

Barren Basin

by Marcie Hart

For all you skiers, it looks like skiing just might be right around the corner. Bogus Basin reported needing one more foot of snow to be able to open up the hills for the more than eager skiers.

Meanwhile, the NNC Ski Club has been preparing for their annual ski-trips of the season. The first ski-trip is scheduled for January 14-15 to Sun Valley, Idaho. Various people will be taking cars up on Friday afternoon, spending the night in Ketchum, skiing the next day and coming back that night.

The second trip scheduled is on February 19-21 to Salt Lake City, Utah. This trip is scheduled during term break so those who are not planning on going home can spend a couple of days skiing to their hearts' content in the mountains of Utah. It looks like an exciting season for the NNC ski club. Now if it would just snow! □



Jazz band boogies

by Bonnie Craig

Starting strong with Bill Chase's "Get It On" and building stronger to "Old Devil Moon," the Lab Band per-

formed to a full house Thursday night. As lighting set the mood and improvisational solos were passed around, the involvement included more than

the 20 people on stage.

From ballads by Stan Kenton, "Here's That Rainy Day" to Buddy Rich's "Westside Story," the NNC Lab Band proved its ability to play professional charts with an equally professional sound.

A surprise appearance by Santa Claus and a cleverly worked in "Jingle Bells" by the

trumpet section in "What Have They Done to My Song, Ma?" proved that the Christmas season is here.

The feature, Buddy Rich's creation of "Westside Story" furnished each section with the opportunity to put together an excellent performance.

A standing ovation was in order and Bill Chase provided the encore as well as the intro.



the weather

For December 10-17



Here it comes, folks, weather or not. A falling barometer is most likely to be broken and a low of minus 14 degrees will shatter another record this week though no difficulty is expected as the song was recorded on tape. A disproportionate amount of sun-spot activity is expected for the coming week and some radio and television interference is anticipated though no flags will be called on the play.

Our weather satellite, Eros VII, indicates quite a variety of weather this week with snow, fog, rain, sunshine and typhoons predicted in various parts of the globe. On a fly-by over Eurasia, Eros VII began tracking a jolly fat man and eight tiny reindeer pulling a sleigh. As they crossed the Ural Mountains a heat-seeking missile was launched and began to follow the U.F.O. At the satellite's last transmission, the sleigh was listed as downed over Manchuria and officially recognized as M.I.A.

Due to the large amount of precipitation we may expect quite a large Yuletide with sandbagging to begin quite soon as a flood of students prepare to evacuate the campus.

On a somewhat serious side, the weather man would like to take this opportunity to wish all his faithful readers a warm and gracious Christmas season and offer a hope that all of you may enjoy a most beautiful and enriching new year. □

Thought For the Week



Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "A man is what he thinks about all day." Consider this for a moment. If you think battle thoughts all day, is it little wonder that you're war-weary by night? Think about what you think about. □

THE CRUSADER

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Letters to the editor are solicited, they must be within a 350 word length and bear a legible signature. Author's name will be withheld upon request. The CRUSADER reserves the right to withhold any letter it views as outside the bounds of good taste.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

by Bob Sevier

After each issue of the Crusader you hear it: "I don't believe that's in there," "They have got it all wrong," "What are they trying to do," "They always have such negative attitudes." Hmmm.

Sometimes it is difficult for me to listen to such comments and remain silent. After a bout with this sort of critical rhetoric it is tempting to walk off with a martyr complex and believe that no one knows what goes into a newspaper. I know that this isn't the case, for many students know how big a chore it is to publish that tabloid we call the Crusader and, furthermore, I realize that criticism is necessary, especially when it is valid and specific enough to be used. It is when the Crusader is inundated with a flood of blanket criticism that causes me to do a slow burn. We who work on the Crusader learn to live with and, in fact, enjoy a certain amount of criticism; providing that it is worthwhile, but there are times when we are criticized for the most outrageous and benign matters. Often we are accused of abandoning discretion. This is good. This is pat, not original, but pat. But the big question still remains, "Who dictates discretion?" You? Me? Gary? Is there a norm which we can handily follow? There isn't and, I pray, there never will be. My discretion may be your poison, your discretion my agony. The world is not black and white. As people we deal with what are called the gray areas, those little fringes that defy boundaries. All a paper can hope for is consistency and that is determined by the editor and his editorial policy. Discretion is good. Sometime help us to define it so no one is offended.

Dealing with as many diverse elements as we have on this campus is no easy undertaking. Imagine with me, if you will, a performer trying to juggle twelve hundred student opinions. For spice, throw in an administration, a faculty, a board of regents, miscellaneous parents, an educational zone and a general church. Shake well. Let us call the performer an editor; the whole act will be the Crusader. Get the idea?

There seems to be a fairly widespread idea that members of a student newspaper are a bunch of skeleton-shakers bent on digging up every old bone that they can imagine. This is not true and neither do we walk around screaming "Stop the presses" or mumbling something about Caesar's ghost. Though we are students, we take our job seriously. We are charged with a tremendous responsibility: to bring forth a newspaper each and every week. I wonder if everyone realizes the full extent of that task? College editors don't have it easy these days. Rising paper and production costs, budget cuts and higher staff salaries are only the beginning. There is always the list of stories to be compiled and revised, assignments to be given out and information to be collected and sifted through, much of it to be rejected. There is the constant waiting for articles and stories promised, some of which never materialize, and the agony of basketball photographs which never make it through the developer. Don't forget the ten thousand or so words which must be written, typed and proof-read, again and again. And the "all-nighters" before the 7:00 a.m. deadline with a continuous influx of sports, student government news, academic affairs, social events,

letters to the editor, cartoons, columns, editorials, news items photographs and ads which continue to arrive right up through early Friday morning. Nor shall we leave out the constant revision of the layout sheets as articles won't fit on the page or to work around that misplaced logo. And if you're really an achiever, let's do this again next week, ten times each term, for the whole year. Oh, yes, let's also be students who care about their studies.

Yet, not only does there appear to be some difficulty in understanding the integral aspects of the Crusader, but editorial policy also seems to cause some confusion. Often the Crusader is challenged for the letters that it prints under the logo "We Get Letters." The challengers criticize the editorial policy of the paper for printing these letters. I wish that it could be universally understood that it is the editor's responsibility to print all letters providing that they do not indulge in slander or character assassination, whether he agrees with them or not. This is his responsibility, a responsibility that we all enjoy as a right. Sometimes it's called freedom of the press. Perhaps if this is understood the editor will not be accused of printing "those articles" for "those articles" encompass "our rights."

So what am I saying? Good question. Bear with the Crusader. If you have a gripe, think it through first. If the pain still persists, tell us about it, we'll always listen. If you feel that we have made a mistake, offer us some advice, you never know what might come out of it. Don't be afraid to get involved, after all, it's your paper, too. Getting involved has a great way of changing perspectives. □

WE
GET



LETTERS

cheer leaders?

To the Editor:

I am writing about NNC's supposed cheerleaders. I feel they have let us, the student-body down. We picked them to lead us in cheers.

If they are going to be cheerleading, I feel they should stand before the crowd and lead them, help the crowd bring out the spirit that is in them.

Sure, they do cheer some, but they sit on the bench more than they cheer.

Example: C of I had three Cheerleaders. They stood before their crowd and kept them going and excited. I am not saying they stood up all the time.

Example: NNC had six Cheerleaders. They sat on the bench and lead our crowd in six cheers through the whole game.

I am not saying they need to cheer all the time but I feel there is a lot of room to improve.

in praise of "His"

To the Editor:

I am not one to verbalize my feelings in print very often, but I feel I must in regard to the "onslaught of criticism" in the letter to the editor in the November 26 issue of the Crusader regarding the "His" group and the Evening with Ann Kiemel. As many others, I went to hear Ann, but thoroughly enjoyed the music by "His." They made it clear that they were there only to support Ann and to glorify God.

My criticism is that they apologized to my generation for presenting the type of music of your generation. Young people, you owe no apology for presenting music

of the NOW generation. I saw the shocked expression on your faces as you received a standing ovation. Let this reflect the feelings toward the "His" presentation and not the nitpicking of some. Perhaps some do not realize that a standing ovation means, "Man, I like what you are doing so well that clapping is not enough; I must stand and say, 'Right on!'"

Thank you, "His" for helping Ann Kiemel emphasize the greatness of God. I am proud of you and admire your willingness to play second fiddle to the major attraction of the evening.

Edith Lancaster

great thinkers rare

To the Editor:

Re: Kevin Harden's letter to the editor of last week headlined "Peanut Butter Power." His point was largely obscured by his altogether unsupported assertion, rather lengthily drawn out, that "no great thinker has (yet) come from Idaho," and that Idaho is characterized by the "kind of thinking that can lead America in only one direction—downward."

Blustering defense aside, I should like to point out that the only evidence offered for his assertion was a letter to the editor with which he disagreed—written by a girl from Vale, Oregon. Following Harden's logic, then, it is Oregon, rather than Idaho that lacks thinkers.

Such "logic" has come in our minds to characterize Harden. Perhaps great thinkers are, in fact, not in abundance anywhere.

Ric Johnson



MARLETT
THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER
COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

THE PUSHER

plain people plastered

Concerning Chaplain Poarch's recent sermon and Keith R's subsequent editorial support, I'd like to throw in two cents worth. As I see it, the effects of Hansi, Ann Kiemel and Keith Miller have caused some campus backlash—quite a bit, judging from the laughter generated by Chaplain Poarch's wry, dry, try-to-keep-a-straight-face introductory remarks.

The chief criticism being generated appears to relate to the "successes" of our three recent guests. I fear we misunderstand success.

