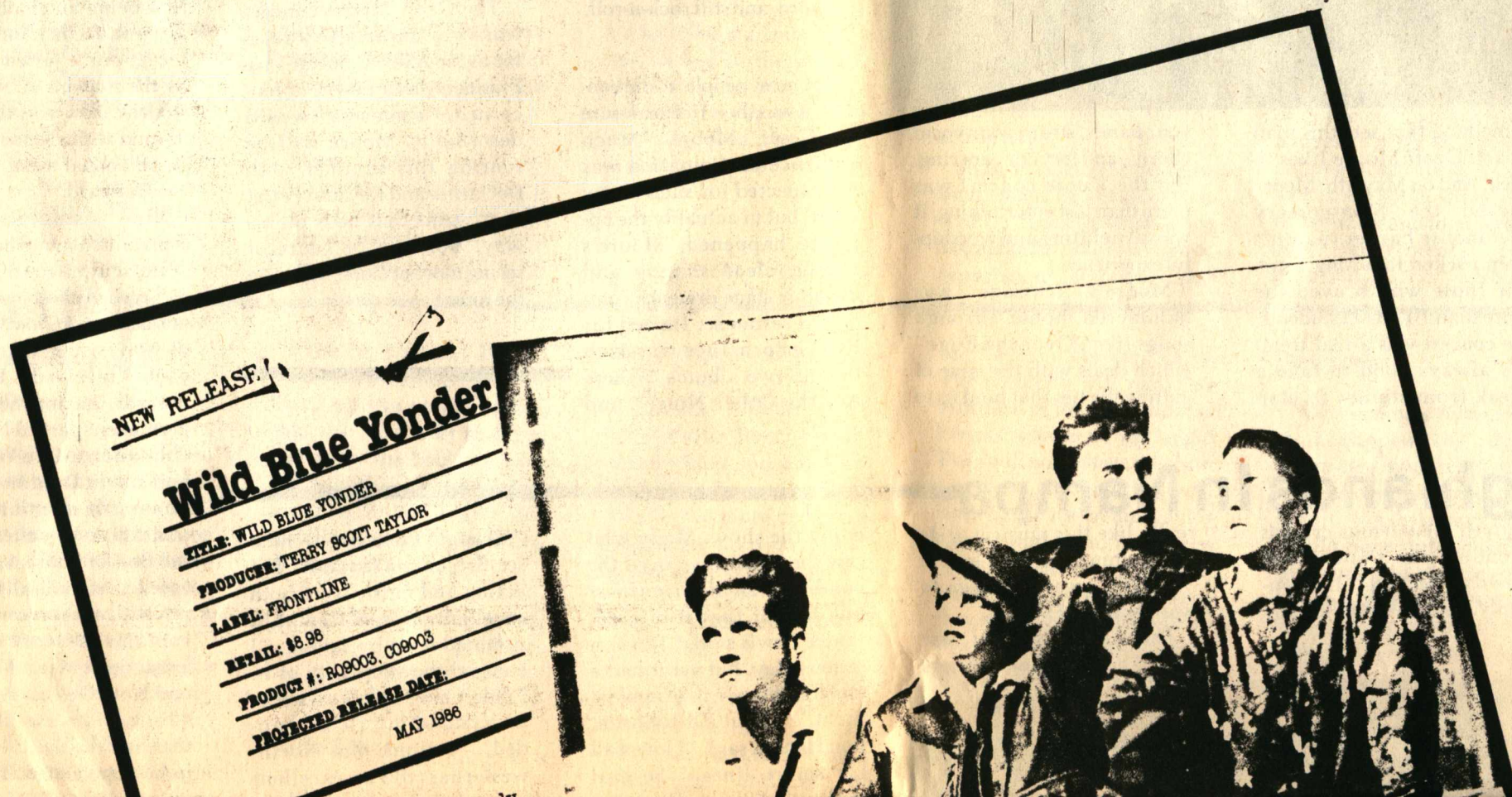
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*Just One Look
 This Love's For Real
 Over The Rainbow
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Bertha Dooley Writing Contest

First Place: Short Story

by Jay Lenn

Syd Gaudet slammed his hand down upon the alarm clock and felt along the top of his nightstand for his pack of cigarettes. Finding them, he threw his light, shapeless frame back onto the bed and placed a cigarette in his mouth. He lay still for a moment or two until he remembered that he had started keeping the lighter and ashtray in the kitchen since he more than once had gone through this routine, falling asleep with the lit cigarette in his mouth. He released a morning groan--the kind when the jaws and tongue and lips are too slow yet to articulate a word. He didn't want to get up, but he wanted a smoke. He pushed aside the tangled covers, propped himself up on the edge of the bed, and launched his body in the direction of the kitchen. His feet shuffled through the papers of the manuscript he was revising for the ninth time. He stopped at the hall mirror as he did every morning, just long enough for the ashen face, the knotted locks of dusty-brown hair, and the pale grey eyes to elicit another morning groan.

Syd heaved his body into a stool, cleared a place on the counter for his elbows, and lit his cigarette. He sat for a few minutes, entranced, until his whole body sunk to the counter, overcome with sleep. His cigarette burned out somewhere in yesterday's pile of dirty dishes.

so that he needs to work over the weekend. And since this is your weekend off--

Sydney did not need to hear any more.

"What will my brother say?"

"What do you mean?"

"What will Will think about me keeping his son?"

"Now, Sydney. I know you and Will aren't on the best terms, but I'm sure he won't mind."

"Does William, Jr. want to come up here. The last time I saw him he was eight. He must be what now? Fifteen or sixteen."

"Sixteen. Now there's nothing to worry about. William thinks it's a fine idea. I'm sending him up on the Friday morning bus from Rochester. Can he stay with you?"

"Yes, I imagine Will would at least agree to let his son stay here when the only other alternative is the Minneapolis depot."

"Oh, Sydney. Now his bus gets in at 10:09 a.m. Make sure you're there before then; you don't want him waiting alone in the bus depot."

At 10:09 Friday Syd locked the back door of his apartment and walked to the garage. He had not hurried any this morning. He knew the streets downtown would be busy right now too, making his drive even longer. He didn't worry too much.

The thick traffic and the busy stoplights allowed Syd

Finally standing beside his nephew, he asked, "William?"

"Uncle Sydney." The corners of his mouth turned up into a subtle smile. His eyes narrowed even more, but they shimmered like two small stars in a midnight sky.

"Sorry I'm late. I hope you weren't worried."

"Oh, no." He grabbed his suitcase and started moving as if he was the one leading the way.

Syd, surprised by his nephew's initiative, jerked himself into step with William and led the way to the car. On the way to his house, he told William the itinerary he pretended he had planned for the weekend--visiting some museums and the Minnesota Zoo, shopping on Nicollet Mall downtown, attending a play, biking on Summit Avenue to see the old mansions. William asked if they could go to one of the lakes.

Syd lay on his beach towel with his manuscript before him and with an uncritical pencil in his hand. He glanced up and watched his nephew introduce himself to the third or fourth girl since they arrived twenty minutes ago. He noticed William's healthy golden brown tan. Then he looked at his own skin and noted it matched the color of the sand--white. If it had not been for the beach towel and his swimsuit, no one would have known he was there. He

other side of the door.

"My what?"

"Your eggs."

"I don't care--edible." He rolled to the edge of his bed and dropped his feet to the floor. He pulled himself up and put on his robe. He staggered across the living room, reshuffled his manuscript, and stopped. He looked around the room, rubbed his eyes, and took it in again. The only thing he saw out of place was the manuscript sprawled at his feet. Syd pushed his feet across the floor and deposited his body into one of the kitchen stools.

"Uh--thanks."

"Sure."

William stood at the stove. He somehow maintained his toughness, even in the kitchen with a pepper shaker in one hand and a spatula in the other. It had to be the hat. The blue hat rested in the same place it had yesterday.

"Do you wear that hat to bed?"

"Maybe."

William moved about like he had been forced to make breakfast. He attacked the eggs with harsh jerks of the pepper and flipped them with strong, aggressive swings of the spatula. Then after a few moments he slapped them on the plate in front of his uncle.

Syd studied the eggs and then studied his nephew's face. He decided to eat the eggs before William continued in his present temperament. A glint of satisfaction streaking through William's eyes betrayed him, though. Syd relaxed a little and took a bite of his eggs.

He reached into his robe pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He held the cigarette in his mouth and flicked the lighter with his thumb when William interrupted.

"Those things will kill you, you know."

Syd did not light the cigarette. Instead, he stared at the little flame for a few moments. Then after deliberating over whether he should voice a response, he set the lighter on the counter and replaced the cigarette in its pack. They continued to eat in silence, both of them with their eyes fixed on their plates.

"I'm going to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts today. Do you want to come with?"

"Sure."

The apartment door stood ajar. Syd rushed into the hall. "William?" He searched the yard, the alley, the neighborhood. He screamed the

name until his voice gave.

He ran to the garage and found his bike was missing. He searched the neighborhood again in his car. He could not imagine where William could have gone; he did not know Minneapolis well. After several hours of searching, hardly able to see from his red, tear-scorched eyes, Syd found his way to the bus depot. He rushed into the now almost empty building. No people cluttered the benches or stood in lines at the ticket counter. No one leaned against the vending machines. Only a scattering of pop cans and plastic sandwich containers and potato chip bags lay on the benches and floors, and a man sat behind the ticket counter transfixed by the television.

