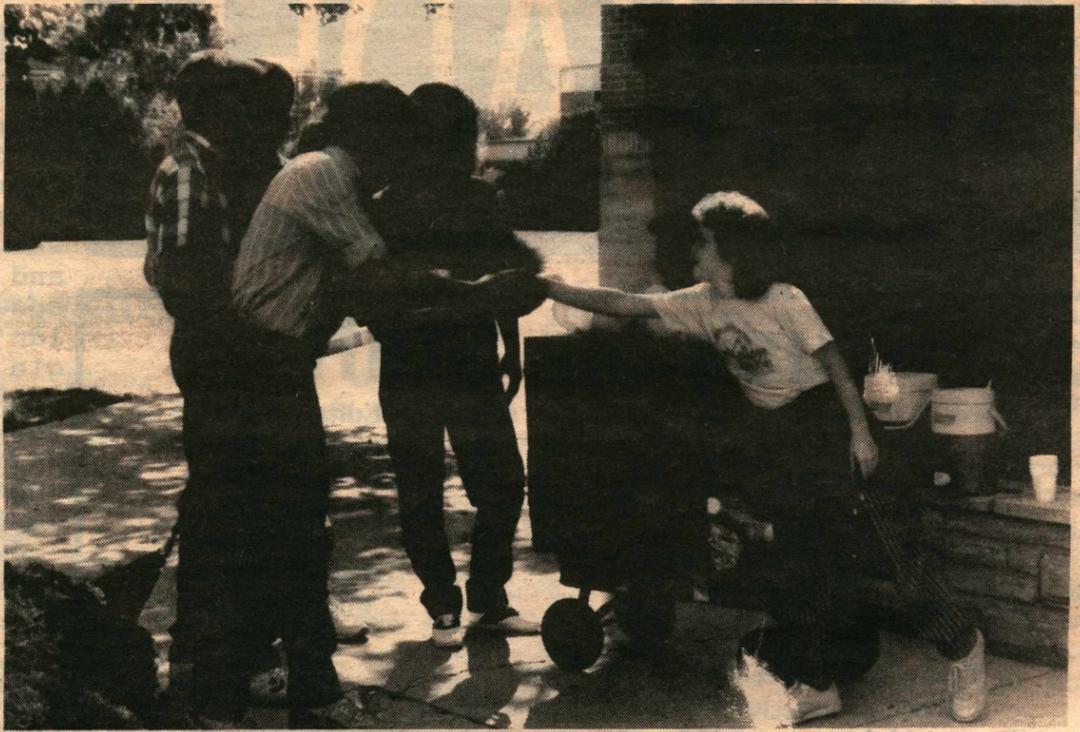


CRUCIATED

Issue 2 Volmue 42

September 23, 1987

Where Are the Beanies?



By train, plane, mother and father, freshmen arrived at NNC last Thursday. Like every other entering class, emotions ranged from dread of impending classroom tortures to anticipation of those "lifelong friendships everyone makes in college."

Confusion was rampant as these newcomers lugged suitcases and trunks, boxes and bags up the infinite number of stairs to their rooms. The same old questions were exchanged. "Where are you from?" "Do you have a major yet?"

Of course our student leaders made themselves indispensable with their built in name tag T-shirts, helping carry armloads of baggage into dorm rooms.

There were many activities planned for new students and their parents. There were organized tours of our campus Thursday afternoon. College church sponsored a lemonade wagon for the hot, tired, tourists. It was said that the generous act of kindness was a welcome break in the tour.

Thursday night the faculty met with parents and students in Saga for an ice cream jubilee. This was a time when concerned parents and nervous

students could talk to members of the faculty and staff; ideally to relieve tension, but mostly to allow those in attendance time to perfect their small talk capabilities.

Friday morning began each freshmen's exciting affiliation with... da...da...da...Saga food. (No fatalities reported to date.) Then it was off to the opening convocation. A variety of speakers spoke, including our esteemed Presidents Wetmore and Hemphill.

Finally, the new students endured select members of faculty expounding on the virtues of their respective areas of expertise. Then came some fun. Everyone congregated at the soccer field to experience the Crusader's victory over the B.S. U. Broncos.

Thus ended freshmen orientation 1987.

