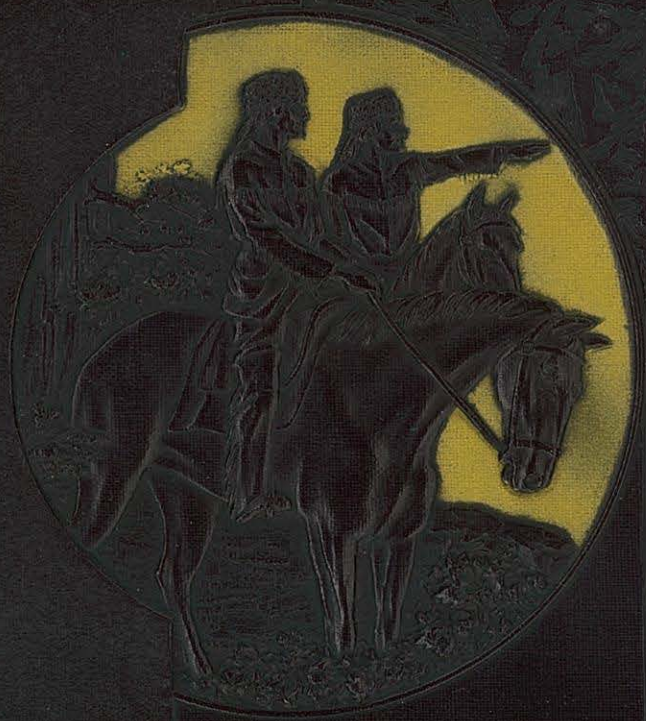


# OASIS

1934





The  
Oasis  
1934



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by  
LEONARD EASTLY,  
*Editor-in-Chief,*  
RUTH McSHANE  
*Assistant Editor*  
and  
EARL KLEIN,  
*Business Manager*

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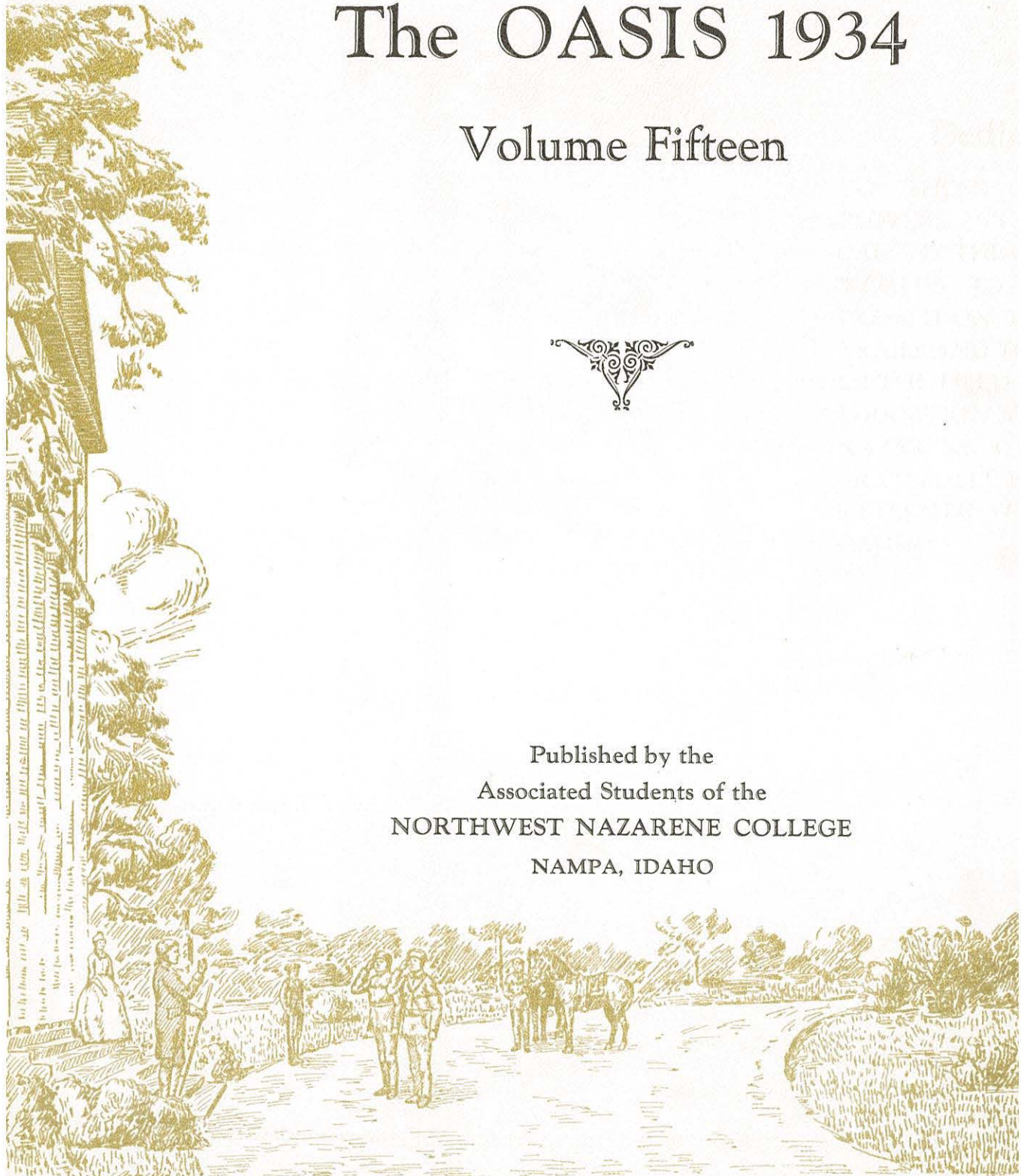


# The OASIS 1934

## Volume Fifteen



Published by the  
Associated Students of the  
NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE  
NAMPA, IDAHO







## The Foreword

WITH INDOMITABLE COURAGE AND AN UNDYING DESIRE FOR NEW ACHIEVEMENT LEWIS AND CLARK TRAVERSED THE UNTRACKED WILDERNESS OF THIS NORTHWEST COUNTRY, EXPLORING IT TO ITS FAR WESTERN EDGE. IT WAS THE LAST LAND FRONTIER. BUT THE TASK OF EXPLORATION IS NOT ENDED. OUR WAY HAS LED US INTO A FIELD OF EVEN GREATER IMPORT THAN THAT PENETRATED BY THOSE INTREPID EXPLORERS OF A PAST GENERATION—OURS IS THE GREAT AND FAR-REACHING FIELD OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. DAILY WE ARE PURSUING OUR APPOINTED TASK IN THE HALL OF LEARNING “WHEREIN LIFE WAITS FOR DREAMING, SCHEMING YOUTH TO FIND HER.”







## In Memoriam

WE PAUSE IN SILENT TRIBUTE  
TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE  
OF OUR NUMBER WHO HAVE  
BEEN CALLED TO HIGHER  
FIELDS OF EXPLORATION.

Christine Elsen

Daniel Hardy







## Dedication

TO THOSE WORTHY EX-  
PLORERS WHO, HAVING  
CAUGHT THE GLEAM OF NEW  
WORLDS TO CONQUER,  
PRESSED ON TO BLAZE NEW  
TRAILS AND TO OPEN UP FOR  
US THE FIELD OF CHRISTIAN  
EDUCATION AT NORTHWEST  
NAZARENE COLLEGE WE  
GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS  
FIFTEENTH VOLUME OF THE  
OASIS.





## Dedication

EUGENE EMERSON  
FOUNDER

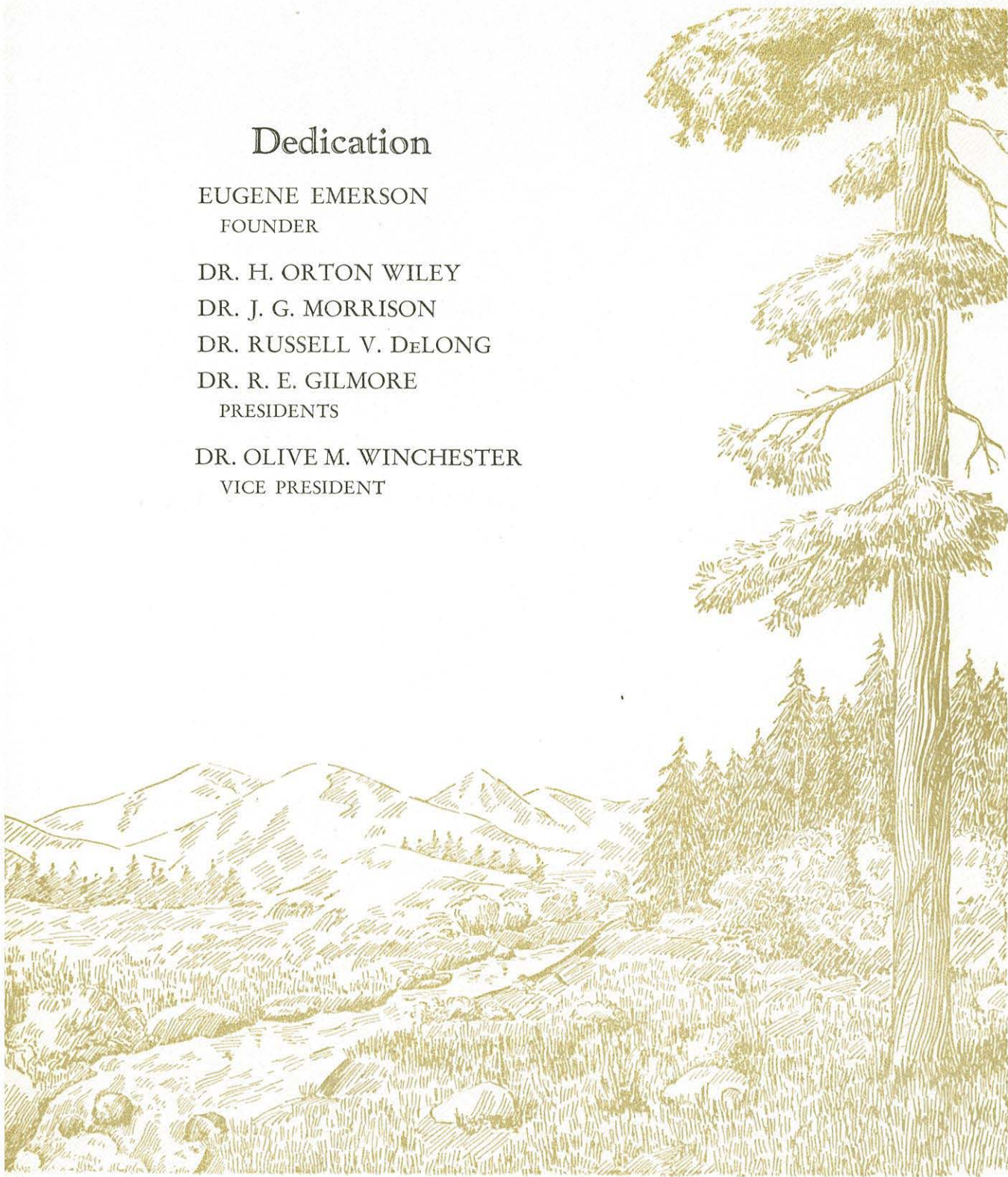
DR. H. ORTON WILEY

DR. J. G. MORRISON

DR. RUSSELL V. DeLONG

DR. R. E. GILMORE  
PRESIDENTS

DR. OLIVE M. WINCHESTER  
VICE PRESIDENT







*O you youths, Western youths,  
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,  
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!*

*Have the elder races halted?  
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?  
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!*

*All the past we leave behind,  
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,  
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!*

*We detachments steady throwing,  
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,  
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!*

*Till with sound of trumpet,  
Far, far off the daybreak call—bark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,  
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,  
Pioneers! O pioneers!*

—WALT WHITMAN.







# ADMINISTRATION

To  
PROFESSOR MAY E. BOWER  
because of the inspiration and understanding  
she has shown us, we dedicate this section.







## Board of Regents of the Northwest Educational Zone

REV. L. W. COLLAR, *Chairman*

REV. E. E. MARTIN, *Secretary*

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PRESIDENT R. E. GILMORE





## President's Message

NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE is dedicated to the highest interests of young life. The foundational philosophy here is that "human personality is of supreme value." The function of any institution is to contribute to the normal development of personality. No institution has an inherent right to exist. Such rights are derived by virtue of services rendered to the happiness and welfare of man.

The above philosophy of institutions has not always been accepted. The tendency manifest in history is towards regarding institutions as values and ends in themselves. Jesus had to meet this wrong philosophy and he gave himself to correcting it. In his day religious people set up the Sabbath Day as something holy in itself. Jesus, on the other hand, taught that the Sabbath had neither value nor sacredness except when it contributed to the welfare of man. The Pharisees bent man to their conception of the Sabbath: Jesus bent the Sabbath to his conception of man. "Man is not made for the Sabbath but the Sabbath for man." Some institutions are bending young life to some preconceived notion about institutions. Northwest Nazarene College is bending every effort to live up to what we believe to be the sacredness and dignity of young life. To this end we bend every institutional effort.

