

CRUSADER



ANNIVERSARY

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PEEP BUSTERS



BY Elissa t. Westbrook

"Hey...you...stop!" The shout of an unmistakably masculine voice shook me from my sleep Wednesday (2/24) at 6:45 a.m. Within seconds the joyous cries of LoriAnn Willis were heard through-out the dorm as she ran down the hall announcing, "It's happening...it's happening." Not quite sure what was happening, this ace investigative journalist rushed downstairs to discover the cause for the disturbance.

Upon descending the stairs I discovered a congregation of bathrobe clad Dooley women laughing and talking excitedly. It was then that it hit me, someone had caught the peeping tom. After weeks of watching footprints and listening to rustling bushes, some of the tension for girls on the South wing of Dooley Hall was let up.

Four of this "dual occupancy" dormitories finest males had managed to nab the villain only minutes before the sun came up. Tired of waiting around for campus security to do something, the guerilla task force had been set up the night before and it had only taken a quick phone call to set these trained amateurs into motion. Forming themselves into two "combat vigilante groups", as Bob Daly put it, the men had left the building well armed with handcuffs, a baseball bat and various other extemporaneous weaponry. Greg Christy and Scott Nelson worked their way around the back of the building while Bob Daly and Brent Gilbert combed the bushes in front. It was not long before Christy spotted the villain and shouted for him to stop. What a voice.

The peeping tom, deciding now would be a good time to leave ran towards his car. Suddenly finding himself surrounded and facing a 34" black Easton Hammer baseball bat he gave himself in. Shocked and perhaps a little dis-

pointed that he had given up without a fight, Christy suggested that they move inside. As the sun rose the police arrived and arrested Tom. Sergeant Cath, the officer on the scene commended the men on the way they had handled the situation. Poor Bethene, always the mother, was dismayed, "I wish I had enough groceries, I'd fix you guys breakfast."

The man arrested was said to have graduated from NNC in 1984. He said that he was married, implying that his wife was in the State Hospital. Daly described him as 5' 9" tall. Nelson added that he had brown hair, a moustache and beard. The death squad seemed to agree on one thing, "He doesn't look mean." Christy eloquently summed it up by pointing out that they had been surprised about how clean cut and nice the young man had seemed.

While it was time for celebration, it didn't take much to realize that two other suspects are still on the loose. One is described as being Hispanic and driving a silver Blazer, the other is a tall Italian who drives a brown Celica. Women, it's time to take action and show some maturity. Close your blinds after the sun goes down. Sure maybe you can't see out, but guess what...people can see in. Certainly if I could notice the Rothko print hanging in Ken Wattam's second floor room, while flying by the dorm on my bicycle, someone looking for female bodies will notice you taking off your clothes. Use some caution and common sense. If you really feel the need to put on a show, I'm sure you'll have no trouble finding a job in a larger city.

For the meantime the girls of NNC have been saved by the boys of NNC. The trouble is not completely over yet, but as long as the PEEP BUSTERS are on the job, things will get done. ■

Princeton Prof Speaks

BY Gil Craker

NAMPA, Idaho—Dr. Arthur Link, professor of history at Princeton University, spoke February 22 at Northwest Nazarene College.

Link, editor of the Papers of Woodrow Wilson, spoke at 10 a.m. in the College Church of the Nazarene, 504 East Dewey, according to Dr. Raymond Cooke, chairman of the NNC 75th Anniversary Committee.

Link's talk was entitled: "Woodrow Wilson as the Hinge of the 20th Century."

An elder in the Presbyterian Church, Link graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1941 and taught history at North Carolina State College in 1943-44. He received a Ph.D from the University of North Carolina in 1945 and joined Princeton University as a history instructor. He taught at Northwestern University from 1949 to 1960, when he returned to Princeton. He took a leave of absence

from Northwestern to become Harmsworth Professor at Oxford in 1958-59.

The author of 30 books, Link is the director of the projected 65-volume Papers of Woodrow Wilson, 55 volumes of which have been published.

He won the Bancroft Prize for the best biography of 1956 and 1960--Wilson, The New Freedom and Wilson: The Struggle for Neutrality, 1914-1914.

The New Jersey Historical Commission honored Link in 1979 for contributions to the history of New Jersey. In 1981 he received an award for contributions to the knowledge of American History and Culture.

Link is a member of the session of the Nassau Presbyterian Church of Princeton and was on the board of directors of Presbyterian Life from 1962 to 1970.

Link has lectured widely in the United States, including the Albert Shaw Lectures in Diplomatic History at the

Spring Fever

BY Elissa t. Westbrook

Once again "spring fever" seems to be hitting the campus at full force. After weeks of cold weather, snow, slipping on ice and general frustration about whether or not L.L. Bean Duck Boots really look

good with a long wool skirt, the sun has returned to Nampa. Time to dig out the Coppertone, thongs and big, baggy bermudas. Despite the temperature readings of 50 degrees, swimsuits have hit the racks of local department stores and mayonnaise colored legs are crowding the all new Karcher Mall in hopes

of finding one that seems appropriate.

Ah yes, in our haste think tan, let's not forget the aspect of romance inherent in the season. I have always wondered why Valentine's Day is in February instead of April. Maybe Wong Zumwalt could write about that sometime. Couples,

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CRUSADER

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Love is Forever

BY Lorie Palmer

These past few weeks have given me a new feeling for the meaning of the word "love." Through the Love Lecture Series in chapel, some personal experiences, and by reading Sheldon VanAuken's A Severe Mercy, I have learned that love is not everything I had assumed it was and a whole lot more than I ever thought it was.

"Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres" (I Corinthians 13:4-7 NIV).

We've all read it before; heard it endlessly. But do we think we know what it says so well that we don't stop to think about it anymore?

Those verses have taken on a whole new meaning to me. They mean I'm not going to get flustered when he's 20 minutes late or become jealous when she's with him. They mean I won't get "the wrong idea" no matter how nice he is or what he does for me. They

mean that when she and I argue, I'll take a deep breath and think things through before I say what I say. They mean that when Dad and Mom do something really silly (as parents sometimes do) I won't become angry. Those verses mean that regardless of what occurs, I won't bring up what has happened in the past, even if it would benefit my argument. They mean that through all, I will be there for those that I love, that I will stick by them through all. Verse 8 goes on to say that "Love never fails." I'm not exactly sure what this means. I've failed a lot of times. And sometimes I thought I was helping the one I loved, when, really, I was fighting battles that weren't mine to fight. I hurt someone else as part of the process of benefitting the loved one. I think love can make mistakes. And God understands that, even when people do not.

Everything should be for love's sake, if love is, indeed, "the greatest of all" (14:13).

Love of any kind is a learning process. Sometimes we become so wrapped up in the emotions, the feelings, of love that we forget the simpleness of just "loving."

Love endures for always. ■

Dear Editor,

That "Sweet Pea and Sweetie Go to the Banquet" article was the best — I LOVED IT! And it was definitely front page material. What are the chances of a regular Sweet Pea column? Pretty please?

Very sincerely,
Gina Lindsey

Dear Editor,

As to the article "Sweet Pea and Sweetie Go to the Banquet," a one-word review: Barf-O-Rama.

Phil Scott

Ken Whattam

Dear Torturers:

How could you take it upon yourselves to write such scathing and bitter reviews? As you are the gods of the campus, don't you know that even your fairest disdain crushes my fragile heart and destroys my delicate self-image? Sweetest Pea

Letters...

Dear Editor:

In the very near future the students of NNC will be asked to sign a petition. The petition is not calling for anyone's resignation. It is not even attempting to overrule the ASNNC Senate. It is calling for student representation on the Board of Regents. Sounds great, but...

I believe the issue runs much deeper. A recent Crusader article insinuated that the Board is making decisions with little consideration for the well being of students. The article also asserted that regent-student communication is at least part of the solution to the problem.

The Board of Regents is a very busy, dignified, structured group of men and women. They come to NNC with a very full agenda. They listen to reports from all areas of campus. They make big decisions. (And I will agree that a student representative would be nice.) I also submit that there is another approach to this concern. In addition to sending a group of opinionated students to the Board, let's send an informed administration—an administration that feels a real need to represent the concerns of the students whether they be perceived to be legitimate by administration or not.

I hope to see hundreds of signatures on the upcoming petition. And even more importantly, I hope to see a large number of well-prepared, well-meaning, honestly concerned students making appointments to speak with Jerry Hull and Dr. Wetmore. This student-administration interchange would seem to me, to be the key.

Jon Remy

Editorial — page 2

...More About the Regents

BY Elissa t. Westbrook

I'm pleased to say that the editorial I wrote for the last issue of the Crusader has stirred up a lot of comments and feelings. Being the activist by nature, it seems only natural that along with voicing opinions and concerns that should I offer some solution. (A tangible solution at that.) What I am about to present is a petition that will be floating around for the next few days regarding the issue of student relationships with the Board of Regents. Please consider signing this, it is for the benefit of you, the students, that this action is being attempted.

"As students of Northwest Nazarene College we are members and supporters of an institution. Because we have selected this school, as a place of higher learning, we naturally have much interest and a desire to see it grow. Every institution has investors and a board of directors. What we, as investors, would request, is to become members of the board of our institution. Keeping in mind the idea of alerting the Board of Regents to the thoughts, ideas, needs, and desires of the students we have come up with two considerations for this school.

A. The student body should have representatives to this board. These

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new and old, are showing signs of true love (or something). After long, cold winter months this writer is glad just to see some boys in short pants.

My sports editor reminds me of the dawning of the baseball/softball season. Excitement on and off campus is just around the corner, provided no one goes on strike and the Moosenuggets return.

The idea of second term being the longest is not just a myth, it really is. I think it lasts about 5 months. Everyone gets tired of studying, being inside and the lack of roller skating and bowling parties that usually occur this time of year. It sure is a good thing the Olympics came along to keep the "couch potatoes"



persons would attend general committee meetings and be allowed to enter discussion. There shall be one student on each of the separate committees. Voting privileges will be permitted after the first year of student membership has been completed. After the first year, the Board, along with the ASNNC will decide if the representation is effective and should gain voting power.

Students will be elected by the ASNNC based on the following criteria:

1. Must have a Junior or Senior standing.
2. Must have attended NNC at least 3 terms
3. Have a 3.0 min. cum. G.P.A.
4. Ability to communicate well the student positions as well as those of the Board.

B. An annual forum between the general student body, professors and the Board of Regents should be established. This will be mediated by someone agreed as being impartial by all parties. This should serve as a time of discussion and open debate."