The majority of parents and families said their good-byes Saturday, but not before the dreaded pictures. As this reporter watched from her window in the sky, millions, thousands maybe, of pictures were taken in front of the clock tower and the Ad building. The tearful parents were then led away by students eager to have their parents leave so that they could get down to some

serious independence. The pace they felt, was sure to slow down as soon as the parents left. Little did they know (literally), Monday's a comin'.

Yes, after the thrill of attending the churches of their choice, on Sunday, Monday's activities descended upon them like a storm. Registration once again proved to be a harrowing experience for those poor, unfortunate souls. Freshmen came staggering from the Montgomery Field House crying pitifully. Medics were on hand all day to care for the sick and mentally distraught. Tuesday saw little activity for the Freshmen; they used the day to recover.

Today classes started. Long before breakfast Freshmen could be seen running back and forth across the green clutching campus maps searching desperately for their classroom before they could be embarrassed. This was done in hopes of avoiding the mortification of walking into the wrong class while it is in session, especially if it is one full of upperclassmen.

At this point, Freshmen are probably feeling stressed out and generally comatose.

CRUSADER

READ THIS

BY ELISSA WESTBROOK

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Welcome back fellow NNCer's. Ever have one of those summers when the bathroom ceiling in your apartment who answered yes, and even those who answered no (wouldn't want to single out anyone now would we...) here's your chance to experience a bit of summer Crusader fun in Nampa.

Junk mail. Sure everyone gets it, but how many save it for any length of time? Spending a summer in Nampa seemed only to hold the potential for a dull future until I realized Just how much there is to do here. As the editor of the Crusader, (that beacon of hope in a world of oppressed journalists) I benefitted from stacks of daily mail. Woe to poor souls that actually thought we would run summer issues, they sent us "Newsflash" bulletins on a regular basis. Through-out the summer I compiled a stack of "exciting news" about a million feet high...well, maybe 5 or 6.

I and my staff, the 2 of us that were here, were invited to oh so pulled into the lane of oncoming traffic and screamed to a halt. She glared at me and I turned left at the street (conveniently located to cover up my blunder), and pretended like I had meant to do that. She gave me another nasty glare and I put on a tape of The WHO and proceeded into the great city of Dusty, Washington.

Drive safe. many things. This summer, The 1st Annual Cowboy Poetry Contest took place. Not to be outdone, Caldwell had an International Quilt Festival. Larry E. Craig writes me personalized letters twice a week,

which I promptly give my assistant (as any good Democrat would do). I have seen countless offers for Collegiate Crossword Puzzles and writing competitions. by the way, if anyone is interested in entering the PLAYBOY annual College Fiction contest, see me. First prize is \$3,000. We were eligible to sponsor a Mr. All-American Male contestant, but I couldn't get Bob C. to go for it. Maybe next year. Charities are begging for money, but since the purchase of our computer we've joined their ranks.

If your parents haven't bought a subscription...force them to, (\$20 for 16 issues, what a deal). So many conferences to attend world-wide, I'm having trouble deciding where to spend our \$50 travel budget.

Aside from mail, this summer's other thrills have primarily involved keeping track of the maintenance department's summer projects. The resurfacing of the Olsen tennis courts looks great, but I think they did the wrong ones. I heard 3 people spent 2 weeks cleaning and filling thousands of little holes with caulk on the Dooley roof. That hailstorm was some fun. Dave N., skilled laborer that he is, unscrewed all the support screws from the desks in Sutherland and made new holes in which the new screws were inserted. Wouldn't crawling inside that giant trash masher to disinfect it just be fulfillment of many people's fantasies.

Shane P. and Brent P. spent several days hanging ivy from the library roof. Note the attractive, new pine panelling in Mangum

panelling in Mangum naturally painted white (oops Oyster).

While Driving

BY: DAVE NEIL

Drive safe. We Heritage Dictionary as far north (not hear this from our says, "To drive sa-Oliver) as Pullman parents when we fely: A future per-WA. During those first get our dri- fect preventative long hours of driver's licence. We noun. It literally I had a close see it on the backs means to be safe brush with safe of semi-truck trai- when operating a driving. I had been lers as they zoom motor vehicle." on the road since by us going much This summer I 4:45 a.m. (M.D.T.) faster than the law put in 50 hours of and it was now 2:15 allows. But how driving the Amer- p.m. (P.D.T.). I many of us stop to ican highways and was following a big think about exactly byways. I drove as truck full of dirt what this means? far south as San going about 67 m. The New American Jose, Calif., and p.h. (only a bit too fast). Suddenly, and as if out of nowhere, parked cars appeared in the middle of the road. A woman who looked like my second grade teacher started waving a slow stop sign at me and I



Come Share Your Dreams

A. Gordon Wetmore
NNC President

Northwest Nazarene College began in the mind of a dreamer who was driven by what, to him, was a mandate from Almighty God to be a part of the formulation of a school, and later a college, in Nampa, Idaho. History has confirmed that this dream was larger than Eugene Emerson's imagination and combined with other dreams and plans, has resulted in what we now know as Northwest Nazarene College.

