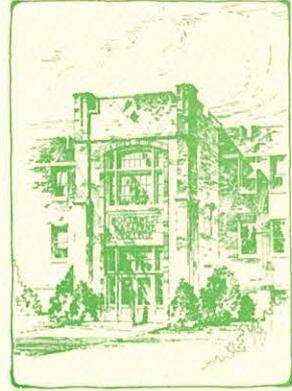
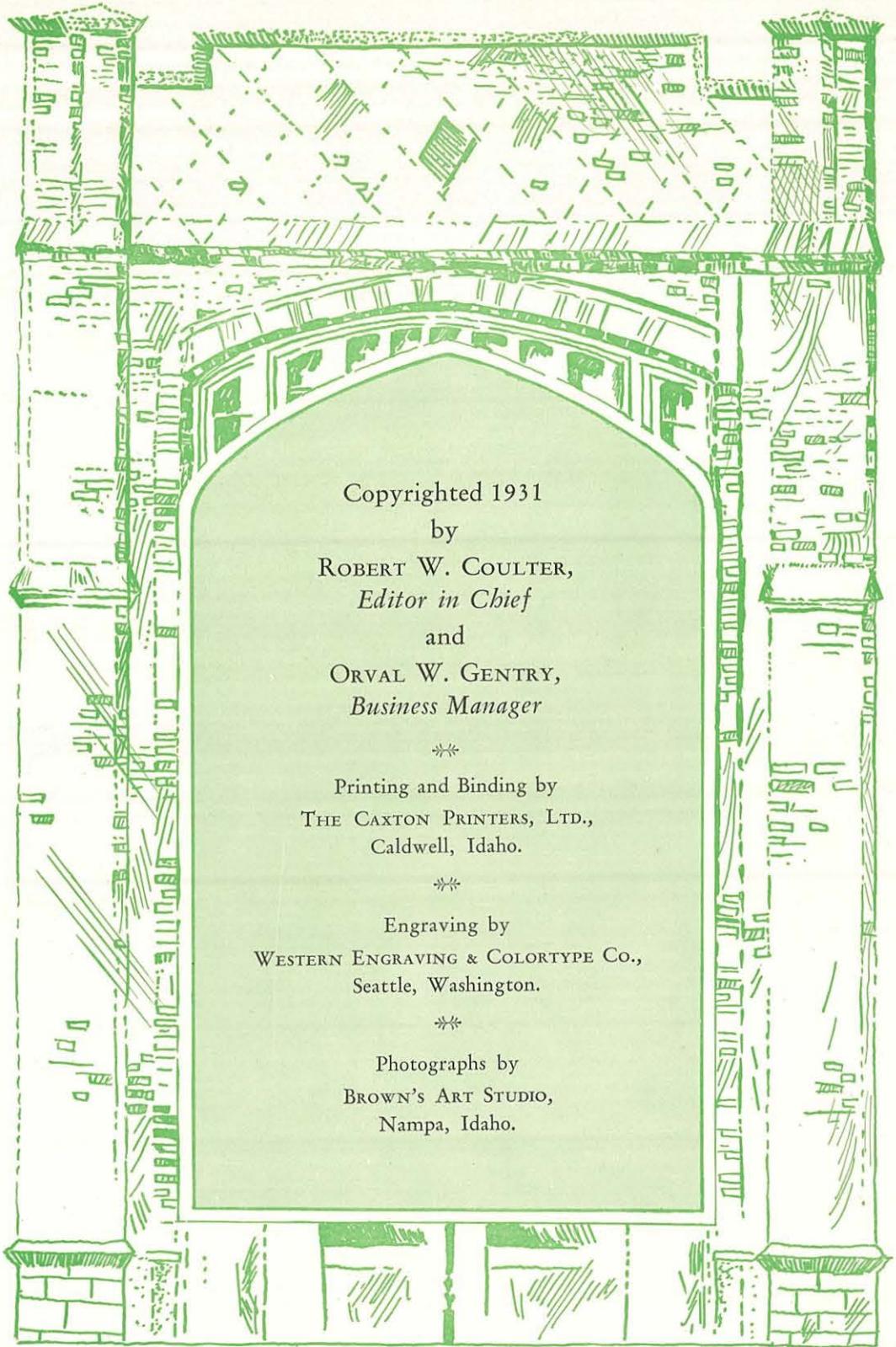


OASIS • 1931





THE 1931 OASIS



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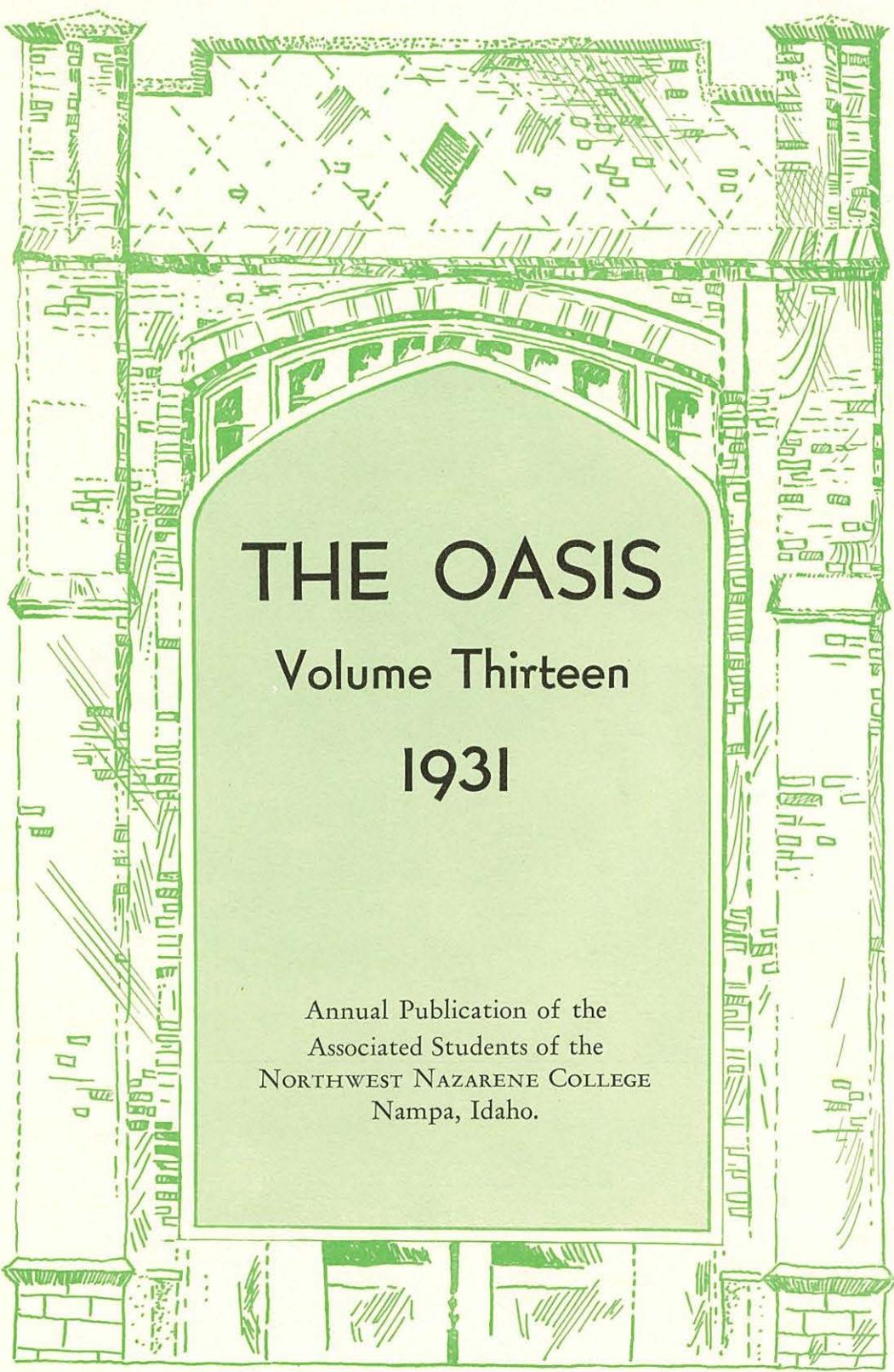
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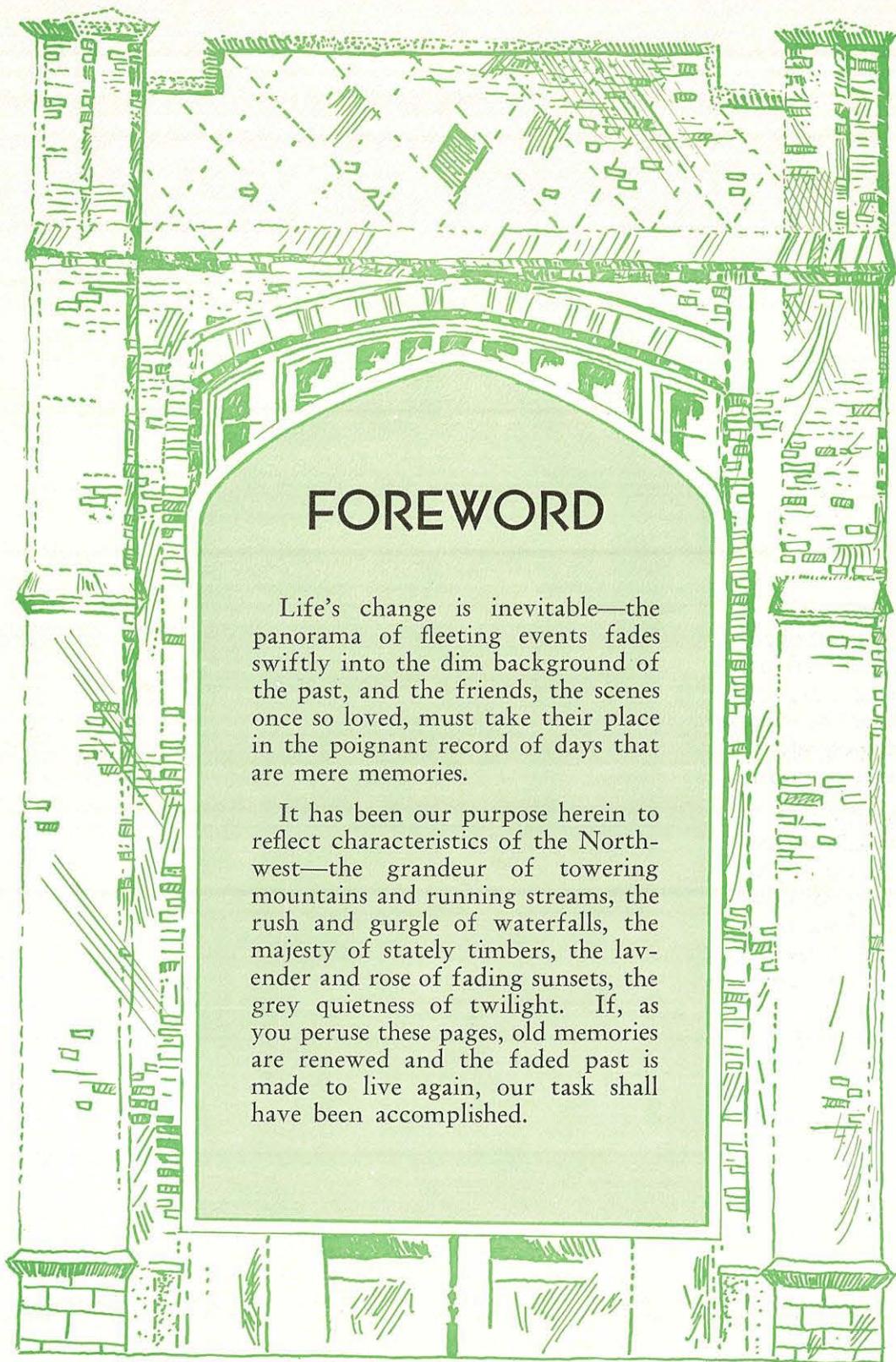


THE OASIS

Volume Thirteen

1931

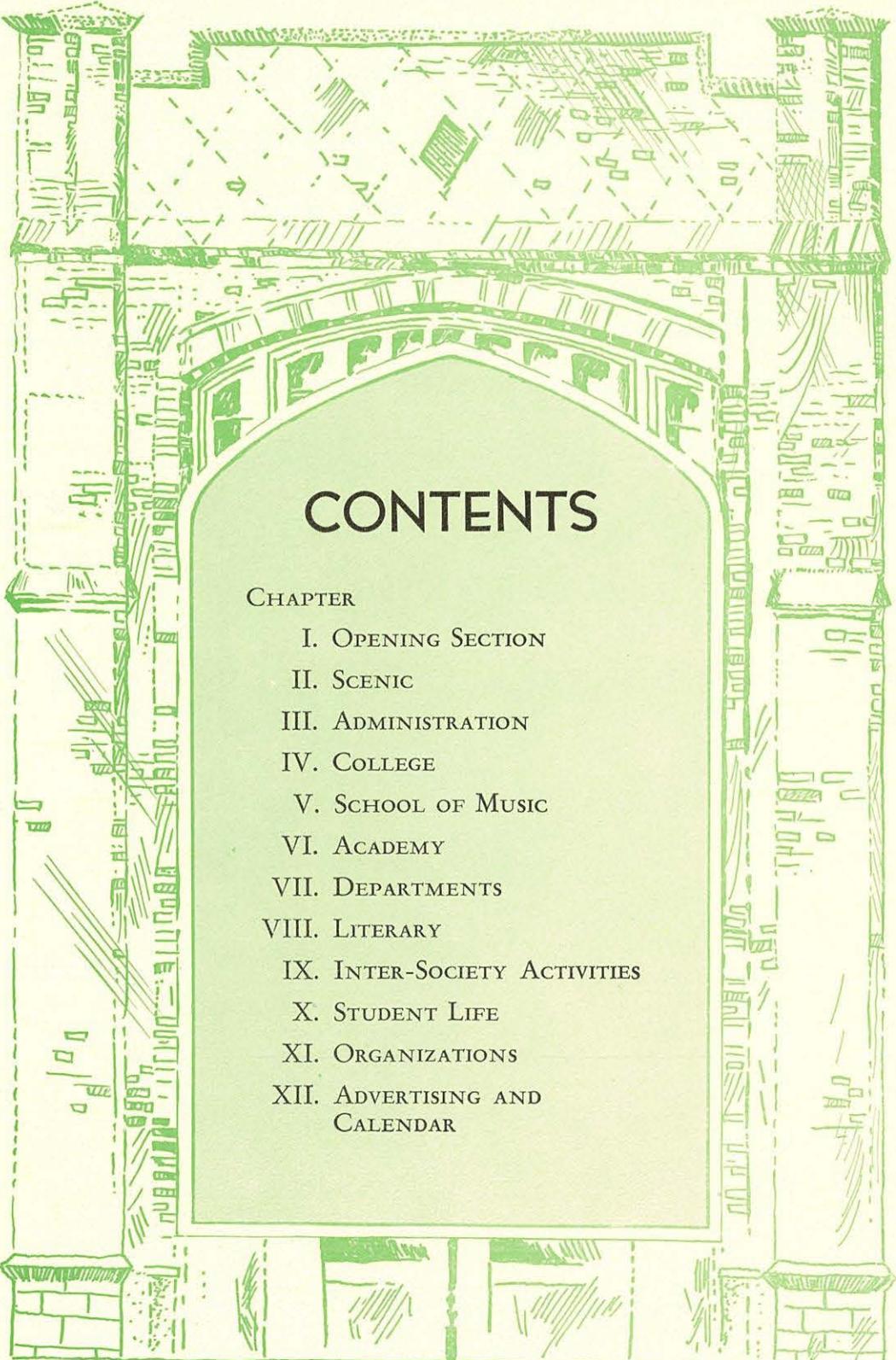
Annual Publication of the
Associated Students of the
NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE
Nampa, Idaho.



FOREWORD

Life's change is inevitable—the panorama of fleeting events fades swiftly into the dim background of the past, and the friends, the scenes once so loved, must take their place in the poignant record of days that are mere memories.

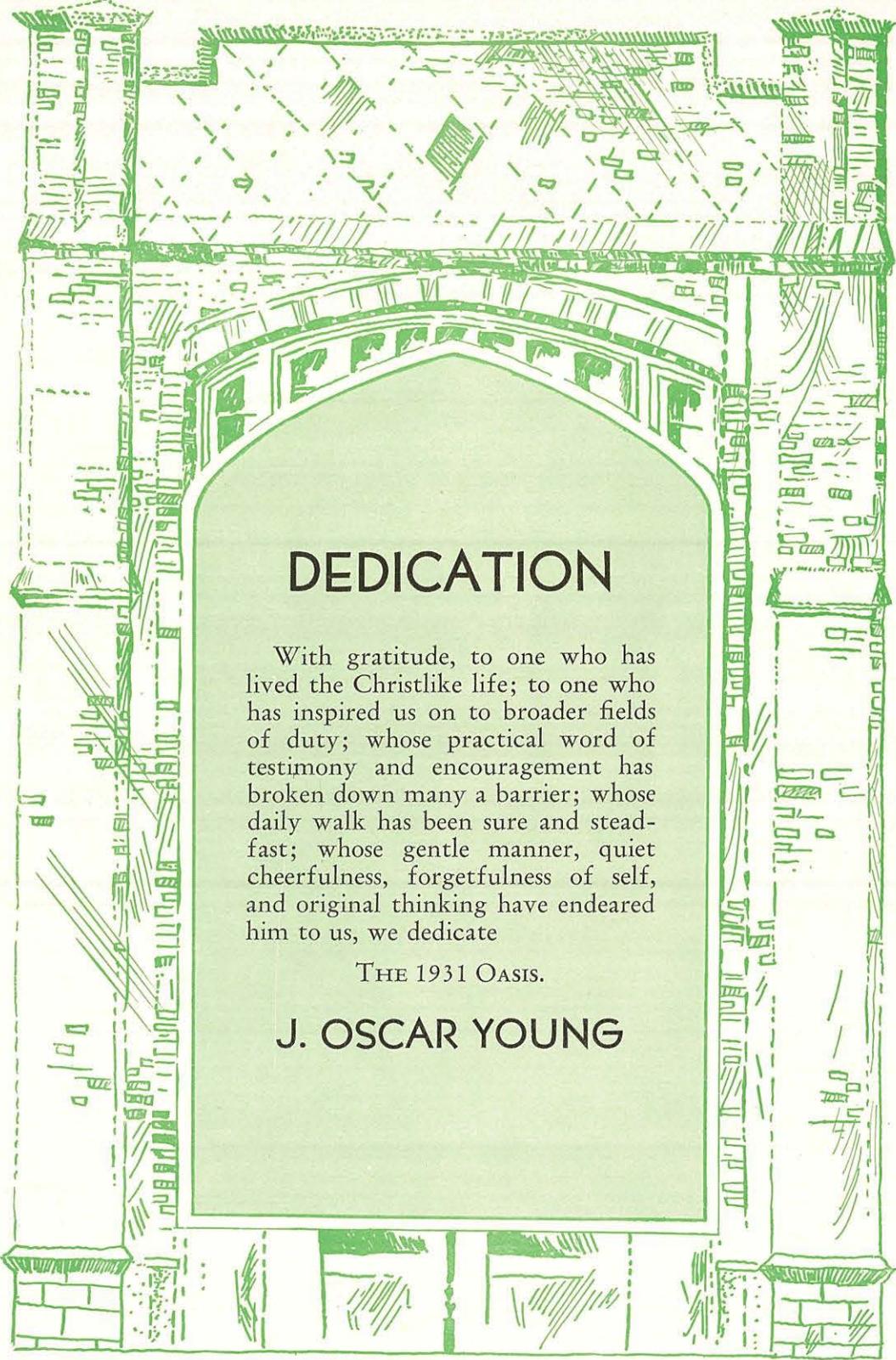
It has been our purpose herein to reflect characteristics of the Northwest—the grandeur of towering mountains and running streams, the rush and gurgle of waterfalls, the majesty of stately timbers, the lavender and rose of fading sunsets, the grey quietness of twilight. If, as you peruse these pages, old memories are renewed and the faded past is made to live again, our task shall have been accomplished.