Please think about this and take an interest in your school. The only way to get the things we seem to want and need is through action. Complaints without any creative effort are as pointless as an unsigned letter to the editor.

from getting bored. But then, if there weren't the Olympics, there would always be pro. bowling, golf, or archery. Television viewing is the favorite sport of winter.

Face it though, winter is over and the sun is out. It's time to get out the bikes, for those of you who were to chicken to ride in the snow. Freshmen, here are some things to look forward to in spring at NNC:

Flooded lawns
Water fights
Sundecks
Maverick Runs
Saga picnics
Lake Lowell
Bike Rides
Camping Trips
Emmett

Have a great spring...from the Crusader staff!

Take Care of It Lumpy

BY Jay Remy

It was a hot, sunny, August day, about ten years ago, when a grey-haired lady (my grandmother) followed an eager, short, fat, nine year-old boy (me) in a baseball cap, to the sporting goods department. It was a few days before my ninth or tenth birthday and she needed some gift ideas.

There were many attractive pieces of equipment and clothing on the shelves. The caps said Dodgers and Mets, not Valvoline like mine. I really needed a lot of things, of course, but with baseball season in full swing, I thought of the old wornout glove I had been using and decided to look at new ones.

There were only two kinds of baseball mitts - too cheap and too expensive. The cheap ones were also too small. I wanted a real mitt. I didn't want one of those little jobbies that barely cover your hand. I wanted something big, something so I could close my eyes at the last second and still catch the ball.

I had just about given up on rummaging through the bin of rejects when I uncovered it. There it was. A Wilson A2000-XLC. It obviously didn't belong in the rejection bin. Well, there was a large dark spot in the pocket but surely that wouldn't affect the value significantly. I decided to check the price tag.

No. There was some mistake. This was a \$40 mitt (and that was 10 years ago). Eight dollars? Couldn't be.

After checking the price on the other unblemished mitts, my grandma said, "You ask the man if that's the right price. If he says yes then you can have it."

"Rats. I knew it! If I ask the guy, he'll laugh at me and peel the tag off." I said to my fat little self.

I gave it a try. "This isn't the right price is it?" I said, holding the mitt up to the manager.

"Yeah, somebody rubbed mink oil in it or something so we're tryin' to get rid of it," he said, going back to stocking the shotgun shells.

"Oh, thanks," I said casually.

If I could have done a cartwheel, I would have on the way back to my grandma, now in the kitchen department. The rest is history.

I didn't really want to play little league the following year but with a mitt like that I had to. I wasn't that bad anyway. I had my share of hits (mostly on the legs and a few in the stomach).

Well, this year, my mitt is playing college ball. I'm not but my mitt is. I loaned it to Matt "Lumpy" Garringer. Take care of it, Lumpy. I don't want to have to mess you up.

This year I plan to watch all the baseball games I can. If you go, look for me. I'll be the one sitting with the parents saying, "Yeah, that one's mine out in left field. He's come a long way since grade school."

Maybe someday I'll give it to a little fat boy. I'm sure he won't appreciate it, though.

LINK
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Hamburg, Berlin, Paris, Argentina, Buenos Aires, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Krakow and Doshisha in Kyoto, Japan.

Other links to history include vice president and president of the Southern Historical Association, a member of the Executive Committee of the Organization of American Historians, president of the American Historical Association, president of the Organization of American Historians and two terms each on the board of editors of *The Journal of American History* and *The Journal Southern History*.

Link has been a

Rockefeller Fellow, Guggenheim Fellow, twice a Rosenwald Fellow and a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

He was awarded the degree of Doctor of Letters by Bucknell University, University of North Carolina, Washington and Lee University, Northwestern University. He was also awarded the degree of Doctor of Human Letters by Washington College and Eastern Illinois University and the degree of Doctor of Humanities by Davidson and Westminster Colleges.

"We consider it a real privilege to have a man of the stature of Dr. Link on our campus as part of our 75th Anniversary," said Cooke.

BY Colleen Coberly

On Saturday, February 20th, NNC's chaplain Rev. Fred Fullerton held an informative seminar in which he discussed the history and beginnings of revival, but primarily focused on how revival affects us.

Why do we have revival?

One of the main reasons is that we get run down physically and spiritually in our everyday lives and revival is "A time of refreshment that only Christ can provide," said Fullerton. Second, revival helps us refocus our attention on what is important.

Ethics?

Dear Editor,

15 days ago I went to see a movie. I am now feeling bad for doing it. Should I or should I not? Did I harm my moral fibre or question my devotion to the Nazarene church? I am searching myself for these answers. Anyway my favorite part was when Old Yeller tackled the bull. Twice.

Leland Ford Taylor

tant to God and to ask ourselves, "Are my convictions and attitudes what they should be?" We should then review our response to the light God has brought into our lives. Third, revival helps fight the tendency for our spiritual zeal to burn out. Fourth, it is a time for us to focus our attention individually and corporately on the redemption of the world. And last, but not least, revival helps reflect our freedom of choice by providing a time for the person who has slipped away to come back to God.

How do we prepare for revival?

First we are to humble ourselves. Fullerton says, "As much as individualism is important in our society, realize that we are dependent on God." Then we should spend time alone and with others in prayer. God doesn't bless us to store it up for ourselves, but so that someone else can benefit from it," Fullerton added.

How is revival sustained in

our own journey?

We need to realize that revival brings out what is to be the norm in the Christian life, and many Christians are living at the sub-normal level. We must also keep ourselves open to God and our neighbors. Fullerton gave an example of church leaders who wouldn't go to the alter even though they felt God calling them, because then everyone would think there was something wrong in their spiritual life. Everyone knows that church leaders are "perfect" and never have spiritual problems. (sarcasm) Moreover, we should confess our sins immediately. This is evidence of growing maturity in our lives, instead of waiting for revival. The final point that Fullerton mentioned was that we should testify whenever possible. This is many times an encouragement to the believer who is struggling with a conflict and hears the testimony of victory in someone else's life over the same problem.

On War...

Dear Editor,

Though we all support the president in renouncing war, the fact remains that nukes ended the last world war and the threat of their use has prevented another one for over forty-two years. Supposing we could destroy technology and disarm back to sticks and stones, would there be peace? Or could we revert back to the rule of the tyrant and the horde? In going along with the Soviets on the INF (Intermediate Nuclear Forces) Treaty they would trade their excess for our essential. Asking the Senate to blindly ratify it just because the President signed it and the public swallowed the one-sided media hype is irresponsible. Predictably, the European press is questioning our dedication.

The Soviets want the Pershing II and cruise missiles out because: they put Moscow at the same disadvantage Washington is by the coast; they could force-multiply our previously decimated theatre or strategic weapons by taking-out command, logistic and air defense sites; they could take an attack on free Europe back to Soviet soil; and being mobile they would be difficult to target by a Soviet attack. All contribute to bal-

ance against overwhelming Soviet nuclear, chemical, and conventional forces and their thirty-million plus reserve built by universal military training from youth and long-accrued stockpiles of weapons to arm them.

I understand this INF agreement requires the destruction of U.S. and Soviet missiles, the weapons of instant war, ranging from 300 to 3000 miles. The Soviet ICBM (Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles, of which our prior Salt I Treaty gives them about six-fold ICBM firepower advantage by not limiting size) can also be used with little warning over these INF ranges to take-out NATO targets and remaining nuclear forces. They can be supplemented in battlefield bombardment ranges up to a few hundred miles by thousands of Soviet nuclear-optimal air defense missiles. We may "Trust but verify" ad infinitum Soviet factories or deployments as these other missiles aren't restricted by the INF. Trading medium-range missiles one to four means nothing if they maintain theatre capability and we don't, rather our logic shoots NATO in the foot.

Same thing with the ill-advised START (Strategic) treaty proposals - in trading

our light ICBM's for their light fire power (throw-weight) ration of their heavies to our remaining lights will jump to around ten to one, with comparable accuracy-not including their extensive reload capability. Such excesses not only support medium ranging, but also proportionately more warheads and biological and chemical loadings. Our recent repeated rocket failures to get a satellite up, even by using a Minuteman booster, and Pershing and Trident reliability problems also illustrate the need of maintaining numbers for credibility.

We simply lost our perspective at the improvised Iceland summit. The Soviets negotiate like they play chess, three steps ahead. There is no need to loose our pants every time we parley with the IF we first expect them to reduce their firepcwer to the West's. Over 1700 retired flag officers prevented Carter from likewise stampeding SALT II (which also ignored overall balance) through the Senate. Now the French President equates this INF fiasco with Chamberlain's patronizing Hitler at Munich - "Peace in our time". Caveat emptor???

Robert D. Vesser

"I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something." Mother Teresa

An Eye Opener

BY Greg Christy

Skin heads, Punkers, Flower children, homeless, and the gospel. What do all of these have in common? They are what the Urban ministries class saw on our Urban plunge to San Francisco. As a participant on this trip I can say it had a profound effect on me. I saw all kinds of people, and all kinds of situations. A child of 6 climbed into my arms. Nothing so special except that Joey has AIDS. We spent our first night in Reno, Nevada. There were lights everywhere, and about as many people as lights. As we entered our hotel I saw a man put a dollar into a slot machine. When I came back down the same guy had won a thousand dollars. A couple of us walked around Reno looking for that slot machine that would give us all the money we had dreamed of having. After looking, in vain, for our winning slot machine we headed back to the room. In the hotel lobby was that man still going at it. I don't really think that he ever smiled. In the morning we left for San Francisco. The trip there was beautiful. Finally we reached our destination, the Haight Ashbury district, and the Oak Street House. It was here that we were immediately thrust into the inner-city. There was a room full of homeless people; not the ones like we see in the movies. These people were young, and many of them were educated. I spent time talking to a communist who was living out on the streets. He was desperately searching for something that would fill him.

That evening after an orientation we grouped together in small groups for a little walk. We walked up and down Haight Street. Haight street is where the whole 60's movement started. It was a place of great differences in people and tastes. Later that night

[sic]

we separated and went to work in three different places in town. All the places we went to were for the homeless people. I really felt out of place among these people. The next day we went to work in a soup kitchen making sandwiches for the homeless. We worked with a woman who had a voice that was lower than mine. In fact I don't think she was a she at all. In fact I know that she was a he! I saw with my own eyes people who were hurting. I saw people who had nothing even their clothes were given to them.

That evening The group was taken on a tour through the city. We were shown the great differences in the way people live. We took the trolley down to the warf up to Broadway. Broadway is the porn center of the city. From Broadway we went to Polk street where the male prostitutes were. On Polk street the ages of the kids were from 10 to 14. All of them selling their bodies to make a living. After Polk street we went to the city center, and passed out blankets. The people who got the blankets represented just a few who were in need, and it was our little way of feeling like we were helping on this trip.