The academic year 1988-88 will witness the celebration of the 75th Anniversary of Northwest Nazarene College. It will be a time when we both look back with joy and satisfaction and look forward with both courage and question.

This article is an invitation for each of us to contribute her or his dream for the future of NNC. We are now among the ones upon whom the people will look back when they celebrate the 100th anniversary of NNC in the academic year 2012-13.

Some of us will dream little dreams which rotate about our own interests. Some will be cuaght up in the heroic tradition of dreamers who see beyond the limits and the problems and who are granted a window into the possibilities of greatness.

I invite you all to share our dreams. Especially would I be delighted in talking with a student who is glimpsing something of the future greatness of Northwest Nazarene College.

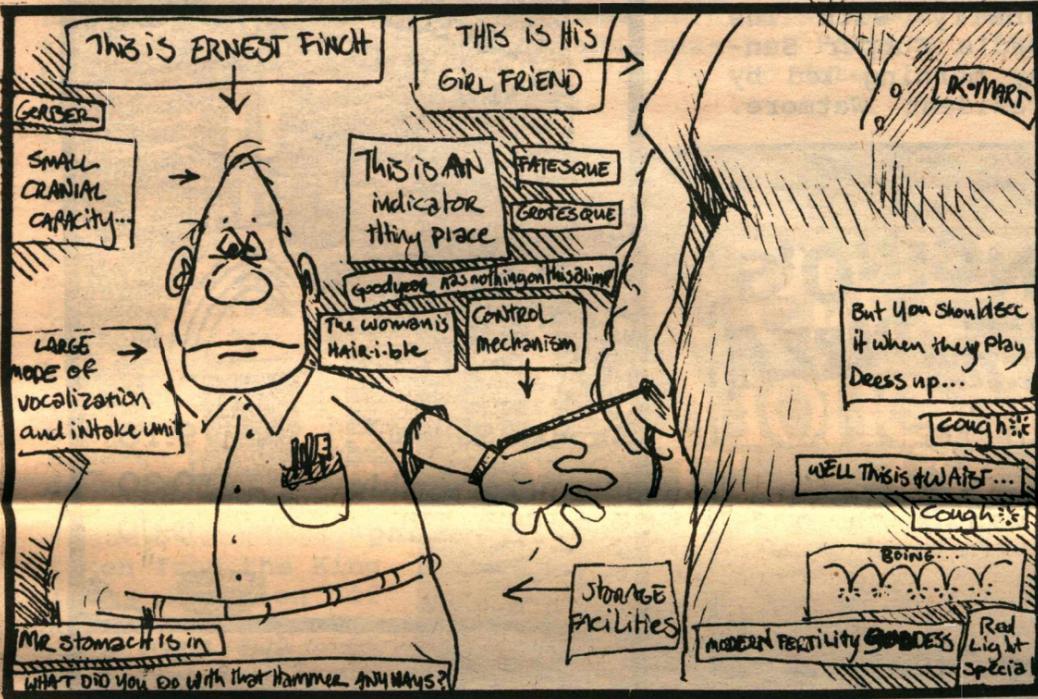
NEWS

Guatemala Revisited

After a year of increased activity in the Nazarene ministries in Guatemala, NNC sent its own group of workers to join the two weeks of hard work. From June 15th-29th, the crew slept on the floor of an old adobe hut, which by the way, was torn down after they left. The crew was housed near the orphanage (Hogar del Nino) in San Miguel, but most of

the work took place the rain, without in San Gabriele shelter." It was During this time, too much for her, two single-rooms she seemed to think houses were built, as she talked for some local widows about how lucky she was and their children. The cement Morgan, who has been mixed, by hand, lived many years on site and the foundation of the mission fields was poured of Indonesia etc., all within temperature ranges of this woman really about 100 degrees. Some students were just how much Americans at home take while others car-for granted. She ried water and said she thought ted gravel and dirt nothing there could for use as building materials. Part of a special project to house the local widows and their children, the buildings were much needed. But as Morgan said, "it's not how many bricks you lay, but how many people you reach."