What Hansi, Ann Kiemel and Keith Miller have in common are unique, individual, profound experiences with God, Salvation (Jesus Christ) and Ethics (Holy Spirit). They also have been asked by God (I hope I'm not being too anthropomorphic) to speak and write to us about their experiences: what they have come to know about God. They are confident in themselves and God and have God's blessing on their lives. They are successful.

We treat spiritual success as if it means some of the things our recent guests do: speaking to crowds, influencing many, or witnessing on planes. I **KNOW** you said success was not those things, Chaplain, but I didn't hear that in the fog, as our *Weatherman* would say, of your rhetoric. You are not going to call me back into silent witness, rewards we'll only know about in heaven and membership in the mediocre masses (which don't exist except as an idea). I am a success. I am free and unique and God talks to me. God is going to do many great things through me, greater than what He's done in my life already! And I've met other Christians, believe it or not, who praise God for the great things he has done and is doing through them. If Hansi, Ann Kiemel,

and Keith Miller were here to defend their success, they would be honest and say their success comes from God. Who are we to cut that? The three in question were not trying to bring glory to themselves: we simply failed to understand their message, which may be why we have so far to go.

Don't misunderstand me and don't think I misunderstood you. You didn't mean to alienate me. You meant your meaning to mean more than it did to me: you meant to comfort me, "where I'm at," I suppose. I don't need your sympathy. I do want you to let me be honest in my misunderstanding if by this I do unto you and I do want you to allow me my opinion if by this I don't undo you (maybe I do need your sympathy).

I won't sign my name since I may never get another girl around here to look my way if I do: a Christian guy who believes in himself (yuk!) and critical, too (double yuk!)? And I won't sign my name since I'm not known as much of a Christian anyway, by people associated with the theology department, and I don't want to spoil (enhance?) my image.

If anything I've said has offended you, Mike Lodahl, please don't write a letter telling me so. I address you, Mike, because you may be only the first to feel I'm being hypercritical (as grr would coin it) and am, in reality, Super-Christian. We are, after all, well-practiced at excusing ourselves, aren't we?

One last comment. For Keith Miller, "God loves you and I love you" is phony, but not for Ann Kiemel. Ann's reasoning may be more sound: most of what she is is what God is, and God loves you, so she does too: not without knowing you, but before knowing you.

jd

Christmas time?

santa claus is coming and the kids are getting greedy they know it's in the store because they seen it on the t.v.

you go into the forest and you cut down all the trees i know you got a power saw but who plants the seeds

it's Christmas time—ching!—wooh baby
it's Christmas time

i gotta buy a present can't remember who it's for but i'll see you in an hour when i get back from the store

madison avenue is such a pushy scene they're making all the billboards red and green

d.j.'s on the radio they'll really talk your head off cause macy's bought an ad, they're gonna make a lotta bread off

it used to be the birthday of the man who saved our necks but now it stands for santa claus—you spell it with an x

it's Christmas time—ching!—wooh baby
it's Christmas time

Larry Norman

letters letters letters

bernard blasted

Dear Editor:

I am in total disagreement with Mr. Bernard's letter of last Friday, I did not appreciate either his argument or his propositions as to the redistribution of the allocated funds. I found his thinking to be irrational and illogical. How would an annual foosball scholarship benefit every student in the school, I haven't been to one of the games all year long? As a matter of fact I don't even care how well our foosball team does. I also think that the Brass Ensemble sounded fine.

On the other hand I feel that a bridge would not only make movement to and from the

apartments easier and safer but would also add to the aesthetic enhancement of our campus. After all a bridge can be a very beautiful and useful object.

Yours truly,
Sue Howard

huh?

To the Editor:

I stand corrected.

Sincerely,

N.O. Bernard

P.S. Perspiring is healthy, and a necessary adjunct to cardiovascular development.

baby raiders

Letter to the Editor:

It doesn't bother me too much that I was abruptly awakened from my much needed sleep to the tune of what I thought sounded like "The Big One;" and it doesn't bother me that I was subjected to hooded aliens in my place of residence. Nor did it bother me that I ran barefoot down the icy sidewalk in hot pursuit of one of those aliens. It doesn't even bother me that I caught a fleeing alien, which I quickly subdued on the frozen wasteland of Morrison's front lawn. Well, in fact, I rather enjoyed the final pursuit and subsequent pre-dawn tackle! What does bother me, however, is the black spectre that raises its ugly head when considering the flagrant, wanton, and total disregard for the peace of mind and personal property of Dooley Hall's residents and heretofore sacrosanct hallways. Smoke filled the corridors, numerous unspent water balloons, and ashened carpeting all seemed to reflect a rather asinine attempt at gaining attention and an astonishing lack of maturity on the part of the intruders.

This is the second year that my wife and I have lived on campus; and since we have spent several months in both male and female dormitories, I feel fully qualified to make the following observations.

The visually pleasing Christmas decorations that adorned the halls and doorways of

Dooley were totally unlike anything that I had observed while residing on the opposite end of the campus. Our Dooley residents had taken considerable amounts of time to decorate their dwellings and the outcome of their efforts was highly commendable. However, when I surveyed the carnage left in the wake of these midnight marauders; I did see some resemblance to last year's second floor north Chapman Hall, for the noise, debris, and odor loomed hauntingly familiar.

Alas, how bold, how brazen, how utterly man-like, for this hooded lot to destroy the very thing that they had been invited to enjoy not five hours before.

On more than just a rare occasion, I have heard representatives of the male sector boo-hoo, banter, and belly-ache about the looks, dress, and carriage of many NNC females who weren't voluptuous enough for them to date. And if they would consent to date, they wouldn't know what to do in the first place. I suggest that it is the NNC immature male population that's really "hurt-in." Manifestations of male poise, productivity, and marital promise such as was evidenced early Thursday morning would seem to reinforce female feelings that if there were any guys who looked like Robert Redford, dressed like David Niven, and had herculean masculinity like Paul Newman, they

wouldn't be mature enough to be thoughtful, kind, polite, loving, even considerate!

It would seem like there is a stalemate between NNC male maturity and NNC female expectations. Be that as it may, from my perspective, it would appear that the males have the edge on immaturity and pre-high school-like non-fun. How fulfilled the perpetrators of these covert events must have felt upon their return to their hidden strongholds to discuss their successful "Rape of the Dooley Sabine Women!"

AH, IMMATURITY, IT DESTROYETH THEE!

I suggest that the havoc wreaked upon Dooley lies in direct proportion to the sophomore maturity level of the perpetrators of the Dooley Hall raid. A bit of verse would seem appropriate at this juncture. (Sing it to the tune of "Here Comes Santa Claus.") "There's ole Dooley Hall, There's ole Dooley Hall, Ripe for breaking in.

Girls are sleepin'
We'll be creepin',
Proving we are men.

We'll be showin'
How we're growin'
When we rip and slash.

We'll be gleein'
While we're fleein'
Showing all our class."
Woefully submitted,
E.A. Self

dear who?

Dear Editor:

Why are letters to the editor written to the editor? The writers of these letters do not expect that the editor is a possessor of any "special" knowledge, nay they do not expect even a cursory answer from the editor. Most often, it seems, letters to the editor are more to the readers of the editor's newspaper than to the editor personally. Is it possible that letters to the editor are merely public declarations of opinion; or worse yet outward manifestations of otherwise repressed creative forces striving to be released? Mr. Editor, please answer these important questions, or better yet, don't bother.

Where are the Snowdens of yesteryear?

S. Eras. Condon

Editor's note: Alright, I won't.

ripped

Reforms on Capitol Hill

WASHINGTON—The clamor for reforms on Capitol Hill will be louder next year. It begins this week inside the House Democratic Caucus. By next month, it will spread to the Senate.

The younger members hope to reduce the power of their seniors and to streamline the cumbersome committee system. In the past, the committees of Congress have been controlled by the elders, regardless of their ability, their honesty or their possible senility.

The seniority system has produced chairmen who are not representative of the country's geography, its politics or its people. They are often out of step with the times and with the majority of their own members. Yet these chairmen are able to control the flow of legislation through their committees.

Two years ago, the young turks in the House overthrew three powerful committee chairmen. The casualties were Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, Banking Chairman Wright Patman and Armed Services Chairman F. Edward Hebert.

But the Senate committee chairmen escaped the reform movement. They may not be so lucky this time. A task force, headed by Sen. Adlai



with Joe Spear

Jack Anderson's WEEKLY SPECIAL

Stevenson, D.-Ill., has been conducting a study of the Senate's committee system. It has recommended cutting half the number of standing committees and limiting senators to one chairmanship apiece.

This will reduce the power of the old curmudgeons who have dominated the Senate in the past. The seniority system has often held back the bright young men whose leadership is needed in these swift-moving times. This may now change in the Senate.

The House Democratic Caucus is taking up a number of reforms this week. The creaking lawmaking machinery is in desperate need of an overhaul. It would be too much to expect that the overhaul will be complete.

But some of the old men, who march in slow cadence behind the nation, may be pushed aside.

Unknown Oil Organization: There is ominous evidence that

the Western world is on the edge of an economic slump. The key to it is oil. On December 15, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries will meet in Qatar to consider a price increase.

Another big boost in world oil prices would send other prices soaring. Consumers would be compelled to cut down on their purchases. This would cause production to drop. Many economists believe an oil price rise would create serious commercial and political strains throughout the non-Communist world.

So all the world will be watching OPEC on December 15. But few people are paying attention to another oil organization. It's called the International Energy Agency. Its participants are the giant international oil companies.

Ostensibly, the IEA was established to combat the economic effects of another oil embargo. For two years, more

than 30 oil companies have been holding secret meetings. The U.S. companies have been granted antitrust exemptions to participate.

The secret meetings usually are held at the headquarters of some international oil consortium such as Exxon or Shell. Sensitive information about supply and demand is exchanged. The purpose, supposedly, is to prepare contingency plans for dealing with another world oil crisis.