Finally we ended the night with a trip to Castro. Castro is the gay district of San Francisco. I have never felt more uncomfortable in my life.

Finally Sunday came and it was time to leave the city and come back to Nampa. I don't know if I really wanted to come back to school. Because while I was in San Fran., I saw a lot of people and a lot of different life styles, but more than anything I saw the Lord in the people that worked there. People like Mike Davis and Jim Rotter. These were the people that showed to me that Jesus did love his people in the inner-city! But like all good things this one had to come to an end, so we headed back to Nampa and a little changed by what we had experienced.

[sic]

Craft time finished our day. The older groups, ages five and up, were responsible for cutting out hearts for a "God loves me" mobile; I was responsible for supervising and assisting the older group.

I sat on the cement beside

Thrust to the Cities

San Francisco Plunge

BY Rhonda Gerdes

What's so big about the city? Why does it fascinate me? Why do I take an urban ministry class that dumps me in the middle of San Francisco? Because...because of Tammy, a woman I met at a shelter, who remembers one time attending a Nazarene church but is now a homeless lesbian...because of the two young men, with a switchblade, chasing another young man...because of the young, confused boy I passed waiting for a trick...because of Kim who is homeless and has suffered from a cough all winter...because of the young wife, husband, and baby who are passing time until the Grateful Dead concert...because of the older man seen dropping off a young girl in the morning on Height Street...because of the man on the wharf who claimed to be an atheist and was laughing at some "holy rollers" singing on the corner...because of the young mother who is dying of AIDS and has no one to take care of her daughter...because...

These people are real people whom I came in contact with during my urban-plunge weekend. They have gotten under my skin, reminding me

of life's unfairness. If you don't think life can be unfair, try handing a piece of chicken, tuna sandwiches, and cartons of milk to 45 different women who are evidently suffering from beatings, inabilities to make enough money to pay rent, head lice, failure, loneliness, and the list goes on. These women did not laugh; a few smiled, but for the most part, they were silently staring into the TV or the wall. Very few shelter workers took the time to talk to them. One woman expressed her desire to attend a prayer and Bible time, but there was nothing available. I wish that I had the time to penetrate these women's persons, give them myself to talk to, care for their needs, provide a prayer and Bible time, and help them to know the love and care of my Jesus. I wish that I could have stayed with them, forgetting my college education, and begin to spend time where reality is.

This was my San Francisco urban plunge. My greatest discovery was that I am no longer content with my city plunges. I'm ready to invest my life in these people I wrote of and to let them invest their lives in me. As soon as June 10th comes, I will be out of Nampa and back into the city where my heart is.

What Rowanda Taught Me

BY Jennifer Roemhildt

The city has a pulse of its own; a life independent from the rest of the universe. It can't be explained - it can only be experienced.

All experience is made up of impressions; and that's what I want to give you - impressions of the city. An itinerary is the skeleton of an urban plunge: people are its life-blood; giving the city a face, and a name.

I would like to name the city Rowanda. Rowanda is five years old; not yet in school. She lives in the Projects, a predominantly black housing complex/slum in San Francisco. I met Rowanda on the "playground" of the complex; a dirty glass-covered parking lot sandwiched between tall pink buildings. Her black pigtails boasted brightly colored barrettes, and her chubby face was clean and sweet. She and her playmates had come for games and stories.

Craft time finished our day. The older groups, ages five and up, were responsible for cutting out hearts for a "God loves me" mobile; I was responsible for supervising and assisting the older group.

Rowanda. "Can you help me?" she asked, "I don't know how." I took her scissors and quickly clipped out a small red heart. "You try now," I encouraged. "I can't," she whispered back.

The city is a humbling place to be. City kids learn early that the fastest way to get ahead is to be the loudest and most persistent - so it was several minutes before I could work my way back through the jumble of scissors, hands, and voices. An older boy struggled with left-handed scissors; others were unable to manage scissors at all.

Rowanda was still sitting on the pavement. She had tears in her eyes...I think mine had all caught in my throat. I took her scissors and I carefully cut out three hearts. I left part of my own heart with her.

Rowanda taught me about myself. It's easy to feel invincible in the suburban world; where you have the opportunity, and probably the money, to do just about anything. That afternoon, sitting on the urban cement, there was nothing I could do. I helped Rowanda, and maybe I could have helped all the kids on that playground that day; but even if

I had, who would be there to help them tomorrow?

I want to name the city for the panhandler I saw Saturday night. I was feeling streetwise, getting used to shrugging them off; so when the young man approached me ("Can you spare a quarter for a sandwich?") I didn't stop. Neither did he, until a second later. "Please?" he asked. I wonder where he slept that night.

If I could, I would call the city Bob, for the Christian nurse I met who works on the AIDS ward at San Francisco General. Or I would name it after the bag lady who behaved like a princess at St. Anthony's Friday night. She ate the cold chicken with an air of dignity. She reminded me of my grandmother.

My city has a chubby face full of tears. It is a young black panhandler, and a Christian on the AIDS ward. She is an older woman; everything she owns is in the two bags on either side of her folding chair.

There is no easy answer for the city; but God has named it, too - in Ezekiel 48 - and his name is best of all, because it is a promise: "And the name of the city shall be: The Lord is There."



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Spiritual Life Week

Rejection

BY Jennifer Roemhildt

Rejection is one of the deepest kinds of hurt. We've all experienced it in some form. Thursday, Dr. C.S. Cowles offered words of hope and victory over rejection in the fourth lecture of the Spiritual Life Week Series.

"Love Overcomes Rejection," Cowles chapel talk, suggested that Jesus really understands the hurt of rejection, and is able to help us overcome it.

The two key questions that Cowles addressed were "In what ways was Jesus re-

jected?" and "How do we respond to rejection?"

There were five nails of rejection driven deep into Christ before the first of the nails were driven into his hands and feet, Cowles indicated.

First, Christ was rejected by the ecclesiastical authority - the Church of his day. Jesus was rejected by the crowds; and he was rejected by his own family. His was not a traditional "happy Christian home."

Jesus was rejected by his friends; and finally, he felt rejected by God. "My god, my God, why has Thou forsaken me?" he was to cry on the cross - and the heavens, in Cowles' words, resounded with deafening silence.

Christ understands the

pain of rejection.

He also wants to help us overcome it. There are three ways to deal with rejection: we can retaliate, resent, or forgive. Our model, in Christ, is forgiveness.

When we can appropriate those haunting words of Christ, "Father forgive them...", then we will know the freedom from the pain of rejection. ■

Forgive

BY Rhonda C. Wittorf

Dr. Ralph Neil initiated Spiritual Life Week last Monday. The Scripture for the week focused on I Corinthians 13-love to be the general theme.

Neil's address was about adopting a forgiving attitude towards all past hurts. Many enter their hurts and resentments in the ledgers of their minds. The carefully memorized "record of wrongs" is actually a list of resentments."

Neil feels that many Christians credit others with evil motives, even though no one can read others' minds. "The past dominates the present with its sad tale of hurt and wrong."

Dr. Neil believes that there can be no resentment in the presence of the Holy Spirit. Neil feels all must learn the lesson that love remembers no wrongs so hurts should never be allowed to linger. ■

Dr. Crawford stated that love is not attraction, not liking, but respect and a sensitive response towards people. Love is not an abstraction, but a decision to act towards another

Giving It All to God

BY Rhonda C. Wittorf

Spiritual Life Week ended on a convicting note for many. Dr. Chic Shaver, professor of evangelism at Nazarene Theological Seminary, told an analogy on Friday, 19 February, about the process from salvation to entire sanctification.

Dr. Shaver matriculated at Dartmouth where in his freshman year he was converted to Christianity. He earned his Doctorate of Ministry degree at Fuller Theological Seminary in

California. Dr. Shaver has served as professor of evangelism at Nazarene Theological Seminary for the past 16 years.

Shaver's key scripture came from Ephesians 3:16-17. He then took the congregation through a tour of the rooms of the house in his mind. The first room was the library. It was the control room where his thoughts governed all else. He told of dining rooms, living rooms, a workshop, social life, and last, a hall closet. Dr. Shaver ended the chapel with an altar call. ■

God Always Loves Us

BY Lorie Palmer

What does God want you to do? What is your drive? What is the highest thought that you ever think? What does it mean to "not be the same"? These are all issues that Dr. Crawford addressed in chapel on Wednesday during the Love Lecture Series. Dr. Crawford spoke on Corinthians.

Dr. Crawford stated that love is not attraction, not liking, but respect and a sensitive response towards people. Love is not an abstraction, but a decision to act towards another

whether you like them or not. Love is essential and everything else is partial. Love is perfect and everything else is imperfect.

"We tend to think that the less we care about ourselves, the better Christians we are, when in reality Jesus brought across that any love we give to the world has to do with self-love," Dr. Crawford stated.

During his message Dr. Crawford quoted from Charles Wesley's "And Can It Be?" We must realize that God loved us first, not that we have chosen to love God first. He will love us whether or not we ever choose to love Him. ■

Key Disk

BY Christopher A. White

As most of you know already, there is a "key disk" system which watches over our computer facilities, deciding who is allowed access to the computers and who is not. The cost is ten dollars. For this amount you get a floppy disk which will give you "enough time to do what you need to do during the term." At the end of the term, it is no longer valid. This has raised a lot of controversy across the campus. Some think that it is a good idea, some mumble about how unfair it is, and some search for a way around it. Before you decide to go off and "beat the system" out of ten bucks, though, here are some things to think about.

First of all, you get a lot for your money. Professor Murray of the Academic Computing Center toured the campuses of several revered colleges and universities over the summer and was surprised to find that we provide better computer services than most all of them. For one thing, only a handful of colleges provide hard disks for students to use. For another, you get top-of-the-line software. Your key disks don't pay for this, though. Every penny comes out of Academic Computing's budget.

What your key disks do pay for are student aids which are in the labs to help you. Every dollar of key disk money goes directly back to students. These students are available in Wiley Learning Center from 3 - 5 p.m. and 7 - 9 p.m. Monday

through Friday to help you with any problem you may have on the computer, whether the machine you're using malfunctions or you need to know how to do something in one of the software packages. And even if they're not on duty, they'll help you if you need it.