At the dedication of the houses a woman who was to have one talked about how glad she was after having spent "five years living with the wind and



WANNA MEET THAT SOMEONE SPECIAL? SEND \$2.50 TO BOX C. LIMIT 25 WORDS, PLEASE.

Welcome New Faculty

Dr. Eric Forseth son has also just comes to NNC from recently joined the Mt. Vernon Nazarene NNC faculty. As a College. During his new member of the 4 year stay there, art department, he he involved himself is very excited in coaching men's about being at NNC soccer. He also and is hoping to served as the ath- have lots of people letic trainer. in his classes.

Johnson studied at Souther Illinois University at Edwardsville in Edwardsville Illinois. from Ohio State (He wanted me to University. His make sure and say wife, Pam is also that right because working towards her people mess it up a doctorate. lot.)

Eric and Pam are In reference to expecting their his sculpture works first child in Jan- he says they are, uary of 1988. De- "anthro-ecture." tails of the child He actually has a are as yet unavai- really neat expl- lable, but stay anation for this tuned to the term, unused by the majority of the Crusader for general public So further development if you are inter- of this story. ested, he would be glad to talk to you.

Prof. Bruce John-

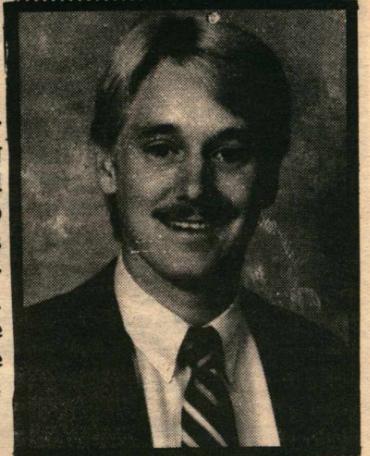
Colleen Bryan found her way to Idaho all the way from Virginia. She has spent the last 6 years there with her husband, Glenn, and son, Steven, age 2. Both Colleen and Glenn graduated from E.N.C. Colleen in 1980 with a B.A. in Social Work. Glenn in 1981. Colleen later went on to get her Masters of Education from George Mason University in Counseling and Development.

Her task here at NNC will be in two parts. First, she will be the resident director of Morrison, a task no one envies. Next, she will be the director of student counseling. Her office will be in Wiley Learning Center room 202H.



Gino Penrod hales from Homer AK, where he was a teacher and a coach at the high school there. And if teaching wasn't exciting enough, during the summers and some weekends, Gino would spend his time as a firefighter/medical technician. Imagine trying to grade papers during a 4 alarm fire.

Gino has a wife, Pam, and two children, Brian, age 2, and Kari, age 4 months. Add to these several hundred screaming Sophomore and Freshmen guys and you realize that this group must somehow form a family (of sorts) and that's the way they all became the Chapman Bunch. The Chapman Bunch.



Faculty

Cut Loose

NNC's faculty, professional personnel, administrators, and spouses spent September 11-13 in McCall, ID at the 33rd Annual Faculty Retreat. The focus of this retreat was NNC's 75th Anniversary: learning from the past, planning for the future.

Dr. Marvin Bloomquist, this year's Retreat Director, said that the theme was not chosen for looking back in order to relive the past, but rather for discovering who we are and for renewing NNC's dream.

Faculty members C. S. Cowles and Lynn Neil spoke at the evening inspirational services. On Saturday morning Bloomquist presented the highlights of NNC's history, followed by four people's reflections on our past (Bernard Seaman, Marian Washburn, Ray Cooke, and Kathy Johnson) and four people's dreams for our future (Francis Sharpton, Liz Murtland, Ed Castle-dine, and Ken Watson).

Recreation and fellowship are always important components of these annual retreats. Saturday afternoon was left open for fishing, golfing, and hiking. Each evening concluded with refreshments and games in the dining hall. The youngest and strongest stayed up the latest playing group charades.

