

Volume XXX, No. 15 \* Nampa, Idaho \* March 12, 1971

# Kenneth Montgomery: 1925 - 1971

FUNERAL SERVICES for Kenneth Reginald Montgomery, 46, 511 W. Colorado Ave., who died suddenly Tuesday night while attending the board of regents meeting at Northwest Nazarene College, will be conducted at 2:30 p.m. Friday at the College Church of the Nazarene.

The Rev. Jerald D. Johnson, pastor, will officiate, assisted by Dr. John E. Riley, president of Northwest Nazarene College, and by Dr. Joseph H. Mayfield, vice president of the college. Interment will be at Hillcrest Memorial Gardens. Services and interment are under the direction of the Alsip Funeral Chapel.

Mr. Montgomery was born March 3, 1925 in Pasadena, Calif., and was reared in For Sumner, N.M. He attended school at Lovington, N.M., and graduated from high school there. In 1946 he came to Nampa, where he has since resided. He graduated with honors from NNC in 1950.

He had been employed at the college for the past 10 years in the business office, and at the time of his death was the payroll supervisor and student account supervisor.

He was a very active member in College Church of the Nazarene and was president of the Tycoons Sunday School class. He was a member of the NNC Boosters' Club, and was treasurer of the NNC Alumni Association. He was a very avid bowler, bowling for the Alsip Funeral Chapel team in the Skyline League.

Mr. Montgomery is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Montgomery, Nampa; two sisters, Mrs. Don (Norma) Mesman, Salem, Ore., and Miss Dorothy Montgomery, Nampa; and two nieces, Cheryl Mesman and Lori Mesman, both of Salem.

The family suggests that contributions be given to the Ken Montgomery Student Scholarship Fund at NNC, or flowers may be sent.



## TRIBUTES

Because of you life was made easier.

You cared about my problems, my needs, my future. You gave beyond the point of duty and in so giving revealed true Christian love.

I as only one in your great realm of friends will miss vou.

But in missing you I will have a memory filled with thankfulness and gratitude.

Mary Ogden

Most of us never knew him that well, though he more than likely knew us-not in the sense of accounts to be collected, but as people to be loved, helped and understood.

Most of us never knew that he labored with a grave physical handicap, that every step, every movement brought pain. Most of us only saw his irrepressible smile.

Death comes not only to remove someone from life as we know it. Death comes also to remind the living that each person meaningfully contributes to another's life, that we need each other, that now is the time to recount our blessings gratefully, that the word "love" has a deeper significance than we usually care to admit.

Again, we are prompted to remember that eulogies should be an accepted part of life, not of death. Stunned by someone's departure, we easily recall his virtues, the finer qualities in him which,

for some unknown reason, we never acknowledged, at least not manifestly.

Yet, it is far better to credit a man sometime than never, even if we procrastinate until he is gone. Most of us could have said "Thank you" to Mr. Ken Montgomery for a thoughtful, unselfish act. We should have. But few of us actually stopped to embarrassedly express our appreciation. Say it now. Perhaps he can still hear you.

Gayle Moore

"One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which their happiness or misery is decided. Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, to instill faith in hours of despair."

Bertrand Russell

Most of us never knew that he frequently helped students out of his own pocket. Most of us only knew that he cared, that he believed in students.

Most of us never really knew Ken Montgomery.

Most of us do not know why he died, only that he lived, that he was a good man, that we will miss him.

John Luik

# Editorial **P**rimitive idiosyncrasies surface

College students pride themselves on being mature. We believe we are ready to handle our own affairs as well as, if not better than, our parents, even more capably than the administration and faculty.

Sometimes we wonder. Item: ice throwing in the cafeteria. We thought that practice ended in high school. It has not been a regular collegiate habit for quite a number of years. Perhaps some of our more fun-loving students believe the indoor sport needs reviving.

Let us hope not. Why is it that all of the persons interested in improving their pitching arms sit several tables apart, thus disturbing the meals of a number of other students? If they really want to get someone wet they should sit right across the table from him. But if they are sincerely concerned about exercising their latent talents we would like to remind them that Coach Vail will gladly investi-

gate all possible candidates for the baseball squad. No doubt, pitching is one of our weaknesses on the diamond. Unfortunately, it seems to be a strength in the dining hall.

Having ice land in one's plate is disgusting enough, but when it hits a person in the face it is beyond the stage of tolerance. Worst of all, ice melts--on the floor. Anyone who thinks he cannot live without throwing ice, or any other food, should discuss with Dick White the chances of a Saga special featuring some of our illustrious students.

 $\Lambda$  bit of the polished, sophisticated image of a college student is rubbed off when such a juvenile problem as food wars crops up in a 1971 newspaper. However, it is a growing problem on the NNC campus and needs attention. Some dead and buried traditions do not need resurrection.



by John Luik

Monday's convocation speaker gave us the "facts" about the drug problem. Or at least so it seemed. What Monday's speaker really gave us was an unstructured collection of unsupported assertations and untenable middle-class prejudices.

In the first instance, the speaker's assertion that marijuana is a harmful drug is not supported by any conclusive empirical scientific data. There is simply too much uncertainty regarding marijuana to be able to make an accurate judgment as to its harmfulness.

In the second instance, the speaker entirely omitted from his analysis any mention of the literally millions of middle class Americans who are in every sense of the word addicted to the wide

the fact may seem, it is time to realize that American society is a "drugged society."

In the third instance, the speaker's assertion that most drug users are societal parasites, neither working nor paying taxes, ignores the thousands of otherwise normal Americans who regularly or occasionally use marijuana and yet continue to function as productive citizens. The point here is simply this: the speaker spent the greatest amount of his time telling us about the characteristics of parasitic and unproductive drug users and never came to terms with the significant questions related to the cause and the cure of drug addiction. Indeed, this omission is indicative of the current superficial analysis of the roots of America's drug problem.

### THE CRUSADER

The Crusader serves as the tool of no faction of the college community--students, faculty, administration, alumni, constituency, or the college itself. Editorial policy is made solely by the editorial board and the editor. Editorials and columns which appear in the Crusader are written by staff members or

guest writers and do not represent the opinions of the Crusader, but are the opinions of the individual whose name appears at the beginning of the column or the end of the editorial. Cartoons appearing on the editorial pages are the opinions of the cartoonists. The Crusader is published weekly, except holiday and examination weeks during the academic year by the Associated Students of Northwest Nazarene College. Office of publications is in the Student Union Building, NNC, Nampa, Idaho 83651. Subscriptions rate is \$1.25 per term, or \$3.75 per year. Second class postage application is pending in Nampa, Idaho 83651.

duce artificial sleep, energy, and America's drug problem is sitranquility. However unpleasant multaneously linked to the quest for meaning in an absurd and meaningless universe. Only as life becomes meaningful and and purposeful will American society return from its drug-induced flight into unreality. It is to this "fact" of purposelessness and absurdity that we would do well to devote the best of our efforts, for unless we can offer the drug-user a meaningful reality perhaps we have no right to summon him back from his

own private "unreality".



The story of Jurgis Rudkus is the story of The Jungle. Jurgis is a young Lithuanian immigrant. Young, strong, confident. Con fident in his youth and his strength. But what were youth and strength and confidence and hopes and love and humanity to the industrial progress of the Chicago Stockyards? Jurgis laughed at the stories of broken men not knowing that he would travel the full road of human degradation on the bottom side of the heel of progress. From the cutting floors to the furnace rooms to the looseness of vote buying and whore houses

paganda novel opposing the rich, money-hungry industrialists and favoring unionism, The Jungle is also a very moving and emotional work. It vividly depicts the immigrants attempt to continue living the old life in a completely hostile environment; an environment that works children until they fall to drink and are eaten by rats during the night. It is an environment that drives a wedge of indifference between a man and his wife. It is an environment that allows a woman to die of infected childbirth without a passing glance. An environment that drives honest men to illegal and immoral lives and

i El Grito !

by Dino Roybal

Religion is the opium of the people.

--Karl Marx, 19th century This idea of renunciation, of relinquishing pride and dethroning the self is not only irrational and impossible but leads to an existence of bondage as well.

Has this not been demonstrated in the Protestant south? Have not the Blacks been indoctrinated and preached at to remain humble --to remain in that low ebb of existence, of pridelessness?