Even if you don't need their help, there is another reason to follow the key disk rules: you promised to. When you were admitted to this college you signed a contract saying that you would obey any and all of its rules and regulations. It didn't say that you had to agree. I'm one of the biggest supporters of key disks, but I'll also be the first one to admit that those who disagree have a valid point. But don't tell me, tell Academic Computing or one of the other authorities how you feel and why. The whole reason the key disk system was instituted was because many people requested assistants to be in the labs to help them. If that's not the way you feel, tell someone. If it is, you should tell someone, too. Just don't cheat. It's both unethical and immoral. You entered into a contract with this school, a contract which no one forced you to sign. You are bound morally by it. And one more thing, stricter controls by Academic Computing encourage teachers not to accept work from any who bypasses the key disk system; and they do know who you are. Consider that next time you decide to "Beat the System." ■

BY IRS

Many students with summer or part time jobs can no longer claim exemption from federal income tax withholding, according to the Internal Revenue Service.

Because of tax law changes made by the Tax Reform Act of 1986, students who can be claimed as dependents on their parents', or another person's, tax return cannot claim exemption from withholding for 1987 if they have any investment income, such as interest on savings, and their wages plus this investment income will be more than \$500 for the year.

However, students whose wages for the year are \$2,540 or less and who have no investment income generally will be exempt from withholding.

Students can claim exemption from tax withholding on their Form W-4,

Employee's Withholding Allowance Certificate, only if last year they had to pay no federal income tax and this year they expect to have to pay no federal income tax, the IRS said. If exempt status is claimed, it remains in effect until February 15 of the next year.

Generally, students not exempt from withholding should claim one withholding allowance if they have only one job at a time. Or, if they need or want more tax withheld, they should claim zero allowances. See the Form W-4 instructions for more details.

Many students who had to pay no tax in the past may have to pay tax for 1987, and so cannot be exempt from withholding, because of the Tax Reform Act of 1986, according to the IRS.

Beginning in 1987, any child who may be claimed as a dependent on a parent's return is not entitled to a personal exemp-

tion on his or her own return. Also, the standard deduction for an individual who can be claimed as a dependent on another taxpayer's return is limited to the greater of:

* \$500, or
* the individual's earned income, but not more than the allowable standard deduction (\$2540 for a single child who is not blind).

For example, a dependent child who is not blind, has investment income, and does not work, gets a standard deduction of \$500. If this dependent child works and earns over \$500, the standard deduction equals earned income, but may not exceed \$2450.

Generally, if the child's total income is greater than his or her standard deduction, the child will have to file a 1987 tax liability.

Form W-4 is available from employers or from IRS by calling 1-800-424-3676. ■

UNO-INNSBRUCK: Travel Abroad

BY U of New Orleans

The University of New Orleans will sponsor its 13th annual European Summer School Program in Innsbruck, Austria during the summer of 1988. This educational/travel/learning experience, entitled UNO-INNSBRUCK-1988, will involve over 250 college and university students as well as some 30 faculty/staff members.

"Spending the summer in Innsbruck, Austria was one of the most broadening experiences of my life, not only educationally, but socially and culturally as well," said Meg Hanks, a 1987 UNO-INNSBRUCK participant. "If I ever have the chance to go again, I'll have my bags packed and ready

in no time flat."

Stephanie Rondernell, a student participant on the 1986 UNO-INNSBRUCK program, had this to say about her European experience. "If someone were to ask me to name the most memorable experience of my life, all I would have to say is 'UNO-INNSBRUCK'. When I think of my summer in Austria, I think of the mountains that were outside my dorm window and how wonderful it was to wake up to them every morning."

Applicants are already signing up for the 1988 summer session. Part of the reason why over the last 12 years some 3,000 students from all across the United States representing over 150 different colleges and universities have participated

in this unique summer program is that over 60 courses in many different academic subject areas are offered in this magnificent Alpine setting in the "Heart of Central Europe". While participants can earn up to ten semester hours of credit, their classrooms are surrounded by the towering Tyrolean Alps, whose peaks are always snowcapped.

Naturally, courses offered with UNO-INNSBRUCK focus on the cultural, historical, social and political issues of Europe. However, during the 1988 summer session courses in business and science will also be taught. All instruction is in English and faculty from the University of New Orleans, guest professors from the University of Florida and the University of Innsbruck, as well as distinguished political figures from the U.S. and Austria will be teaching in Innsbruck this summer. "Academically the overall learning is just great," said

Gunter Bischof, a professor from Innsbruck who has taught on the program for the last five years. "A student may read less, but see much more. It is a true living educational experience."

During the summer, students will be housed in the Studentenhaus at the 300 year old University of Innsbruck. The school is just a ten-minute walk from many inns, cafes, and beer gardens in the "Old Town" of Innsbruck. And, three-day weekends offer ample time for students to travel to many different destinations in Europe, to hike in the Alps and even to ski the nearby glaciers. "You don't have to go very far to see someplace that is very different," said Meg Hanks. "From Innsbruck, the efficient Eurail system reaches all of Austria and much of Europe within a few hours. Innsbruck is an ideal location for weekend travel."

UNO-INNSBRUCK-1988 will convene with gala opening ceremonies on July 3 and end on August 13, 1988. Several optional pre-study tours are being organized for those students who want to spend an extra month living and learning in a different and stimulating European environment. Pre-study programs are offered

in Belgium, Italy and a travel program through Western Europe.

"In the summer of 1987 UNO's popular Alpine summer school attracted students from 35 American universities and colleges as well as several foreign countries," said Jeanne Boudreax, Coordinator of the International Study Programs at the University of New Orleans. "As a result, UNO-INNSBRUCK is now the 4th largest overseas summer programs offered by any American university. We believe that the number of enrollments over the years has been due to the excellent quality of our program. UNO-INNSBRUCK is a fantastic opportunity for students to travel, live, learn and earn semester credit hours in a rich and beautiful European setting."

Enrollment in UNO-INNSBRUCK-1988 is limited, so interested students should apply as soon as possible. For information and a full color brochure, write to: UNO-INNSBRUCK-1988, c/o International Study Programs, Box 1315P - UNO, New Orleans, LA 70148. Or you can call the Office of International Study Programs at UNO: (504) 286-7116. ■

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Social Commentary

Dear Editor:

As President of the Social Work Club, I wish to thank all of you students outside of the major who expressed heartfelt concern over the Schultze issue. And to those who are wondering what's going on with the department, I'm pleased to say that it is surviving. It's true to say that students have had to make adjustments to accommodate the transition from one professor to another, and for some this is very frustrating. However, this is to be ex-

pected because of the differences in teaching styles. Yes, students are still angry over the timing of the decision, but they are not acting irrationally. There are other changes that will occur in the school's third largest major. I sincerely hope and pray that those involved in the decision-making process will recognize the delicate nature of events following the timing of Professor Schultze's dismissal. Once again, thank you.

Errol Bolden (sic)



WHILE LOOKING FOR LIVINGSTON... ERNEST GETS SIDETRACKED

Doing Justice to Ska

BY Eric von Borstel

Methods of Dance - the very names itself hints at an ideological clash with traditional Nazarene doctrine. The conflict grows. Supposedly, this Boise-based band plays exclusively in dance atmospheres (usually in bars and taverns). Their songs (and even sound) have been reputed to emphasize loose lifestyle, as lyrics center about primarily illicit subjects.

With such preconceptions of Methods of Dance in mind, it is not difficult to believe that few of us on campus have ever heard the four-man band's material; practically none of us have seen them live. However, in this author's eternal (though consistently rewarding) quest for the genuine Idaho "sound," a copy of the group's most recent album, Justice, was obtained. The musicians for the most part perform well; the LP is an enjoyable piece of work, and therefore merits mention to those who might not otherwise hear...

At an acknowledged risk of sounding stereotypical, one might classify the band's musical style as progressive, college-oriented ska. (Ska, of course, is the bouncy, hyperactive realm of new music fashioned by the notoriety by The English Beat and Public Image, Ltd. and finally brought to the pop scene such as Madness and Fishbone.) Methods of Dance seems to modify ska to a certain extent (hence, progressive). Vocals are no longer conveyed with the traditional low-pitched clarity; they come across as slurred and slightly whiny (c.f. Gene Loves Jezebel). Brass is replaced by an outstanding versatile synthesizer (very impressive), moving the band closer to a 90's type of sound (though with ska roots).

The band members themselves display varying levels of proficiency and professionalism. The bass player, Corey Stoutenburg, is nothing short of brilliant. His funky, but gracefully moving progressions probably constitute the most distinguishable sound the band can claim. His creativity in variation is mind-boggling; it seems that Stoutenburg's worst fear is being caught in a vamp. Keyboardist Todd Dunnigan is very nearly as talented; it seems his main concern is to resurrect the tone and imagery being steadily crucified by the pitifully shallow and overtly sexual lyrics of lead singer Thomas Keithly (who incidentally sings pretty well, though he can't play lead-guitar worth beans). The drummer, Pete Weaver, is very bad - possibly the dullest and most repetitious this writer has heard since the disgraceful D.J. Bonebrake of X (the worst drummer of all time). Let it be put this way - chances are that Weaver has a great personality. (Get the picture?)

Justice itself doesn't really contain any exceptional singles (though the obligatory ballads are surprisingly impressive); it appears that as a whole, the album reflects a successful attempt to emulate the style of Methods of Dance. That is respectable, and also the reason why one can listen to it successively without getting bored (that is, if one enjoys the sound). Forced singles get old very fast. But Justice is a treat in consistent, progressive ska. It certainly is a shame that 95% of us will never get to hear it.

A heartfelt thanks to Heather Hull for providing the album. (Gee Heather, I'd let you borrow my Mike and the Mechanics tape to pay you back, but you already have a copy.) ■

Go to the Movies with Gina

BY Gina Lindsey

So I'm running out of jazz concert practice early, trying to explain to Mr. Alexander why it's so important that I skip practice to go to Boise to see a movie - that should have foreshadowed the hellish cinematic nightmare that was to occur. Oh, it wasn't that bad, but let's not get ahead of ourselves in the reviewing department. To be honest, I really wanted to see Bright Lights, Big City with Michael J. Fox, but that doesn't open until Friday (after the paper comes out, you understand), so I figure one movie with a star of TV's "Family Ties" is as good as the next. So I saw Satisfaction with Justine Bateman. OK, that's not really true either. It's just that I left jazz practice later than I had planned, and Satisfaction started at 9:20, compared to She's Having a Baby at 9:15. First, before we can even begin to delve into theatrical analysis, we must address the mystery of this movie's title. In all the advertisements that I have read prior to its release (up to the two magazines in my living room dated this month), the movie is called Sweet Little Rock and Roller. But presto, change! It's called Satisfaction. What gives, you scream! Things like this doesn't happen in America, unless it's some kind of terrorist mind game plot! No, no, calm down. My opinion is that Justine just loved the old Rolling Stones tune and wanted the opportunity to wrap her lips around the song where Mick Jagger's monsters had been before her. Plus, it gave them another cut for the record and video clip for MTV. And let's face it - Sweet Little Rock and Roller sounds like a really stupid movie. Let me assure you, the film metamorphized after the name change. Now it's only pretty stupid movie. But again, we get ahead of ourselves.

