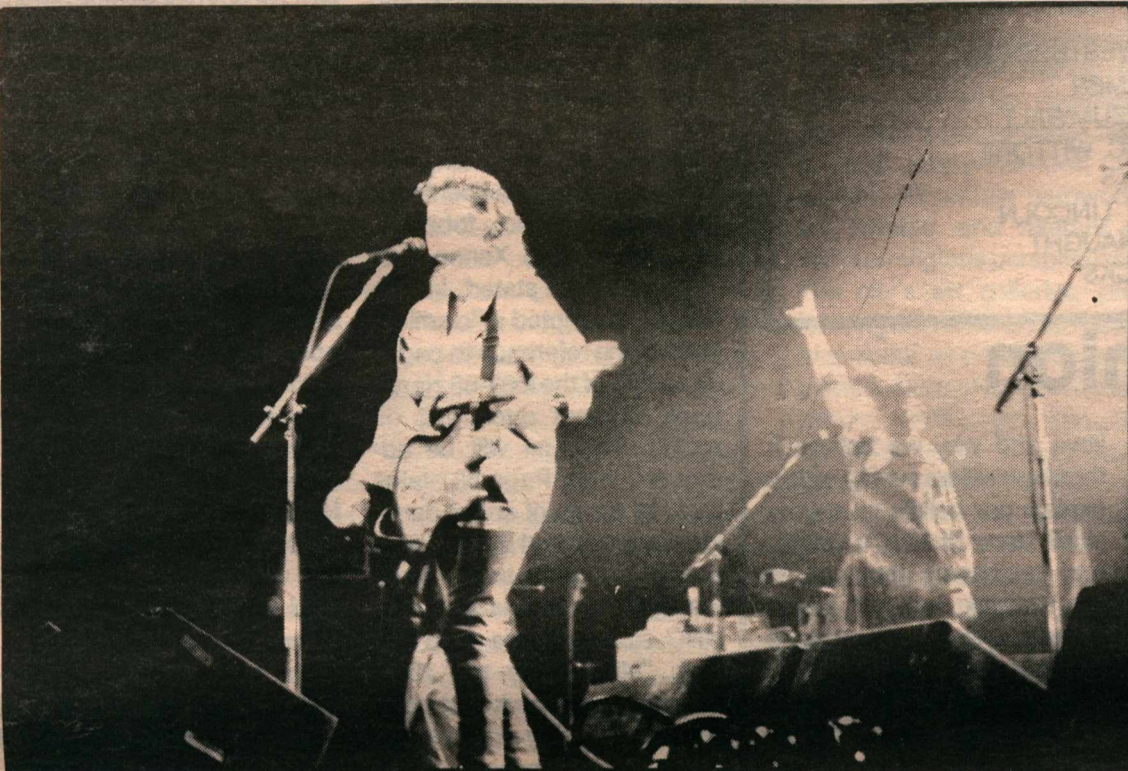


CRUSADER



Friday the 13th, 1988

Volume 42 Issue 13



Russ Taff belts it out

Mangum Missionary Series

BY Rhonda C. Wittorf

NNC's annual Mangum Missionary Lecture Series featured Dr. Franklin Cook this year. Dr. Cook has served as a career missionary in the Church of the Nazarene and is presently editor of World Mission magazine.

Cook's messages focused on various aspects of mission service, his emphasis being on active proclamation of the gospel. One of his lectures, Friday's chapel, shocked many of the students. Dr. Cook related the stories of three meals he ate in expensive restaurants in three different cities. One student was noted as saying that the general assumption of most church-goers is that missionaries don't make enough

money to eat anything but the bare essentials. This student felt that Dr. Cook revealed a new way of looking at missionary service when he told the stories.

One of the most popular chapels to attend was Thursday's. Dr. Cook spoke about bridging the gap between the east and west. He began with a sort of history of the severing of ties between "east" and "west," communist and democratic countries. He said, "In the west we concluded that the descending of these curtains must necessarily mean the end of gospel proclamation behind these curtains." He wishes citizens of western countries would see the world in terms of north and south, "the haves and the have-nots, the wealthy and the

poor, the segments of society that have power and other segments that have no power."

Friday's chapel focused on missionary service. Dr. Cook observed, "You <students> have many opportunities in this global village."

Cook's "best" word of wisdom came in an Arabic proverb:

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,
He is a fool, shun him.
He who knows not and knows he knows not,
He is simple, teach him.
He who knows and knows not he knows he knows,
He is asleep, wake him.
He who knows and knows he knows,
He is wise, follow him. ■

Hatfield On Campus

BY Elissa t. Westbrook

Not too long ago several NNC students, faculty members, local citizens and dignitaries were treated to an evening of good food, fellowship and political awareness. The first annual Len B. Jordan Public Affairs Symposium in honor of a man who was a much revered Idaho Senator and Governor, was held at the end of April, in Saga. With over 300 people in attendance, caterers

had to scramble to set up extra tables and chairs to accommodate everyone. It was an evening of suits and favorite dresses as Dr. Steve Shaw commented on how nice everyone looked.

Over a dinner catered by Marriott Foods in the "Mauve" Dining Room, those in attendance had the pleasure of listening to guest speaker Senator Mark O. Hatfield. While the focus of the speech was on politics and the church, Hat-

field initially took a few moments to commemorate the memory of Jordan. Fond memories of a friendship made the evening quite interesting as he combined the past with the future in moving on to discuss the church's relation to politics.

Those students that were able to attend wish to thank Mr. William Campbell for his generosity in donating money for student tickets. ■

Ministry In L.A.

BY Steve Halley

It is difficult to know where to begin with a topic of this nature. Being completely submerged in the intense urban environment of inner-city L.A. brought with it a kaleidoscope of experiences and input that required adjustment and much processing...just to get into the setting. Gearing up for "ministry" and activities related to it went beyond, in a sense. Yet it was, in another sense, almost the necessary response to being so completely surrounded by so much need with such diversity.

Hollywood Boulevard: the name itself carries with it an aura. Full of lights, stars, money, people, needs, kids, thieves, prostitutes, hurts...hell. Noise and lights bombard its inhabitants. There is nothing that compares to the experiences. And though I'd been in the inner-city before, there is something that I can never seem to get over. Seeing, hearing, touching the needs, and talking face-to-face with those...people. It's easy to forget that they are really people - kids - who could have grown up in my neighborhood.

I've never been in a setting before quite like the French Marketplace. A first-hand experience with the gay community was a first for me. It was eye-opening to say the least - more like eyes bugging out at times! And I have some hesitation in admitting it, but it was really rather sickening. Honestly, it's hard for me to find patience for gays. And was even harder when I found one grotesque-looking man-woman standing very close behind my brother. But they

hurt, too - and need Jesus just like the street kids and...What an inner conflict I feel: they need Jesus, but I can't stand the thought of spending...investing time in someone - a man - who looks at me...But underneath, through the facade, there is actually an image of Christ - the suffering servant - waiting, yearning to be loved, really loved. Can you really see Jesus in a homosexual? It takes honesty. Deep down in my inner-most part it takes honesty to actually see the lonely eyes of a Servant and hear his silent pain cry for relief.

