

"The newspaper for journalists too busy to go out and get the facts!!!!!!!!!!!"

National CRUSADER



Midnight Glob

Volume 37, No. 12

May 11, 1983

Dr. Ralph Neil's close encounter of the 4.0 kind. pp. 3 & 12.



Wife begs former Ex-VP to come home to forgiving arms!! But who is the mystery woman that has Scott boxed in???

"I'm tired of trying to make ends meet," says Louise Eunice Keller, "it's no picnic to raise seven brats on the miserly amount Scooter's been sending." Louise took the law into her own hands when she had the state of Oregon hold part of Keller's income tax return for past child-support fees too long unpaid. "He keeps trying to tell everyone that he doesn't have any kids!" Louise laughs bitterly, "Well, you just try telling that to Scotty Henry, Jr., ha!!"

"I heard about the problem at the begin-

Scott and Mystery Woman



NCMG Exclusive!!!!
NNC's Cover-up on Princess Grace's death!!!!



Louise Eunice Keller



ning of the term," says a source who wishes to be unidentified, "I didn't want to say anything until you guys upped you offer to 50 bucks. It made me realize that the state of Oregon couldn't make a mistake like this. Did I say everything right? When do I get my check?"

Keller, who later proved that the state had made a mistake, was unavailable for comment about his alleged innocence. "Okay," says Louise, "It was a mistake. I gave the state the wrong Social Security number. And the kid's name isn't quite Scotty Henry Keller, Jr., but hey, little Freddy Jr. needed a new Oscar the Grouch puppet. And you have to wonder about this guy, right? If he's so innocent, why did he leave office so suddenly and decide to graduate right when he had it made at NNC?"

These questions and others are posed by your responsible *National Midnight Crusader Glob* to Keller. What other dark secrets await the beckoning light of discovery? Only time and imaginative reporting will tell!!!!!!!!!!

Princess Grace Still Dead!!!

I killed her! Confesses distraught Butler!!!

Several months after the mysterious death of Princess Grace of Monaco, NNC is still rocking with implications of a major cover-up effort made by ASNNC to hide the bizarre circumstances behind the former movie star's sudden demise when she died.

"Stink," said freshman Mike Murray, "I didn't even know she was sick."

"I think she dated my dad when he was a junior," says Monica Freely. "He was a really popular guy when he was here. He was chaplain of his wing and I think he even was invited to a movie by her during twirp week. Lots of people liked Gracie because she dated my dad, you know."

"It's the Communists," theorizes senior Susie Chan. "They hated Princess Grace because she had won an Oscar and wore those classy white gloves."

"I saw her in a Hitchcock film once," adds Ramona

Black. "She looked kind of silly. I don't know, though. Maybe there should have been a special chapel service for her, it's been a few years since I saw *Rear Window* and I forgot how it ends."

"She's dead," shrugs sophomore Andy Petty, "hey, no big deal. Everybody dies, right? What are you saying? What do you mean by that? Just don't worry about it, okay?"

Tim King, who was ASNNC President at the time of Princess Grace's untimely death, was out of town and refused to answer his phone to comment on the scandal.



A Princess

The Garbage Can Review. Trashy News for NNC'ers.

Who is that behind the Foster Grants? Latest reports place a school marm with a favorite student at Skagg's Drugs last week trying on sunglasses.

Well, no one knows what's going to happen next on "Dallas" but it seems that "Nampa" is getting pretty predictable these days. Our own Jock is gone while the boys are tearing up the ranch fighting for territorial rights.

Rumors have it that a certain Sophomore Miss has been coming in after-hours. According to a concerned wing-mate, "We all try to act sympathetic while she's getting chewed out by the RA's, but her home address is on everybody's pen. Someone's got to tell her folks." Why the vendetta? "She uses entirely too much hot water and never rinses her hair out of the sink."

Senior Tim C. recently declined a three year contract with *The Clash*. "I'm more into R & B," he explains. Ciao

Bambi S.

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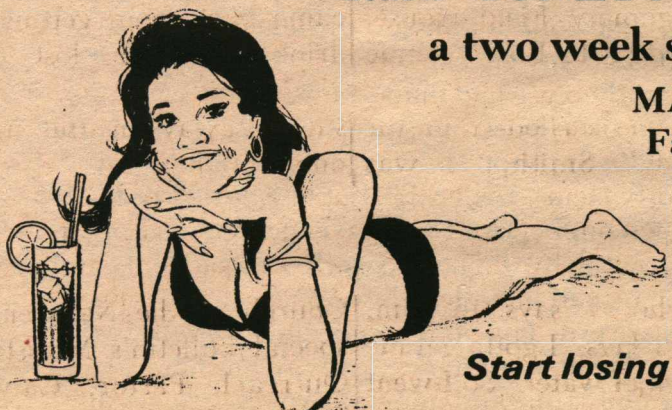
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Start losing your appetite today!!!

"It worked miracles for me," writes Mrs. H.L. of N.Y. "Believe me, I've tried all of the diets on the market. After this one, I may never want to eat again!"

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"Thanks, M.S.D.," adds A.R. of D.C. "I've lost these five pounds plus ten more I hadn't planned on!"

"I just poured that awful syrup over everything, like the package says," gloats W.C. of L.R., ARK. "I threw up for days. I've been off the diet for two months and I still get green at the sight of food!"

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Strange alien discovered in Chapman Hall!!! NNC's answer to ET phones home from Heaven West!!!



Xzope's self-portrait

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You, too, can be a popular Christian poetry writer!!!

Has the Lord given you a burning desire to write spiritual poetry, but no talent? That's okay!! The Holy Ghost Writers Association can help you to get published, make lots of money, and tithe more dollars than anyone else in your church! Pastors, Christian readers, Sunday School teachers, and Missionaries in Africa will appreciate and love you!!!

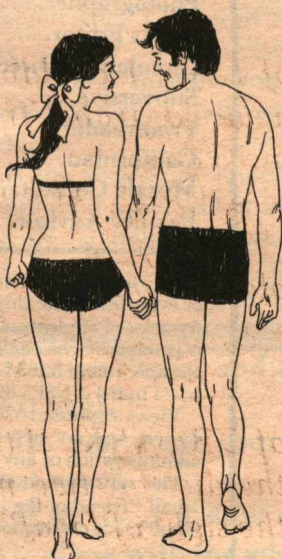
sallie james writes: "i've published my third collection of poems, *Lord, the milk has gone sour in the mashed potatoes*. I have more money than my husband charles can keep track of. we just dropped off another check at the parsonage!"

jeff stevenson agrees!!!!

i am
now a published poet
and i give full credit
to
the Lord
and a really neat publisher
send
for information you'll never regret
it.
— jeff stevenson

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"I noticed he was a little different," muses Zaphgrau Xzope's former room-mate, Pete Carson. "But he said he was a transfer student from Olivet. How was I to know?"

"I don't know," says Xzope's former R.A., Tough Guy. "He had this way of irritating me. He had a weird sense of humor, you know? Sometimes he'd spit at you out of that little mouth on his left thumb and then whistle out of his ear on his forehead when you'd turn around to see what was happening. I decked him, once. Sort of. Those little tentacles on his feet gave him plenty of traction."

"My room was just down the hallway from Zaphgrau's," recalls another freshman who asked to not be identified. "He typed my Bib. Lit. term paper for me because I'd catch flies for him to mix in with his ice cream."

"Jeeze," shudders Donny

Jones, another Heaven West resident, "the Army could have warned us. I mean, I looked out my window and there were three tanks on the lawn. One fired at Zaphgrau's room. I didn't know what to think at first."

"They put him in a big net and drug him away," remembers Carson. "I called the college to see what the heck was going on and the Dean said something about over-due library books. Pretty macho stuff."

According to an unidentified source in the Business office, "Xzope had it coming to him. Someone had to turn him in. He had a loan at the credit union that was due a week ago. We thought he might try to skip the star system without paying his debt."

"I'm going to kind of miss him," reports Dr. Ralph Neil. "He aced Theology 201 and was planning to take Ethics next year. It was always nice to look at the back row and see his smiling elbow."

"He was a special guy," agrees Teri Thompson, former Religious Life Director. "He knew all of the words to 'King Jesus is All' and once he lead a Time-Out discussion about inner-city ministries."

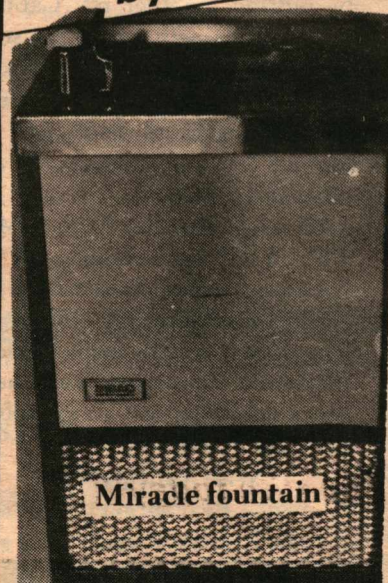
"CIM will miss Xzope," says sponsor Newell Morgan. "He never needed a ladder with those eight-foot-long arms. If he had had fingers, he might have a real career in wall painting."

One freshman was crushed emotionally by the loss of Xzope. "We had gone out on two dates," sniffles Freida Sloane, "sure, Zaphgrau was kind of funny looking...but he was Pre-Sem and I thought we might get married someday!"

Zaphgrau Xzope will be missed by all of his friends here at NNC. "He was a neat guy," says his old roomie Carson, "but I'm not going to be the poor sucker who cleans out his gym locker."

Gym will be swamped by seekers!

Miracle Fountain Discovered!!!



A miracle occurred on Tuesday, May 4th, in the Montgomery Field House. According to Rose Avenue First Church of the Nazarene custodial pastor "Buddy" Smith, "I was playing racquetball with Cal when he was beating the pants off of my game. Anywho, I says to him, 'Cal,' I says, 'I gotta get me a drink of water.' So I went out to the fountain and got a drink. That's when the

miracle happened." According to Smith, "I came back from getting a drink of water, lost the game, and then blew the sucker away in the next one."

His story is verified by Rose Avenue's Second Church of the Nazarene's special bulletin's Ministry-Outreach Pastor, Calvin Geans. "Yep," says 'Cal,' "he beat me."

The Square Root of Christianity

A few days ago, I was talking with a friend about NNC. There was a moment of frustration when we tried to verbalize what seemed to be the crux of our discovery.

"NNC," He finally said, "is a community of circle Christians."

That was it. The campus is composed mainly of circle Christians. There's no sin in that. There are large circles, small circles, solitary circles, intersecting circles and circles of every imaginable color. And while students like to claim their uniqueness, they also enjoy or prefer being circles. It is the cohesive bond that holds them together, unites their goals, and gives them their share outlook on life. There's nothing wrong with being a circle.