Sept. 23	Root Beer Fest	8:30
Sept. 24	Math Proficiency Exam (FLH)	3:30
	Dorm Meetings	9:00
	Chapman-FLH	
	Morrison-SLH	
Sept. 25	All School Skate	
Sept. 26	All School Luau	
Sept. 28	Dorm Meetings	9:00
	Culver parlor	
	Mangum parlor	
Sept. 29	Freshmen Event (optional)	8:00
	Dorm Meetings	9:00
	Dooley parlor	
	Sutherland-FLH	
Sept. 30	Dorm Meetings	9:00
	Corlett	
Oct. 2	Volleyball Tourney	
	GYM	
	Filing for Frosh officers	

UPCOMING EVENTS

	Men's Soccer	4:00
	FRESHEREE	8:00
Oct. 3	Volleyball Tourney	
	Women's Soccer	11:00
	Men's Soccer	1:00
	ASNNC Coffee House/	
	Movie night	
Oct. 6	Last day to drop classes, w/out a "W"	
Oct. 9	Closing filing of Frosh. officers	5:00
	Men's Soccer	4:00

The entire weekend Faculty Retreat contributed to a closed tradition of community with The Lord's Supper Sunday morning led by President Wetmore.

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Morning Worship	10:30
Sunday Evening	6:00

The College Sunday School Class meets in the North Dining Room of the Student Center

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ONE

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ONE

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Plus... show us your Student I.D. and receive an **Extra 10% Off Entire Store!**

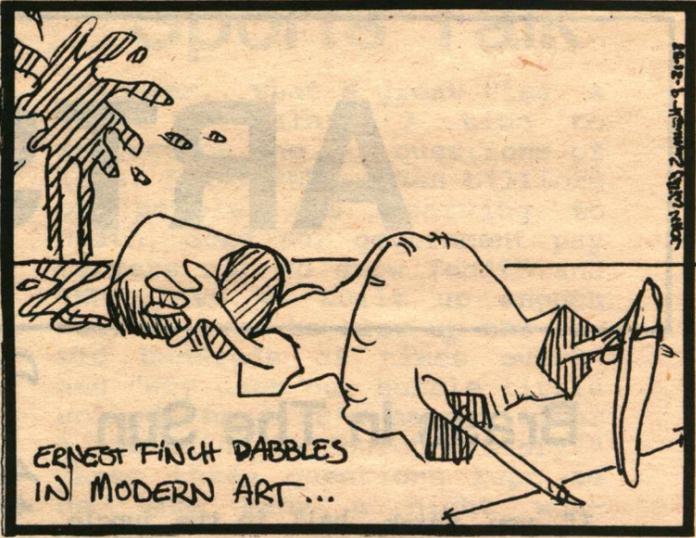
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NEWS



Petra- Christian Soldiers

Continuing with Petra has always the heavier rock been a trendsetter sound introduced on (not to be confused their previous al- with the SAGA food bums, Petra del- of the same name) shows quite a bit ivers yet another in "Christian" mus- more depth and quality effort with ic. Hence, this thought than 90% of their new release author hopes, This Christian artists This Means War! Means War will be (which is not say- Keyboardist John an indication of ing much). Overall, Lawry finally seems things to come both this album has to to fit in to this lyrically and mus- be Petra's finest harder sound and ically in "Chris- to date. vocalist John Sch- tian" music.

Although Bob Har- tman's lyrics are somewhat "Cliche- ish" at times, he shows quite a bit more depth and thought than 90% of Christian artists (which is not say- ing much). Overall, this album has to be Petra's finest to date.

litt has truly esc- aped the shadow of former lead Greg X. Volz. The lyrics are definitely the foundation for this latest offering. Guitarist Bob Har- tman not only brings new ideas and hooks into his message but has not developed a sound theology as well. "Dead Reckoning", taken from the King James Version of Romans 6:11, "He came, He saw, He conquered", and "I Am Available" are standouts musical- ly, as well as watersheds amongst much of the music available in Chris- tendom, theologic- ally speaking.

While there are many cuts with pot- ential airplay suc- cess, Petra contin- ues its conser- vative way by rel- easing the mellow "Don't Let Your Heart Be Hardened", as expected. Its likely that the tittle track will eventually follow, as well as "All the Kings Horses", a tune about Christ's return, and "He Came, He Saw, He Conquered." This could very well be the breakthrough album for the "new and improved" Pet- ra. The music is much smoother and clearly well thought through. The band has indeed re- grouped and retur- ned stronger than ever.