The meetings are monitored by federal antitrust lawyers, and written records are kept of the discussions. But the gatherings are altogether too secretive for comfort. The government's antitrust watchdogs have admitted to us that they can't monitor what the oil executives say to one another outside the conference halls.

The oilmen have been put on the honor system. But they have always considered it honorable to squeeze the highest possible profits out of the paying public. As for written records, they aren't available to the public.

Sources familiar with the setup warn that it is dangerous. The international oil giants are able to gauge one another's oil reserves and transportation capabilities. This could give them total control over the Western wor-

ld's oil supplies.

The IEA hasn't violated any anti-monopoly laws. But like OPEC, its manipulations bare close watching.

Boycotters Benefit: President Ford has publicly criticized Arab boycott of firms which deal with Israel, but we have learned that his administration has subsidized the boycott with millions of dollars.

We have learned that the federal government is financially supporting the boycott-complying companies. For example, the Export-Import Bank and the Overseas Private Investment Corporation have provided millions of dollars in aid to many of the U.S. firms which have participated in the boycott.

The Export-Import Bank also gave loans, investment guarantees and insurance to 19 of the 38 firms recently named by the Commerce Department as boycott participants.

OPIC, meanwhile, insured \$50 million worth of overseas investments for several of the companies including, Bank of America, Gulf and Western and the First National City Bank of New York.

Spokesman for both federal agencies told us that they will deny future requests for assistance if the transaction involves firms which have complied with the boycott. □

A better school

ASNNG

by Rick Edwards



Last week Sam talked about a few things he feels are important to us as students if we want to make NNC a better school. Some of these are of more of a long-range nature and others are achievable this year. There are a few things going on right now that may help us realize some of the goals Sam mentioned in his article.

First, the bridge is currently being built across the Elijah Drain for easier access to and from the new apartments. The bridge will be a steel and concrete span about 47 feet long and four feet wide. By the time we get back from Christmas break it should be finished, and the paved walkways near completion.

A committee is studying the President's On-Campus Home in order to provide some facts in

determining whether it is a worthwhile undertaking.

Another committee is being formed to study the ASNNG Constitution for possible revisions and/or additions, in regard to the role of class officers (president, vice-president, etc.). At present there is no mention of them, their duties or responsibilities.

There are several possibilities of obtaining a computer for the school that are definitely feasible, in the form of a gift, a grant or a combination of the two. We'll try to keep you posted on any late-breaking bulletins.

Don't forget that the student members of the Student/Faculty committees are reporting to Senate; this Tuesday Bob Corner from Entertainment Evaluation Committee will be the

guest.

Monday's convocation will be sponsored by ASNNG with Steve Guy reporting on some of the concerts and activities he has scheduled for the remainder of the year. Also Sam Hunter will be talking further about his views of student government and the goals he would like to reach this year, and in the years to come.

Hope you can keep track of all the goings-on this weekend; there's plenty to keep you all caught up and in shape (or even if you don't). Here's a quick run down:

Friday-Basketball Game
All school skate-\$1.50
11 p.m.-1a.m.

Saturday-Basketball Game

If you forgot the Lab Band concert and ASNNG Christmas party, you missed them.

Have a great week, and be careful going home for Christmas. If you're flying and need a ride to Boise you'd better sign up now for one upstairs in the Student Center (Office 209 or 211). □

EVERY CHRISTMAS
THE FAMILY
GATHERS
TOGETHER -



AND FIGHTS
ABOUT
PRESENTS-



MONEY-

AND WHY WE
DON'T SEE
EACH OTHER
MORE OFTEN.



AND IT OCCURS
TO ME THAT
THE BIBLE MUST
HAVE ITS
DATES WRONG.



CHRIST WAS
BORN ON
GOOD FRIDAY.



ISN'T EVERYBODY?



AND CRUCIFIED
ON CHRISTMAS.

From The SOAPBOX



by Howard Greenbaum

What is it about television that renders its worst moments the commercial ones--so peculiarly offensive? That's easy to ask and hard to answer, but I suspect that TV's obnoxiousness quotient--so frequently far higher than those of print and radio advertising--results from its simultaneous onslaught against two of our senses, sight and hearing. A bad newspaper or magazine ad offends the eye, but only momentarily; it's so easy to turn the page, almost unconsciously, or to direct the eye to other reading matter. Likewise, radio spots can be a burden to the ear; however, the station is easily changed or the sound shut off for a minute. But television lures us, somehow, into an echoing cave of sounds and shadows from which escape seems much more difficult. Bathroom visits are usually not long enough to coincide with the average commercial break, and it is just too tiresome to shuffle over and damp the sound for each commercial. So most of us viewers, I suspect, grin and bear it--and thereby ingest thousands of commercials a year along with our favorite programs.

While I will probably go on suffering the spots as long as I watch television, that doesn't mean I have to be happy about it. Far from it. In fact, I've become increasingly outraged by a growing number of commercials currently on the air, and now the time has come to get a little commercial of my own back. A few years ago, there was at least some hope for the future of television advertising; a number of talented people at creative ad agencies were permitted, for the first time, to do tasteful and witty commercials that won friends for their sponsor's products by actually entertaining the audience. Volkswagen, Alka-Seltzer, Polaroid, Xerox, Schaefer, and a small band of other rugged pioneers began, in the late sixties, to give commercials a good name. And while there were probably ten bad or dull spots for every good one, we could at least wish that the new wave would prove contagious. Then came hard times--and on their heels, as sure as fate, the old hard sell. Despite the number of depressing aspirin and patent-medicine spots that flayed the

viewer with repetitive bushwah, a new school of dramatic--or melodramatic--hard sell began to show its made-up face. Soon the airwaves were awash in concentrated suds--tiny thirty second playlets modeled on soap opera and featuring soap opera's stars. The object of this dramaturgy was to show and tell not just the product's benefits, but the palpable humiliation and social degradation of its nonusers, often at the expense of all believability.

An early and presumably successful entrant in this now enormous field was the "ring-around-the-collar" series for Wisk detergent, which must date back five years or more. I need hardly remind you of these infuriating little plays, in which the loyal wife is mortally shamed when her husband's collars are discovered often by a younger, prettier woman--to bear "those dreadful rings." Given the word ("Wisk," of course), the good wife speedily rectifies her error and is last seen basking in her husband's smiles again.

Another long-running series of even lower plausibility is brought to us by the courtesy of All, also a detergent. (All and Wisk I singled out for dispraise in this column over a month ago). Here we are expected to believe in a clutch of women who are touring something called "The Stain Center"--a sort of laboratory dedicated to the eradication of dirt. The women are asked what their toughest stain problem may be. "Greasy oil--that's the worst," they chorus; their repugnance is rewarded with a demonstration of All falling upon and routing a specimen of that selfsame greasy oil. Say what you may about these spots and their depiction of women as credulous cretins, they have added that unusually grungy little phrase "greasy oil" to our hard-pressed mother tongue. (Press time footnote: The newest All spots have retreated. They now refer to the enemy as "oily dirt").

Maintaining their perfect record of contempt for the public, the makers of All have done it again in their latest commercial for what I assume is a new product, Liquid All. Washer repairman tells housewife she should use something he blithely dubs "The Outcleaner"--Liquid All, of course. Converted by his brilliant dem-

onstration, she ends the skit by tossing him her old detergent and keeping what by now, however implausibly, she herself has learned to call "The Outcleaner."

But commercials like these lack the real, 100-proof inanity and nastiness of some other recent arrivals. Scott Towels surely deserves a special award perhaps a tank-car full of bathroom slops--for creating Aunt Bluebell, that chirping crone who makes idiots of her nieces, friends, and supermarket acquaintances by pointing out in raucous tones that Scott Towels weigh more than their competitors, whatever that proves. One of the makers of solid air fresheners, Renuzit, is at least equally guilty of perpetrating a commercial in which a group of women, come to call for (I presume) a bridge luncheon, sniff in unison on their hostess' threshold and begin passing catty remarks about the odors they smell, including last night's fish dinner and husband George's cigars.

Only in America: anywhere else, a commercial like that would be laughed off the air in a week or less. Along with the even more risible Lanacane spot in which a female wedding guest excuses herself from the ceremony, pleading a fit of terrible itching; her confidante, the mother of the bride, persuades her to apply Lanacane (she has some right here, natch) and stay for the duration, which itching quelled she does. And Haley's M-O, a laxative, has a queasy spot about a costive older gent who's "just not in the swing" until he tries M-O, which speedily sets him straight. Next morning, tossing a ball to the dog, he announces he's back in the swing again. Finally, there is the case of Mr. Whipple, the beleaguered storekeeper who cannot keep his otherwise law-abiding customers from squeezing the Charmin (a brand new toilet paper, as if you didn't know by now). The compulsive squeezers are conceivably the dimmest-witted characters on TV, which is saying quite a lot.

But none of these strange ebullitions of the creative mind

in, or fallen on hard times has the aura of romance of a whole new school of what I can only call "down-home" commercials. Here, thanks to the example of the *The Waltons*, the product is gathered--nay, crushed--to the bosom of the happy rustic family. To name but a few of the most egregious: Country Morning cereal is masticated and loved to distraction by a clutch of rustics in what appears to be a Victorian farmhouse high on the prairie of the Midwest. In an access of folksiness, Crest toothpaste has let its selling job be taken over by an elderly druggist, joined, in a recent extravaganza, by two comic grandfathers who quarrel over, if you can believe it, the brand of toothpaste for their tow-headed grandson. And Sominex the stuff of dreams, has laid most of its recent playlets in heartland homes whose inhabitants are found, to everybody's surprise, to have just as much trouble as city folks in falling asleep. (When I hear a phrase like "falling asleep" repeated in a TV spot, my first thought is "FTC," slightly offbeat, left-field phrases like this often represent some sort of legal dodge to beat the eagle eyes of the Federal Trade Commission. Other such phrases include "Pain reliever doctors recommend most").