Unless you're a square.

Squares are okay, too. There are different sizes and colors. Sometimes squares are important, appreciated forms.

Except by most circles.

Whenever a large group of one shape gathers, it becomes expedient to believe that their shape is the desired shape. The Grand Scheme of the universe becomes circular. A bit narrow minded on the part of the assembled circles, but forgivable.

But sometimes the circles are not content enough to have won the majority. Sometimes, some of the circles begin to believe that they have a special mandate given by God.

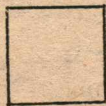
There is a circle way to worship. There are circle prayers and circle hymns. A Christian life becomes a circular life. The Body of Christ is a circular Body. The God of the Universe becomes the God of circles.

Then, some circles go one step further. They set out to convert the squares. And there is only one way to make a square into a circle. They begin to wear at the squares edges. And what becomes a painful process for the square is a conquest for the circles. Another square converted into a circle.

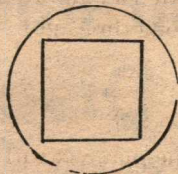
Maybe. But in the circles declaration that they are the right hand of the Lord, they've forgotten something. A right hand needs a left. A body is not composed of a single limb. Hands are okay, but a body needs to be a body. Let's not forget the arms, head, neck, trunk, legs, and feet of the body. And while a right hand will always be a right hand, a left foot will never be a right hand.

Pretty neat stuff, right? But let's not forget that square. We could even look at a before and after shot.

1. Square, before conversion:



2. Square, after conversion:

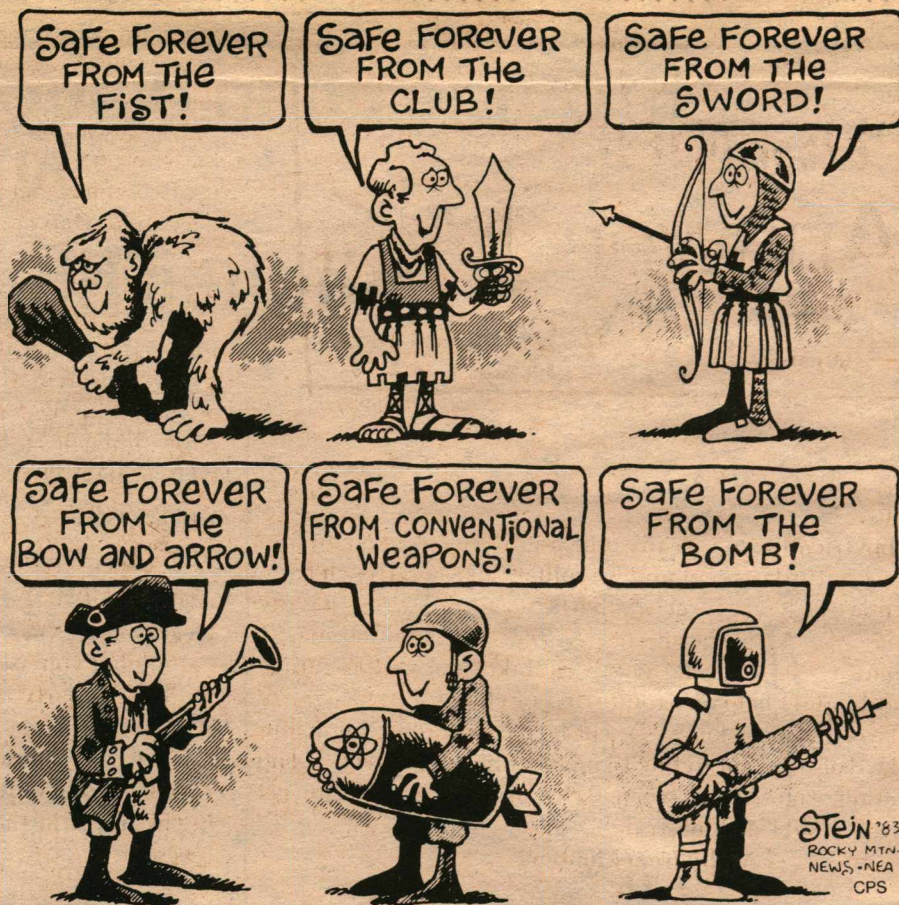


Pretty pathetic, isn't it? No matter how hard the circles try, that square is always going to have its edges. And as the circle/square rolls along, the edges are going to wear through the circle facade. At this point, circles tend to look self-righteously at each other and announce, "See, you can never change a square into a circle!"

No, you can't. And you shouldn't try. There's nothing wrong with being a square. Unless you're a circle.

And in the larger scheme of patterns, God really doesn't care whether you're a square, circle, rectangle, triangle, star. We're all needed for a balance.

So, be glad you're a circle. Worship God in your circular ways. But don't hate a square for being a square.



ASNNC

And we're off! Your new 1983-84 Executive officers are excited about serving you next year; next year? Now! Our biggest task is the formation of goals, for goals guide us all year long. We are in this process now and want our goals to match those of the students we serve; thus my office and my heart are open to you that you (yes *you*) may share your dreams with me.

An important part of my job is to keep the student government running smoothly, but that is only one part. Another is to hear your needs as individuals and as a student body, then to take them to the right channels as well as encourage you to be active and work with me. And still another is to get us to look beyond ourselves and make an impact for Jesus in our Community and World.

So you can see, your creative power is needed. Next fall I will be putting together my Cabinet (aides) who will work in such areas as community relations and inter-campus communications & relations just to name a few possibilities. We are all in this together.

Be aware that this Friday (May 14th), I will be meeting with the Lecture series Committee. If there are any speakers or Christian Scholars from Various fields that you would like to have speak next year, talk to me before then. See you around.

With Anticipation
Rich Shrader
ASNNC President

Lee's Plight

To the Editor,

Lately I have been losing my mind. I've had ants in my pants, post nasal drip, athlete's foot, hang nails, ingrown toe nails, dizzy spells, and nausea with frequent outbursts of self abuse. But that's not even scratching the surface of my problems.

My family back home moved and didn't leave a clue to where they went. I have no friends here on campus, my teachers no longer call my name when counting roll, the lock on my door has been changed and I don't have a

key; the R.D. won't give me one so I have been sleeping in the park for the past two weeks. The people that take numbers in Saga no longer allow me in the line, thus I have shriveled up into a skinny framed weakling. The worms in the park even seem to have rejected me. I have no will to live any longer. The only food I have had is what I find in trash cans and that isn't much. If you would appreciate any money that you can spare. Send it to box 2426, NNC. Thank you.

Leland Ford Taylor II

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The *Crusader* is a bi-monthly (now does that mean *twice* a month or every *other* month?) publication of the Publications Board of the Associated Students of Northwest Nazarene College. The *Crusader* is printed by the *Idaho Press-Tribune*. Second class mailing paid Nampa, Idaho 83651. The *Crusader* publication number (for real trivia buffs) is USPS 892-520.

Views expressed—when expressed well—are often those of the writers and not necessarily those of the staff, students, faculty, administration or any other really neat people on campus.

The subscription rate is \$10.00 per year for non-students. A small "friend-of-the-family" rental fee can be arranged for staff, faculty, administration and various house plants and parakeets.

Crusader Answer Man PERSON

BY
Bambi swenson

Dear Bambi,

I have a boyfriend who is really a neat guy. He takes me to McDonalds every Saturday night and we split a Coke and french fries. On my birthday he never forgets, after he sees me unwrapping my presents from friends and family to pinch my arm and tell me, "I hope you had a really special day." He takes me to the garage where he works and I help him rotate tires or change oil.

He's the sweetest guy I know, except he has one annoying habit. Whenever he doesn't want to talk to me, he spits on my feet. . . end of conversation, right? And when we're arguing things can get really messy. Should I set him straight?

Molly from Montana

Dear Mol,

I thought it was techni-color-yawn time until I read where you were from. Face it, Molly, Montana isn't exactly the big time. If you've met someone willing to smooch a girl from Missoula, don't rock the boat. Wear your cowboy boots and keep quiet or Prince Charming will rope a new little doggie. Get the picture, honey, or do you need the movie?

Dear Bambi,

A few weeks ago, I got my Pell Grant Eligibility form. My rating number was zero, which means I'm pretty dependent on financial aid. I'm a pre-med student with a 3.94 GPA and I've applied to Johns Hopkins University.

There's something that's been bothering me lately. My Dad.

See, my dad was disabled about 15 years ago. Even though he can't fly jets anymore since he lost his arms, he's still worked as a

milkman for a local dairy. He's a real Republican; he has a life-time membership in the NRA and a ceramic elephant next to the flamingo in our front yard.

To make a short story short, Dad heard the President's Speech a few days ago. The one where the President said that the cost of education has increased 17-fold while the quality of education has decreased. Dad agrees with the President 100 percent, the quality of education will increase when spending is slashed.

Dad says I'll have to do my part to help. He says I'll have to withdraw from school so that the government won't have to help me fund my educational costs. That way, he says, I'll be the finest brain surgeon in America!

I don't understand just exactly how not putting money into education helps to improve it. I might be wrong, Bambi, but I keep wondering if President Reagan shouldn't be my first patient. What do you think?

Dr. P. Epper

Dear Doc,

I'm glad you asked. When I was home at Christmas I went to a really neat party at my aunt's condo. Guess who was there? Patti Reagan! She sang "I Wish You Peace", one of the most meaningful songs I've ever heard. It was once recorded by *The Eagles* and she even helped to write it!

The talent in that family, plus Nancy's fashion sense, is *totally* awesome.

Dear Bambi,

Could you lend me five dollars until pay day?

C. W. Postie

Dear C. W.,

Sorry. Money's tight. My Disney stock took a dive last week. And the BMW needs new wiper blades.

Dear Bambi,

Phone home.

E. T.

Doesn't my Mom have *the* cutest sense of humor?

Bambi

Hunk's last letter (we think)

To the Editor,

I would just like to take this opportunity to express my disappointment in the NNC Hulk slide show. Not only was this display disgusting and demeaning, but the producers committed a gross oversight by leaving me out of it. My feelings are hurt; my ego, crushed; my magnificence, still a well kept secret.

I would have been more than happy to have posed by my '74 Dodge Colt without a shirt if I thought that it would help bring a few extra bucks. . . excuse me. . . a few intelligent, motivated individuals. I figure it would be the least I could do for my school.

I do, however, understand the motivation behind the 'Meat-locker flick'. I bet that they're just trying to bring the guy/girl ratio back to its previous state of 3 to 1. I for one am all for it. I'm not being asked out enough, anyway. I've been at home for the past three twirp weeks and my phone hasn't rung once.