"Sir have you seen a boy--sixteen years old, brown hair, about 5'8", wearing a blue hat? He might have bought a ticket to Rochester."

"Well, uh, maybe. Yeah, I think there was a kid like that. Quite a while ago."

Syd ran out into the dark dampness of the early morning. He stood in the shadow of the building, wishing he could hide there forever. He walked around the building to look for his bicycle. Not finding it, he returned home.

(cont'd to page 11)

Second Place: Short Story

by Jean Sequeira

Robbie McLennon stared out of his French windows

on?"

"Bwana, not to worry. My men, they will be right

these people and their strange ways, he wondered.

sound at first, but the phone persisted and finally wrenched him from his sleep. After five rings Syd began searching around the counter for the telephone with one hand. Remembering that he always took it into his room at night so he wouldn't have to get out of bed to answer it, he flung himself off of the stool and found his way to his room, reshuffling the papers on the way. In a continuous flow of movement Syd stumbled into his room, grabbed the receiver, rolled onto his bed, and said, "Hello, Mother."

"Good morning, Sydney. How did you know it was me?"

"Mother, it's a quarter to seven. Who else would it be?"

"Did I wake you? You were a long time in answering. I'm sorry if I woke you."

"No, I've been up a little while. I had just gone to the kitchen to get a--to get a glass of water."

"Oh, well how have you been, Sydney? Are you keeping yourself healthy? You haven't been overworking yourself again, have you?"

"No, Mother. I'm just fine."

"Well, you take care of yourself. Have you been taking vitamins? Maybe you need vitamins. Should I send you some?"

"No, Mom. Thank you, though."

"How is your story, dear? Is it almost done?"

"Almost."

"Good. Well, I suppose you're wondering why I called."

"Oh, no. I thought you just wanted to say hi."

"Well, yes that, but I also wanted to ask you a favor. You know we're keeping William, Jr. for six weeks. Well, this weekend I have a ladies' retreat at the Mankato Church, and your father and William were going to go fishing. Things have been so busy, though, for your father,

time to think on his way to the depot. He tried to recall the last time he had seen William, Jr. It was Christmas at Will's house in Spokane. At that time William had idolized Syd, probably for no other reason than that Syd was his Uncle. Will didn't like that. Syd couldn't forget it. One more memory of William burned his thoughts.

Syd's first published novel had been released two weeks before William's thirteenth birthday. He had sent William a copy for his present. The day following William's birthday, Syd had received a call from his brother, who was none too pleased about the gift. Syd could remember the conversation well even now. Will didn't want his son reading such "trash." Will burned the book. Syd had not talked to his brother since then, nor had he seen William.

At the depot Syd scanned the crowded benches for someone that reminded him of his brother. There he was, leaning against the vending machine that stored the two week old sandwiches. William leaned back with one foot propped up on a suitcase. His hands were suspended by his thumbs from the corners of the front pockets of his 501's. He wore a faded red tee-shirt with the sleeves rolled up one roll. His blue cap, boasting "I'll tell you when I care," sat back on his head. His dull brown hair hung down to his shoulders in the back. His eyes, dark and narrow, let very little in and even less out.

"Oh, Lord," said Syd before approaching his nephew, "you know how I hate toughness." He paused a moment, breathed a long deep sigh, and forced himself in the direction of the vending machine, stopping to read the headlines and to learn the latest gossip about Joan Collins and Princess Di.

returned to his white pages and scanned them, disinterested. His eyes drifted back to the sand; he laid his head among his papers and fell asleep.

"Uncle Sydney, wake up. You're going to be hurting."

"What time is it?"

"5:30. You're red. Bright red. You rolled over a couple of hours ago, so at least you're all one color."

Syd moaned as he pushed himself up. He tried to ignore William's smile and glimmering eyes.

"The car's all ready to go, Uncle Sydney. We just need to get you in the car."

Sydney drove home, wincing at every movement. He walked into the apartment, holding his arms out to his side, warding off anything that might come in contact with sensitive skin. William followed behind, loaded down with the towels, a cooler, and the manuscript.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Just let me go to my room. Oh, put those papers down there."

"On the floor?"

"Yes, on the floor. That's where they belong. You'll find bedding and towels in the hall closet and T.V. dinners in the freezer. Goodnight."

William surveyed his Uncle's apartment, which with its antique furniture, milk-crate bookcases, modern art prints, and cheap grocery store stoneware created a dissonant appearance. This was intensified by the scattered books and papers and dirty dishes. William sat in the middle of the disorder and planned his entertainment for the evening. He began his campaign in the kitchen, reaching under the sink for some dishsoap.

At 8:00 a.m. Saturday morning, Syd Gaudet woke to a loud rapping on his bedroom door.

"How do you like your eggs?" asked the voice on the

The sun was playing with his hair, bringing out the red tints of his curls and his immaculate beard. His huge frame lounged in the wicker chair like a St. Bernard dog that seemed too big for its basket. The new safari suit that he was wearing still seemed strange to him. It was nine months since he had arrived in Kenya, and found that all his American suits were out of place in the tropics. It would be a long time before he would get used to wearing such light-weight, jacket-styled clothing.

His gaze fell on what was now becoming a familiar scene. The black-faced vervet monkeys, swung mischievously from the grey branches of the gnarled jacaranda tree. He kept glancing at his watch. Nervously, he fingered the sides of the wicker chair, keeping in time with the Mendelsshon Violin Concerto coming from his tape recorder. Hadn't the shipping company said that they would be at his house at 10 a.m.? He was hoping that his goods would arrive safely, and on time, so that he could use his violin to play in the Nairobi Symphony Concert which was only a few days away.

Impatiently, he got up from his chair by the window, turned off the violin music, and quickly made his way to the spare room which served as his make-shift office. Picking up the antiquated telephone, he dialed the number of Ibrahim's Fast Delivery Service in downtown Nairobi.

The voice on the other end of the telephone sounded familiar. "Hello. This is Ibrahim."

"Ibrahim, this is Robbie McLennon. I am expecting my shipment from the States today. You said that it would be at the house at ten this morning. It is already 11 o'clock, and there's no sight of your truck. What is going

Just remember, T.I.A. This is Africa. We are not as concerned with time as you are in the West. None of your rat races for us!" joked Ibrahim.

"Okay, okay. Just as long as I see your truck at my house before noon." Robbie replied, hanging up the phone. Things were different back home. If a company said they would be somewhere at a certain time, they would be there, thought Robbie, striding purposefully back into the lounge.

Faith, Robbie's wife, had been sitting in her favorite chair watching her husband while she busily clicked the minutes away on her knitting needles. As so often happens, theirs was one of those cases where a big man had married a "wee slip of a lassie." Her black hair, neatly cut in the pageboy style, was such a vivid contrast to his fiery curls.

Faith turned to speak to her husband just as the sound of a heavy truck came around the corner of the driveway. Rounding the corner, the rickety old truck came into view. There, piled high in no special semblance of order, was the McLennon's shipment.

Both Robbie and Faith hurried to the door. What a relief to see their goods after so long. The last time they had seen them was nine months ago when they had taken the stuff to Baltimore before flying to Kenya for Robbie's new job as an Agricultural Advisor with USAID.

"Easy! There's a lot of expensive stuff in there!" called Robbie as the crew started off-loading the goods. "I didn't ship it half way around the world for you to break it on my doorstep."

The African coolies just smiled at the "wazungu," their white teeth looking even whiter against their coal black skin. Robbie tried to return the smiles, but he was getting angrier by the minute. Would he ever get used to

crates in the garage, the barrels in the lounge, and the trunks in this room here." Robbie told the driver, keeping a sharp eye on both the containers and the men who were now about to bring them into his home.

Kamau, the Kikuyu driver, translated the orders into Swahili and the men in their torn tee-shirts and shabby pants slowly began to move the goods into the house.

Faith watched intently, the heat of the day not making her task of overseer any more pleasant. She had been warned about the movers helping themselves to anything they fancied. She had the packing list handy and checked the number of containers as they were brought into the house. Faith and Robbie had made a complete list of everything as it was packed, even down to its value for insurance purposes. Their agent in Baltimore had a copy of the list in readiness for any claim that might have to be made.

Most shipments had breakages, water damage, or theft. Faith knew from her friends that this kind of thing was to be expected. One family had had their piano broken to pieces, another family had their refrigerator broken off, and another had actually seen a plank dropped on top of their brand new Peugeot as it was being lifted out from below deck on a ship at Mombasa docks. But the thing that you really had to look out for was theft.

Robbie began opening up the containers immediately. He was so eager to get to his cherished violin. He was getting more and more agitated as he continued snipping at wires on some of the containers, cutting the yellow plastic bands on others, while some had nothing but nails to be pulled out of the wooden frames.

What a mess everything

(cont'd page 10)

Bertha Dooley Writing Contest

Third Place: Essay

by Dan Miralles

The Christian doctrine of original sin leads to a pessimistic predestined view of ultimate societal destruction and therefore destroys all hope for an earthly future. Unless Western Christianity reevaluates its doctrine of original sin, it will risk a declining influence amongst society, by perpetuating a pessimistic world view that parallels the prevalent view of much of the secular world.