Worse, surely, than any of the above are the multifarious commercials that would sell us personal care products of all descriptions. This infamous breed is designed to create galloping insecurity and drive us posthaste to the drugstore, there to purchase the sovereign remedy for our ails, whether Johnson's Odor-Eaters (for smelly feet) or Sure Deodorant (to test, under one arm, against our present deodorant, under the other). New heights in suggestive cruelty were reached, a few years ago, by the Clairol spot that told aging women, "You're not getting older, you're getting better;" but even those highs are now being topped by a whole flock of insinuating messages. Least humiliating but most misrepresentational of these is the Listerine series that tells us over and over, in childish and primerish terms, that Listerine keeps your breath fresh two times longer than the leading mouthwash, i.e., Scope. What this commercial doesn't reveal is that, as my dentist says, "No mouthwash can sanitize your mouth for more than five minutes." Therefore, even if Listerine can freshen your breath for ten, its utility is minimal, to say the least.

But this is nothing to the brash meanness of the warring "sexappeal" toothpastes, Close-Up and Ultrabrite. Close-Up's tacky little skits tell the innocent offender (who thinks she can win her boyfriend with clothes) that she'd better put

her money where her mouth is and get Close-Up. This crude vulgarity is more than matched by Ultrabrite, whose sex-kitten spokeswoman comes right out and asks, "How's your love life?" as if a mouthwash-based toothpaste held the answer to the riddle of the ages. Urrrrgh! And, in turn, these appeals to the loneliness of the young are echoed--especially during the national news programs--by other appeals to the even more pitiable loneliness of the aged, who are told by a horde of false-teeth-stickum and false-teeth-deodorizer makers that they never again need fear the humiliation of slipping plates or "denture breath." Armed with their new security, the oldsters in these spots bite into ripe, juicy apples and bunny-hug their winsome grandchildren without fear and without reproach.

My supreme candidate for Awfullest-of-All Commercials, though, is the sly and artful series created by Geritol. Using the casting of the down-home spots--pleasant but unpretty, unactorish people--and a limbo setting, these abominable commercials create a striking simulation of real, happy lives. A man in his thirties' beams fondly on his not-quite-pretty wife; he's proud of her, he confides, because she knows how to take care of herself, which, of course, means "Geritol, every day." A younger mother holding her little boy talks about her self-respect, and how she retains it by taking care of herself. Women representing three generations of a family--all hearty and healthy--pose with a baby with a baby who represents the fourth. Their secret of radiant health? All-except the baby-dose themselves daily with Geritol. Thus a product of questionable efficacy retains its status as a national best-seller. These commercials--which must play most cruelly on the poor and undereducated--are some sort of national disgrace.

Not to end on such a somber note, I'd also like to cite the silliest (and perhaps most harmless) of the current commercial crop: the dizzyingly dim-witted new series for Lifebouy Soap, in which a proud husband sashays into his living room singing "I smell clean!" to his startled wife, and a proud father relays the same stupid message to his young daughter, who sniffs somewhere near his armpit, considers, and confirms his boast: "Daddy, you do smell clean!"

These, then are my Best Worst Commercials of the year, in descending order of offensiveness: Geritol, Ultrabrite, Close-Up, Wisk, All, Scott Towels, Charmin, Renuzit, Crest and, for sheer boring, booming repetitiveness, one I haven't mentioned before, Anacin. Constant viewer throws up. □

Special events Calendar

ART

Faculty Art Exhibit
BSU Liberal Arts Gallery.

Through December 10.

Photo depiction of the M. Cunningham Dance co., by James Kosty
Jewett Exhibition Center, College of Idaho. Through January 15.

Nez Perce Bicentennial display of paintings, by Jo Proferes
State Capitol, fourth floor. Through January 31.

"Object 76" crafts exhibition
Boise Gallery of Art. December 4 through January 2.

Painting by Ruth Melichar
Art Mart. Through December 19.

Open House
Merrill Strong Pottery Studio. December 12, 9 AM to 6 PM.

"Mc=E2" (exhibition of phtotgraphy by James Kosty)
Jewett Exhibition Center, College of Idaho. Through December 15.

Watercolors by Walter H. Sundell
Boise Cascade Building Offices. Through December 31.

Paintings by Dan Flowers
NNC Fine Arts Building. Through December 31.

Paintings by Jan Scudder
Len Jordan Building. Through December 31.

Watercolors by Ruth Hanson
First Security Bank. Through December 31.

Landscapes by Marie Spink
Canyon County Historical Society.

DRAMA

"I am a Camera"
Theatre in a Trunk. Through December 12

"A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens
BSU Special Events Center. 10:00 AM; 2:00 PM, December 18.

MUSIC

Majors and Minors presenting "Feelings"
Jewett Auditorium, College of Idaho. December 10-11 at 8:15 PM.

Voice recital by Larry Peterson
BSU Music Auditorium. December 10 at 8:15 PM.

Christmas Concert, by University Singers and Meistersingers
BSU Music Auditorium. December 12, 8:15 PM.

A Christmas Concert by Dennis Day
Boise High School. December 20, 8:00 PM.

Violin Concert by Mary Alice Givens
Boise Gallery of Art. December 15, 8:00 PM.

"The Messiah", by Boise Master Chorale
St. John's Cathedral. December 19, 3:00 and 8:00 PM.

"Shalom"
NNC Science Lecture Hall. December 13, 10:00 PM.

Christmas Senior Recital by Carlton F. Harvey
NNC Science Lecture Hall. December 13, 8:00 PM.

SPECIAL EVENTS

"A Christmas Fantasy"
Treasure Valley Iceland, Fairview & Wildwood, Boise. December 11.

All-School Skate sponsored by ASNNC
Nampa Rollerdrome. December 10, 10:30 PM.

On Stage

by Dean Cowles

Once you find out that the concert is not at the Western Idaho Fairgrounds as the ticket says, but instead at the Boise State Gym, you're on your way to a unique experience. Two weeks ago, a near capacity crowd sat through an hour of **Tarwater** and another hour and a half of **Charlie Daniels**.

The concert started on time, and from my point of view that was about the only thing that turned out right. **Tarwater** did not have time for a sound check, so they spent some time tuning up and asking that the volume be turned way down from what it was (thank goodness). When the volume was turned down, at least I could understand some of the words and hear some distinguishable music. People were fairly content with the Idaho Country music provided by **Tarwater**, but when **Daniels** came out, it seemed as if the noise of the crowd out-powered the sound produced by the 40 or 50 speakers.

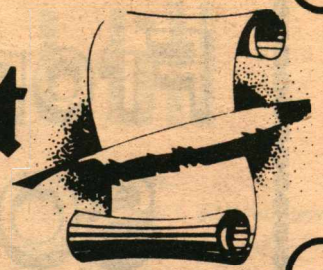
As the band came out and started to play, it became apparent that someone had turned up the volume again; my ears sighed a sigh of discomfort. It is possible that I might have sensitive ears and therefore I could not detect audible words or notes above the glare and feedback from the speakers. However, I would contend that the band as well as the audience has been to so many loud (very loud) concerts that their hearing is bad and consequently they keep turning up the volume. But whatever the reason or the case, the acoustics were poor, the smell was bad and I could have enjoyed the concert much more if I would have sat outside the gym and listened in, besides saving \$5.50 per ticket.

Beauty may be in the eye of the beholder but for all sane purposes, enjoyment at this concert was determined by endurance of the beholder's ear.

An added note to this concert is that the Boise fire marshal has determined that there will be no more concerts in the B.S.U. gym because of the fire hazard. Defying the No Smoking rule, people began to light up as soon as the lights went down. The crowd used their matches and lighters to signal their approval and the desire for more. Action of this kind has been taken before and it remains to be seen whether concerts at the gym will actually be foregone. To make matters worse, \$3,000 was stolen. □

Sitwit

grr



Seen through the eyes of John Updike, life becomes an ironic comedy of errors. People are categorized into conventional molds by forces beyond their comprehension and often, recognition. There they are safe to follow a dull and predictable future. Occasionally, a black sheep slips into the fold and catches a glimpse of these molds. Disliking what he sees, he begins to struggle to escape. This struggle is futile, for his glimpse was only enough to reveal the presence of the molds, it was not enough to show him the way to escape the one in which he finds himself entrapped. Updike personifies this theme with comic irony in his short story, "A & P."

The black sheep is Sammy, a callow 19-year old people-watcher. From his vantage point behind the check-out stand of a small-town supermarket, he catches a glimpse of the molds that trap people, "The customers are (all) usually women with six children and varicose veins mapping their legs..." and even builds some traps himself, "She's one of those cash-register watchers, a witch...if she'd been born at the right time they would have burned her over in Salem." Customers have all become alike, to him they are "sheep, pushing their carts down the aisle." Their lives seem so immovable that he is struck by the comedy of the situation. "I bet you could set off dynamite in an A & P and the people would by and large keep reaching and checking oatmeal off their list and muttering, 'Let me see, there was a third thing that began with A, Asparagus?'"

Suddenly three non-conformists march into the store, girls in bathing suits in a New England grocery in 1962. This fact alone would mark them, but Sammy, ever observant, notices other differences, "The girls were walking against the usual traffic." He also notices the effect they have on the "sheep," who notice the girls with obvious shock, but "their eyes snapped to their own carts and on they pushed." "On they pushed," they see the non-conformity, the escape from a conventional role, but they were too comfortable and what they saw only frightened them. They keep moving in the same direction.