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CALENDAR

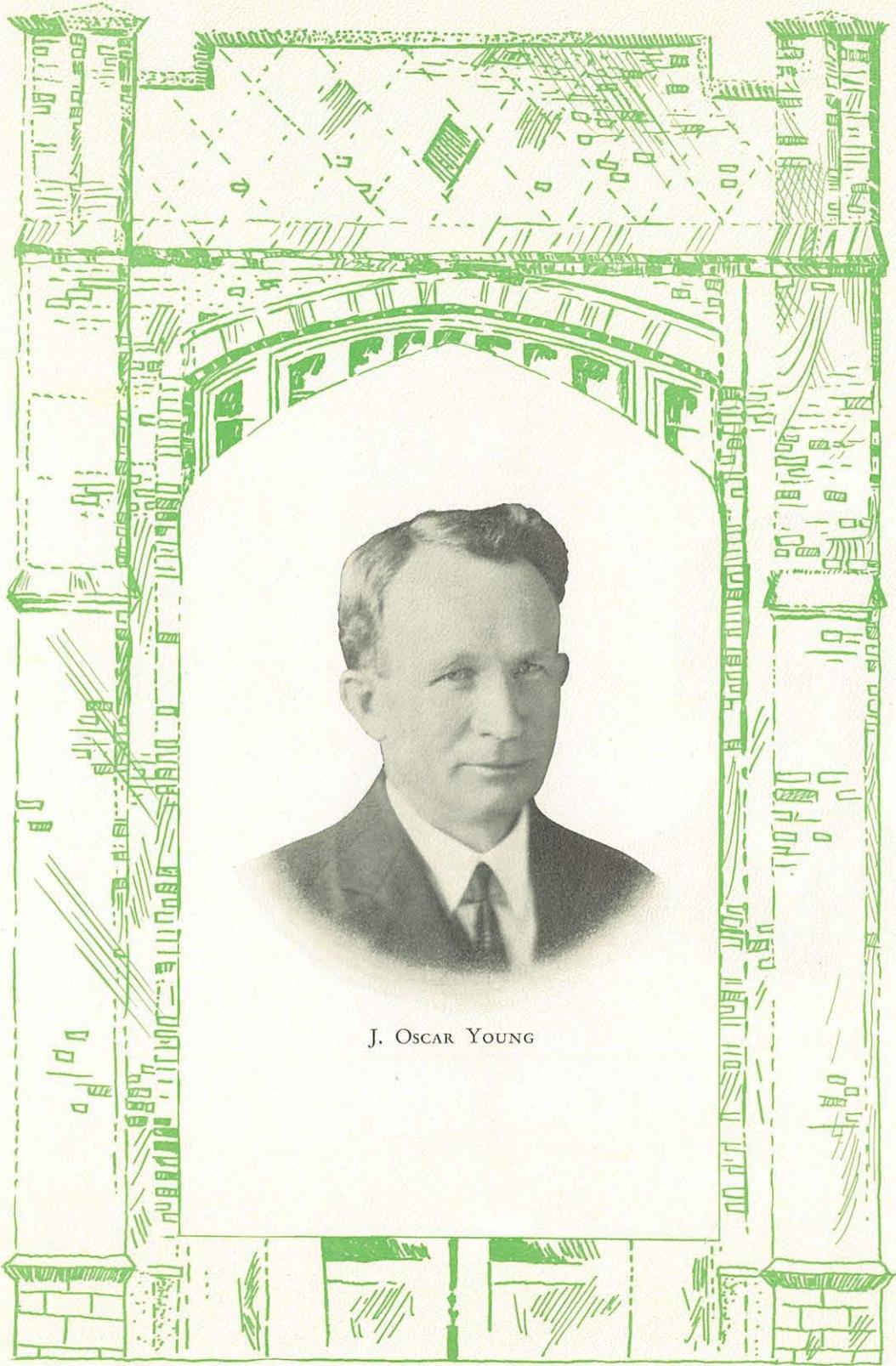


DEDICATION

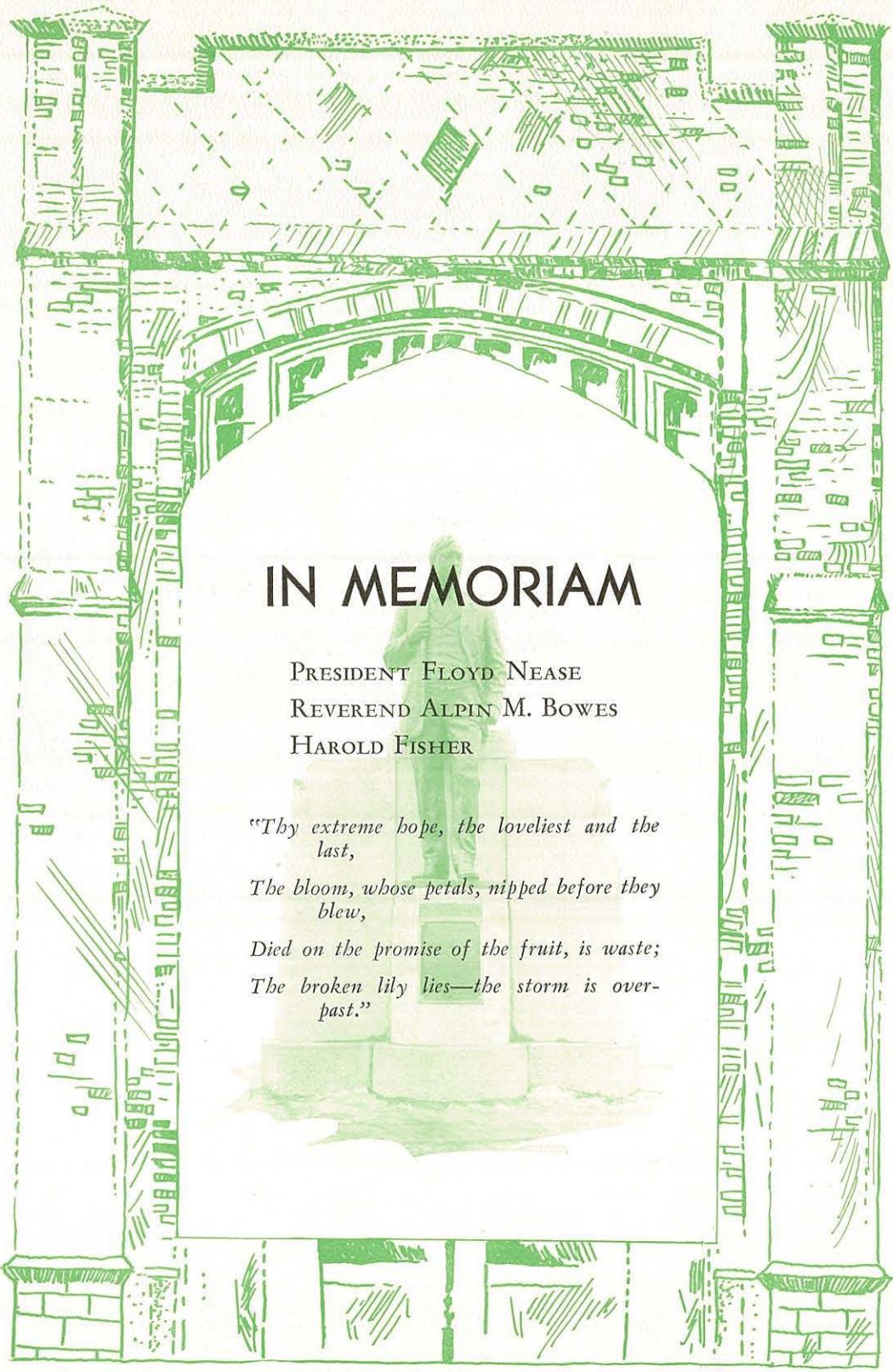
With gratitude, to one who has lived the Christlike life; to one who has inspired us on to broader fields of duty; whose practical word of testimony and encouragement has broken down many a barrier; whose daily walk has been sure and steadfast; whose gentle manner, quiet cheerfulness, forgetfulness of self, and original thinking have endeared him to us, we dedicate

THE 1931 OASIS.

J. OSCAR YOUNG



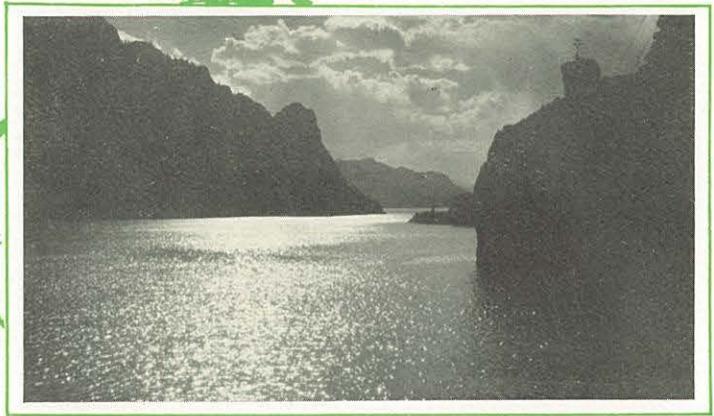
J. OSCAR YOUNG



IN MEMORIAM

PRESIDENT FLOYD NEASE
REVEREND ALPIN M. BOWES
HAROLD FISHER

*"Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the
last,
The bloom, whose petals, nipped before they
blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is over-
past."*



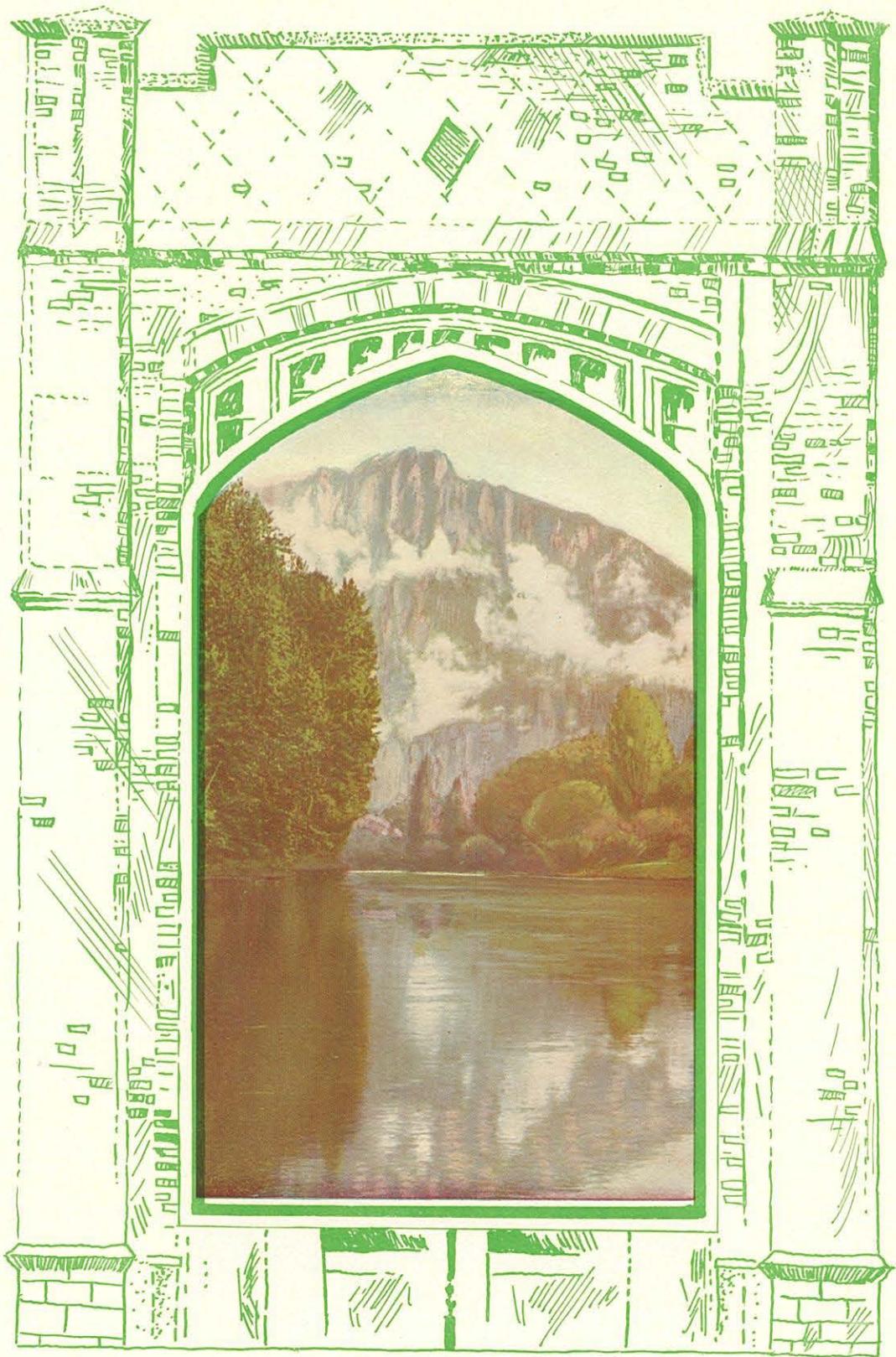
SCENIC

C.F.

*"Where the River Spirit, dreaming,
Sleeps*

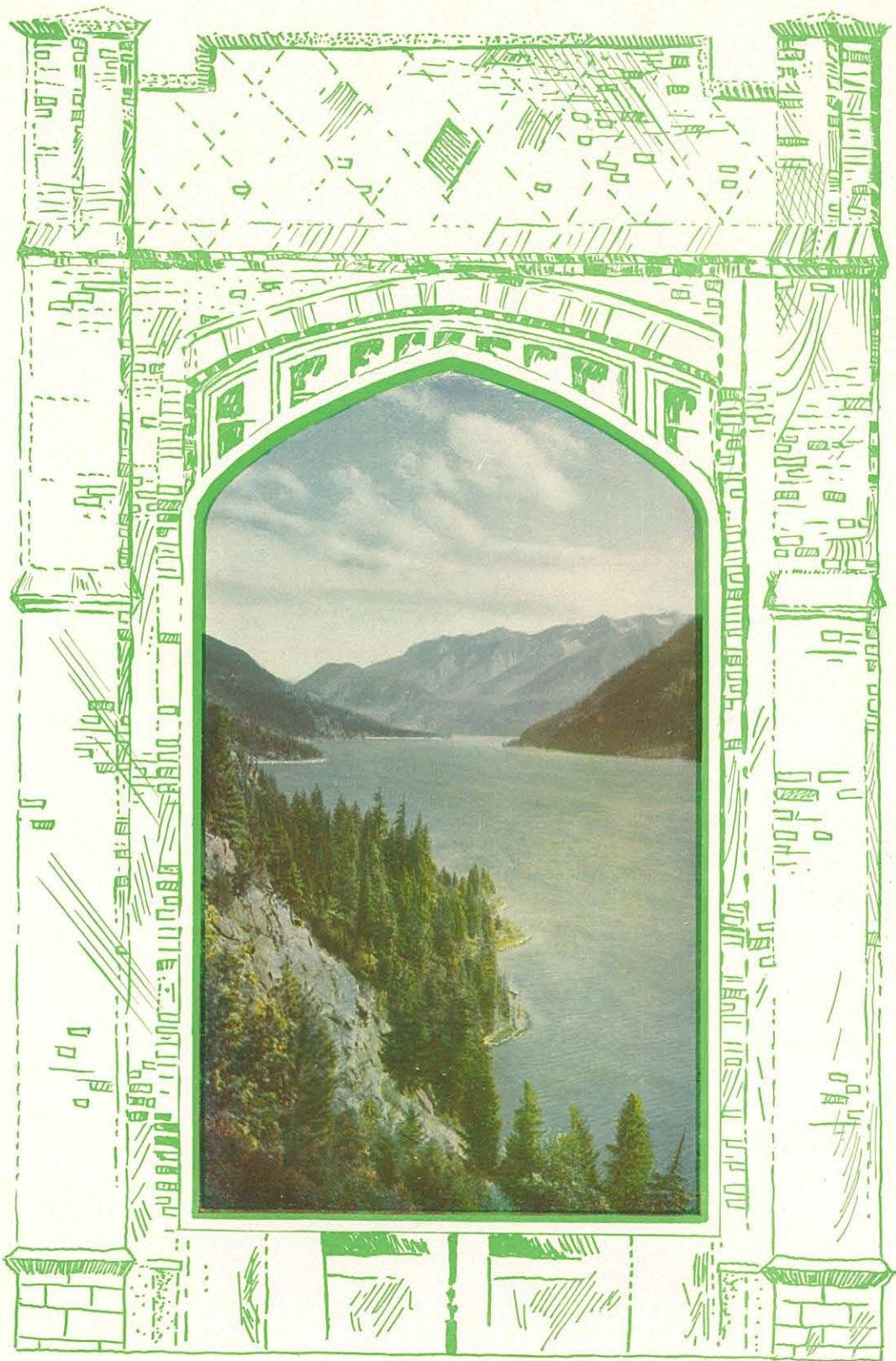
Under lute of leaf and bough."

—KENDALL.



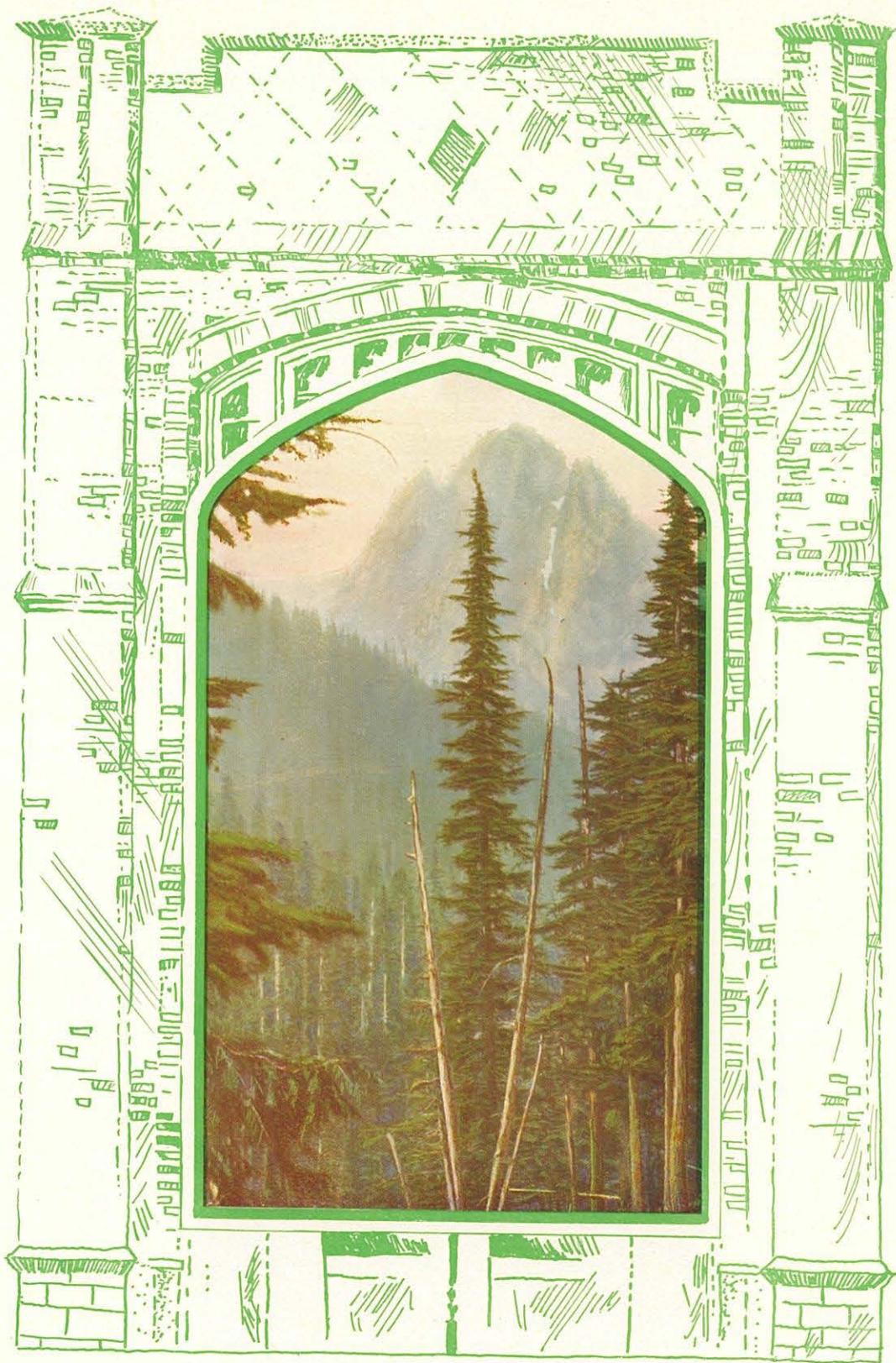
*"But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills."*

—MILNES.



*“One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.”*

—WORDSWORTH.



My Gallery

*I have seen the sunrise spread its gold
Over the clean loam and stubble of the wheat land.*

*I've watched the sun settle down in the sea
Behind the jetty that outlines itself across the bay.*

*I've gazed upon a mountain lake, from whose farther shore
Three-fingered Jack thrusts up his rocky fist into the sky.*

*I've felt the vagrant little winds
That nightfall brings to canyons, deep in sagebrush country.*

*And I've seen a wealthy cattleman impoverished—but in
money alone—
Trying to bring water to the settlers' thirsty fields.*

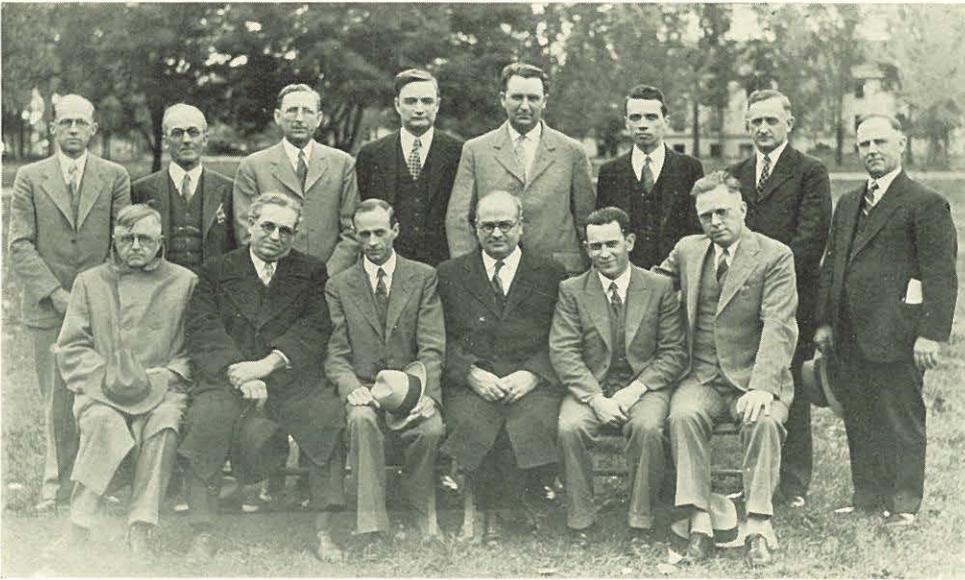
This is the West.

—DONALD S. THOMPSON, '32.



ADMINISTRATION

C.F.



Board of Regents of the Northwest Educational Zone

REV. R. J. PLUMB, <i>Chairman</i>	- - - - -	703 W. Nora, Spokane, Wash.
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REV. G. E. SHARP	- - - - -	1112 Y. Ave., La Grande, Ore.



Appreciation

THERE are some debts that can never be paid. Such is the experience of all. Who would presume to estimate the value of the care that he received during childhood? Could he ever repay the hands that fed him, that sheltered him, and that led him before he could provide for himself or choose the path that he must take? It seems to be a human trait to take such things for granted—to thank those least to whom the most is owing.

And so we of Northwest Nazarene College would wait no longer to acknowledge our debt to those who have made it possible for us to enjoy the privileges which are ours. We are indebted to those who, with the eyes of faith, pierced the veil of years and of hindering circumstances, and saw that which did not yet appear—an institution in which young men and women might be equipped more fully to serve God and humanity. And we would not forget those who prayed and gave of their means to make that vision a tangible thing.

Words are but empty sounds when we try to express how much we owe to those who faithfully responded and cleared the college in the eyes of the world when it seemed that a midnight-blackness was just ready to swallow up the realized hope.

Our day has been made brighter still by those who have sacrificed and have lent their influence to make possible the enrollment of a yearly-increasing number of students. Now our hearts are filled with gratitude to those who are looking forward to greater possibilities in the future program, and who are still praying, still sacrificing, and still giving moral support.

We cannot repay; but we can promise that, by Divine help, we shall keep that which is committed to our trust and make Northwest Nazarene College a credit to them and to the kingdom of Jesus Christ.





RUSSELL V. DELONG, A.B., Th.B., M.A.
President
Philosophy and Theology





OLIVE M. WINCHESTER, A.B., S.T.M., Th.D.
Vice President
Greek, Biblical Literature, and Sociology



Faculty



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A.B., U. of Minn., M.A., U.S.C.

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Principal of Academy, Debate, Expression
A.B., N.N.C., M.A., U. of N. D., Graduate studies at U. of I.

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Professor of Science
B.S., Penn. Coll., M.S., Penn. Coll., Graduate studies, U. of Chicago.

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A.B., Whitman Coll., M.A., U. of Wash., Graduate student, Bellingham Normal School.

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Professor of Modern Languages
A.B., E.N.C., M.A., Boston U., Graduate Studies, U. of Vermont.

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A.B., E.N.C., M.A., Boston U.