So maybe you think the president of the Urban Ministry Club is supposed to be undaunted by the heart-felt needs. I see the statistics and look at the faces and what really happens is heart-breaking. Jesus would love them. I know that. It's easy to admit...much harder to make a part of me. Deep needs touch the heart, but they are multiplied as I really see how many millions of people are compacted into the macro-micro space of the city. And so many remain out of reach of the gospel. Even in our U.S. cities - in the land of opportunity, built on the "principles" of Christianity.

Lately I've seen too much. That is, too much to turn aside. It's not as if a desensitization has taken place, as if from overload. Rather, just the opposite. The more I see and experience, the more it becomes a part of me. I am responsible now because of an awareness. As my awareness grows, so does that for which I am held responsible. I can no longer be a part of "spectator Christianity." ■

In This Issue:

Oklahoma

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CRUSADER

The Crusader is a product of the Associated Students of Northwest Nazarene College. Views expressed are not necessarily those of the staff, students or faculty of NNC. Prof. Edwin Crawford is the faculty advisor, but is not responsible for the content of this publication. Subscriptions are available \$20 for 16 issues. Profits go to improve publications. Letters to the editor must be under 500 words and signed, unless special circumstances prevail based on the choice of the editor.

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Diversity Of Opinion

BY Lorie Palmer

Many of you may recall the April 3 editorial in the Idaho Press-Tribune written by Dr. Steve Shaw. The editorial was entitled "Guys Like Falwell Protest Too Much."

Shaw's editorial dealt with the Civil Rights Restoration Act. The law's intent is for any college or university which receives federal aid cannot violate the law by allowing illegal discrimination in race, handicap, age or sex.

Shaw stated that according to Falwell, the law will force churches and institutions affiliated with religious organizations to "hire a practicing active homosexual, drug addict with AIDS to be a teacher or youth pastor." Shaw went on to say: "Right, Jerry. That is probably about as likely as a Nazarene minister becoming Pope."

For the two weeks following his editorial, letters to the editor were printed, mostly condemning what Shaw had to say, and moreover, condemning NNC for hiring a man with

such ideas.

On April 17 another editorial of Shaw's was printed entitled "Nothing Wrong with Diversity of Opinion." In this article Shaw wrote that he liked to receive comments on what he writes because "at least people are reading what I am writing." Yet, Shaw is concerned with those who "attacked those who have hired me and the institution that continues to employ me." This article was followed by a rash of letters approving of Shaw and his editorial.

Many may disagree with what Shaw writes. That is the right of each person. But to peg Shaw as an atheist or homosexual; to call him an embarrassment to evangelicals and the community; and to condemn NNC for its poor choice of faculty, all due to an opinion are certainly not the rights of people, but character judgments based on little knowledge.

Growing up as a Nazarene, I have often been taught to memorize much, think little and ask few questions. If we never question what we be-

lieve and why we believe it, then how will we ever be able to explain our beliefs to anyone else? Many of NNC's classes and professors have taught me to think; not just accept because "that's what someone told me." And from studying and thinking, I have learned to form an opinion and express it.

Many members of the community seem to think that an opinion is only worth expressing if it meshes with their own. Thinking that, these people cannot truly support NNC: A liberal arts college that is supposed to allow us to think and act upon what we think and feel.

Voltaire stated, "I disagree with what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it." It seems that if everyone thought the same, then no one would think much at all. Christians, as anyone else, enjoy (and have the right to) a variety of opinions. The expression of these opinions should be taken as any other opinion: with careful thought and consideration. ■

Letters

Dear Elissa,

For quite some time now, I've been considering writing a letter to you expressing my thoughts and feelings about SAGA. Tonight's (4/27) dinner choices of Chef Salad, and Pancakes has finally driven me over the edge. I need to state that my letter is not a complaint about SAGA's food, although that might be in order. No, my indignation runs deeper than my indigestion. To state it succinctly, SAGA's service stinks! Let me explain...

Thirteen terms ago (Spring 84) I began my college career here at NNC. At that time, I found Saga service to be quick, efficient, and complete.

All the lines were short, and moved steadily. By all, I mean, the line to get in the door, the line for food, and the line to put up your tray. On top of this, the side line was open every lunch and dinner, except Sunday night. The side line salad bar was stocked every lunch and dinner, and glasses were always available. These things are no longer true of Saga. Students are now expected to wait in long lines to get in the doors, get their food. Many times a week only one door and one food line are open, making already slow service even slower. The side line salad bar is only partially stocked, if at all many times a week. Knives, forks, spoons, and napkins are totally gone with some regularity, and

glasses are not always available. To add insult to injury, students often must wait in an ever longer line simply to get rid of their trays. This type of service is absolutely unsatisfactory and deficient!

I write all of this for two reasons. The first is to get this off my chest. The second is to make a point. With the already somewhat disappointing "chow" that Saga attempts to serve, and now their inept service, it is no wonder that upper class students are moving off campus in droves! Saga charges more and more money each year, and what do we get in return? It is quite clear to me that all we get is the same old dull victuals, and less service. I'm completely fed up with Saga's lax service!

INTEGRITY

BY Eric von Borstel

INTEGRITY is indeed the issue, but what is INTEGRITY?

In the "open letter" distributed about campus last week, the Dean of Students and the Director of Housing made an appeal to the conscience of the NNC student body. In closing, they encouraged "talking with each other [students and administration] about commitments," insisting that they and student housing personnel "are eager to hear...[students'] thinking." Very well...

The appeal motivating the letter was clear. The opening of the non-alcoholic, tobacco-free dance club Xenon (not "Xonon's" as stated in the notice), prompted a "clarification" of the reference to pages 34 and 53 of the 1987-88 Handbook (without quoting it directly). Page 34 will be addressed later. Page 53 states that "all forms of social dancing are prohibited by the sponsoring denomination." Fine. But how does this apply to NNC students? We read further: "NNC does not allow dancing on campus and does not approve any campus organization to sponsor such an event on or off campus. Further, it is expected that all members of the community discipline themselves to adhere to the standard of the sponsoring denomination." [Emphasis added.]

Upon entering the NNC community, each of us (students and faculty alike) signed a statement holding ourselves "responsible for knowing and complying with the published rules and regulations of the college" [NNC Announcement of Courses 1987-88]. Wonderful. So how does dancing fit into this? It doesn't. If we dance, we simply fall short of a loosely-defined expectation. There is no rule in the Handbook or elsewhere stating that members of the NNC community cannot dance. And certainly there are no regulations abolishing such activity in alcohol- and tobacco-free environment.

Now then, let's address "the issue" - INTEGRITY. The words "integrity" and "commitment" are used repeatedly in the letter. In signing "My Commitment to NNC", we agreed to follow rules not ex-

pectations*. We established above that dancing at a club such as the newly-opened Xenon breaks no published rule of Northwest Nazarene College. Thus, if a student chooses to dance there, his or her commitment remains valid, and no integrity is lost.