However, unconventionality in the literal raw has caught the eye of conventionality personified. Lengel, the manager of the store, classified by Sammy as "dreary, teaches Sunday School and all the rest," coldly reprimands the girls for their appearance. This makes Sammy angry, although he does not understand why, angry enough to quit his job.

In Sammy, Updike has created a paradox, for throughout the story, as Sammy watches the conventional "sheep" contemptuously, he often defends their viewpoints. He shows a keen understanding of the regular customer's action. He himself is continually classifying people into little molds.

He fails to see himself as a member of the flock until he quits his job. Then his values began to haunt him. "Sammy, you don't want to do this to your Mom and Dad," (Mr. Lengel says). "He's right, I don't." He senses the truth of the matter-of-fact view that Mr. Lengel has about life, and at the same time, he wants to break from the mold he can see himself fitting into. He finds this escape impossible, because the things a person refuses to see in himself are the things that are most difficult to ever change. If you don't attribute yourself with a quality, why would you need to rid yourself of it?

Sammy is too sharp to escape the pain of this irony. Unfortunately, his pain is also misunderstood. By quitting, Sammy symbolically escapes his mold, while refusing to recognize that he is in it. He is destined to go through life struggling against a force he does not understand. His closing statement foreshadows this: "I could see Lengel in my place in the slot, checking the sheep through...and my stomach kind of fell as I felt how hard the world was going to be to me hereafter." □

dear
santa...





by Paul Panther

EARTH, WIND, AND FIRE: Spirit

Earth, Wind and Fire have been one of the better disco bands around, and this album shows why. Excellent harmonies on intelligible lyrics, avoidance of endless repetition and excessive jive, and tight horn and string arrangements set this band apart from others of the genre. Earth, Wind, and Fire are able to retain the spirit of their music and at the same time stay within the bounds of task most of the time.

Although their lyrics are based on a corny philosophy and are really nothing but drivel, the same can be said of most pop music these days. *Spirit* realizes some of the band's musical potential, though, and is really not too bad.

KANSAS: Leftoverture

On *Leftoverture*, Kansas plays rock and roll music loud, hard, and heavy. But big deal. If there wasn't any rock music that was any better listening than this, I would be inclined to believe that last line of "Magnum Opus," the last song on *Leftoverture*:

'Cause Rockin' and Rollin', its only howlin' at the moon.
It's only howlin' at the moon.
Living your life day after day
Sooner or later all your plans changes

Either fail or fade away
Browne urges his young son to make the most of his life, despite the inevitable disappointments:

Let the disappointments pass
Let the laughter fill your glass
Let your illusions last until they shatter

Whatever you might hope to find
Among the thoughts that crowd your mind
There won't be many that ever really matter

"Sleep's Dark and Silent Gate" is perhaps the most moving, haunting song on the album. Browne plumbs the depths of his emotions following the suicide of his wife, the futility of his attempts at happiness and the emptiness he feels.

The title cut closes the album, concerning a young man

who gives up his idealistic dreams to join the rat race and tries to pretend that all he cares about is making money. Still, the pretender can't quite fool himself, and still longs for something more than a workday existence. In the end he asks:

Are you there?
Say a prayer for the pretender
Who started out so young and strong
Only to surrender.

JACKSON BROWNE The Pretender

Jackson Browne has been called one of contemporary music's finest songwriters, and *The Pretender* certainly proves that.

The Pretender is the best album yet from a performer who hasn't had a bad one. I call it his best because of a number of reasons. Browne's vocals are stronger, clearer, and not as raspy as in the past. The arrangements are better, featuring a greater variety of instrumentation and backing vocals, and David Lindely's slide guitar, which tended to dominate too much of Browne's music in the past, is used a lot less. Browne's music has more vitality and energy and his performance on *The Pretender* is consistent, lacking the dull spots his last album, *Late For the Sky*, had.

Browne's music can be very personal, and at times deeply moving. The subjects of his songs are universal; the passing of time, the future's uncertainty, the death of loved ones, and the seeming futility of existence.

These are the themes central to *The Pretender*. "The Fuse" and "The Pretender," the album's first and last songs, put the rest of the album in its context. "The Fuse" concerns the inevitability of the changes time brings, and the futility of man's struggles in the face of them. "Your Bright Baby Blues" deals with the same themes, and the attempts to justify one's existence, the longing for something beyond the mundane, and the uselessness of searching for peace of mind and heart through escaping from reality. □

Masterpieces missing

Governor Cecil D. Andrus says shoplifting is a major crime in America. NNC's Art Department will agree with Andrus after the experiences they have been having with this disconcerting problem. According to Dr. Mary Shaffer, Department Head, art items have been disappearing from exhibits in the halls of the Fine Arts Building for the past three years.

Recently the situation grew more serious when a large

macrame hanging valued at \$350 was stolen, the piece of property of a guest artist visiting NNC's campus. Last week a small backstrap weaving (representing 20 hours of tedious work) by Debby Roberts was taken.

Dr. Shaffer believes that students involved in the art program have a disadvantage when compared to students sharing their talents in other fields. The exhibits of basketball players or singers can't be

stolen. Art is different. Art products are both visual and tactile.

Shaffer feels strongly enough about the situation that she mentioned that if this trend continues, her students will stop displaying their work until a gallery is built where art items can be properly exhibited and protected.

If anyone knows the location of a long, dark red weaving, please return it to Dr. Shaffer. □

Northwesterners



by Judith Walker

The evening of December 4th was cold and slightly snowy, providing the perfect foil for the second of the two-night Northwesterners' December Concert.

The Northwesterners always seem to give nearly flawless performances and this concert was no exception. The total impression was one of sophisticated artistry with the stage settings, costumes and lighting all adding to the mood of the music.

Traditionally this concert has been thought of as the Christmas Concert and a great variety of Christmas music, both traditional and contemporary, was done. But there was more than the Christmas season explored in this concert. The audience was taken on a musical journey from the Renaissance through the Twentieth

Century. Samples of secular and religious music from many time periods and many countries were included. Many of these selections were sung in their original languages and Dr. Hill's comments before the numbers made the songs more meaningful to the audience.

The Renaissance Consort is an instrumental group that plays in varying combinations. As the name implies, the group does music from the Renaissance era and it is done on Renaissance instruments such as the recorder, harpsicord and guitar.

Walden Hughes undoubtedly was the hit of the program. From the reaction of the audience it would seem that they would have liked to hear much more Hughes; as he said, perhaps sometime it would be Walden Hughes assisted by the Northwesterners, but not this year.

The final numbers of the program were of more modern vintage and seemed to elicit the most positive response from the audience.

One of the highlights of this section was the number "Et Les Cloches Sonnaient" ("And the Bells Rang") which is rapidly becoming a tradition with them.

Composer Jester Hairston was featured again this year in the final selection. They sang his "Christmas Gift" which is a story in song of a southern Christmas custom where friends go to visit each other on Christmas day and upon meeting the first to yell "Christmas Gift!" collects a gift from the other.

The mixture of the familiar and unfamiliar and the variety of the instrumental and the vocal made the Northwesterners' December Concert an enjoyable experience. □

Annual alien round-up

All aliens in the United States, except a few diplomats and accredited members of certain international organizations must report their addresses to the government each January.

The card for this purpose is available at any Post Office or office of the United States immigration and naturalization

service. After filling it out, place a postage stamp on the reverse of this card and drop the card in any mailbox. Parents or guardians are required to submit reports for alien children under 14 years of age.

If you or any members of your family are not citizens of

the United States, you should tell your parents of these requirements. If you have relatives or friends who are not citizens, you will do both them and the government a great service by telling them of the requirements. Remember, the time for reporting is during the month of January! □

Grapplers split pair

by Mark Pridgen

Last weekend the Crusader matmen travelled the Northwest, wrestling in Lewiston, Idaho and Forest Grove, Oregon.

The team didn't wrestle well at Lewiston, they lost a dual match to Lewis and Clark, 26-19. Only four Crusaders

won their matches that night in northern Idaho. Mike Powers by decision, Tim Kurtz-forfeit, Doug Ries-decision and Doug Shaffer by pin. Coach Horwood stated, "the team wrestled badly Friday night, the long trip took a lot out of them."

Moving on to Forest Grove,

Oregon Saturday, the grapplers wrestled in the Pacific University Invitational. The team battled much better and placed seventh out of eleven teams. After the team's performance that Saturday, Coach Horwood believes the "NNC wrestling squad is the best small college

team in the Northwest. Seventh place is not an outstanding finishing spot out of eleven teams, but the competition presented by the larger schools must be taken into account. Among the other teams at the Invitational were; Pacific University, Oregon College of Education, Lewis and Clark and Humboldt State."

The top individual placer for the Crusaders was Mike Powers finishing fourth overall in the 126 lb. weight class with a 3-2 record. Other individual standings were: Ken Courtney at 118 lbs., 0-2; Gary Lyman wrestling 126 also, 0-2; at 134 lbs. Bob Wheeler battled 5 matches winning 3, losing 2; also at 134 Tim Kurtz, 0-2; Doug Ries wrestling 142, finished 1-2; Jeff Lenker injured earlier in the week was unable to wrestle over the weekend, which left the 150-lb. position open; Royce Mitchell and John Mayhew wrestled at 158 lbs;

Mitchell 1-2; Mayhew 0-2; at 167 lbs., A.J. Anderson 1-2, Scott Freeby 1-2; Doug Shaffer, 0-2 at 177; Dave O'Conner received a minor injury and wrestled only one match, losing at 190; heavyweight Don Trent finished 1-1.

The team was pleased with their own performance. Coach Horwood said, "the team wrestled well and really put out. Being in a good tournament will really benefit the team from here on out."