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Professor of Modern Languages
A.B., N.N.C., M.A., Boston U.

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Professor of History and Economics
A.B., McGill U., M.A., McGill U., S.T.L., Montreal Diocesan Coll.

DORIS GALE DELONG, A.B.
Professor of Voice
A.B., E.N.C.



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Professor of Pastoral Theology and Parliamentary Law

A.B., N.N.C.

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A.B., N.N.C., Graduate Studies, U. of W.

ALENA JACOBSON

Dietitian, Applied Arts and Home Economics

Girls' Polytechnic School, Oregon Agric. Coll.

KENNETH B. HOFFMAN, A.B.

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A.B., John Fletcher Coll.

REV. ROY F. SMEE

Business Manager

HAROLD W. GRETZINGER

Dean of School of Music

Student of Wm. Van Gemerts, Prof. P. Marinus Paulsen, Prof. Karl Wecker, Richard Czerwonky, Charles LaGourgue; Sherwood School of Music.

ETHEL M. DOWKES

Professor of Violin, Business Secretary

Student of Paul E. Knapper, Gregori Garbovitsky.

HATTIE E. GOODRICH, Th.B.

Commercial Department

Th.B., E.N.C.

J. OSCAR YOUNG

Teacher of Bible

Cincinnati Bible School.



Faculty

MEDA M. SEIGEL
Instructor in Grammar School

A. M. PAYLOR, B.M.
Professor of Piano and Voice

PEARL MILLER
Principal of Grammar School
Student of N.N.C.

MRS. RHODA WALLACE
Dean of Women

CLARENCE W. BARTRAM
Dean of Men

MRS. C. W. BARTRAM
Matron

BERYL HOSTETTER
Bookkeeper

WILLARD F. ISGRIGG, A.B.
*Professor of Academy Mathematics and
Science*
A.B., N.N.C.

ERNESTINE FINCH
Instructor in Grammar School
Student of N.N.C.

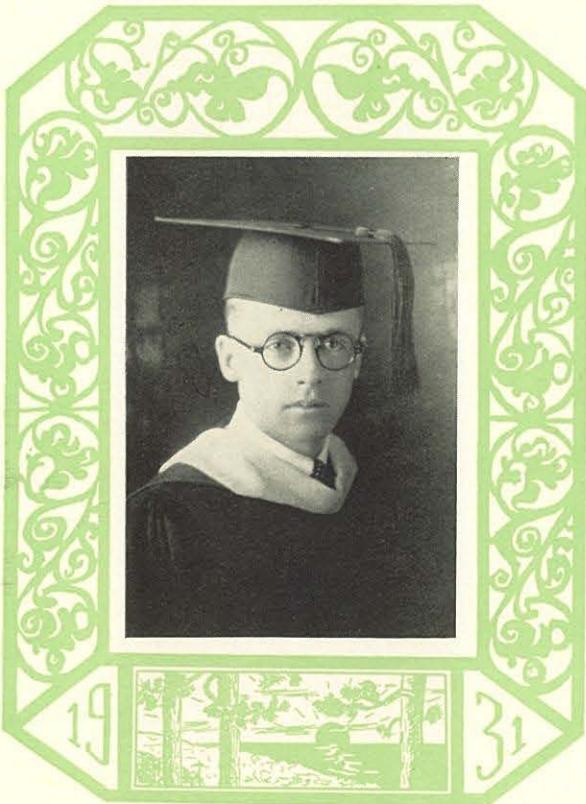


Seniors

MOTTO - - - "The Utmost for the Highest"
 FLOWER - - - - - *Chrysanthemum*
 COLORS - - - - - *Blue and White*

OFFICERS

J. GEORGE TAYLORSON	- - - - -	-	<i>President</i>
HAROLD MILLER	- - - - -	-	<i>Vice President</i>
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J. GEORGE TAYLORSON, A.B.
Calgary, Alberta

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology.

Alpha Delta Phi 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Inter-Coll. Debate 1-2-3-4; Pres. Forensic 2-3; Declamatory 3; Oasis Staff 4; Pres. Coll. of L. A. 4; Pres. Class 4; Pres. A. D. P. 4.

"I desire to be a giver. The greatest gift that man can leave to the world is an influence toward that which is good—the result of Christian character. Only through Christianity can we attain to the highest heights. Christianity, a religion of motive, is purely positive, coming from the life needs of mankind. Through Christianity I find a deeper, stronger and directed, emotional-life; an enriched life; a life filled with expansion, hope and realization. Personally this life means being increasingly broad-minded, large-hearted, and deep-spirited. Such I desire to attain through a consecration that, like a golden thread runs through the warp and woof of one's life, reaches every avenue of human need. This is life."—J. G. T.



Seniors

LAUREN SEAMAN, A.B.

Emmett, Idaho

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology.

Alpha Delta Phi 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; College Quartet 1-2-3; Pres. For. Miss. Band 2; Vice Pres. For. Miss. Band 3; Class Treas. 3-4; Band, Orchestra 3-4.

"What does it all mean, this game of life? I believe that it is the expression of a Divine Purpose. There is one Supreme Personal God in whose image we are made, to whom we are morally responsible, with whom we can commune, upon whom the universe depends, in whom we move and have our being, and who has revealed His will to us.

"Evil is an accident, not a necessity and is relative to personality. The human race is sunk in sin but there is a salvation through Jesus. The purpose of life is to develop character, to glorify God and to render to Him love and obedience.

"This life is a probationary period and as we choose good or evil, so shall the spirit be characterized in the life to come."—L. S.

MILDRED I. SORENSON, A.B.

Minot, North Dakota

MAJOR: Education and English.

Olympian 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; C. W. B. Sec. 2-3; For. Miss. Band 1-2-3-4; Scand. Club. Sec. 3; Class Sec. 4; Oly. B. B. 3-4.

"Each individual is a unit in the program of God. Though every being is designed by God for greatness yet each soul must make its own decisions and live a life separate and distinct from all others. With God as a Friend and Comrade as well as an unfailing Guide, man can develop to the fullest extent into a masterpiece of the Creator and answer the call to service, thus assisting and inspiring others to live greater lives. It is only as man shares his benefits with others does he obtain complete joy and satisfaction."—M. I. S.



Seniors

ROSCOE HOHN, Th.B.

Arco, Idaho

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology.

Alpha Delta Phi 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Pres. C. W. B. 3; Vice Pres. Class 2; Athletic Director 3-4; Pres. Class 3.

"Man is a free moral agent living in a world of varying values, his responsibility being to choose that which is most valuable and to shun that which is of least value. He must seek 'the highest good' if he is to realize all that there is in life and get all that it has to offer him. Happiness is the highest good in this life, and happiness seems to be the by-product of the right kind of living.

"In order for one to maintain a high standard of living he must utilize the New Testament standard of ethics. The power of Jesus enables one to live up to that standard."—R. H.



THELMA H. PETERSON, A.B.

Flasher, North Dakota

MAJOR: Education and English.

Olympian 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Sec. C. W. B. 1-2; Class Pres. 2; Forensic 2-3-4; Scan. Club 3-4; D. V. B. S. 3-4; Inter-Coll. Debate 4; Sec. Class 4; Oly. B. B. 1-2-4.

"'To glorify God' is to serve Him; 'to enjoy Him forever' is to have ultimate happiness. Virtue is a prerequisite for adequate service, resulting in happiness, which is the highest good of man.

"Man is everywhere seeking happiness. The only true happiness is that ultimate state which comes through service in God's kingdom, regardless of life's difficulties, and in being able to say with Paul: 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.'"—T. H. P.



Seniors

ROBERT W. COULTER, A.B.

Calgary, Alberta

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology.

Sigma Lambda Alpha 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Oasis Staff; Asst. Bus. Mgr. 1, Bus. Mgr. 2, Assoc. Editor 3, Editor 4; Treas. Assoc. S. B. 1-2; College Quartet 3; Inter-Coll. Debate 3-4.

"What, and how? These are questions that imperatively thrust themselves upon us and demand our deliberation. He who would attain success must answer these questions.

"What, and how? My responsibility is three-fold: first, to my Creator; second, to the world; and third, to myself. There is a purpose for my life, if I can but discern the unseen hand of God. My responsibility to the world and to myself will be solved when I settle my responsibility to God. First I must learn, then I must serve. Such was the walk of the Master. This alone brings satisfaction to the soul. I must sit at the feet of Him who taught 'as one having authority and not as the scribes.' To have been used of Him, anywhere, any time, under any circumstances—life will not have been lived in vain."—R. W. C.

LAURA J. GATES, R.N., B.S.

Spokane, Washington

MAJOR: Science.

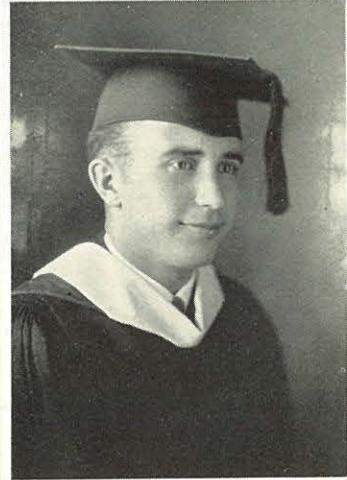
Alpha Delta Phi 3-4; Christian Workers' Band 3-4; For. Miss. Band 3-4; Sec. Alpha Delta Phi 3-4; Sec. For. Miss. Band 3-4; General Miss. Executive 4.

"In this universe of wonderful possibilities and unlimited perplexities I find myself wondering what it is all about, why I am here, and how I am going to fulfill God's plan for my life.

"Life to me is a time of seeking a solution to the many problems that arise from day to day. Each new day begins with a new hope—an expectancy that it will offer some new experiences.

"To be worthy of fellowship with God and to cultivate a personality and character that will enable me to achieve something really worth while is my greatest desire.

"The fulfilling of God's plan for me, I realize, is possible only through His divine power and guidance. May He make my sojourn upon this earth one of service."
—L. J. G.



Seniors

DONALD A. SCHWAB, A.B.

Hoopa, California

MAJOR: Education and History.

Sigma Lambda Alpha 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Oasis Staff: Art Editor 2-3-4; Class Sgt.-at-Arms 2.

"As we sail upon the ocean of life, many are the storms, the clouds, the shoals, that encompass our way, each seeking to side-track, to hinder, even deter us from the Port—our goal. One ship travels east, another west, each by the same wind—and it is the set of the sail—our aim in life, that determines our course, our destiny, our fate.

"Only with Christ as our Pilot can we safely pass the dangers in life, the hidden shoals, the waves, and the storms, and reach the Port; only with His help and guidance may we truly be a blessing to others."—D. A. S.



MARGARET M. PARSONS, A.B.

Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: English and Education.

Olympian 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Orchestra 2-3-4; Corresponding Sec. Gen. Miss. Soc. 2-3; Chrm. Oly. Prog. Com. 4.

"Standing at the threshold of life's wide-open door I look intently to see what I can of the future. I cannot see beyond today. I do not know what tomorrow may hold for me of joy or pain, but I do not worry, for a great Guide holds my hand and will lead me all the way to my immortal home. He is the God of my salvation, my personal Saviour, and the author of my peace and soul rest. My trust is in Him, so I go forth, without fear, to fulfill my highest aim—to be of service to mankind."—M. M. P.



Seniors

THOR G. GUDMONSON, A.B.

Haugesund, Norway

MAJOR: Education.

Alpha Delta Phi, 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; For. Miss. Band 1-2-3-4; College Quartet 1-2-3; Chrm. A. D. P. Prog. Com. 1-3-4; Pres. Coll. of L. A. 2; Pres. A. D. P. 2; Vice Pres. Assoc. S. B. 4; Pres. Miss. Band 4; Treas. Gen. Miss. Band 4.

"I want a philosophy of life that is acquired by honest intellectual pursuits, based upon and in accordance with the Word of God. Man stands at the top of God's entire creation. When God created man He was desirous to have a pure and righteous character. It is important that we look with diligence to our own spiritual self, and set our own house in order with God. Our being and nature must be changed into His own image so that we may become pure, righteous, in our dealings with our fellow-men. Then it is our great opportunity to gain knowledge. It is a great desire of my life to acquire such a wealth of knowledge that, though battle-scarred I stand, I shall in a measure be able to think God's thoughts. To the end that I might best serve my fellow-men has my preparation been made. If I should not serve mankind life would be lived selfishly."—T. G. G.

ETHEL G. ALLISON, A.B.

Mohall, North Dakota

MAJOR: English and Education.

Olympian 4; Christian Workers' Band 4; Declamatory 4; Oly. B. B. 4.

"God created man a unique being. He endowed him with equipment capable of conquering the universe, a sense of beauty for enjoying nature, and a power of choice for choosing the best things in life. He gave him a soul that can be truly happy only when in harmony with his Creator. Therefore I believe the highest good to which we may attain is happiness. The Bible is our best guide here. It gives us the code of ethics which teaches virtue and the value of service. Therefore to the extent that we live virtuous lives, serve humanity, and enjoy fellowship with God we shall be truly happy."—E. G. A.



Seniors

CARL O. FALK, A.B.

Cloverdale, British Columbia

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology.

Sigma Lambda Alpha, 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Sgt.-at-Arms Assoc. S. B. 2; Bus. Mgr. Campus Echo 3; Pres. Assoc. S. B. 4.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

"The door to life's opportunities is opened by Him who said these words, and can be closed only by ourselves. He is not only the one who opens to us the way, but also the Guide through the many complexities of life.

"Mortal man takes the way of life but once. Without a Guide it is a hopeless complication. But in Him who said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' we find the purpose and end of man. The conclusion of the whole apparent tangled skein is, 'Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.'"—C. O. F.



ALICE H. GRONEWALD, R.N., B.S.

Walla Walla, Washington

MAJOR: Science.

Olympian 3-4; Christian Workers' Band, 3-4; Oasis Staff 4; Oly. B. B. 4.

"Someone has said that, 'God has His best for the few who dare to stand the test; God has His second choice for those who will not have His best.' The great problem in life is to seek God's best for each day and in this consists the highest good. Life is composed of todays, and I would live as though I knew that I received my being for the benefit of others. Happiness is the legitimate fruitage of love and service. Our lives will be fruitful and we will reach our goal if we entrust our lives in the hands of our all-wise Creator. To live completely, fully; to find happiness through love and service, is to obtain God's best."—A. H. G.



Seniors

HAROLD MILLER, A.B.

Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology.

Sigma Lambda Alpha 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 2-3-4; Vice Pres. Class 4.

"I stand today on the threshold of life, conscious that opportunities abound on every hand. One pertinent question stands before me. Am I to seek for self-gain or to contribute; to be served, or to serve; to live for myself, or for others?"

"It is my privilege and duty to make a contribution. The world does not owe me anything. I owe the world a Christian life. To spread cheer, hope, comfort, and salvation is my task. Be my future long or short, large or small, seen or unseen, more or less fruitful—I want my life to tell for Him, to whom I owe the one great debt, the debt of love."—H. M.

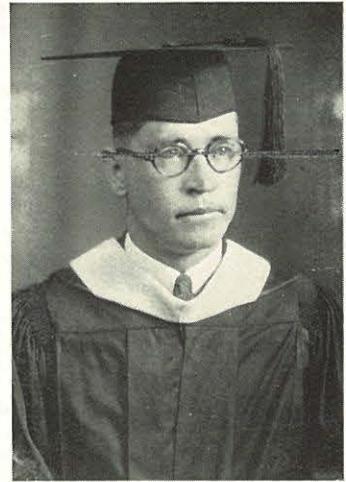
LETTIE MYLANDER, A.B.

Weldona, Colorado

MAJOR: Education and English.

Olympian 1-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-3-4; Declamatory 1-3; Treas. Olympian 1; Chrm. Gen. Miss. Prog. Com. 1; Sec. Class 3; Chrm. Olympian Prog. Com. 3; Casis Staff 3; Asst. Dean of Women 4.

"I believe that man was created for the companionship of the Creator and endowed with powers which are to be developed in a world of complex experiences that he may be prepared to carry out his part in God's universal plan. Although the Creator has endowed man with the privilege of choice yet He is interested that man shall make the better choice, and to that end has given him His standard of ideals, divine leadership, guidance, inspiration and help and makes even the winds of adversity to be tools for man's development. I do not count success in terms of wealth or fame but in symmetry and greatness of spirit or personality of which Jesus of Nazareth is the perfect ideal."—L. M.



Seniors

RAY S. MILLER, A.B.

Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology.

Alpha Delta Phi, 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Pres. C. W. B. 1-2; Librarian 1-2-3-4; D. V. B. S. 3-4.

"I believe; in an intense, profound and life-long search for truth in the light of the Word of God; in a life of devotion to God and service to mankind—seasoned with love, sympathy, obedience, and sacrifice.

"I believe in the Eternal Verities; the power of God over sin and ultimate victory through Jesus Christ; the Church as the Body of Christ composed of the blood-washed who walk in the light of God's love with the constant abode of the Holy Spirit.

"I believe that there comes a better day, when shadows flee and burdens disappear. Tears will be dried and complete joy reign unbounded; I look for the glorious dawn of eternity."—R. S. M.



OLIVE RUPERT MILLER, R.N., B.S.

Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: Science.

Alpha Delta Phi 1-2-3-4; Christian Workers' Band 1-2-3-4; Asst. Librarian 1-2-3-4; Sec. Gen. Miss. Band 2.

"Life is a serious business. I agree with the poet that 'life is real; life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal.' Life on earth is just preparing for the life hereafter. I want to make the best preparation possible. 'Let us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate.' I cannot afford to be idle. My life's work is to glorify my Creator. The pathway of life is not all strewn with roses. Even then the roses may have thorns which we cannot see until we tread upon them. But if the Master says 'Go' or 'Do' we can safely tread over the thorny way—glorifying Him through obedience and trust."—O. R. M.



A Farewell Message

AS COLUMBUS, aroused by opposition and inspired by anticipation, uttered those now famous words, "Sail on, Sail on, and on," so we who have been called upon to press through the storms of doubt, depression, discouragement, and despair, have at last reached our port. We are now ready to enter the broad field of life that stretches before us, alluring and varied as the open road, and battle again for the grand cause of righteousness.

With all the joy that is associated with commencement there comes also a feeling of sadness as we look toward that day. For with commencement must come goodbyes.

Being a part of all we meet, our debt is great to the loyal student body whom we have learned to love and appreciate to a far greater degree than words can ever express. How loyal and true you have been! Could we search the world over we never could hope to find a company of young people that could mean so much as you have meant and add so much as you have added to our lives. How can we help but be sad when to you we must say farewell?

To our endeared faculty, who have built yourselves into our lives by your noble sacrifices, kindly conduct, virtuous life, and Christian influence: We have carefully watched you in times of stress and strain, and admire you for that quiet, solid faith in God that has added to your life such peace and poise as are common to all true leaders. As to you we bid farewell we say that that which you have taught us by means of textbooks may be forgotten, but the blows of life, the exigencies of space and time never will be successful in removing from our lives the imprint stamped so deeply by your influence.

As we think that soon we must say adieu to the whirl and rush of college activity, how can we help but experience the essence of regret?

As we now face the thought that soon we must say farewell to that beautiful and peculiarly spiritual atmosphere of our dear Alma Mater, we wonder whether or not we have realized all that could be realized. The chapel services where God so richly blessed, where souls found God, where we became elevated in our spiritual life and thought life. How sad we feel when again we are forced to say farewell!

There is, however, a brighter side and it is this: You have invested us with your faith, influence, inspiration, and sacrifices, not that we may be self-centered but in hope that your aspirations might become realized in us, and that we would face this world, a world of far vaster opportunities than ever man has been asked to face, and carry high the standards that you have so earnestly entrusted to our keeping. So with our words of farewell we accept the challenge to live our truest and best so that our Alma Mater may never feel her trust betrayed. Again we say FAREWELL!

J. G. TAYLORSON, *Class President.*



Juniors

HARVEY SNYDER, *President*

"He bears him like a portly gentleman."

WILLARD HOFFMAN, *Vice President*

"If a man enters his purse into his head no one can take it from him."

HAZEL KJONAAS, *Secretary*

"She packs all her troubles in the bottom of her trunk, locks it, sits on the lid, and smiles."

ABNER OLSEN, *Treasurer*

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."

HELEN HAMILTON

"I love to lose myself in a mystery;
To pursue my reason to an 'O altitudo.'"

RUTH WITT

"Among the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle peace—breathing music."

DONALD THOMPSON

"'Tis virtue, not birth, that makes us noble.
Great actions speak great minds, and such shall govern."

GLADYS LEDINGHAM

"Laughter is day, and sobriety is night; a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either."

GRACE TOPPIN

"A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

LAWRENCE FLETCHER

"If you tell him of Jacob's ladder he will ask the number of steps."

ERNESTINE FINCH

"For herein Fortune shows herself more kind,
Than is her custom."



Juniors

WILLYLA BUSHNELL

"So womanly and resolute of will."

LEE RODDA

"Behold how great a matter a little fire
kindleth."

C. E. RAWSON

"If I am faithful to the duties of the present,
God will provide for the future."

LUCILE PARSONS

"Nothing was ever accomplished without
enthusiasm."

VIRENA RINARD

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

KATHERINE SPENCER

"I hate to see things done by halves. If it be
right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it
undone."

INA SCOTT

"So didst thou travel on life's common way.
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

PAUL THOREEN

"For how should I have lived and not have
loved."

GLEN FRED

"No woman, while I live, shall order me."

MABLE FOOTE

"Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart."



Juniors

DORIS McNICHOLAS

"Unselfish and noble actions are the most radiant pages in the biography of souls."

A. L. DOBBS

"Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared.
On the eternal island rock."

ROSS PRICE

"Sometimes very wise and serious thoughts come to me."

JOSEPHINE HALL

"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

ARVILLA ALLISON

"A smile for all, a greeting glad,
A lovable, jolly way she had."

THELMA CULVER

"I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now."

VERYL BURNETT

"She mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

WILLIS CLARK

"But I am constant as the northern star."

ELDEN MASON

"I dare do all that may become a man."

HELEN GUSTIN

"I know that those approve
Whom I most need to please."



Sophomores

NORMAN OKE
Vice President
 "Good night!"

CORLEA NEES
Secretary
 "For land sakes!"

GEORGE COULTER
President
 "You old wop!"

DOROTHY HARPER
 "Keen."

THEODORE MARTIN
Sgt.-at-Arms
 "You're crazy."

GLADYS ROBERT
Treasurer
 "Well, my dear child."

MARGARET STREETER
 "Crazy girl."

EDITH VAHL
 "Huh!"

CHLOE JAY
 "For pi-ty's sake!"

VELMA GROSS
 "S-s-h, Mrs. Wallace
 will be in."

PHILIP PARSONS
 "She's the Rosa of the
 valley."

IDA HUXLEY
 "Let's go kids, aye?"

WENDELL ELLIOTT
 "Aw shux."

LEORA MARTIN
 "I—I think that—"

ROGER TAYLOR
 "Where's quartet prac-
 tice?"