Let's begin with characters and plot. Bateman plays Jenny Lee, the smart-aleck lead singer who is wise beyond her years. She has just graduated valedictorian of her class but wants to put off college to travel with the band. Her older brother/guardian, Hubba (nice name, huh?), says no way, but she finally wheedles a consent out of him, but just for the summer.

Now for the rest of the band. First there's the drummer/gangster,

Mooch, who steals a vengeful rival gangster's van, providing a rather pointless antagonistic twist to the story, if you ask me. Then there's the keyboardist, Nicky, the boy-next-door classical pianist turned rock and roller after the original keyboard player went to jail for some crimes we never hear nor care about. The character is played by Scott ("I've-seen-him-before-but-I-can't-remember-where-and-it's-driving-me-crazy") Coffey. Actually, I thought both Mooch and Nicky were interesting characters, and one of the movie's few highlights was the minor subplot of their romance. Then there's the floozy bass player, Darryl. (Actually, I missed her name in the credits trying to get all the others down, but it's not really worth remembering anyway. The only thing I remember is that I'm trying to grow my hair out like hers, but that's off the subject.) Then there is Billie, the junkie guitarist, played by Britta Phillips. If I had to be pinned down to pick a favorite character, she would be it. She has some great one-liners, and the best songs of the film were the ones she did acapella like Billie Holiday's classic, "God Bless the Child Who God His Own" and "Mr. Big Stuff" (you know, from the Oreo commercial) that they turned into a swell reggae number on stage. And I especially liked it when she mesmerized a vicious Doberman by singing "Amazing Grace" - unbelievable, maybe, but - hey! - I wept. The other important character was Martin Falcon, the bar owner and washed-up musician who hires the band for the summer. The actor, Liam Neeson, got top billing with Bateman, although I've never seen him before. He does have a nifty Celtic brogue, though. Through the film, a rather limp emotional affair develops between Falcon and Jenny that, for some reason, left a bad taste in my mouth, although I can't exactly pinpoint why. Perhaps it was the absolutely tacky hand-painted sunset they grovelled in front of - I don't know.

The big question the movie makers would have you ask is "WILL THE GROUP GO TO EUROPE TO TOUR?" The biggest question I was left asking was, "How many times can the human ear hear the word 'dirtbag' in a two-hour period?" Oh, I

probably laughed out loud half a dozen times - the high-speed volleyball challenge and so was Jenny's - shall we say - "colorful" valedictory address - so if you think three laughs an hour is worth \$2.50 on Tuesday bargain night, go for it. However, I certainly couldn't justify five dollars on any other night. My best advice would probably be wait until it comes to the Frontier to see it, but if you have something better to do that night, run with it.

The most bearable part of this film is the music, and the soundtrack looks fairly decent. (I might pick it up if it was on the \$6.99 rack at Musicland, and if Mom had just sent a check in the mail.) The original tunes by Jenny Lee and the Mystery, like "Knock on Wood" and the climactic "Purple Rain" - like "Talk to Me" are pretty good. And there's other stuff on it, like WaWaNee's "Stimulation," a song I just love. Anyway, the soundtrack is by AJK Music and distributed by K-Tel (aren't they the people who brought you "Zamfir the Pan Flutist: All My Best"? OK, OK! Stop yelling and I'll tell you! Yes, Justine Bateman does do her own singing, and no, it's not too bad - I mean, she stays on key, but that's about it. Oh, her voice has a certain raw energy about it, but I remained unimpressed.

By the way, Blondie's Debbie Harry (yes, she still has that ugly skunk hair) has a cameo as the witch-like Tina, Martin's old girlfriend. This kind of brings me to my point. I think it would be best for all concerned if the director (I didn't catch his name, but again, it really doesn't matter - I could have directed this puppy...) shaved off the wimpy plot and petty crises of this film, whittling it down to a 15 or 20-minute "Thriller"-like thing that would be called "Mallory Meets the Go-Go's" and would run before a special "Family Ties" episode which could then end with the same sort of excerpt from Michael J.'s Light of Day, and then somewhere in the middle, Tina Yothers could sing "Baby I'm Back in Love Again" (remember - from the Swinging Corporate Raiders episode?). Yeah, this is working for me. In the meantime, if you must see this film, it's showing at the Plaza Twin on Overland, and is rated PG-13 for strong language and sexual content. But don't say I didn't warn you. ■

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Words From the Wise

BY Jim Mikkelsen

Every so often in our lives we come across a book or an author that alters forever our vision of life. These are the books that we find ourselves forever talking about and recommending to friends, mulling over again and again, and continually returning to for contemplation's sake.

Most recently I discovered G. K. Chesterton. And while Kant may have talked about Hume gently waking him from his "dogmatic slumber," Chesterton simply shocked me from my sleep. He did it through his style which is epigrammatic and like an epigram, brief and bold.

For Chesterton the world is far more filled with wonderful and awe-inspiring things than man generally ever recognizes as an adult. In his book entitled, Orthodoxy, GK gives us the shocking notion that fairy tales, not science books, contain the true description of the world.

"In fairyland we avoid the word 'law'; but in the land of science they are singularly fond of it...Grimm's Law is far less intellectual than Grimm's Fairy Tales...We cannot say why an egg can turn into a chicken any more than we can say why a bear could turn into a fairy prince. As ideas, the egg and the

chicken are further off from each other than the bear and the prince; for no egg in itself suggests a chicken, whereas some princes suggest bears."

When Chesterton hits, he hits hard; he stuns; he leaves us breathless, but somewhere, deep under the words, there is always the soft sound of deep laughter in his strokes. He's serious, but never somber. For example, G.K. tells us frankly that fairy tales aren't for little children, they're for adults--to reteach us how to see the world through a child's eyes.

"When we are very young children we do not need fairy tales: we only need tales. Mere life is interesting enough. A child of seven is excited by being told that Tommy opened the door and saw a dragon. But a child of three is excited by being told that Tommy opened the door. Boys like romantic tales; but babies like realistic tales--because they find them romantic. In fact a baby is about the only person, I should think, to whom a modern realistic novel could be read without boring him...[Nursery] tales say that apples were golden only to refresh the forgotten moment when we found they were green. They make rivers run with wine only to make us remember, for one wild moment that they run

with water." He slaps us in the face with his opening sentences. We're threatened to call the whole game off indicting Chesterton for mere flippancy. But by the close of the paragraph we end up muttering, "Thanks, I needed that."

The strongest emotion that Chesterton felt about life and conveyed in his writing was that the whole grand instance of life was as precious as it was puzzling. He never complained or questioned the conditions of this life because he could never get beyond the strange fact of life itself.

"In a fairy tale an incomprehensible happiness rests upon an incomprehensible condition. A box is opened, and all evils fly out. A word is forgotten, and cities perish. A lamp is lit, and love flies away. A flower is plucked, and human lives are forfeited. An apple is eaten, and the hope of God is gone."

Chesterton could never figure why some folks complained of these incoherent contingencies, the unintelligible fine print in life's contract. They can't understand or explain the injustices or the moral demands of this universe. They complain of life's irrationalities. To that Chesterton responds by asking these folks that if it comes to demanding an explanation of the injustices of life, or the moral demands of life, or the irrationalities of life, or any

other qualities of life, or to take the questions to the bottom and first explain life:

"I could not complain of not understanding the limitations of the vision when I did not understand the vision they limited. The frame was no stranger than the picture. The veto might well be as wild as the vision; it might be as startling as the sun, as elusive as the waters, as fantastic and terrible as the towering trees...Oscar Wilde said that sunsets were not valued because we could not pay for sunsets. But Oscar Wilde was wrong; we can pay for sunsets. We can pay for them by not being Oscar Wilde."

This is typical of Chesterton's epigrammatic turn of phrase in that it stops us in our tracks. If Oscar Wilde as homosexual stands for all of life's contract breakers, then the connection to all other strange, seemingly incoherent contingencies of life becomes clear. We do enjoy life's gardens precisely because we have to pay. We pay by being obedient to the command not to eat of one of the trees. It's typical of Chesterton to pack a tight suitcase then leave the unpacking to his readers. His lines sound wrong, but feel right. And a few moments reflection on the passage usually reveals how right he is.

Now all this appeared to me as very incredible, eye opening, and true. Then I

discovered in the pages of Chesterton's book the most wonderful account of the world I had ever read. It came from Orthodoxy in the chapter called, "The Ethics of Elfland." It moved me to see the world in a different way entirely, that is, it moved me to see the world in a Chestertonian way.

"A child kicks his legs rhythmically through excess, not absence of life...They always say, 'Do it again' and the grown up person does it again until he is nearly dead. For grown up people are not strong enough to exult in monotony. But perhaps God is strong enough to exult in monotony. It is possible that God says every morning, 'Do it again' to the sun...It may not be automatic necessity that makes all daisies alike; it may be that God makes every daisy separately, but has never got tired of making them. It may be that He has the eternal appetite of infancy; for we have sinned and grown old, and our Father is younger than we."

This ought to give our minds a brief cramp. It ought to make us stop for a moment. It ought to make us look at the fragments of all those commonplaces we held so unwaveringly to, and leave them lying where they were broken. After reading Orthodoxy I felt like I had been hit with a bolt. It was only after reflecting that I knew where the bolt came from. ■

A Company of Wayward Saints

BY Jon V. Bever

"A Company of Wayward Saints" which is a Reader's Theater written by George Herman was performed on the 18th and 19th of this month by N.N.C.'s Speech Department.

What is a Reader's Theater? Well, it happens to be only one of the most prevalent methods of interpretive reading. It can be presented in an informal setting with the performers sitting around a table. They then read their appointed parts in

the play. On the other hand, the play can be formal. This is done with the readers on a stage with lighting and sound effects to match the mood of the reading. A Reader's Theater has no law for the style in which it is presented. This allows each presentation to be unique according to the instructor's style, creativity, and willingness to experiment.

However, there are two principles which one can expect from any Reader's Theater. The first, is that every reader uses a script; the second, is that it is an oral interpretation.

Furthermore, in drama each performer usually looks like a certain character, but this is not the case for a Reader's Theater. The readers only "imply" a character (or characters). This is done because a performer may be more than one character.