An existence of pridelessness has led the Black to an abhorrent disgust of himself and to equate his Blackness with sin and that which is white with purity, uprightness and good. If a man cannot love himself, then certainly he cannot love his neighbor nor his God for "inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ve did it not to me. "

To irradicate my pride of what I am would be an assassination, a destruction and total annihilation of myself and the words "I have come that you might have life, life more abundant" would mean nothing to me. I shall never release the pride I have of my little sister. The beauty of her delightful pleasant brownness, that earthly depth and majestic color of her dark eyes shall remain within me till I expire.

It is despotic, therefore, to demand man to give up his will for the sake of eternal life ! Have not those that testify of having given up self-pride that they have done so? If they had given up self, they would have not testified. The truth is as my brother Henry mentions that "it is only human that we, as sometimes selfish individuals, must selfactualize ourselves in order that our spiritual lives will never fall from the mountain tops. "A person may want to give his will, his total being to God; but it is realistic for that person to know that he cannot do so completely. Our ministers must realize that their preaching of surrendering all is enslaving many of our young people to a physiological torture--enslaving them to the altar and to emotional hysteria. These preachers must clarify that man's will must coincide with that of God's, that God is not a tyrant, that man is a free being and has a responsibility to the governing of his existence on this planet, that his rationality is justly pro-

If our ministersare immersed only in theology and remain shallow-minded--neglecting humanistic learning--that which deals with life, with what is human. literature, history, philosophy, sociology and other social sciences, the arts, grammar and rhetoric as well, and a good background of other religions-then Christianity to many people will continue to be the opium which is stifling their lives; the opium that has disintegrated some lives; the opium of emotional hysteria; the opium, opium, opium . . . that has enslaved the Blacks in the south; the opium of a physiological torture.

portional to his spirituality.





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### 2 THE CRUSADER.

### Immigrant life

Upton Sinclair dedicated this book "To The Workingmen of America". With its publication in 1906, The Jungle established Sinclair as an outspoken crusader of "freedom, equality, and humanity". Its subject matter uncovered major corruption in the Chicago stockyards and instigated political action that ended in the passage of the Pure Food Laws. Sinclair spent many months living and working with the common laborers of the stockyards to obtain the material for this book.

### condemns young women to prostitution or death. It is an environment that robs humans of their humanity and then ignores their physical existence.

### Universal appeal

The Jungle has been around for quite a while. But this does not detract from its universal appeal to "freedom, equality and humanity". If you have not read this unique and fascinating novel you are truly missing the truth and hopes of Sinclair's America.

## POLIC

Letters to the editor should be limited to 350 words and must be signed, with an address. Letters should be typed (triple-spaced). on one side of the page only. The deadline for each issue is Monday noon. Letters will be printed, insofar as possible, in the order received. No letters will be accepted from one author more than once a month. All letters are subject to the standards of fair play, courtesy, good taste, and omission of liable.



### by Virginia Waln

Jimmy is 20 months old. He hasblack eyes, black kinky hair, and black skin. Since Jimmy was three months old, he has lived in our home. He became an experience that has had quite an impact on my life.

How did I feel about a Negro child coming into my home? I was not prejudiced. I had always been taught that the color of a person's skin was of little importance. When I was quite small, my parents said that certain "very confused and misled" individuals thought people with black skin were not as good as people with white skin.

In high school my first friendships with Negroes were formed. Although I felt no discomfort at being seen anywhere with these friends, before Jimmy came, I did have some reservations -probably because I didn't know what to expect. All doubts were settled, though, as I realized that Jimmy was just like any other baby.

When Jimmy first arrived, he was a very withdrawn infant. Within a short period of time, he

became a noisy, happy baby who responded to love. He also became a very vital part of our family.

The responses of members of our community were naturally varied, but most of our acquaintances thought that the newest addition was really great. Those individuals who didn't like it usually did not do or say anything.

When I take Jimmy downtown people whom I have never met stop me on the street and ask whose baby I have. Their first reaction is often to touch his skin and hair. Almost everyone says, "I've never seen a black baby before. " Those individuals who think he is my child or don't like us look the other way and ignore

I am convinced that many difficulties concerning racial conflicts are merely a result of lack of contact with people of different races. The race barrier exists only in the minds of people who fear members of another race--simply because of lack of experience. Jimmy is not a foreign object that lives in my house. He is a part of my family whom I love as a part of me.

chance laugh to Last sophomore finals see seek. Ah, but she can not. She by Peggy Grant must tell him about her past, her He--good, strong, courageous, sordid past. she -- lovely, innocent, pure of This is it--the plot for the melodramas, Egad, What a Cad heart and mind. They are seated heroines. and Curse You, Jack Dalton. The on a couch in an elegantly furnished living room. She lowers

villains are ugly, in the mind that is, despicable, thoroughly rotten. You'll hate them. You may never be able to look Don Glaze or Jan Hurn in the face again. And, if

## GMS plans for Puerto Rico trip

A solo by Earnie Lewis, announcement of the students selected to work in Puerto Rico, and a Campus Crusade for Christ film on world evangelism highlighted the General Missionary Society chapel February 17.

Ken Wilde, chairman of GMS, named nine students to accompany the organization's officers to Puerto Rico early next summerwhere they will assist in work on a summer camp project.

Chosen from a field of 86 applicants were Sheryl Evans, Darlene Loeber, Debby Redman, Glenn Rotz, Bob Ecker, Mike Cummings, Mike Flanagan, Jim York, and Dave Mangum.

Selected as alternates were Jerene Adams, Janet Hensley, Ron Miller, and Dave Miller. GMS officers Ken Wilde (chairman), Patti Borgens, Gary Skaggs (co-chairmen), Vonnie Bartlow (secretary), and Gayle Wordsworth (treasurer) will also travel. Chapel was concluded by the film and announcements by Dr. Mickey Dean of current Crusade activities on campus.

anyone was ever good, noble and pure, it is Jeff Weisen, Norma Slonaker, Ken Friberg and Kathy Berschauer as the heroes and

plays

The cast does a job of which they can be proud. Cathy Van Slyke and Mona Messenger are teriffic snobs. There is nothing that can be said about Nancy Weigel except that you'll have to see her to believe her.

If you need to laugh, and we all do that fateful weekend before finals, you shouldn't miss the sophomore melodramas. They will give you a good evening of pleasure without straining your brain in the least.

## New hymnal formulating

A new Nazarene hymnal to be issued at the 1972 General Assembly is presently being formulated by a music commission of twelve to fifteen representatives which includes Dr. D.E. Hill.

The commission met in Kansas City once last year, but most of the work has been done through correspondence. Each representative compiled a list of suggestions concerned with which songs were to be kept, which were to be removed and which new songs should be added. The new hymnal is to be about the same size as the current one.

The responsive reading section

#### that he loves her more than any man has ever loved and that his enter WO seniors **to** life will only be worth living when she consents to be his bride. Her heart begins to pound. She has language Army schoo known for a long time that this was going to happen. Her heart yearns, yea, aches to give him

Kent Hill and Lee Dale have been accepted into the Army language school in Monterey, California. Hill earned one of the seven nationwide openings in Russian, while Dale will enter as one of the nineteen new German students.

Both seniors will enlist for three years as their regular active duty. The language study will last one year with the remaining two years being spent in Europe, probably Germany.

Requirements for entrance include all of the regular Army physical and mental tests, as wellas an artificial language exam. Minimal requirement for passing it is to correctly answer 18 questions. Hill correctly completed 27 of the 30 attempted. Dale accurately responded to 36 of the 37 he tried.

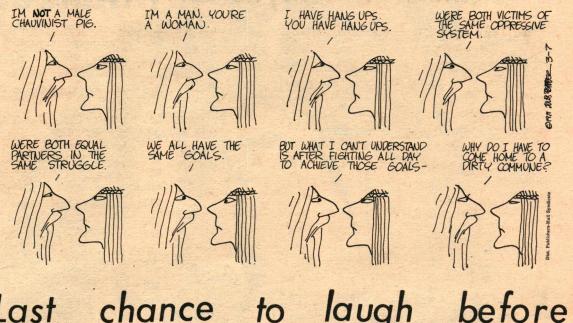
Before attending the language school itself, each candidate undergoes basic training. Hill will leave for Fort Lewis on April 9. Dale will not depart until June 11.