Sophomores



MARGARET MAGILL
"Oh, for Pete's sake!"

FERN CARLSON
"I have six skips, have-
n't I?"

MILDRED LIVINGSTON
"Oh, shoot!"

MARY SNYDER
"You crazy."

ORAL MERCER
"Got your Greek?"

ORDA HAMMER
"Bunk!"

JACOB COPE
"You crazy thing."

AUDRA HORRACE
"Cuter than a bug's
ear."

GORDON CRAKER
"Doughnuts 25c a
dozen."

PEARL NELSON
"You would!"

LEONA ROBERTSON
"Is that right?"

LEONE MULDER
"Can I help it?"

EVERETT DOBBS
"Need some credit in
the office?"

MARY ALLEY
"That wasn't a bit
funny, tee hee!"

WILLIAM ABEY
"Aw! go on, now!"

LOIS EICHENBERGER
"Oh, woolly!"

MYRTLE HULING
"You'll be sorry when
I'm dead and gone."

HENRIETTA HEEZEN
"Oh Bunky Toot."



Freshmen



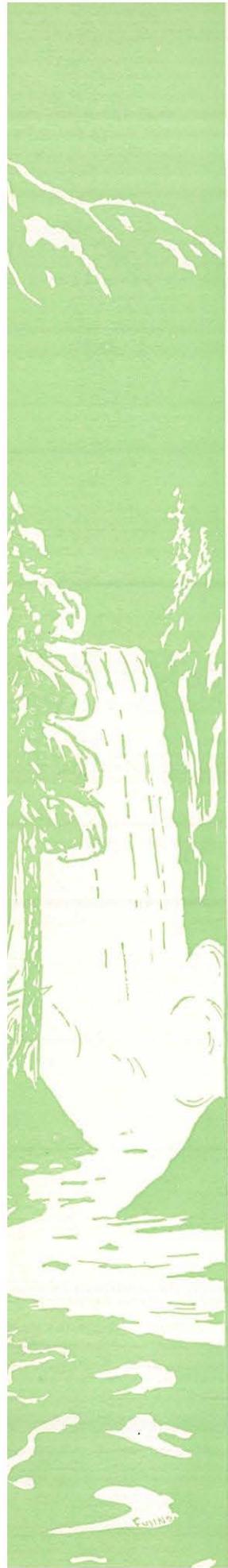
Mangum
Wallace
Vehrs
Mittelstaedt
Martin
Schmelzenbach

Shaver
Pounds
Leckie
Hunter
Lucas
Anderson

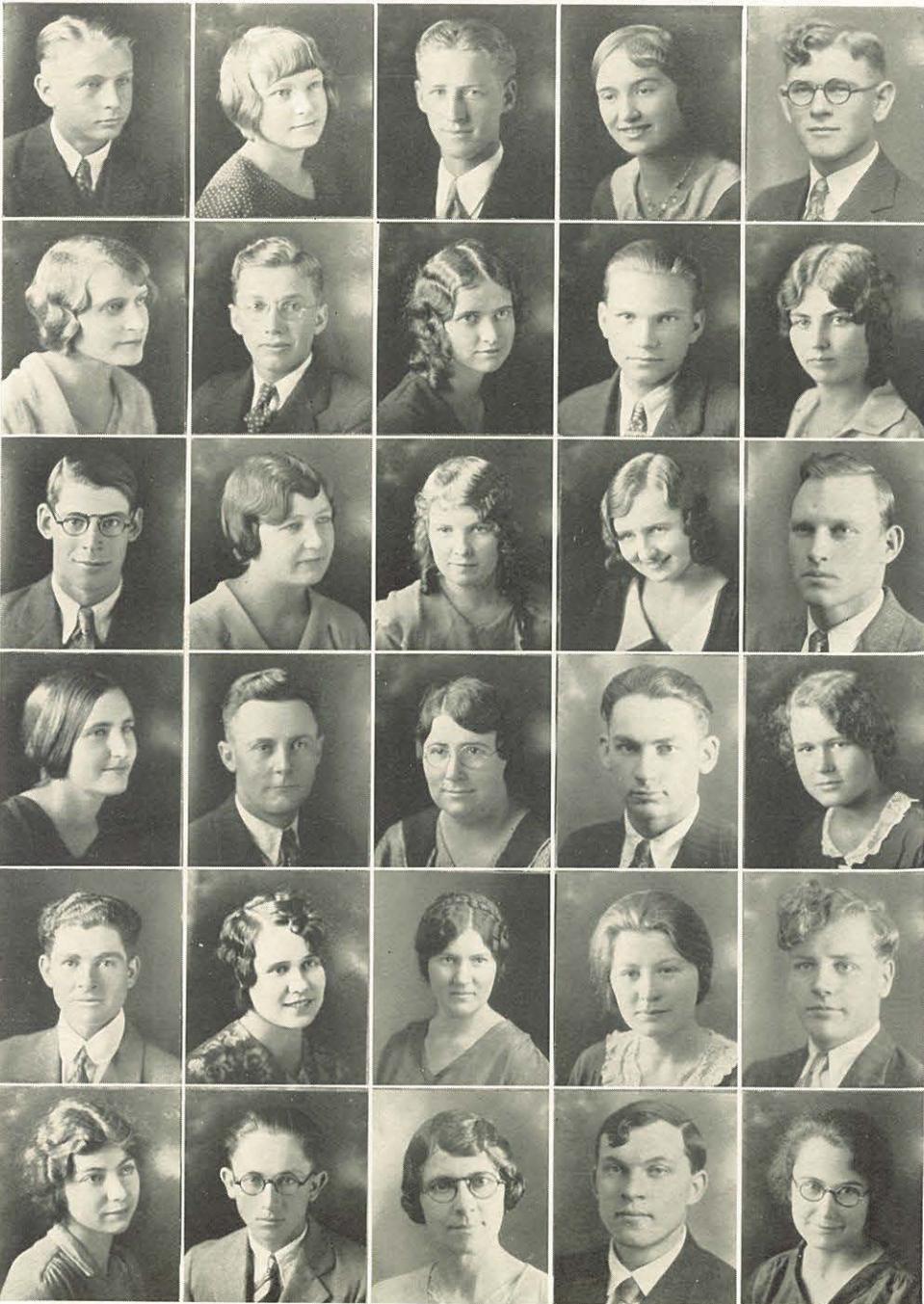
Nees
Gentry
Rodda
Ax
Barbezat
Forey

Olsen
Paylor
Fujino
Hickey
Hall
Voget

Kinzler
Sanford
Young
Eastly
Nutt
Fisher



Freshmen



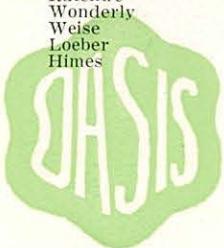
Warn
Ratliff
Wonderly
Weise
Loeber
Himes

Horn
Thoreen
Stalker
Holmes
Maxey
Hemple

Rife
Jones
Payne
Holmes
Storey
Craker

Stuart
Root
Lyon
Becker
Kern
Holloway

Irwin
Williams
Mason
Young
Watson
Harding





PROF. HAROLD W. GRETZINGER
Dean of School of Music



GRADUATES

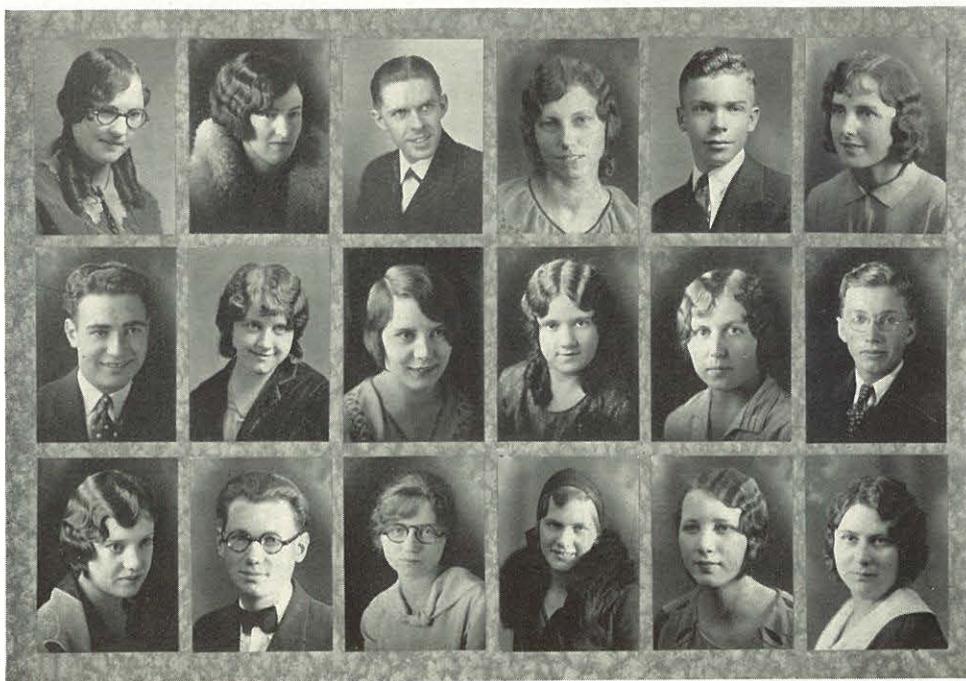


Wallace



Huling

PI MU



Wallace
Coulter
Vehrs

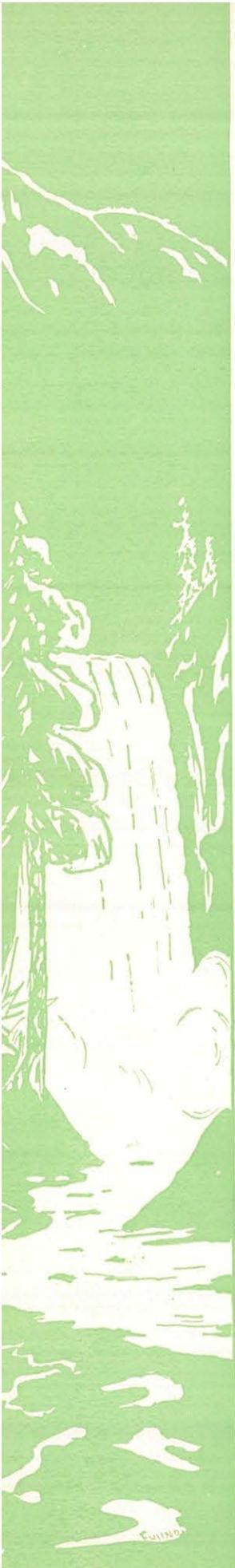
Dowkes
Carlson
Taylor

Gretzinger
Toppin
Huling

Witt
Rodda
Maxey

Mangum
Voget
Paylor

Huxley
Thoreen
Streeter



Music Hath Charms

*What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell!*

—DRYDEN.

“MUSIC,” someone has said, “is the fourth need of man: food, shelter, clothing, then music.” Carlyle has written, “Music is well said to be the speech of angels.” Addison adds:

*“It makes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.”*

Ours is such a practical age that we do not have time to spend on things which do not return us material values. The so-called successful business man would say he has been working hard all of his life, amassing a fortune. He has had no time to waste on music. Perhaps it would never have helped fill his purse, but how much richer it would have made his inner life! Music would have served as a tonic in his more trying times.

Although great musical talent is not given to all of us, every individual has implanted within him a love for the beautiful which remains to be developed.



REED



Music is essential to any church service. Christian people have always praised the Lord with "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." What an inspiration one is given to hear a well-directed choir singing hymns of praise to God! As long as Christianity endures this element will be basic. It is necessary, then, that Christian workers are trained to conduct properly this part of the church program. Realizing these needs, the School of Music of Northwest Nazarene College offers courses in Church Music and Conducting.

Any competent teacher realizes the necessity of teaching children an appreciation of music while young. To accomplish this the teacher needs a thorough teaching knowledge as well as an appreciation for the best.

BAND



PIANO



In order to meet this exigency special courses are offered in Public School Music.

Courses are offered in Applied Music, both vocal and instrumental, History of Music, Appreciation, Harmony, and Composition. These have been made possible under the leadership of Professor H. W. Gretzinger, Dean of the School of Music.

MRS. C. HOLMES, '34.

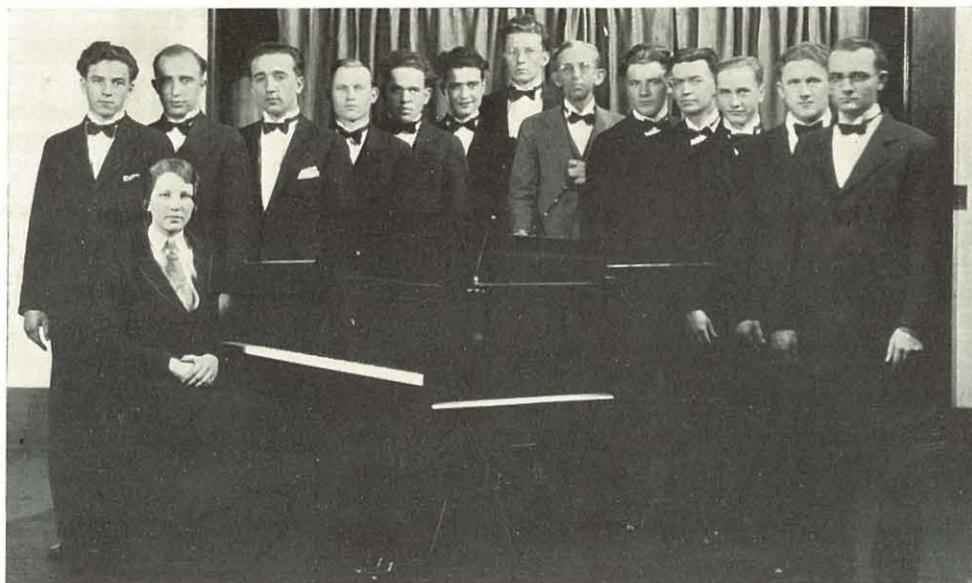
ORCHESTRA



COLLEGE LADIES' GLEE



COLLEGE MEN'S GLEE



ACADEMY GIRLS' GLEE



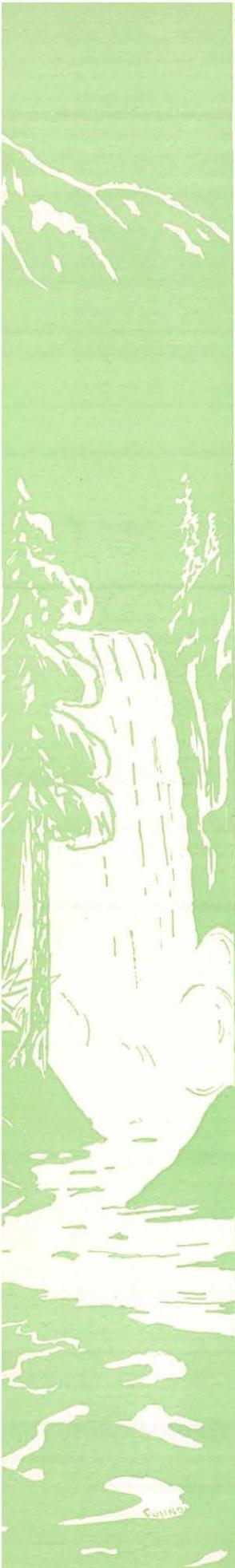
ACADEMY BOYS' GLEE



TROUBADOURS



VOICE





ACADEMY

C.F.

Seniors

SYLVIA NIXON - - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: To use her eyes.
Dislikes: Most anything.

GEORGE AMES - - Portland, Oregon

Likes: Emily.
Dislikes: Being so short.

MARION PARSONS - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: To shoot baskets.
Dislikes: To be pushed around.

MILDRED SANFORD - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: To fiddle.
Dislikes: We don't know what.

EMILY MANGUM - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: To compose romantic poems.
Dislikes: To be the baby of the class.

LLOYD EASON - - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: To tease.
Dislikes: Keeping store.

CLYDE LOWRY - - - Buhl, Idaho

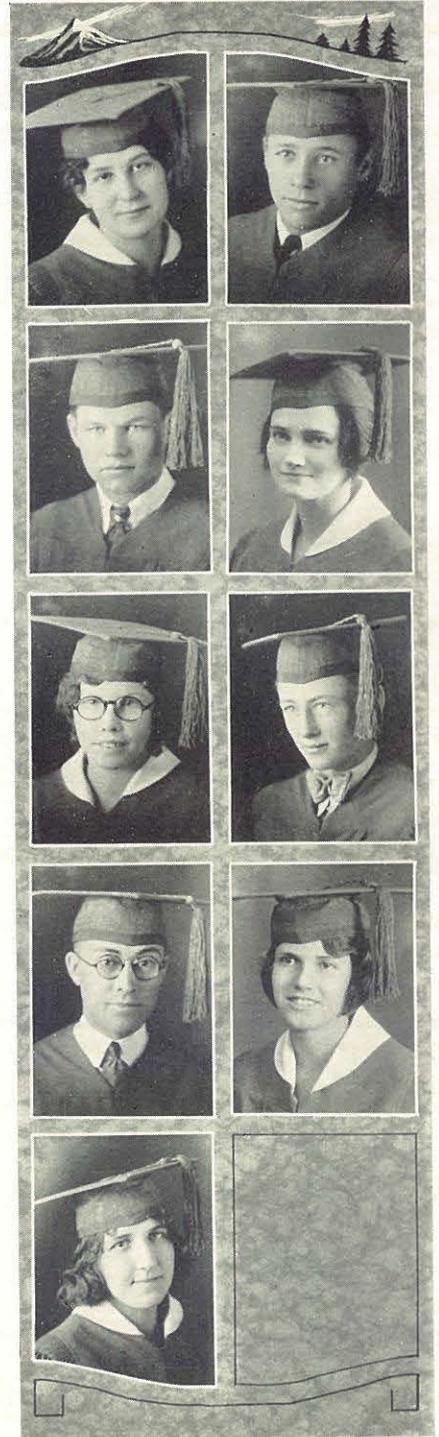
Likes: The girls.
Dislikes: What he sees in the mirror.

THELMA LEMMON - Caldwell, Idaho

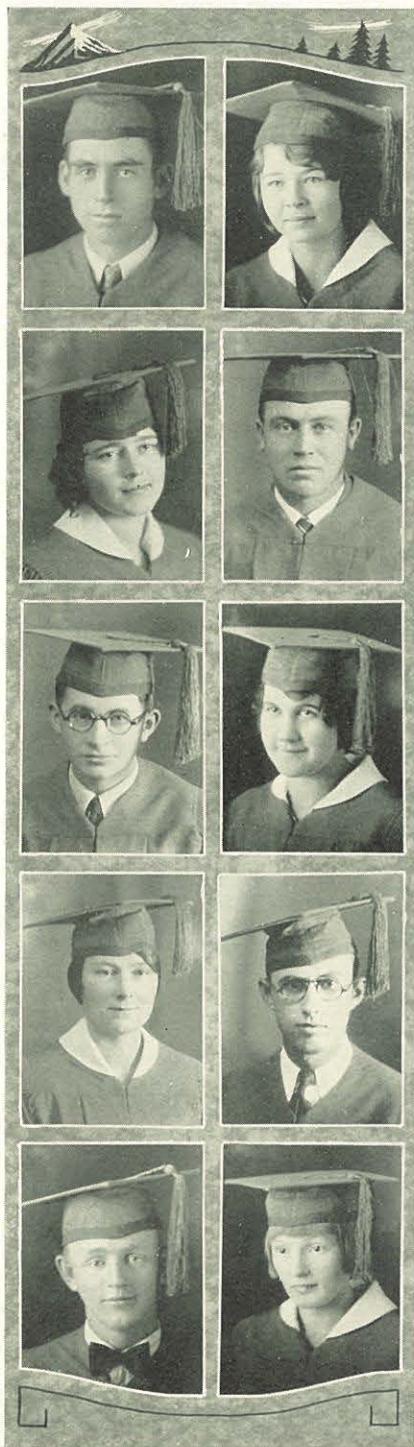
Likes: Her Model A.
Dislikes: Gloom.

RUTH SCHWAB - - Billings, Montana

Likes: A good many folks.
Dislikes: Public speaking.



Seniors



JESSE CARR - - - Yakima, Washington

Likes: Milk.
Dislikes: Rules.

MARY BEACHAM - - - Caldwell, Idaho

Likes: To cast a wicked eye around the library.
Dislikes: To batch.

MINNIE DOBBS - - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: Chewing gum and boys.
Dislikes: To be bossed.

LEROY HARRIS - - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: His wife.
Dislikes: Noise.

THOMAS GUSS - - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: Debate.
Dislikes: To push a mop for longer than an hour.

ELDA GAU - - - Howard, Idaho

Likes: To cook.
Dislikes: Dirty dishes.

MRS. INEZ FRIDAY - - - Nampa, Idaho

Likes: To type.
Dislikes: Foolishness.

JOSEPH HUTCHINS - Newberg, Oregon
(Not graduating)

Likes: To print.
Dislikes: To stay away from Nampa.

DAVID SCHMELZENBACH - - -
- - - Piggs Peak, Swaziland, Africa

Likes: To blow.
Dislikes: For school to interfere.

EVA METCILF - - - Filer, Idaho

Likes: Waffles.
Dislikes: To play in the orchestra.



Seniors

FINALLY we have come to the realization that just a few more months will pass until we shall have attained what we have been looking forward to for many long years—a diploma and a high school education. It hardly seems possible that the time has gone by so hurriedly. We are especially very thankful for the things that have been accomplished this year and the past years for Christ and are trusting the students of Northwest Nazarene Academy of “the tomorrows” to co-operate with the college students and faculty members and carry on a greater work for Him.

As we meditate upon the things of life it seems as though we are not thankful enough for the opportunities we have had for making successful beginnings in life by being privileged to attend a Christian school, where Christ and the things of Christ are given pre-eminence. Thus we wish first to express our appreciation to our teachers who carried a personal responsibility for each student; to our parents, too, who sacrificed so heroically that each boy and girl might be a true success in school and then in life; and to our classmates both in upper and lower grades, we have the deepest regards.

It is needless to say that we have appreciated the honorable leadership of our president, Enoch Ogstad, who has been leader of this group for the majority of the semesters since we first enrolled as Freshmen in 1927.

Out of the thirty-one members of this class more than half have attended N. N. A. together for the entire four years. We regret the fact that not all of our former classmates have been able to come up to this time and graduate with us, but we welcome the other members who have by now become one of “us.” Two members of the class that entered as Freshmen with us had gone on for their reward in heaven before the end of their second year. Especially at this time of graduation the class members miss Velva Richardson and Harlowe Perrigo, because as we look back we remember so distinctly how they with us looked forward to our Senior year. It seemed then as if that would be the height of our ambition, but now we are aware of the fact that leaving high school is just a beginning of a life that is worth while and we gaze upon an open future challenging the young people of today to go forth and conquer. And with the keen sense of loss that we shall feel at leaving we feel sure that memory of our high school associations will be a spur to our efforts toward success.