This week the team is undergoing a shifting of positions again and will not be completely settled until this evening. The competition within the team is much closer than a lot of matches.

The next match will be tomorrow at the College of Idaho, in the campus gym at 5:00. The match is against Columbia Christian College, and the team should win if they wrestle well. □



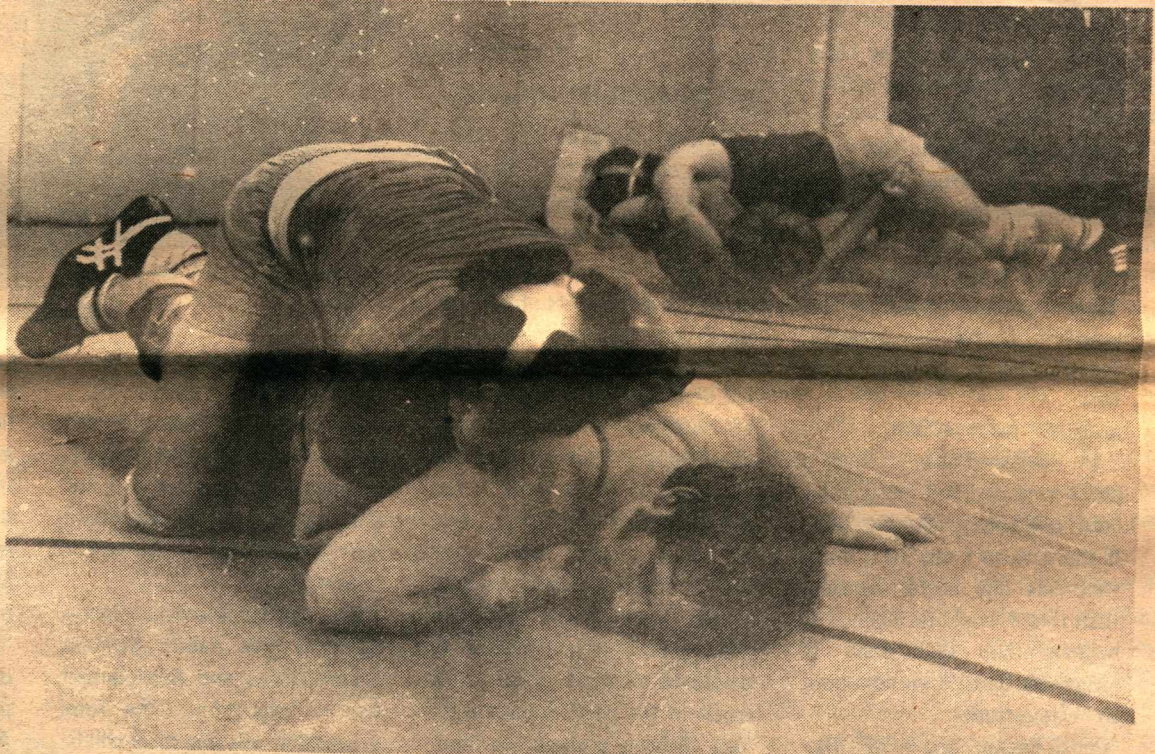
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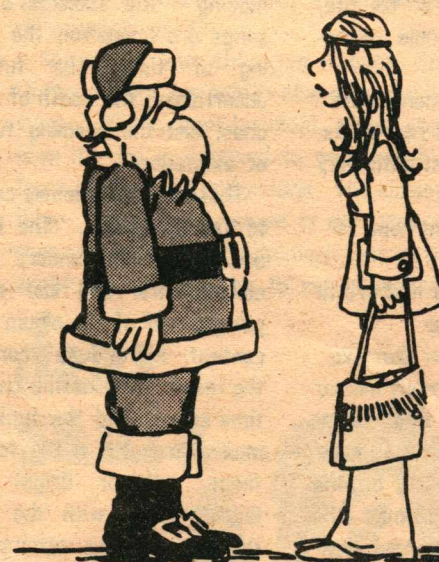
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DUNAGIN'S PEOPLE

by Dunagin



12-15
Dunagin
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"IS THAT YOU, STANLEY? IS THIS THE JOB
YOU HAD TO HAVE A HAIRCUT AND SHAVE TO GET?"

lowdown by lodahl



All right, all right, I've heard all I can stand about our big jock basketball players, the guys who score all the points and grab all the rebounds and make all the headlines. I've had it up to HERE with newspaper clippings about the guys who stand shoulder-high to a giraffe, weigh an eighth of a ton and get along with all the beautiful girls.

Why? Because they're forgetting someone. Someone called "Trainer."

Though he's the personification of the word "inconspicuous" when standing beside Williams or DiBene—he's 5-11, 130 pounds—"Trainer" Davis' contribution to the NNC basketball squad is anything but insignificant. His duties, of course, include such routines as ensuring that the team uniforms and warmups are always ready for games. But that's not all: "I also try to help get the team psyched up and ready to play ball," he said during a break in Monday evening's practice.

"Trainer" has done his job so well that his position on the team has indeed become his name. It fits. "It takes the new girls till Christmas to find out that 'Trainer' isn't my name," he "complained" with a wistful grin.

Okay girls, there are still two weeks before Christmas, so here's a real "scoop," his name is actually Jim.

Whence the nickname "Trainer," then?

Jim recalls that it was the Wilcox twins (remember John and Jim?) who dubbed him "Trainer" three years ago. Needless to say, the name stuck (so why'd I say it?) That was back in Jim's freshman year, and he's been "Trainer" ever since, both in name and in vocation.

As a matter of fact, Jim, whose homeland is the Post Falls, Idaho area, has been a basketball trainer for a decade. He began his career in seventh grade, and has thought of work along that line after he finishes school, "I wouldn't mind it," Jim reflected, "if the Lord wants me there."

Jim is the only member of the basketball squad who has been around each of the last four years, so he's in an excellent position to evaluate the program's development. How would he compare this team to, say last year's squad that reached the district tournament? "This team is stronger...We have alot of depth."

Despite the squad's newfound depth, Jim's not making any rash predictions. "I don't know how things are gonna come out...Wait and see. We're real young—we have eight freshmen that travel on the road with the team."

"Of course, our goal is to get to the nationals. But whatever happens, we've dedicated the season to God. Our theme song for the season is 'My Tribute.' We give God glory every game we play, whether we win or lose."

Jim is well aware that even help from heaven will not be sufficient to bring NNC a berth in the nationals; it will take what is called in the jargon of sports cliches "a total team effort." Said Jim, "There's no one person who's going to get us to the nationals."

"Trainer" even acknowledges those of us in spectatorland as an integral component of this "team effort." Thanks to everyone for the support you've given the team," Jim concluded. "It really makes a difference. The pep band is really a boost for the team, too. Thanks a lot for the support," Jim concluded again. "We need it."

Let ME conclude with a promise to you, Jim: as long as you and the jocks perform the way you have thus far, you'll have all the athletic supporters you'll need. □



Soccer scores

After losing to Mountain Home earlier this season, the eight to one victory last Saturday was a definite boost to the NNC soccer club.

The NNC team did everything right and put the ball in the goal from all over the field. All of the NNC forwards scored, with most getting at least two. Mike Moon put in three and ended up the highest scorer for

the Nampa team.

After a short rest, NNC met league champs, Albertsons, and played a great game. NNC scored after about fifteen minutes, but it was nullified because of an offside. The game then went on tied for the rest of the half. The second half was well played by both teams, with both goalies saving a lot of shots on goal. With about ten minutes left,

Albertsons scored and the score ended 1-0 with Albertsons on top.

Much credit should be given to the NNC team. They all gave a tremendous amount. The participation was excellent; Bob Cotner, team captain, thinks that after five years as a winning team they deserve something for their efforts. Maybe next year. □



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1921 Caldwell Blvd. Next to K-Mart

Crusaders cream Wildcats

by Stephen Hauge

In tournament action this weekend NNC whaled on Linfield, the team picked to repeat as district champs, 99-81 in LaGrande, Oregon. NNC defeated C of I 64-52 Friday night to qualify for the Saturday night final against Linfield.

The black and orange scoring machine started to pull away from Linfield when Hondo Jenkins scored with seven minutes left in the first half, making the score 37-27. But the officiating (which has been

inconsistent this season so far) ended that when Fritz was called for a technical. Hondo didn't appreciate being run over, much less being slapped with a personal foul that broke their momentum. The Wildcats rallied back to knot the score 41-41 when Barnes got hot. Rommie Lewis, Verne Ward, and Jeff DiBene each had four fouls by half-time, leading 47-41. And when Barnes tied the score three times in the second half 49, 53, and 55 apiece, the Crusaders were in trouble—especially with Lewie

on the bench, Verne "Mental" Ward out of the game and the Dr. Beamer playing with four fouls. "I only fouled out 4 times last year," DiBene said, "I'm still getting adjusted to these college refs." He later beamed a Wildcat and was called for his fifth personal with 12:53 remaining in the game.

The Crusaders then reeled off 17 straight points to up their lead 84-67 in their most impressive showing of the year.

"Their offense was set up for Wickman and Wilmont," Mr. Ed recalled. "We made some defensive adjustments to counteract that offense and we ended up shutting them out for a while."

"I tell you—this is a team," Hondo noted. "When Rommie and DiBene left, we weren't worried. We know that on this team there are people backing us up. I was just happy to see Verne Ward come in and help as well as he did, and to see Jeff come back in and do a job."

It was all Pat Englehardt though in the contest as "Engle" gave Ted Wilson (Linfield's coach) a "hard" attack finishing with a game high of 37 points.

"Layton told me to go to the basket," Englehardt said. Pat broke his previous high by six points and was just five off the NNC record.

"There's a fine ball team," complimented Wilson. "They gave us a good lesson. When a guy gets hot like Pat, there is not much you can do."