This one is for Lee. . . Give it up, Buddy. Your fighting an age old problem. Men will never have the same rights as women. But you might try slipping into a mini before you waltz into Saga on a hot afternoon. They have to let you if you fit the dress code. And if they won't. . . sue. It'll stand up in any court.

Left out of the show but still. . .

Craig Rickett

Senate's Secret

To the Editor,

I was disappointed to learn that the Senate recently passed two bills that will raise ASNNC fees—and this without a vote of the student body. The groups affected are part-time students and spouses of full-time students.

At a time when the college needs unity and good will more than any fee increase, it seems a shame for the Senate to risk division and ill will for the sake of measures that will bring in very little more revenue. These two groups of people could be participating in student activities service at no additional cost to ASNNC, and yet when charged more may not even participate at all.

In this letter, I was going to say that if people want us to recognize what they have to say, at least they have to make it so that we can recognize the bow so we can unwrap it & figure it out, but I decided that I shouldn't write a Letter to the Editor, because I don't even write my term papers. So, I guess I won't write a letter.

Is it too late to rescind this action?

Gaymon Bennett

Barry Manilow, Where are you?

To the Editor,

There is something I really should have written a letter to the Editor about a long time ago.

In chapel a few weeks ago, two guys performed "music" in front of God and everybody. One guy sort of played the piano & sort of sang, and the other guy sort of played a big guitar and sort of sang. They played a couple of really strange songs that I wasn't even sure were Christian.

I hold you responsible for insuring the future of this college. Please don't fail me or the tons of students who share my concern but lacked the skill and courage to pick up a pen and address this tragedy.

E. Venow

(Write your own Headline!)

To the Editor,

Lately something has really been bothering me. I feel it is your duty as an allegedly professional and ethical journalist to meet this crisis head on.

I'm not trying to slam the *Crusader* when I say stuff about being ethical or professional. Please don't misinterpret my meaning or what I really wanted to address.

But the issues are important. Sometimes it takes skill or insight to truly comprehend what is being said.

In my desire to speak out, I

believe I have focused in on what has been the key problem involved with the issue. And if nothing is done about this critical situation I'll probably lose my testimony, refuse to come back to NNC next year, or consult my Pub Board representative about what has taken place.

I hold you responsible for insuring the future of this college. Please don't fail me or the tons of students who share my concern but lacked the skill and courage to pick up a pen and address this tragedy.

Cassandra Word

Attention Senior and other non-returning students for next year!!!

Do you want your 1982/83 yearbook sent to you next year?

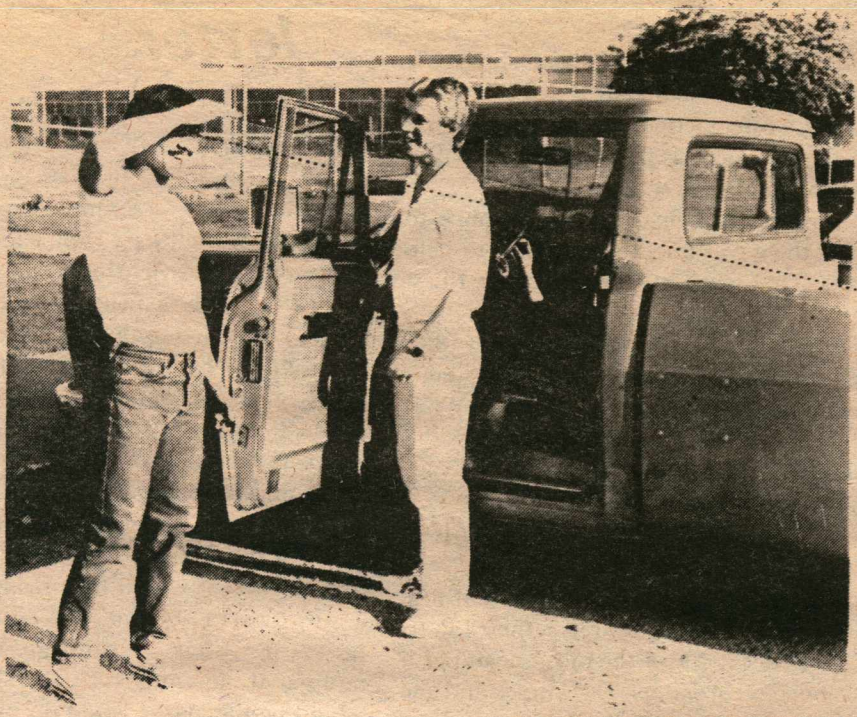
If so, Send a 4.00 dollar mailing fee to Oasis, box "O" along with the address you want the book sent to.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

—send 'em to Box "C"



The gay daze of spring



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Bertha Dooley Writing Contest

Winners:

Prose:

First Place — Elizabeth Martin
The Historians

Second Place — Linda Bailey
Life in a Men's Dorm

Poetry:

First Place — Elizabeth Martin
Wilkes-Barre

Second Place — Brenda Hilliard
Winter Eyes

Third Place — Yvonne Gates
Waves Over the Sand



Cousins, 1969.

Coming down
from the catfish pond
across from Neb's meadow the mud squeezes up
around my Keds and Aunt Jean calls
to us to look out
for copperheads
as we run
through forgotten cow-paths
while Pop-pop's red John Deere chuffs
across the tall grass we disappear
into the zebra-fence
of birches.

Elizabeth Martin



Upon a branch of the Eden-tree
Crouches, vital and dangerous,
Chameleon-youth,
Exhibiting in turn the colors
Anger,
Love;
Equalling, unsightful, the jungle passions
Obscuring shapes.
From the delicate monster flickers out,
Eagerly,
That
Which nourishes,
Making to grow
With ideas,
And flitting past,
Borne on wispiest sephyr events,
But
Large as bricks
To chameleon innards.

Comes the eventual warrior
Of the hourglass,
Indifferent,
After innumerable of the small food.

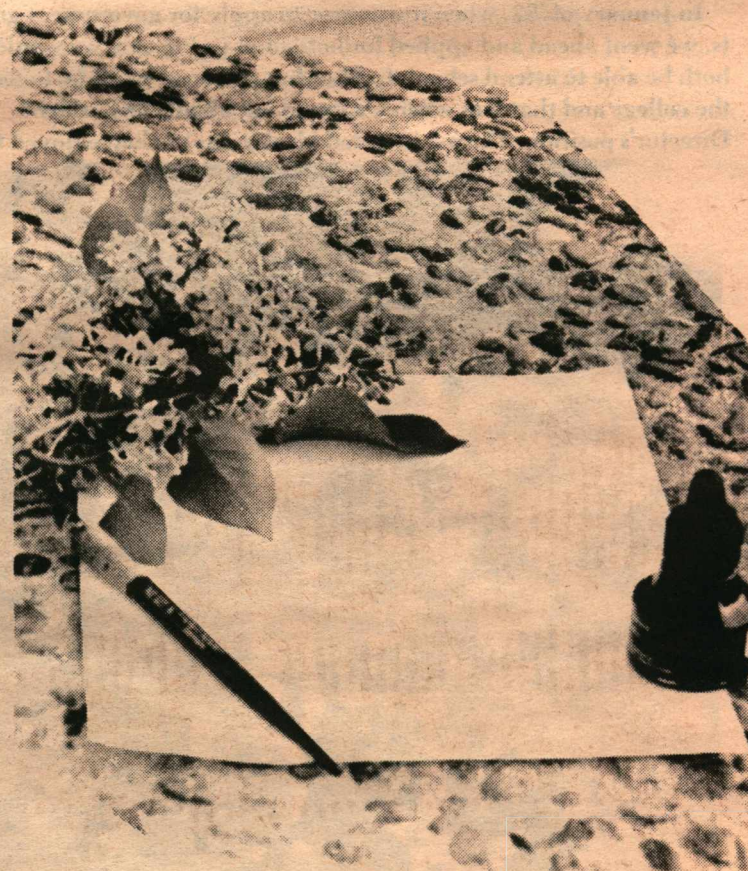
When his gradual visit ends,
Chameleon is a mostly color,
Seeing wholly what eyes behold
Whether dim or clear,
Living in brick treehouse.

Stephen Mossbarger

GOD WALKING

The faint flicker on the horizon
Like a Christmas candle with
the lights low
Grows closer —
The streaks are visible.
A calm glass
Hurls the reflection of
the light,
A double image portrayed.
Dust/Wind/Spray
The thunder resounds
The symphony reaches its crescendo.
God speaks
God looks
His glances burn
and blind.
He walks by, and soon
He's passed.
His breath — the calm breeze
that introduced the masterpiece,
Has now become the light air
of His passing by.
And all becomes as it was.
Those who chose to sleep
Have missed the majesty
of His passing.

Michael W. O'Neill



"LIFE IN A MEN'S DORM"

By LINDA BAILEY

It is 3:00 a.m., and suddenly I am jolted awake by a deafening noise. At first I think my alarm is going off but it seems much too loud. As I slowly pull myself up from the bed, I hear my children calling for me. All the while there continues this pulsating droning sound. I comfort the boys and explain that it is only a fire drill and after a long five minutes, the alarm finally stops.

Another morning I find myself being awakened at 5:45 a.m. This time I'm listening to reveille being played up and down the halls. I understand that this was a gift from the Sophomore Class. Fortunately, the boys don't wake up.

One quiet afternoon, I am summoned by a young man with a panic-stricken look on his face who is saying that water is pouring from the men's bathroom. When I arrive, water is gushing out of the bathroom and forming a river down the hallway.

And of course I'll never forget the morning I walked out of our apartment and was greeted by a small blue car parked in the lobby; appropriately decorated with toilet paper. These are only a few of the unforgettable moments that have occurred in my first year of residence in Mangum Hall.

I think back to my life just a few months ago. I was leading the typical suburban housewife's life. I had a wonderful husband, two terrific boys, a dog and a mortgage. My husband, Doug, was an Associate Pastor and we were happily involved in the life of the church. I had a part-time job as a preschool teacher and was fairly content and happy with my life. Now I live in a two-bedroom apartment in a dormitory of sixty-five men. I still have my wonderful husband and two terrific boys, but instead of the dog and the mortgage, I'm attending school full time and trying to compete with people who were only eight years old when I graduated from High School.

Perhaps I should explain the events leading up to this new adventure in my life. For several years, Doug and I had expressed the desire to go back to college and complete our Degrees and last year we began to talk seriously about our options. Our youngest son, Chris, would be starting kindergarten and that would make it easier for both of us to attend classes. We were living in Northern California at the time and we weren't sure if we should stay there and attend college or go off to one of our church's colleges. With tuition as high as it is, we felt that one of us would probably have to work while the other one attended classes. We thought that perhaps we could trade off each year until we had both completed school. After much prayer, we finally decided on NNC.