Study is concentrated into six hours of daily classroom work under the supervision of several teachers. Three outside hours of daily homework usually includes lab work.

Hill plans to take advantage of the study to further his interest in history. Dale also anticipates the benefit of his study as his future plans center around psychology.

ment. **VISTA** announces information campaign at NNC this month

For Release Week Beginning Sunday, March 7, 1971



VISTA, Volunteers In Service To America, has announced a special information campaign at this campus for the period March 8 through 19. The campus liaison named to head this effort is Irving Laird.

VISTA, offers the challenge of service for one year among the nation's disadvantaged. Volunteers live and work in a wide range of circumstances, from urban ghettoes to rural poverty pockets. Once assigned to a project, they perform a variety of tasks such as developing housing and maturity. Few applicants

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projects, teaching consumer education, counseling welfare recipients, initiating clean water project, developing rural cooperatives, planning urban projects. Brochures describing the pro-

gram and its opportunities for service to the poor are available through the office of the campus liaison. Applications for those who wish to join are there also.

VISTA has no set requirements for eligibility. However, the emphasis this year has been placed on applicants with skill under twenty are qualified. Applicants with a special skill such as Spanish language, health, social science, business, social welfare, are especially needed. The list of other majors considered is a long one. Anyone with a background of involvement in social activities and community concerns has potential.

her evelids demurely; the faint-

est flush of pink is in her cheeks.

He gazes ather adoringly and says

the answer his eyes so earnestly

"TOGETHER" CHOIR CONCERT

"Life" musical concert tonight

in the Science Lecture Hall at

\*\*\*\*

Operation Satisfaction mati-

nee of "Egad! What a Cad"

and "Curse You! Jack Dalton"

at 2 p.m. Cost for child is

25¢. Regular performance at

8 p.m. in the Science Lecture

Hall. Admission 75¢ and \$1.00

per couple. Party afterwards

in the Inn with live entertain-

8 p.m. Admission 50¢

SOPHOMORE PLAYS

Volunteers get a basic living allowance to cover housing and food and incidentals. At the end of service they will receive an additional \$50 for each month of service.

is also being revised, along with the index of songs fitting different occasions. In addition, a new name for the hymnal is to be established.

## SUBSCRIPTION NFORMATION

The Crusader is an inexpensive means of gaihing information about NNC. For those who are interested in subscribing to the paper, the rate is \$1.25 per term, or \$3.75 per year. It may be paid on either basis. The following data is requested for a subscription: name street

address, city, state, zip code. All back issues will be forwarded when the subscription is received. Postage is included in the above prices. For further information contact the Crusader office through campus mail or call 656.



Kim Jung Soo, eleven-year-old Korean orphan, is being sponsored by NNC's Circle K Club.

# Orphan sponsorship initiated by Circle K

undertaken the project of sponsoring a Korean orphan boy. Kim Jung Soo is an eleven-year-old orphan at the Home of the Good Shepherd in South Korea.

On Monday, Feb. 22, Mrs. Dana Iverson of Nampa presented the story of the orphanage to the Circle K Club. She stressed that they do not solicit donations but rely entirely on faith in God to provide sponsors. She pointed out that the orphanage is always receiving children to care for and that, consequently, there are still a number of children lacking sponsors.

Circle K will sponsor the orphan through September of this year at \$10 per month. Future plans call for the club members 

\*

NNC's Circle K Club has writing Kim Jung Soo letters and the sending of a birthday present in August.

## **Rotary Club** honors Luik

John Luik has been chosen as Rotarian of the month by the Nampa community Rotary Club.

Along with student representatives from Nampa High School and Nampa Christian High School, Luik will meet with Rotarians each Tuesday this month for luncheons which feature noted speakers and officials.

The other student Rotarians chosen this term were Chuck Wilkes and Brad Arnesen.

"Many Thanks"

## **Regents'** finalizes This week the NNC Board of

Regents gathered on campus for their annual spring meeting to conduct business and wrap up the final report of the Mission 1980 Committee.

The Board heard reports from President John E. Riley, the vice presidents for finances, development, campus life, and academic affairs, the Board of Directors, Chaplain Lauriston J. DuBois, and various regular and ad hoc committees. Reports were given on the progress of the construction and financing of the new P.E. Building. They also considered President Riley's recommendations on the college budget, faculty, salaries, contracts, and other standard business.

Outside the regular meetings Board members were kept busy by a variety of special gatherings. The three major committees, Finance and Development, Campus and Campus Life, Faculty and Curriculum, and other smaller committees had their own meetings. The Campus and Campus Life Committee metwith the members of the Student Senate in a luncheon meeting Tuesday noon. The Regents and their wives also attended the Recognition Dinner Tuesday night in honor of those who have served the college for ten years or more. Also invited were all of the administrators and their spouses, the members of the Student Senate, and the members of the Alumni and Academic councils. As is customary President Riley gave his report to the Regents at this time.

Wednesday's chapel was under the direction of the Regents, also.

## pilgrimmage Mission 1980

A major consideration of the Board this week was the final report of the Mission 1980 Committees. The Regents, whose members have been involved in many Mission 1980 activities, approved the method by which its findings would be compiled and presented after considering the recommendations made by President Riley.

Dr. Riley suggested to the Board that when the various subcommittees have completed their work that the final report should include: (1) the full minutes of all meetings; (2) a report from each.committee chairman with summary of work done by his committee and its recommenda-

tions; (3) all reports made by visiting consultants; and (4) reports by heads of the various segments of the college community such as the ASB president, the alumni secretary, etc.

President Riley also suggested that when reports, by committees or individuals, are in that the President's Cabinet would prepare a general summary and recommendations to the General Mission 1980 report and resulting general recommendations.

Dr. Riley made it clear that the final report will definitely be only a study report. Any subsequent implimentation of its recommendations will have to be made by the appropriate agency.

### discover talent Societies

Special convocations Wednesday, March 3, featured top talent from NNC's six athletic literary societies in the areas of speech and music. In the music division SLA's Linda Strickler and Linda Morris took first in piano ensemble. Spartan team Bev Zuercher and LaRae Rickard came in second.

Larry Vinyard placed first in the organ solo for the SLA's.

First place harpsichord soloist was the Oly's Doug Engel. In the area of piano solos, Connie Chase, LSP, came out with first place; ADP, Trisha Pohl, second; and Athenian Joyce Quanstrom, third.

Categories in the speech contest included humorous readings and Shakespearean Dialogue. Freshmen and sophomores were entertained in convocation with first place winner, Athenian, Dave Westmark reciting "My Brother Elma ". Another Athenian, Wendell Smith took second place in humorous readings, with ADP,

to our loyal "2nd term" students for faithful and consistent

### ..... PAPERBACK **BOOK EXCHANGE** WE ARE ECOLOGY PEOPLE -WE RECYCLE PAPERBACK BOOKS WE SELL ... WE TRADE Used books in good condition NAMPA - 535 Caldwell Blid.

Trisha Pohl coming in third.

Athenian's Don Glaze and Dave Westmark took first place with their balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet. Athenian's Wendell Smith and Steve Smith took second place.

## Library study rules modified

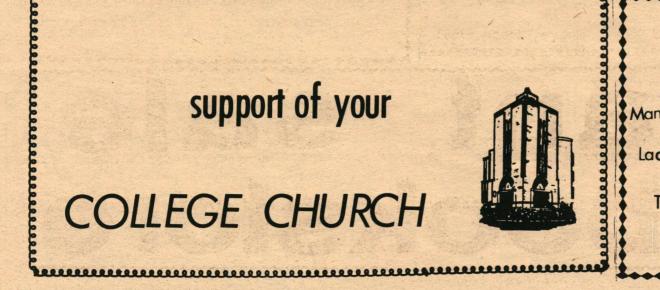
The Library Committee has instigated two changes in an attempt to obtain the most efficient use of facilities and resources.

The noise created by conversations in the library continues to reduce the efficiency of work by serious students. The Library Committee last week voted to give the librarians and assistants authorization to ask those who are uncooperative to leave the library for the remainder of that evening.

Further evidence of the intent to use the facilities effectively is the decision to keep the library open until 10:45 p.m. during some week nights of final exam week both second and third terms.