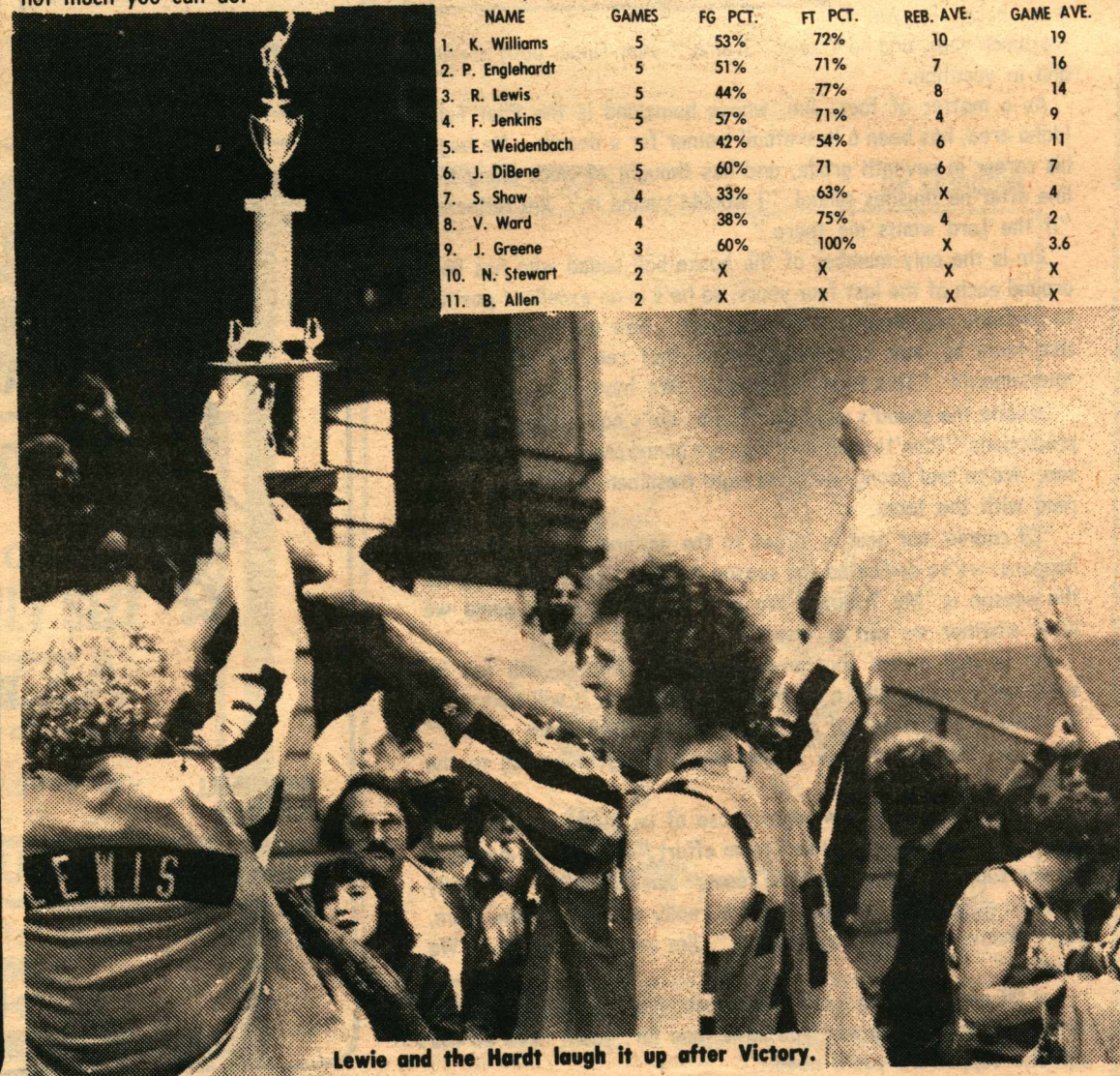
Pat lays one up en route to his 37-point game.

NNC for the second time this season tried to break 100 but fell short by a free throw, ending Linfield 99-81.

Carroll College invades Montgomery Gymnasium tonight for a double-header this weekend. "Carroll swept two from us

last year and with the Carlson brothers, Ron and Rock, they should be real tough," Layton anticipated. "Their record is the same as ours, four and one." Game time set at seven-thirty both nights. □

NAME	GAMES	FG PCT.	FT PCT.	REB. AVE.	GAME AVE.
1. K. Williams	5	53%	72%	10	19
2. P. Englehardt	5	51%	71%	7	16
3. R. Lewis	5	44%	77%	8	14
4. F. Jenkins	5	57%	71%	4	9
5. E. Weidenbach	5	42%	54%	6	11
6. J. DiBene	5	60%	71	6	7
7. S. Shaw	4	33%	63%	X	4
8. V. Ward	4	38%	75%	4	2
9. J. Greene	3	60%	100%	X	3.6
10. N. Stewart	2	X	X	X	X
11. B. Allen	2	X	X	X	X



Lewie and the Hardt laugh it up after Victory.

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Revolution 2

* "For the Good Times"

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Faded Glory
Wildoats
Hang Ten

Branded Lion
Manchester
Sundowner
Holbrook

Coyotes cream Crusaders

by Stephen Hauge

The starved Coyotes ate the horse out from underneath the charging Crusaders as Mr. Ed and Company tried in vain to overtake the pack on foot. Revenge-minded College of Idaho, which had lost six in a row to NNC, defeated the Crusaders 77-69 in the Cow Palace last Tuesday night.

All five starters had contributed points within the opening six minutes of the game as NNC threatened to make it a laughter, leading 12-2. In the following four minutes the Coyotes applied the "Golden Rule" to their game plan, tying the score 14 apiece with a 12-2 surge of their own. The blockbusting fans of C of I and the ole faithfuls from NNC were to witness a dogfight the rest of the way.

The Crusaders, known for bringing out the best in opposing coaches, had C of I mentor Murray Satterfield seething midway through the first period. Satterfield was awarded a technical for his fine debate with the official and forever held his peace. Rommie Lewis converted on one of the technicals, upping the score 21-18 in favor of NNC.

The Crusaders again looked like they were going to blow C of I out of the place when Williams and Mr. Ed sank consecutive two pointers, increasing their lead by seven to 25-18.

Coach Satterfield then called a time out, hoping to cool off the Crusaders and regroup. The strategy worked as the rivals outscored the favorites

14-8 and trailed by only one point, 31-30.

At half-time NNC went into the locker rooms with a slim 40-38 lead, thanks to a last second layup by Ed Wiedenbach, who led his team in scoring with 21 biggies.

The Coyotes came out burning the net in the second half as Rick Fried swished three giving the ole dogs a lead they would never relinquish.

"We went out there and gave 100 percent—nothing clicked," recalled Ed Wiedenbach. The only thing that clicked in the Cow Palace was the clock and the Coyotes' scoring. That also came to a halt when Scott Shaw was put into the contest and Layton installed a full-court press. The Crusaders then blanked the Coyotes for nearly six minutes, aided by fine defensive efforts from Shaw and associates. Only one problem though...NNC couldn't score either. They couldn't have hit the Grand Canyon if it was a foot away as the NNC scoring machine suffered a major breakdown. Mechanic Terry Layton tried every combination, shuffling players around like a deck of cards, and was tempted to use Trainer Davis as a spare part.

"We shot every time we were open but nothing fell for us," Honda Jenkins commented. "We even missed easy layins at crucial times. I know I missed a couple."

NNC had outrebounded the Coyotes 41-32 but they only shot 36 percent from the field, well below the team average of 53 percent. C of I shot 50 percent. The game was decided at the charity-stripe, where the Coyotes sank 21 out of 27 and the hapless Crusad-

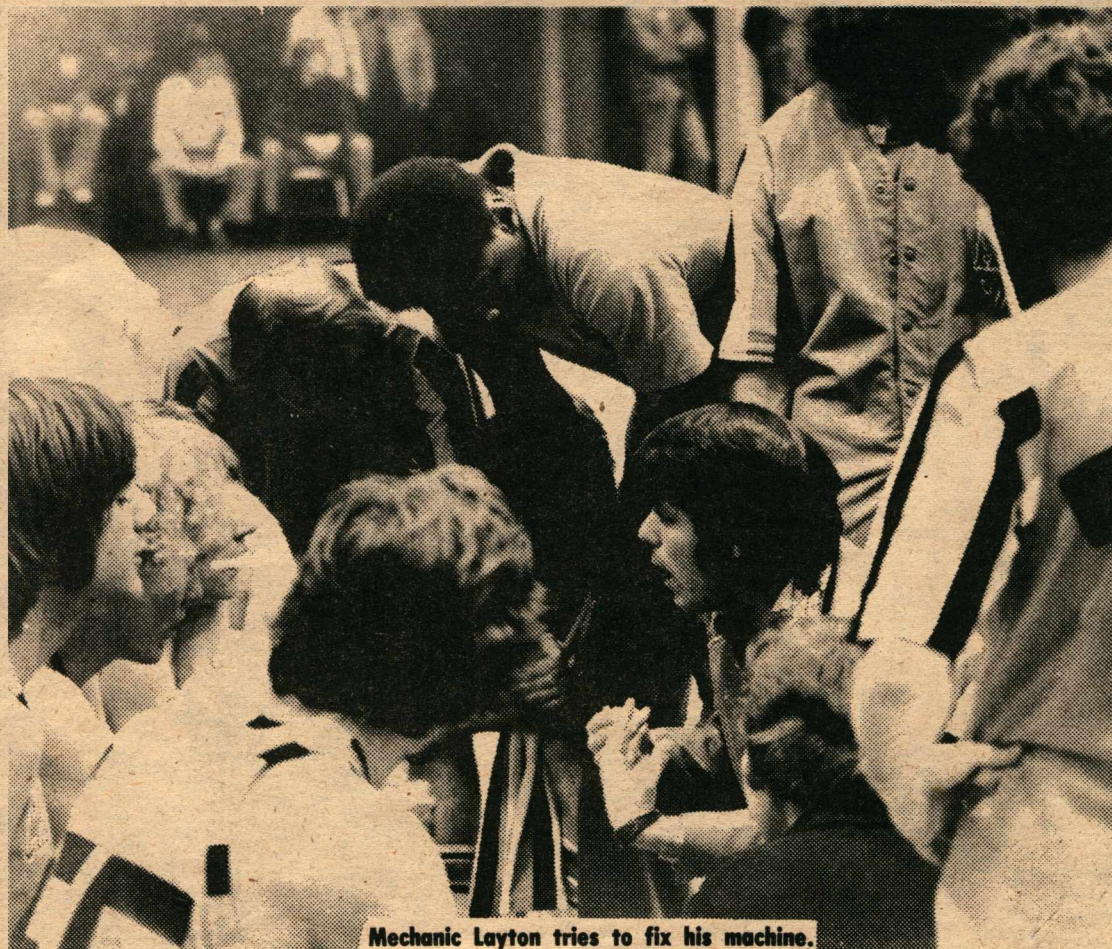
ers' mustered a measley 7 out of 13.