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ARTS

Brass In The Sun

If you think your summer vacation was fantastic, talk to someone in Hallelujah Brass and you will discover where the fun was. After a year a of working and touring through-out the Northwest, the group managed to escape for three weeks of ministry and sunshine in the Caribbean. More than likely, anyone you ask will say something about sweating for Jesus.

With the help of multiple daily showers and the friendly natives, members were able to survive the humidity and language gaps. Sure, there was plenty of time for fun in the sun, but long concerts drained energy quickly. Often playing more than one concert a day this writer, along with everyone else, experienced some very tired lips. The general consensus, however, was that it was worth it all to watch the smiling faces in the audience as people experienced music unheard in their own cultures.

The people were what made the whole trip worthwhile. Each concert was different and likewise, so were the people. The group spent a week on each of three different islands: Puerto Rico, Martinique and St. Lucia. Each concert will be remembered for different things, whether it was the one played in the middle of an intersection or in Puerto Rico when flying ants were swarming everywhere. A tent served as a concert

hall in the jungle several miles from Castries, St. Lucia. The surroundings may have seemed odd at times, but people came for miles to hear the music and talk to members.

The discovery was made that music can bridge any language barriers. The people were blessed by a new way of praising God. Where there was no music, new words were learned in Spanish, English and French or whatever else applied.

The religious experience of worshipping with different cultures was indescribable. Encountering people hard at work telling others about the same God we worship, in their own special, ways is something worth seeing as often as possible.



Be sure to ask someone about the trip. You will, more than likely be bombarded with about the many times we were caught in the rain, or were without electricity for parts of concerts. The violence of frequent cloud-bursts and electrical storms was both scary and exciting. As it was monsoon season, we were fated to the whims of nature. Ask Drew Ash how he feels about body surfing.

Anyone will fill you in on the amazing fact that not one piece of luggage was lost or even inspected. Sure there were plenty of damaged suitcases, and one airline has just lost 20 future passengers, but that's part of the joys of traveling.

News From the Free World

BY: S.J. McMILLIAN

Summer. (Nampa, ID.) after 6:00 p.m. or see what's-his-name in M & W. That's why it's always here.

Before morning The monsters in the dream are being overcome when I wake up. They weren't really monsters, just infected people. The special effects were lousy.

5 minutes later, outside, the sun isn't actually up. Everything has a blue gray wash. In the M & W a morning funeral? parking lot is a 1984 Buick Roadmaster. It's for sale. It's been there on and off for a couple of weeks. I stop to look. The sign says call 46-something

Are hearses passenger or cargo vehicles? Albertson's parking lot has trucks and vans in a week-end exit. Beer,

Diet Pepsi and ice for the cooler. A woman in a long denim skirt and pink blouse chatters excitedly into the pay phone by the entrance. She's speaking Spanish.

The guy cleaning floors is grinning at no one. He looks like he doesn't like working weekends.

"Can you put those in a paper bag?" I ask the checker. She jerks the cinnamon rolls out of the plastic bag, jams them into the paper bag. The request has ruined her day.

The guy in front of me bought two bags of ice. The guy behind me has a 12 pack of Pepsi and a 12 pack of Michelob.

"Oh boy, right again..." -Laurie Anderson-

Sunrise

The Treasure (where?) Valley looks interesting from here. It looks like a lot of valleys.

We are going to San Jose. The sun rises in the rear view mirror. It sets as we go down a hill, rises again. Sets. Rises. U2 is singing about this on the tape.

"Spirit of the rising sun, lift me up..." -U2-

Day

Around noon people park their cars along the north side of Kurtz park. There's shade. They eat lunch, chewing mindlessly, staring at the cars ahead of them. They don't look at the park. They throw their garbage on the grass. Mothers talk shop while kids go around on metal toys. I walk across the park. The sun comes back from the grass. I feel green heat.

"Green grow the rushes grow..." -R.E.M.-

Before evening

The Southern Baptist church is building a new addition.

Across the street this man moves a sprinkler. That lady pulls a

The older couple sits in their aluminum and fiberglass chairs, reading the newspaper. At least he is, she just stares.

A young man jerks away angrily from his father or grandfather. Someone in the yard watches. I don't catch any words.

By Kurtz park a teenage girl asks me a stupid question while her brothers watch and laugh.

"How old are you?" she asks.

I stop, we stared, sunglasses to sunglasses.

"2,736 years old", I say.

"Shut-up..." I walk through the park. The sprinklers are on. I don't get wet.