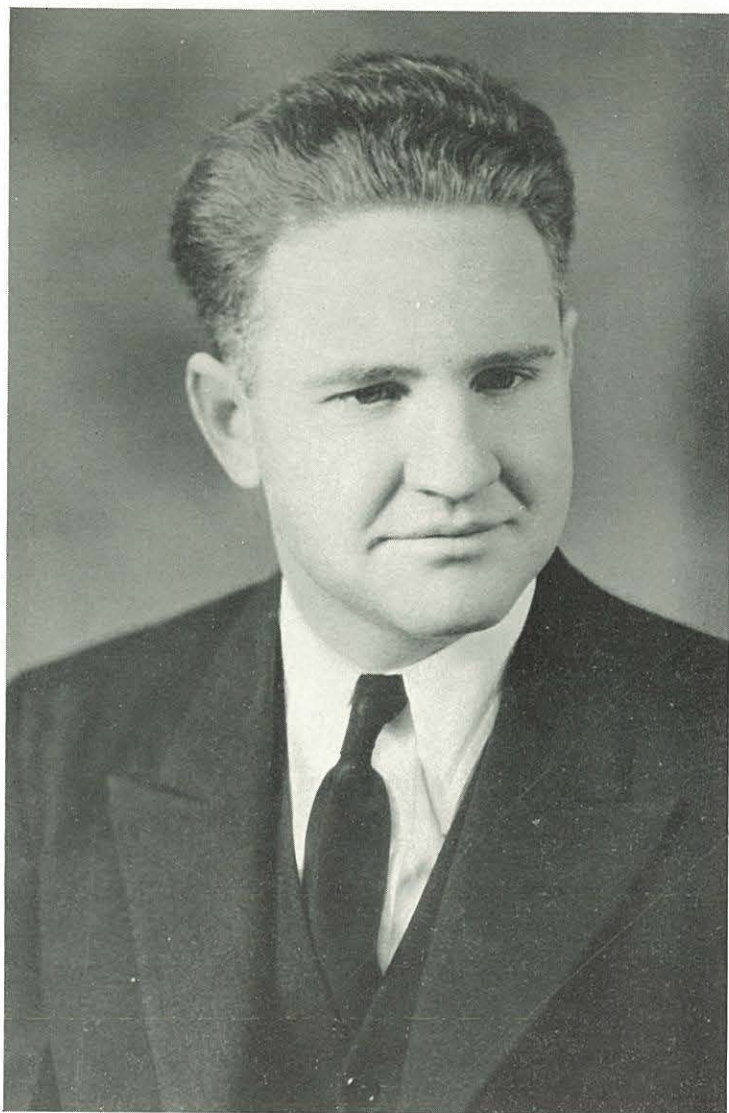
Those in charge of Northwest Nazarene College believe that Jesus' words about the Sabbath are more than an enunciation about the Sabbath. They indicate the principle for the activities and ideals of every institution. The student body is not made for the school: the school is made for the young life which passes through its halls. Our institution can be no exception to the rule that success must be judged by contributions made to the development of Christian character.

May God help us to remember that, in the final analysis, things in themselves are not sacred. Men are sacred. If we are to have a permanent place in the affections of men and the affairs of our nation the Spirit of Jesus must characterize our every policy. May God grant to us the sacred privilege of visioning human life through his eyes and of serving it with his love.

R. E. GILMORE.







R. E. GILMORE, A.B., M.A., Ph.D.

*President*

Philosophy and Theology





OLIVE M. WINCHESTER, A.B., S.T.M., Th.D.

*Vice President*

Greek, Biblical Literature, and Sociology







## The Great Things in Life

FROM the time since man turned his attention away from the grim necessity of eking out an existence for his physical being to the question of the meaning and purpose of life, he has been asking what is the greatest good that life holds. Many have been the answers given. These have been colored not only by the philosophy of life accepted, but also by the theory of the universe that dominated thought.

With the coming of Christianity there entered a new dynamic force into the life of man and new ideals were given. We hear the words of the master, "The Kingdom of God is within you," and we listen as He speaks to His disciples of His own mission: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." From these utterances we learn that one of the greatest benefits in life is found in the heart of man. Herein is the kingdom of God.

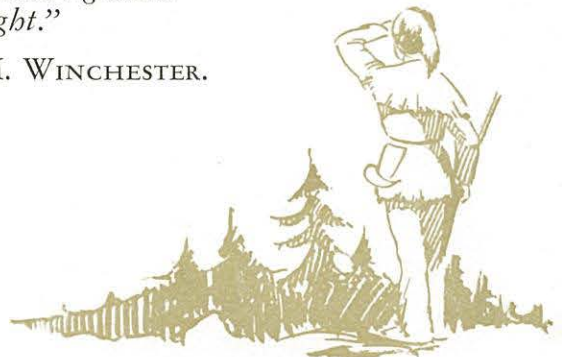
When we seek for the nature of this kingdom of God within the heart of man, we would say that it is none other than a Christian character. This is built upon a Christian experience. First there must come into the heart and life the love for Christ which organizes the being about a new center; then this love for Christ must find full control. Thereupon are the foundations laid, and thereafter comes the process of building which will continue throughout the life and will consist of Christian acts formulated into Christian habits. As a sculptor carefully fashions the marble and painstakingly draws the lines and molds the features of the image he would trace, so will each faithful Christian seek to embody into his life the likeness of our Lord and Master.

Closely related to Christian character is Christian service, ministering unto others. In fact, true Christian character finds its expression in two ways, in devotion and worship of our Lord and Redeemer and in following the example of our Master in ministering unto others. A Christian character that seeks itself in isolation apart from man never reaches its highest goal. It is in the marts of life, in the storms and tempests of human conflict, in sorrows and tragedies that sweep over the human race that the Christian finds his opportunities to reveal the life of Christ within him and carry its healing balm to wounded hearts. Then is he like Christ.

Thus, with the image of Christ wrought within the heart and the life of Christ expressed in his ministry among his fellow men, does man reach the highest that life has to give. He has attained the greatest good.

*"No medieval mystery, no crowned  
Dim figure, halo-ringed, uncanny bright,  
A Modern Saint! A man who treads earth's ground  
And ministers to men with all his might."*

OLIVE M. WINCHESTER.





## Faculty

MAY E. BOWER, A.B., M.A.  
*Professor of Education*

C. V. MARSHALL, B.S., M.S.  
*Professor of Science*

WILLARD W. HARPER, A.B., M.A.  
*Principal of Academy*  
*Professor of Social Science*

BERTHA R. DOOLEY, A.B., M.A.  
*Professor of English*

HARRIET SHARP ARNESON, A.B.  
*Assistant Professor of English*

KENT GOODNOW, A.B., M.A.  
*Professor of Modern Languages*

FRANCIS C. SUTHERLAND, A.B.,  
M.A., S.T.L.

*Professor of History*

E. E. MARTIN, A.B.  
*Professor of Pastoral Theology*  
*and Parliamentary Law*

MRS. R. E. GILMORE, B. Mus.  
*Music Theory and Expression*



*C. Sutherland*





## Faculty

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*Registrar, Debate Coach,  
Economics*

RALPH ALLISON, B.S.  
*Academy Science and Mathe-  
matics*

RAY S. MILLER, A.B.  
*Director of Vacation Bible  
School Department*

HELEN L. HAMILTON, A.B.  
*Librarian*

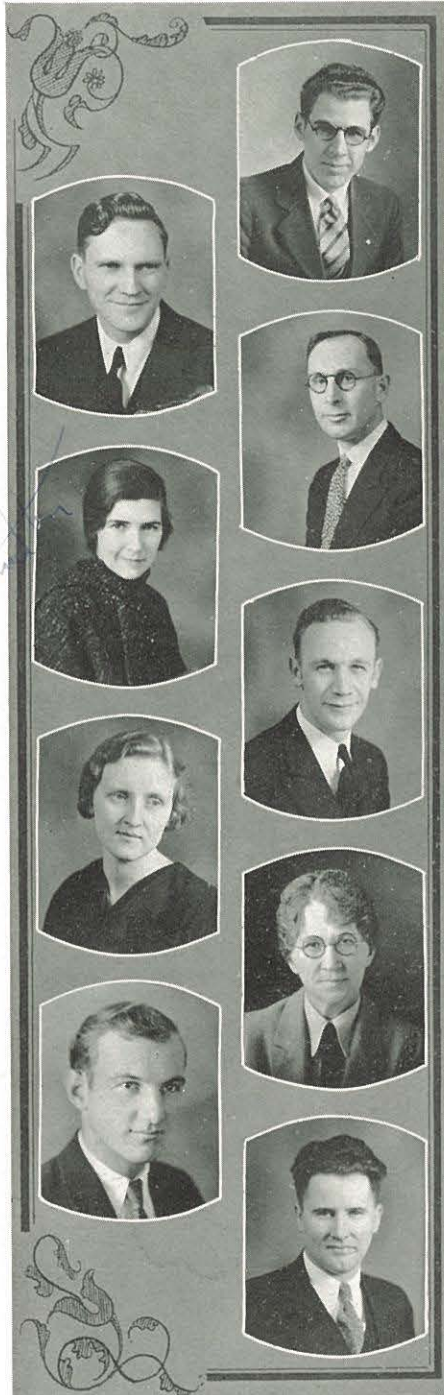
BROOKS H. MOORE, Th.B.  
*Assistant Professor of Philoso-  
phy and Bible*

RUTH N. McSHANE  
*Instructor in Business Admini-  
stration*

MRS RHODA WALLACE  
*Dean of Women*

ROGER E. TAYLOR, A.B.  
*Academy Spanish*

JOHN C. VREUGDENHIL  
*Principal of Training School*





## Faculty



EDWARD J. BARNES

*Director of Band and Orchestra  
Director of Wind Instruments*

*Gora Jane Pierce*  
GORA JANE PIERCE

*Head of Music Department  
Piano, Music Theory*

NAOMI RUTH TRIPP, B. Mus.

*Voice*

JAMES DECOURSEY

*Violin*

FRANK STINETTE

*Industrial Superintendent*

BERYL HOSTETTER

*Bookkeeper*

HELEN POUNDS JOHNSON

*Instructor in Training School*

EDNA HICKS BARTRAM

*Instructor in Training School*

THELMA L. VREUGDENHIL

*Instructor in Training School*







*Hamilton*





*Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Though much is taken, much abides; and though  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

—TENNYSON







# COLLEGE

EDITED BY PEARL NELSON

This section is dedicated to  
NORMAN OKE  
because he represents the true pioneer spirit.







A. DAVID FRITZLAN, A.B.  
Allertown, Iowa

MAJOR: *Physics and Mathematics*

Pres. Senior Class '34; Alpha Delta Phi; Foreign Mission Band; Christian Workers' Band; Universal Band; P.K. Club.

Old-timers on the campus hardly recognized in the young gentleman who arrived last October the David Fritzlan of twelve years ago. To be sure, he had the same mischievous twinkle in his eye, but from his ten years' schooling in India he had acquired a certain cosmopolitan spirit, which a good many Americans don't have, and—a perfect British accent. David has had a few new experiences this year. He has had the usual success of one who tries to pilot a group of traditionally obstreperous Seniors through their sea of troubles. Such activity ought to be worth something whether or not he decides to remain a British subject and spend his life in the land of his birth. We have found David a true Christian, and we are glad he came back to graduate from his parents' alma mater.

HANNAH GROSETH, A.B.  
Corsica, South Dakota

MAJOR: *History and Education*

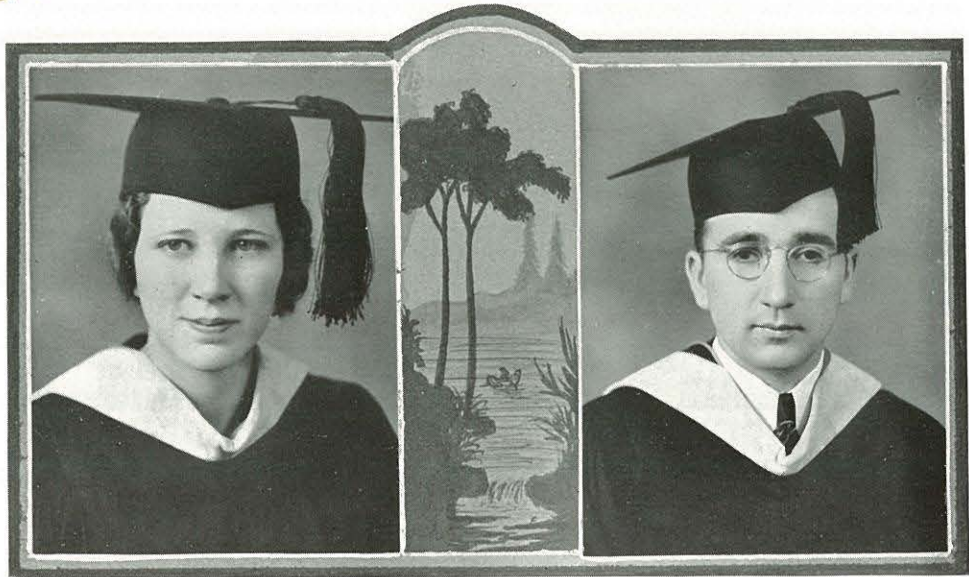
Olympian, Chr. Pro. Com. '33, '34; Chr. Pro. Com. Christian Workers' Band '34; Asst. Dean of Women '33, '34; Central Northwest Band.

Hannah is our preacher-lady—and well we love to hear her, for her words are gracious words and full of inspiration. But greater still is the constant ministry of her life. Her ready smile and sympathy have won us; her fervent faith and constancy have inspired us; her dignity and quiet force have caused us to be led where'er she willed. And, as Assistant Dean of Women, she has proved herself a friend to every girl in school. Never, though her duties are many and her life full, does she fail to find time to listen to our tales of woe or to help a friend in distress. No, indeed, we will not soon forget our Hannah.

Dear Albert:  
The line never told you  
so, I do sincerely respect  
you and believe you  
will fill some  
worthy position in  
life  
God bless you always

Dear Pat,  
It has been a pleasure  
to know you this year.  
Wishing you the  
best of luck + success.  
David Fritzlan.





DORA ALICE PAYLOR, A.B.  
Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Olympian pianist; Christian Workers' Band; Idaho-Oregon Band; Glee Club; Chorus; Ensemble; Educational Dept.; Editorial Sec. Oasis '34.

Sunshine and shadows, zephyr and raging tempest—a composite of all the elements is Dora. Shakespeare would have said of her, "Age cannot wither or custom stale her infinite variety." One sophistication, while the next we laugh moment we stand in awe at her genuine tears at her nonsense. With Dora, to think is to act, and moreover, she does just as she thinks, and speaks her mind freely. She has played the piano since she was a little girl with pigtails. But more than anything else we love to hear her sing. Dora says that she is going to be a school teacher, but lately we've heard rumors that she may enter evangelism.