The threat of nuclear war has robbed people of an earthly future. Scientists tell us that even if a small percentage of the total nuclear arsenal is deployed, it will be enough to cause a nuclear winter which would destroy most forms of life on the surface of the earth.

People have no hope that what they contribute to society will have any lasting positive benefit. Instead, all of the good in this world will be consumed in a nuclear holocaust motivated by man's evil nature. Even sexual expression in which one can contribute to the world through one's when one realizes that one's children will have no future and one's feeble attempt to perpetuate one's lineage will be cut off by nuclear holocaust.

What becomes important is the present. For secular society, the motto is eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we will die. There is no reason to plan for a long term future because there will be no

social fatedness. Gilkey states:

"It is the inexorable consequences of estrangement. But fatedness itself the effect of the sins of others, is the immediate source of untold suffering, of the denial of the human, of the distortion of the possibilities of historical life, of the loss of a future and therefore of hope. It is in the experience of being fated, of being a victim of historical sin and its consequences, as much as in that of being a perpetrator of sin, that evil is undergone, that goodness of life and its possibilities are obscured and that bitterness and despair emerge."

The despair and hopelessness that Gilkey talks about are characteristics of our present age. Sin according to Gilkey is the origin of social fatedness. Thus the doctrine of original sin is a form of predestination, not for the individual, but for society. Christianity has the atoning grace of God to deal with the salvation and betterment of the individual, provided the individual chooses to accept God's grace. But for the salvation and betterment of mankind collectively, Christianity has no clear-cut doctrine.

The lack of a clear-cut doctrine for the collective salvation of mankind stems from a historical emphasis on sin being exclusively an individual problem rather than a collective or societal problem as well. If sin is simplistically defined as only an individual problem then it

Young people who turn to Christianity in search of hope often find an equally pessimistic world view that replaces the menace of a nuclear holocaust with the anticipation of a rapture. While at first it may seem that the idea of a rapture provides an escape from nuclear annihilation and therefore provides hope, on closer examination, one finds that it contributes to a world view similar to those who believe in eminent nuclear annihilation, namely it destroys the hope of youth for a future in which anything they ever contribute to society will last.

If the doctrine of original sin is true and God chooses to allow man complete freedom and not intervene in man's affairs, then man who has created nuclear weapons out of a desire to kill more efficiently, and whose weapons are under the control of his inherently evil nature, will ultimately use them to destroy himself. If the doctrine of original sin is true, then the only way for mankind to be spared a nuclear holocaust is by the direct intervention of God.

Such a view as this, leads to a fatalistic outcome of society and exonerates man from any responsibility for the avoidance or participation in his own ultimate destruction. If man is under the influence of original sin, there is no other possibility for man's destiny. Even man's efforts at peace will be counterproductive and ultimately fail because they will also be

to know even where to start in developing a plan. Most Christian theology seems to recognize the ultimate utopia which will be realized when Christ's kingdom is fully established on earth, but the intermediate steps of human participation in achieving this goal have never been worked out and worse yet, most theologies avoid any responsibility for working towards that goal by leaving the solution to the sin problem exclusively in God's hands. Unless modern Christianity develops a plan for human involvement in the collective salvation and betterment of individuals and society, it may become a victim of its own societally predestined theology.

Liberation theologians in Third World countries are one of the leading groups of

theologians dealing with these issues. In attempting to formulate a view of the collective salvation and betterment of society, they will probably adopt a view of sin closer to Pelagianism which was declared a heresy.

In short, sin according to Pelagius was brought about by the influence of a corrupt environment. This view is similar to the view expressed by many modern sociologists and psychologists. Perhaps some type of compromise will have to be worked out between the traditional Augustinian doctrine of original sin which states that man is born with a depraved nature and the Pelagian concept of sin which says that sin is brought about by the influence of a corrupt social en-

vironment.

If Christianity wants to be the hope of the world besides pie in the sky when we die, then it is going to have to reevaluate its doctrine of original sin. In supporting the traditional doctrine of original sin, the Church must be prepared to accept the disillusionment of its youth and declining membership because its message of hope is undermined by a pessimistic doctrine of original sin which in combination with a lack of any immediate plan for the collective salvation and betterment of mankind involving human participation, parallels or surpasses the pessimism of secular philosophies.

(cont'd from page 9)

was in! As the Africans continued to bring in more crates, barrels and boxes, Robbie continued to open each one to make the unpacking easier. All the while, Robbie felt sure that something was going to be stolen. The telephone rang a couple of times, taking Faith away from her unrelished duty of "keeping an eye on things" and people, of course.

She returned to the room and saw that Robbie was angry.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked inquisitively.

Robbie was uncertain how to break the news to her, but

for my liking." retorted Robbie, angrily.

Between them, they decided to send a cable to the agent in Baltimore explaining the loss. At least they would get the cash value refunded, even if it meant that Robbie would be unable to play in the concert.

The next few weeks passed slowly. It was impossible for Robbie to go shopping in Nairobi and expect to find another violin, and no one could find a good enough replacement instrument for him to borrow.

The McLennons were relaxing on their veranda one evening watching the shimmering sunbirds. The minute birds looked like pieces of

yellow envelope, signed the receipt, gave the messenger a small tip, then nervously opened the sealed edges. As he read the strips of print, a look of surprise crept over his ruddy face.

Faith saw his reaction. "Well, honey, aren't you going to tell me what it's all about?" she asked.

"You are never going to believe this," Robbie replied quietly. "They have found my violin."

"Great! Let's go and pick it up right away." Faith said, jumping up from her chair.

"That would be a difficult proposition. The cable is from Baltimore. The shipper says that when he heard that my violin was missing, he knew from experience that it must

to live as comfortably as possible before the final catastrophe occurs.

The curious aspect of this world view is that the past also becomes irrelevant. There is no need to learn from the lessons of the past in order to better plan for the future because there will be no future. In fact studying the past may only increase the despair that one feels, because one who studies the past will realize that the record of man's evil deeds and wars point to a pattern of destruction which with the invention of nuclear weapons will only increase the efficiency of man's desire to kill.

Christians maintain that wars and destruction are caused by man's inherent evil nature. The doctrine of original sin maintains that all men inherit a sinful nature from Adam. According to Langdon Gilkey ("The Political Dimensions of Theology," *The Journal of Religion*, April 1979, p. 160):

"In the whole Biblical tradition, sin is regarded as an act of freedom, an inward, spiritual act, an estrangement of the inward, personal center of the self in its relation to God, to others and to itself. Yet in historical passage what begins in inwardness does not remain there; our actions, gestated in inward freedom, have objective consequences in the world immediately to come. In actualizing our freedom in each moment, we reshape what follows. Thus do we miscreate as well as create; we warp as well as reshape the resulting self and its resulting world. Inward sin, in other words, qualifies, distorts, even obscures and overlays the destiny given the next historical moment, namely the self and the world that are given there and are bequeathed to those who follow us."

Gilkey labels this sin that is bequeathed to posterity,

individual repentance to solve the problem.

But Gilkey's definition of social fatedness describes the effects that the sins of individuals have upon society and the resultant warp on society which in turn affects the lives of individuals. As Gilkey's definition shows, the problem of sin is much more complex and interrelated between the individual and society than traditional definitions of original sin admit to.

Theologians might say that the collective salvation of society will require the collective repentance of all the individuals in society, but if children are born with a sinful nature, and the ability to exercise their free wills, the sin problem will never be removed from the world, except perhaps by divine intervention.

There have been numerous millennial views espoused throughout history, but they have never been universally agreed upon and continue to remain a source of controversy within the church. Numerous books on prophecy, the future, and the interpretation of prophetic books of the Bible are becoming increasingly evident in Christian bookstores. Each author espouses his or her own unique view of how the future will unfold. The sheer number of books and different interpretations being presented shows the world that Christianity has no clear consensus on where mankind is headed.

Most Christians seem to be pessimistically moving toward a premillennial view of Christ's return because they feel that things have gotten so bad that there is no way for mankind to bail itself out of the mess it is in. A Christianity that accepts this view is only echoing the pessimism of society in general.

ful nature.

As mentioned before, Christians might hope for a worldwide repentance, but for an exclusive religion like Christianity, this would necessitate preaching its own brand of salvation to all parts of the world and having it universally accepted. Unfortunately, most communist countries do not allow the Gospel of Jesus Christ to be proclaimed openly. In addition, Islamic countries with their own exclusive religion, Islam, usually prevent the free witness of Christianity within their borders.

In many Third World countries, Christianity is getting competition from Marxist ideologies. One reason is that the developed nations of the world in which Christianity is the dominant religion, are accused by Marxism (whether justly or not) of being the main cause of Third World poverty by the past and present exploitation of the people and natural resources of Third World countries for their own economic gain.

Whether this reason is the most valid for explaining Third World poverty today, one truth remains; most professing Christians did not speak out or take actions against oppressive social or economic practices until many years after they had been in existence.

Another reason for Marxism's competitive edge is that for people caught in oppressive poverty, Marxism offers a plan for the collective salvation and betterment of society and ultimately of mankind. Christianity on the other hand, with the exception of many divergent and nebulous views of prophecy and Biblical interpretation, does not offer any immediate plan for the collective salvation or betterment of society involving human participation.