Okay. This letter began with the question "What is integrity?" Rhetorical? Certainly. Webster's New Collegiate lists three definitions. Apparently NNC policy has several others. Integrity, according to NNC, is to coerce hundreds of entering students every year into signing a statement with which they might not wholly agree. Integrity is to NNC policy, offering an individual who couldn't care less about his GPA a complete education, while denying the same to a potential Rhodes scholar who is indeed eager to learn, but also likes to dance. Integrity is writing "an open letter" directed toward the students of NNC with the intention of causing them guilt over an assumption which is not even valid! I tend to like Webster's definitions a bit more.

So, "open letters" notwithstanding - do we or do we not dance? Let's take a look now at page 34 of the Handbook. Here are listed "evils" that the members of the NNC community are expected to avoid, including (the item with the most relevance to dancing, per se) "6. Consuming music, literature, and entertainment that dishonors God." Does dancing at Xenon (or for that matter, does dancing in general) dishonor God? The Handbook has apparently left that to each individual's own conviction. As Christians, it seems appropriate that we pray about it, doing so without guilt - for there is no reason for guilt. Let the Lord, not an "open letter" with a derived definition of "INTEGRITY", make your ultimate decision.

Respectfully,
Eric von Borstel

* - Beginning to sound as if words are being twisted a bit? They are. But why is there no outright rule prohibiting dancing? Such a regulation would unquestionably refute any dissent. The fact is, however, that no rule exists, so the present argument stands. ■

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter in response to the letter printed in the last edition of the paper concerning student's mandatory classroom attendance. I agree in part with what the writer of that letter said; however, I do not think that the best solution to the problem is to drop mandatory attendance procedures.

By the time I graduate I will have spent approximately \$30,000 on my education. If I had wanted to obtain my education by reading books, I could have spent a measly \$1,000 on the books and read them on my own. A large portion of the cost of college is for the professors. Therefore, it offends me when professors can't on page 3

Dinyar Mehta Speaks Out...Finally

Dear Editor:

For the past four years, guest speakers for the annual Mangum Missionary Lecture Series, have "for the purposes of illustration," dragged my home country (India) and more specifically, my home city (Calcutta) through the dirt, by means of their presentations. This year's guest speaker, Dr. Franklin Cook, was no exception. Undoubtedly, an adherent of Western Evangelical Nazarene ideology, Dr. Cook, during his three presentations, proceeded to focus on "Calcutta's abject poverty, relations with Marxist regimes, pervading sense of misery..." Quite sincerely, this does not surprise me in the least bit. Why should Dr. Cook be any different from the other "missionary speakers" who have also spoken on this campus in a similarly derogatory manner? As far as I am concerned, his thesis, with regard to the city of Calcutta is this: "It is the worst city on the face of this earth."

To be perfectly blunt, speakers like Dr. Cook incense me when they present their narrow-minded viewpoints, which are very rarely based on a firm foundation of years and years of experience. Such people

visit Calcutta or others parts of India for a few weeks or months with a stack of preconceived notions. They then seek to find evidence to back up their feeble and prejudiced viewpoints. Examples of such "evidence finding activity" include making detailed examinations of slums and other poverty stricken areas, recording dramatic conversion stories and evaluating the progress that the Nazarene Church is making in India. These, of course, are only a few examples. The list is a lot longer.

I am well aware of the fact that Dr. Cook desired to present a certain point of view. He is rightfully entitled to do so. However, the very least he could have done, while he so glibly insulted the home city of eleven million people, was to present both sides of Calcutta.

I have been born, brought up, and schooled in Calcutta, and have lived in that great city for twenty years of my life. I can say with some measure of confidence, that Calcutta is more than just "the worst city in the world," a missionary hunting ground, and a city that should, by western standards be extinct. Admittedly, Calcutta is an impoverished city; definitely more so than many other immense metropolises set-

tings. It seemed very evident that Franklin Cook chose to grossly emphasize the suffering of the city, as opposed to presenting at least a minimally balanced viewpoint. Now that all the negative statements have been uttered, it is just wonderful to know that Calcutta continues to be a city that defies the odds with elan. Calcutta continues to survive. To the western and even eastern mind, this city is marred by chaos. However, Calcutta struggles to thrive regardless of the circumstances. Its people will remain hardworking, affable, and tolerant of various religious perspectives. The city's art galleries, performing art centers, and museums stand as a majestic testimony to India's rich and varied culture. Additionally, Calcutta will never cease to be a focal point for academicians and scholars from all over the globe.

Regrettably, Dr. Cook did not even scratch the surface of the real Calcutta, or for that matter, the real India. As a country we have a lot more to offer than merely the scope for evangelical mission development, or material for a biased speech or two. India is a land of spectacular beauty that attracts people from all over the world. Of

course, the beauty of India is not simply limited to her physical characteristics. The people of my country, are equally beautiful, both from within and without.

I could continue to eulogize India's virtues, and Calcutta's strengths, but that would risk being pompous. I do not write this article to disprove what Dr. Cook said. I have two primary concerns with his lectures: (1) His presentation portrayed my home city and my home country in a deplorably poor light and (2) His lectures tended to be very one-sided. All I ask of missionary speakers is that they should attempt to fairly present both sides of an issue. I believe that it is perfectly acceptable to subordinate one side of the issue to the other. For example, if Dr. Cook's purpose was to focus on the slums of Calcutta, it would have been appreciated if he had taken the trouble to mention a few of the city's strengths. On the 4th of May (the first lecture) a friend said quite nonchalantly, "Dinyar, the chapel speaker sure made Calcutta sound like the toejam of the world." Why should this have to happen? I do not request that Dr. Cook, or other such speakers, hail India as being God's chosen country.

That would be unrealistic and wrong. However, I do think that it is incumbent upon such speakers to edify their audience in such a manner as has been suggested above.

The unfortunate consequence of Dr. Cook's presentations is that the students of this campus are probably even more misled and confused about India than they were before. Hopefully, this article has provided an alternative point of view.

To the students, I would say: "broaden your horizons." Use your enquiring minds to find out information about different third world nations. You may be pleasantly surprised to discover that India, for example, is not as bad as some missionaries paint it to be. With regard to learning about India, Indira Gandhi, the late Prime Minister of India stated so aptly: "If you wish to know something about India, you must empty your mind of all preconceived notions. Why be imprisoned by the limited vision of the prejudiced? Don't try to compare. India is different and, exasperating as it may seem, would like to remain so." ■

Sincerely,
Dinyar Mehta

"Doc" Laird An Unbalanced Guy

BY Reg Watson

Everybody whose anybody on this campus, from President Wetmore to the freshman named, Zitnogg, knows the division of Philosophy and Religion has the most intellectual professors; in fact some may even border on genius. No one professor more acutely represents this than "Doc" Laird.

About three weeks ago "Doc" entered his RE 383 class showing his manifest genius. After much snickering

and the end of the class, one of the students approached "Doc" and asked if he was in a hurry that morning. "Doc" looking down at his trousers frantically exclaimed, "Why is my fly unzipped?" The student laughingly said, "no" and pointed to "Doc's" shoes. There to his surprise were two different shoes! One hard sole and one casual, one black, one brown.