STANLEY G. MITTELSTAEDT, A.B.  
Connell, Washington

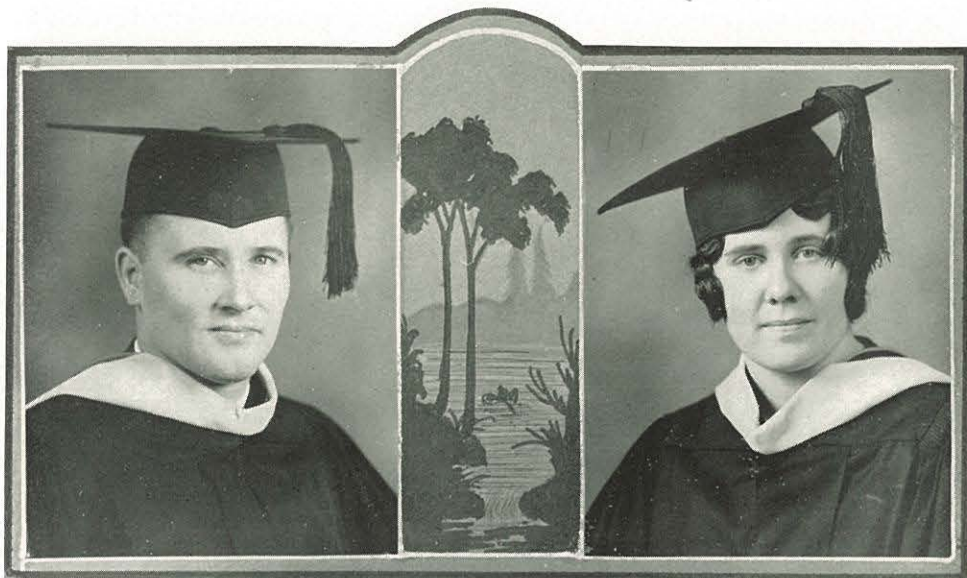
MAJOR: *Science and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha, Pres. '33, Treas. '32; Northwest Band, Vice Pres. '32; Vice Pres. Class '32, '34; Christian Workers' Band; College Orchestra; College Band; Men's Glee Club, Pres. '34; Chorus '34; College Quartet '31, '32, '33; Forensic Society '32.

Four years ago Stan "breezed" in from the wheat fields of Connell in a flashy roadster. We marked him then as "the answer to a Maiden's prayer," and when we learned how he could cook, we were sure of it. As far as we know Stan has acquired only one bad habit since coming to N. N. C.—a malady similar to sleeping sickness—which he acquired the year he built the breakfast fires at the club. Since then he has been able to sleep through almost everything. For the last three summers, as a member of the quartet, Stan and his deep bass voice have won friends all over the educational zone and students for the college. If you wonder why everyone likes Stan, you should hear him sing, "Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man," and know that he means it.







JOHN C. VREUGDENHIL, A.B.  
Corsica, South Dakota

MAJOR: *History and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Christian Workers' Band; Central Northwest Band; Principal of Grammar School '33, '34; Men's Glee Club; College Chorus; Ministerial Association.

We don't see a great deal of "Vreugie"—he spends most of his time in the grammar school, as principal, of course. And a very excellent work he is doing there, too. We have, however, found him to be a man of deep convictions and strong determination, yet tempered with a fine human kindness, a steady cheerfulness, and a love of mischief. When he smiles, we smile too. He came to us two years ago from South Dakota bringing with him Mrs. "Vreugie," a bride of but a few short weeks. During his stay here he has won a distinct place among us. The grammar school children admire him; the college students like him; and his wife thinks he's a good fellow. Enough said about any man!

VIOLA VENETA MAXEY, A.B.  
Emmett, Idaho

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Idaho-Oregon Band; Christian Workers' Band. Chr. Prog. Com. '31; Chr. Prog. Com. Gen. Miss. Society '34; Sec. P. K. Club '31; Cor. Sec. Senior Class '34; Foreign Mission Band '34; Glee Club '32.

Veneta, the oldest of a family of eight, has acquired quite a motherly attitude in the past four years—cooking for and managing two brothers will have that effect, you know. But even such grim tasks as these haven't entirely ruined Veneta's disposition, for she possesses an unquenchable humor which manifests itself frequently and effectively. Veneta has the ability to think for herself and to abide by her decisions; once she settles a problem, it's settled. We also admire her for her willingness to accept responsibility. In addition to her rather heavy schedule this year she has not only successfully handled the presidency of the Boise Valley Y. P. S., but has participated in many other student activities.





CHARLOTTE PATTESON, A.B.  
Moline, Kansas

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; P. K. Club; Universal Band; Chr. Gift Com., Senior Class '34.

Miss Charlotte Patteson, alias "Cap-gun," "Shot-gun," and "Albino," will always be "little Pat" to us. She is an authority on certain subjects, such as polymorphonuclear neutrophilic leukocytes, freckles, and dark corners. Since she came to us from Pasadena, we have often wondered if she stole her disposition from Sunny California—at any rate "little Pat" brought sunshine to Idaho. The fact of the matter is we've hardly had a cloudy day all year. Don't get the impression, however, that Pat does nothing but radiate sunshine; she is carrying twenty-six semester hours and is doing a creditably good job of it. She is utterly conscientious and we love and respect her—all of us.

GORDON T. OLSEN, A.B.  
Nampa, Idaho

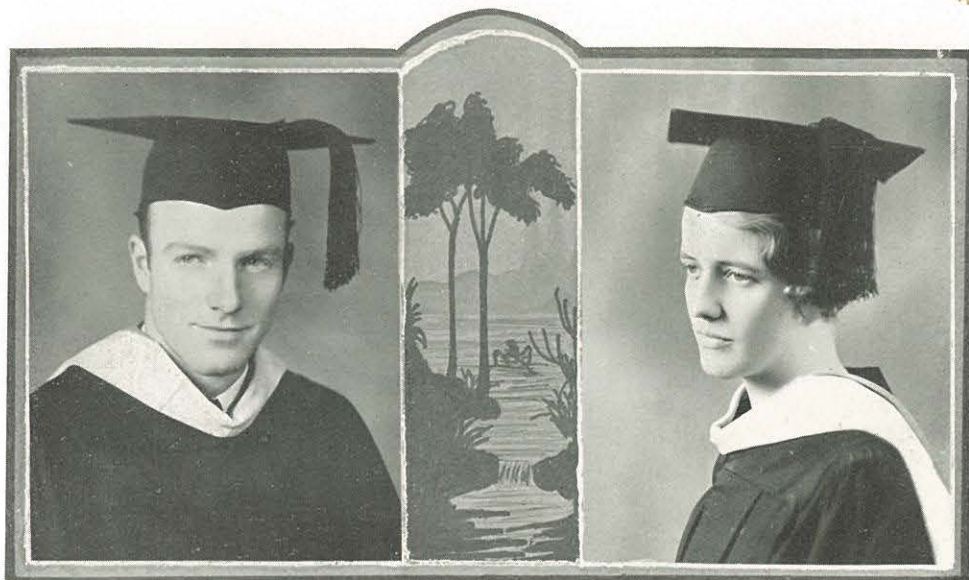
MAJOR: *Education and Social Science*

Alpha Delta Phi, Pres. '33; Vice Pres. Associated Students '33; Pres. Col. Liberal Arts '34; Advertising Mgr. Oasis '34; Pres. Canadian Band '32, '33, '34; Gen. Miss. Society Treas. '31, Vice Pres. '32; Vice Pres. Class '31; Treas. Class '34; Forensic Society; Glee Club; College Quartet '32; Christian Workers' Band.

Gordon drives the school bus—which means, in other words, that we have a means of transportation to church on stormy winter nights. But that is not his only asset. We have discovered him to be always optimistic, always ready to laugh, always ready to do his share, and always ready for a good argument. Unbounded energy and enthusiasm are his. The college always finds in him an ardent backer of every school project. Oh, yes, we meant to say that Gordon assumed an added responsibility this year, and now he's sighing: "Where is the life that late I led?"







LEONARD EASTLY, A.B.  
Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: *Social Science and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Intercollegiate Debate '31, '33; Forensic Society; Christian Workers' Band; Oasis Staff; Bus. Mgr. '32, Editor-in-Chief '34; Pres. Class '33; College Basket Ball Squad '34; Pres. Idaho-Oregon Band '33; Vice Pres. Educational Dept. '33, '34.

Leonard doesn't wait for life to come and find him—he goes out and brings it to him. He moves with firm assurance, knows his own mind, is not easily diverted from his decisions, and has a vitality and energy that matches the color of his hair. His gift for logic and forceful utterance has brought him fame on the forensic platform. Leonard is "batching" this year, but we imagine it won't be long until he loses that lean and hungry look, for we hear that Verla Ree is an exceedingly fine cook. As to the future—he may not become a second Mussolini, but he would be most effective behind a wide mahogany desk issuing orders to a deferential secretary.

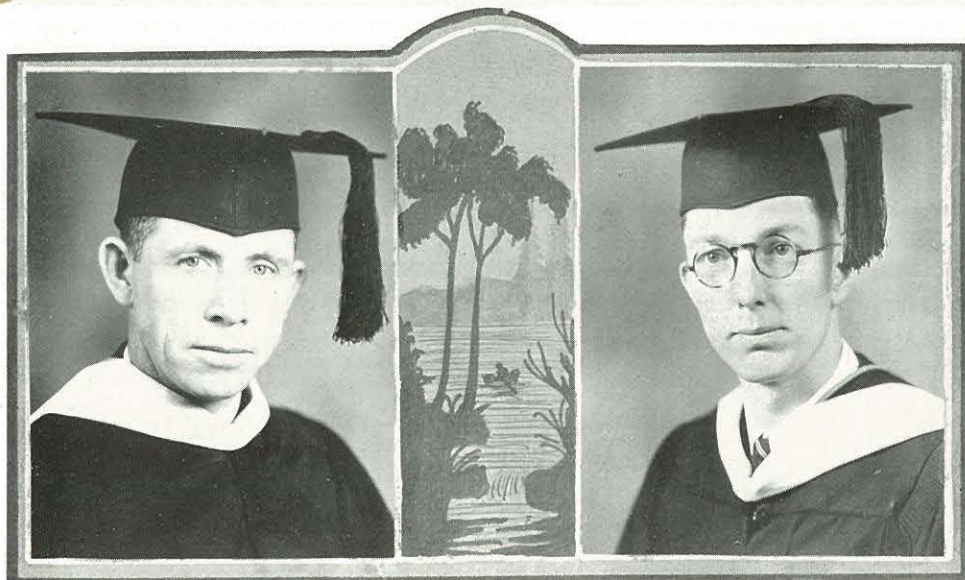
PEARL NELSON, A.B.  
Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: *History and Education*

Sec. Class '32; Vice Pres. Class '33; Sigma Lambda Alpha, Chr. Dec. Com. '32; College Editor Oasis '34; Idaho-Oregon Band; Christian Workers' Band; Volley Ball '33; French Club; Educational Dept.

A maid of much ability is Pearl. For the past four years she has been decorating the school for all the great festal occasions, managing obstreperous program committees, supervising arrangements for parties and picnics, teas, and banquets, and this year she has included certain phases of the Oasis in her schedule. Why, she (along with one or two others) has even invented a brand new type of verse to be known as the "Starkey" verse. Yet with all this she has found time to be studious ever. But still we value her, not alone for what she does, but for what she is.





C. EARL RAWSON, Th.B.  
Edmonton, Alberta

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Christian Workers' Band; Canadian Band.

Curly Rawson came down to the states with one purpose in mind—to prepare to enter the ministry. And no person and no thing has been able to shatter his convictions on the subject or to side-track him in any way. He has met difficulties, faced reverses, and bumped up against various people and opinions, yet has steadfastly pursued his course. Curly is entirely orthodox; no D. S. or any other creature will ever accuse him of being liberal. Having already chosen his mate when he came, he has been untroubled about the eternal feminine. It may not be long till you will read of this pilot's discoveries in the cold North.

DONNIE G. LAUGHLIN, A.B.  
Huston, Idaho

MAJOR: *Education*

Athenian; Sgt.-at-Arms Class '26; Orchestra '26; Christian Workers' Band; Forensic Society.

Efficiency and energy—that is Donnie Laughlin. He has made a reputation as teacher in the public schools of Canyon County, and you would know why if you had seen him presiding over the upper-grades section of the teachers' meeting in Boise. He knows the in's and out's of practical pedagogy as few do. Some of this knowledge he got in our normal department, and some he acquired as training-school teacher. Donnie knows N. Y. P. S. work, can teach a Sunday School class, lead singing, play the piano. Yes, he's married—father of a son and a daughter. Both he and Mrs. Laughlin are well known and much loved in the churches of the Idaho-Oregon District, for they are genuine Nazarenes.







NORMAN R. OKE, A.B., Th.B.  
Hanna, Alberta, Canada

MAJOR: *History and Social Science*  
*Philosophy and Theology*

Olympian Pres. '31; Pres. Associated Students, '34; Pres. Canadian Band '30; Vice Pres. Gen. Miss. Society '31; Vice Pres. Christian Workers' Band '31, '32; Vice Pres. Class '31; Intercollegiate Debate '30, '31, '32, '33, '34; Pres. Forensic Society '33, '34; College Chorus.

We know just where to find him—for staunchness and dependability are the keynotes of his character. Norman knows what he believes and why he believes it—and never have we known him to compromise a conviction. Because of his ability to command our allegiance, because he has been everybody's friend, he has merited the right to lead the student body this year. Nor will we soon forget the laurels he helped to bring to N. N. C. in the Stanford debate. We feel sure that as a preacher in the years ahead he will be just as convincing and fearless as we have known him here. And judging by his numerous visits to the hospital, he doesn't intend to pursue his way alone.