"People are strange..." -The Doors-

Sunset

It's the 4th of July. Rick and I are at "the place". We're watching for fireworks over Caldwell and Boise. The sunset is more interesting.

I look west and wish I was there. I wonder what Brian or Sheila are doing.

"If I look hard enough into the setting sun..." -The Stones-

Night

I'm leaving tomorrow. Summer is more or less over.

Dogs bark. I'm waiting for Alicia and Ray. I'm taking something up to Brian for them.

Tires squeel. I stare at Ray's Psychedelic Furs album. "Heartbreak Beat" bounces in my head.

Bugs sing. I go outside. The moon cuts fierce shadows in the trees. Someone's using a buzz saw. Box cars slam into each other. Unmuffled vehicles roar. A train whistle. Cars on 12th Avenue imitate the wind. Sprinklers chatter like bugs.

It's a noisy place.

"You just have to laugh at it all..." -Psychedelic Furs-

SPORTS



Men Look TOUGH

The 1987 NNC mens soccer team arrived in Nampa on the last weekend in August with a lead of 1 goal in Nampa on the last weekend in August.

From there, we moved on down to Provo to face a strong BYU squad. I'm not going to make any excuses for our loss in Provo because we should have beat them, but we lost 4-0. We did come back from the road trip with a 2-1 record. Practices started. We then prepared for our tourney just 2 days away. Our first game with C of I. Never before have we beat C of I in our first rival contest, let alone shut them out. We beat them 3-0 in the opening game of the tourney. Our next game was against BSU. We had trouble getting up for this game. It really showed as we squeaked out a 4-1 victory. The next day was again a struggle for the team. It was the sixth game in 9 days and we had 6 starters with the flu. But we had the desire and determination to win, not to mention some real strong defense and a 2-0 victory for the tournament.

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trophy.

We are now 5-1 which is pretty impressive for a pre-season record. I'm not going to build the team up into something we're not. We have a 5-1 record, but I'm not really sure how. I guess it's just guts and determination, and as I've said earlier, strong defense.

From my point of view, we have only played one game worthy of being called a good effort. That was a our 3-0 victory over C of I. What is encouraging though is that we are 5-1 and not even playing close to our full potential. I've been here 4 years and this is the best team, by far, that I've played with. It is the first year we have had a legitimate chance at the league tittle. There are 5 seniors on the team and this could very well be our last year to play this game in an organized fashion. This year is going to be really exciting. I know the whole team is really looking forward to it. If you have seen us play good, just wait. That's not even

Sports Talk

Summer...what a great time. A time to relax. A time to reflect on the big questions of life. Like: "Why, when billions of people are starving to death, does our government pay farmers not to grow food?" and "Why have we built up enough nuclear arms to blow up the world hundreds of times over?" and "Why does our humble little college name it's mascot after a low point in Church History?" These three questions kept me up late many a night wondering.

I figure I will never be able to do anything directly about these problems, so, I decided to make the most of it. Since I have been back at school, I have been trying to convince my editor to change the name of the school newspaper to, "Rapists and Pillagers of Innocent Moslems For Shorter Stays in Purgatory." So far she does not like it much. I think it is because it is too long.

Also, this summer I wrote some cheers for our cheerleaders to yell out to our mighty Crusaders:

1. "Kill them in the name of God, hit them in the head with a metal rod."
2. "Die, die, you heathen scums. Poke them in the eyes with your thumbs!"

I hope the cheerleaders like my cheers and use them. I figure it is the least I can do as Sports Editor of the Crusader to promote school spirit.

BY: DANA HICKS

close to our potential and we will reach our potential. Hopefully soon. District starts in 2 weeks and that's for all the marbles. We only have 4 more home games so be sure to come and watch us. Believe me, it helps us out a great deal.

better. It is still early in the season and they have by no means "peaked". Besides, the team they played, Whitman College, is a tough team. That is the good news. The bad news is they were shut out 9-0. Also, their next game is, once again, against

Lady Kickers Practice

The women's soccer team opened up this season with a disappointing loss. Before we talk about the score, let's talk about the women's team. The team is in it's third season, so it is still refurbishing (that is, opposed to rebuilding, because they have never "built" anything). For those who think progress is slow, they happen to have won two games last year, and this year's team is even

Hard

Whitman on the 25th (way to start off the season with a confidence boost). The soccer team is not that bad, they just need time. And just like every other sport at NNC, they need somebody upstairs to put some money into the program if they expect it to be half decent. Who knows, maybe by the next year, half of the players will have scholarships.