At this point "Doc" began to relate the morning's events, which made the story even more hilarious. "Doc" told how earlier that morning he had been on his way to the Administration Building and noticed he was limping but could not figure out what the problem was. Later that same morning, on his way to the Student Affairs building, "Doc" said he

noticed one foot sounded louder than the other, however, it never occurred to him to look down. Needless to say when "Doc" did find out his mistake, he was embarrassed but laughed along with the rest of us.

As I spoke with "Doc" later, I told him not to worry, he may be a genius, Albert Einstein once went to class without any shoes at all, wearing just his socks. To this "Doc" said, "That's a relief, at least I'm in good company."

So if someday you hear a loud clack and a soft clod behind you in the hall, don't be alarmed, it's just the school's resident genius walking past thinking (among other things) how lucky he is to have another pair of shoes at home just like the ones he has on. ■

Public Debate

BY Shannon Thomas

An issue that has proven to be controversial recently is drug testing. Have you been asked to submit to a drug test? How did it make you feel? Do you feel they should be mandatory for employment? Or is it an invasion of your privacy?

These areas will be explored at the Northwest Nazarene Public Debate held May 26th at 7pm. Location has not yet been determined.

The official resolution is as follows: That regulations in the United States requiring employees to be tested for controlled substances are an unwarranted invasion of privacy.

Debating for the affirmative will be Kris Sturtz and Phil Scott. And the negative case will be represented by Elissa Westbrook and Jeff Richards.

This debate is in conjunction with the Bicentennial of the Constitution and in cooperation with the Political Science Department. ■

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say they will only test over the book and not their lectures. If they don't think their lectures are important enough to test over, why should any student be convinced that the lectures are worth listening to?

I can read, and it is a waste of my time to listen to a lecture taken almost word for word from the text. Professors should present relevant and interesting material in class and test over it! If professors would do that, the grades would reflect poor attendance not because of a mandatory attendance policy, but because the student did not receive all the information necessary to do well in the class.

I have spent large amounts of time and money on my college education and I feel that the way some professors present material in class is treating students more like babies than any attendance policy could.

Respectfully,
Stephanie Shumaker

P.S. I would like to commend Dr. Steven Shaw for presenting his lecture material as important for me to know, not only to receive a good grade on his tests, but also for my life in general.

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A Chat With Bryan Duncan

BY Jennifer Lincoln

I first met Mr. Bryan Duncan on Tuesday morning, May 3, 1988. I was standing in the gym, putting a lot of effort into trying to get an interview with Russ Taff, hoping Russ would just be sitting quietly, bored, on one of his equipment boxes, just waiting for a representative of all celebrities' favorite entity, the media, to come along and show some interest in him. My efforts proved futile as far as Russ was concerned. I did, however, find Bryan Duncan. He was just kind of knocking around, making his desire to "play some hoops" very heard. All I could think was, "Hmm. He is so short to be all hyper about basketball. Maybe he's got some frog-type muscles in his stocky little legs." Yes, I was very struck by his size, or lack of it. On top of that, he was wearing all black, except for red on his feet. I've read in so many fashion magazines that if you want to minimize your size in some area, wear dark colors; and, if you want to draw attention to something, wear bright colors, especially red. I guess he wanted me to notice his feet.

Anyway, Bryan couldn't play any hoops because the gym was being set up for the concert that night and all the hoops had been pulled up. So, I tapped into my journalistic quality of seizing the moment and asked Bryan if I could ask him some questions. He was very accommodating and I

found a very quick-witted, intelligent, sometimes rather sarcastic, amusing, and likable person behind his dark glasses (which he wore throughout the entire interview).

Before we could start our talk, Bryan said he had to first finish reading a piece of fan mail. So, I waited, impressed that he seemed to be so interested in a rather long piece of mail from someone he most likely didn't remember. When he finished, he seemed touched and a twinge sad. "It's from a girl who messed up, got herself pregnant," he said. "She said I'd prayed with her once at a concert and she thought maybe I'd pray for her again." I asked him if he read all his mail. He answered that he did and that he tried to respond to most of it, but that it usually took awhile to get around to doing so. He continued chatting about his mail; how he gets only a modest amount, and of his quest for the most efficient return letter method: he decided he needed a postcard with his picture on it. That way, writing space would be kept to a minimum (he has that annoying-to-onself habit of feeling like he has to write in all the available space on a page) and the fan would get a nice glossy picture of Bryan. "It would kill two birds with one stone," he said. I was beginning to like him. He was a natural person without airs, except for those dark glasses.

Bryan Duncan characterizes himself as having an "urban

dance" sound. He cites "the radio," early Motown, Hall & Oates, and his upbringing in a black neighborhood as his musical influences. Upon being asked who his favorite female singer was, he responded that female voices were usually "thin and uninteresting" but that there were a few "low, sexy-voiced female singers" that he liked. I was impressed with his honesty.

I asked Bryan how writing his own material went for him, if it was hard. He was frank in saying that it was probably the hardest thing he's ever done and that after every album he swears he'll never write another song. I hope for our sakes he keeps writing.

Bryan Duncan is very open about the hard-work lifestyle that being a Christian artist is. "You know, being a Christian artist is a totally different thing that being a secular artist. Secular artists become famous and act any way they want on and off the stage. It's not that way for Christian artists: people expect you to be different, to be an example, to have all the answers. Obviously, I don't have all the answers and I know that by being a Christian artist I have to be off-stage what I appear to be on-stage." From everything I saw, if I'm any judge of human character, Bryan was exactly the way he appeared later that day when he jumped on-stage, turned on his "band from Japan" and started singing his heart out for Jesus. ■



Russ belts it out

Mr. Russ Taff Comes To NNC

By Jennifer Lincoln

Tuesday, May 3, was the night of big voices here on the NNC campus. Social V.P. James Boggs completed his term with a bang by getting both Mr. Bryan Duncan and Mr. Russ Taff to come and share their songs with us. That night was both a musical and inspirational high for the 1987-1988 school year.

Despite the only half-full gym, excitement was high and it was obvious that people had come there to have a very good time. They were not to be let down. Bryan, Russ and his band, and the crowd all entertained one another.

Bryan Duncan started the show off right. Although he apologized that it was only he and his "band from Japan" (his synthesizer and backup recordings), his show definitely manifested no lack. His voice and easy interaction with the crowd made up for the lack of live backup. It was obvious that here was one guy who came to do what he knew he was good at—singing for

people. Bouncing around the stage so much that one was convinced that it was a good thing there wasn't anyone else up there, Mr. Duncan was satisfying—he would have been enough for the evening, singing songs like "Living On The Bright Side," "All My Life," and the foot-mover "Holy Roller." But, there was more to come...

Mr. Russ Taff and his band, clad in their natural fiber, ethnic, slightly-hippyish, individualist garb, came on stage and shocked us with their big voices. Russ Taff was as good live as he is in his recordings. He opened his mouth and the sound rolled, thundered, slid, and somersaulted out. His voice has the ability to express and evoke in his listeners every emotion ever felt: strength, sadness, happiness, power, sincerity. No matter the beat or style of the song, Mr. Taff delivered.