Christianity does not seem

planation. "I thought that we had done a pretty good job of watching everyone while the shipment was being brought in, but I guess someone must have kept me busy while you were out of the room. The violin is missing." Robbie whispered.

"Are you sure? Have you looked in the right crate? I can't believe that out of all our things, it would have to be your precious violin. What shall we do?" Faith asked.

"Well, I thought about calling the police. Obviously, it was those guys who were here from Ibrahim's. But I don't want to make trouble for him, or me for that matter. It wouldn't do any good for my record; a USAID man accusing an African of theft. This might be a beautiful country, but there are too many thieving blacks around

sparkling jewelry as they hovered over the bright blue flowers of the agapanthus lilies that were blooming in the yard. Juma, the houseboy, was refilling their cool, icy drinks. It had been one of those hot, dusty days so typical of the dry season.

The tranquility of the moment was interrupted by the loud tinkling of a bell. A young boy came wobbling towards the house on a red post office bicycle. As he caught sight of the couple on the veranda he called out, "Hamjambo. Here is a telegram for Bwana McLennon."

Faith's hands became clammy. She felt the blood drain from her face. Cables meant bad news. Was it her family or Robbie's? She did not want to be the one to read the contents first.

Robbie took the little

1st Prize--Poetry Paul Lai

Heart of a Fugue

*The heart of a fugue is not a simple thing
Where polytonality seems to sing.
I missed the sustaining harmony,
Counterpoint not against the theme.*

*I considered the subject before my eyes
Dancing well within the meter
And in the interval I heard the words,
"She's mine, mine, mine!"*

*This is all and well before modulation,
Having been accustomed to monophony,
But here, having dealt with the measure,
Came the contrary motion unexpectedly.*

*And there is a line with inversion,
Definitely not without a motive,
Leading to a harsh dissonance,
Finishing unforgettably the coda.*

*Having now tried to know a fugue,
The variations of melody,
I wonder if the scale was minor,
And where to find the key.*

from experience that it must have happened in the States. It would be very unlikely that an African would steal a violin when there are clothes and appliances around. He went to the pawn shop three blocks away from his warehouse, and sure enough, the violin was there. Seems as though his company has been having trouble with a new warehouse worker named McTavish."

Mrs. McLennon was caught off guard, but soon regained her composure. She picked up the brass bell that lay on the table. Ringing it took away some of the tension she was feeling. Juma came in answer to the bell.

"Bring us our jackets. It has suddenly become quite cool out here," Faith said, adding self-consciously, "Thank you, Juma."

Bertha Dooley Writing Contest

Third Place: Short Story

by Karyn Imel

My blue Volkswagen rattled into the Safeway lot. What a day; what a morning. The streets were coming alive with the twelve o'clock crowd, all of us escaping from the world of climate control and matching office furniture into the vaporous heat of summer. The smell of life blew through my car windows; a blossomy smell of hot sap, fighting hard against the odor of melting asphalt and car tires warm with sunshine.

The day had seemed to fall apart withing the ten minutes following my shower. I stood half-naked before my wide-open closet, pondering a wardrobe which seemed to have no potential at all. On summer mornings, there's something about half-nakedness that feels appropriate to the soul. But not to society, I told myself, and made myself late to work ironing the only dress that seemed interesting--the one hundred percent cotton madras plaid my mother told me never to buy. I was still wondering if anyone had ever had an impractical mother.

Summers at the bank were always difficult because they demanded classic style. During the school year, mornings like this one were so much easier. I could always depend on Levi Strauss and my favorite funky sweatshirt to ge me by. It had been a forty dollar sweatshirt, much more than my mother would have ever paid, I'm sure. It was reversible flannel, but the

just doesn't work that way. How about closing the account and opening a new one in your name only?

All this time my desk was becoming an architectural happening, looming on the horizon of my mind as I zipped a form into my typewriter for Leona. But now it was my lunch hour and I refused to let Leona Lopp take up any more space in my lunching brain.

I glanced both ways as I crossed to the sidewalk. Half-way to the yellow strip of cement designated "fire-lane," a fifty-ish antique green pick-up lurched into the lot and sped toward me. Stranded, I turned to face it head-on out of indecision. I saw three greasy heads of hair, all male, two of them shirtless. As they swerved around me doing twenty and just missing a crowd of wire carts, three or four arms and at least one leg flew out as the passenger door flew open.

"Whoo-hoooo!"

"Hey, baby, wanna get lucky?!"

I scowled after them as their truck jumped the curb into the opposite side street with a crash and more whooping. I forced myself to stride, not stomp to the sidewalk. Stupid, stupid world.

As the "in" door swooshed closed behind me I was met with a wall of coolness and with slow music and potted plants for sale and carts carrying toddlers and detergent and sacks of flour, young housewives, chauff-

feuring.

Frozen foods sounded enticing, so that's where I went first, letting bright cans of concentrated fruit juice and red boxes of pizza awaken my eyes. I relished the cold, taking deep breaths of the tight air and letting the perspiration chill out of my skin and the bank out of my brain.

A pregnant girl, probably younger than myself, was a few yards down the aisle. Wearing cut-off levi's under a large, dingey t-shirt, she carefully loaded ten T.V. dinners into her arms, changing her mind now and then, making trades between salisbury steak and turkey pot pie. At her gray, bare feet stood a child in a diaper, streaking its slimy fingers along the side panel of the freezer case.

I tried to keep my face steady as my mind squirmed in disgust. The cold had made me stop feeling like a sweating person, and I left for refuge in the July issue of *Vogue* at the magazine counter. Here I found crisp sportsweat, sleek evening gowns and nouvelle furniture. How funny, I thought, that some people didn't even know all of this existed. I lost myself in skin treatments and thigh toners and recipes for foods Safeway probably never carries.

By the time I decided to go find my succulent apple in produce, two huge hands on Safeway's back wall told me I had only fifteen minutes to get back to work. Running late

this morning had started a trend with me. I nabbed an apple, trying to ignore the musty smell of the potatoes and sweetness of the oranges that called to my senses like the Sirens I had learned about last term. I weaved a path between the stay-at-home moms who seemed to have proliferated while I was communing with *Vogue's* fall collection.

Taking a spot in what I estimated to be the shortest checkout line, I found myself backed up next to an end-aisle display of the latest Safeway stoneware offer. In a moment another shopper joined me. He gripped a six-pack in one hand and a bag of Cheeto's in the other. He seemed as oblivious of me as I was trying to be of him, but my shoulder blades tightened out of reflex. I knew he'd make all of this cool air feel stenchy and filthy. It wasn't a smell, just a presence I sensed. The corner of my eye saw faded blue-jeans long out of style, the legs covered in grease. Above was a wrinkled t-shirt of some rock group I'd heard but hadn't liked. His three day beard was anything but suave and his dim, dark eyes peered from below the brown hair that I could tell had been cut into some kind of style six or eight months ago. At least he was kind enough not to leer.

The side of me closest to him was beginning to get all sick feeling when I spotted a faster line. I left for it thankfully, settling in without glancing back. When I looked forward, however, I was met by a mountain of canned goods and...

everything's, their edges peering out of the wire bars of their cart. I clenched my fists, gripping the apple hard and let out the little exasperated puff of a sigh that I usually reserved for my mother. At this the woman beside the cart, curlers wound through her graying hair under a pink net, put her hand possessively on one of the cans of green peas and gave me an annoyed stare.

When the big hands on the back wall informed me I'd be very late for work, Genevieve and Leona Lopp and near-collisions with lustful pickups crowded into my brain. I hurried back to my original line and took the last place. I blinked to find that the Cheeto's and beer had been joined by four more hands, their nails outlined in black, holding two more six-packs, a can of bean dip and a large bag of fried pork skins.

I started to back away, but the man with the Cheeto's looked me in the eye. I froze, not only my body, but my face, determined to be expressionless. He was going to leer now, and his friends would find some loud way to agree with his taste. I could tell he was about to speak, and I second-guessed his "hey, baby!"

But it was weird. He didn't leer. He got this kind of shy half-smile in his eyes, just his eyes. And he didn't say anything like "hey, baby." He

your place back?"

He didn't say it like he was looking forward to the view from behind, or like he was even asking me a question. He was telling me I hadn't lost my place just because I'd thought I could find a better way, and it wasn't an I-told-you-so.

I took the place he offered, looking back at him and his buddies as I did so, expecting them to break out laughing at me, but they didn't. The smile in his eyes looked like it was about to creep to the rest of his face, and I couldn't quite tell if it hadn't below those three days of black whiskers. His friends had hardly noticed me and were talking between themselves. And they weren't talking about me.

I paid for the apple I'd almost forgotten was in my hand and left. When I got to the automatic doors I looked back at him. He was absorbed in paying for Cheeto's and beer, but finally looked up. He looked blankly at me, wondering what I was staring at I guess, and I suddenly realized I hadn't thanked him. I smiled then, and he smiled back, his whole face smiled back, knowingly, and then he dismissed me and started putting his change in his wallet. The "out" door swooshed me out into the heat of the parking lot.

paisley pattern in canary yellow and emerald green always seemed to be on the outside. Not the sort of thing on opened people's checking accounts in.