LEORA A. MARTIN, A.B., Th.B.  
Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: *English and Education*  
*Philosophy and Theology*

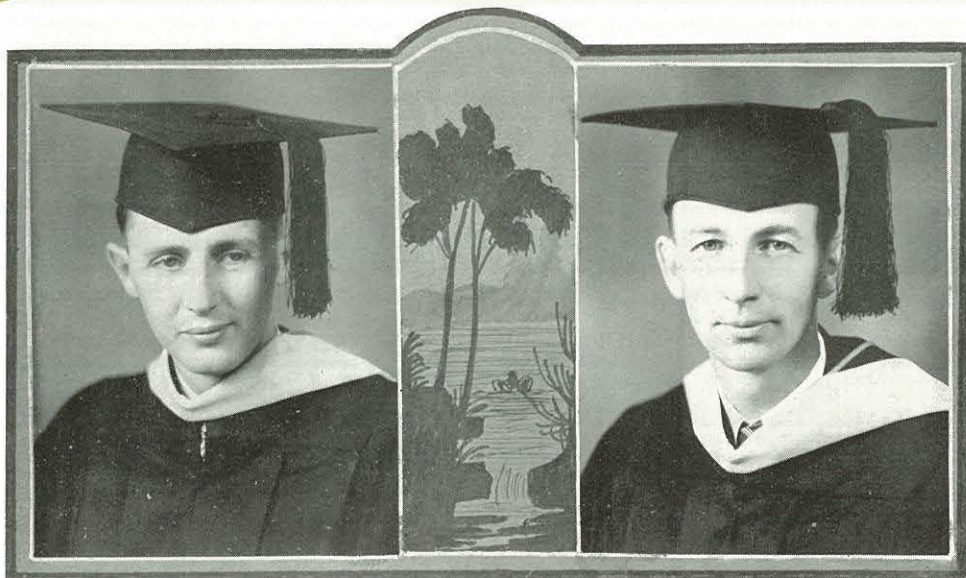
Sigma Lambda Alpha, Chr. Pro. Com. '32, '33, Ath. Mgr. '34; Basket Ball; Baseball; Acad. Girls' Athletic Instructor; P. K. Club, Pres. '30, '31, '34; Chr. Pro. Com. Christian Workers' Band '32; Sec. Ath.-Lit. Council '34; Sec. Ministerial Ass'n; Intercollegiate Debate '34; Idaho-Oregon Band.

Words fail when we try to describe Leora. When she came to us five years ago she was known as the preacher's daughter, but last year when she returned from the wilds of Montana she had become "the preacher." To her womankind is doubly indebted, for by her worth she has proved there can be women theologians who are a credit to their calling. In spite of her theological tendencies she is still Leora, wholeheartedly enthusiastic and happy always, whether on the basket ball floor, in a Logic class, or at chapel service. She has carried as many responsibilities this year as any other girl in college. Trustworthiness and adaptability are the keys to her character and personality.

over:  
You can remember  
me as having a skin-  
nose, as a speed-picking  
and.  
This to you, life  
means a lot, so make  
good.  
Planning on you  
Norman







RUSSELL ALFRED MORTON, A.B.  
Jamestown, North Dakota

MAJOR: *History and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; North Dakota Band;  
Christian Workers' Band.

Some call Russell a socialist because he believes so strongly in co-operation, but we gladly give him credit for putting his pet hobby into practice, for three years ago he took him a wife and neither of them has ever given us the slightest reason to believe there is aught but co-operation in the Morton family. So classify him if you can! He isn't sure about his philosophy of life, he aspires to be either a Ph.D. or Dictator of the U. S., he is an impromptu piano player and song writer, he likes ice cream better than anything else (excepting his wife) and never stops with less than a gallon or two—yet, he is generous, likable, and genuine.

ELMORE MANVEL MORTON, A.B.  
Jamestown, North Dakota

MAJOR: *History and Education*

Alpha Delta Phi; Forensic Society; North Dakota Band; Christian Workers' Band.

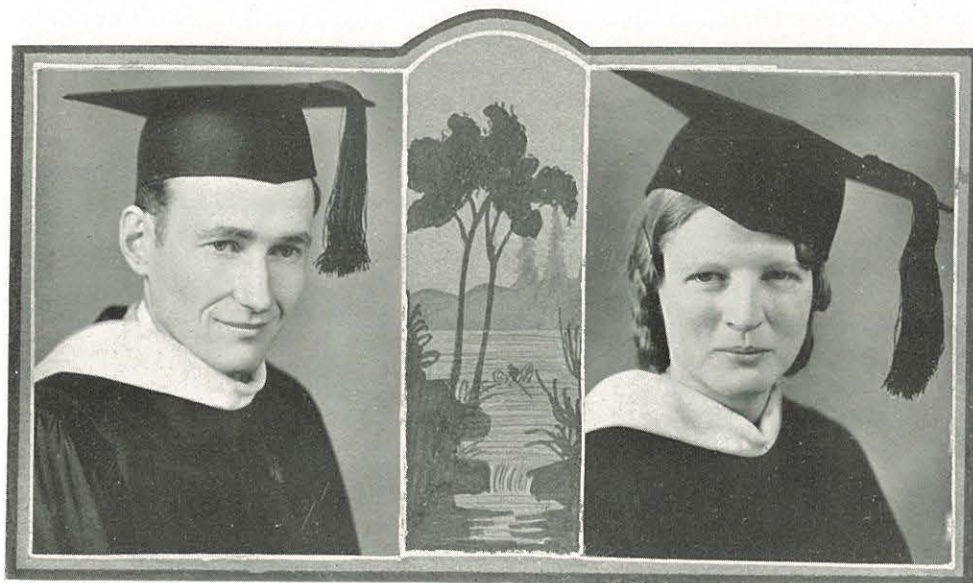
We accidentally made a discovery about Elmore; he has a secret ambition to be a member of the "brain trust," and when he realizes his ambition there will be economic reform in the dear old U. S. A. Elmore has won unusual distinctions in scholastic and forensic lines, among them a free trip to the Catalina Islands as a debate honor. He has the further distinction of being startlingly original, and how characteristic is his statement about Chicago: "Any city administrators who would treat their teachers as Chicago has treated hers would make Al Capone look like a white-winged Angel." Elmore has an unmistakable leaning toward the left, but he always tempers his persistent liberalism with good judgment.

Your friendship  
has been pleasant  
even thought you  
inclined to being  
crooked mend your  
ways and you'll be  
a man. I wish you  
luck and success.

Elmore M. Morton

unwordie  
or get  
good  
you  
it  
on  
Russell A. Morton





ELVIN L. SALISBURY, A.B.  
Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Olympian; Idaho-Oregon Band; Christian Workers' Band.

From our neighboring city of Caldwell came our tall and quiet friend, "Salsy." His advent into our midst was so unassuming that we hardly knew he was here. Yet during his two years with us he has, in this same quiet way, won a large place in our hearts. For dependability and co-operation, he has no peer. Yet withal he is not always serious, for at times he quite surprises us with flashy bits of wit and kindly irony. In collaboration with two scheming classmates, Salsy was on the verge of creating a matrimonial bureau, when, suddenly realizing his inability to say "no," he quickly withdrew. In his chosen profession of teaching, we are certain that Elvin will render considerable service to humanity and to God.

LILA KATHERINE SPENCER, A.B.  
Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: *English and Education*

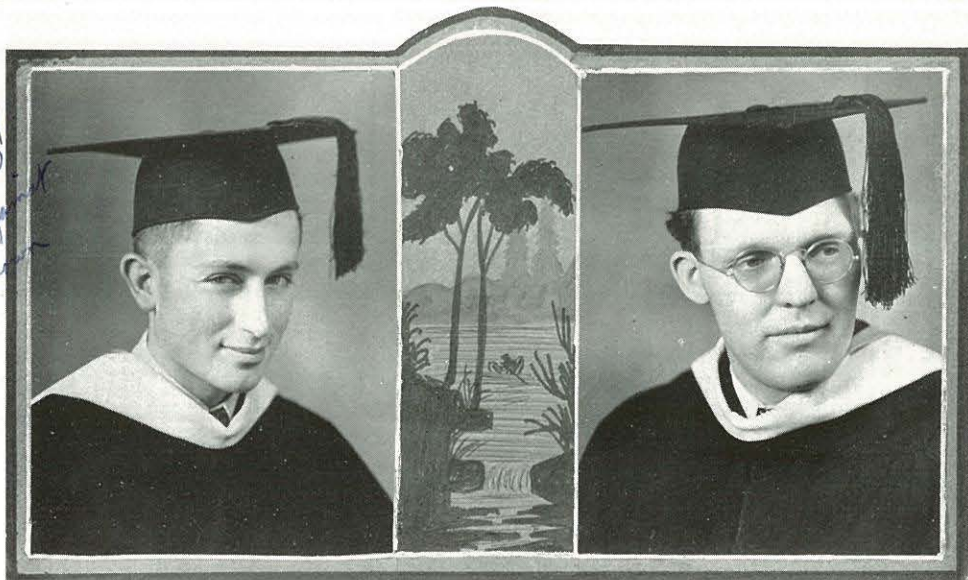
Olympian; P. K. Club; Christian Workers' Band; Idaho-Oregon Band; Supervisor Kindergarten '34.

Katherine is quiet and unassuming. She prefers to live in peace with the world. When some over-anxious student at the librarian's desk gets pretty insistent in his demand for a reserve book, she doesn't argue or look "hard," but does her best to please. She knows how to manage the tots in kindergarten, too, and has been a successful primary teacher. Katherine has courage and ambition. She entered college with the class of '30, finished the normal course, taught school, returned a year, taught again, and came back this year to graduate. We admire her Christian fortitude and like her kindly ways.





Fat:  
 you're quite a basket ball  
 player - you big stiff. I never  
 do much playing against  
 I am glad to have known  
 Albert and want you  
 members as a friend  
 Warren V. Hempel



WARREN V. HEMPEL, A.B.  
 Denhoff, North Dakota

MAJOR: *English and Science*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Band; Christian Workers' Band; Foreign Mission Band, Treas. '33, Vice Pres. '34; Track.

A persistent and scheming youth is Hempel. His persistency and ingenuity will be worth more than gold when he undertakes to explore new fields in Africa. Warren has had much practical experience and has acquired enough data to fill at least two textbooks—"Transportation in the West" and "How to Get Through College on a Meager Income." He is not a one-sided chap, and he is not always serious. Occasionally he writes verse; he plays volley ball, runs the mile, plays the trombone; and, most important of all, he is a loyal member of the Foreign Mission Band. We're going to miss Warren when he leaves.

WILLIAM E. ABEY, A.B.  
 Spokane, Washington

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology.*

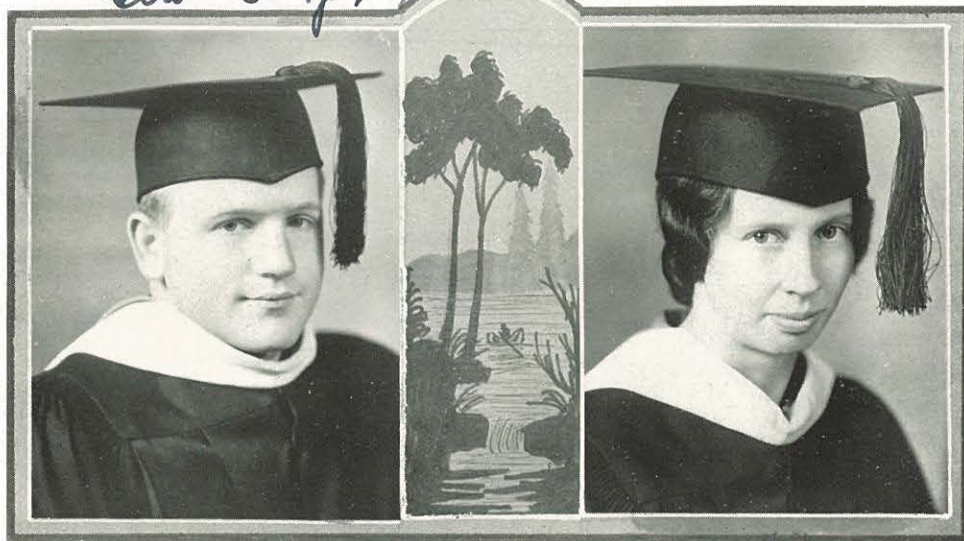
Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Northwest Band; Ministerial Association.

Bill, the one who has kept us in hot water all our college years, has proved to us that he not only can master Greek and dares attack Hebrew, but that he also is our dependable senior who weighs all facts before making his decisions. Bill has a kind heart, or why else should he save rain water for Anne's hair. Bill has always been noted for his scrupulous care of his tools, too, but strange to say—this year he has occasionally neglected them all for a "Hammer." However, we really do appreciate Bill's conscientiousness in the details of life and feel that the character he builds is upon a well-constructed foundation.





Dear Fat. You are not  
so fat any more.  
An African friend.  
Elmer. F. Schmelenbach.



ELMER F. SCHMELZENBACH, Th.B.  
Piggs Peak, Swaziland, Africa

MAJOR: *Education and Religion*

Pres. Foreign Mission Band '34; Christian Workers' Band; Sigma Lambda Alpha; College Basket Ball Squad '34; Universal Band; P. K. Club.

Every one on the campus knows Schmelize, for he has been interested in many things besides the curriculum. He was loyal to the S. L. A. Society until its death. He has looked after the gym, played guard on the college basket ball squad, and for several years in spite of his rather robust physique, has visited the hospital pretty regularly. Born and reared in Swaziland, Elmer knows Zulu as well as he does English—probably better. He has visualized South Africa for us—its people, its monkeys, birds, and snakes, its darkness, its mission stations—perhaps better than any other one person. He expects to spend his energies and his talents in the field to which his distinguished father devoted his life.