In January of '82, when it was time to apply for government grants, we went ahead and applied for both of us just in case we would both be able to attend school. In March we flew up to Idaho to see the college and that was when we found out about the Resident Director's position. The job sounded ideal to us. We had enjoyed the

pastorate and were going to miss it very much. We felt that in the dorm we would be able to have a ministry as well as a job. In time, Doug did get the job. We said goodbye to California and made our way up to Idaho. Because of the R.D. job we do not need to work outside of the college and are both able to attend school full-time, we couldn't have planned it any better!

Since we eat all our meals in the cafeteria, I use the time I use to spend planning, shopping, cooking and cleaning to study, study, study! Instead of watching tv after the boys go to bed, I type up my class notes or write a report or read a hundred pages in a textbook. Instead of sleeping in a little in the morning, I'm up early so that I can walk over to breakfast, study while I have my coffee and head for my 7:45 class.

I was very concerned about the effect college life would have on our marriage and our children. I wondered if I would have enough time and energy to be the wife and parent I wanted to be. I have found that I am able to spend as much, possibly more, time with the boys and because of our commitment to our family, we make a special effort to take family outings and work together on projects. Some Saturdays we take a sack-lunch and go for a picnic or spread a blanket and have a picnic right in our own living room. Sometimes we hop in the car and explore Idaho or stay home and play a game of baseball and get a Blizzard. An added benefit is that Doug is able to spend more time with the boys than ever before. He takes them to breakfast most days and we've alternated our schedules so that at least one of us is home when the boys get home from school. It's a bit harder, though, to make time for ourselves. It's easy to get caught up in our classes and the children and stop communicating with each other, but we're working on it. We're committed to each other and make the time we need together even if it's just for a quiet walk alone.

There are adjustments that must be made when living on a smaller income and I'm discovering the feeling of satisfaction that comes from finding ways to live a full abundant life without spending much money. We can see all the sporting events we want, right on campus, or we can pick gorgeous autumn leaves and pinecones from the park across the street. I believe our life is richer here as we enjoy the simple pleasures of life that seemed to have been crowded out before.

There are times when I get homesick for friends and family and feel discouraged and tired and wonder what I'm doing here. But mostly I'm having the time of my life. I'm expanding my mind; stretching myself beyond that which I thought I could do and I'm succeeding. Oh, I still have a long way to go. I have goals still unfulfilled, but at least I do have those goals and that keeps me going and growing. I have a husband and sixty-seven "sons" who call me "mom". What more could a woman want



Bertha Dooley Writing Contest

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WINTER EYES

Her eyes were winter
as she watched him go
Not the biting breath
of bitter breeze,
knifing the clear air,
crisp and clean,
cutting keenly
the sunbeams
glinting
on the scintillating
snow.
Not that kind of winter,
no.



Rather, the muted whiteness
of a world without horizons,
swathed and swiftly
swallowed whole
by muffled mounds
of mounting snow.
Engulfed by the mouth
of the swollen sky,
sucking back the skipping flakes;
pricked by the stark black bark
of trees,
stiff, unyielding,
bravely bent beneath
unwieldy loads
that tug
toward suffocating smothered earth.

He did not see the curtain parted,
nor feel the sting
of tears that smarted.
Intoxicating ecstasy,
the chortle of the chickadee;
Song of Spring in rhapsody,
in truth, he did not know
that her eyes were Winter as she watched him go.

Brenda L. Hilliard

WAVES OVER THE SAND

Hovering in the corner,
with all of the other beloved creatures,
is the little girl I once was.
Sometimes she waves to me
and reminds me of my dreams,
The ones I'm tempted to sacrifice at times.

Stumbling and struggling to overcome,
the teenager that was me
stands in the closet behind my dresses.
There are times when she winks at me
and reminds me of all those barriers
that I hurdled to achieve today.

Gripping the headboard of my bed,
I see phantoms of the woman I intend to be,
she tickles me and brushes my hair.
Occasionally I could swear that I am her,
that she already lives within me,
It's then I see the little girl and the teenager.

Tucking in beloved creature
The little girl waves and says goodnight,
"Goodnight, sweet dreams— it's ok to dream."
Standing tall in the warmth of my success
the teenager winks and grins with amusement
"You believe and you are the Phantom."

Yvonne Gates



Limbless

The pillow of meatless flesh rests
in tongs of finger and thumb.
A silent spredeagled symbol.

I veer from middle course. I
receive the cup of inards.
A lukewarm appearance of

translucent melted glue.
Thousand hands raise to
thousand lips. My feathers falter.

Thousand heads tip in unison
as viewing an aerial display.
Something is falling. I hunch to

absorb the shock. With empty
gullet I forgot to remember. For
the upper room of my feast is

night's breathing pillow of curving
limbs. I partake and am
nourished, alone. Meat.

The thing in itself, knowable.

Fervent juices mold my hard reality.
Flow, form, bend, bow, quicken to
wings for weightless Dedalus.

I swallow the tepid plasma first.
It passes straight to the intestine
to be expurgated.

I then insert the stillborn memento.
Quietly,
my saliva dismembers it,
right arm right leg left arm left leg.

Bill Bynum

Wilkes-Barre

Over the Valley hangs a cloud
that never lifts.
White cracked windowsills
catch grit-black dust
although the mines closed
years before I was born.

The Emerald Isle starved her sons.
My great-grandfather, Alanzo Paul Forney,
came to the Valley.
This was not a name
this was a Man, a soul
created in the image of God,
he went deep into the earth
perhaps only a few shafts from hell
to earn his American wages.

He died coughing coal dust
and black blood onto the hospital walls.

two of his children
(one was my grandmother)
died gasping for oxygen.
Their lungs were eroded beyond use,
neither having worked the mines
though nurtured on the Valley's air.

Cousin Annie and I once gathered daisies
from an empty city lot near an old ash bin.
I innocently blew silt from the grey petals—
it settled while we inhaled the sharp scent of
our prized bouquets.

Ten years ago, I left the Valley.
My mother said, "You always take a piece
of your home with you, wherever you go."
Sometimes I awake, coughing,
and taste the Valley.

This is my inheritance
from a hungry man I never knew.
The Valley fed all of us and we loved her.
Black lung and lifeblood seemed a small price
for a generation destined to become diamonds from coal.

Leaving my home was a high cost for only life.
I know I will return to the Valley
to dust my windowsills
cough my blood
and be buried with my family
in the black earth of Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Martin

LAST MASS

Dressed in black,
The raucous ravens
Gather
At the funerals
Of their less fortunate
Animal friends
And feast
Until
Their dead friends' bones
Are bare
And white.

Sheila Fillmore



The Historians

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

He sat across from me with his knowing smirk while I read the newspaper. "Who are the oppressed today?"

I ignored his bantering. "The unemployment rate is up again for black teenagers. Your Republican mandate has been heard."

"They can't find jobs, huh?"

"No, they can't." I turned the page.

"So, whadduya think, Liz? A new surge into the welfare system?"

"No. They'll do what is always done. Those who can, will enlist."

"An unfair percentage of minorities in the Services protecting the Middle class standard they'll never share, right?"

I forced a smile. "I suppose you've never heard about the charges of genocide during the Vietnamese War. The minorities who didn't have the money or the educational background to get into college were drafted in a disproportionate number."

"That was LBJ wasn't it?"

"Eisenhower's strategy from his country club in Gettysburg."

He laughed. "You Liberals are all alike. Not a prejudice or unforgiving bone in bodies except when you're dealing with the past."

"We make great historians." I put away the paper. "And I never said that I'm not prejudice. That was your assumption."

He smirked and the coffee shop game had taken a new twist. "So, Whadduya think about the fact that Reaganomic's seem to be working? Interest rates are down . . ."

SHE looked like a Norman cow beneath the pink and yellow beach umbrella. Her shocking green swimming suit was bizarrely muted by her colorless flesh, brassy hair, and thickly redded lips. I brushed sand from my legs and turned over to study the more serene Carribean.

"Hallo." The voice was husky. The Amazon, daughter of the Aryan race, stood less than three feet away from me. "You are American, yes?"

I had to acknowledge her. "Yes."

"You like it here? Very pretty beach, yes?" Her undoubtedly blue eyes were hidden by pink plastic sunglasses. I nodded and she chuckled. "You get very sun-burned like my little girl. Anna is a student in Germany. Your father says you are a student in the university in America."

I squinted into the sun. "Just a freshman."

"What do you study?"

"History," I said coldly.

"Anna is history student! You will talk with her about history when she comes?"

"When is she coming?"

"In a week. You come visit Anna."

"Very good. Anna speaks very good English. My English is not so good. Do you speak German?"

My brother Bill snorted slightly from the towel beside mine. I exchanged an amused glance with him before I remembered that she was waiting for an answer. "No, I don't."

"Anna speaks German, English, Spanish and French," She said proudly. "You will like my Anna. She is a good girl."

I nodded doubtfully. "We will wait to visit with you soon." She smiled. "Good day."

"Bye."

Bill lifted his sunglasses to watch her walk away. "God, what a woman!"

I laughed. "You weren't very helpful."

"You vill meet her darlink Anna, no?"

"No."

"I'd do it if I were you."

"Why?"

"I don't think I'd want her mother mad at me. She might beat you up." He arched his brows smugly. "I'd visit you in the hospital."

"Fairy."

He sprinkled a handful of sand over me. After the sand fight ended, we dove into the warm ocean.

The clouds were already gathering by noon. At three, the afternoon rains would begin. During that time we would listen to music, play Scrabble, or have one of our endless hands of cards. Life in Paradise had grown boring by the second week. At least I had my

younger brother with me. I wondered how Anna survived. Surely her parents did not allow her to mingle with the dark-skinned natives, no matter how wealthy they were.

We went to Edwards that night. Hundreds of years ago, it had been a stable for the Spaniards sleek horses. The long, narrow building had cobblestone walls and an adobe ceiling. And unlike the Milia, which probably had better food, no one who worked there spoke English.

Except that night. There was a group of drunk Texans in the corner of the dining room. They were loud and rude. "Hey honey! Hey! Where's the waitress!" There were only waiters at Edwards. One smiled grimly at his peers and went over to their table. My family ate our arapes in embarrassment.

"Buenos noches, Senor Martin," A woman said. Bill and I looked up in surprise. The Amazon from the beach stood by our table with her husband. I hadn't seen him before and I studied his seemingly mild appearance while they spoke Spanish with my father.