Nampa and You

Boredom Busters

(or what to do in Nampa, when you're new in town.)

We have pooled the greater knowledge of the upperclass persons on this, the NNC campus. They have told us what there is to do in this town. We hope that this will be enlightening, and make your NNC experience that much better.

I. Things to do on campus:

- Call Liz Zachariah and play charades.
- Reenact the Kent State killings for ROTC.
- Admire the new improved Holly Street.
- Watch the modern art thing so it does not get painted.
- Paint the modern art thing.
- Mourn the death of Michael J. Fox.
- Sit in your dorm room, listen to old Carpenters records and cry.
- Get big stoggies and play penny poker with your friends.
- Make burn calls.
- Go to the Brick House, listen to old Carpenter's records and miss your boyfriend/girlfriend from home - with everybody else.
- Go to the library and try to look like you're studying.
- Call the army recruiter and sign your roommate up to kill people.
- Rent a vcr and movies and then contemplate where you're going to get a T.V. to watch them on.
- Go to the prayer chapel, hope to find that "right spiritual guy/gal", and make out.

II. Off Campus excitement

- Take a tour of White Satin Sugar Factory with that special someone.
- Go to Diana's for dinner, 1004 Elder (make sure and call ahead 465-5931-BYOTVD).
- Go to the Kuna Caves with that special someone (in the dark, anyone looks o.k.).
- Cruze Nampa
- Cruze Boise
- Cruze Melba

Go bulk food shopping at 2:00 a.m. Waremart is open 24 hrs.

See the exotic male dancers at the Twilight Lounge.

Go to the Jackpot and gamble away your tuition money.

Go Toga Bowling.

Go to the Thursday night auction.

Chase ducks at duck park. (While there, don't forget to admire the "plane on a stick.")

Apply for free cheese and milk. (If you're good, you can get rice and flour too.)

Go to "Buck Fifty Night" at Frontier Cinema, any night.

Visit "Spaceman" and ask him about his weather predicting mushrooms and funguses.

Visit the meat packing plant, find unusual cow parts and drop them in the book drop of your favorite library.

III. May we suggest...

Lasagna or Spaghetti at Louie's on Monday nights.

#6 or #1 at Mancino's (watch for pizza specials).

Nachos at Cafe Ole.

Cheap imitation at Fireside Inn.

Dessert and coffee at Le French Press.

One item pizza at Round Table.

Baked Alaska or Flaming Kiwi at Peter Schots.

Ice cream at The Ice Cream Works.

Tator Tots at Wee Willeys.

Anything at Red Robin.

The Sizzler, "commit the sin of gluttony with shrimp" special.

The \$3.55 two item special at Hong Kong.

Swanson's Hungry Man at 1004 Elder (call for reservations.)

IV. Things not to do in Nampa...

Have a party and bill it to ASNNC.

Torment the old men at the Greystoke Hotel.

"TP" favorite Mormon Church.

Go to toga bowling during "red neck night."

Go to the Chili Pepper on Friday night and complain about migrant workers.

Go "RA" dodging.

Go to Deja Vu (it's a waste of \$).

Visit room 122 in Corlett.

Go to the House of Fong for the Sweet and Sour Chicken (unless you want the "green apple quick step".)

Sit in your room, listen to Carpenter's records and cry.

Buy produce at M & W market.

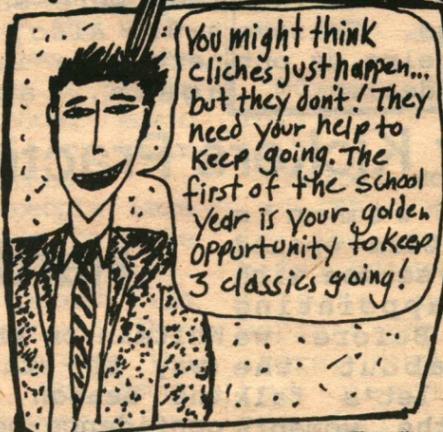
Buy hot dogs at Maverick.

Go to Diana's for a frozen Burrito.

Study in Denny's all night and try to go to Music and Art in the morning.

As you can guess, Nampa is only what you make it. This is why going to NNC is such an experience.

Perpetuate a Cliche!



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