While all of Mr. Taff's band was excellent both musically and visually, his sole female backup singer, Mrs. Rebecca Sparks deserves special mention. Vocally, she is easily Mr. Taff's rival, and that's saying

quite a bit. She had a few solos which left the audience thinking, "Why doesn't she go on a tour all her own??" Mr. Taff was wise enough and generous enough to let her deservedly take the spotlight at times. One number, which she and her husband, a fellow band member, performed was one of the high points of the entire concert. More needs to be heard from this girl!

Mr. Taff and his band varied the concert from fast and joyful to slow and soulful skillfully. During the faster songs, it must be admitted, those great voices and harmonies were often drowned out by some overamplification of the drums. But, all was forgiven and forgotten when the voices came into earshot again.

Both Mr. Duncan and Mr. Taff brought us some good spiritual entertainment. We laughed, sang, moved our feet, clapped, and a few of us probably even cried. At times, nothing can draw one closer to God than some good music. Thank God for Bryan Duncan and Russ Taff. ■



These guys should be belted out

PHONE-A-THON

Do you like to talk on the phone? We Need You!

May 23, 24, 25 NNC begins the 1st annual phone-a-thon to raise money for the school!

Interested people - sign up sheet on Community relations door, or drop a note to box 2159.

Thanks Lisa

Art Attack

BY Liz Belz

Saturday, May 7, at twelve o'clock noon, the public opening ceremony of the Boise Art Museum took place. The public had the opportunity to view the museum on the seventh and eighth of May from noon to five p.m. without charge (and there was free cake and punch on Saturday). The inaugural exhibition was entitled American Realism and hosted such subject matters as flora and fauna, figure and portrait, narrative, landscape, and urban life dating from the turn of the century to recent years.

The museum now contains ten galleries and ample administrative and studio/workshop areas. One of the most attractive aspects of the museum is the Jack and Esther Simplot Atrium (actually the first place you walk into through the main entry). It is a large, open, naturally lighted area. There is also a restored 1937 facade, from the First Base Art Museum, adding a touch of history to the modern design and color schemes of the museum.

This exhibition is the Glenn C. Janss Collection and encompasses over two-hundred works with most of the collection dating from mid-century. The show begins in Galleries 1, 2, and 3, introducing the subject matters that will be seen throughout the rest of the galleries. The realism in this show is considered neo-realism, differing from realism in the sense that the artist paints directly from nature and relies on their individual observations and abilities to depict the "real" world; whereas realists of the nineteenth century were describing exact aspects of the American experience. Also included in the neo-realist realm is that of photo-realism, where a photo is exactly replicated, usually in watercolor. The realists today are showing the world from a psychological view using established realist techniques with modern art concepts.

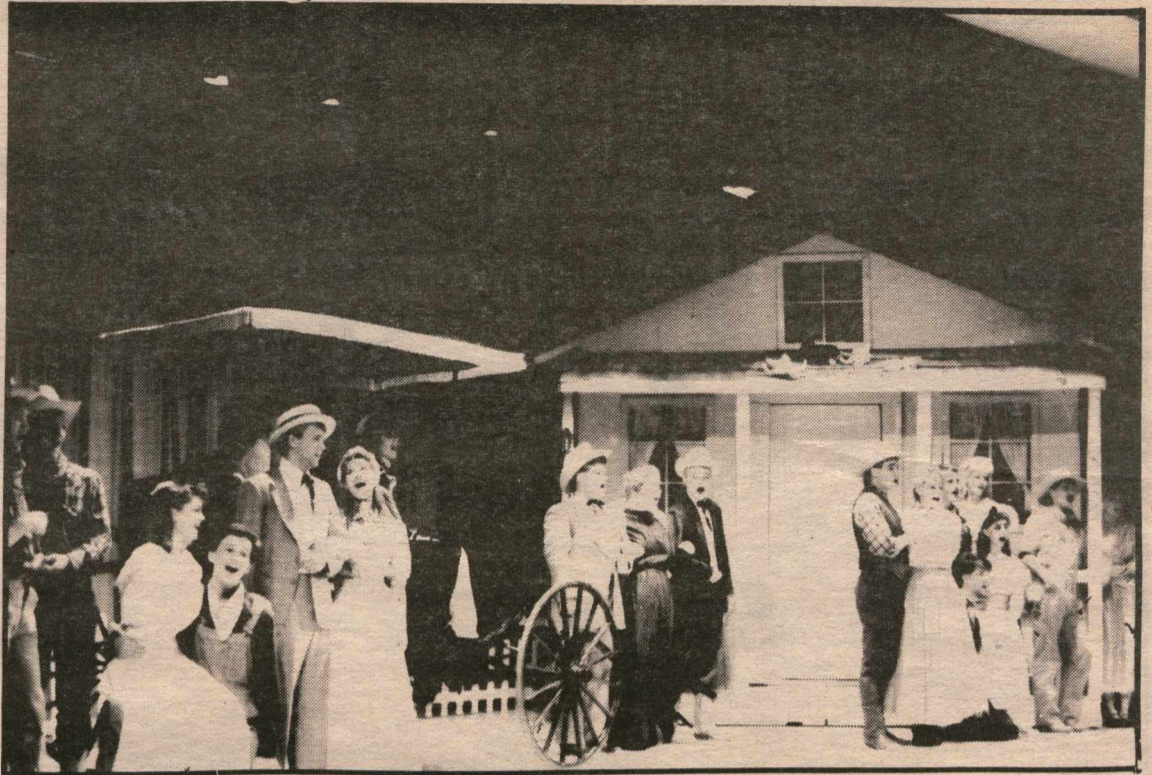
In the next galleries (4-10)

there continues realism of America from many aspects of the individual artists' eyes; from a watercolor of a row of Perrier bottles to a landscape of the "Champlain Valley." Some of the most skillful pieces were those using charcoal and graphite. One in particular, William Beckma's "Self-Portrait" was rather striking. It stares at you. It is bold in facial expression and dares you to stare directly back into his eyes. Another favorite piece is "White Lily In Blue Water," by Beth Van Hoesen. It is a watercolor of large dimension, containing directness, strength, and inflections of skill. In every piece, there was something which was interesting, but as a whole, the pieces may not have been compelling, nor any skill seen; which may be said about the entire exhibition. There were a few pieces worth pondering over, but mostly, everything was just okay.

So, if you didn't get the chance to go to the free public opening, there are chances to see other shows, but it will cost you. If you don't have money, it's okay. There are a few other galleries in Boise worth looking into. There is the 10th Street Gallery, on 10th Street downtown Boise. There is the gallery on the top floor of the 8th Street Market Place, and there is the Art Attack (my favorite) located across the street from the 8th Street Market, near Spike's records.

Currently, the Art Attack is hosting a clay sculpture show by Craig Sopaly. It runs May 6-June 20. It is a good show. It is very contemporary; lots of humor and sarcasm. His pieces have much action and movement in them. Colorful, obnoxious statements definitely worth looking into.