But now it was summer and it was hot and I had to trade a spring tan with great potential and my sky-blue leather flats for hose and some heels in mauve. What girls won't do for money. Now my hose clung damply to my legs as I climbed out of the stifling Volkswagen into the burning sunshine, the madras plaid hanging on me in wet wrinkles from the ten minute ride in my steamy car.

My mauve heels strode leisurely through the tangle of cars toward the automatic doors. I'd had enough of rushing at the bank. I now had an entire hour (well, fifty minutes and counting) to grab something cheap for lunch, maybe a large granny apple and a muffin from the bakery, before heading back to my rolling office chair where nothing could be accomplished before some customer needed help. This morning the main paid had been Genevieve Friedman, a dear, sweet woman whose ignorance of how things must be in a bank--no, Mrs. Friedman, we had no idea that you never really intended for us to pay that check to the paper boy--made my eyebrows shoot to the ceiling and gave me an urge to make guttural screaming noises in answer to each of her question.

And Leona Lopp had stopped by my desk because she wanted to have her soon-to-be-ex-husband's name obliterated from the checking account. (All men should be shot.) I'd had trouble not noticing that Leona's half-inch of black roots down the part of her long straw hair matched her eyebrows and her eyeliner and even the black strapless top hugging her breasts. Sorry, Leona, it

(cont'd from page 9)

Syd did not sleep. He sat on the edge of his bed, his elbows digging into his knees, his hands buried in his tangled hair. Sometimes he paced the floors. Several times he read through William's ending.

At 8:00 a.m. Syd drove around the city again. He stopped at the lake. He tried to envision his nephew as he was two days ago, swimming, talking to girls, laughing at his uncle's sunburn. He waited there on the shore, listening to the cool lapping waves soothe his worn nerves. At 10:00 a.m. when he knew the museum would be open, he left.

He roamed the halls and chambers of the museum, unaffected by the paintings and sculptures. No one else moved about. It was too early yet for the Sunday crowds. Syd sat down on a bench and poured over the Rembrandt with his tired eyes. He looked at it for several minutes before noticing something on the floor beneath the painting--a blue hat. He leaped for the hat and snatched it up before it would prove to be only his imagination. He turned the blue hat over and over in his hand. He read the familiar words which had bothered him so.

He didn't understand, but almost instinctively he ran through the halls and into a certain room. There underneath the Van Gogh lay William, worn and deep in sleep, a hat line creasing his dull brown hair.

They climbed the long flight of stairs to the front entrance in silence as they had spent the morning since breakfast. Before entering, Syd leaned toward William and said, "You should probably take the hat off when you go in."

"Why?"

"Because you just don't wear your hat in here. They

have a cloak room where you can put it."

"I'll just hang on to it." He hooked the adjustable strap over the handle of the comb in his back pocket.

"Always tough," Syd said to himself.

They passed several hours in the museum. As they walked, Syd offered information about the history of certain artists and different periods of art. William looked and listened, interjecting questions and comments occasionally.

"Van Gogh did something like 900 drawings and 800 paintings during his ten year career as an artist. It's amazing, isn't it?"

"Van Gogh. Isn't that the guy who cut off his ear and gave it to a prostitute?"

"Yes, but some people believe it was only his earlobe."

"Either way, it's weird."

"He was a very misunderstood person."

They continued past several more paintings without speaking.

"Uncle Sydney, can we stop and sit for a while?" William sat down on a bench before Syd could reply. He leaned against the rail around the opening of the rotunda and rested his chin on his arms.

"Are you getting bored?"

"No."

William stared at the fountain on the floor below. He took his hat from his back pocket and set it in its accustomed place.

Syd sat next to William and stared at the floor, analyzing it like it was one of the paintings.

"Uncle Sydney, what is your story about?"

"My story?"

"The story you're writing. What's it about?"

"Well, in a way it's about me and about your father

when we were young."

"You never got along, did you?"

"You read it?" Syd swung around to face his nephew whose eyes still followed the motion of the fountain.

"I wouldn't have to read it to know that."

"But you read it?"

"A few pages. Why are you so upset? Why are you writing a story if you don't want anyone reading it?"

"It's just not ready."

"Oh."

"You better not tell your father that you read it."

William's moist eyes flashed at his uncle.

"I'm sorry, William. I didn't mean that."

"You're right, anyway. My dad got rid of that one book you gave me for my birthday. I wanted to read it. I got a copy from Grandma; she has so many, you know. I've probably read it four or five times. My dad still doesn't know. Grandma never told you, did she?"

"No."

"So why didn't you get along?"

"I don't know. We are just different."

"So?"

"William, do you remember the Van Gogh we saw, and also the Rembrandt? Your father and I are like that. You don't display them on the same wall. You don't even hang them in the same room."

"But both of the paintings are great works of art, aren't they? And I like both of them."

William's eyes captured his uncle's eyes and held them for a few moments until he released them by glancing at the floor.

"William, let's go home."

The evening crept to a close with little talking. William watched T.V. with sullen, blank stares. Syd read through his manuscript once again, but his thoughts wan-

dered aimlessly away from the pages.

Syd retired to his room early with little more than a "good night." William waited, watching for the light to disappear from under the bedroom door. When it disappeared, he reached for the pile of papers and picked them up carefully, as if the pages would crumble under his forbidden touch. He began to read. He laughed; he squirmed; he raged; he cried. But the story did not end. William picked up a pen and a stack of clean paper and began writing.

At 10:30 p.m. Syd woke up and wanted a cigarette. He opened his bedroom door and found William surrounded by stacks of papers. His hand raced across the page at a deadline pace.

"William, what are you doing?"

William jumped to his feet. Papers flew in every direction. He watched the papers glide to the floor. His eyes stayed fixed on the last paper to land.

"I told you to leave the story alone."

"I wanted to end the story."

"I don't need your help, William." Syd scooped the papers into his arms, stormed into his room, and kicked the door shut behind him. He dropped the manuscript on the floor and kicked the papers about the room. For several minutes he paced the room and shuffled papers in his customary way. He picked up one of William's pages and read it. Then he found all of them, and after arranging them in their proper order, he read each page carefully. William had not finished writing, but he had finished the story. A young boy in the story, who loves the two brothers, buys two prints--a Rembrandt and a Van Gogh. He hangs them side by side in his bedroom.

"William!" Syd threw open the bedroom, sending a quake through the walls of the apartment. "William!"

All quiet.

"William?"

*Within the tall green grass
A well trodden path
Winds its way by the hen-house
Out to the weather-worn shed.* **2nd Prize--Poetry**
Cherri Choate

*Hues of spring are fading
Under the pressure of
Sultry summer days.
As the tree-swing
Slowly sways in the breeze,
Laughter--years of laughter--
Dances around in the shade.
The sweet smell of lilacs floats by,
Carrying tiny honey-bees
Off into the garden.
From far away
The chugging of a tractor
Becomes a hum
And then disappears,
Leaving only the sleepy rhythm
Of countless frogs and crickets.
As dusk quietly arrives,
Tears drop slowly to the warm earth.
From two sad pools of blue.*

AWAY

*A car engine suddenly screams
And then quickly flies down the gravel road.
Clouds of dust trail into the scarlet sky
As stars begin to twinkle in the darkness.*

SPORTS

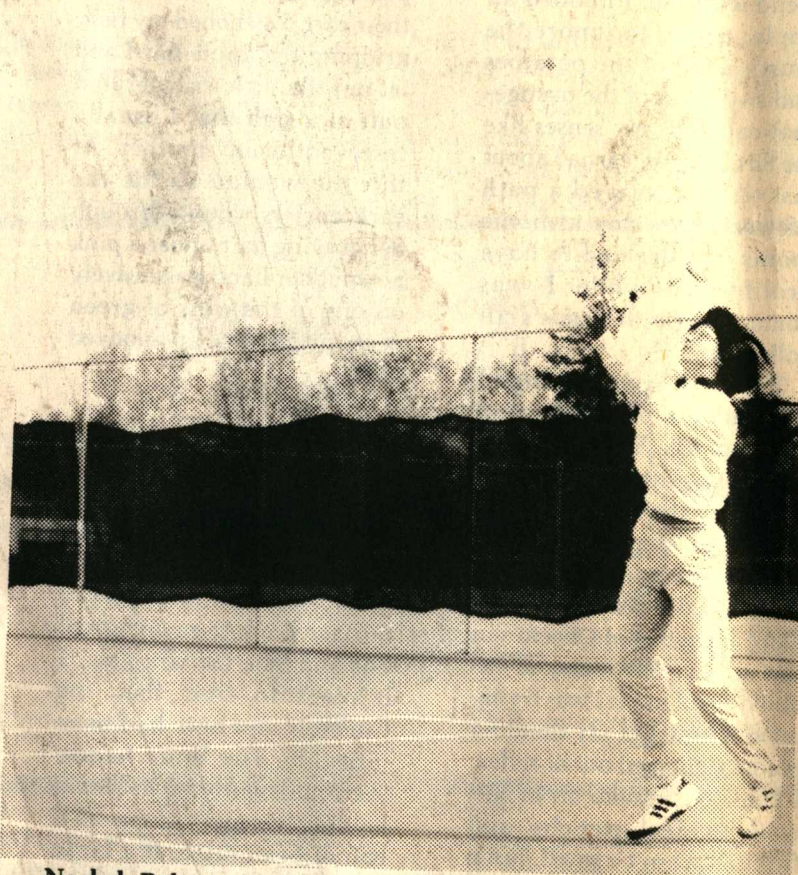
Nachele Robert Makes NAIA Nationals

By Michelle Jones

Determination, coupled with dedication and a willingness to improve, has made senior Nachele Robert a successful tennis player. "Nachele is more than deserving of the chance to go to nationals because of all the time and effort she has put into her game," said first year NNC coach Linda Grim.