"Good evening," The woman said to me.

"Hi."

"This is the girl I told you Anna would like so much to meet," She told her husband.

For a terrible moment, I thought he would click his heels together and raise his hand. Instead, he bowed slightly. "Delighted to meet you."

"Hi," I managed.

They spoke with my parents for several minutes, glanced coldly at the Texans, then went to their table. "Quite the snazzy dresser," Bill noted, "not everyone can so cleverly match canary yellow silk with red pumps." I laughed.

"You've met them before?" My father asked.

"She was at the beach. I guess since they can afford to get in, the owners don't mind." It was a private beach.

"I guess they can," My father agreed, "they own the beach. That's why you get in free. When they heard that my children were visiting, they insisted that I have you use the beach."

"I thought everyone in the American village got to use the beach."

My father shook his head. "Not quite. The owners aren't exactly fond of most of the Americans."

"They own the beach?" Bill was impressed.

"And the land that the American village is built on. They lease it to the company."

"Where did they get all of their money?"

I took a long drink of Chinoto. "Don't be so naive."

"They came to Venezuela before the end of World War II," My mother explained. "No one asks where their money comes from."

"They're Nazi's?" Bill's face froze in a 15-year-old's disbelief.

"You'll learn about it more next year in your history class," My father promised.

"Do you hate them?"

My father glanced at me. I couldn't read his expression. He didn't answer Bill.

"They're kind of goofy looking," Bill noted.

"During the War," I told him, "the Germans killed over six million Jews."

"Why?"

"Because they were Jews," My father said.

When Anna arrived a few days before Bill and I left, we saw her several times on her beach. She started several conversations with us, but they were never finished. I did not go riding with her in her white Mercedes. She seemed very lonely being so far away from her school-mates. Her English sounded very British, she had brown eyes, and chestnut colored hair. Sometimes, she would set her towel near ours or join us as we lifted wriggling starfish from the ocean floor and tossed them out into the water like Frisbees. We were not rude to her, but we weren't mistaken for being friendly, either. Our visit ended; the terrible longevity of Eden would be her home forever.

FIVE years ago, I met a loud rich woman on a beach in South America. And like my evening in Edwards, when the Texans were everything we were not, Anna was probably not like her parents. But she was the daughter of her parents' sins. Perhaps in my obedient hatred of all of them, I was, too.



Bertha Dooley

Writing Contest

ABC Days: World issues brought to NNC

By JAMES BENNETT
Crusader Staff

"Thought-provoking" was the overall consensus of students and faculty at NNC regarding the recent Alumni Back to College program. According to one student, the fact that speakers were all NNC alumni was one of the least significant aspects of the three days. "In my estimation, some of the more significant aspects of the three days were the issues addressed," says Andy Petty. Director of Alumni Myron Finkbeiner, who had the major hand in the organization of the program agrees that the main focus was to expose students to what's going on in the world. "I've had many students express their appreciation of the program—that it helped motivate them to become more aware of world issues. And this is what we wanted. To bring in the viewpoints of alumni who have been eyewitnesses to provocative, timely issues."

Rev. Melvin Finkbeiner, D.D., first of the three visiting alumni, brought his message in a Wednesday morning chapel that "The events of the past 35 years carried out by the Zionist movement with the willingness to possess Palestine by force have not been a divine mandate." Finkbeiner asserted that there is nothing in the Gospels that shows Jesus giving credence to the notion that for all time Jews are a people of a particular piece of real estate. Finkbeiner denounced the claim of many who feel that God supported the destruction described in the Old

Testament during the conquest of Canaan. "If it follows that the nature of God is as the nature of Jesus, then surely God did not give the green light to all the murder, rape, forceful seizure of property which is described in the conquest of Canaan. I do not doubt but that those ancient people thought they were being obedient to God in the grizzly business of death and destruction. For we have often misunderstood God." Ron Myers, freshman militaristic Zionist states, "Did not God promise the Land of Canaan to Abraham and his descendants? Is God's word fallible? If God is eternal, is not also His word eternal?" As far as Myers views on Rev. Finkbeiner, "I have no doubts as far as his religious zeal, but I think that he is blinded as to the true character of Yasir Arafat. The man is an animal, a criminal, and if anyone would care to pay my expenses I would readily assassinate him."

"I would have to go along with Rev. Finkbeiner," says sophomore Cynthia Cole, "that because I cannot see God's will in all the murder, rape, and destruction wrought in the conquest of Canaan, neither can I go along with the events carried out over the past 35 years by the Zionist movement."

Some expressed their disillusionment at students who ignored Finkbeiner's claims for the sake of simplistic biases. "It was upsetting to me," says Scott Keller, "that many students categorically shut everything that he had to say out of their minds simply because it did not

add up with their preconceived notions. The very purpose of these lectures was to expose us to new ideas that would challenge our minds and make us think."

Dr. Kent Hill, second speaker in the series, shared in a Thursday chapel his view that the Soviet Union stands as a major threat to Western Europe and that anyone who still advocates a nuclear freeze is "either naive or a heretic." He began his speech by posing several questions surrounding the political and moral issues involved: "Is the use of force to settle disputes moral or ultimately effective? Are there specific limits to the kind of force which we should be willing to employ? Is the use of nuclear force immoral? Or would the renunciation of the use of nuclear weapons be even more dangerous? What are the Soviet intentions toward Western Europe?" Hill stated that he sees an alarming "naivete" displayed by both the pro and anti-nuclear forces.

Considering the question of whether the Soviet Union poses a major threat to Western Europe, Hill stated, "I would suggest that the Soviet leadership has been and is extremely cautious in its movements towards the West. It measures carefully the con-

sequences and moves only into areas considered soft and areas where the odds do not point to significant Western resistance. They have been successfully deterred when confronted with military might and a resolved "fight." Hill further stated his displeasure in aspects of some pacifist movements within the Christian community.

"There is something very unsettling about the character of this [pacifist] activism. There is frequently a combination of naivete and even a hint of heresy in much of the rhetoric which typifies this particular Christian position. The naivete seems to be a product of a kind of self-induced historical amnesia which blocks out much evil of the 20th Century as well as, in my view, ignores the nature of Man." After warning against the dangers of simplistic solutions to life and death questions—"To present such issues in black and white terms is to distort very badly reality and truth," Hill concluded by saying, "Feathers are much less likely to fly if two hawks are left alone in a room than if a hawk and a dove are left alone in a room."

Senior Jaeson Rogers states, "I agreed with what Dr. Hill had to say. The personality of the Soviet

Union is definitely aggressive and they only respect countries or those people who reflect the same aggressive principles. More passive countries are seen as opportunities for conquest rather than as peace-makers." Senior and former Crusader employee Elizabeth Martin's terse response on this complicated subject was: "Chapel?" Junior pre-seminary major Randy Wiley says, "I think we should figure out whether or not we should be equal in aid to foreign countries. A starving country would much rather have a small piece of bread than a large bomb."

Mr. Gary Lee, third speaker in the Friday ABC program, shared his personal experiences and feelings during and surrounding his captivity in the American Embassy in Iran. He shared how he volunteered to work out of the embassy in Iran out of "boredom" experienced while working as a field officer in Washington D.C.

Once in Iran, he observed the increasing anti-American rhetoric which led ultimately to the downfall of the embassy. With the break-off of diplomatic relations, he expressed how he and the 72 staff members felt

see "ABC days" page 12, col. 1

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they would leave the embassy by Thanksgiving. He related how captives were kept on edge, frequently suspecting their lives would be taken by captors who again and again performed mock-executions. He told of one personal experience as follows: "Terrorists will shoot a guy and throw him out the window to prove to whoever's on the outside that they mean business. Up to the time that they blindfolded me and tied me down, I was getting a little nervous but I didn't know quite what was going to happen. When the light changed through the blindfold I knew that they were opening the drapes. When I heard them lock and load the weapons beside me I figured that was the end. I waited for the bullets but they never came. That made me realize that this was not going to be a 'fun thing' anymore."

During the successive months of captivity, Lee learned to deal with solitary confinement and intense boredom using such diversions as watching ants crawl across the floor. After months

without speaking, he and his roommate were given that privilege. "We must have talked for 48 hours straight."

On returning to America, Lee and the other hostages noticed a country quite different than the one they had left. "I found something that I had never seen. It was a united America."

Senior Jeanette Witt says, "He had such a strong character. It made me feel like I really had duty to be informed. I think we need a lot more men like him . . . in international affairs." Freshman Kenneth Hayes was fascinated by Lee. "I thought he was a fascinating speaker and what he was talking about was intriguing. He made me more aware of how the communication between governments needs to be better."

This year's ABC program is only one of five past programs, yet as one senior put it, this program has stood out as both the most significant and the most successful. Not only were students introduced to leaders in today's society but were also given thoughtful perspectives on issues of political and moral concern.

Cinderella

By JOHN NEIL
Crusader Staff

The plot is very simple: a beautiful young girl goes from rags to riches and marries her Prince Charming. This old story is the basic outline for the story of Cinderella, the latest Junior class play.

The director of the play, Angi Kennelley, said after the performance that she was "really proud" of the performers and that they had "a lot of energy." After seeing the performance, I can see why she would say things like that. Almost every face was beaming with energy and several actors and actresses gave brilliant performances.

A standing ovation should be given to Sue Woodruff, Lori Woodroof, and Teresa Sullenger who played the ugly, I mean wicked stepmother and step-sisters. Their performance was nothing short of genius. They gave an added dimension to the role by assuming an attitude that made the parts come alive. Their singing and dancing is sufficiently horrible to help give them their proper creepiness and snob-bishness. These three actresses gave by far the best performance.

Another actress (actor?) who is to be commended for her/his performance is Craig Rickett who played the part of the fairy god-mother. With his misguided magic and his palsy, he gives us a delightful version of a fairy god-mother who seems to be getting a little old and rusty. The make-up and actions of Craig are superb, he really looks, talks, and acts like an old woman.

Cinderella, played by Teri Thompson, was a very good piece of acting, singing, and dancing. Teri's dancing was very fluid and graceful and she appeared to be beautiful even under the grime when she is being ordered about by her stepmother and step-sisters. Of course one cannot talk about the love scenes between Cinderella and the Prince played by Jeff Cox, in a Christian campus newspaper.

Cinderella was a very good production of an old familiar story. For those who did not go to any of the performances, you missed several brilliant performances by Pete Young, the King who lost his pants but kept right on going; Sharla Myers, the Queen whose artful crying and scheming helped us see the lighter side of royalty, as well as those already mentioned. They all came together to give us a very comical, very professional student production.