ESTHER ELAINE EASTLY.



Juniors



HERMAN FISHER - - - *President* LEONARD HANNON - *Vice President*
 VERLA ROBERTS - - - *Secretary* EUNICE FISHER - - - *Treasurer*
 BILLY BAIRD - - - *Sgt.-at-Arms*

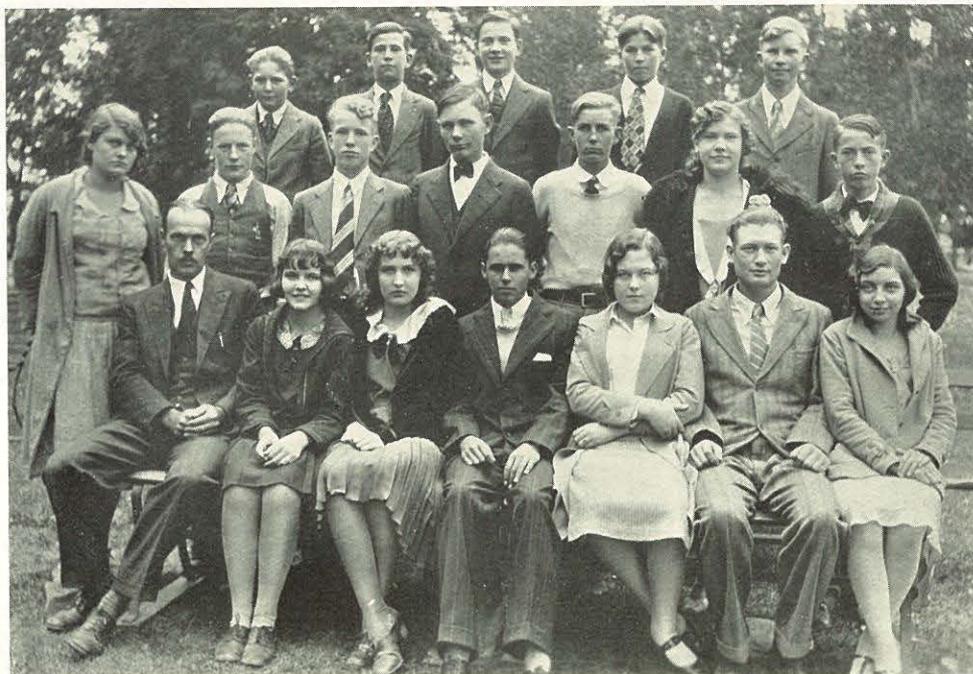
AS ONE lives within the bounds of school life occasionally an individual may be noticed worrying about book reports, puzzling over mathematics, groaning over science notebooks, and wishing dead languages had died sooner. This individual is probably not as studious as he appears to be, but the appearance is quite a necessity as he is now an upper classman.

Although his accomplishments may be few and small, he realizes that it is the little things that are the stepping stones to greater things; so he keeps plodding on, with glittering visions of success. To him, it all seems like a dream, but as the months form seasons, and the seasons years, it must be a reality. He dreams with a rather dull happiness and anticipation of being a Senior in the dawning year—this individual is a Junior.

VERLA M. ROBERTS, '32.



Sophomores



ANDREW EDWARDS - - *President* SHIRLEY ARSTEIN - - *Vice President*
 AVIS HUNGERFORD - *Secretary-Treasurer* ORIN VALE - - - *Sgt.-at-Arms*

Freshmen



HOWARD STEVENS - - *President* JOSIE MULDER - - *Vice President*
 VERA MILLER - *Secretary-Treasurer* MELVIN MARTINI - - *Sgt.-at-Arms*





DEPARTMENTS

C.F.

Normal School Graduates



Intercollegiate Debate



ACADEMY AFF.



CALIFORNIA TRIP
COULTER. MARTIN. TAYLORSON



M. PARSONS



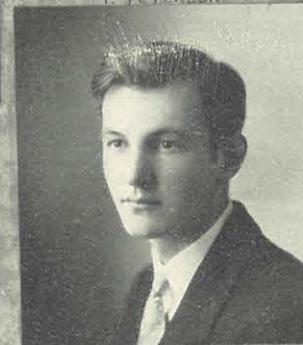
T. PETERSON



N. OKE



L. EASTLY
NORTHWEST TRIP
PRICE FLETCHER
TAYLOR RODDA



R. TAYLOR



ACADEMY NEG.



Intercollegiate Debate

EACH year the debating activities of Northwest Nazarene College are marked by an increase in both interest and itinerary. The work done this year by our debating squad has been such that will force us to extend to them the heartiest compliments and to congratulate them on the high type of work exhibited. We feel that these folks merit success only because they have been willing to pay the price that all successful debaters must pay: that of effort, work, and sacrifice.

This year the question for debate was: "Resolved that the nations should adopt a policy of free trade." This is the question selected by the National Pi Kappa Delta debating organization, and thus the accepted question for intercollegiate debating. It has proved to be one of great interest and especially so in this time of apparent economic depression. This fast moving age with its great means of interchange, the development of immense arteries of commerce, the feeling of international dependence, a striving toward world unity, an attempt to do away with over-production and famine, and in general to make this world a better one in which to live has given rise to this question at this time. Undoubtedly the correct solution of this great problem would mean the betterment of the world politically, socially and economically.

Many things have contributed to make this the most outstanding debate season in the history of our Forensic activities. We have been able to sponsor two tours, one covering the Northwest, and the other going South and West. Last year we defeated our sister institution, Pasadena College, in a dual debate at Nampa. This year we were equally successful on their floor. The great value of these debating tours lies in the advertising and promotion of the cause of our institution. The trips, however, did not include all the interesting or important debates of the year. Very important and significant have been the annual conference debates this year, for we were able to hold our own in these also, having won in the western division of the Southern Idaho Conference, and at the time of writing have still to compete with the winners of the eastern division.

Although debate has had a very brilliant season in 1931 we feel that it is only the beginning of a greater and larger program for the future, and that with the advancement of our institution our Forensic activities will follow commensurate.

Northwest Trip

February

2. Linfield College
3. Pacific University
3. Oregon State Normal
4. University of Oregon
5. Oregon State College
7. College of Puget Sound
9. University of Washington
12. Whitworth College
12. Spokane University
13. Washington State College
16. Eastern Oregon Normal

South Trip

February

11. Weber College
13. University of Utah
16. Stanford University
17. Redlands College
18. University of S. Calif.
19. Pasadena College (Neg.)
20. Pasadena College (Aff.)
21. Pacific College

Home Schedule

February

12. Weber College

March

2. Conference (C. of I. here)
2. Conference (N. N. C. at Caldwell)
6. Girls' Team with C. of I.
10. Return with C. of I.
21. Washington State College
30. Eastern Oregon Normal (Girls)

HARVEY B. SNYDER, '32.



Forensic Society



THE ART OF SELF-EXPRESSION

EXPRESSION is the "motion of emotion." Its most fundamental element is the revelation of man's inner, emotional nature through his physical organism. Professor Curry says: "All true expression is from within outward." It is not a mere matter of technique; it is an art. It is the direct revelation of character and experience —of personality. Oratory has been defined as the "presentation of truth by personality." Just as all true art is born within a personality and manifests itself through physical means, so vocal expression is a direct response of man's organism to the activity of his being. It is the outward sign of inner life and being. The aim of expression is simply to make others feel what we feel ourselves; and emotion, stimulated by imagination, and regulated by will, must be genuine. The highest requisite of a good speaker, a good reader, a good actor, is the power to feel intensely, to see what is not visible, to picture in the imagination every situation from beginning to end and to realize the unity of the whole.

All music of note was born in times of intense emotional stress; all hymns are a result of the spontaneous overflow of a happy or saddened heart; all great poetry came from the pen guided by a heart that was alive with emotional stir; ideas for great marble works were born in moments of passionate desire to express an inner surging; paintings are the most tell-tale of all arts in their manifestation of the artist's inward condition.

All true art is self-expression, and all noble self-expression is art.

THELMA H. PETERSON, '31.



Applied Arts



ART WHERE YOU NEED IT

IF LIFE is to be developed it must be expressed. There are numerous ways of doing it. From the time of crude drawings on stones, boulders and trees down to this—the time of painting pine-cones and milk-weed pods—artistic touches have been a means of expressing one's thoughts. There was, is, and shall be, an impulse to create, to do something expressing self. Applied art satisfies this desire to create.

There is a fascination in making practical articles to be cunning and interesting in color, shape, or design. Even a very plain house, if neat and clean, can be made attractive and homelike by a few deft, artistic touches. A few beautiful plaques carefully placed for effect, a table lamp with a gayly-painted parchment shade, a block-printed scarf on the library table, a magazine rack, or a huge tulip to stop the door—these will transform a room into a place for living.

And the kitchen! There may be the most interesting changes. With the magic touch of a paint-brush a pickle-jar becomes a vase, or a coffee can a cookie container. Flower pots, no longer stained and drab, are as gayly alive as the plants they hold and who knows but they bring as much cheer.

Or were you going to teach—not keep house? You will find no end of joy in a knowledge of applied art. Think of the new ways you can dress up old facts. Children live to see and feel, let them do it but let those objects they must meet be beautiful as well as necessary. Applied art will interpret the monotonous but inescapable in terms of the elusive and unexpected.



BIBLE COLLEGE AND SPECIAL



Lawrence
Appleby

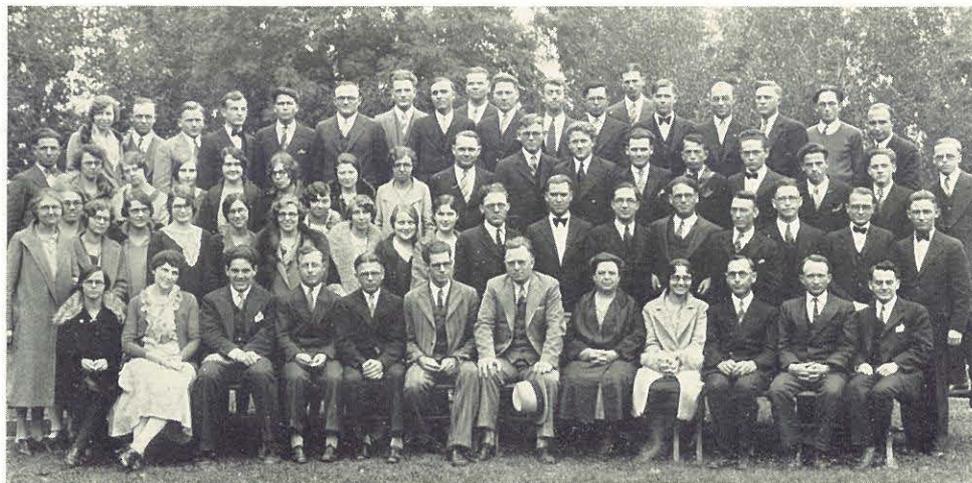
Rawson
Keil

Bartram
Needles

Martin
Fix

Shroeder
Steinmann

CALLED TO DEFINITE CHRISTIAN WORK



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT



GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND PRACTICE TEACHERS



Campus Dictionary

- ADOLESCENT**—Freshmen or younger; (faculty definition—student).
- BACHELOR**—A man who looks before he leaps—then fails to leap.
- BARK**—To skin, as one's shins.
- BEANS**—College caviar.
- BROAD**—Adenoidal past of "to bring."
- CANNON**—A long hole surrounded with steel.
- CARPET**—Any Dean's office.
- CELERY**—To be taken with a grain of salt; a noisy grass.
- CODE**—Adenoidal use of "cold"; unknown marks on notes.
- DATE**—Something unforeseen which will happen in the future.
- DUST**—Mud with the water squeezed out.
- EDUCATION**—Something interfered with by too many classes.
- EXAM.**—The missing link discovered and used as a means of personal contact between profs. and students.
- FINE**—Often used confusingly with art; a price paid.
- FLUNK**—Acute disease of regular occurrence—every six weeks.
- FLOP**—To recline; someone else's party.
- GATE**—Something one gets for nothing.
- GOAT**—He who is done by.
- GOLF**—Cow pasture pool.
- HAIR-DRESSER**—One who curls up and dyes.
- HORSE**—A kind of laugh; extinct Ford.
- ICE-BERG**—Permanent wave.
- JAM**—Something not to get in; part of a door.
- JOKE**—Meaningless number of words affording much merriment to the originator.
- KISS**—Nothing divided by two; better felt than seen.
- K.K.K.**—Konceited Kampus Kids.
- LIBRARY**—Similar to girls' parlor, but surrounded by books.
- LOVE**—An inner inexpressibility and outward alloverishness.
- PADDLE**—Instrument replacing the guillotine but not used to the same end.
- PROFESSOR**—One who will not take "no" for an answer.
- QUEEN**—What he thinks she is before he steps her.
- QUEER**—What he thinks she is after he steps her.
- REST**—To sit on one's vest; everyone but you and I.
- ROAD-HOG**—One who meets you more than half-way.
- SCULPTOR**—A man who makes faces and busts.
- S.P.**—Unavoidable hieroglyphic marked on Freshman theme.
- STEAM**—Water gone crazy with heat.
- STUDENTS**—Creatures living secluded lives—sometimes seen running across the campus—in pursuit of a golf ball.
- VICIOUS**—Plural of "fish."
- WIND**—Air in a hurry; heard between societies.
- YODLER**—Singer in pain.
- ZERO**—Sum total of work accomplished.
- ZITHER**—Shakesperian expression: "A-ha! He come zither."





LITERARY

C.F.

Those Who Care

I HATE studying! I don't care who says it is good for me and is preparing me for life. Anybody ought to know that staying up till eleven o'clock and agonizing over inseparable prefixes and defenses of poesy and things that some by-gone professor said about educating the younger generations aren't going to increase my earning power or "develop my native tact." And what enjoyment shall I ever find in life if I must forever be in bondage to lessons? Some people aren't in bondage. Some people have time to go downtown two afternoons a week and to have a tea party (where coffee is served) almost every evening. And they get by, too; how do they do it? I wonder if I could get by that way? I might try.

It seems strange to me, but I keep thinking about a bit of verse which I have read somewhere: "I would be true, for there are those who care." It bothers me. I wonder why?—I know well enough who "those" are. I can see two people who care; two who are expecting me to do what they dreamed of doing and were denied; two who will be mightily disappointed if I finally come back to them and say, "Well, I got by."

* * * * *

I used to think that life was something vast and breathlessly mysterious and radiant, but I find that it is nothing more than a ceaseless grind. I used to believe that, in reading the best literature, I should discover that fine and noble essence which lifts one forever from the sordidness of everyday existence and surrounds his every common task with a halo of glory; but now . . . "unveiled life at times becomes too hideous to be endured."

The Best Literature is divided up thus: Monday's assignment, Wednesday's assignment, Friday's assignment: dull prose and magnificent, stupid poetry, with one of those Ask-Me-Another games at the end of each major portion. Where is the Essence?

And life isn't vast; it's chained up inside of four walls and a ceiling—and a campus. Once in a while it extends as far as Main Street. It isn't breathlessly mysterious, either, because one knows that the next day's adventures will consist of hurrying to classes, hurrying to meals, hurrying to finish tomorrow's assignments, and at last clambering wearily into bed to await the coming of the day following. How can such a life be radiant?

And yet—I used to fairly feel the glow. Where have I lost it?—I see one who was my Ideal. She was the one who taught me to see the radiance in life's little things and to hunger after the Best Literature. It was she who inspired me to live and to glory in doing it—and I believe she cared. What would she think of me now?

* * * * *

At last I believe I have found life—in being true for those who care. Nothing else is quite so satisfying as simply knowing that somebody cares whether we live or die; whether we live or merely exist.

I don't believe I shall ask for a rosy mist to enshroud every hard situation that I face, for there are times that a phosphorescence is deceiving—and life must have its realities. And I'm not sure that I want life to be one continuous, thrilling adventure, for there might come times when I should tire of trying to be Heroine Extraordinary and long to be just plain Me for a while.

But what if nothing but disappointment lies before me? What if my efforts fail in bringing to pass those things for which I have hoped so long? What if I find myself unable to win the approval of those whose confidence has been my inspiration? Will all the study and sacrifice and high resolve have been in vain? Shall I then become an example for others to avoid? Will there be nothing but the fear of death and eternal punishment to keep me from ending the long, bitter discouragement? Will there be those who still care? . . .

(Continued on page 66)



Among the things which stand out most plainly in the memories of my childhood is a motto which was given to me at Sunday School. I could not read then, but I was told that the pretty, ivory-colored letters spelled, "He Careth For You." To me, that is the one thing which glorifies the struggle—the knowledge that there is One who cares when others do not understand. Knowing this, I am content; for life is again worth while.

EDITH G. VAHL, '33.

Not Heard of for a While

FAR IN northern Idaho a stream takes its start from melting snowbanks among tall green pines. There the stream is so narrow that one can easily step across. On it the sunlight plays. In it birds splash and its song blends with theirs. As it sparkles and splashes its way over rocks, through brush and debris, its path widens and deepens; it gains force and velocity; gradually its banks grow further apart; its song becomes a roar. In its path it abruptly encounters a massive bed of lava rock and in some unknown manner disappears from sight. People call it the Lost River.

Along the sides of Snake River Canyon in sunny southern Idaho there gush forth a thousand springs. Side by side for miles they pour forth, cascading down hundreds of feet to the river below. It is believed that these splashing, foaming waterfalls are the Lost River bursting forth into the sunlight from its long night of oblivion. In the canyon below, stands a powerhouse where the force of these falling waters is transformed into electricity which illumines the homes of all southern Idaho.

* * * * *

NORTHWEST Nazarene College began to be in 1913. Since then hundreds of young people have come, have partaken of its warmth and glow, and have gone, taking with them that heritage which N. N. C. bestows. Full of promise, though care-free and in need of guidance and help, they come—young men and women starting life for themselves. As they passed through their years of training, their lives broadened and deepened; they met and overcame obstacles. They grew to be strong Christian characters. Their Senior Days came and they left N. N. C. For a while we did not hear of them. Where were they? What were they doing? Then one day we read of one of them in our church paper. It was the girl, now the woman, tall and dark-eyed, with dignified yet kindly bearing. Is she being worthwhile? Can N. N. C. be proud of her? Ah; how proud! She is being used of God in transforming darkness into light—she is illumining lives. She is doing her part to save Africa for Him. Others are occupied elsewhere. They are living for God—they are being true to the heritage bestowed on them by N. N. C. Their lives are ones of service, of loyalty, of love. They are serving—they are living noble, exemplary lives. They are leaders, capable and strong. N. N. C. may well be proud of them.

Every autumn the doors of N. N. C. open. Every autumn young men and women come, seeking the best in life. They are in need of guidance, of help, of opportunities to broaden and deepen. Every year they come. Every year some leave. We do not hear of them for a while.

DOROTHY F. HARPER, '33.



The Canadian West

THE lofty mountains looming in the distance seemed to be patiently waiting for the winter days to come. November, the month that usually ushers in winter—was an autumn month instead. With Thanksgiving Day past, snow was to be expected any time, but this proved to be an exception. Toward the end of the month, when darkness prevailed longer in the mornings, twilight came earlier in the evening, a greyish hue settled down over the earth, all these signified winter was at hand.

It was a beautiful autumn forenoon. Suddenly a cold wind arose from the northwest just before noon; the sky and sun were hidden from view with heavy grey clouds hovering low, and by evening large flakes of snow were falling thickly toward the earth.

The following morning the first day of winter was apparent everywhere. Snow, six to eight inches deep, covered everything, and the frost glistened forth its myriads of rainbow colors in the beautiful sunlight.

The temperature had dropped gradually from forty and fifty degrees above zero to ten and fifteen degrees below, and continued to drop until a week or two later, the thermometer registering thirty-five and forty degrees below. (This is usually maintained for six weeks or two months, which is a typical Canadian winter.) By the end of the second month of winter longer days were evident, the sky remained unclouded from its snowy clouds, the Chinook winds from the Pacific Ocean would sweep over the prairies, melt the snow, cause the thermometer to rise, but by evening the few degrees of frost would freeze an icy surface over the remaining snow, denoting that winter had not departed completely even though spring was so near.

The sun was shining, a real Canadian prairie sun, the air simply vibrated with the feeling of spring when life would soon be everywhere.

Over the miles and miles of snow-covered prairie, a lone tree, here and there, borne down with its heavy coat of snow, the occasional homesteader's shack with its smoke winding upward against the blue sky, were the only objects in view; but behind all these and in the distance arose the peaks of the Rockies, their snow caps glistening in the beautiful sunlight.

Absorbed in the lonely but fascinating scene—a homesteader stood—scanning the long range, with Mt. Robson, the Three Sisters, and Mt. Edith Cavell towering above the others, that seemed so entrusted to their care.

Suddenly an avalanche was heard as it crashed down a mountain side and the homesteader knew something must have attempted to cross over it. He knew this meant inevitable death to whatever had started across it. In a short time a small object could be seen moving slowly away from where the noise had been heard. The time seemed to pass so slowly—the figure would disappear and just as hopes were abandoned it would reappear. It seemed to be gradually drawing closer, but anxiety was increasing as the sun was rapidly sinking in the West.

The soft balmy air of spring was taking on its frosty tinge of even, and that figure, undoubtedly a human being, was still far from any place of shelter and warmth. Just when all hopes of rescue were practically gone the object came into view close enough to recognize that it was a man on skis. At once the lonely but hospitable homesteader turned, rushed into his shack, restocked his fire, and prepared a warm meal and welcome for the wandering man.

He looked out again, darkness was rapidly settling down but the man was nearer. In a few minutes he was at the door. It was not necessary to knock as the door was already open, and the man, skis discarded, was soon made a welcome guest.

Outside night had overtaken the beautiful scene of daytime, but inside in a lonely homesteader's shack two men were sitting around the fire, relating past experiences, and fast becoming friends.

GLADYS LEDINGHAM, '32.



Christian Education

WHEN we approach the subject of Christian education we have a live and vital problem on our hands. To those who say that Christianity must be separated from our school life allow me to say that they must have a different definition of Christianity than we have in writing this, for wherever moral life is found we find Christianity. It is the highest product of the emotions of man. Christianity is primarily what a man is, what he feels, in the presence of Jesus Christ. Christian religion is the broadest thing in the world, and its effect upon the growing mind ought likewise to be the most broadening of all influences. Anything that is narrow, fanatical, without great emotional depths is foreign to this form of religion.