Wayward Saints

The case was as follows: Kurt Proctor as Harlequin and Dottore, John Woodworth as Scapino and Pantalone, Jay Remy as Capitaino and Tristano, Leann Garcia as Columbine, Heidi Maston as Ruffiana, and Dana Llafet as Isabella.

They all portrayed a group of performers that were trying to survive. They would act out different plays, while in each play trying to impress the duke in hopes that he would pay their way home. Going home seemed to be the performer's goal, and at times when they thought they were not going to make it, they would quarrel amongst themselves between plays. By the time they were finished they managed to perform the history of man.

The play was carried out in a humorous manner. Yet, the content of the play was thought provoking in that it

seemed to subtly cause one to contemplate some of the classic issues of life. A few of these issues included: the fall of man, the assassination of Julius Caesar, the birth of a child, belief in God in time of need, and lovers finding out what "true" love really is. This article cannot adequately do justice to the quality of the play.

How can one tell if he has gone to a Reader's Theater which has merit? The goal of the performers is to make the audience use their imagination, to laugh, to think, and in some cases, all three. If the performance holds your attention then it is probably an indication that the readers did their job. "A Company of Wayward Saints" held my attention, and caused me to laugh, to think, and even imagine that I was in the audience with a duke. ■

By Wong Zumwalt

In outrage we strive to wipe out perverted morality by catching Jim...Bakker
catching Jim...Swaggert
catching Tom...peeping.

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Say You, Say Me, Say Lunch

BY Ken Albrecht

There is no shortage of restaurants on Nampa/Caldwell Boulevard, otherwise known as the "Gateway to Caldwell." But, there is one particular place of business that one may wish to consider for future dining enjoyment. I'm referring, in practically all seriousness, to the "Say You, Say Me Cafe." Located on Nampa/Caldwell Boulevard, (probably so neither city could claim it as all theirs) this small, but comfortable restaurant flourishes with authentic semi-western atmosphere.

Once inside the rustic building, one is posed with a simple question: Do I wait? Or can I seat myself? If one ventures for the latter, another question arises: Which is the non-smoking section? If a bad bladder history is prevalent in one's family, may I suggest a front room booth next to the clean and freshly scented restrooms.

The menu, consisting of

hamburgers, soups, salads, deli sandwiches, omelettes, sides, and a variety of beverages (free refills on all pop), isn't impressive in itself, although the quality of the food is well above satisfactory. SYSM's omelettes are made with "eight or so" eggs. Half orders may also be purchased. For those who awaken with more than five minutes to spare before first period, SYSM has daily \$1.99 Breakfast Specials that will, once consumed, make you want to sleep through class. Added touches like fresh, home-canned strawberry jam and occasional dishes dropping in the kitchen keep dining exciting. The deli sandwiches are prepared with your choice of meat and cheese, garnished with produce and topped with mayo and a secret sauce that tastes identical to Italian dressing. Which brand of dressing? It's a secret.

Some of the decor could have been spared or, at least, separated. The "You

Know You're Getting Old When..." poster hung beside the "You Know You're Over The Hill When..." poster is a bit much to read in one sitting. There are no autographed pictures of Lionel Ritchie on the walls and none of his songs are played on the cafe's favorite country and western radio station, although, sometimes Lionel's spirit can be felt, almost subliminally through the music saying, "Buy the potato salad."

Any study/coffee groups Running With The Night will probably choose to go elsewhere. SYSM's hours are from six a.m. to three p.m., seven days a week. For Penny Lovers; prices are reasonable (pretty close to what Lionel would pay) and portions are large enough to fill any Commodore. Still, the quality of each meal is Truly delicious whether one is into Dancing on the Ceiling or just taking it Easy Like Sunday Morning. It's a meal that one will talk about All Night Long.

Thinking Art on Campus

BY Jennifer Lincoln

I popped into The Basement of the Art Building today and I found a lot happening. There is an amusing, curious, thought-provoking collection of student art on display through March 18 featuring pieces by John Zumwalt, Mike Watanabe, Randy Mays, Chelly Tillsey, and Steve Barnes.

While at first glance the pieces collectively have a dark tone, the collection is very diverse, conveying a range of ideas, emotions, techniques, and styles. John Zumwalt and Professor Bruce Johnson were kind enough to allow me to pester them with my questions on the meanings of some of the pieces and the techniques used. The two were easily able to explain to me the techniques but John was reticent about telling exactly what he was thinking when he executed each piece. He wants viewers to derive their own meanings. The entire collection is this way; it can be interpreted in many ways and is highly subjective. It draws thoughts and impressions out of viewers.

The highlight of Randy Mays' pieces was a picture of a haunting, aged, male face. It is a charcoal over

frisket piece that, while being black and white, is interesting in that it possesses a wide range of "colors" and emotions. For you art buffs, I'm told that Randy's technique of leaving the frisket on, rather than removing it, is very innovative. In any case, the piece is fantastic.

Mike Watanabe's four pieces are eye-catching and often unsettling. He uses photos of interesting things such as The National Enquirer and scary faces and then he airbrushes them. They are images of the seamier side of life painted up in garish, living color, as if to trivialize, make light of the uglier reality of life.

John Zumwalt's pieces are dark and colorful and are great for contemplating. His pieces are professional, intelligent art with deep implications. One piece by which I was particularly piqued was a very small etching titled "Crusader Blue." It is amazing how much a small piece of art can bring to one's mind.

All the pieces in the show are worth a look or two and more than a few of your brain waves. I encourage you all to mosey over to The Basement for a study break. ■

Hot Crusader JAZZ

BY Jennifer Lincoln

Our band director, Dr. Jim Willis announces that the Northwest Nazarene College Jazz Band will be performing its annual concert on Friday, February 26 at 8:00 p.m., and Saturday, February 27 at 9:00 p.m. after the game, in the science Lecture Hall.

The program, featuring songs from all time periods and styles of jazz, promises to be an exciting one. For the second year, the Northwesterners will join the band for a section of vocal

jazz. The Northwesterners will combine their talents with the band and rhythm sections as well as sing selections in the acappella jazz style. If the program itself is as hopping as the rehearsal I attended last night, it is going to be great! The tight arrangements, packed chords, and obvious enthusiasm made for some pleasurable listening.

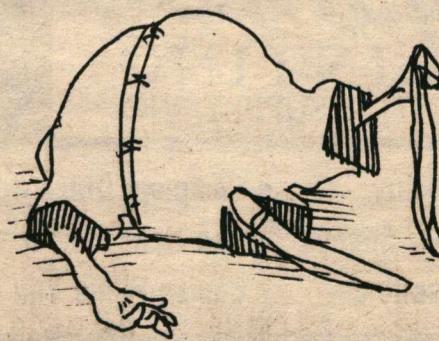
Some of the band selections to be played are: All of Me, The Birth of the Blues, It's So Nice, It's Time to Move, and, Things Ain't What They Used To Be.

Some of the vocal selections will be: How About You, Lullaby of the Leaves, When Sunny Gets Blue, and, You Are My Sunshine.

So, all you jazz fans and appreciators of good music, be sure to attend! Tickets for the two performances are available at the Bookstore and also sold at the door both evenings. If you would like further information, call 467-8413.

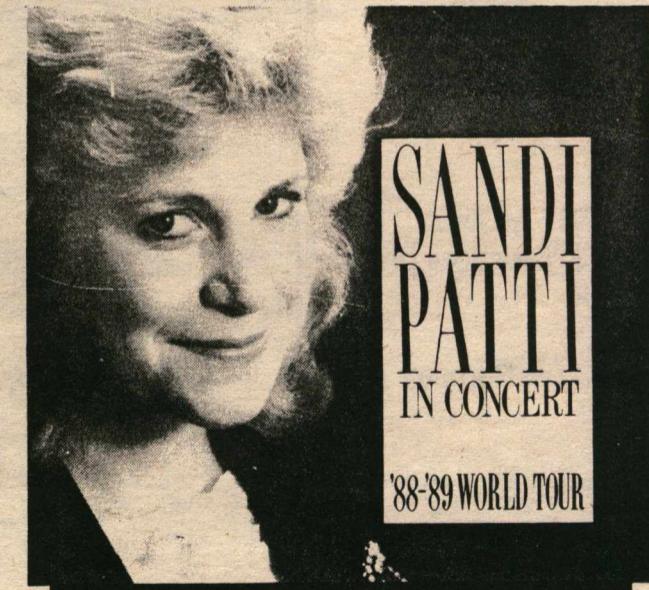


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The Olympics: We're Getting Thrashed But Who Cares?

BY Kevin Pedersen

The Olympics. A celebration extraordinaire. Splendor and grandeur unparalleled. Yes, Olympics are a joyous time, and where better to hold this occasion than in my home country, the promised land, the land of milk and honey. Yes, Canada, where people dwell in peace and harmony.

The Olympics this year have had several highlights. The most pathetic athlete this year has emerged as the crowd favorite. Eddy Edwardson of Great Britain is this man. Here is a man who in the 70m ski jump, where the lowest jumper besides himself was 75m, jumped only 54m. For those of you who do not know much about ski jumping, you can almost jump 54m by falling off the edge of the jump. It seems the only criteria for making the Great Britain team is having your own skis and being able to get time off work for the Olympics.

The saddest story of the Olympics has been the plight of Dan Jansen. Here

is a man who, having lost his sister to leukemia a few days earlier, falls in two races that he was favored to win!

The U.S. hockey team did not make it to the medal round but fortunately many Americans are still so excited about the gold medal they won in 1980 that it doesn't matter how they placed this year.

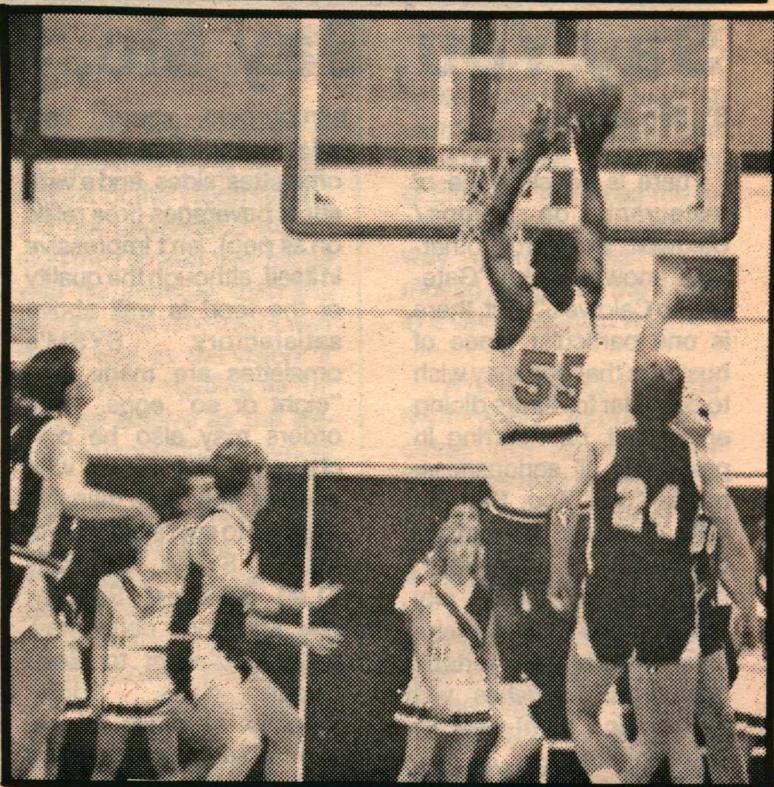
As a whole, North America has had a relatively small impact on the Olympics. As a whole, the Olympic team has had a disappointing showing. This becomes rather clear when you consider that Eric Heiden won more gold medals for the U.S. in speed skating in 1980 than the American team has won medals this year.