MARY LOUISE SNYDER, B.S.  
Nampa, Idaho

MAJOR: *Science in Nursing*

Alpha Delta Phi; Applied Arts '30; Christian Workers' Band; Idaho-Oregon Band; Basket Ball; Expression Dept. '30.

Mary is a native Nampian, who early in her school life met and adopted a native of Africa, and for the past seven years she has devoted her life, with the exception of occasional moments spent in nursing and acquiring a college education, to his civilization. To be sure, she has succeeded very well. Mary makes a specialty of being good-natured and she's as full of pranks as such a little girl can be. Mary has faced both loss and gain with equal serenity. Nothing can disturb her peace of mind or deter her from her purpose. Some day her persistence and skill will accomplish things for God in Africa.





VERLA THEO STALKER, B.S.  
Emmett, Idaho

MAJOR: *Science in Nursing*

Alpha Delta Phi; Christian Workers' Band;  
Applied Arts '29, '30; Idaho-Oregon Band.

Verla is as calm and placid as a mountain lake and as hard to discover as its secret depths, yet we who do know her appreciate her dignity, her determination, her sincerity, and her devotion to duty. Then buried deep beneath this serious attitude occasionally we find a sprinkling of mischievousness. When she was just a little girl she smeared her tiny cousin with brown-black grease because she preferred nigger dollies. Not very long ago, one dark night, she draped herself in a sheet and crawled out on the hospital roof in front of the nurses' windows and there proceeded to frighten them out of several hours of sweet dreams. Taking her all in all it's no wonder that "Miss Stalker" is a favorite with the patients.

HAROLD R. IRWIN, A.B.  
Rimbey, Alberta

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Canadian Band; P. K. Club; Glee Club '31, '32; N. N. C. Ministerial Association.

Canadians are usually loyal, and Harold is no exception. He came to N. N. C. from Innisfail, Alberta, and has been coming back to us each fall from hither and yon, usually from Connell. Harold likes a great many things: pop-corn eaten before a crackling fireplace, ping-pong, played almost anywhere (but preferably in a quiet rustic mountain lodge), water-melons, oodles of them, but cant-elope, not for certain—you see she hasn't made up her mind yet. Harold is going to be a preacher not from choice, he says, but because he feels the call of God upon his heart. We feel sure no church can be mistaken in calling Harold, for he can always be counted on when it comes to the test.









## The Senior Sneak

THE "oh's" and "ah's" of some twenty-four co-eds and collegiates gathered around a crackling fire in a dusky room at 2:00 a. m. were indicative of Senior Sneak. Dusky? Yes, for plans must be secretive. Two a. m.? Yes, a Junior may be abroad.

Under cover of darkness they stealthily slipped to the Gem State Hatchery to remain secluded for hours while ferret-eyed Juniors patrolled the streets in vain attempts to detect some move of the wary Seniors. The friendly darkness of a rainy night aided back-alley escapes to the Mason-Dixon line and freedom! The Seniors were off!

Though the skies overhead were gray, they could not diminish the cheery welcome of the Lindseys in their mountain retreat at Starkey. But Gilmore was gone! And small wonder, for he had spied the plunge. There he was out where the pool was deepest and the sun brightest.

A swim, a steak supper prepared by our efficient chefs, a hike, and the class was ready for an evening around the rustic, mountain fireplace. The pop corn, games, jokes, and stories made the time one of pleasantest memories ending in happy dreams that were rudely shattered by Stan's call to breakfast on bacon, eggs, and coffee.

Morning worship up there amid the pine-covered hills was one of deepest hallowed reverence. Leora led the singing; Dr. Gilmore's reverent voice admonished us with the Scripture; Dr. Winchester's earnest tones led our praise to the throne; and everyone felt he had been drawn apart alone with God.

Late afternoon that day found us eating juicy steaks again in preparation for the drive to N. N. C. There the ever-loyal Juniors greeted us with a lovely treat before sending us to bed a tired but happy class more loyal than ever to N. N. C.

—HANNAH GROSETH, '34.





## Juniors

ELEANOR LENTON - Secretary

*"As sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung  
with his hair."*

LAURISTON DuBOIS - President

*"I dare do all that may become a  
man;  
Who dares do more is none."*

JOHN EBY - - - Treasurer

*"Imagination of some great exploit,  
Drives him beyond the bounds of  
patience."*

MARITA WILLIAMS

*"Happy is your grace  
That can translate the stubbornness  
of fortune  
Into so quiet and sweet a style."*

MARY WILEY

*"A good heart's worth of gold."*

ENOCH OGSTAD, Vice President

*"He was wont to speak plain, and  
to the purpose, like an honest man  
and a soldier."*

GEORGE NELSON

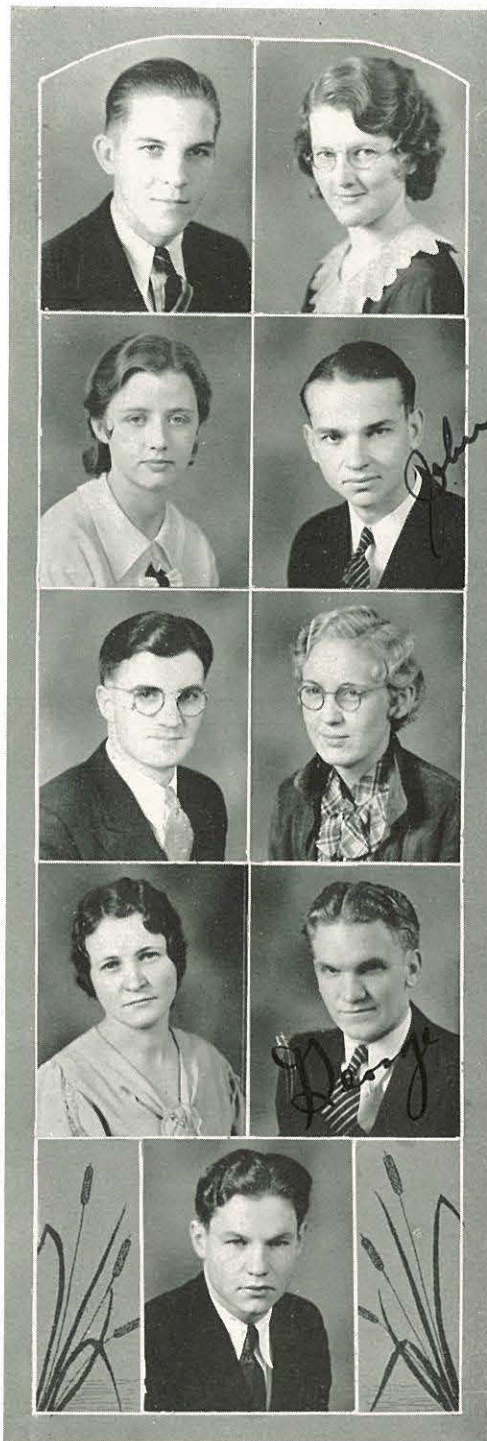
*"Oh he is the courageous captain of  
compliments."*

MATTIE LUCKINBILL

*"Old fashions please me best."*

MARION PARSONS

*"I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More daring or more bold is now  
alive."*



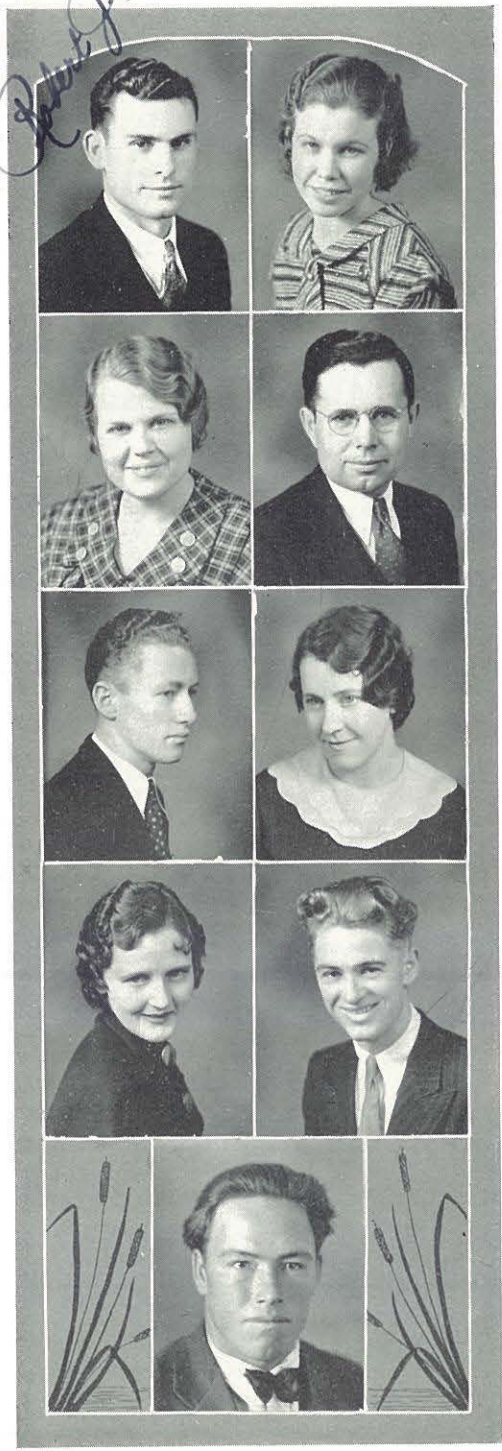
Dear Frat

Glad to know you better this year and like fellows like you - who mean in us more men like you. I'll always remember you for your ability to debate and power of persuasion in our class thanks for the support

Frat is know they would be paid in you along so about things in two at your service  
- Nelson



Wished you  
much luck in  
life May 74.  
Robert Howard



## Juniors

ROBERT HOWARD

*"The pleasing punishment that women bear."*

EMILY MANGUM

*"Must gently be preserved, cherish'd and kept."*

HELEN JOHNSON

*"O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear."*

NICHOLAS ARECHUCK

*"My wife! my wife! what wife?— I have no wife."*

LLOYD EASON

*" 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't."*

FERN CARLSON

*"A peace above all earthly dignities, A still and quiet conscience."*

EULA ANDERSON

*"Thou shalt be as free as mountain winds."*

WOODROW SMITH

*"Full of wise saws and modern instances."*

GEORGE HOPPER

*"Now I step forth to whip hypocrisy."*





## Juniors

### HAZEL HANKINS

*"She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and look not behind."*

### CHESTER FUJINO

*"Some that smile, have in their hearts,  
I fear, millions of mischief."*

### ORIN IMBS

*"I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I."*

### LOIS EICHENBERGER

*"A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue."*

### THELMA VREUGDENHIL

*"Do you not know I am a woman?  
What I think I must speak."*

### HOWARD WILEY

*"Now was a gentleman on whom we put an absolute trust."*

### LESLIE FRITZLAN

*"I am the very pink of courtesy."*

### ESTHER CALLAR

*"For never anything can be amiss,  
when simpleness and duty tender it."*

### HARRY STETSON

*"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."*



I will always  
 remember you as a  
 hard laborer on the  
 U. R. and also as a  
 classmate in psych-  
 24. I have greatly  
 appreciated your  
 friendship. I great-  
 admire you and  
 say you are one of  
 the best and  
 higher things of  
 life. May God bless  
 you. Harlan Fuehrer  
 Greeley Colo.



## Juniors

HARLAN FUEHRER

*"A very honest-hearted fellow."*

THELMA HICKEY

*"A maiden never bold."*

VIRGINIA HEEGARD

*"Methought I heard a voice cry,  
 'Sleep no more!'"*

BERNARD SEAMAN

*"I'll purge and leave sack and live  
 cleanly, as a nobleman should do."*

EVERETT MARTIN

*"But, sure, he's proud; and yet his  
 pride becomes him."*

MARYLEE STAHL

*"Who is't can read a woman?"*

HELEN WILLIAMS

*"I have no other but a woman's  
 reason:  
 I think him so because I think him  
 so."*

HOWARD DOBBS

*"Verona brags of him  
 To be a virtuous and well-governed  
 youth."*

GEORGE THOREEN

*"The glass of fashion and the mould  
 of form,  
 The observed of all observers."*





# Sophomores

*Just imagine*

EVERETT MORSE - - most bombastic  
President

FERN ROSEBORO - most capricious

PAUL MARTIN - - - most dignified  
Secretary-Treasurer

*Just imagine*

GERALDINE HOUSE - most reserved

DAVID SCHMELZENBACH - -  
- - - - - most gracious

GERTRUDE ROBERTS - - most fluent

*Just imagine*

RUSSELL BROWN - - most reticent

CLEO BAIRD - - -  
- - - most uncomplimentary

GLEN NOLTE - - - most cautious

*Just imagine*

LOLA MASON - most melodramatic

GEORGE AMES - - most diplomatic

BLANCHE APPLGATE - - -  
- - - - - most ostentatious

*Just imagine*

JOHN MILLS - - - most systematic  
Sgt.-at-Arms

LOUISE BROWN - - most sentimental

LEONARD HANNON - most angular

CLARENCE FLISHER - - -  
- - - - - most conventional



*Paul Martin  
I'm among  
the great  
to as you*

*Everett*

*Cleo Baird*

*is to a  
all fellows  
see. friendship  
mighty glad to  
we. I've surely appre-  
ated your open frank-  
say and am convinced that  
all you are. - you are. I hope  
our shall dedicate your life  
and your abilities to Christ;  
others, and let him use  
them for the very best  
things in life.  
In friends ship  
J. Everett Morse*

*Thick*





## Sophomores

*Just imagine*

RUTH McSHANE - - *most erratic*  
 ELLWOOD MYLANDER - *most rotund*  
 MARJORIE LUSH - - - *most solemn*

*Just imagine*

GORDON MOWRY - *most melancholy*  
 HARRIET PERRIGO - - *most prosaic*  
 EUGENE WION - - - - *most serene*