Should you have any further suggestions that would improve the value of the NNC library service, feel free to contact the student members of the Library Committee, Linda Eisenbarth or Donn McBride.

March 12, 1971



Grand Opening Week Many Excellent Values Throughout The Store Ladies', Men's, and Children's Clothes Tremendous values on small appliances (FORMER I.D. STORE - DOWNTOWN NAMPA) 1211 1st ST. SOUTH \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

HIRSCH VALUE CENTER

# Creative Arts Supplement



Editor's note: Only first place winners are specified for the Creative Arts Contest. Impartial judges chose the best entry in each category without knowing whose work they were examining. Winners will receive their \$5 through the mail. All other contestants may pick up five extra papers in the <u>Crusader</u> office. The <u>Crusader</u> Editorial Board wishes to express appreciation to all contestants, judges, and anyone else connected with this project.

# Requiem of the gods

A mysterious and strange God visits the forest. He is a silent God with his arms open wide. When the daughter of Nhor was riding her black horse She saw him resting by an old tree, And this chilled her blood, The silent God with his arms open wide.

From the sacred fountains, The night reveals the secret To the gods of the forest. The swans and the Odin's hawks Waiting to sing their death song By this silent God with his arms open wide.

Thor, cruel and fearful warrior That wields the sword with skill, Ready to defeat in the sacred forest that silent God with his arms open wide. And all look in horror At the frightening battle That circles in the air and darkens the earth.

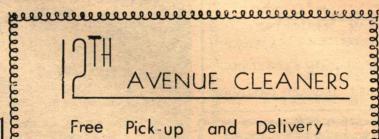
Now in the darkened forest, The accustomed songs are not heard anymore, Nor the enchanting voice of Freya singing from afar. In agony of death are the gods that Peopled the forest....

Alone, standing straight In the shadow of a tree, There is a silent God with his arms open wide.

--Doris Foronda

Editor's note: For the rest of the

by Helen Stark



## Thrill of a Lifetime Exciting New Bible Land Tour

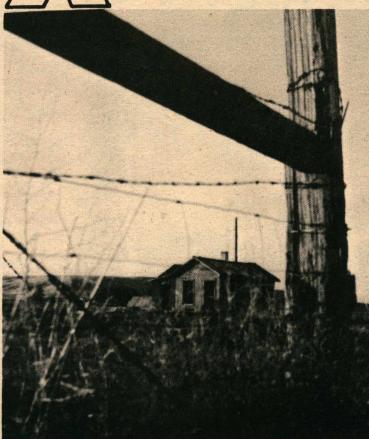
as low as \$619.00 WALK WHERE JESUS WALKED...SEE THE EMPTY TOMB...RIDE ON THE SEA OF GALILEE...STAND ON MARS HILL...SEE WHERE PAUL LIVED IN A DUNGEON...RIDE A CAMEL AROUND THE PYRAMIDS.

FOR INFORMATION: WRITE REV. C. FRANKLIN ALLEE, P.O. BOX 355, MOSES LAKE, WN. 98837





by Lynette Crofton





### by Bob Cantrell

There is in existence a breed of people called Vee Wee people. They can be found around old worn-outbusses. They have bugs, which have square backs or round backs depending upon their characters, and the average Vee Wee personality is in some respect humble due to the afore-mentioned items.

Please do not misunderstand; the person himself is not a Vee Wee, but rather a body, a personality through which a Vee Wee comes alive. I have known men and women from very upstanding families who have given their personalities over to the way of life of the Vee Wee. Doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers, people from "all walks of life" yield themselves to the handicaps involved in being of the Volkswagon breed.

### Mother Vietnamese

Vietnamese mother---Your eyes, dark with agony Haunt me. Your slender hand, motionless, Holding your child across your breast. Condemn me. What thoughts are yours As you watch the home you helped to build Burn? The angry flames leap upward, Erasing all that was for you---And scorch my soul. In my all-electric suburban home I watch the TV news---

# Vee Wee People

We are sometimes a despised race for the inconveniences we force upon others. We cramp big people with our small space, we slow down uphill traffic with our lack of power, we put ourselves in parking spaces that others were just "inches" too large for, we don't have sense enough to stop running when it snows, we are irregular customers at the gas vendor's establishment, we represent a young breed and to top it off, Vee Wee's are basically ugly.

Take the case of the hill to be climbed; leveled by the five hundred horsepower gas-eater or conquered by the Vee Wee. One lane each way will find a string of cars as long as the hill behind the Vee Wee and each driver will have at least a foul thought about Vee Wee's and an opinion of Vee Wee people.

The other side of the mountain finds another side of the Vee Wee. There is no one left in front of the Vee Wee; they are miles ahead because of the uphill climb. The Vee Wee driver has a tendency to keep his foot to the floor and downhill is no exception. The difference is that downhill there is no resistance. The hog and the Vee Wee are both able to go as fast as the driver desires. The Vee Wee corners like a foreign racing car and the ten-ton hog has to slow to 45 on a 45 mph curve as he watches the Vee Wee fly off into the distance.

When the normal person has tried his best at putting his normal

size gas-eater into the only available parking space for 15 minutes and a VW climbs into that same place head first with no additional adjustments necessary, the tendency is for the driver of the gaseater to expound profanely at the Vee Wee, not at his own hog.

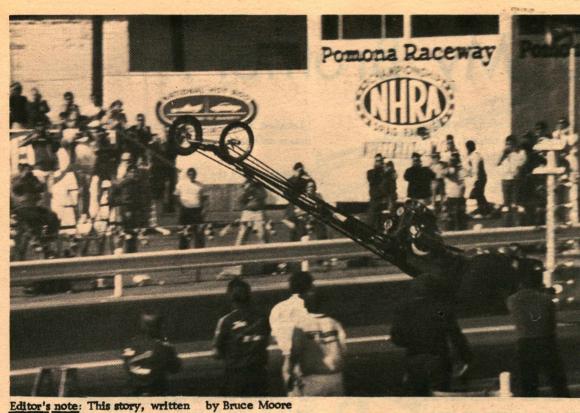
When the gas-eater and the Vee Wee meet at the pumps and the gas-eater racks up something like eight dollars worth of super high octane polyethylene and the VW fills up with a \$1.87 of brand X, the tendency is again for the owner of the hog to curse the Vee Wee.

VW's are youthful; they are collegiate, they keep their drivers young at heart. Stock bugs can be converted into sporty little Vee Wee's with almost any option "the heart desires". The older Vee Wee drivers may like the dependable standard but many of the youthful drivers have gone to extremes to dress their Vee Wee's in class. Chrome rims, extractor exhausts, wooden steering wheels and stereos are just a few of the frequently found options. A "personalized" Vee Wee can represent its driver by its outward appearance. The ugliness of the car is lost in the personality that it represents and suddenly it is "cute".

Yes, we are a different breed. We have patience above the normal driver, we disregard negative remarks, we suffer hardships, we think young, and yet our breed contains all types of people. When you see us, wave. Above all, we are friendly.



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by a student last year, won first place in the Bertha Dooley Writing Contest. Other award winners reprinted herein include poems by Roy Mullen (first) and Gayle Moore (second). The annual contest, sponsored by the English Department, will again be held this spring. Cash prizes are presented to first and second places in both the prose and poetry divisions.

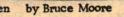
\* \* \*

### by Jim Gebhardt

That there would be suffering and pain I did not doubt. It was written in the faces of the more experienced menwhom I saw upon my arrival in the unit. They spoke of it around the table at the club, reliving the action as if it were happening then and right there. But that was the last operation; the next would be different.

The first night I was accorded the honor of digging the hole. It was only a small hole, waist deep and wide enough for two men. In the morning we would bury our garbage in it. The other replacement teamed with an old guy and together they went out into the darkness on a listening post. I don't think I was as scared as I was excited that first night. This was war, and I was in it.

As each new experience was added to the last, I compared them with those of my training in Louisiana. The nights were as dark, the pack just as heavy, the rifle just as difficult to keep clean, and the sergeants equally as illnatured. In Vietnam the mosquitoes bit harder, and C-rations were eaten more often. The days



#### the Glory And the War of were longer and the nights shorter,

but generally the atmosphere was not strained. If one didn't walk past the vehicle graveyard or listen to the weekly body count, he could easily slip into a euphoric trance. For three months I floated about thus, writing home accounts of nightly ambush patrols, trackless jungle, bottomless rice paddies, and relentless attacks by carnivorous insects. I knew war was hell, for I was experiencing it.