As far as Canada goes, we're not expected to win anything, so whenever we win a medal it is cause for national celebration. A bronze medal winner in America goes relatively unheard of but a bronze medal winner in Canada becomes a national hero!

Perhaps the strangest entry of the tournament has

been the entry of Jamaica into, now get this...BOBSLEDDING! What does Jamaica do, just put all the names of the events in a hat, and pick one out that they are going to enter? What's next, Jamaica goes for the gold in hockey in '92!

The big winners of the Olympics so far have been the Russians and the East Germans. It's no wonder when there is so many medals to win in events like bobsledding and the luge. Come on, show me one of those East Germans or Russians who can throw a football or bat a ball and then they can have my respect. Until then, let's not worry that four men from Russia can jump in a big box and slide down a hill faster than an American or Canadian team. The only reason those guys are bobsledding and ski jumping is because they couldn't make the high school basketball or football team. In the sports that count, the ones that people actually enjoy watching, North America still rules. Vive la U.S.! Vive la Canada!



Crusaders Roll

BY Dana Hicks

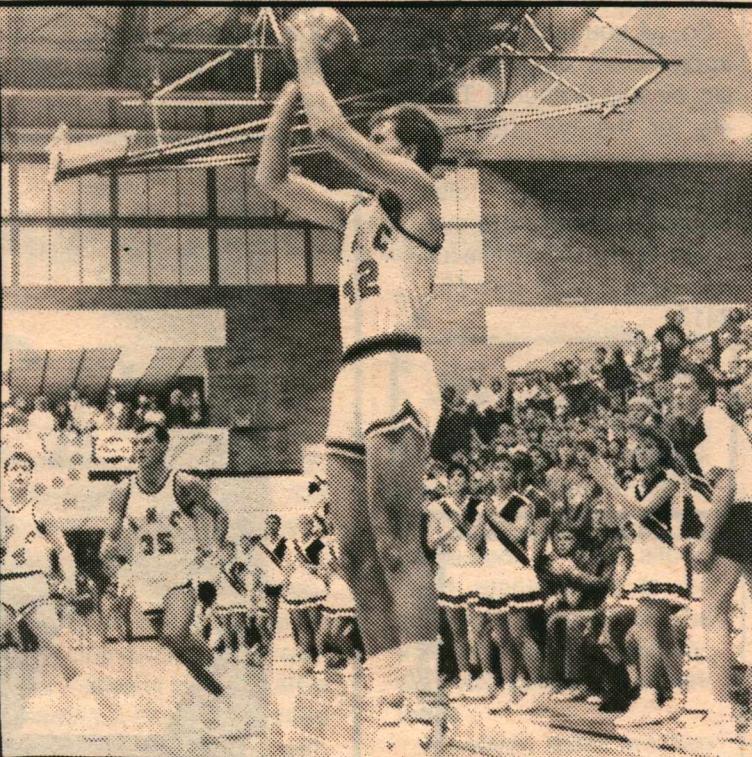
In the last couple of weeks, things could not have gone much better for the Crusaders. The Crusaders have won eight of their last ten games. Head Coach Gary Matlock has nothing but positive things to say about them. "To come back and finish the season so strong shows the character strength of these players. Yet, I don't feel like we've reached our peak."

After a 2-1 home escapade, the Crusaders finished out conference play Feb. 19 by crushing Concordia 98-66. The Crusaders shot 65 percent from the floor in the second half to dominate the entire second half. Kelly Bokn, the NAIA District 2 player of the week, had a game high 23 to lead the 'Saders. Mike Davidson, the tallest 6'3" power forward in the conference, pitched in 21 and Maynard Spell added 16 to help the cause. The win put the Crusaders at 6-6 in conference play and made them host to Linfield Col-

lege this Saturday evening.

Saturday night the Crusaders met up with Northwest Christian College of Eugene, Ore. Northwest Christian tied the game at 68 with 18 seconds to play in regulation to send the teams into overtime. But the Crusaders dominated the overtime period, scoring the first six points of the period. The Crusaders, who did not shoot a free throw in regulation, buried 11 of 12 in the overtime. Clive Allen came off the bench to score 12 and pull down 16 rebounds (the school record is a mere 30). Davidson led the scoring with 24, Mike Pardon put in 21, and Bokn, making a homecoming of sorts to his alumni, added 16. Maynard Spell sat out the contest resting an achilles tendon.

This Saturday's contest looks to be a good one. The Crusaders defeated Linfield College in their second game of the Tip Off tournament by 17 earlier this year. However, that was back in the days of Steve Thomas. Tip off is at 7:00, don't miss it.



I.M. Standings

"A" League

1. Untouchables	5-0
2. Pigs...	4-1
3. Hangers	3-2
4. Bones	3-2
5. Bouncers	3-2
6. Foot...Grave	3-2
7. Fastlane	0-5
8. Pinheads	0-5

"B" League

1. Mounties...	6-0
2. Deathlounge	6-0
3. Concussion	4-2
4. Reckless...	4-2
5. Rhinos	2-3
6. White Boys...	0-5
7. Killer Tomatoes	0-5
8. MOSH	0-5

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Sweet Revenge

BY Scott Hammel

If you didn't go to the NNC Women's basketball game against Southern Oregon, you missed the Lady Crusaders' most exciting home game of the year. NNC started the game in a tough zone defense in jumping out to an 11-4 lead. The team had many opportunities to blow the game open but only led 34 to 25 at halftime due to a few sloppy passes. Still though, the Lady Crusaders were in control. The second half was a different story. NNC came out flat, giving up the first six points.

Grace Marks, who had a

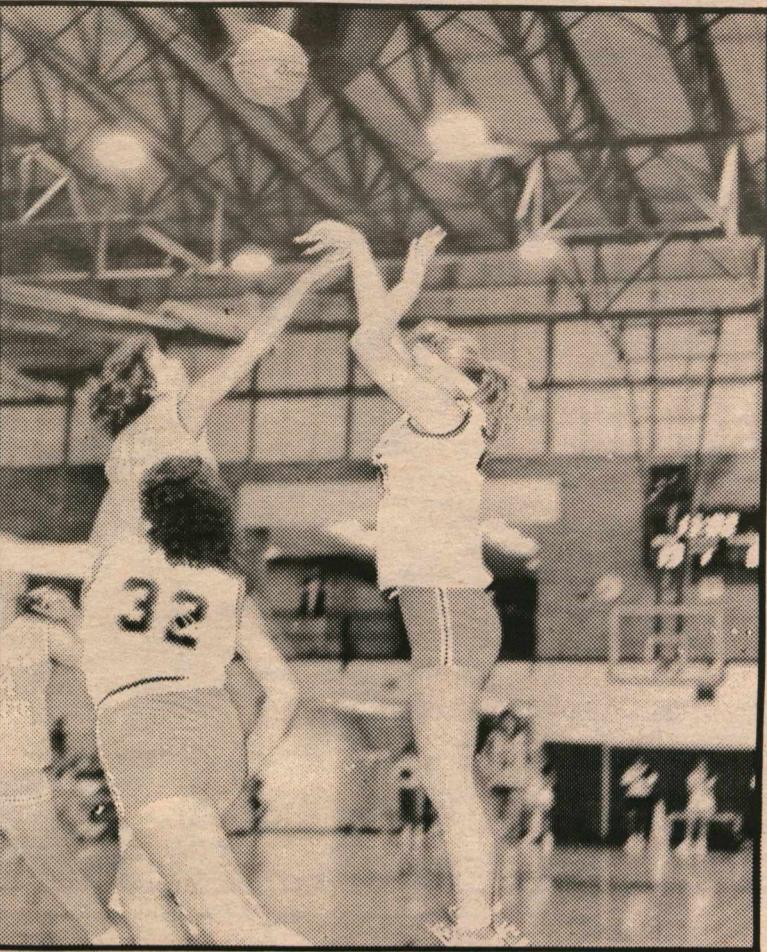
good first half, picked up her fourth foul with 17:15 to play, then at the 15:48 mark Doreen Hochstetter joined Marks on the bench with her fourth. SOSC went on a 21-4 run in the first six minutes to take the lead, 46 to 38. During the run Michelle Skyles went down momentarily with an ankle injury, it was symbolic—the Crusaders were hurting. But the girls weren't finished yet. Coach Schmidt installed a full-court pressure defense and the team made a spectacular comeback, cutting the Raiders' lead to 60-59. Here's where the fun began. After a S. Oregon basket

that put NNC down by three, Belinda Fisk answered the call with a bucket with 0:47 remaining. SOSC made one of two free throws with sixteen seconds left to go up 63-61. Fisk missed a three point shot and Southern got the rebound. It appeared the game was over but Lisa Berg, whose help of the bench in the second to play. Southern Oregon retained possession, but NNC forced another turnover on the inbounds play with no time expiring. Time out—Crusaders. The team set up a play designed for Julie VanBeek. Everything went perfect, VanBeek got the pass and put up about a six footer which banked in. The crowd went wild. The team was celebrating. Anticipation was rampant as the official ran to the scorer's table. The shot was ruled after the buzzer. NNC had lost a sensational contest.

The Lady Crusaders had just lost what was perhaps their most disappointing loss of the season the night before, so one had to wonder if the team would be down the next night against Oregon Tech. It appeared so during the first ten minutes. NNC found themselves behind the underdog

Lady Owls 15-14, when Coach Schmidt applied the man to man full court pressure once again. Back to back three pointers by Michelle Skyles sparked an 18 to 0 run and the Lady Crusaders were ahead to stay 32-15. The team traded baskets with their opponents the rest of the half and led 43-28 at halftime. The girls decided they weren't finished yet, running off the first six points of the second half. The team enjoyed great outside shooting throughout the game, stretching their lead to as much as twenty-six, 64-38. Skyles hit her third three pointer of the game, and the Lady Crusaders coasted to an easy win 81-64.