*Just imagine*

LOIS WILEY - - *most sophisticated*  
 CORNIE THIESSEN - *most indolent*  
 LILY MAE EDNIE - - *most ambitious*

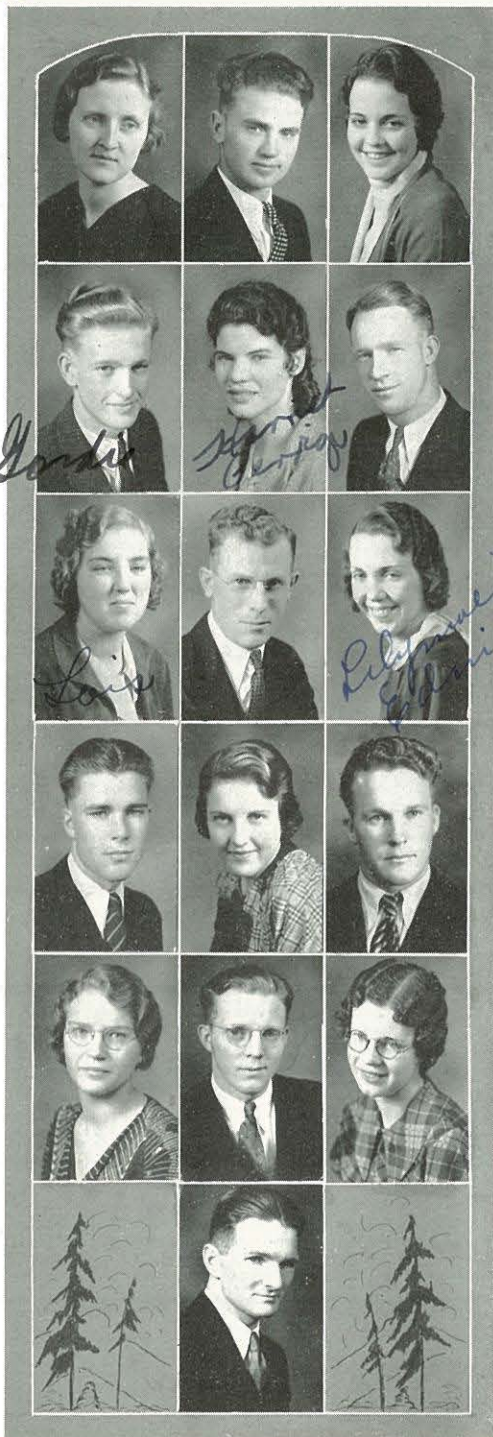
*Just imagine*

ROBERT COOPER - - *most arrogant*  
 ALYCE SWALM - - - - *most idle*  
 LEE GUNDERSON - *most loquacious*

*Just imagine*

GRACE HARTLEY - - *most profound*  
 WILLARD PALMER - *most judicious*  
 LOIS GOETZE - - - - *most stoical*

PAUL SPENCER - - - *most agreeable*





# Sophomores

*Just imagine*

NAOMI HAMMER - - - *most subtle*

JOHN MAXEY - *most unpretentious*  
Vice President

ELIZABETH MAXSON - - -  
- - - - - *most nonchalant*

*Just imagine*

DON THOMAS - *most sober-minded*

MYRTLE SCOTT - *most resourceful*

ROBERT HUSTON - - *most delicate*

*Just imagine*

BEULAH NELSON - *most headstrong*

PAUL YEAGER - - *most persuasive*

MABEL SCHEEL - - *most superficial*

*Just imagine*

EARL KLEIN - - - - - *most docile*

LUCILE HADLEY - - - *most gloomy*

CLYDE LOWRY - - *most industrious*

*Just imagine*

AYLIFFE YOHE - - - - *most petite*

RAY DOEDON - - *most pessimistic*

JANETTE McSHANE - - -  
- - - - - *most frivolous*

MONICA CHANDLER - - -  
- - - - - *most reluctant*



you are a friend of a friend  
392  
captain of mine - and you  
power - to just, many  
luck







# Freshmen

*Lillie  
SPENCER*



McShane



Hungerford



Emel



Spencer



Laughridge



Quilling



Schmidt



Edwards



Barmington



Johnson



Cundiff



Vail



Parsons



Reinholdt



Eby



Harper



Monroe



Gross



Pross



Maxey



Carter



Coulter



Brown



Mittlestaedt



Bolton



Elliott



Gould



Blickenstaff



Helstrom



Hilborn



Thompson



Killion



Gould



Boyle



Cameron



Hamilton



Myers



Fuson



Dewitt



Herlocker

*Lots of luck and success to you  
Ol. old kid. Remember our P.O. box  
number. A Fresh friend 1933*

*Clarence*

*very soon! The interesting  
would you Miss Dooly had  
met every morning.  
wished to you the best of  
luck.*





*Oh boy, it's  
 Be good, if  
 in case he's  
 a creep like  
 my*

# Freshmen



*Luck to  
 you Albert,  
 in the wish  
 of another  
 Louis L. O.*

Hamilton	Froenke	Haidle	Nevin	Schmidt	Peterson
Roberts	Otis	Eastly	Personette	Callaway	Hofstetter
Pounds	Wade	Buck	Taylor	Eastly	Locke
Robinson	McCown	Thoreen	Whittinghill	Under	Huebner
Dawe	Jackson	Powell	Gronewald	Johnson	Bailey
Case	Carr	Cameron	Gacey	Ellis	Roberts
Bone	Teenink	Erickson	Scheel		



*Best  
 Regards*





### A Sonnet

He fell while fighting at my very side,  
 A hero still unsung by poet's pen.  
 But waiting not he rises once again  
 Undaunted in the face of hopes denied.  
 His weary arms are lifted from his side  
 To battle still. He thinks not to complain  
 Nor question why the struggle and the strain;  
 His God has placed him—there he will abide.  
 Then why should I with body full of strength  
 Complain, or hesitate to throw my all  
 Into the line of battle at His call?  
 The time for peaceful rest may come at length,  
 But now I give response unto the call  
 Of him who, light denied, still leads us all.

EARL KLEIN, '36.







# ACADEMY

EDITED BY ELIZABETH MILLIGAN

Because of her consistency as a leader and a student, we dedicate the Academy Section to  
**JOSIE MULDER.**





# Seniors

## LLOYD TAIT

*Secret Ambition* - - - *Traveling Salesman*  
Vice President Class; Alpha Delta Phi; North Pacific Band; Forensic Society; Debate Team; Society Athletics; Academy Basket Ball Team; Band; Orchestra.

## GUY NEES

*Secret Ambition* - - - *Doctor*  
President Class; Alpha Delta Phi; Rocky Mountain Band; Society Athletics; Academy Basket Ball Team; Glee Club; Chorus; P. K. Club.

## ELIZABETH MILLIGAN

*Secret Ambition* - - - *Piano Teacher*  
Olympian; Society Athletics; Idaho-Oregon Band; Commercial Dept.; Academy Editor Oasis; Glee Club.

## WALTER QUILLING

*Secret Ambition* - *To sing like Bing Crosby*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Rocky Mountain Band; Glee Club; Chorus; Commercial Dept.; Christian Workers' Band; Society Athletics; Academy Basket Ball Team.

## RUTH SCHMELZENBACH

*Secret Ambition* - - - *Lawyer's wife*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; P. K. Club; Universal Band; Commercial Dept.

## PAUL SCHMELZENBACH

*Secret Ambition* - - - *Missionary*  
Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Foreign Mission Band; Universal Band; P. K. Club.

## JOAN MANGUM

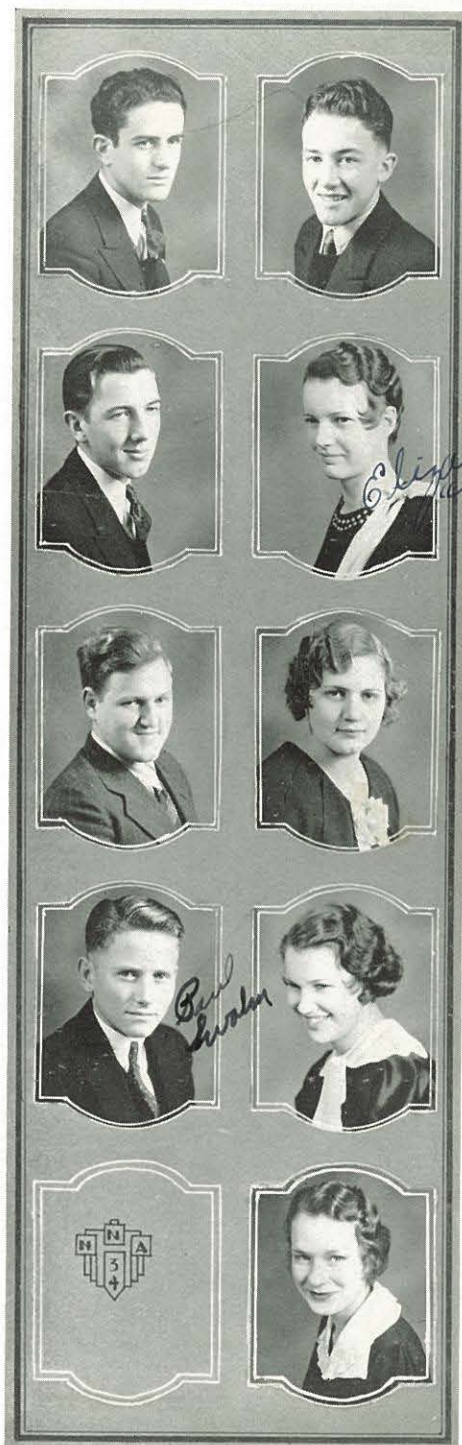
*Secret Ambition* - - - *Aviatrix*  
Olympian; Universal Band; Glee Club; Chorus; P. K. Club; Commercial Dept.; Society Athletics; Forensic Club; Debate Team; President Academy.

## PAUL SWALM

*Secret Ambition* - - *Business Executive*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Idaho-Oregon Band; Society Athletics; P. K. Club.

## ROSE ELSÉN

*Secret Ambition* - - - *Nurse*  
Alpha Delta Phi; Dakota Band; Commercial Dept.; Christian Workers' Band—At Oak's State H. S.; Glee Club; Home Economics Club; Acorn Staff.





## Seniors

### MARIAN VAIL

*Secret Ambition - - - Civil Service*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Idaho-Oregon Band; Society Athletics; Commercial Dept.

### JOSIE MULDER

*Secret Ambition - - - - - Teacher*  
Alpha Delta Phi; Idaho-Oregon Band; Commercial Dept.; Society Athletics; District Declamation Contest.

### MELVIN MARTINI

*Secret Ambition - - - Cowboy Preacher*  
Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Rocky Mountain Band; Sgt.-at-Arms, Associated Students.

### LA VONNE DAYTON

*Secret Ambition - - - Stenographer*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Idaho-Oregon Band; Commercial Dept.

### ROY YEIDER

*Secret Ambition - - - - - Preacher*  
Olympian; Glee Club; Chorus; Universal Band; Christian Workers' Band.

### BERNICE FELTAR

*Secret Ambition - - - School "Marm"*  
Alpha Delta Phi; Orchestra; Northwest Band; Forensic Club; Society Athletics; Commercial Dept.

### RALPH HARPER

*Secret Ambition - - - - - Lawyer*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Idaho-Oregon Band; Forensic Society; Debate Team; Society Athletics; Academy Basket Ball Team; P. K. Club.

### LOIS MOORE

*Secret Ambition - - - Song Evangelist*  
Olympian; Universal Band; Orchestra; Band; P. K. Club; Commercial Dept.; Christian Workers' Band; Society Athletics; Glee Club; Chorus.

### DAVID SPENCER

*Secret Ambition - Laboratory Technician*  
Alpha Delta Phi; Universal Band; Society Athletics; Forensic Club; Academy Basket Ball Team.





# Seniors

## ARNOLD FINKBEINER

*Secret Ambition - - - Preacher*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Glee Club; Chorus; Northwest Band; Christian Workers' Band.

## GRACE HULING

*Secret Ambition - - - Travel Abroad*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Idaho-Oregon Band; Secretary and Treasurer Class; Commercial Dept.; Glee Club.

## ELROY NUTT

*Secret Ambition - To sing like Joe McShane*  
Sgt.-at-Arms Class; Alpha Delta Phi; Rocky Mountain Band; Society Athletics; Academy Basket Ball Team; Glee Club; Chorus.

## RACHEL HALL

*Secret Ambition - - Beauty Specialist*  
Alpha Delta Phi; Society Athletics; Glee Club; Chorus; P. K. Club; Idaho-Oregon Band; Christian Workers' Band; Commercial Dept.; Forensic Society; District Declamation Contest.

## HARVEY FIFER

*Secret Ambition - - Chemical Engineer*  
Olympian; Idaho-Oregon Band; Forensic Society; Debate Team; Society Athletics; Academy Athletics; District Declamation Contest.

## MARGARET SMITH

*Secret Ambition - - Stenographer*  
Alpha Delta Phi; Idaho-Oregon Band; Commercial Dept.