If you want to pay to see art—go to the Boise Art Museum. If you want to see art for free and art that you probably wouldn't see in the Boise Art Gallery, go to the Art Attack. You won't be disappointed. Go in, be open and aware, and have a good, enjoyable time. ■



The Okies belt it out

Oklahoma!

BY Ronald G. Hanson

I went to Oklahoma the other day. It didn't take me long to get there. In fact, I walked. Upon arriving at my destination I laid claim to a small sketch of land right in the front row. I then settled down on my little homestead to enjoy some country-style entertainment.

Over the weekend, the campus was buzzing with the news of success for the Rogers and Hammerstein musical. Having not seen the Northwesterners production at the time, I eagerly listened as delighted Oklahoma fans offered their opinions: "That Pedersen fellow, you know, the Canuuk, well he stole the show!" "Wow! Where did Scott Daniels learn to dance like that?!" And then there was my personal favorite: "I'd like to find out if Lisa Weatherford really can't say no!" After

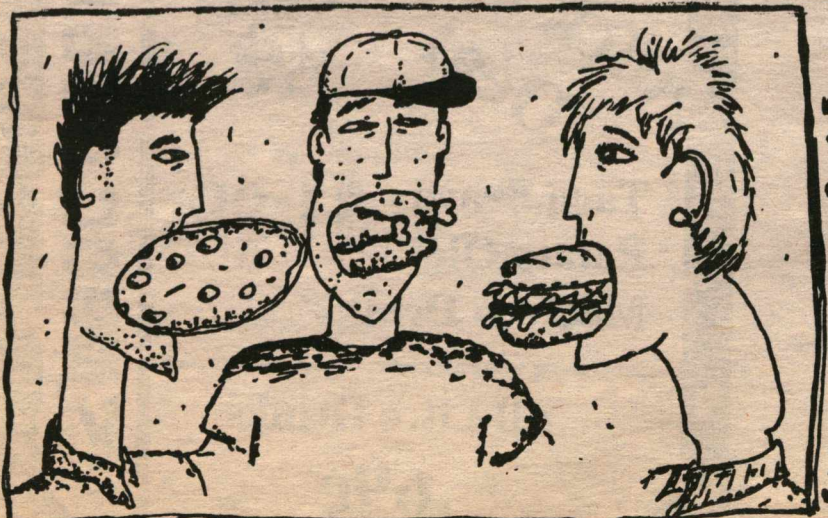
hearing nothing but positive remarks about the musical, I impatiently awaited the final performance to see for my critical self whether the claims of others were justified.

Through the course of the rather long musical I was continually amazed at the talent of my peers, most of whom I have known for three years. I commend David Alexander for the way he organized the cast. He expertly used what was available to produce a cast justly fit for the roles. I mean, who could have played a better Aunt Eller than Gina Lindsey? Or a better Jud Fry than Jeff Brewer? Or a better leading man than country-voiced Larry Hart? The boot-stomping choreography, directed by Gayle Howard, also deserves commendation.

I suppose the ability to appeal to all age groups and the providing of a balance between

drama, comedy, and romance are two aspects of Oklahoma which have made it a classic. At one minute I was empathizing with little-ole Curly (played by Larry Hart) as he was roundly thrown about by the sordid Jud Fry, and the next minute I was laughing until my sides hurt at Kevin Pedersen playing a character not too much unlike himself. Gertie Cummings (played by Sharna Newell) hysterically laughed her way through the musical, and Laurey Williams (portrayed by Stephanie Azeltine) pouted prettily.

Although act one was rather slow and drawn out at times, it amply set the viewer up for a rousing conclusion in act two. My hat is off in honor of the fine performances by those mentioned above, the farmers and cowmen, and the farmer's daughters and the ranchers gals. ■



IF PEOPLE ATE LIKE SNAKES

MALIBU '88 MAY 14th

10:30 - 11:30

Bike Race to Lake Lowell

11:30 - 12:30

Lunch

12:30 - 1:45

Frisbee Golf

1:45 - 3:00

Skim Boarding (between girls dorms)

3:00 - 3:20

Water Balloon Fight

3:30 - 4:30

Obstacle Course

5:00 - 6:00

Dinner on the lawn (w/band)

6:00 - 6:30

V.W. Cram

6:30 - 8:30

Volleyball Finals

9:00 - 12:00

Second Annual Capture

The Flag Wars



T - Ball O' Rama

BY Elissa t. Westbrook

As the year draws to a close, this editor is fast preparing to leave the helm of the Crusader for a newer and greater conquest, but before doing so, I thought it best that I write one lone sports article. When my sports editor asked me to write something of this nature, I was terrified and my usually witty mind drew a blank, and then suddenly it hit me: T - Ball! How could I have possibly overlooked this great influence in my life?

Fourth grade, the thing to do at Irving Elementary School was play T - Ball. Not wanting to disappoint my father and cause my family great hardship, I signed up for the team. I was thrust into the world of professional sports, losing my identity, I became simply #11.

Hesitatingly I entered the field for the first practice sporting K Mart tenny runners and a new Spalding mit my father had bought me. The stiffness of the mit alarmed me as I realized that the only way the mit would fit was if I put all four of my fingers in the first finger spot and hope that my thumb could go it alone.

In no time I was able to throw the ball half way to first base and catch it usually before it bounced four times. Looking back I realize what a challenge it must have been for the coach to decide where my expertise would do the most good for my team. Go Irving Tigers! Well, as game time drew near it was decided that I would be the catcher. For anyone who has ever watched T - Ball, they will know just how important the position of catcher is. I had to be careful of flying bats and work well with the referee to make sure the ball made it

safely back to the Tee. The only saving grace was that each girl only gets two swings and they strike out.

I was never really sure how many times I was hit with a bat as it sailed out of the grasp of one of the opposing team members hands, but I'm sure it is still some kind of endurance record. I also suffered severely from allergies and the embarrassment of wearing allergy filter masks at games so my mother wouldn't worry.

Well, the season drew to a close and I had yet to hit a home run. The final game I sat sulking on the bench and my coach put his arm around me and said, "If you can hit the ball clear to the fence, I'll buy you a milkshake." Talk about a pep talk! I stepped gracefully to the Tee, bat poised, ready for the swing that would forever seal my fate as an athlete. The air hung heavy with the weight of my nervous team-mates. Even the flies stopped just to see what would happen. It was my last chance and the bases were loaded. Sweat worked its way down the back of my spine and I shifted my weight from one foot to the other, the words Dairy Queen emblazoned on my mind. I struck out. ■

Netters Go To Districts

BY- D. "Bob"

Both the Men's and Women's Tennis season is over, and while they may not have won many games, they had a good time. But I guess that is what NNC expects of the tennis team, in light of the amount of money that is put in it. (One can count the total amount of tennis scholarships in either quantity or quality on the right thumb of John Oord's hand.) But at least they don't have to sell towels to go on road trips like another NNC athletic team.

No Women qualified to compete in district play this year. But the Men's team sent the whole team to districts in Salem, Oregon (they didn't have to qualify).