The Crusaders climbed within two points, 69-67, on an Englehardt jumper. Keith Williams then fouled Stanley,

who increased C of I's lead back to 71-67. The impatient Crusaders then forced a pass to the photographer. Shaw then fouled the hottest shooter in the match, Dave Hummel, and the rest was history. □



Future Assistant Coach Toby J. Schmidt, Assistant Coach Roger N. Schmidt's son, expresses disapproval at the Crusaders' performance.



Mechanic Layton tries to fix his machine.



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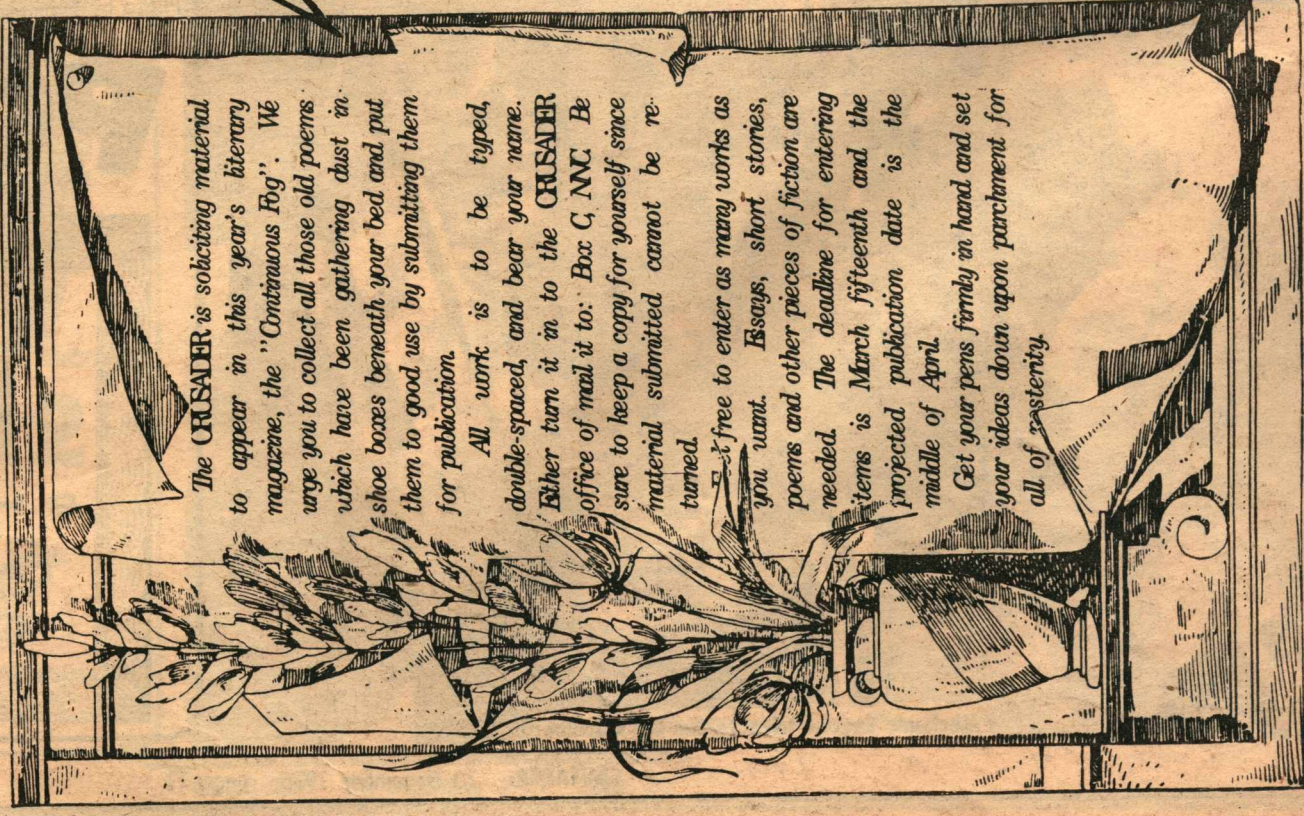
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All work is to be typed, double-spaced, and bear your name. Either turn it in to the CRUSADER office of mail it to: Box C, NNC. Be sure to keep a copy for yourself since material submitted cannot be re-

turned. It's free to enter as many works as you want. Essays, short stories, poems and other pieces of fiction are needed. The deadline for entering items is March fifteenth and the projected publication date is the middle of April.

Get your pens firmly in hand and set your ideas down upon parchment for all of posterity.

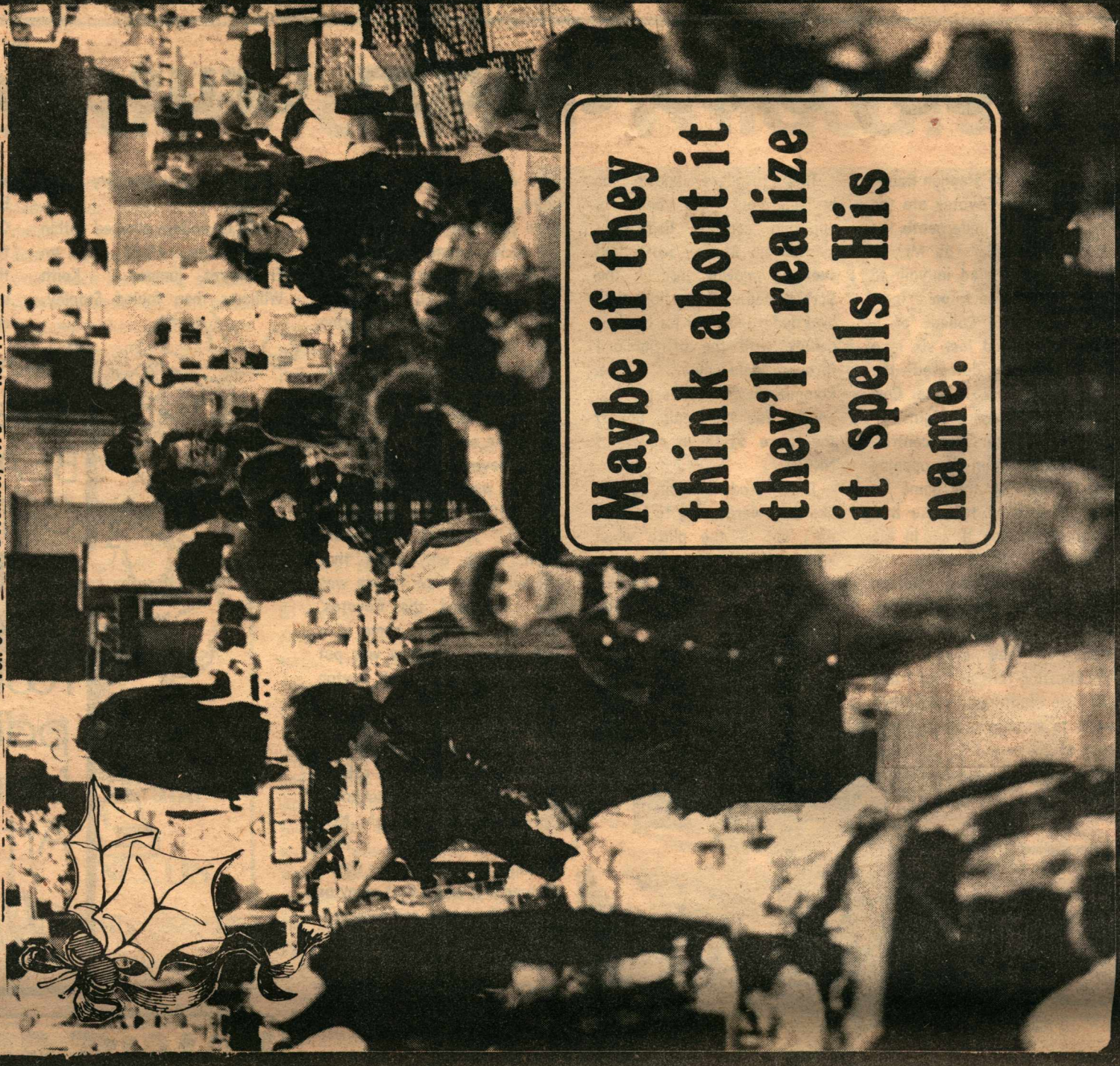


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think about it
they'll realize
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