## HARLEY VAIL

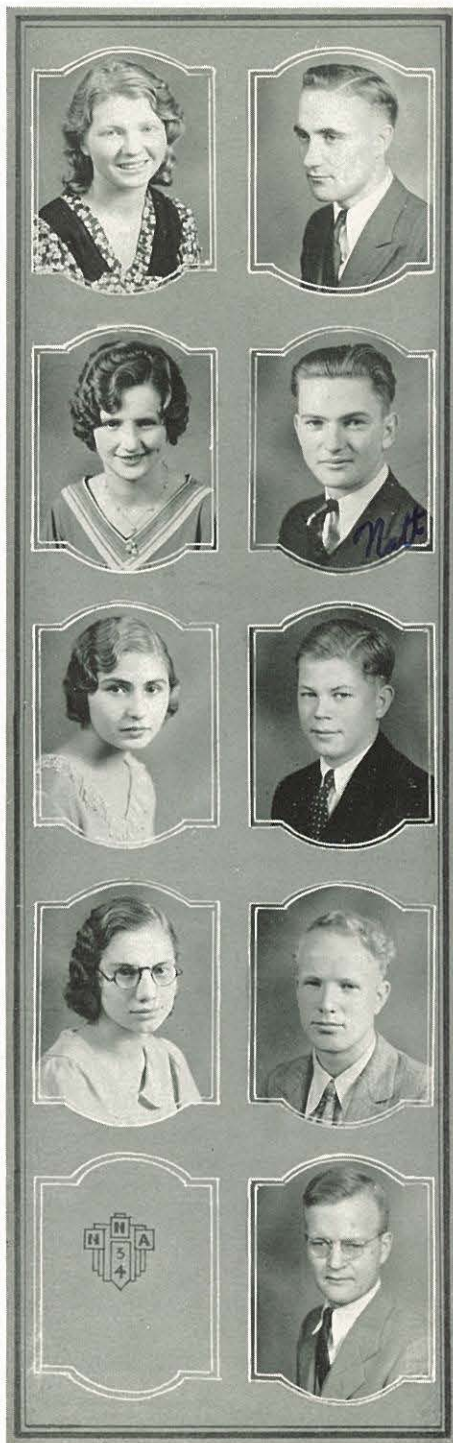
*Secret Ambition - - Civil Engineer*  
Olympian; Idaho-Oregon Band; Society Athletics; Commercial Dept.

## LILLIE DAYTON

*Secret Ambition - - Beauty Specialist*  
Alpha Delta Phi; Idaho-Oregon Band; Commercial Dept.

## RALPH BRASH

*Secret Ambition - Mechanical Engineer*  
Sigma Lambda Alpha; Idaho-Oregon Band.



*Harvey Fifer*





## Senior Prophecy

AS I LAY in a deep sleep a messenger appeared before me and beckoned me to follow, saying, "Behold and remember, for soon you shall see the destiny of the class of '34. I have provided you with a guide; he shall show you all."

Then a slender, dark complexioned man stood before me, and I recognized in him my old friend, Ralph Harper. As we started he told me he was one of a thousand trusted men delegated by the government to look after the welfare of visitors and citizens of the metropolis to which we were going. He informed me that he was about to show me the latest, most superb, and complete engineering feat of our great United States, the first perfect city.

We had reached the top of a small hill, and there before us was a tremendous building several miles long and many stories high; every third story was apparently a garden, while the roof was a beautiful park. Inside, it looked little different from the outside—lawns, flower gardens, and electric signs showing the location of business houses—but there were no streets, no cars and no traffic; instead there were huge tubes with sides of glass down which shell-like machines went at tremendous speed. We were ushered inside one of these rocket cars, where to my amazement sitting at the controls was Roger Pounds, a trifle stouter than in his school days, but still the same old Roger. I took an outside seat in order to see the city better. Just across from me was a sign advertising a new Beauty Shoppe managed by Mesdames Lillie & LaVonne Dayton. There was also a picture of their Skin Specialist, Kenneth Fritzlan, evidently now a doctor.

Turning to Ralph again I found him talking to Josie Mulder who appeared much the same save that she was a bit more matronly. I found her to be a director of the Social Center where business people's children are taught. She told me that this was Founder's Day—a day celebrated in honor of David Spencer and Lloyd Tait, the inventors of the safe and luxurious machine in which we were now riding.

As we rounded a curve there, emblazoned with neon lights, were the names Vail, Fifer, & Vail Building Contractors. Judging by appearances the three are doing well. I noticed a slight color coming to Josie's cheeks when we spoke of Harvey. Our car came to a stop, and to my surprise we were up at least twenty stories. Here was the city center; to our left was the entrance to the University in which Ralph Brash is a Doctor of Philosophy; to the right was the city's large Cathedral of which Melvin Martini is assistant pastor, his wife, the former Lois Moore, leader of the Junior Church, and Roy Yeider choir director. I noticed on the bulletin board that Prof. Nees was scheduled to sing the following Sunday. Ralph told me that Guy has a chance of becoming the director of the "Beethoven Club," a musical organization. I saw a list of foreign missionaries from which I learned that Paul and Ruth Schmelzenbach had gone to finish the work their father had started, also that Rose Elsen and Joan Mangum, having earned medical degrees, had gone to India as missionaries and were helping India fight the dreaded malarial fever. I asked about Elizabeth Milligan, and was glad to hear that she held a government appointment in the city's department of public welfare.

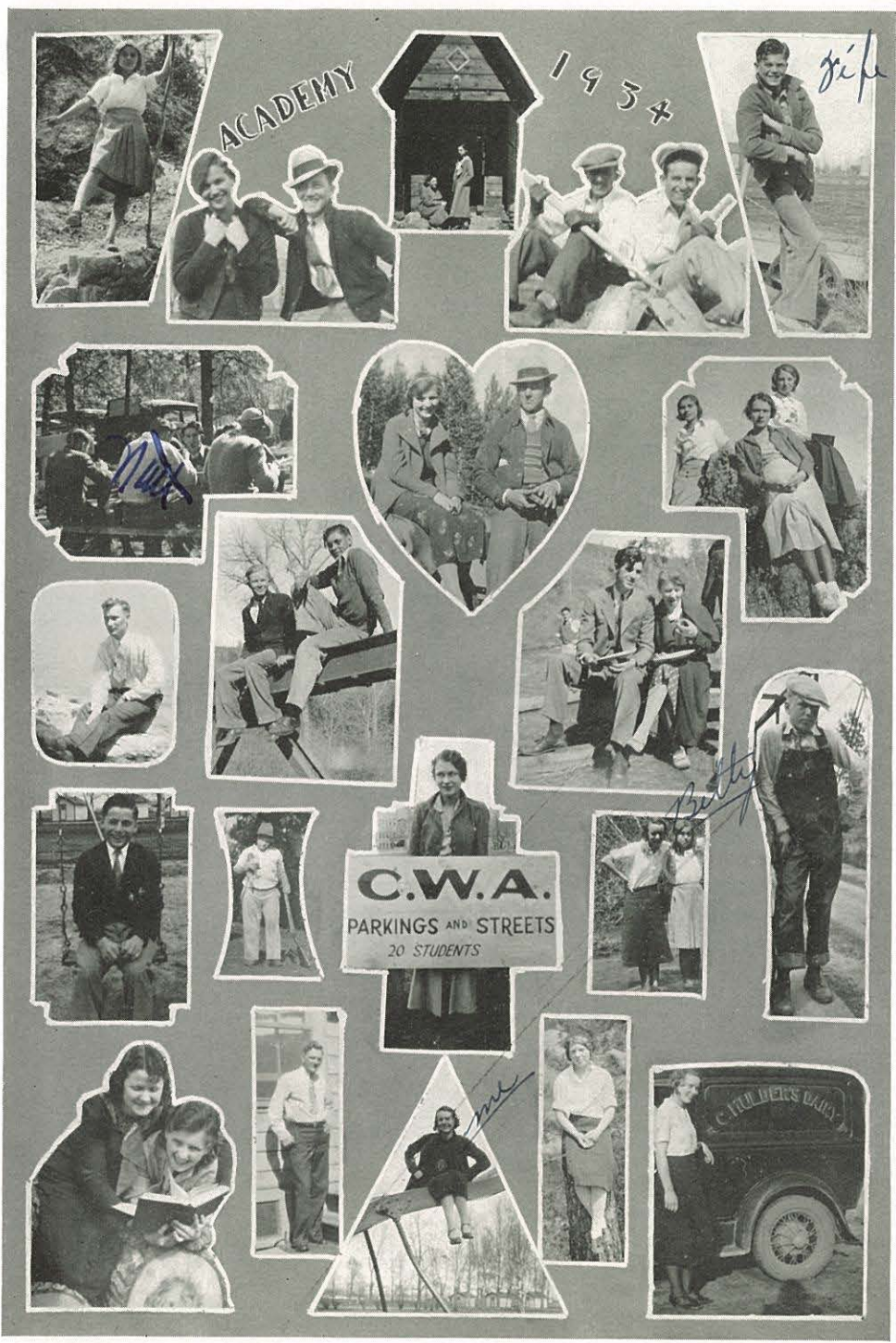
As we were leaving the Cathedral Josie espied Mr. and Mrs. Walter Quilling and their little son. Rachel told me she had just met Mrs. Greene, the former Grace Huling, with her chum, Margaret Smith. Grace is the wife of a prominent lawyer, while Margaret is teaching in the Utopia schools. After talking a few minutes of olden times, we took a rocket car to the roof of the city where we saw the most beautiful sight I have ever seen—a nursery and oriental shrub garden owned by Nutt & Swalm, Inc. On our way back the car suddenly lurched downward. With a start I awakened; my dream faded, but the memory lingers.

—The Dreamer

A. J. FINKBEINER, '34.







"life"





MARY MARTIN	-	-	-	President	RALPH PARSONS	-	-	Vice President
MARJORIE MARSH	-	-	-	Sec.-Treas.	JAY CLARK	-	-	Sgt.-at-Arms

## Juniors

One April morning after the sneak  
The Juniors had gathered, their opinions to speak.  
They were neither dejected nor especially gay,  
But it's been reported they had this to say:  
"We wish all the Seniors well," said Marsh;  
"Though we failed to catch them, why be harsh?"  
"We're happy to study; we've got no 'holler';  
We'll catch them later," said Carol Collar.  
"There are lots of ways to show what you're smart in;  
I'm full of real expectation," said Martin.  
"As for us, we're feeling like young larks—  
Though we're no singers, we can shout," said the Clarks.  
"That we're up and coming—say how with you, Fletcher?"  
With a sly little glance he answered, "You betcha!"  
"There's no use in whining. Why look for cool bowers?  
I'm up with the chickens each morning," said Flowers.  
"Me, too," said Nolte. "I'm up when I get up.  
I don't believe in letting school get you all 'het' up."  
"Take everything calmly and use full reason.  
Just be your real self; I do," said Peterson.  
"We need a firm hand to hold us steady.  
That's me," said Parsons. "I'm a farmer; I'm ready."  
After these few remarks they hurried away  
To study-hall, classes, and later to play . . .  
Now, should you imagine it's little they know,  
Just watch them next year in the Senior row.

—M. M.







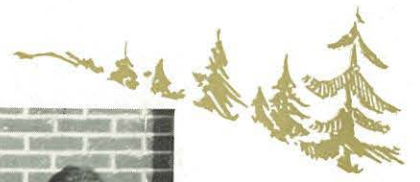
## Sophomores

YES, I'll confess it usually takes a good many words to describe a good class, but to describe the Sophomore Class of 1934 we need just the word "best," for we are, undoubtedly, the best class of our size in the Academy. But because we don't want you to think we are conceited we'll say nothing more about the "best." We are just a good-natured group of Sophomores not only looking for a jolly good time but also striving to gain the coveted knowledge that our upper classmates seem to possess. With the influence of our school and faculty and the splendid helps from our revivals, we feel that our class has been greatly strengthened in the knowledge of Christian principles. We are expecting to fill the Juniors' places next year.

We are governed by what the public is pleased to call the executive committee. This committee consists of Gerald Arnot, President; Lenore Smith, Vice President; Roger Benedict, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Zola Vail, Secretary.

There now, you know the most important points about our class, don't you?

—B. F.  
—L. S.



Dear Fat,  
Don't forget  
Payette Lake  
and my  
white shoe  
after they  
were washed  
in the lake.  
Don't forget the  
girl who  
never knew  
what she  
wants  
your Pal  
Sally

Dear Fat,  
How could I  
ever forget you  
your such a  
tease. I could  
say lots of things  
but I won't. Just  
remember me as  
a friend  
Lenore Smith

P.S. Don't forget  
the little  
boy. You  
also I  
chariot  
Sally



*I can't wait  
 Altho' I haven't  
 known you so well  
 We've gotten along O.K.*  
*Rhea Moore*  
*Wilma Wilson*



*"Bus"*

## Freshmen

RHEA MOORE	-	-	-	President	WILMA WILSON	-	-	-	Secretary
BUSTER TRUE	-	-	-	Treasurer	HARLEY MILLER	-	-	-	Sgt.-at-Arms

THIS year we, the Freshmen of N. N. A., are starting our high school education. Although a grade of four long years lies ahead of us, we are not going to fail to make that grade on high.

As a class we agree with James Garfield's statement: "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck . . . Poets may be born, but success is made . . . You may follow luck to ruin but not to success"; and with George Morris' statement: "Life's best prizes are won not by adroitness nor sharpness, not by skill nor strength but by the greatest thing known on earth, Manhood."

Let me ask, did a man with high ideals of fine character and a determination to make his ideals come true ever fail? Certainly not, and neither shall we, the class of '37.

—W. W.







# MUSIC--LITERARY

EDITED BY RUTH McSHANE

To  
MRS. R. E. GILMORE  
we dedicate this section in appreciation of  
her efforts to lead us to the finer arts.

Dear Albert:  
Remember me as  
a friend that your  
sis used to go with:  
Your friend  
Bernice Fulcher  
(P. 125).