Dr. John's Dad

By JAMES BENNETT
Crusader Staff

"After chewing a saltine cracker 10 times, it was still quite tasty. But after 40 or 50 times it lost a little of the taste."

These are the words of Dr. Ralph Neil regarding his feelings now that he has been granted the Doctorate of Ministry degree. "I enjoyed it but it's been such a tremendous sense of relief, when you've worked on something so long to see it come together."

His dissertation: *A Model For Spiritual Growth to Adults Through Exegetical Studies and Spiritual Formation Exercises in a Small Group Setting*, simply stated, deals with the utilization of a variety of interpersonal exercises to facilitate spiritual growth in small group Bible studies. "It shows that you can use a variety of topics in the Bible and when you utilize various types of growth exercises, it provides an opportunity for people to grow." He also attempted to show that exercises do not "cause" spiritual growth but that spiritual growth is brought by personal decision.

It was about three years ago that Neil began the project. He was pastoring at the time and recalls how it was important to the work he was doing at that church.

He sees that this really won't change how he operates around NNC. "Here in teaching, it's a lifetime of continuing to study, grow, and learn. It's one thing that I did and while it's more formal, it's just one of a whole series of things which contribute to my vocational interest at this time of my life."

He has been surprised by all the interest he has received from students and faculty. He says there is a great deal of "comradery" among college professors who have already received their doctorates. "There's lots of positive feedback. People are very supportive in a college community. I was kind of overwhelmed at how many students were interested. It really didn't dawn on me that it would be of any great significance to them."

Now that he's completed his degree, Neil plans to study in other areas of the campus. He has always been fascinated by computers and although he says he knows little about them, aside from his son John, he hopes to become more adept.

Neil may try a little more writing in the future, but for now his interests lie in working more with students in the learning process than "producing for the sake of the advancement of knowledge."

Topeka or Barbados?

By BILL BYNUM
Crusader Staff

Each year Crusaders in Mission plans a major work project for the Christmas break. This year the project was in Muzquiz, Mexico involving a lot of concrete work. Newell Morgan, advisor of CIM, says that next year CIM is considering one of two possible projects. One option is to help reconstruct the church in Barbados which was burned almost completely down. A CIM project could only be a small part of the re-building of the church since the total cost will be between 40 and 50 thousand. The cost of a team traveling to Barbados would be at least 800 dollars per person.

The other possibility, which would cost around 100 to 150 dollars per person, is an inner-city project in Topeka, Kansas,

working on the transformation of an old school into a church and community center. The school being refurbished, incidentally, was the one involved in the landmark case of *Brown vs. The Board of Education* regarding school desegregation. The object of a CIM visit would be to complete one particular aspect of the refurbishing such as painting, which would require no experience, or installing acoustic ceiling tile. For this project, a fund-raising goal of 5000 dollars would be set.

The CIM council may decide to let the student body vote on which project to choose. This might create more interest in the students and help to generate more funds from the student body if the student body views it as a school-wide project. The thrust next year will be to raise more money within the campus than from outside sources.

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Phi Kappa Delta stuff

By BOB RAPP

The Northwest Nazarene College Phi Kappa Delta Chapter was well represented at Speech Nationals this year. Nationals were held at the YMCA Camp of the Rockies outside of Estes Park, Colorado. Team members Sharla Meyers, Letha Goecks, Tiffany Clark, Bob Rapp and Craig Rickett, who were coached by Dennis Waller, debate, and Darlene Keith, individual events, had a chance to compete against some of the best speakers in the nation. One hundred and ten schools were represented with speakers from 35 states. The tournament was held April 13-16.

Team members were chosen on the basis of past success, academic merit and coach's overall evaluation. While each speaker was very competitive, three team members earned special recognition. Craig Rickett, senior and team president, received a "superior" in prose interpretation; Letha Goecks, freshman, took an "excellent" rating in informative speaking and Bob Rapp, fresh-

man, rated "excellent" in Lincoln-Douglas debate.

The tournament was more than just an excuse to miss a week of school and irritate professors, it was an opportunity for some NNC students to test their skills against over 600 select speakers. Once again, NNC showed that although it is small, it is mighty. The team took first place in the Northwest Province and thirty-fifth in the nation.

Although the schedule of competition was rigorous, the team found time to explore the National Park near camp, spend time with other teams, and even drive into Denver with the Trevecca Nazarene speech team to "Casa Bonita" in order to stuff their faces with great Mexican food.

Phi Kappa Delta is an honorary national speech society which has chapters in almost every 4-year college or university in the United States. NNC's chapter has grown under Craig Rickett's leadership from four members last year to 12 members this year. NNC's speech team has a lot of potential and next year should be even better.

Security blankets campus

By RICHARD SHEPERD

If there is a major security violation, Larry Hawn is on call twenty-four hours a day to respond. That's probably because he runs NNC's security program. But he wasn't just thrown into the job from out of the blue.

Before coming to NNC Hawn was a special officer and police chaplain for the Nome police department in Nome, Alaska. During his three year stay, he took FBI and village police training. "As a kid I was always interested in police work, but I was too short to become an officer," Hawn recalls. "They wanted men who were 5' 9" or 5' 10". I was only 5' 3". You can't be restricted by height differences today."

Hawn was pastoring a local church when he got involved in the Nome police department. "As a pastor I felt it was a good outreach for me," Hawn recalls. "My wife and I became familiar with teenage alcoholism. There's a high rate of that in Alaska."

Hawn wasn't just a spectator in his role as police chaplain. He was actively engaged in arrests, he responded to calls involving

weapons, he dealt with drunks, he even had his life threatened. His efforts were rewarded by a commendation from the city of Nome for services above and beyond the call of duty.

But Hawn was unsatisfied with his personal counseling abilities. He resigned his pastorate and his NPD position and brought his family to NNC where he began pursuing a Bachelors degree in Psychology. States Hawn, "I felt I needed the psychology classes to help me in counseling with members of my congregation."

It was in the fall of '81 that Larry Hawn took the job of leading NNC's security personnel. "Jerry Hull had heard of my work in Alaska and asked me if I'd be willing to take the job," Hawn remembers. "Since I was Olsen's RD, it was assumed that I'd have more time to devote to security."

So Hawn took over a system that was weak, poorly structured, and basically ineffective, and in a two year period helped to turn it into a more structured system. "Before I took over, people weren't even sure the night watchman were walking around. I

guess they used their cars to drive around, but that left the possibility of falling asleep in the car, or not hearing a disturbance outside because of the sound of the heater or radio."

When asked about the difference between Alaska police work and NNC security work, Hawn responded, "I used to think that it was worse up there (Alaska), but now I'm not so sure. The problems are about the same —vandalism, stealing, rowdiness, excessive noise, and the like. The only difference is that alcoholism on campus is either minor or unknown of."

Hawn feels that one problem for security is the streets that run through the campus, especially Amity and Holly. "Cars hot-rod 'til the early morning hours," he says. "They don't often stop for the stop signs."

Steve Leach, a security guard, agrees. "One of these days someone's going to come barrelin' down the street and hit one of the girls crossing the street in front of the girls dorms," he warns.

see "security" page 14, col. 1

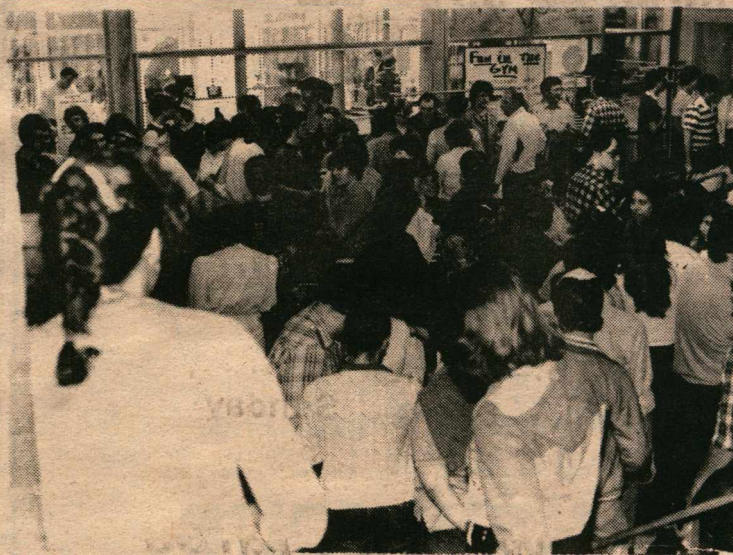
NNC Student Recruitment Program for 1983

We are pleased to announce a program whereby our current students (3rd term, 1983) can receive a reduction in their own tuition for the 1983-84 school year by recruiting other students to NNC. This is a one-time only program for this next year and will not be repeated another year. The beginning date is May 6, 1983 and the final date is September 15, 1983.

The tuition assistance will amount to \$100 per term for each term the recruited student is enrolled at NNC during the 1983-84 school year. There is no limit to the number of students who can be recruited. Each student recruited to NNC by a current student will generate \$300 total to the current student's account if enrolled all three terms.

The rules are as follows:

1. Only current NNC students are eligible to receive this reduction in tuition. Before claiming credit for a recruited student, the NNC student must clear with the Admissions Office to be sure the student he/she wants to recruit is eligible. To be eligible a prospective student *cannot* have:
 - A. Submitted any documents for admission to this point (application, transcript, recommendations, deposit, housing reservation).
 - B. Requested application materials since April 1, 1983.
2. The recruited student must complete the registration process (including Business Office) before the \$100 amount will be credited to the current NNC student's account.
3. Students not eligible for this competition include anyone employed by the college for purposes of recruitment.



Any questions about this program should be directed to the Admissions Office.

Security... from page 13

Mrs. Hawn feels that most of the responsibility is forced on the security guards. "The city police are too short handed," she says. "They are forced to respond to calls that are high on their priority list. In fact, one time, when I called, we couldn't get a patrol car to come for a few minutes because all six cars were involved in other actions."

Hawn questions the discipline that is given to students who are caught breaking the rules. "A lot of stuff is pulled by people who claim to be Christians," states Hawn. "But I really question if we are being Christian by allowing a person not to be disciplined."

Hawn stated an example in which a person from off campus was caught breaking into the RD's apartment of a girls dorm. "The police knew he had been doing things like this, and had been after him for months, but the RD just let him go," Hawn angrily recalls.

When it comes to playing pranks, the Hawns are usually quite agreeable, but not all pranks are good. Says Mrs. Hawn, "The costliest 'pranks' seem to be played on us or the RD's of the mens dorms. We had our tires flattened last year, costing us thirty dollars in repairs. The Tracys (Chapman RD's) had two tires on their jeep slashed."