One night my illusion was destroyed. The Viet Cong surrounded our sister platoon and, as we listened over the radios, nearly wiped them out. The impassioned cries for help were squelched by exploding shells, and finally, silence. It was two hours before we arrived at the scene, and the wounded were being administered first aid. I was assigned the task of compiling the casualty list, so Istumbled through the muck and vegetation to where each man lay. In the eerie moonlight I scribbled down their names and the extent of their wounds. The mangled limbs and coagulated blood didn't sicken me, but the stench of roasted flesh I will never forget. I found my best friend, on his back in a rice paddy, holding his shattered leg out of the scum. To know that he was yet alive

comforted me.

The dust-offs came, spraying mud and water with the blast from their rotors. My ex-platoon leader screamed as the cold air enveloped his now flesh-less arm. There were three killed, and twenty-seven wounded. Private Collopy had not yet received his American citizenship. I sloshed to an empty personnel carrier, and as the blood of my companions stained the water around my feet, Isobbed convulsively. I don't know how long I remained there. As dawn broke, we gathered the salvageable equipment, regrouped the company, and began the movement back to base camp. That operation had ended.

The next would be different.

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# Ignorance is bliss

To ignore that which one wants to, To run from that which hurts, To cling to a fading hope ...

If one strives for bliss hiding behind ignorance bliss will not be found.

True bliss comes from pain ... The pain of suffering, The pain of understanding, The pain of love, and yes, the pain of uncertainty.

Christ hurt because he knew too much, understood too well, loved too deeply.

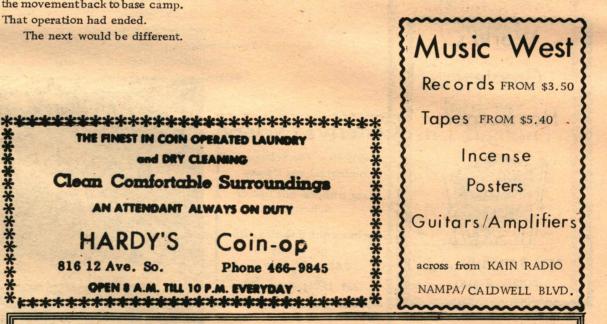
Knowledge may bring despair, but this is justifiable if it brings love and understanding as well.

To break out of ones shell, To get beyond ones self, Requires the defeat of ignorance.

Christ was the wisest man who ever lived... and it brought him pain but it brought love as well for the two are inseparable.

If it's Bliss you want Seek it in Ignorance. If it's Love you want Seek it in Knowledge.

--Kent Hill



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# May I Keep My Brother?

I dipped and cupped my hands In sightless, darkest night, And hoping, yet demanding, Smeared my body, splashed my face. Soaked and brightly washed with Slimy, sticky guilt I hid And tried so hard to cleanse My stained and bloody race.

I plunged my naked, weeping soul To the blackest ocean floor In a hopeless, arrogant, selfish plea To change my headlong plight. Thus, iced in static horror, I watched the bubbling pool As it rose and fell, there bobbed my soul, Not one whit changed - still white.

Oh, God, I can't ignore them! Those years and years of torture. You will not let me turn my head, Nor can I change the scene myself. We can't forget the manhood, The guts, the brains, the love and hate, Cruelly wasted and vermin eaten, Collecting dust on the shelf.

But yet my mind and heart Are torn and wedged in two, With love and hate, With pity and pride. Confused I watch you, black man, Wreathing in our double birth. Should I stretch my hand to help? Or shrinking back, defeated, run and hide?

No! I cannot, must not, will not, Martyred, solely take the blame. You stood still and watched me, knowing As on your chest I placed my hand. At first you struggled very little And for this I pushed you harder. I laughed as you fell three hundred years Into man's self-made and quickest sand.

But now comes the end, the final, Yet more - the eternal living truth. You must have your freedom NOW. The muck is threatening near your chin. But not I, nor you alone -No island race or man -Can satisfying throw the line To save us from our joining sin.

Together -- just together we can do it, Bridge at last the gap between,

Find the answer, find the way, Of helping, saving, loving one another. Not for greed or selfish might For trampling white or rising black, Not Do I? Must I? Shall I? Will I? But God in heaven, May I keep my brother? --Roy Mullen

# Forgetfulness

I worked hard to prepare this meal... Their lips were silent.

Can I help you with your math? My ears heard no answer.

I opened the door... She was evidently in a hurry!

Oh, it was nothing and I had some extra time. The door slammed heavily.

The small hand reached for mine... Dear God, may  $\underline{I}$  never forget to say, Thank you!

--Marilyn Vail



by Bruce Moore







8 THE CRUSADER

Dr. Theron D. Nelsen Optometrist

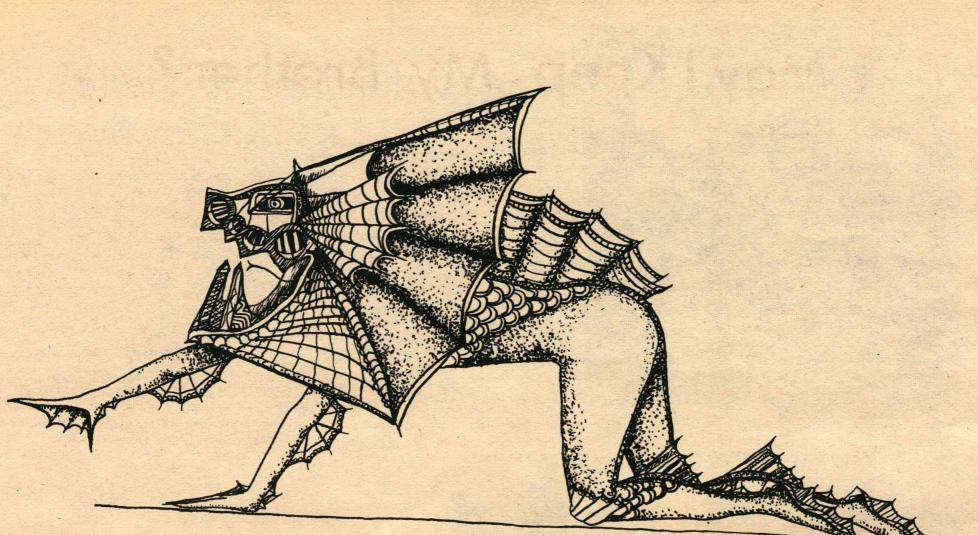
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March 12, 1971

by Bruce Moore



CROFTO

CREATIVE ARTS

# Communication

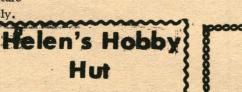
Suddenly we are transformed By the realization of the immensity Of this kaleidoscope of events--Some acted and others known to none but ourselves-Which we call LIFE.

### We want to understand.

We grope for a means, a method, a medium. Only to find it is in ourselves. Complete isolation? No. For isolation is the uniting bond Of the human race.

### Yet.

Our union will never be total. Each person must live his life. The eternal cycle: Me, the answer. Us, the link. Me, the individual. How each of us justifies his existence And plans for its future Differs enormously



No man entirely follows another's example. Life is divergent.

### Still,

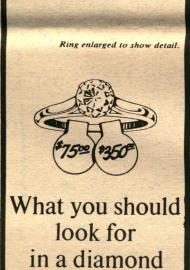
We attempt similar ways of Satisfying our needs. We work, play, eat, live, and love together.

At the same time We try to share Our unknown selves We adamantly guard Parts of our inner being. When we struggle to communicate Our ethereal, nebulous longing We often hurt terribly.