When America reaches the day that her constitution bars forever the teaching of true Christianity on the ground that it interferes with religious freedom it will be a sad day. Let it never be forgotten that the founders of our great nation laid the principles of our government on the platform of Christianity. We do not advocate that we place in our school curriculum religious subjects for such would only lead to adverse controversy and unite the State and the Church. On the other hand we doubt very seriously whether Christianity can be taught, as are other subjects; it is a life to live and must be lived, not taught. Christianity is the most important element in the life of man, and consequently the most important factor in that spiritual environment to which the education of the child must adjust him. Religion is not to be considered foreign to true education if our aim in education is high enough. The trouble is that enough time has not been taken to realize just why we are being educated, (the word "being" is used here for education is an eternal process). Christianity is the natural and logical conclusion of all education, just as it is the natural and complete expression of man's being. All truth is God's truth, then intellectual education ought to bring man to God as the source of truth; the type of education that would lead men from God is based on a wrong foundation and hence will direct us from truth and ought to be avoided. If the modern educators demand that Christianity be left out of our system of education, then ask them to furnish us with something to take its place that will have the uplifting effects in character building as it has had.

Religious education appropriated intellectual education as its indispensable agent in bringing the intellect of man to God. And the teacher of the intellect is to handle the truth as the word of God; to do so is to be a religious teacher. In our educational circles we hear much of the aesthetic development of the child, but what is the aesthetic life if it is not a manifestation of the perfection of God? All beauty is God's beauty and again our conclusion must be that aesthetic education must be religious education. In bringing pupils into an appreciation of beauty, we are really bringing them into an acquaintanceship with the perfection of God as revealed in the works both in nature and in man.

Religious education will not alienate art from its endeavors to bring man into relationship with God, but will include art as one of the indispensable means of reaching Him who is invisible through the things that do appear. Goodness should be a criterion of education and then again face the fact that all goodness is God's goodness. We not only receive our ideals from Him but receive the powers to achieve toward that ideal. To make man good is so far forth to make him divine; to love goodness is to love a chosen way in which God manifests Himself to men. Goodness, the ideal of moral education and of all man's best endeavor is really the revelation in the finite will of God. Whether morality can be achieved without the aid of Christianity is a question that would largely depend upon the definition that you would place on the word morality, but it is certain that only through Christ can man learn the highest morality and only through Christian education can man find Christ.

J. GEORGE TAYLORSON, '31.



Not All Quiet on The Western Front

CHAPTER TWO FROM THE HISTORY OF THE ILL-FATED SPINOZA EXPEDITION.

WE ARE at Huntington. It is nearly midnight. By the time we have put on a new fan belt and hammered down the pin that broke the old one the engine has cooled down. The weather is getting colder. The girls are inside the service station, warming up and eating a lunch. Some of the crew of our accompanying car have been helping us; now they announce that they are leaving and move off, shouting that they will see us at the next town. I get down and examine the pet-cocks and discover that we need oil. The lady attendant brings two quarts for us and puts in some gas. We are on the highway heading toward Portland with Jim at the wheel. In places there is hard-packed snow on the road. Jim shows us how a basso profundo sings, "Oh, the monkey wrapped his tail around the flag-pole." They have saved some lunch for me, and I eat it. We are not quite so talkative as when we started. The road curves continuously through low hills. I put my wool gloves on Jim. We pass Lime; its rows of lights stand out in the darkness and the noise of the grinding of rock reaches our ears.

Miles pass by, on a steep pitch the engine labors and throws drops of water on the windshield. I get out and pour in our reserve water. The wind is beginning to blow, and it is cold. There is a glow against the sky. It is from a rock-crusher, going at full blast. We pass it on the left. We go slowly here, for the highway is slick. There is a grade, and the engine is having a hard time. It sputters, and Jim shoves it into low. Finally we stop to let it rest. When I crank it again it knocks so loudly that we shut it off. It dawns upon me that it is the bearings and I climb back in for consultation. I am for walking to Baker, thinking it three or four miles. I flag a truck that comes up and learn that Baker is fifteen miles away.

I am glad I did not start. More consultation. I am glum. Margaret is silent. Selma recites in dialect. Ann tries to reassure us. Jim and I decide to go back to the crusher to phone.

On the road, with the flashlight, we notice a line of dark spots. I have left the pet-cock open in Huntington. Mentally I give myself some hard kicks.

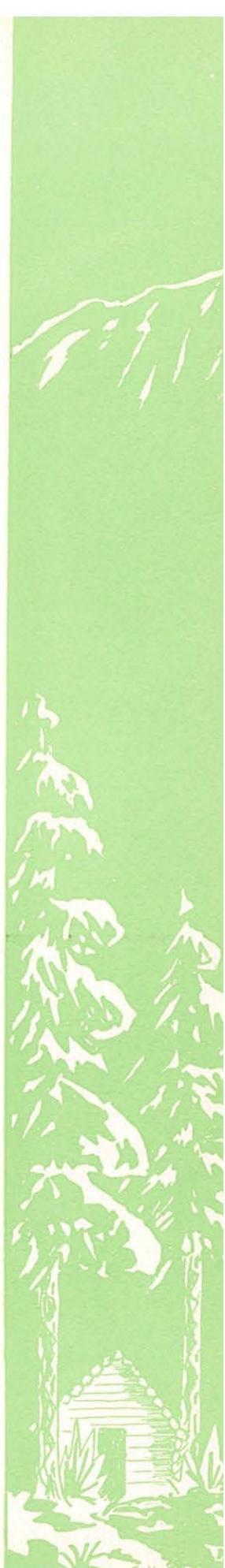
At the crusher we find the boss, his face grey with rock-dust. The phone is in the cook-shack at the end of the row of tent houses. After knocking at several wrong doors, we find it. The table is set for breakfast. I call a garage. It seems they charge a dollar a mile for towing so we go away.

We wait. There is an airplane beacon that flashes across the sky in great circles. Across the river a train goes by. We wisecrack. Jim "talks backward" and Jane giggles.

When it is nearly five we start for the crusher. We are awed by its immensity. There is a fire, and the boss invites us up to get warm. Margaret and Selma deny that they are Swedes. The men quit work. One of them has a car. I offer him seven dollars. Even in the half-light I can see he is surprised, but the word has been spoken. He promises to come as soon as he gets breakfast.

We have nothing but the tire chains to use as a tow-rope. The Model A has no chains. Its wheels spin on the packed snow until we can smell the rubber. When it reaches a bare spot, it jumps. Ann drives. We push. At times we can hardly catch the car as it spurts forward. It is getting light now and the beacon looks pale. Baker seems far away. The garages are not open yet. The owner of the Model A cannot be persuaded to accept more than four dollars. We congratulate ourselves on our luck. Maybe you would call it something else.

DONALD S. THOMPSON, '32.



What Does Life Mean To You?

*What does your life seem most to you?
A weird unfathomable deep?
Above, beneath, to right, and left,
A source of terror in your sleep?
Or can you live as you would choose,
Disturbed by neither doubt nor fear,
Unshaken by the roughest gale
That comes to lash your shallow mere?*

*What does your life seem most to you,
Confined within these walls of clay?
Dost think there's naught that works for good,
That satisfies—that doth repay?
What value dost thou give to deeds,
What estimate to service true?
Has life a recompense to show,
Has life meant else than naught to you?*

*What does your life seem most to you?
Art thou a slave to sin and pride?
With vision dull, and purpose small,
And self desires all undenied?
Does selfish plan and selfish gain
Fill all your thought the whole day through?
The nobler things all set aside,
Does life mean only this to you?*

*What does your life seem most to you?
Vague threatenings of conscience' voice,
Of secret hours of fear and dread
Berating for your want of choice?
Know'st not the wealth that is supreme:
Love, service, faith, and homage due
To Him who holds you in His hands?
What, O my friend, is life to you?*

*O, stop and ask thyself if thou
Hast found life's highest, richest plan;
The way of truth and right and good,
Of love to God and fellow man.
Let not a lesser thought control,
Where'er you go, what'er you do;
Till, finding this, you find that life
Has given of its best to you.*

WILLARD F. HOFFMAN, '32.





**INTER-SOCIETY
ACTIVITIES**

C.F.

Alpha Delta Phi



First Semester

GEORGE TAYLORSON

President

THOR GUDMUNSON

Program Committee

Second Semester

GEORGE TAYLORSON

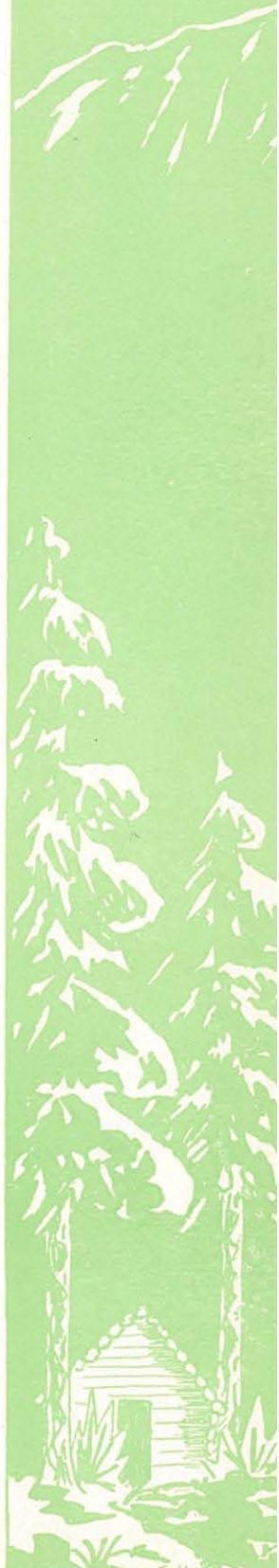
THOR GUDMUNSON

Intersociety Activities

THE activities, this year, of the three literary-athletic societies have been outstanding—outstanding because of the high type of literary programs presented, because of the enthusiasm and society spirit exhibited at all events; but more outstanding because of the willingness of both students and faculty to give up the regular schedule whenever the Holy Spirit presented His program. No matter how important some things may be, nothing is so important as having the Holy Spirit with His program working in the hearts and lives of His children. This is the inevitable lesson that we as students in the various literary-athletic societies are learning at N. N. C.

These three societies are "The Olympian," "The Sigma Lambda Alpha," and "The Alpha Delta Phi," to one of which every student belongs.

For the past six semesters a contest has been going on among these societies which calls forth the very best from every student and from each society. The bases of contest are as follows: four literary programs from each society during the semester and participation in basketball, volley ball, tennis, baseball, golf, track meet, and Oasis support. Points are given to each society according to merit, and the holder of the largest



Olympian



First Semester

Second Semester

NORMAN OKE.....	<i>President</i>	NORMAN OKE
MARGARET PARSONS.....	<i>Program Committee</i>	MARGARET PARSONS

number of points at the close of a semester is the happy winner of the Faculty Loving Cup. When one society has won the cup three semesters, the cup becomes the permanent possession of that society. During the first two semesters the Olympian society won the cup, the next two Sigma Lambda Alpha, and the last two Alpha Delta Phi. Now this is the seventh semester, the climaxing semester, for the Cup must become the permanent property of one society, and which will it be? How great is our desire that herein we could print that the Olympians have conquered, or that the S. L. A.'s have conquered, or that the A. D. P.'s have conquered. This, however, is impossible for the secret will not be divulged until the cup is presented on commencement night.

Competition is keen, interest is high, and each student is learning the secret of co-operation. Society spirit has run high but it has never run so high that a spiritual tide could not reach it, for literary and athletic schedules have been set aside and revivals have taken their places. Spiritual blessings have more than repaid for any seeming sacrifice of students and faculty.



Sigma Lambda Alpha



First Semester

LAWRENCE FLETCHER *President*
ERNESTINE FINCH *Program Committee*

Second Semester

LAWRENCE FLETCHER
ERNESTINE FINCH

The aim of these societies is the development of the physical and intellectual sides of man's nature in proportion with spiritual development. In order to be at our best spiritually and to rightly present the gospel of Jesus Christ we must have able bodies and well-trained intellects. God created man a three-fold being, and He did not intend that one side should be developed at the neglect and detriment of the rest.

In our various activities we are developing the body, and the mind, but at the same time, that which we keep uppermost is our spiritual welfare. Though we all desire to win the cup, we would rather see every student at N. N. C. a Christian, not only in name, but at heart.

MARGARET PARSONS, '31.





"Oh, what is so rare as
a day in June."

In this beautiful picture
Lauren appears to be try-
ing this tongue-twister:
"Round the rough and
rugged rocks the ragged
rascal. . . ."

Next, ladies and gentle-
men, in our family album
is our demure Miss, "Lit-
tle orphan Annie."

"And fourthly.—" (12:05
and all's well.) Ho-o,
hum!

"Pat-a-cake, a pat-a-
cake, a baker's man."

No wonder we all get
hungry about bed time.

"She was going down the
grade,
Making ninety miles an
hour. . . ."
'Smatter Veryl, did you
Burnett?

No, these young ladies
are not Orientals doing a
salaam, they are merely
reciting; "How do you
like to go up in the
swing?"

Mr. Dobbs in a char-
acteristic pose—embracing
knowledge.

"Every flea has lesser
fleas
That sit on him and bite
him,
And the lesser fleas have
lesser
Fleas, and lesser fleas,
And so on, ad infinitum."



Slicers of the dark continent.

Wallaces We.

"Mighty Kjonaas!
 Champ in tennis!"
 Winner of ladies'
 singles, for Alpha Delta
 Phi.

Next, in our old family
 album—but as it was
 taken before the days of
 the "talkies" we do not
 know what they are say-
 ing.

"You wreck 'em, We
 fix 'em!"

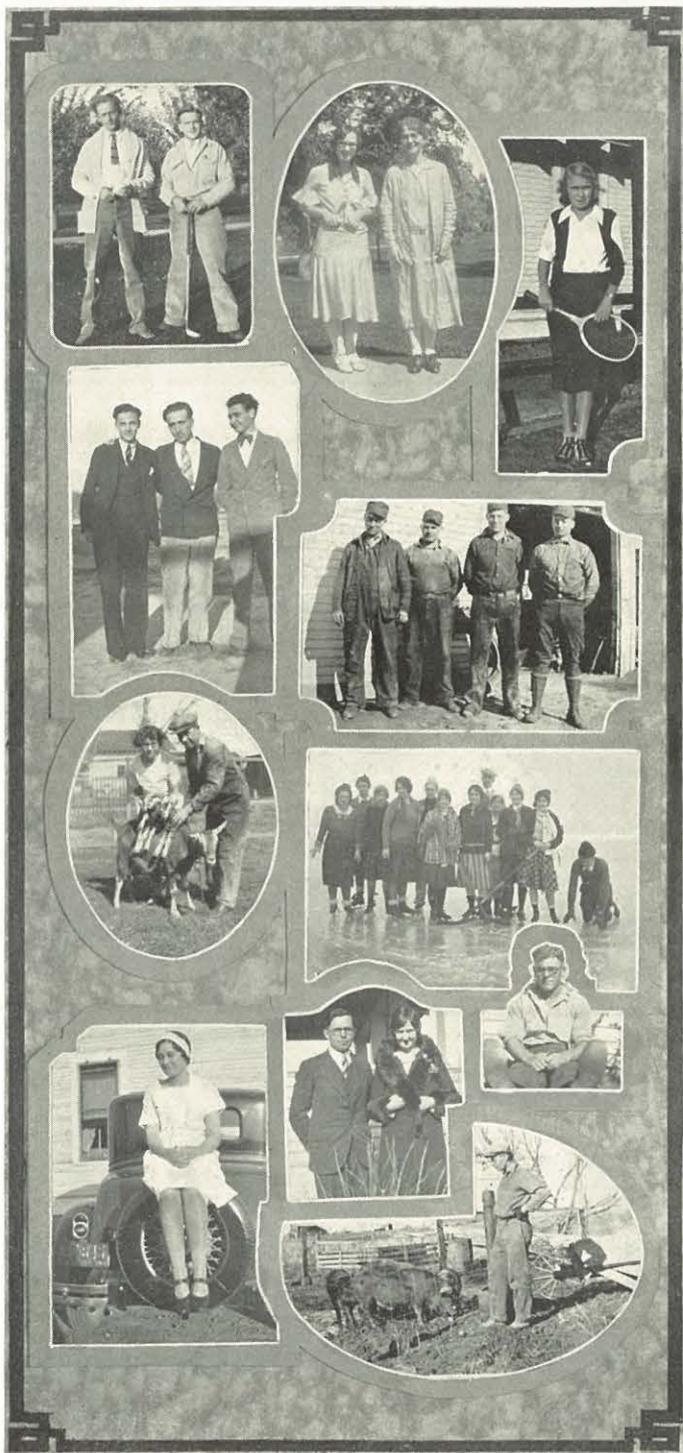
Mr. and Mrs. and the
 kids. (Oh, we forgot the
 goat!)

From the "remains"
 during the holidays. We
 think this is a pretty slick
 picture!

Note the features! Flex-
 ible horse-hide soles!

Practising back-seat
 driving.

We won't squeal on you
 Nick.



Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum! Flowers every child should know.

Every picture tells a story! What does this one suggest? Pancakes, maybe!

Scene from history before the reformation.

This is such a serious picture we don't feel like making a joke about it. You'd laugh at it anyhow.

"Just before the battle, mother."

S. L. A. winners of— oh, what was it?"

S. L. A. runners up.

Wearing the victor's smile after the tournament.

All set for the race. Emphasis on the set!

Just a little more green, Chester.

Thirteen reasons why you should go to Emmett.

Puzzle: What's under these hats?

The sad plight of two fine upright youths who ventured from the straight and narrow path.

The Calorie Quartet.

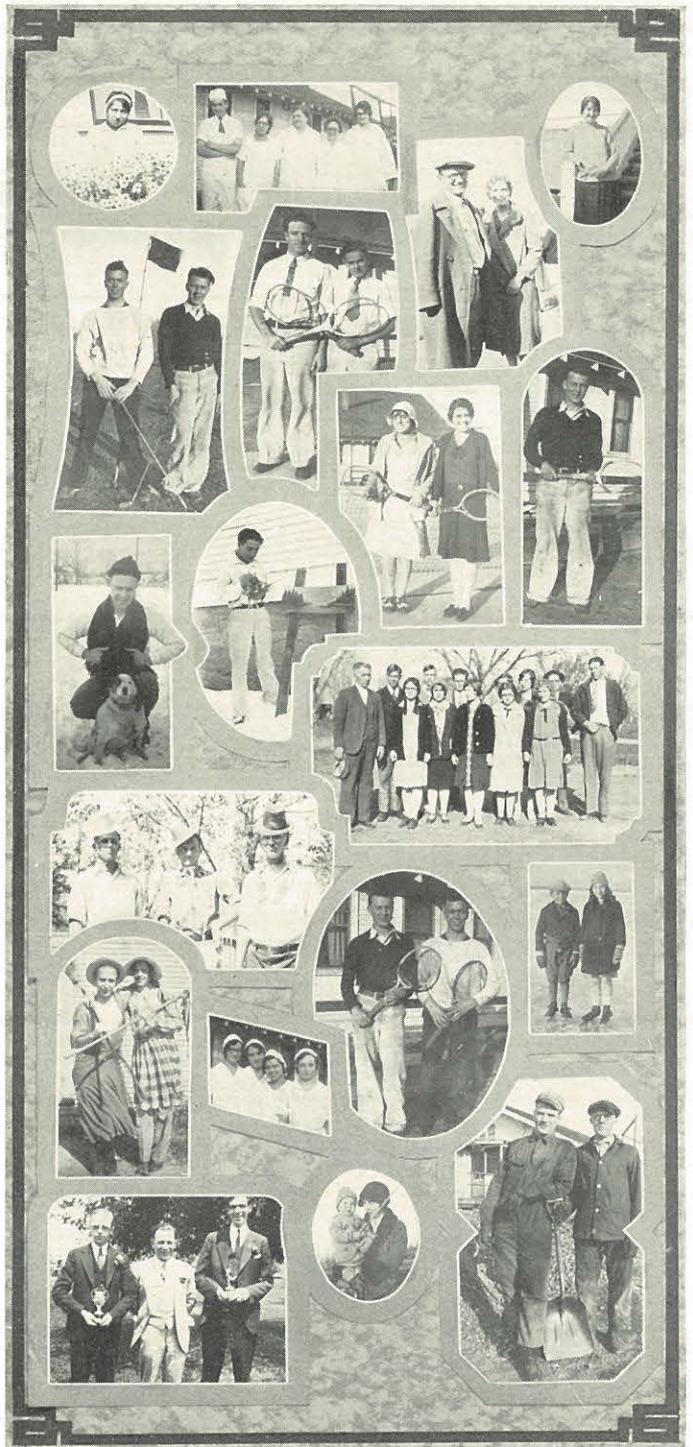
A. D. P. Men's Doubles. Check, and double check!

Babes in the woods. Find the trees.

Winners of the D. J. Smith trophies and the donor. (1930)

Just our Sonny Boy.

Striking for more Friday nights off!





"Ride with Ethyl!
Greater pulling power!
Quicker pickup!" (By the
man behind.)

Glimpse through the
telescope of the future.

Just because we're
dressed in white don't call
us angels.

And here we have our
famous saxophone player.
Don't count his medals.

Mademoiselle de Pey-
ronnet about to make her
debut.

Yes! we actually per-
suaded these gentlemen
to stop work long enough
to be "photoed."

"Serene I fold my
hands and wait!"

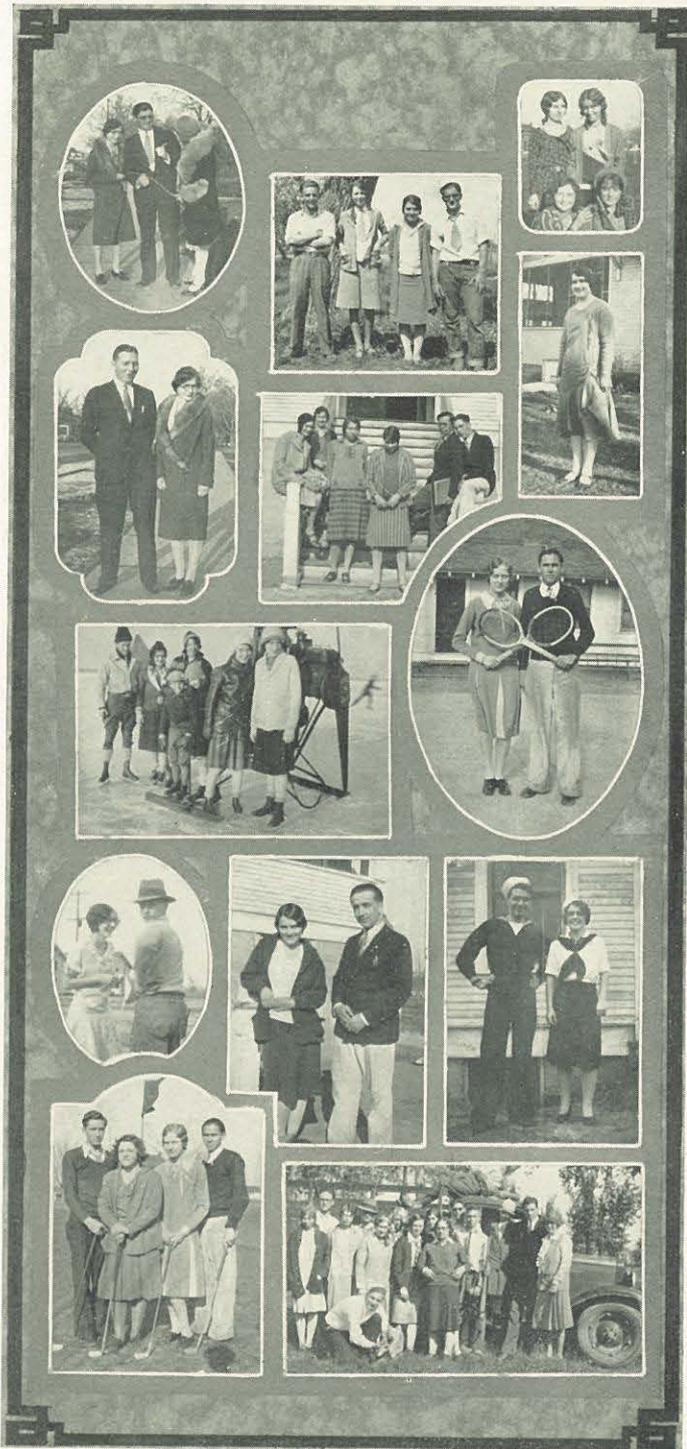
"If I may be permitted
to use a woman's prerog-
ative I would say: 'I
told you so!'"