Anyone who saw the Lady Crusaders' game against Eastern Oregon Tuesday night has to admire the way the team overcame three negative elements: the EOSC pressure, loose (or should I say, poor) officiating, and the "Eastern Oregon Fans From Hell." To say that the Mountie fans were obnoxious is an understatement. Obviously, they don't get out of LaGrande very often. Anyway, back to the game. The first ten minutes were very fast paced, probably too



fast for NNC's liking. Michelle Skyles and Becky Dix kept the Lady Crusaders in the game with ten points each in the first half. Skyles sunk an amazing half-court shot at the buzzer to close the Mountie lead to four at 43-39. The team came out fired up in the second half with something to prove to the Rodent Pack of EOSC, scoring the first nine points

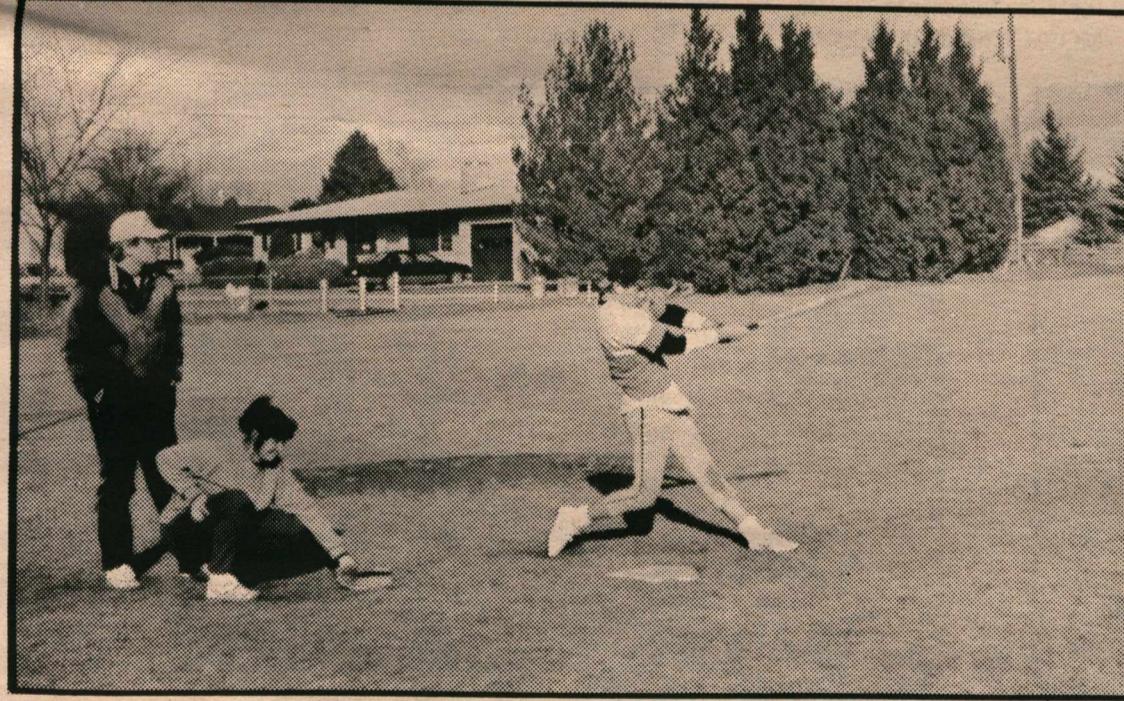
of the second half on route to a 17 to 2 run, making the score 56-45 with just under fifteen minutes to play. Eastern's girls did the best they could to come back, twice cutting NNC's lead to five, 63-58 and 75-70. But the Lady Crusaders sank their free throws in the clutch and the Eastern Oregon Rats were forced to surrender their flag. Final score: NNC 85 EOSC 72.

Snowpack Takes Annual Tourney

BY Greg Cullen

This is a story about irony. It's a story about those little twists fate sends your way. It's a story about the little lessons God teaches us in life. It's supposed to be a story about the Snowball Tournament. It is, sort of. On February 13th, the 4th annual Snowball tournament was played. Two years ago, I was a freshman. So was Bryon Hemphill. Bryon played on a different team than I did in the 2nd annual Snowball Tournament. My team lost 15-0 and not everyone on my team got to bat. Bryon's team took 2nd place. Remember that. During the spring we were on the same intramural team. We beat every team we played, except one. They beat us 3 times, including the championship game. We took 2nd place. Remember that. Last year Bryon and I played on the same team in the 3rd annual Snowball Tournament. We cruised through the tournament and we were leading 6-2 in the last inning. Three

more outs and we would win! We lost 7-6. We took 2nd place. Remember that. During the spring Bryon and I again played on the same intramural team. We were pretty good. We knocked the number one team out of the playoffs. We made it to the championship game and fell apart. We took 2nd place, etc. etc. So that brings us back to the 4th annual Snowball Tournament. We wanted to win. So we made our team and named. We named it "Please Not Second." We thought that was funny. It was funny then. It was a very cold and very windy day. We won twice and were in the championship game. It was a great game, and we played our hearts out. But we lost to "The Snowpack." They were just the better team. We took 2nd place. Ouch! This time we got a free pizza. Big deal. It was tough to take. That is until I remembered that verse in the Bible that says that the first will be last and the last shall be first. I think 2nd will stan 2nd. We seem to be stuck there so far.



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R.A.W. Takes It All



BY- D. Hicks

NNC's first Women's Intramural basketball league came to a majestic conclusion Tuesday night as The Psychedelic Fashion Statements met up with R.A.W. to decide the 1988 Women's IM Basketball champs. R.A.W. came into the game undefeated after pulling out a squeaker against the "Three B's". The Psychedelic Fashion Statements only loss came in their season opener when they forfeited to "The Fighting Quakers". Hence, these were, undoubtedly, the two top teams in the league.

R.A.W. jumped out to an early lead and dominated most of the first half, leading after the first 20 minutes 14-4.

However, as the second half got under way, the Psychedelics reminded the sellout crowd how they got there: by not reading Ms. Manners. The second half was plagued by much physical play, but when the fat lady sang, R.A.W. was undoubtedly the best team in the league.

Mary "Air" Goode, once again led R.A.W. in scoring with seven beans.

Mosh Fights for Basement

BY- D. Hicks

Men's "A" league action, in the last two weeks has gone through some surprises. After the Pigs beat the Hangers, the Bouncers beat the Pigs, but not before the Untouchables beat both the Bouncers and the Hangers. The Bones, after losing

their first two, have run off three wins in a row. The Pinheads, after losing their first two, lost three more.

The real question is: Will the Pigs beat the Untouchables? Or will the Pigs change their name to "The T.V. Evangelists" in attempts to get more dates? Will the Bones play in the tournament or will they have

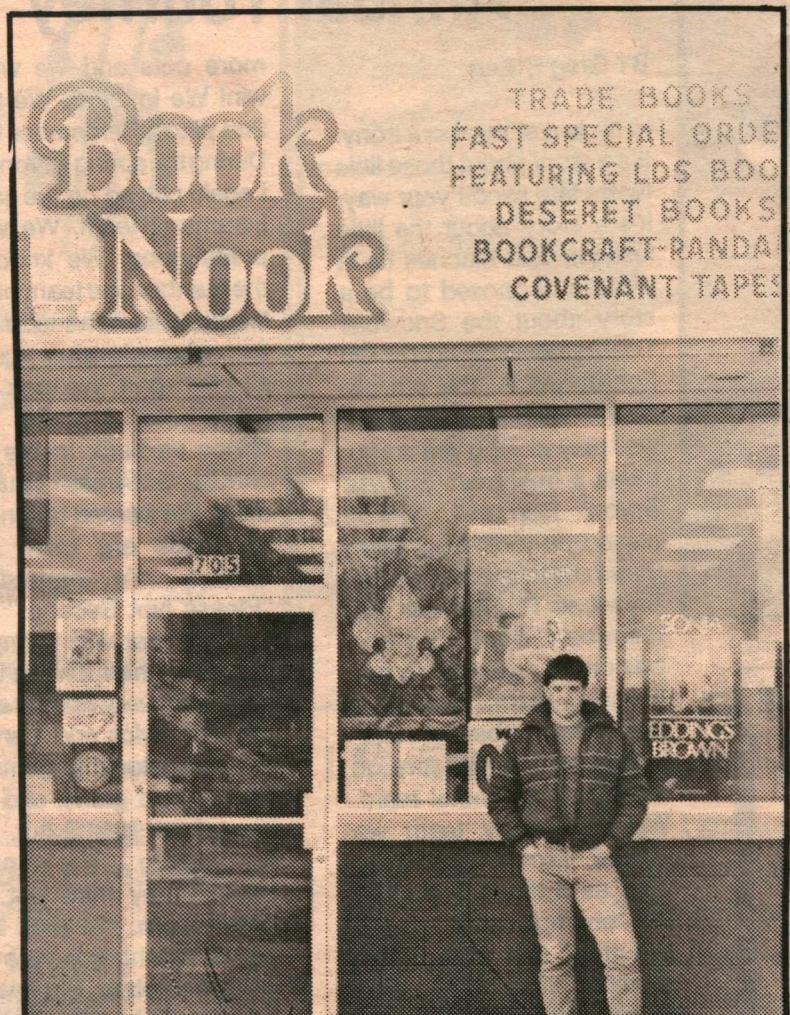
a baseball game that day? Will the Hangers play in the tournament, or will they have a boxing match that day? Will Eric McKernan make it through the whole year without a technical? The suspense kills me.

In "B" league action, the excitement is in the "Battle for the Basement". The MOSH is leading the battle

with an 0-5 record, but have two games with winless teams coming up. MOSH coach Scott Ray was overheard saying, "If you aren't going to eat that, can I have it?" White Boys With Shorts" and "The Fighting Tomatoes" also look strong in the running for that basement spot with 0-5 records. The Tomatoes are hoping to

put on their best pre-game show yet for their highly renowned MOSH vs. Tomatoes game.

At the other end of the spectrum, the Mounties and Deathlounge will meet this Saturday to decide who will be the #1 and #2 seeds going into the "B" league tournament.



Pictured above is this week's, "Book Nook Referee of the Week", Craig Stensgaard. Craig received the Book of Mormon courtesy of the Book Nook, NNC Intramurals, and Crusaders Sports.