In Salem, the lower end of the team had a hard time, nobody winning more than one match. But Nick Tobia and Kelly Bokn caught Bryon Hemphill syndrome. As a doubles team

Baseball Finishes

BY- Scott "Scooter" Hammel

NNC finished off its baseball season winning one of three at home against Western Baptist this past weekend.

Friday the Crusaders smashed eighteen hits as they pumpled the visitors from Salem 18-2. Matt Garringer, Jeff Rotter, and Mike Henderson each had home runs, while Tim Fulwood and Eddle Castledine collected three hits a piece. Joe Miller picked up the win.

Things didn't go as well on Saturday. After dropping the first game of the double header 15-4, NNC squandered a 7-3 lead in the last inning to lose the second game 8-7.

The loss left the Crusaders 9-28. While that isn't a very good record, it's not as bad as three years ago when we went

something like 4 and 1,000. And it certainly isn't as bad as the Orioles 0-21. But 9-23 is a bit disappointing, and I wondered what went wrong. So I went to a reliable source - the Sultan of Swat, the Home Run King himself, Ryan "where did the ball go?" Schmidt. Schmidt remarked, "It was frustrating, we lost 11 games by one run. But it was also fun at times. The highlights were beating C of I and Eastern Oregon. I enjoyed playing with the guys on the team. (We were inspired by Craig Stensgaard's inside-out swing). Our fondest memory will have to be Coach Forseth getting a right uppercut from the Whitman shortstop in a bench clearing brawl...what a fight! The record was disappointing, but the season was still fun." ■

they placed second and in their own respective divisions, both placed second (both missing nationals by one match).

For Tobia, this was the third year that he missed nationals by a close margin. Tobia lost 7-5, 7-6 to Dave Jerky of Willamette University to finish the tournament with a 3-1 record. The fact that the match was played at Willamette's home court did not work in Tobia's

favor.

Kelly Bokn was looking to advance to nationals until a guy named John Tuttle of Lewis and Clark decided to take it to the favored Bokn. According to Tobia, "...the guy just played out of his head." Bokn lost 6-4, 7-6.

Overall, however, it was a good season. The team played a lot of NCAA schools and fared fairly well. ■

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TACO JOHN'S



Lee Taylor belts it out

Sheer Culture At NNC

BY- Dana Hicks

The last couple of weeks in Men's softball action have finally shown a little equality. In the "West", after a near win by forfeit, the "Richards" had to go extra innings to beat the "Care Bears", only to be later shut out by the "The Smokin' Llamas", 14-0. Brent Carpenter of the "Llamas" is batting well over the .700 mark, which is part of the reason why some are accusing them of having the best infield in softball this season. But, if one wants to talk pure power, there is no doubt that the "Richards" infield can out "bench press" any infield around.

Chuck Freeman of "ESD" hit the home bench of the baseball field in the air from the gym against the "Killer Tomatoes." But the biggest story from the "West" is the "Thumpers" upset of "ESD." Which of course put Bryon Hemphill and the "Thumpers" in...second place.

In the East, top seed "Capt.

Crunch" is really sagging, allowing six runs against the "Strokin' Mamas", bringing their average up to 2.2 runs per game. However, Jim Rumann hit the longest ball on the Chapman field witnessed by the author this season - bouncing halfway up the fence on the first hop.

Tom Oord of "Damage 'Pizza Hut' Inc." had a no hitter going into the fourth inning in their shut-out of "The Fossils." Buntley Willard also disappointed the fans in the same game by dropping his batting average to a meager .875.

The "MOSH" beat them in a practice game 24-8, and the rumor had it that the "MOSH" was going to win their first game ever. The tensions were high, but when the fat lady sang, the "MOSH" had once again come up short, this time to "The Doo Bee Bros." But, the "Doo Bee Bros." set a new un-official intramural record by hitting the first pitch twelve times in a row.

In Women's action, The

"Playmates", a pre-season favorite, finally won their first game. "Jerry's Kids" forfeited to "WOFF" with seven players (the eighth showed up two minutes later). Tom Oord's house got egged.

Liz Zachariah of "The Other Team" shattered a long standing IM record, striking out eight "WOFF" batters in one game. However, "The Other Team" lost 10-9.

The clutch hit of the season, so far, goes to Kristin Wagner. Kristin hit a stand-up triple in the bottom of the last inning to upset "Too Much."

Who will be the top seed in the IM tournament this year? Can Capt. Crunch get any more injuries? Will the "Thumpers" take second place again? Will "Too Much" ever have eight players at game time? Will Chuck Freeman ever get out? Will the "Richards" infield challenge the other teams to a "flex-off"? How many Denver Broncos does it take to change a flat tire? - Usually one. But they all show up for a blow out. ■

Blood 'n Wheels

BY Greg Cullen

Roller Hockey started its intramural season on April 31st with the "Friends of Jesus" defeating the "Wild Onions" and then the "Mosh" to go 2-0 for week number one. The "Mosh" advanced to the second game by winning the coin toss after a tie with the "Mouseketeers" and finished week one 0-1. The "Mouseketeers" beat the "Wild Onions" in the consolation game to finish, 2-0-1 while the "Wild Onions" finished 0-2.

Week two saw the "Friends" tie the "Mosh" with the "Mosh"

winning the coin toss and advancing to tie the "Mouseketeers". The "Friends of Jesus" then defeated the "Wild Onions" in the consolation game. The standings after week two are as follows:

Friends of Jesus 3-0-1
 Mouseketeers 2-0-2
 MOSH 0-1-3
 Wild Onions 0-4-0

The rest of the season will continue to be a battle between the top three teams, but consider these points: 1) Neither the "MOSH" or the "Mouseketeers" obey the rule that they must have at least one girl on the floor. The other