But we must fight in the Battle against ignorance. Just as no man is actually A rock or an island, Neither is any man As accessible as oxygen. --Gayle Moore

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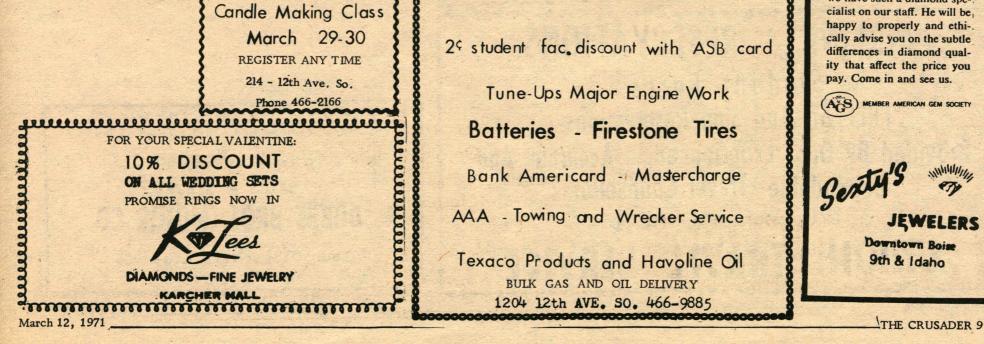


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JEWELERS





by Lynette Crofton

# A definition of "Hello"

by Helen Stark

Friend, if your spirit is sailing in peace and solitude focused far in your own tomorrow, you are alone.

Yet, if sometime you should stumble, look down at me... for with your eyes blinded by the sun of your earth, your spirit. stumbled over mine. They did not meet, for, regaining your balance you hurried on afraid to lose the vision of your solitude-sun, and you grieved that your horizon had been blurred by humanity.

Do you wonder why you are

sad, my friend? Is it because you don'tknow the meaning of "hello" or is it that you were created to care not only to communicate...? Is it because you are afraid to be used?

Popularity is a type of honeliness for, having many friends, you remain alone. I see now that if I find your soul I find mankind.

Dear friend, let the cool lovebreezes from Heaven blow the mists from the windows of your heart, so that I may see the beauty of the child within the walls of you.

Oh, let your body and soul be one, so I may touch your beauty

CREATIVE ARTS

then perhaps I can touch other travelers with our beauty--over and over again, on and on in time.

Perhaps I am not truly defining friendship--perhaps friendship cannot have a definition--perhaps it is seen differently by each different person.<sup>6</sup> Yet the essence of it remains the same, that is--"Love thy neighbour as thyself"--the words of mankind's Greatest Friend. Before we say "Hello", do we love ourselves? Do we love and respect what God has made us to be? Do we realize that what we

<u>make</u> of ourselves is our gift to Him? If we ponder and probe our souls we see that all this is true and maybe next time "Hello" won't be a vague greeting as we pass.



Please

I hate; I love? I wish; I hope? I feel; I know? I stride; I grope?

What is there to life--to live? Why love life? Must I give? I do not feel I love or feel, I only know I think I think I'M real. ... and this I do not know.

But where to go when life's away Without the choice to go or stay, To Heaven...or to Hell? This a question we know so well.

I only wish (I hope) to know To love this life before I go. I want to live, I want to know, What is life before I...

Is there someone, somewhere, to show me to this light-trod trail? This light-trod trail, few know too well.

March 12, 1971

Please.

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# Happiness

The chair sighes heavily as its burden rises. The sun turns his being into a vision of gold. The floor sounds its weary tune. I can see that his face wears the mask of fatigue. "Please..." he spoke softly as if not to waken the angels. In his eyes I saw the hope and anxiety, the fears and yet the promises. Sir--It's a boy!

by Bruce Moore

--Marilyn Vail



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# It's Love That Counts

One day I wandered aimlessly Through a field of varied flowers. And as I passed, each one reached out To cast on me her powers.

The first one spread her petals wide And smiled as she spoke to me. "Follow me and I will show the Way to cross the mighty sea."

I laughed and went my merry way Until I met a second flower. "Carry me where e'er you go And you'll have peace for every hour.

"That first you saw was not enough. She does not know the way. Cast her aside and choose my kind, And follow me each day."

Again I smiled and shook my head, And made my way alone, 'Till by a third one I was asked To step upon her throne.

She claimed that she was best of all; None other flower was right. With sorrowful heart I went ahead For truly 'twas a tragic plight.

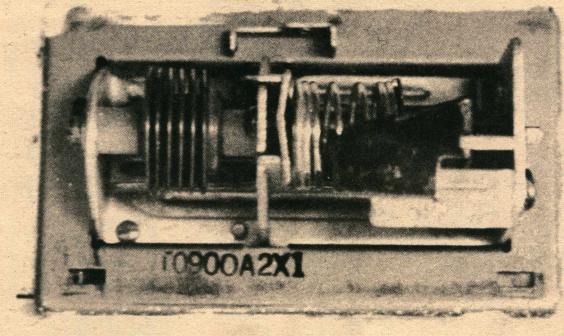
Then, as I headed for my goal The story was the same. Each flower thought that she was best And wanted me to join her game.

At last I tired of their cries And quickly turned to speak. "I cannot join your ranks, "I said. "You do not stress the thing I seek.

"And yet I see in each of you Many things so grand. Why can't you see each other's beauty And take each other by the hand?

"Instead you say 'see me, I'm good,' And look not at the others





by Bruce Moore

CREATIVE ARTS

# Lonely

by April Tucker

What color is lonely? It is black as the night that surrounds you with its soft velvet touch, as bright blue as the sky on a clear winter day. It can be the color of a beautiful snowfall which has lost some of its beauty because there is no one to share it. It is the drab brown of a drab day that depresses the spirit because of the drab loneliness deep

### within.

Lonely is the color of the first spring robin's breast, the yellow of the first daffodil. It is the color of the March sky on a windy day. It is the color of April rain that dampens hair and faces and mingles with the tears of loneliness.

Lonely is the color of the green grass in June, the red rose in July. It is the gold of an un-

claimed full moon. Lonely is the biting sharpness of lightning in a summer storm.

And lonely is the bright crimson, gold and orange leaves exactly like those a year ago, but more dull somehow because you marvel at them alone. It is the black and orange of the chilling November winds.

Most of all lonely is the color of the grayness inside.



CREATIVE ARTS

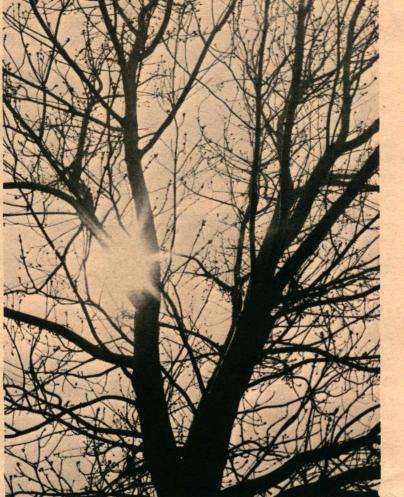
# Symbols

The pews were burdened. The candles burn on. The cross is lit and shining. White surrounds me. "Goodbye, father."

I offer you my hand.

--Marilyn Vail





by Bruce Moore

# Untitled

Tap me, Lord, may I echo true No empty spaces not even few, No false sounds to return to the divine Light Fill me with Thyself, truth and sight.

--Helen Stark



# Children of the Mind

How can I release what paces in my mind? How can I allow my thoughts, Like a mother 's eager child, Move from careful light and love? I can never strip them naked And place them on the slave block For all to see, and judge, and buy at will – For they might be left there for me – for only me.

I can keep my seed of thought In the shallow earth of self, So I alone can watch it grow From infancy to darkened grave. But if I plant it on the fertile page, For all to prune and pluck, Then it might thrust its face to view Like one more leaf adorns the summer wood.

When my thoughts weigh on me like a heavy load I can call them still my own. But when I shift the digging straps And drop the burden from my aching back, To lay it, through the point of pen, On careless parchment or neglectful page, I know that I can never lift it up And bare it just the same again.

Still I alone cannot decide If my thoughts should live or die. The mere fact of their existence Drives me to the side of Keats And orders me to "Glean my teaming brain." But yet, I hesitate to plant my seed, To lay my burden down, and, like the mother See my children leave me for the world.

--Roy Mullen



by Lynette Crofton

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### by Caroline F. Scott

NNC was extremely pleased to host "The R on do liers" in a recent Nampa Community Concert. The group consisted of three young men and their accompanist. All three men were experienced opera and oratorio performers. Names of the tenor, baritone, and bass are respectively Leonard Johnson, Bruce Fifer, and Charles Greenwell. The accompanist was Eugene Brister.