As a whole, Hawn feels that there is more activity going on than there was in the past. "It used to be that NNC was a church-type school, and that nothing major happened on campus," says Hawn. "Now it's not as

'sacred', I guess."

Hawn believes this good feeling toward security personnel, especially one that is increasing among the students, is due, in part, to the people he has working for him this year. "The guys take their job seriously; they realize they're not just out there to earn money. Also, others are looking to get into the security program, and it gives them a little more incentive to do a good job."

Many changes have occurred in the security system since Hawn came to NNC. Last year saw the donation of two radios and the purchase of jackets and flashlights, welcomed additions to the equipment carried around on the security guards nightly rounds. This year two more radios and a time clock were obtained. "The timeclock," says Hawn, "is a necessity. It keeps the night watchman honest about the work he's doing."

Hawn is vocal about changes he's like to see in the future. "We need some improved lighting in a couple of places. Also, there's talk about getting a couple of mopeds for the watchmen so they can get across campus in a hurry if they need to. I'd also like to get a commercial radio frequency strictly for the security program, so we'd be the only ones on it, but that would cost too much for the college to buy."

If these changes occur, Hawn probably won't get to see them. He's graduating at the end of this year. Then he's returning to Alaska to pastor at Two Rivers Church of the Nazarene near Fairbanks.

Crusader team hijacked

By CASPER FIGG
Crusader Staff

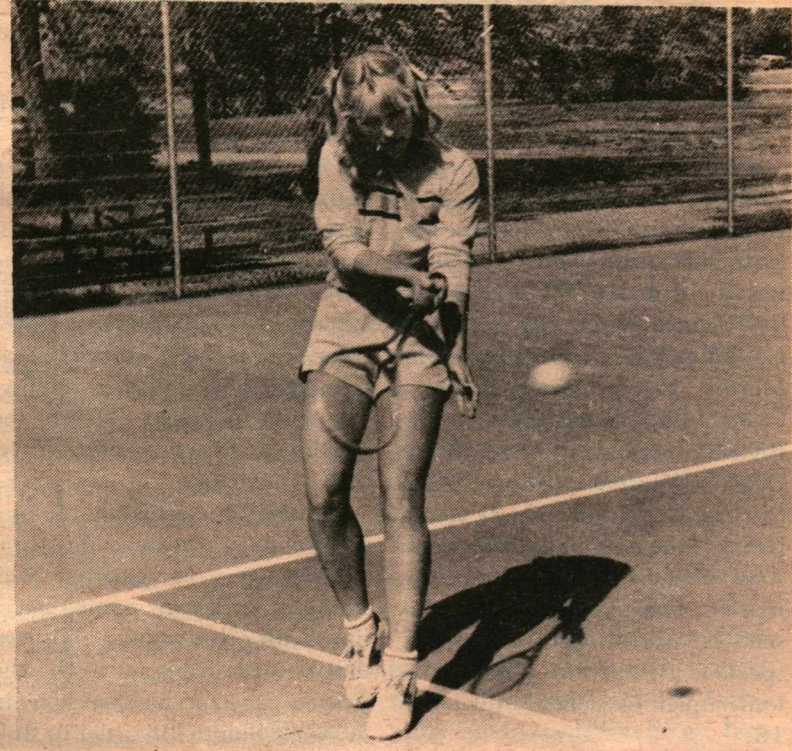
"Nothing like this has ever happened before," cried a devastated Dr. Crayton Moss in a press conference held last Saturday afternoon.

The perplexing situation well known to all of NNC, the Treasure Valley, the nation, and most of the world by now, is, of course, the hijacking of the Crusader Men's Parachuting Team last Friday evening. The team was on route to a deserted Mobil Gas station in downtown Caldwell on board a Cessna 172 when two men sprang from the closet armed with handguns and demanding to be taken to Disney's new Epcot center in Florida.

In a recent development Monday evening, Nancy Dynamo, National Crusader correspondent at Disney World, adjacent to the center, reported she had been received for a personal interview by the two men whose claims "are just a couple of teenagers out for a joy ride."

Thousands of letters have swamped the NNC post office from friends and family of the 32 man team asking what can be done. One woman, mother of senior Lee Pinbrick, member of the team, expressed her grief, stating, "If that's the kind of institution NNC is, I cannot allow any more of my children to attend. Shouldn't NNC tighten up it's security?"

"We're just sitting tight, hoping for the best," explains Coach Art Horwood. "Florida isn't such a bad place. I just hope we can get the plane back without a lot of those nasty out of state taxes."



Barb Christensen in the process of hitting a winner.

Golfers capture runner-up spot

By KEN HARDEE
Crusader Staff

The addition of Hawii-Hilo to the field of teams competing for the NAIA District II berth to the national tournament raised a huge barrier to the rest of the District.

NNC proved to be the best of the rest though as they followed Hawii-Hilo in the team standings. "They've never been here before," observed a surprised Crusader coach Randy Schild.

The NNC linksters refused to be intimidated by their presence, however Phil Semenchuk shot a 152 for 36-hole tournament in leading the Crusaders to their second place finish. Semenchuk earned fourth place individual honors and a spot on the all District squad. He was the only

non-Hilo golfer on the six man team.

Greg Tapley-159, Dale Watt-166, Lennie Fadness 167, and Drew Perrier-170, handled the pressure of the times in helping to guide NNC to what Schild termed, "Our best output of the year by quite a bit."

"It was really rewarding for us," commented Schild, "After being kicked around by NCAA schools all season." When the Crusaders finally got a shot at NAIA competition they showed their talent.

"We went over there with the idea that if we played up to our potential we would be successful," explained Schild, "I definitely feel like we were successful."

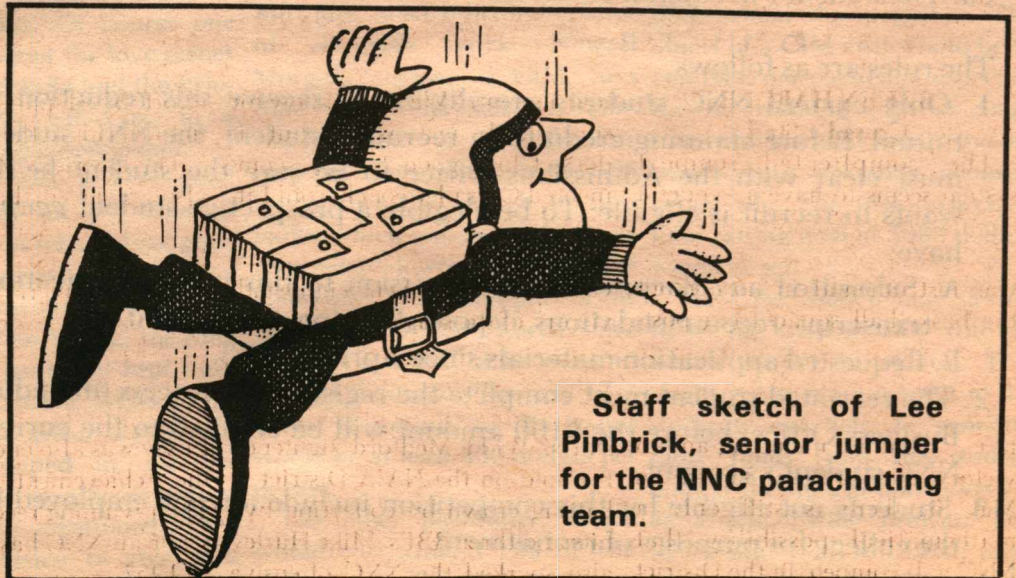
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Staff sketch of Lee Pinbrick, senior jumper for the NNC parachuting team.

Netters finish rebuilding years

By NACHELE ROBERT
Crusader Staff

The NNC Men's Tennis Team ended their season by qualifying to play in the NAIA District II Tournament. The meet was held in Salem, Oregon on May 6th and 7th. Although the Crusaders came out on the short end, many of their matches were close and tough on the opponent. Gary Sackett and Brad Noffsinger came closest to obtaining victory when they were defeated, 6-1, 6-7, 0-6.

Even though the guys did not do outstanding at District, they thought it was great just being able to compete in the tournament. The team classified the play of the weekend as "good experience."

On the team's previous road trip on April 22 and 23, they played Washington State University (jr. varsity), University of Idaho, and Seattle Pacific University. Washington State and Idaho both defeated the Crusaders. Terry Hanson was victorious at WSU when he downed his opponent 3-6, 7-6, 6-2. Also at WSU Clark Barclay in singles and Robb Warwick/Mike Caven in doubles went three sets. They fell short, though, in gaining the wins. Against Idaho NNC had only two close matches. The number one doubles team of M. Caven/Warwick went three sets with the 1982 Big Sky Champions, and Gary Sackett gave his Vandal a run by being defeated by a small margin in the second set, 4-6.

Things brightened up for the Crusaders in Seattle

as they won 8-1 over SPU. NNC won 5 out of 6 singles matches, and they swept the doubles competition. The singles wins were Warwick, 6-4, 6-3; Terry Hanson, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1; M. Caven, 6-3, 6-4; Sackett, 6-3, 6-1; Steve Caven, 7-6, 4-6, 7-5, and the doubles' scores were Warwick/M. Caven, 6-3, 6-3; Hanson/S. Caven 6-4, 6-2; Sackett/Barklay 6-0, 5-7, 6-3.

The Crusader's had a close match against Lewis-Clark State to end the season at home on April 29. NNC's three victories came from the play of Noffsinger/Sackett at doubles and Barclay and S. Caven both at singles. Although the Crusaders lost the match 3-6, the score could have been 5-4 had they won a three setter at 2nd singles and another close match at 4th singles. At 2nd singles M. Caven barely lost, 2-6, 6-4, 3-6, while Sackett was barely overcome 6-7, 5-7.

This year's Men's Tennis Team had a tough schedule, playing against strong opponents. However, they improved and grew as a team. The team had high regard for their coach, Winston Tilzey, as can be seen in a statement by Terry Hanson, "What made this year was the dedication of a coach who cared."

This same feeling is evident from Brad Noffsinger, "Two good qualities that this team had over previous teams was unity and a coach who was interested and a committed Christian. A good foundation was laid for future years!"

Coach Tilzey summed up the season as "Enjoyable, Great Fun, and Great Kids."

By KEN HARDEE
Crusader Staff

The NNC women's tennis team closed out its 1983 campaign with a tough home loss, 6-3, to Woodside Racquet Club of Nampa on May 7. The defeat dropped the Crusader's match record to 6-8 on the year. A final road trip to Northern Idaho and Eastern Washington, on April 29 and 30, proved to be tough as they toppled Lewis-Clark State, 5-4, and then were toppled themselves, 8-2, against Whitworth.