At the beginning of the tennis season, Robert said her goal was to make it to the NAIA District II tournament along with the rest of the team. Going to nationals in Kansas City, MO seemed like an utter impossibility. "I kind of had a dream in the back of my mind, but I didn't think it was reality," recalled Robert. "I wanted the team to go to districts."

The Borah High graduate saw that goal of qualifying for the NAIA National Tennis tournament fulfilled when she captured the No. 1 singles title with big wins over Portland's Deanna Weisenberg and College of Idaho's Tekla Hampel at the district tournament in Portland, Oregon.



Nachele Robert

Robert, who will graduate with a mathematics education degree in June, is the first woman tennis player from NNC ever to qualify for nationals in singles. The rest

of the team just missed out of a trip to Kansas City by one point to take second behind University of Portland. "We were all so frustrated," Robert commented. "I'm

happy I got to go, but when I think back ... only one point."

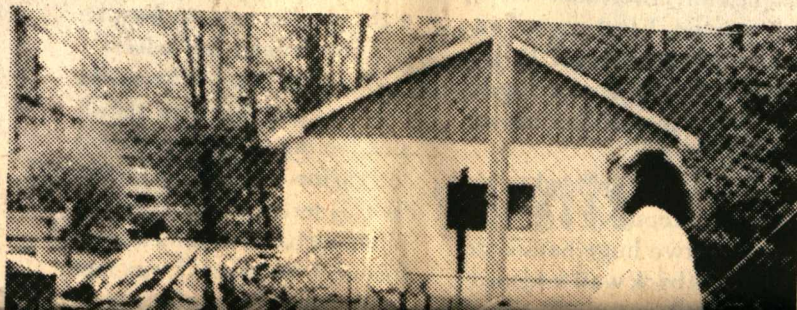
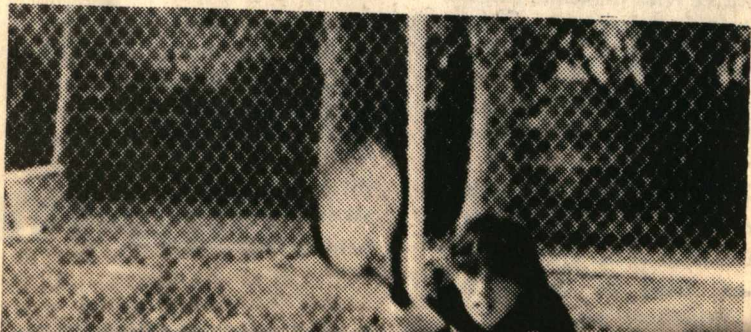
Returning from the national tourney on May 21st, Robert said, "It was really tough; there were some good players there." Robert lost 6-0, 6-2 in the first round to a player seeded 29th out of a 249 draw. "I felt Nachele played well for her first time in competition at that level," said Grim. "With more experience she could have done even better. It's hard not to get caught up in 'Oh wow, this is nationals!'"

Robert didn't seem at all disappointed except that the whole team wasn't able to go. "It was great just being there," she said. The tournament was the largest ever. "Sunday night there was a banquet for everyone, guys, girls, and coaches. Six hundred people were there," commented Grim. "They said it was the biggest tennis social event next to the Wimbledon Ball." "Looking back," concluded Robert, "I consider Kansas City, going there, the climax of my NNC experience."



Greg Belzer and Robb Warwick

Women's Tennis Ends Season



Anita Tilzey

by Tim Sievers

The 1985-1986 women's tennis team ended its season in high fashion on May 9th and 10th by placing second in the District Championships at the University of Portland. The Crusader women trailed behind U of P who won the tournament by only one point.

Coach Linda Grim stated, "The girls got off to a good

start on the first day and were right where we wanted to be. On the second day we played super. Accumulating all but two points of the maximum possible we could have scored."

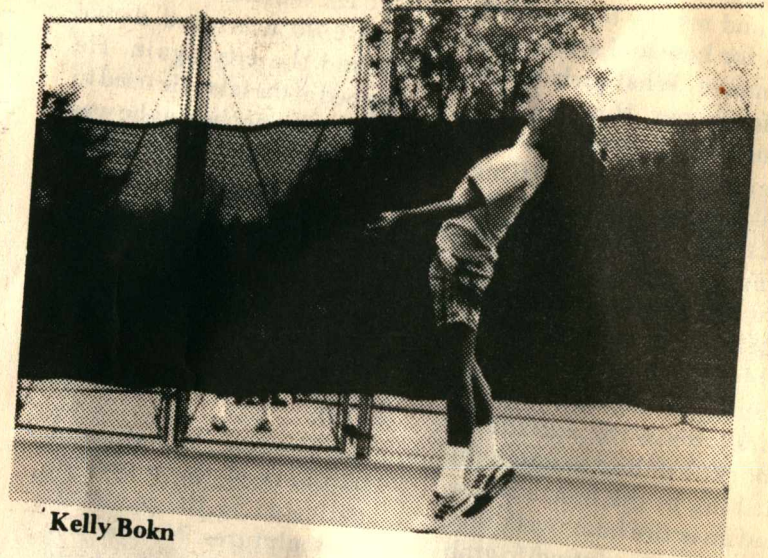
NNC was paced by four District Championships, a second place and a third place in singles, while both doubles teams placed third. Nachele Robert, no. 1 singles,

Jeanne Johnson

Anita Tilzey, number three singles, Debbie Ulrey, number four singles, and Janelle Barnes, number six singles, were all District Champions, while Kris Reese, number five singles was second and Michelle Jones, number two singles, was third. The doubles teams of Robert and Jones, number one, and

Tilzey and Ulrey, number two, both finished third.

Robert qualified to go on to the National Championships in Kansas City by being the District number one singles champion. Grim was announced Coach of the Year at the tournament, an honor she said that both "shocked" and "pleased" her.



Kelly Bokn

Men's Squad Suffers From 'Murphy's Law'

by Michelle Jones

Going into the district tournament with a 11-10 dual, losing nine out of ten to bigger University teams in the NCAA Division I, the men's tennis squad had their hopes set high on a District II Crown and a shot at Nationals in Kansas City.

The first day of tournament play left the Crusaders one point behind Willamette University. The men appeared to be in excellent form for a takeover in second day action. Greg Belzer beat top seed of the tournament, Scott Shaffer of Willamette. Robb

Warwick also led his flight in Singles. All three doubles teams remained undefeated after the first day of play.

The second day of the tour-

namment was filled with disappointment as the NNC netters watched the title slip through their hands. Four of the men fell victim to food poisoning the night before the finals.

Belzer was hit the hardest. He defaulted both his singles and doubles matches on Friday. His doubles partner Steve Caven, as well as Mike Caven and Kelly Bokn were also struck. "The guys tried to play," reflected Coach Myron Finkbeiner, "but they were just too weak and sick. It was a big disappointment, especially for the seniors on the team."

As it ended up, the Crusaders finished second to the hosting Bearcats of Willamette. Warwick concluded his NNC athletic

career by capturing a win in the fourth flight of singles.

Bokn teamed up with Nick Tobia to win the third flight doubles. "All in all, it was an excellent year. We were strong, skilled and had ability all the way down the ladder," said Finkbeiner. "We weren't

beaten by any college at districts, we were beaten by the food poisoning."

The District II event marked the college career end for Warwick and the Caven brothers. Belzer has another year of eligibility, Bokn and Tobia each have two more

years of play. "With three returning players and the hope of recruiting three more, we should be as strong or even

stronger next year. We have developed a tradition of winning tennis at NNC," concluded Finkbeiner.



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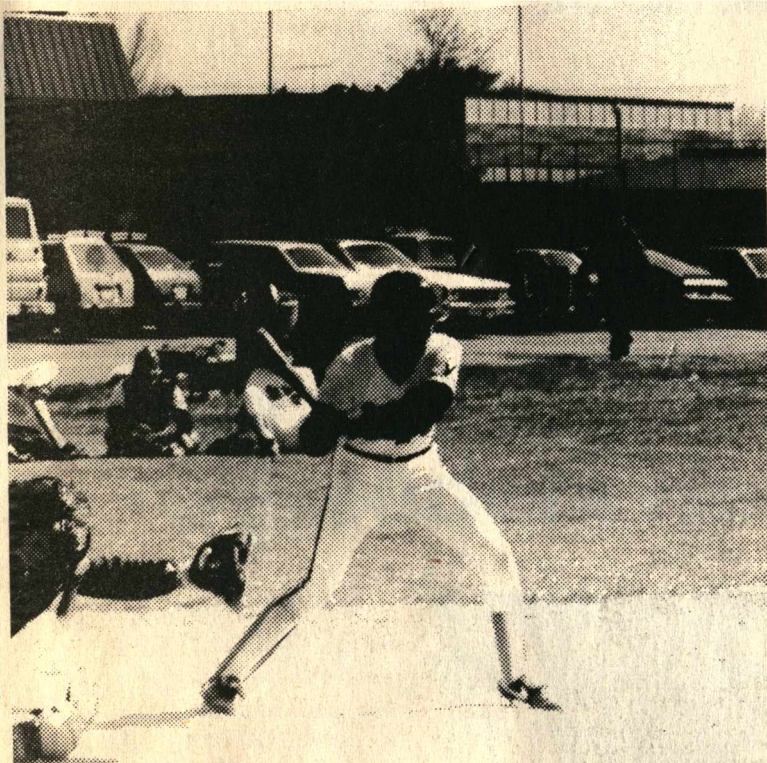
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Hurley Closes Career

Crusader Baseball Puts Hope On Future



Chris Davis

by Mike Davidson

It has become a familiar scene to see him during a baseball game, in his Crusader uniform, traveling between third base and the team's bench, intensity coaching his team, and putting into action the strategy that he had decided appropriate to gain the upper hand against their opponent.