Selections for the evening were presented in five sections. The first was a group of serious

art songs, arranged especially for "The Rondoliers". "Ein Traum" was probably the most well liked in this section.

The second section was a sampling of arias from Gounod's <u>Faust</u>. The baritone declined to perform his aria because of a touch of laryngitis, but he very adequately continued the rest of the evening. Greenwell was especially enjoyed by the audience.

Excerpts from "The Most Happy Fella" by Loesser and especially arranged by Charoles

Dr. Marvin Bloomquist, director of Crusader Choir, is planning the European trip scheduled for early this summer.

# Crusader Choir to tour Europe

Members of the Crusader Choir will have the opportunity to tour several countries in Europe this summer.

According to Dr. Marvin Bloomquist, choir director, 42 members of this year's choir will be leaving for London June 9th. After a four day stay in England, the choir and their chartered bus will take a ferry across the channel into Belgium. From Belgium

## Engagement

A summer of 1972 wedding in Medford, Oregon in being planned by Lynette Vawter and Bruce Allen who recently announced their engagement. Both are juniors. She is a Home Ecothey will travel to Germany and Switzerland, hold concerts in such cities as Frankfurt, Bonn, Hanau, and Zurich, cite of the Nazarene Bible School.

During the tour the choir will also visit France, Luxemburg, and Holland. "It's a combination sight-seeing, cultural, concert and missionary tour," stated Dr. Bloomquist. They will be singing at many of the European Nazarene churches, and will leave for home from Amsterdam, arriving in the U. S. on June 30th.

Funds for the trip are being provided mainly by each choir 216 - 12th Ave So member. The choir presented Next To a concert version of the opera "Peter Grimes" last month to Pix Theater which they charged admission. LOVE'S Make Up and Moisture Special \$2.75 value -\$1.75 "Love's a little cover." JEAN NATE friction pour le bain \$3.50\_ \$5.00 \$2.00 Holly Shopping Center

Touchette comprised the third section. Audience reaction to the song, "Standing on the Corner, Watching All the Girls" was enthusiastic. A Czech folksong was an encore before the intermission.

Mr. Greenwell sang a collection of American Folk Songs for the fourth section, and he very capably stole the show. Both his singing and character portrayals were tremendous. Arrangements this fine are rarely found in this type of music. As an encore, the bass sang, "Old Man River". This, of course, was also well received.

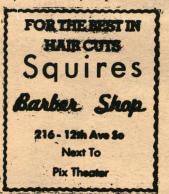
Songs of the South were sung by "The Rondoliers" as their final section. Encores after this section included a folk song about settling a marital problem, a trio from Rossini's <u>Barber of Seville</u>, which included some original portrayals by the singers, and a lovely, soft performance of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" as the last song. "The Rondoliers" were given

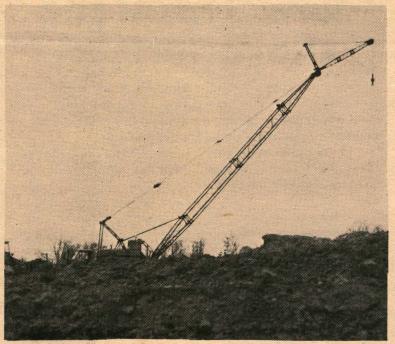
a standing ovation in return for this enjoyable evening.

## Competition deadline near

Cheryl Hall, NNC campus representative for the Reed and Barton "Silver Opinion Competition", reminds all NNC girls that there is less than a month left to fill out entry blanks.

The deadline is March 31, 971. Quite a number of girls ave already responded to this offer but everyone has an equal chance of winning. The Grand Prize is a \$1,000 scholarship, but there are also nine other scholarships plus merchandise awards of up to \$75 each. Contact Cheryl Hall, Room 118, or phone 568.





Large equipment is becoming a more common sight on the campus as construction on the Physical Education Building moves along rapidly.

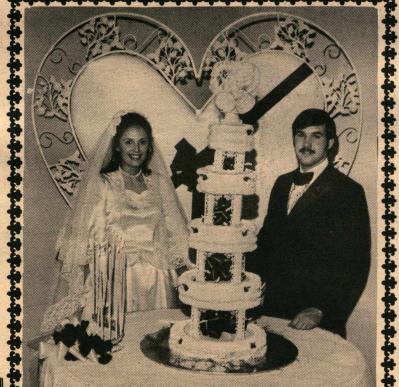
# Wesche to spend sabbaticalin Europe

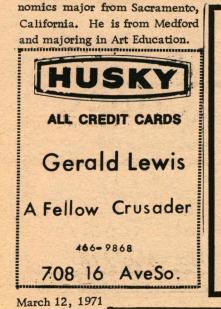
British Isles Nazarene College will provide the setting for Dr. Percival Wesche's sabbatical leave during third term. Wesche will depart for England April 3.

Teaching a class at BINC as well as participating in lecture and seminar groups there and at Manchester University will be his first goal.

Wesche's plans for teaching at BINC have been in the making for six years. In 1965, while visiting BINC on a tour, he made contacts with the administration and started plans for the experiAfter completion of classes on June 13, Wesche's wife and daughter, Jody, a freshman at NNC, will join him in England to begin a two month jaunt by car around Europe. Wesche explained that he wants to visit most of the places associated with the Renaissance and the Reformation.

While he is absent, Wesche's usual classes will be dropped and Dr. Robert Woodward will act as chairman of the Social Sciences division.





The beauty of Nancy Markus and Leigh Salisbury's wedding at the North Nampa Nazarene Church is captured here by photographer Walter Braun. Simply Beautiful - A Day to Remember, Your Wedding

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BRAUN STUDIO

## "New Nazarene" characterized

"The New Nazarene for This Age" was presented by Allan Rodda as the finale to this term's Issues and Answers Convocations. Rev. Rodda's presentation contrasted the different types of Nazarenes evident in the Church in 1971.

One group of Nazarenes within the Church can be called activists, whose main concern is curing the social ills of our times. In contrast to this group are the pietists, who feel that the activists degrade Christianity's personal aspect. They are more concerned with the religiosity of the individual church member.

A third group of Nazarenes are the institutionalists, who prefer to serve God through the organized church. The individualists, on the other hand, feel that the organized church is too rigid,

On vacation

Due to finals and spring break, there will not be another paper until April 2.

intellectual, and institutionalized. They prefer instead to worship God on a more personal and individual basis.

Rev. Rodda emphasized that, while the Church of the Nazarene is made up of members of all of these groups, no one group can characterize true Christianity. Rather, it is imperative that members of each group strive to become "perfect Christians, " in possession of a right balance of each of these characteristics (piety, activism, individualism, and institutionalism). This is possible only through the individual action of each member of the Church.

## Son for Weigelts

Dr. and Mrs. Morris Weigelt are the parents of a son, Gerhard Fred, born Tuesday, March 9, at 7:45 p.m. Mother and son, probably will come home today. Weigelts also have two daughters.  by Jerry McConnell

What can you say? It was a great comeback. The NNC basketball team has a lot to look forward to. We talked about it earlier in the season and saw it happen in the last dozen games. Exciting, winning basketball. Team basketball. They really did "put it all together!"

It wasn't one or two or three guys. It was a team. A complete ball club that put together that seven game win streak. It was a team that won four in a row on the road right at the last and made a number of NAIA officials look like idiots for picking George Fox to represent District II in the play-offs. And the exciting thing is that we get most of that team back next year, plus a brand new gym!

Al Blacklock was the experience of this year's extremely young squad. He did everything (and more) that was expected of him. He was a leader in every respect. We'll lose him next season and that hurts. But guys 

like Johnson, Wilde, Graham, Rumpel, and Luhn will all be back with plenty of freshmen reinforcements and that doesn't hurt.

JUST ABOU

Hills' building program worked. He molded a team and had a winning season. That's not easy to do. It was a very successful campaign. He's quite a coach. Hopefully, he can reap the benefits of this year's struggle when his troops march into a big new gym next December and open a brand new era at NNC. It would be pretty impressive to initiate that new building with a successful, winning basketball team and a post season play-off spot. It's something to shoot for.