"We did surprisingly well this year considering we started with a team that had graduated its top three singles players," commented head coach Art Ellis. The Crusaders combined youth and experience in their search for a successful season. One combination teamed senior Linda Grim and freshman Nachele Robert in what Ellis called, "One of the better doubles team in the district." Senior Barb Christensen and freshman Jeanne Johnson were also praised for their play this year.

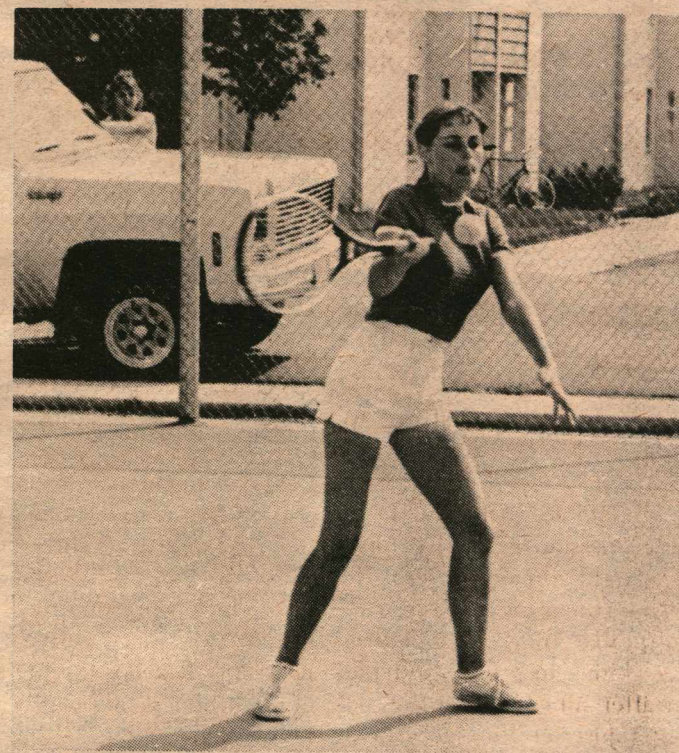
Against Woodside only three NNC singles efforts were rewarded in victory. Grim downed here opponent in two sets, 6-3, 6-2. Cindy Walker and Johnson battled back from the face of defeat as they both won three set marathons, 6-7, 6-4, 6-2, and, 6-

7, 6-2, 7-5, respectively.

The Crusader's found their third road trip of the season to be fairly successful as they split two matches. Robert, Grim, and Julie Brownlee fought in tough three set matches in attaining their victories. Doubles wins by Robert/Grim as well as Christensen/Johnson gave NNC the team victory.

Whitworth posed a stiff challenge to the Crusaders as they could only muster two victories in singles. Christensen outlasted her foe, 3-6, 6-4, 6-0 and Stacey Wright skunked her adversary 6-0, 6-0.

Dr. Ellis cited, "The team spirit of the girls and how they pulled for each other," as the highlight of the season.



Jeanne Johnson concentrates on her forehand.

**Next
Crusader
May 25th**

NNC completes winning season

By KEN HARDEE
Crusader Staff

The complicated sempert system seems to have a vendetta against the Crusader Athletic department. Earlier this year it was instrumental in nosing out the basketball squad from post-season play. It is now making life tough for the baseball team.

Despite winning 13 of their last 18 games, including an 8-6 victory over Judson Baptist on May 6, there is still only a mathematical possibility that NNC will compete in the District

tournament. "We won't know for sure until next week, but it doesn't look good for us," commented Crusader coach Tom Litsey.

What did look good for the Crusaders was their eighteenth victory of the season at Judson on Friday. John Ebster held the Baptist Crusaders to nine hits in winning his tenth game in twelve starts. Widd Medford tightened his hold on the NAIA District II batting crown by collecting two hits and three RBI's. Mike Hurley also sparked the NNC offensive

effort by slapping three singles in four trips to the plate.

The District's top hitting team also recieved base hits from Kevin Engelhardt, Ron Hezeltine, Dave Malpass and Duane Slemmer.

"It's been a great season for us," exclaimed Litsey. "We've been in the playoff hunt right down to the end," he continued. Litsey was also encouraged by all the achievements of his squad. Their winning record was the first for an NNC baseball team since 1967.



Gary Sackett stretches for a volley.

Thinclads sharpen skills for District

By **KEN HARDEE**
Crusader Staff

NNC's track teams enjoyed varying amounts of success at a track meet hosted by Treasure Valley Community College in Ontario. Also participating in the meet were Boise State University, Blue Mountain Community College, Eastern Oregon State College, and College of Southern Idaho. BSU did not send a women's team.

Without BSU competing, NNC was clearly the class of the competition. They placed 15 individuals and two relay teams on their way to capturing first place in the meet.

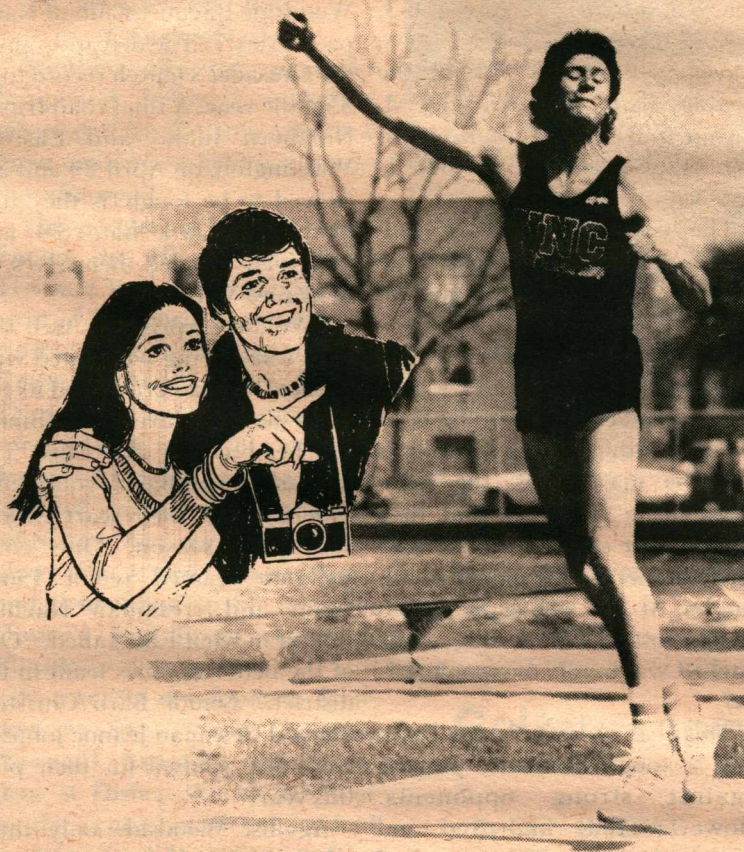
Sandy Early dominated the throwing events in winning both the discus and shot put. Robin Johnson, Shana Galloway, Julie Price and Antonette Blythe sprinted to the head of the class in the 100, 200, and 400 meters. Johnson and Price placed second and

third in the 400; Galloway and Blythe were one and two in the 100; and Johnson, Galloway, and Price finished second, third, and fourth in the 200.

Blythe and Price displayed their versatility in the long jump. Blythe was second with a jump of 16' 8 1/4", and Price placed fourth with a leap of 14' 3 1/4". Kristen Finkbeiner and Alicia Tilzey showed their strength by finishing fourth and fifth in the 800 m.

Karen Bignell warmed up for the District heptathalon competition by winning the high jump and placing third in the 400 m. hurdles. Bignell captured second place in the heptathalon. She is currently waiting for a decision on whether or not she will qualify for Nationals.

Another athlete waiting for a verdict on Nationals is decathlete Dave Saranto. Saranto also placed second at Districts. His marks were good enough to place him in the top 16 in the nation in the eleventh spot.



Dave Saranto heaves the discus.

Saranto's decathalon versatility has evidently rubbed off on teammate Don Dieus, as he placed in three events in Ontario to lead the Crusaders. He earned a second in the javelin, fourth in the triple jump, and fifth in the long jump.

Saranto and Tim Barr went one and two in the pole vault. Tim Brewer was the fifth man across the finish line in the 1500 meters and Mark Young grabbed the fourth spot in the 5,000 meters.

Tim Sievers finally succeeded in his personal assault on the school 400 m. record. Siever's time of 49 flat placed him in the NNC record books. "Tim has a lot of ability as a runner," commented Coach Paul Taylor, "he may have to bring his time down even more to place first in the District, though."

Although he didn't place, Stever Yerger qualified for District with a time of 1:56.8 in the 800 m.

Yam spelled backwards is

			WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			RESIDENCE HALL DRAWING 'DAY 2'		CREATIVE INSULT DAY	8AM UNDERGRADUATE RECORD EXAMS FOR GRADUATING SENIORS-SLH
			STUDENT	PREACHING	MISSION	
				COED VOLLEYBALL (OUTSIDE)	NAIA DISTRICT II MEET - TF - ASHLAND, ORE.	
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	11	12	13	14
PENCIL HOLDING CONTEST DOOLEY HALL 12 NOON	MATHEMATICS & NATURAL SCIENCE LECTURE SERIES GRAB SOMETHING AND BURN IT-OCEAN OF EMOTION NIGHT CH 12 MIDNIGHT	VIDEOMAN WILL MURDER ONE PE MAJOR TODAY IDK 12 NOON	18	19	20	21
15	16 WIFFLEBALL 8PM-GYM	17	HOMECOMING COMMITTEE 4:25PM SINS OF THE SENIORS VISITED UPON THE JUNIORS IAC 12 NOON	DECISIVE DESK POUNDERS BITTER BUTTER BAZAR OTP 12 MIDNIGHT	MARRIED STUDENT ACTIVITY "A GUY NAMED LEE" A FILM SPONSORED BY THE HURL THE CAT CLUB SLS 12 MIDNIGHT	"I'LL NEVER SWIM IN A POOL OF SPIT" A FILM STARRING ST. LOUIS ABISBO SLS 12 MIDNIGHT
THE HAIRY FAMILY SINGERS CMC 12 MIDNIGHT	MUSIC DEPARTMENT STUDENT RECITAL 8PM-SLH SCALING THE HIERARCHY CLUB BBB 12 MIDNIGHT	NATIONAL "I KNOW PEOPLE ARE STARVING BUT" DAY	22	23	24	25
22	23	24 WATERPOLO 8PM	"HOW I HIT A MILLION PEOPLE WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY EATING A CHEESEBURGER" THE DOCUMENTARY OF HUGH N. NIEGH 12 NOON			

May