Ready to go, Lois?

Two Margarets pass be-
fore the telescope.

Truck-load of "band"-
its with their implements
all set for advertising.





This situation may not be as serious as it looks, but it pays to look well.

Sweet Williams and dandelions—and a popsickle to the one who can name the rest of the bouquet.

Isn't this just like the dear boys?

"Do you know why I'm so funny? It's because I was fed on goat's milk when I was little, and the goat ate funny papers."

The official reception committee? No, just a group of seniors thinking about sneaking.

Meals, like stories, need a happy ending. Leave it to the dishwasher.

It's an ice-boat in the back. In the fore-ground—oh, ask somebody that was here Christmas.

We're positively tired of naming tennis pictures, so we'll call this the Gold Dust Twins.

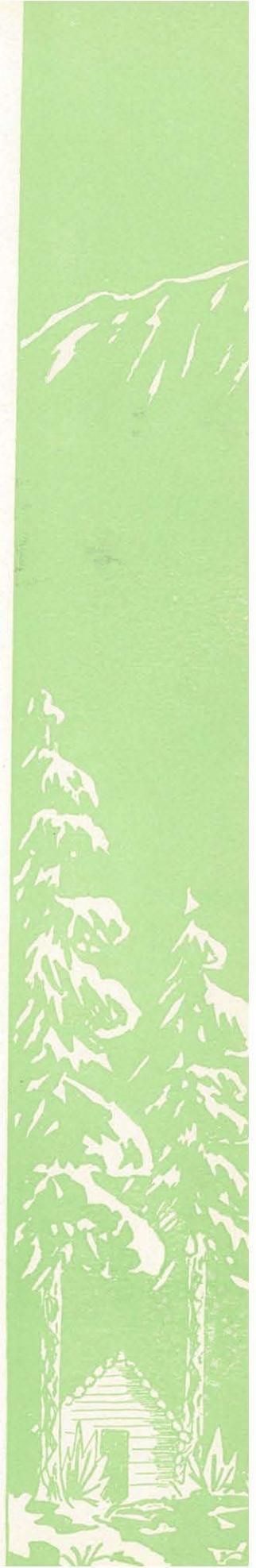
Corky: There are only two men that I admire.
Gentry: Yeah, who's the other one?

See how proud Stan is of his niece.

Join the navy and see the world. Oh, shucks, the rest of the world doesn't matter.

These worried Olympians are preparing for semester exams.

Memories: Oasis Staff of '30.



These warlike young ladies are out for the cup.

"I stole so many kisses
My lips began to sag,
And then that crazy woman
She hid the candy bag!"

The calm before the storm.

Commodore Seaman has just found the flagpole east of the administration building.

To the victors belong the spoils. At least they put up a fight to win them.

If he had two ideas in his head at once they would start arguing with each other. Sure, it's Thor.

Yes, we see that Jake has become domesticated. What next?

Poor little basketball! We can imagine how you feel.

Lowry: Say, did you swallow a toothbrush?
Hannon: Yes, but I'm growing another one.

Us four and . . . but we won't say no more!

Why the A. D. P's can't sleep at nights. Remedy: Drink ovaltine.

Inmate of the barber college trying out his clippers.

The muscles of their brawny arms are as strong as iron bands.





There really isn't anything seriously wrong with this couple except that they're Seniors; they can't help it.

No, he's not trying to hold an open-air school to teach Naomi geometry. (or maybe it's Spanish) because it's vacation-time.

It's-mee who has just convinced *ursida carni- vora horribilis* that Thor is a gentleman even if he does wear a spotted tie.

Will lilacs bloom in a quiet shaded nook? Look here if you don't believe it.

Two staff members indulge in that famous grin known as the "Collector's Smile."

Miss Magill just ready for a take-off. Hope you land him, Margie.

"Stand up, Ethel and look dignified."

What? Car-riding again! Oh, perhaps she's a chaperone for some of those freshman couples.

Professor Hoffman, having glimpsed a rare, beautiful black pelican, has crept cautiously through the pines to find—that there were no films in the camera.

(Chapter I.) Professor DeLong finds that our bricks make excellent backing;

(Chapter II.) but it takes lots of sand to create this Irish confetti for—

(Chapter III.) our new chapel. We are to have it completed next fall.

An honorary Senior makes Midget promise secrecy so that Mr. Smee will not hear the seniors leave tomorrow morning.



The pine tree drops its
dead;
They are quiet as under
the sea.

Could I find a place to be
alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart
out;
Heaven is my need.

Leave the uproar! At a
leap
Thou shalt strike a
woodland path.
Enter silence, not of sleep,
Under shadows, not of
wrath.

Great things are done
when men and mountains
meet.

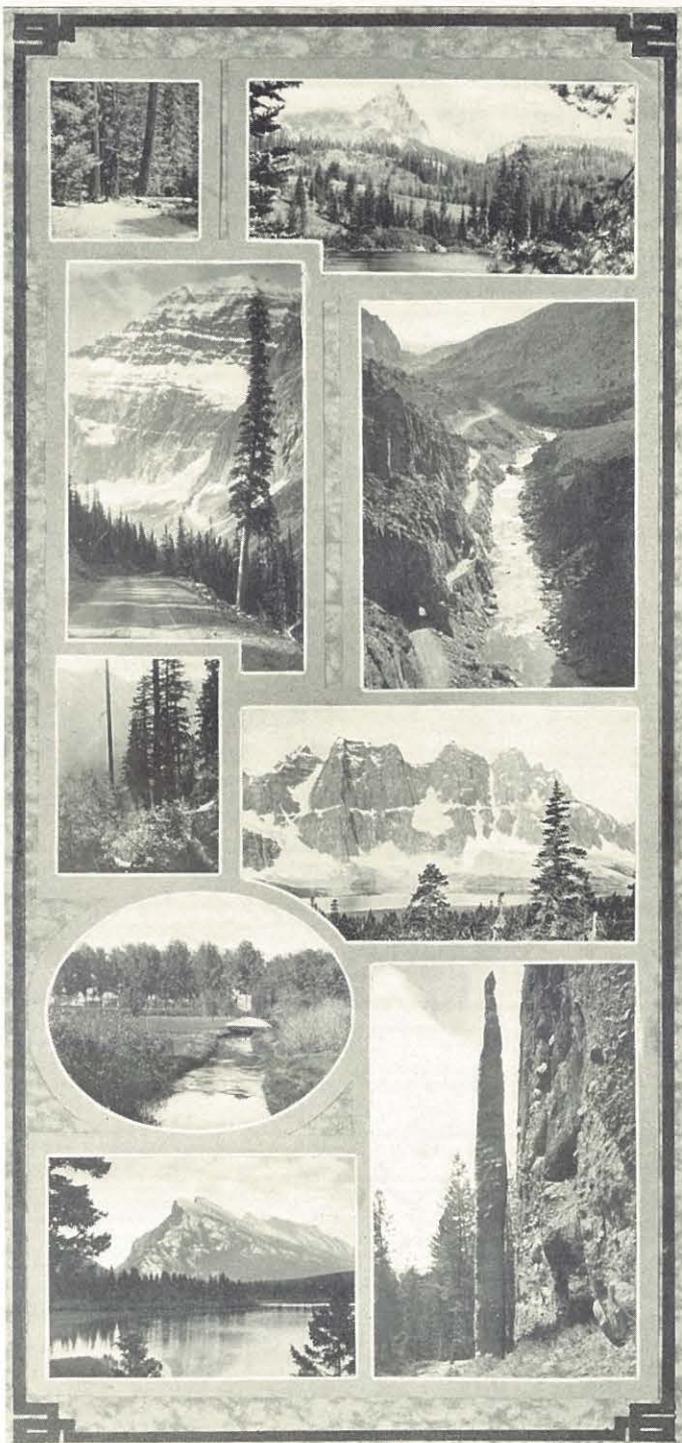
I have been here before,
But where or how I can-
not tell.

And the mountain-waste
voiceless as death
But for winds that may
sleep not nor tire.

To outer senses there is
peace.

For joy of the majestic
beauty there,
Men shall not miss the
stars or mourn the
sea.

Let me enjoy the earth
no less
Because the all-enacting
Might
That fashioned forth its
loneliness
Had other aims than my
delight.

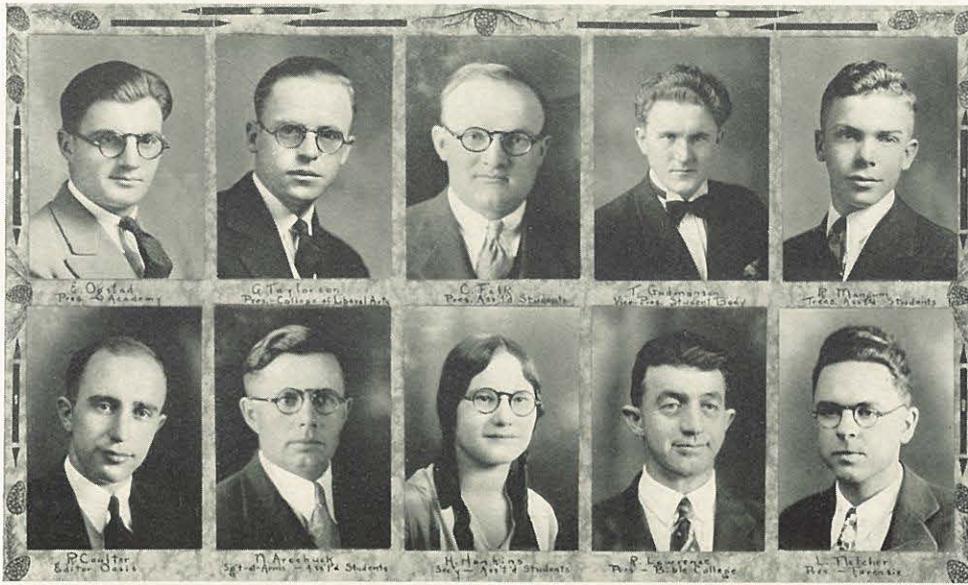




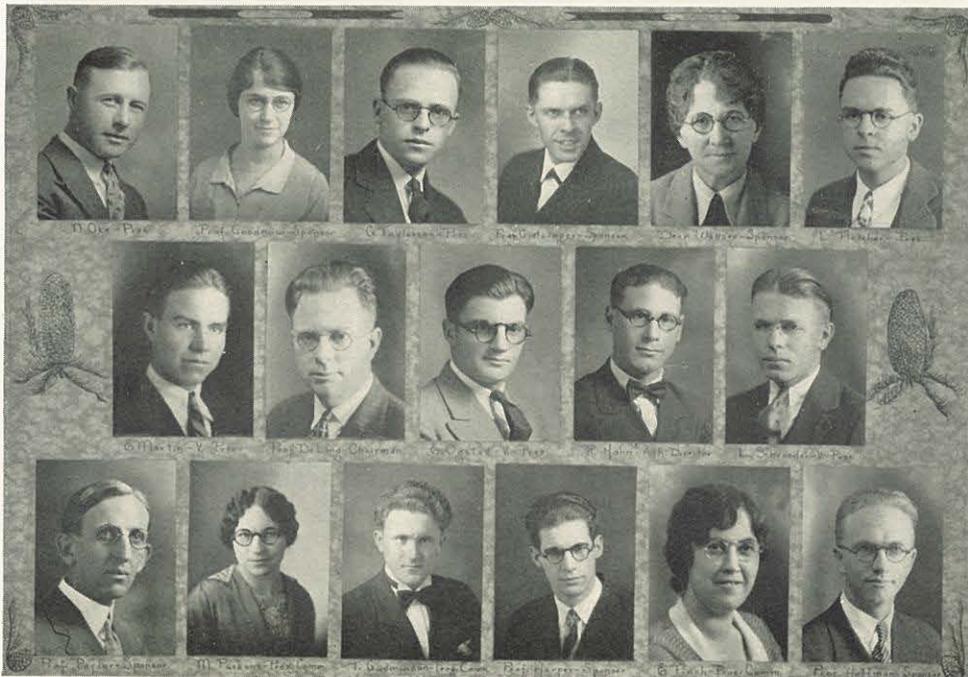
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C.F.

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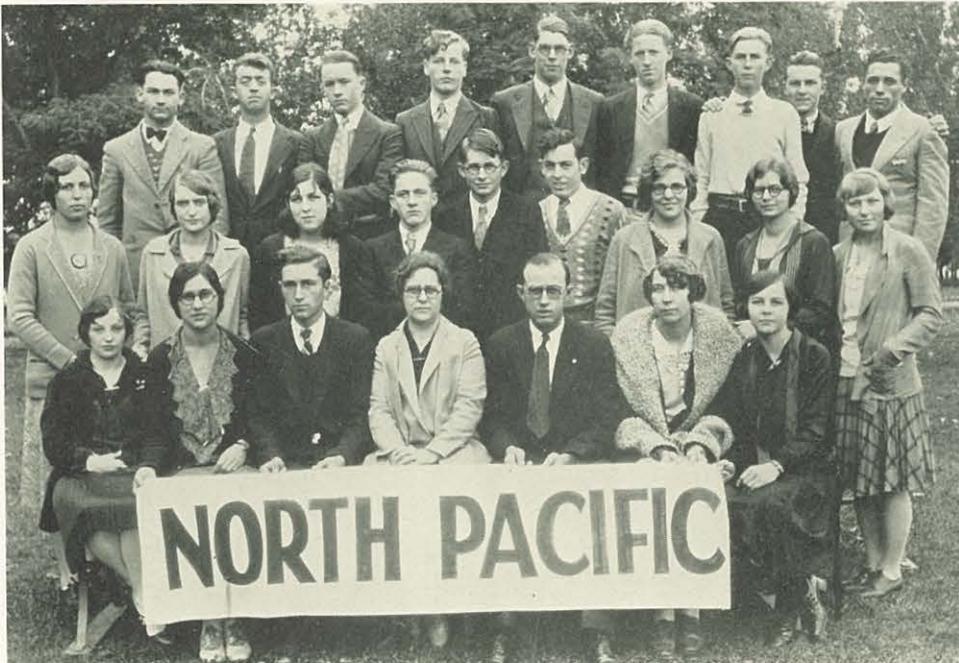
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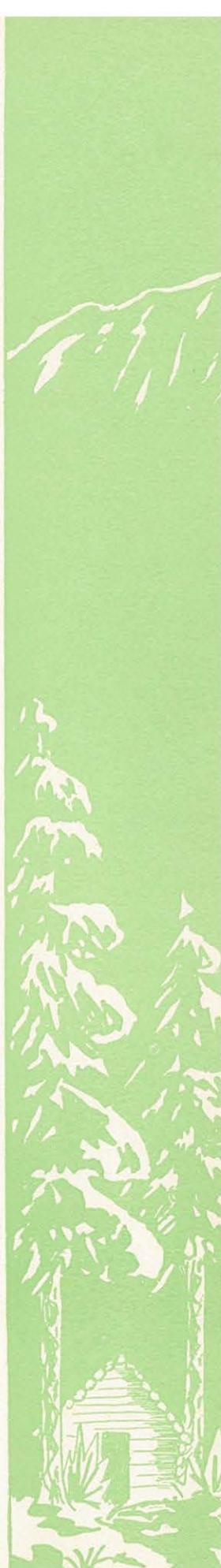
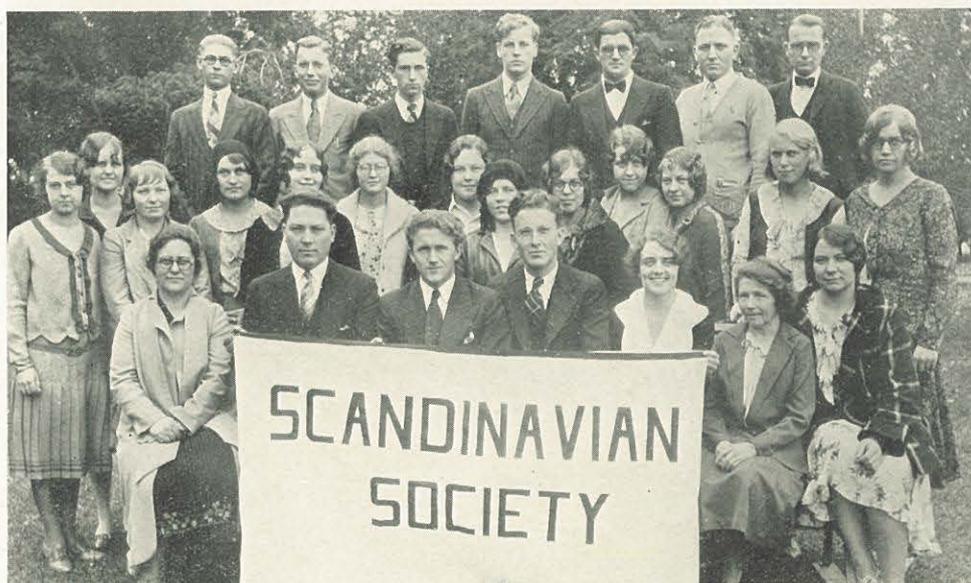
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"THE Spirit of Christ is the Spirit of Missions, and the nearer we get to Him, the more intensely missionary must we become."

Northwest Nazarene College is a distinctly missionary school. Out of one graduating class there are at the present time seven missionaries on the field. The Foreign Mission Band is a group who feel themselves definitely called to give their lives in the salvation of souls in non-Christian lands. The band prayermeeting and the study hour have been of definite profit. The purpose of these meetings is to keep clearly before each the call of God, to assist each other in the solution of problems which arise, to keep informed as to the needs of each field, and to become better acquainted with our missionaries. The study hour has been given to the study of world missions, noting especially the Nazarene missionaries. There have been a number of letters received from missionaries and their special requests have been definite subjects of prayer. God has graciously honored our meetings with the outpouring of His Spirit with definite answers to prayer.

We have undertaken to raise \$500.00 for the Girls' School in India and we believe that even as God helped us to raise the money for the Girls' School in Africa so He will help us in this.

*"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings."*

MRS. IRA N. TAYLOR.



Vacation Bible School



THE department of Vacation Bible Schools of the Idaho-Oregon District was organized November, 1929, as follows: Ray S. Miller, Chairman; Miss Thelma Peterson, Secretary, and Rev. I. V. Maxey, Treasurer. The first task of this department was that of training workers who could take charge of schools during the summer. Fourteen students of N. N. C. enrolled in the training class which offered the Leadership Training Course No. 118, "Administering the Vacation Church School." During the summer of 1930 this class of workers superintended thirteen successful schools with a total enrollment of 900. The local churches furnished eighty-five teachers and officers. The number of teaching hours was four hundred and fifty, or an average of eight months Sunday School time for each school. These schools cost a total of four hundred and seventy dollars or a little over fifty cents per pupil. At the close of each school term a public program was given. During the school year of 1930-31 two classes in training have been conducted in the college for which Leadership Training and college credit are offered. Each district of the Northwest education zone is represented by the thirty students enrolled in these classes. Plans are being made for a zone organization of vacation Bible school work with N. N. C. as the central training school for workers.

THELMA PETERSON.



Kitchen Force



*Out where people are always working,
Where no one ever thinks of shirking,
That's the kitchen.*

*Out where talk and laughter gay
Pervades the air throughout the day,
That's the kitchen.*

*Out where the boys wash dishes daily,
Where the gang that dangles, laughs a bit more gaily,
That's the kitchen.*

*Out where meals are in the making,
Where jolly cooks do delicious baking,
That's the kitchen.*

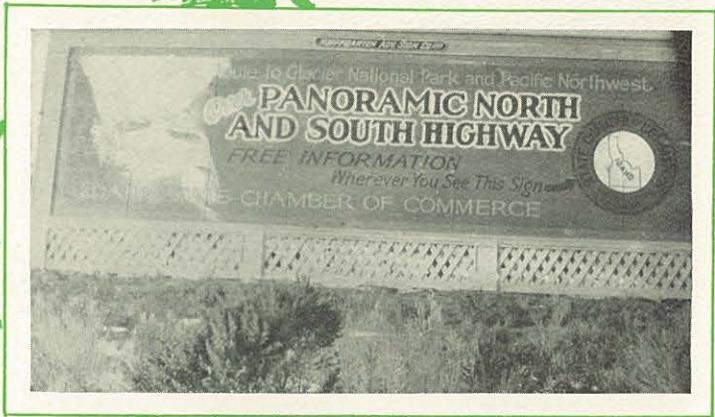
*Out where four little dainty ladies
Dish out spuds and meats and gravies,
That's the kitchen.*

*Out where our boss, so precise and neat
Plans the food we so love to eat,
That's the kitchen.*

*Out where people are always working,
Where no one ever thinks of shirking,
That's the kitchen.*

D. F. H. & M. I. S.





**ADVERTISING AND
CALENDAR**

C.F.

CALENDAR

Taking the liberty that is sometimes given to makers of school annuals we are reproducing extracts from Peggy's diary and correspondence. You have not seen Peggy: we have tried to portray in her a somewhat typical student.

SEPTEMBER

Mon. the 22nd. Well, Lil' o' Book, here I am at N. N. C. Fellow named Gordon something brot me over from the depot. Dean Wallace gave me a welcome, and a room, and a roomie.

Tonite the Troubadours and the other college quartet sang and blew their own horns for us. "It's Smee" is a sample.

Wed. the 24th. Dear Folks: I need a college education, all right. People here talk about S. L. A. and S. P. and things I don't understand at all. I didn't register till Tuesday,—the roomie had been thru the process before and we went late to avoid the rush that goes early to avoid the rush.

I like Mr. Harding. He spoke at the first chapel service this morning and I expect to walk to church some nights to hear him or Rev. Pounds. With love, Peggy.

OCTOBER

Wed. the 1st. Dear Lil': They are golfing on the green these days, but let's U and I remain true to our better nature. Heard Dr. Winchester hid the office golf sticks so Prof. DeLong and Mr. Smee couldn't play.