The "Meridian Marvel", Ray Rumpel, would have to be ranked as the big (and I might add pleasant) surprise of the 70-71 basketball season. A lot of people knew that this freshman was a good ball player and would see plenty of action; but, few people could have envisioned Rumpel breaking into the starting line-up as early as he did and averaging 10 points and 10 rebounds a game for the Crusaders! Another Gary Lawson? It's not fair to make comparisons, but with Johnson and Luhn out front and Graham, Wilde, and this kid underneath (plus an extremely strong bench with good depth!) NNC's next 25 opponents better look out!

1	1970	-71 Statistic	s (NNC-	-14-12)			
	NNC's Fearsome Foursome:						
		Games	Points	Average	High Game		
1.	Denny Johnson	26 .	407	15.5	23		
2.	Ken Wilde	26	355	13.6	26		
3.	Al Blacklock	26	296	11.4	25		
4.	Ray Rumpel	26	279	10.7	19		
			- Charles and the second		a Rolans Strenger		

Plus, Dick Luhn averaged over 9 points per game, Laird Graham averaged 7 points per game, and Steve Phelps averaged close to 5 points per game.

Raynor Rumpel hauled down 10 rebounds per game to lead all Crusaders in the department. Ken Wilde and Al Blacklock grabbed about 9 caroms per contest, and Graham picked off an average of 7 rebounds a game.

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British Isles Nazarene College is offering a five week summer study program in Manchester, England. The cost of the five week excursion will total \$600 from New York, excluding airport taxes, passport fees, and personal

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items. Arriving at Prestwich Airport, six days will be spent in travel to the college. Sights to be viewed will include Edinburgh Castle, home of Mary Queen of Scots. The last night before reaching Manchester will be spent at Windermere, England's largest lake.

Courses of instruction are available in English Literature, English History, and Wesleyana, a study of the mission and message of the Wesleys. The first session is scheduled for June 22-July 26, and the second July 20-August 23. Credit may be obtained at any Nazarene College for a cost of ten dollars per credit hour.

Additional information and applications may be obtained through Dr. Ford's office.

March 12, 197:

New Honda Motosport 350.

It's not easy to improve on perfection, but Honda engineers have done it. They've developed a revolutionary, tough, lightweight double-cradle frame. And put it on what was already the world's hottest dirt machine to trim off more than 40 lbs. The result-this new SL-350 K1-a dirt-eating tiger that handles like a kitten. They improved on perfection in other ways, too. The new Motospor has light, durable aluminum fenders. A smaller racier tank. A specially-designed lower seat to give

you more body control. Primary kick starting. And an ignition switch close by the throttle for safety But, that's not all. The dependable, powerful Honda four-stroke OHC twin now delivers just the kind of performance you want for the dirt. Low-end torque's been boosted. And the torque curve flattened. Gear ratios have been opened up in the rugged five speed trans, too. No doubt about it—this b ready to race. Take a test ride and you'll be convinced



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JACQUES RENEE



Catcher Dave Boschker returns a toss from pitcher Larry Burton as the NNC baseball team began its formal practice last week.

### Grapplers profit by experience of season

by Jerry McConnell

As was reported in the last issue of the Crusader, the NNC wrestling squad closed out its 1971 regular season a much improved and very impressive team of wrestlers. But, for a handful of Crusader matmen the season wasn't over just yet. Sam Frazier, Mike Berry, Dave Watson, and Gene Benjamin still had some pretty tough wrestling to go.

These four, by virtue of their season accomplishments, made the trip to the NAIA District Wrestling Tournament in Walla Walla, Washington. Frazier had closed out his season and college career with a 13-1 record (including nine pins), Gene Benjaminhad racked up an impressive 12-1 mark, Mike Berry won 11 of 15 matches, and Dave Watson was 8-6.

Wrestling at 158 Ibs. Sam Frazier took second in his weight division at the district meet when he dropped a 16-10 decision to the wrestler who was eventually named the outstanding grappler of the tournament. Frazier was up eight pounds from the weight

Gene Benjamin had been elimiwrestling this district's top matmen and had wrestled extremely well all season long to earn the

had finished his injury-riddled year with a strong 5-1 record and was scheduled to go to the district tournament, but had to be scratched at the last minute.

Coach Horwood's young, aggressive, vastly improved squad will sorely miss the talents of Sam Frazier and Martin Hill next year, but the ability coming back could easily improve on this season's 6-8 mark.

## Couple to wed in late summer

Susan F. Hysmith and William N. France chose January as the time to announce their engagement. She will graduate in June with a degree in English and History. He attends Webb Institute of Naval Architecture in Glen Cove, New York where he is presently student body president. He will complete his studies in June, 1972. A late summer wedding is being planned by the couple.



## NNC wraps up season in BNC grand fashion at

by Jerry McConnell

Well, maybe it was only right. The host team coming out on top at the first annual all Nazarene post season basketball tournament. But what a show our Crusaders put on.

First of all, NNC finished the "regular season" in grand fashion. They closed out strong--winning five in a row, seven out of the last nine, five straight on the road and ending above the . 500 mark (12-11). The Crusaders could boast of four starters averaging in double figures (including a freshman, a senior and a pair of juniors) and finally put everything together in the last month of the season. It was beautiful. So, on to Bethany.

And talk about "puttin' it all together!" The Crusaders from NNC, Nampa, I-don't-knowwhere, went absolutely crazy on the opening night of the tournament! NNC overwhelmed Mid-America College with a devastating show of field-goal accuracy and bombarded the Pioneers 109-80. NNC could do no wrong. They canned an unbelievable 63% from the floor, hitting 43 out of 68 shots. A total of six Crusaders scored over ten points and NNC had a six game winning streak, a 13-11 record and a very impressive debut in the city of Bethany.

The 109 points that the Crusaders scored was a single game high for the 70-71 season, and NNC's offensive attack was so

balanced that nobody scored over twenty points. Denny Johnson led the NNC point parade with 19, freshman Raynor Rumpel garnered 17, Ken Wilde and Dick Luhn poured in 15 counters apiece, Laird Graham scored 13, Norm Sandlin had 11, and Al Blacklock just about made it with 9. It was a great night for Coach Hills and Co. and had to be one of the highlights of the post season tournament.

Friday night it wasn't quite so easy. NNC ran into a determined bunch of Tigers from Olivet Nazarene College and had to hang on for a hard fought 68-65 victory. The Crusader's main problem in the first half was the inability of most of Coach Hills' starters to hit the basket! Al Blacklock and Laird Graham kept NNC in the ball game the first 20 minutes and the Crusaders escaped at half time trailing "only" by ten points, 39-29.

But Denny Johnson and Raynor Rumpel got hot and Blacklock continued to pour it on as NNC came roaringback in the second half to grab a three point lead and hang on for the seventh consecutive win. Blacklock finished with 18 points and 11 rebounds to pace the victors. Denny Johnson pumped in 16, the "Meridian Marvel, "(Raynor Rumpel), had 11 points and 14 rebounds, and Laird Graham contributed 10 points. NNC's 14th victory was its ninth in the last 11 and brough their road streak to seven. But

what's that old saying about all good things . . .?

Well, it did. On Saturday night the Crusaders' season officially ended; their winning streak came to a screeching halt, and their hopes of sweeping the Nazarene Invitational went down the drain. NNC lost to Bethany 87-85 and thereby assured themselves of second place in the tournament. The Crusaders trailed by a bucket at half time 40-38, got hot and led 55-47 at one point, and then turnovers and fouls proved to be their undoing. Bethany took advantage of our mistakes and raced to the victory and the All-Nazarene championship. Ken Wilde and sophomore Dick Luhn led the way for NNC with 18 points each, and Denny Johnson and Ray Rumpel had 14 apiece.

It was a disappointing thing to come back so far and so strong and then fall one game short, but the Crusaders were great! They finished their season as strong as any team could and played fantastic team basketball in the last month-and-a-half of the season. NNC finished with a record of 14-12, winning seven of their last eight games and nine of their last 12.

In a fitting climax to a great career senior Al Blacklock joined Denny Johnson and freshman Ray Rumpel on the All-Nazarene all star-team. It was a great season and a successful "building program. "

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O PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Se Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. 🔛 Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Se yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. So Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. Se You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. So Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. 🐿 With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. 50 50

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