First year Coach Jack Alban promoted an attitude of strength, confidence, hard work, and authority. His experience and knowledge of the game was apparent as he molded his team and watched every game with a winning attitude. Coach Alban was positive about his thoughts on

the results of this past season and on the future goals for the team. He was very optimistic and hopeful that the rebuilding project on NNC's baseball program will continue to result in a winning fashion. This past year was a positive step towards reaching the goals that everybody concerned has for all NNC athletic programs.

With only one player not returning, senior Mike Hurley, the young and very talented roster that is returning is going to be joined by some recruits that will make the team so well rounded at every position, that they will improve still further on their successes of this past year.

Alban is concentrating his recruiting efforts on the signing of some pitchers that will add to the strength that starting pitchers John Myers and Marcus Menicucci already give to the lineup.

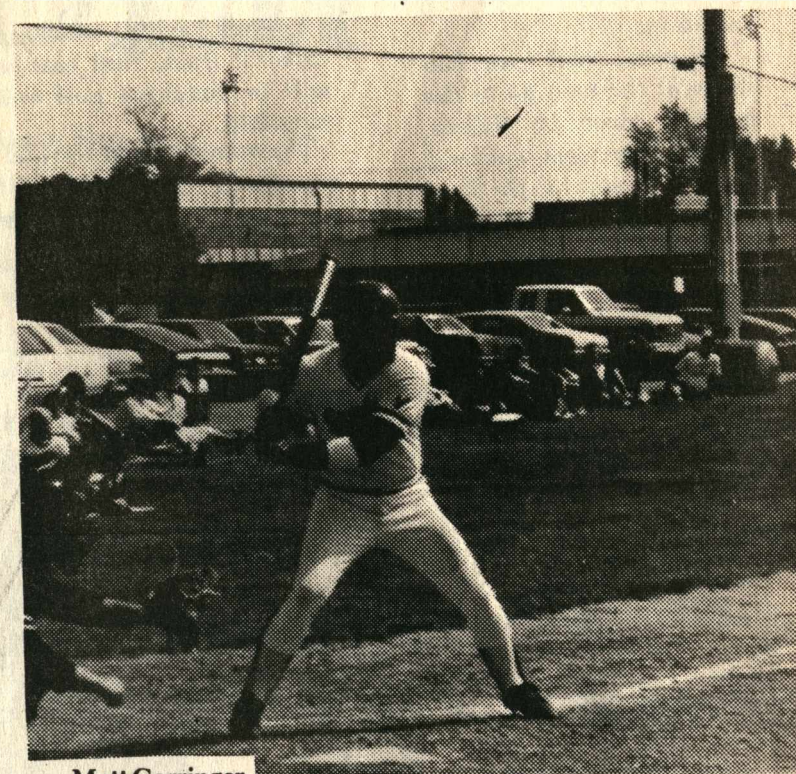
Returning for the team as seniors next fall is Jeff Shea and Steve Metcalfe. Shea is a second basemen who made the All Academic Timber Prairie Athletic Conference (TPAC). Metcalfe plays centerfield. The players who will be returning as juniors next the team. The rest of the starters were first year player Matt Garringer, Eric Pollock and Geren McCall. Pollock and McCall split time at third base. Pollock also pitched a limited amount of time and made the All Academic TPAC Team. McCall also was All Academic and Honorable Mention TPAC. Freshman Jeff Rotter at rightfield rounded off the regular starting lineup for the season:

fall are starters Chris Davis, Greg Harvey, and Tim Fulwood. Davis plays first base and batted .354 on his way to making the Second Team TPAC and All Academic TPAC. He also led the team in stolen bases with 23 and made honorable mention TPAC Team. Harvey was the catcher for the team and batted .328 for the year. Playing outfield, Fulwood batted .302 and was one of the most improved players on

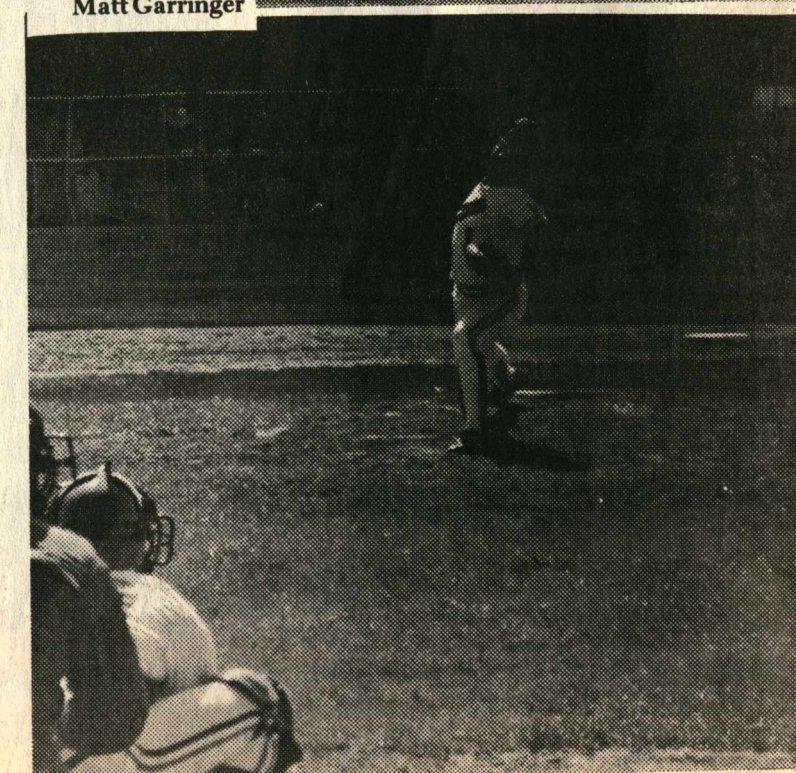
Sophomores Steve Barstow, Scott Bullock and Jon Penrod also contributed a lot of playing time and made good improvements at their positions. George Moms backed up the outfield and also did some relief pitching. Designated hitter and starting pitcher Menicucci batted .394 and belted five homeruns. Myers, also a pitcher, led the team with the most innings pitched 66.. Freshman Chuck Barnes who also acted as the team's manager, played backup outfielder.

Captain Hurley, who played second base, batted .306 and hit three homeruns. Hurley said of his past four years as an NNC hardballer,

"I've enjoyed myself tremendously and I'm satisfied with the way I performed, for the most part. I wish my timing had been a little better because I think this next year's team is going to be real strong. I would have liked to have played more with them." Hurley also expressed his satisfaction on hitting three homeruns because he said he has never been much of a power hitter and it gave him "mass joy." Hurley gave his thanks to the players, coaches and everybody that has made his career at NNC an enjoyable one for him.