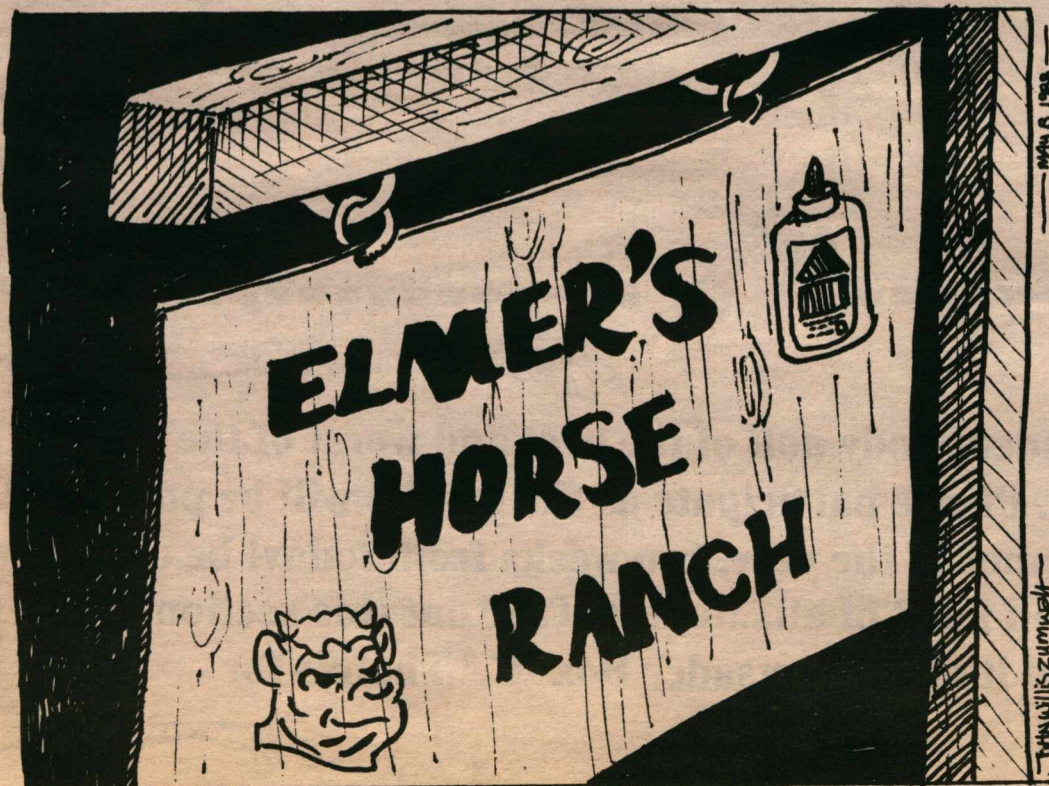
two teams do. 2) The "Friends of Jesus" have two Canadians when both Kevin and Luann Pedersen are on the floor. The "MOSH" have one. 3) Luann Pedersen (FOJ) is the only girl to score a goal. 4) The "Friends of Jesus" chose the best name.

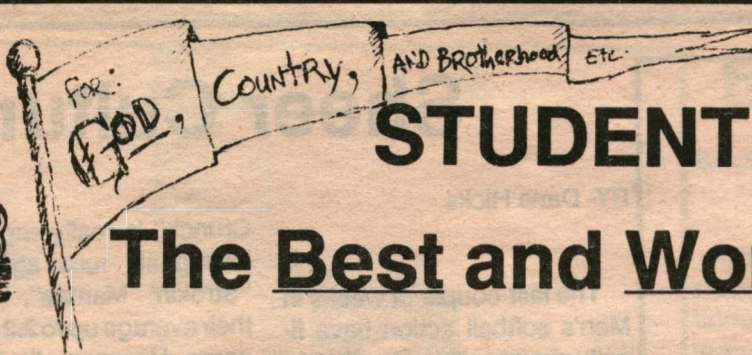
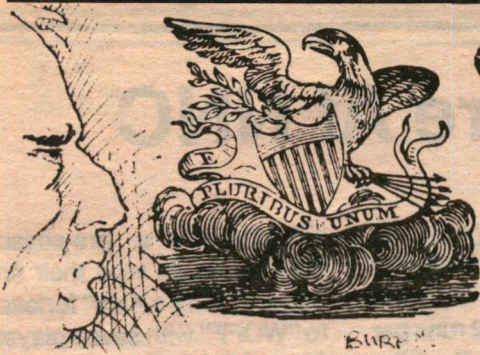
Considering all these points, it looks to be an exciting season of roller hockey. It could be even better if more teams choose to show up. So this Saturday at 11:00pm, get some guys together (and at least one girl), and lead to Roller Magc. I guarantee a good time. ■

East	W	L	Avg. Runs	Avg. Runs Allowed
Cap'n Crunch	6	0	18.3	2.2
Damage, Inc.	4	0	14.8	2.8
Cardinals	4	1	14.6	7.0
Strokin' Mamas	4	1	10.4	7.0
H.U.P.P.'s	1	4	8.0	12.8
Doo-Bee Bros.	1	4	4.2	14.0
Fossils	0	5	4.4	15.4
MOSH	0	5	2.0	16.4

West	W	L	Avg. Runs	Avg. Runs Allowed
Smokin' Llamas	5	0	21.8	3.8
Thumpers	5	0	14.8	5.4
E.S.O.	4	1	18.0	4.0
Richards	4	1	9.6	5.0
Plaid Sox	0	4	5.3	15.5
Care Bears	0	4	5.5	17.3
Wombats	0	4	2.8	16.5
Killer Tomatoes	0	4	3.5	25.3

Girls	W	L	Avg. Runs	Avg. Runs Allowed
Moosenuggets	5	0	20.6	2.0
W.O.F.F.	4	1	9.6	9.0
Jerry's Kids	4	1	9.8	4.8
Swingin' Singles	3	1	10.0	6.0
C Ya's	4	2	13.3	9.5
Too Much	4	3	11.6	5.9
F.T.C.	4	3	9.1	8.9
Saweeet	2	4	10.3	13.8
Playmates	2	4	11.3	16.7
The Other Team	1	7	4.3	10.0
Fruity Rebels	0	7	3.6	18.9





STUDENT POLL

The Best and Worst of 1987-88

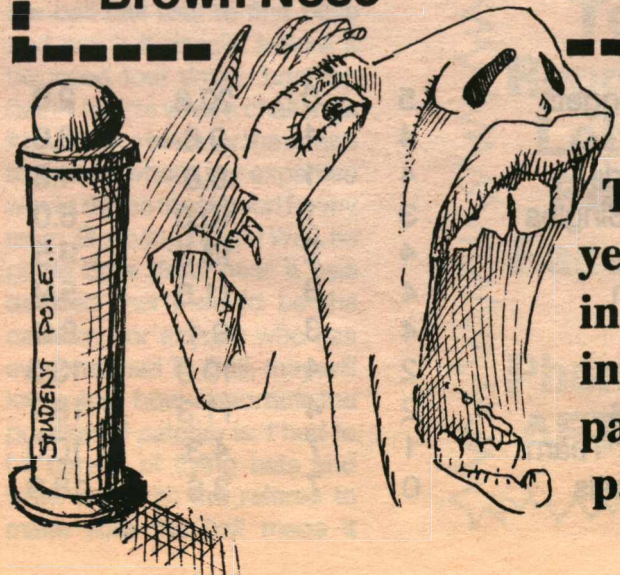


TOPIC

BEST

WORST

- Ice Cream
- Bubble Gum
- Way to lose your front teeth
- Car Wrecks
- Haircut
- Chapel Service
- Campus Social Event
- Rumor
- Saga Trendsetter
- Kool-Aid flavor
- Variety Show Act
- Crayola Color
- Nampa Smell
- Hymn
- Campus Couple
- Place to Make Out
- Line to convert someone
- Way to end a dating relationship
- Dressed person
- Book
- Record
- Comic Strip
- Video Game
- Place to go
- Local Pizza
- Summer Job
- Way to ask parents for \$\$\$
- Brown Nose



This is a student body poll of the best and worst of the school year 1987/88. Please participate as the results will be published in the final paper of the year, two weeks from today! be clever, interesting and most of all...honest. Tear out this section of the page and send it to the Crusader Box "C." Thanks for participating.