Went to first prayermeeting. Wonder how the folks are getting along.

Thu. the 2nd. Dear Lil': Tonite the "Dorm" boys surprised us after 9:45 for of course we hadn't seen them carrying radio stuff and setting it up in the club. Anyway it was good—saw Amos 'n Andy in person (Andy looks like Stan), heard the "ladies" hitting on all six (Body by Chester) ate animal crackers. Oh, yes, Mildred S. told me today Carl bit on a rubber doughnut Miss Jackie sugared for him. Then they coated it again for Enoch.

Sat. the 4th. Forgive me, Dear Lil' and my better nature. Today it was so sunshiny, and I had to do something and the roomie's brother had to do something

and I tried not to learn anything about putting and driving, so maybe this'll be the last offence.

Sometime last nite the old students—or the angels—serenaded us.

Tue. the 7th. Dear Lil': Today's good thought was from Rev. Maxey "you have not come here to enjoy a Christian spirit but to create it." This rain makes me want to think it over.

Wed. the 8th. Dear Lil', Just back from the Reception. Some crowd! Board of Regents were there. We did a lot of free advertizing. Mr. Taylorson found these on one of the Troubadours and his partner—"A kiss is worth a dozen wisecracks" and "Let George do it." Wonder which George she meant? Remember Wade's Wax figures and Ted and Chet.

Our district didn't get the S. G. S. banner. Such news before a student body picture!

Thu. the 9th. Lil, Dame Rumor has it that Rev. Job and Rev. Sharp put Donnell Smith in the bath tub. Ho hum, and so to bed.

Sat. the 11th. Dear Lil, I'm writing now because yesterday was so crammed full. Helped get the roomie off on A. D. P. hike to Lake Lowell. Freshman party in the evening. Wore my new eggshell silk. Good time.

Sun. the 12th. Dear Lil: I didn't get to go to the N. Y. P. S. Rally at Parma but I always like to hear Mr. Martin. This morning he spoke on Prayer—the prayer of confession. Went to choir practice in the church. Gretzie exhorted us to personal work.

Fri. the 17th. My Dear Lil, Tonite we went to Boise to hear Wilson and Darrow debate on Prohibition. There were lots of other new couples besides us. Guess I'll have to find out what they were all kidding Helen Hamilton about.

Mon. the 20th. Lillie, I had to laugh. The Upper Division girls carefully

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

sneaked off but the boys pretended not to know anything about it.

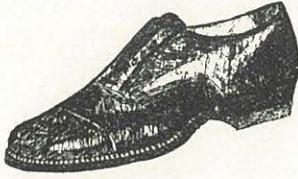
Prof. Sutherland must have been taking lessons from Mrs. Bowers. He said, "Railroads are bringing people closer together until eventually they'll find themselves in southern California."

Thu. the 23rd. Very late. Went to A. D. P. afternoon program. Tonite we surprised the boys of the dorm. They say Price that it was a fire and made some kind of a yard dash in record time.

Sat. the 25th. Dear Lil', Four class parties last nite but I could go to only one. Wore my orchid georgette. Been looking at my hand all day and wondering what FRS stands for.

Sun. the 26th. Dear Lil, Dr. Johnson (and his gavel) spent the day in Nampa. I can imagine Evolution cowering in its hole.

Thu. the 30th. Old book, for days and days I've neglected you but if I weren't so busy I might get something done.



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CALENDAR—(Continued)

Today, for instance; up at six, quiet hour with the roomie, then to breakfast for the fourth consecutive morning! Four classes, society meeting at 12:40, with a psy. report to fill in the vacant periods. Committee meeting at 3:40, then with all speed to the club to practice a song, then some tennis with Blondie (the score? shh). All of a sudden I remembered it was my turn to use the Maytag and I almost ran in the hall getting there. Just nicely started when the supper bell rang so I brot up the rear of the procession, arriving at the club on time to hear the shuffling of many hungry feet (Well, you know what I mean). Another round with the Maytag and I found myself at the library promptly at seven to get a chair and turn up one for the roomie. Then till 9:30 I studied hard—well, as hard as I could, considering. Of course you understand I had to talk to B— at recess and I had to answer his notes. Then some of the girls brought in some cookies and stuff and sat around and giggled till 10:30, then I had to giggle at the way they sneaked off. Wish I had my English for morning—some awful thing about a badger.

Fri. the 31st. Put on my orchid georgette to go to the first evening program—the Olympians had the platform all set for "Harvest." Couldn't think of a single Hallowe'en trick to pull off, so went to bed in disgust.

NOVEMBER

Sat. the 1st. Dear Lil', There was a big crowd at noon out to see the ground broken for the new chapel addition.

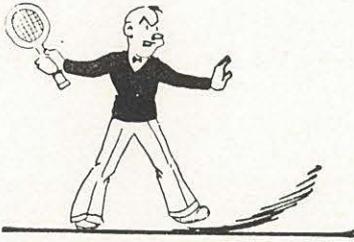
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Sporting Goods Headquarters

PHONE 61

CALENDAR—(Continued)

Clyde L. told me he heard this in Sociology class: "When I went to school I had to wear two pair of socks so that the holes would not come in the same places." Esther E.: "Are all boys as lazy as that?" Prof. H.: "How?" E. E.: "Too lazy to patch their sox."

Sun. the 2nd. Dear Lil, Tonite Miss Bushnell illustrated the "Lower Lights" for us. Wish I could draw like that.

Mon. the 3rd. Dear Lil, I took French leave to copy this from Clara Kern's theme on "My First Airplane Ride": "It (the plane that came down) contained a young couple and a parson who were having the novelty of being married in the air. My friend and I were next."

Tue. the 4th. The roomie says the U. D. girls found a message saying the boys were "captured by ghosts and burned at the steak." They were really frightened, judging from the way they hurried off. She says the Seniors serenaded last night but she couldn't get me awake to listen.

The 5th, being Wed. Dear Lil, Today in chapel that fellow Pandemonium

broke loose again and before they corralled him he'd rounded 1010 subscriptions for the Oasis. The S. L. A.'s won but we all got the ice cream.

Thu. the 6th. Dear Lil, Stopped a few minutes to see the Oly. win the volley ball game from the A. D. P.'s. They did it by using their heads.

The Seventh. Dear Lil, 'Spose you're waiting to hear what happened this being Friday nite. We helped cheer for the first basket ball game, then joined the exodus to the Circle Shop. Wore my tan sports costume.

Tue. the 11th. Dear Lil, This P. M. we signed an armistice with the faculty and went to Lake Lowell to celebrate. Some people were singing, "I Know How Homely I Are," but they couldn't have, possibly.

Fri. the 14th. Tonite I wore my egg-shell silk to the S. L. A. Reminiscence program. Bob predicted Don would work for a seed house and be such a good artist he couldn't put onions and potatoes on the same page, for the potatoes' eyes would water, but he paid

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

for it for Don put the drawing of the Irish spud and the onion on the bulletin next day.

Sun. the 16th. Dear Lil, Woke up this morning just in time to see the waitresses rushing to the kitchen at 7:45. Poor kids! They were at the PJ party last nite—heard the table was set by amateurs.

Wed. the 19th. Dear Lil, Thelma tells me the Chr. Workers Band is busy with revivals at Meridian and Sunny Slope. The one at Red Top is just over.

Fri. the 21st. Dear Lil, Same old grind. Grammar school program at the church this evening. Everyone said it was one of the best programs they ever attended. I thought so too.

Wed. the 26th. Lillums, Just finished scanning the first issue of the "A. D. P. Review." Guess the boys worked nearly all last nite pouring cement;—freezing cold, too.

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NAMPA, IDAHO

CALENDAR—(Continued)

Thu. the 27th. Dear Lil, I imagine Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and early—I wasn't up to see. The dinner at two was worth waiting for. Don't know whether I did justice to it but I didn't show it any mercy. Don't know when I've had more fun than I did skating under the starlight at Sugar Beet—to and from the campfire. Made me sorry to leave, even if we did have a fine nine o'clock supper at the club. Too

tired to know whether I'm happy or not.

Fri. the 28th. Just back from the choir party. Prof. Gretzie sure knows his indoor sports,—if an honest-to-goodness track meet can be called that.

Sat. the 29th. Dear Lil, Today we shivered and thought mean things of the firemen till one of the girls remembered turning off the steam pipe instead of the water pipe when it had burst.

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

DECEMBER

Mon. the 1st. Dear Lil, In chapel they were saying something about the Widow Zander being kidnapped and about 400% love. It had something to do with the Oasis Money Contest. I never did understand finance.

Tonite the revival meeting began at the church.

Wed. the 3rd. Dear Lil, Bob C. making a call for snapshots formulated a

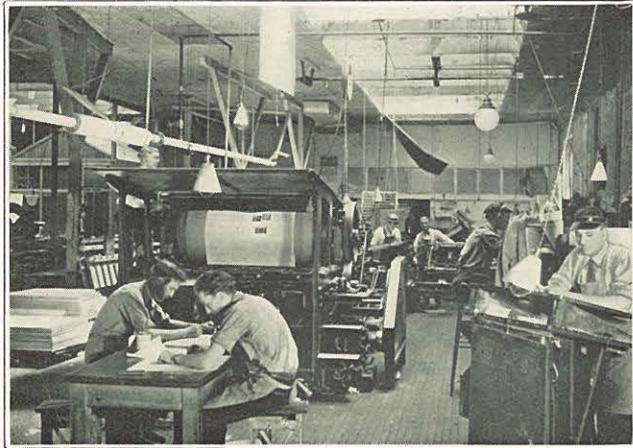
new beatitude: "Blessed is the man that does something without hope of reward."

Sat. the 6th. Dear Lil, Older Boys' Conference boys were laughing about the way they and Prof. DeLong were initiated into the "Order of the Fork."

Sat. the 13. Dear Lil, I've searched the town high and low this afternoon to find a Christmas present for B—. There simply isn't a thing in town good enough to get him. I'll have to hurry, too.

Growth

To the philosopher's "Cogito, Ergo Sum," might well be added "I Grow, Therefore I Live." Growth is the sign-manual of life. It distinguishes all living things from the lifeless.



Size of the company alone does not make CAXTON printing and binding desirable. But certain things that go with it -- and especially the things that cause it -- may well be considered worth having.



The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

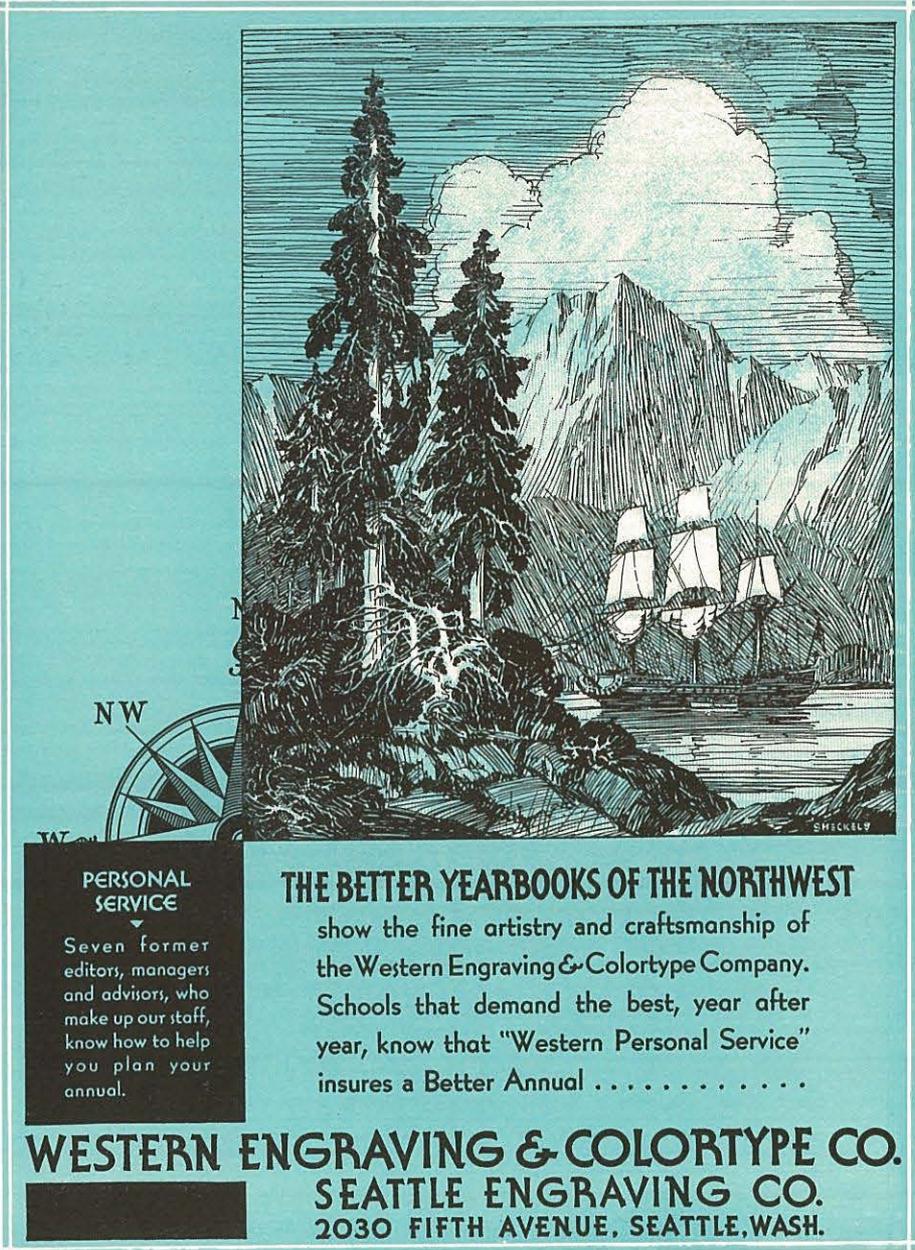
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CALDWELL, IDAHO

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*Scoring 780 points out of a possible 795



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"What would our Sunday School be
if every member were just like me?"

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NAMPA, IDAHO

CALENDAR—(Continued)

Tue. the 16th. Martha R. tells me she translated some German word ‘berry bushes’ and Prof. Goodnow said, “I think it’s just the berries.”

Wed. the 17th. Dear Lil, Hope I can remember Prof. DeLong’s “three sixes” on the results, cause, and cure of back-sliding.

There was a skiff of snow. Christmas soon will be here. Hope I can go home.

Thu. the 18th. Dear folks: I thot you’d like to know about the revival the last two weeks. There was no special speaker; Rev. Martin spoke at the church every nite, and there were special chapel services every day, some of them lasting until 4 P. M. Many of the students found a new depth of experience and I think all of us were brought closer to God.

Tue. the 23rd. Dear Lil, Didn’t get to go home, so will have plenty of time

to catch up on my studies. I must start tomorrow. Have been skating at Lake Lowell twice. B— is a good skater. Also have been listening to the radio in the parlor.

Sat. the 27th. Dear Lil, Been having so much fun I’ve neglected you. Goodwill party for North Side children. We found Price easily persuaded when it comes to playing checkers. More skating and all that goes with Christmas away from home.

JANUARY

Sat. the 3rd. Dear Lil, Been helping with relief work, so don’t ask why I haven’t been studying. Bob C. hasn’t been studying either, for he thought he had a good excuse to go to Portland.

Joe and Huldah were married and we charivaried them.

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

Tue. the 6th. Well, we're "back to normalcy" again—meaning English, Psy., S. P.'s., library, classroom, parlor, bedroom, and sink.

Wed. the 7th. Howdy Bob—excuse me, Lil, the London party was here today. Seems I can hear them singing yet—"Lord, I want to be a Christian." The day after tomorrow I'm going to start in being an optimist—when I catch up on some of the scads of studying I was going to do Christmas.

Fri. the 9th. Dear Lil, That old meany, Ted Martin, came up to me today and said, "She sure gave you a dirty look," and when I asked "who," he said, "Mother nature." Grrr.

Mon. the 12th. Dear Lil, Snicker, snicker, the lights went out while I was in the library. What did we do? We held flashlight footraces in the hall.

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

Tue. the 13th. Dear Lil, Margaret Parsons read amusing and inspiring letters from Miss Chism and Miss Robinson. "Aircraft" told us about the meeting he and Paul and Fix held at Twin Falls.

Thu. the 15th. Dear Lil, Dr. Winchester, in one of her straight-from-the-shoulder talks, tells us that a call is no positive guarantee of success, in preaching or education or finance, but only a possibility as we apply ourselves.

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

Mon. the 19th. Dear Lil, B— has joined the new club—the one with the theme song “Darling, I Am Growing Whiskers.”

Wed. the 21st. Dear Lil, I saw Lucile Parsons pin a sign on Bob Coulter’s back “I’d a lot rather study Huxley.” Got an A in English today. Billy Livingstone thinks the “revival of learning” is just before exams. Prof. DeLong was back in chapel today and told us about Kansas City.

Thu. the 22nd. Rocky sprang the newest in tongue-twisters—“all come out and roost for your society.” It means keep off the floor.

Mon. the 26th. Lil, today we used our long-dormant natures on samples of brick for the new building. I heard a lot of kids yelling “Seven-eleven” and that was just what I thought. Bob Coulter’s brother, Bill, is here visiting. He’s as Irish as the other two but he has more on the top of his head than Bob.

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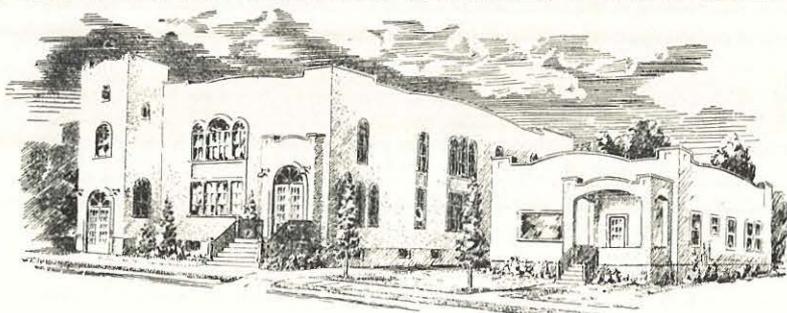
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CALENDAR—(Continued)

Tue. the 27th. Dear Lil, Guess I'll say goodbye to you until after the exams. Had one today. Not exactly duck soup. Tonight we ate in the basement of the dorm. Even if it weren't for the gang always gathered around the schedule, I could tell exams were on. People laugh one note higher, and twice as often—some of them.

Wed. the 28th. Dear Lil, Chemistry comes after dinner, so Prof. Marshall said, "Now you have plenty of time to finish this examination." Ted pipes up "It isn't time I need, Professor." Why does Bill Jones have to rub it in about the forgetters being forgotten?

Fri. the 30th. Dear Lil, Tonight I have been around the world!—at the S. L. A. contest program. I can shut my eyes and hear, "that's not M'sieur Woody—I never will save another life—Joppa, Palestine!"—

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

FEBRUARY

Mon. the 2nd. Dear Lil, Registering makes me think of Bill Jones' wooden soldiers marching along. Thought they were through testing our standing but this morning we found the floors freshly oiled. Went to A. D. P. Crusader program. Wore my orchid georgette but it was dark most of the time.

Tue. the 3rd. Dear Lil, In the camp of the A. D. P.'s tonite there is great rejoicing over the cup that cheers. Shorty announced today that "due to the absence of the president there would be a meeting of the S. L. A.'s."

Wed. the 4th. Wish that fellow who wrote "Seein' things at night" would come here and walk around the campus after supper some nite. He wouldn't see much but he'd hear a lot. Here are a few earfuls—

1. Ta-ta-ta (Guess Snyder beat 'em all back to the dorm and is celebrating).
2. Rattle-rattle-rattle (That's Needles starting his Ford).
3. Pst shh (Gentry's boiler on a ram-page).
4. Moooo (The cow that lives next door to the boys' dorm).
5. He-he-ho-ho (Someone told Enoch a joke).

6. Crash bang (David's dishes getting a jiffy wash).

7. Weeeee (Hog Latin for "Nick, we didn't get enough supper").

8. Some loud speaking in which Oke is trying to prove he is a woman-hater.

9. Brrrr (Shucks, the seven o'clock bell).

Mon. the 9th. Jacob explodes Prof. DeLong's famous illustration—"How would the walnuts get to the top if it were not for the beans?"

Thu. the 12th. Roomie just got back from the banquet the Junior girls gave the Senior girls in the dorm. I couldn't go so I played "still water."

Fri. the 13th. Dear Lil, Took my rabbit's foot to the Valentine Party.

Sat. the 14th. Part of the Staff go to Caldwell with the last of the engraving. Now roomie can get some sleep. Chester told me they made 6000 bricks today.

Mon. the 16th. Dear Lil, Just back from the debate with Weber. They won a 2:1 audience decision.

Tue. the 17th. We welcome our north-west debaters home again.

Fri. the 20th. You know, Lil', golf isn't such a bad game after all. And B— took me to the School of Music program too.

ALEXANDER

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CALENDAR—(Continued)

Mon. the 23rd. Today's bright saying —by Floyd Kinsler: "I'm going to buy a Robert's 'Rules of Order' so we can have order in our home." Also I overheard a discussion on crying. Helen Sears: "It sure makes you feel better." M. Parsons: "Ha! It makes your face cleaner."

Tue. the 24th. Dear Lil, I heard H. B. Snyder got up at 2 o'clock to catch a

mouse in his waste-basket. He didn't. Poor Snyder! Between this and the sneaky Seniors he sure has his worries.

They tell me the Seniors will leave us sometime soon without letting us know. I've wondered why Carl, and George, and Roscoe, and Thor have been missing so much lately. Guess they're thinking thinking things over. Oh, well, my time is coming, too.

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MARCH

Mon. the 2nd. I'm proud of our debaters. They won here and at Caldwell too. I made it around in 55 today!

Thu. the 5th. We have been having some interesting speakers in chapel lately. Flacks, the converted Jew; Ross Evan. Party; Rev. Maxey; and Mrs. DeLance Wallace.

Tue. the 10th. Dear Lil, Roomie tells me that Bob and Don are willing to trade jobs with anybody. They worked so late last nite that Bob was afraid to go home.

Wed. the 25th. I found out why some of the Juniors looked so sleepy this morning. But I s'pose they'd have been a lot more sleepy if the Seniors hadn't played the part of the Good Samaritan and pulled them out of the mud.

Sat. the 28th. The Olympians treated us to a "Spring" program last nite. "When it's Spring-time on the Campus" makes me realize how soon school will be out. I'm certainly coming back next year to old N. N. C.

CALENDAR—(Continued)

Thu. the 26th. Dear Lil, The southern debaters breeze in, with the Pasadena scalps hanging on the radiator. Mr. Smee says he had the privilege of speaking in the church in which he was married, to a little group of people.

Fri. the 27th. I'm disappointed! I always supposed that Edith was an honest and upright girl but tonight I noticed that she had her Price.

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