Matt Garringer



Marcus Menicucci

Coaches Make Changes

Coaches Make Changes

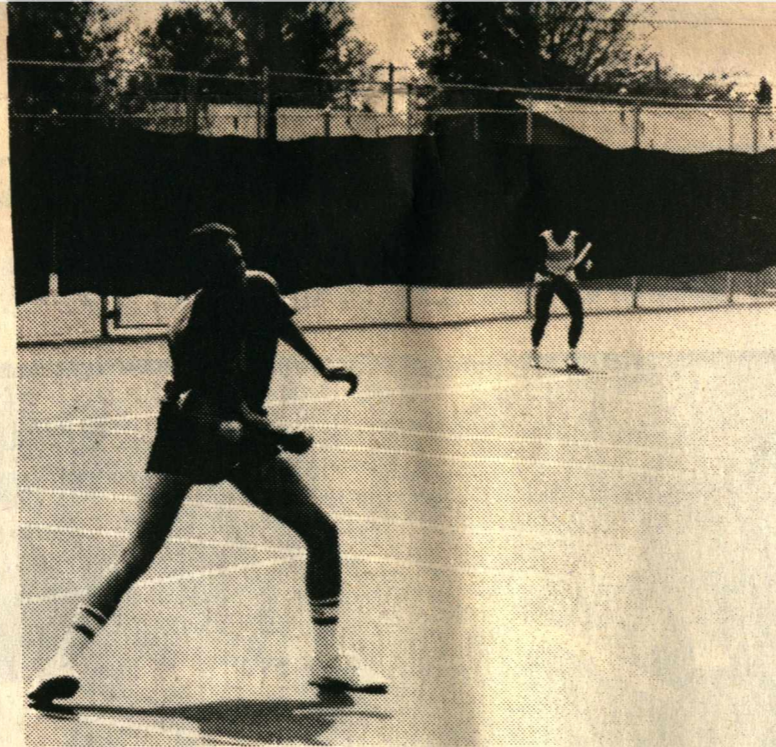
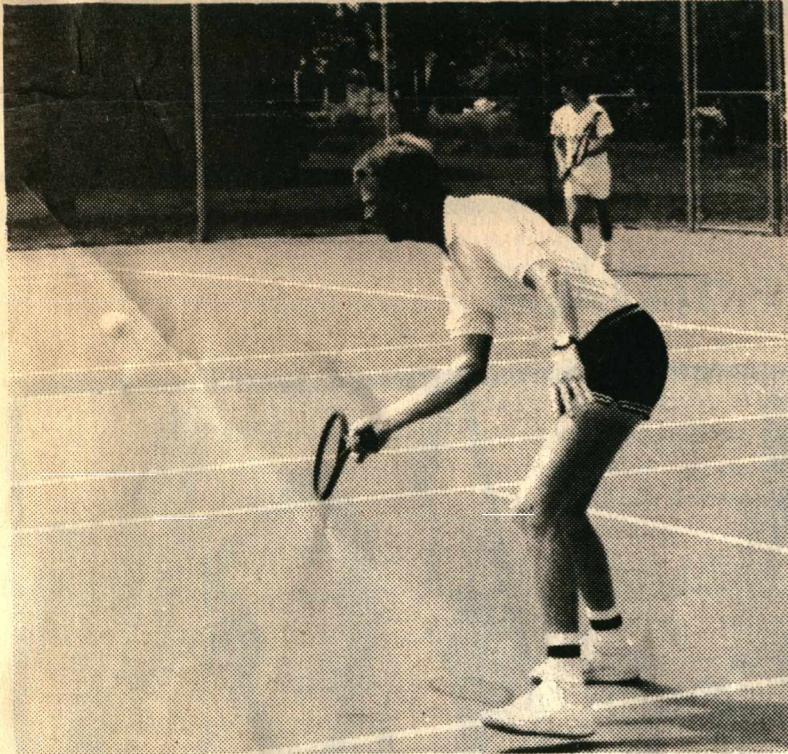
by Grant Henry

As the academic school year winds down to a close, and with it the athletic activities of this institution for another season, it would be fitting to mention and pay tribute to two members of NNC's coaching staff who will be making some job changes. These are Myron Finkbeiner, men's tennis coach, and Paul Taylor, men's track and field coach.

Coach Finkbeiner has been coaching tennis at NNC for the past two seasons, and has done quite well. Previous to filling the tennis slot here and in addition to his duties as president of the Alumni Association, Finkbeiner was a successful tennis coach at Point Loma College. He scheduled some of the top tennis teams in the West over the last two years, and his players responded with some very competitive tennis. Names such as Greg Belzer, Robb Warwick, and Mike and Steve Caven come to mind immediately as players

who thrived under Finkbeiner's tutelage.

Coach Taylor, an outstanding mid-distance runner for Kansas in his college days, has been NNC's men's track coach for 20 years, and he has had the privilege of coaching many fine individual athletes. Hank Wyborne, the school record holder in the shot put said, "Coach Taylor was a real track coach, not just somebody to fill a need in an athletic department. He really gave good assistance to those who were serious about track and field." Taylor's move is within the college itself. His job description for next year will now read wrestling and golf coach. Taylor has had experience at the wrestling level, having coached NNC's team for about three years early in his tenure here. He has had experience as golf instructor for PE activity classes for several years. His 20 years coaching experience at NNC is definitely a plus for the college.



Clark Barclay

Alumni Players Visit Campus

By Michelle Jones

May 23rd and 24th marked the first of what men's tennis coach Myron Finkbeiner hopes will become an annual event. The team hosted an alumni tennis tournament.

Each alumni paid \$50 to enter the tournament in singles or \$75 if they wanted to play both singles and doubles. Finkbeiner said that many alumni who were

unable to attend the tournament donated money to the team. "Many of the men are business men," explained senior Robb Warwick. "The money for the tournament is tax-deductible for them."

With fourteen alumni playing, plus the money donated, the men's team netted well over \$700. "The money will go to pay off our budget deficit, then pay for

our strings and shoes," said Finkbeiner. "Whatever is left over will be put into the budget for the next season."

Winning the round robin tourney in the open division singles was Bill Rapp, when he defeated Steve Caven 8-5 in the finals. The doubles champs in the open division were Rapp and Mike Caven. They defeated Kelly Bokn and

Warwick. Rusty Taylor, coach for Nampa High, won the "A's" division in singles while Jerry Caven teamed up with Finkbeiner to win the "A's" doubles competition.

"We hope to make it an annual affair and get the women's team involved also."

"Everybody had a great time," concluded Finkbeiner.

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SPORTS

Tracksters Finish Season At Districts

by Alicia Ely

The men's track team had seven of the men go to the district meet in Salem, Oregon. The meet was held on May 11 and 12. Dr. Paul Taylor is the coach of these gentlemen. Taylor felt the team did well according to each of their personal records. "When the men competed at the district meet, it was a little disappointing for all of us. We had hoped to have at least one person qualify for nationals, but it didn't happen."

Making it to districts were: Steve Curl, shotput and discus; Mike Gilbert, 400 meter relay, 400 meter hurdles, the mile relay team, pole vault, and the decathlon; and Randy Maves, in the 100, 200, and 400 meter races, 400 meter relay, and the mile relay. Tim Sievers ran the 200, 400 meter races and the high jump, while Hank Wyborney competed in the shotput, Kevin Wright in the 5,000 and 10,000 meter events, and Dale Huemoeller competed in the high jump.

Two members of the team, Doug Edwards and Mark Young, were injured and unable to compete in districts. Young was unable to participate at all. In the first meet Edwards qualified for districts in the javelin throw, only fifteen feet off the national qualifying mark. He, unfortunately was put out early in the season due to a badly sprained ankle.

Regarding the team's effort, Coach Taylor said, "I really enjoyed the season."

This ends Taylor's coaching career in track. Next year he will be coaching golf and wrestling.

The women's team also had a successful season headed by

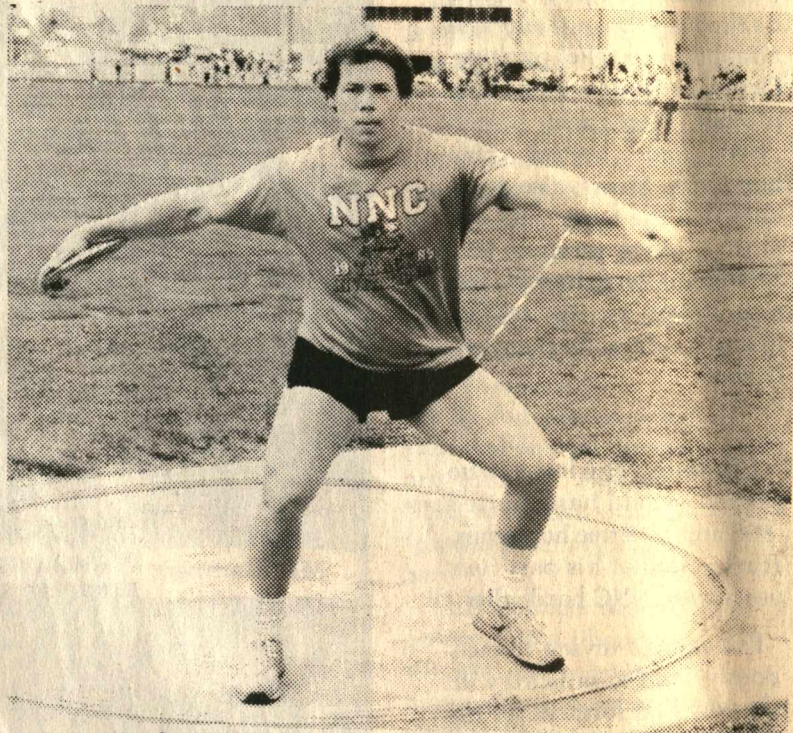
coach Carissa Summers. Summers previously coached many sports on the junior high level but it was her first time coaching on a college level.

Although none of the women qualified for nationals, the team did a commendable job. "No one really peaked," said Summers. "They all felt they could have done better, but I had an enjoyable season with them."

The women tracksters consisted of: Holly Duncan, 200 meters; Chris Chua, long jump and triple long jump; Karen Carpenter, javelin throw; Carolyn Lafferty, high jump, long jump, 200 meter and 100 meter hurdles, shot put, javelin, and 800 meters; Jana Zellmer, 800 meters; and Johnea Mahler, 500 and 3,000 meters.

Carpenter broke the school record in the javelin throw. The old record was 131.9 feet and she threw it 132.10 feet at the first meet of the year. Chua also holds a school record in the triple long jump.

Coach Summers plans on coaching again next year. With most of the women returning, Summers feels it will be a strong team next spring.



Steve Curl



Shawn White



Chris Chua

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