## Music Students



### Fragments: To Music

*My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim  
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,  
Far, far away into the regions dim  
Of rapture—as a boat, with swift sails winging  
Its way adown some many-winding river,  
Speeds through dark forests o'er the waters swinging . . .*

\* \* \* \* \*

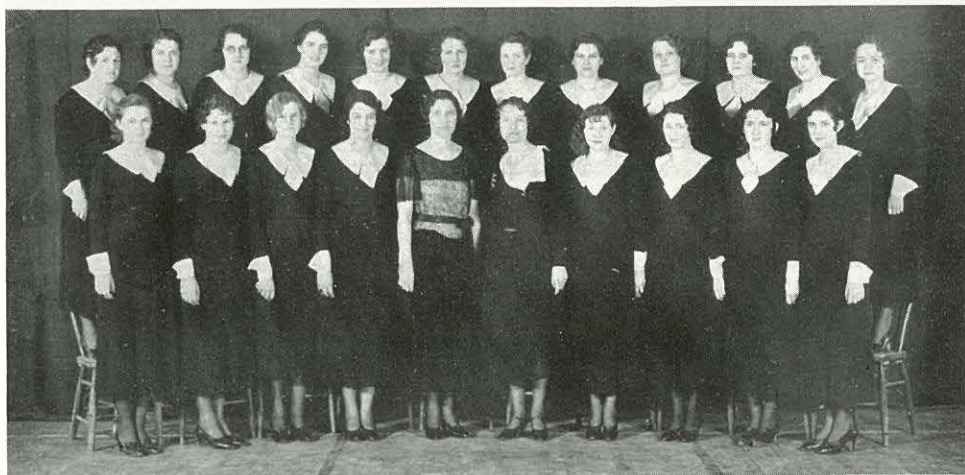
*Silver key of the fountain of tears,  
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;  
Softest grave of a thousand fears,  
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,  
Is laid asleep in flowers.*

—SHELLEY.





## Pahyatyamo Glee Club



## The Music Department

*"For the common things of every day,  
God gave men speech in the common way.  
But for the heights and depths no word can reach  
He gave music—the soul's own speech."*

GOETHE says, "Every art must be preceded by a certain mechanical expertness." It is our aim to develop in our students not only this accurate and capable technique, but also a real understanding of good music as an ennobling influence in life.

The monthly student recitals, the special numbers on the daily chapel exercises, and all musical events are selected to give the students experience and pleasure in hearing good music, and in taking part in producing it.

A wide variety of musical organizations affords every student opportunity to participate in vocal or instrumental ensemble work. These include the girls' trio, the brass quartet, and other male quartets, the string trio, a girls' quartet, a piano ensemble (four players at two pianos), the college chorus, band, orchestra, boys' and girls' glee clubs, besides combinations of other instruments and voices which are often used for various programs and occasions.





## Les Trouveres Glee Club



The music faculty members have given time and effort with equal liberality to public programs. Ten radio programs were given, and many appearances were made in nearby communities and churches.

The band, especially, has added to the school spirit at the games and other school activities.

Spring musical events include the girls' glee club concert, the general music recital, the Boise a capella choir concert, Nazarene night featured among Music Week programs in the city park, a campus band concert, and a music and speech department program.

Four male quartets will represent the school this summer, covering the field in various parts of this Educational Zone.

Plans have been worked out by which the music department offers a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree upon completion of the four-year music course, which includes not only broad technical and artistic training in the art of music, but also psychology, foreign language, English, Bible, and other literary studies.

Our emphasis is on sacred music, for we believe, as Martin Luther said, "The highest use of music is in the service and worship of Him who created it."

—CORA FERNE PIERCE.





## Band



*"It is given to few the ability to create;  
but to enjoy is the birthright of all."*

—MOSHER.

## Brass Quartet

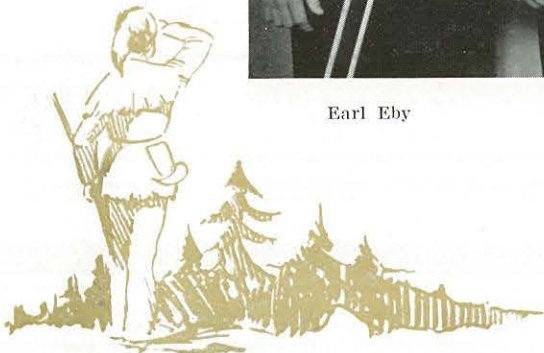


Earl Eby

John Maxey

Paul Carlson

Prof. Barnes





## Orchestra



*"Music is the first, the simplest, the most effective of all instruments of moral instruction."*—RUSKIN.

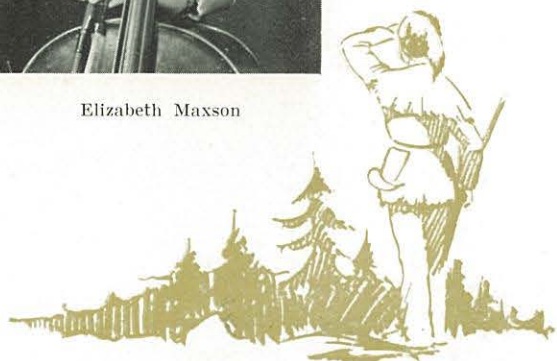
## Stringed Trio



James DeCoursey

Cora Ferne Pierce

Elizabeth Maxson



## The College Quartet



John Eby

Roger Taylor

Bill Coulter

Joe McShane

## N. N. C. Quartet Activities

N. N. C. quartets have always been an important feature of our school. Throughout the Educational Zone their coming is heralded as one of the interesting events of the season. During this past year the College Quartet has traveled nearly thirty thousand miles. From Canada to California and from the Pacific Ocean to Chicago the boys have sung their way.

They spent the summer driving many long miles each day, giving programs every night, singing over the radio, appearing at Assemblies, holding campmeetings—one at Pullman, Washington, and one at Laurel, Montana—and incidentally, visiting the "Century of Progress Exposition" at Chicago. As a result of their campaign many new students were brought to our school; other prospective ones were contacted; and a general attitude of friendliness and interest in the College was promoted.

During this school year the Quartet assisted Dr. Gilmore in successful revival services for Rev. McConnell at Spokane, Washington, and Rev. D. J. Smith at First Church, Portland, Oregon. They have given numerous programs, both religious and



To the fellow who  
 is matter-of-fact enough  
 to get along sensibly  
 appreciate your individuality  
 John E.



## Ladies' Quartet



Geraldine House

Joan Mangum

Ferne Roseboro

Mabel Scheel

secular, as well as many radio presentations, have held week-end rallies and revivals, in fact, have been very busy all year representing our College. At the various colleges and high schools for which they have furnished programs, they have been very well received. We are especially proud of them for the successful lyceum program they gave in April at Linfield College, McMinnville, Oregon.

Interest in quartet work has run unusually high this year; new combinations have been tried, and various quartet arrangements have been sent out to represent the school. The new brass quartet has done exceptionally well, having given some very excellent programs and having also helped in the revival at Portland. A ladies' quartet and two other regular quartets have been organized.

From every corner of the campus comes the sound of quartets practising in preparation for this summer's campaign, for four quartets are going instead of the customary two. We wish them all success in bringing new students to N. N. C.





## Rain!

**R**AIN! A soft, enveloping cloud of it. A fine, grey mist falling gently against your face, catching in tiny dewdrops upon your hair. A quiet, friendly rain washing away the doubts, the worries, the harrying and fretting anxieties, filling you with an exhilarating sense of freedom, bringing a lightness to your step, a song into your heart.

Rain! Sudden rain! Clouds—black, ominous, angry—blot out the burning summer sun. There comes a moment of tense, stifling expectancy. Not a leaf quivers, not a breath of air stirs. The hot, dusty land is waiting, waiting . . . And then, the rain! Reviving, freshening rain, a cooling draught to the feverish, parched earth. A sudden, pouring, rushing torrent of it flooding the lowlands, turning the dry, stony gulches into raging mountain torrents. The lurid lightning cuts through the blackness of the storm. The mountains are filled with the wild reverberations of the thunder.

And again there is rain and rain and rain—dreary, desolate, constant, lonely rain, drenching rain; rain that makes home seem the dearest, brightest, most desirable spot on earth. Overhead the skies are leaden; from the eaves there comes a steady drip, drip, drip, under-foot brown leaves, wet and torn, lie plastered to the sodden ground.

Rain? Winter rain, cold and bleak, freezing almost as it falls, driven in blinding sheets before a bitter wind. You see the stark skeletons of the trees whipped and lashed in the fury of that wind. You hear the rattle of the icy rain against the window, and shivering, turn to place another piece of wood upon the fire.

And again the rain comes! Sudden, dashing showers across the smiling April sun. And with it come the flowers and green grass, come the tender shoots of new crops. Between the showers the gladsome carol of birds rings out from the depths of the blossoming orchard. Fat robins cock their heads and listen and look for worms in the moist, brown earth. And lo! through the dancing drops a rainbow, God's promise that rain should ever be a blessing and never more a curse unto mankind.

—RUTH McSHANE, '36.

## Dismal Days

*Lonely benches in parks,  
Falling green drops and pools of lingering  
rain,  
Silent form of a rotting log,  
That lies prostrate in crumpled moss,  
Shivering vapor comforting a forsaken  
sunbeam,*

*Poverty stricken willows that cringe be-  
fore  
Pompous firs,  
Wet rocks numb as frozen ground.  
Discreet wind drawing our attention  
from the  
Pitiful reality of Desolation.*

—MONICA CHANDLER, '36.





## Muskrat



SOMEWHERE in the sage a bell tinkled. Sheep were down from the hills and winter was at hand. In the west a blazing sun hovered a moment above the rim of the Owyhee hills and bathed the butte in the northeast with a myriad of light and shadowy pink hues. A glimpse of jagged snow-capped peaks, the mighty Sawtooth Range of Idaho, faded behind the purple foothills. Small patches of water in the swamp reflected the darkening cat-tails and the multicolored clouds of sunset. A breath of wind ruffled the smooth surface. Above a wandering gull careened by, screeching eerily. The sun was gone.

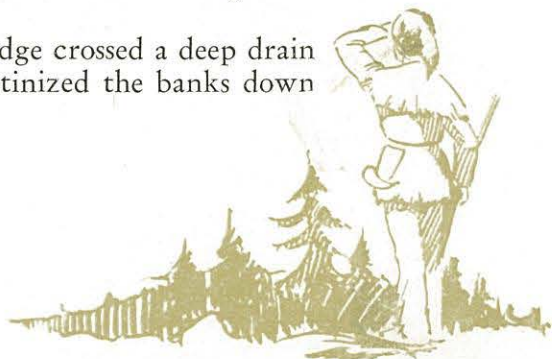
A flight of great northern mallards flew out of the north, circled a few times and settled on the swamp. For an hour they talked to each other, scolded, and fought over small edible treasures. An old drake's "quaaack, quaaack, quaaack" suddenly rose above the others in a warning signal. A slender shadow darted in, but with a roar the ducks were gone, and only the whistling of rapidly beating wings revealed their direction as they trailed off south.

The shadow melted into the darkness and appeared at the edge of the swamp. Its glittering eyes were fastened upon three mounds rising above the pond and marking the domain of Johnny Muskrat, that immaculate vegetarian of the swamp. The mink's wiry body tensed. A furry, be-whiskered head appeared at the base of one of the mounds. Four little duplicates of the first popped up beside it. The old muskrat and her family sculled against the faint current, and then with an upward lunge they landed on the bank and began gnawing industriously at the overhanging roots. Usqua, the largest rat in the litter, found a choice root, cut it loose with his four chisel-like teeth, then dived deep and swam rapidly to the mound. He washed the root and climbed to the roof to enjoy it.

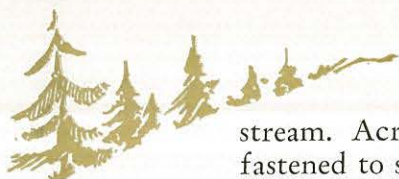
For a long time he lay there. His little brother started a race and his sisters dashed after him. The little fellow turned abruptly and disappeared on the grass-fringed bank. A strange little cry, and then silence. The two in hot pursuit swerved around and darted for the hut. There was a loud splash as Usqua jumped down the slide and dived after them. On the bank the mink ate ravenously. He preferred muskrat meat to any other; and this was young and tender.

It rained during the night, and in the morning long lines of fluffy clouds drifted across the sky, dropping their shifting shadows upon the new fallen snow on the hills. The swamp lay simmering in the sunlight. Two teal flew rapidly in and alighted on the pond. A long line of crows trailed across the southern sky and out of the north came a flight of geese, headed for the lake.

Half a mile from the swamp an old sheep bridge crossed a deep drain ditch. A man appeared on it and carefully scrutinized the banks down







stream. Across his shoulder was flung a bunch of steel traps, their chains fastened to small lengths of wood. He turned off the bridge and headed down stream. Occasionally the man slid down the bank and set a trap in the mouth of a muskrat tunnel. Suddenly he stopped and with an exclamation bent down. Countless tracks criss-crossed in the wet sand. Most of them were common enough to the trapper, but there, plainly imprinted in the sand, was a track he had not seen for years—a track, oval in appearance, followed by a track almost rectangular; like that of a weasel, only larger. The trapper stared at the tracks a moment and then stood up, a smile playing about his lips.

Fortune seemed to have it in for the already pitifully small family of which Usqua was a member. First his father had gone to adorn some feminine coat under the name of "Hudson Seal." A wandering coyote had made a square meal of a little sister, and now his only brother had been eaten by the mink, a newcomer to the swamp.

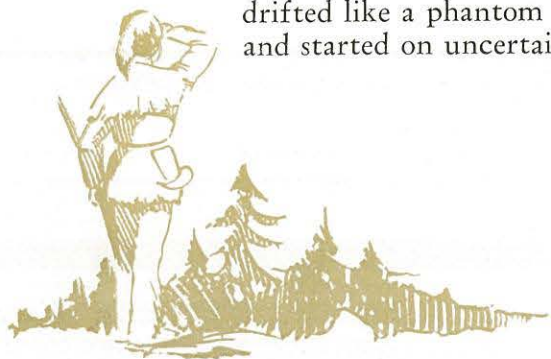
In the afternoon the sky, overcast by clouds, poured forth rain. As it grew darker, the rats appeared and began to play about. Usqua poked his inquisitive little head out of the water and sniffed the air. Being possessed of an adventurous soul, he delighted in wandering away from the huts. At the lower end of the swamp the water raced down a gulley and spilled into the drain ditch. Usqua paused at the top, and then wormed his way under the mass of weeds along the gulley.

Perched precariously on the edge of the bank, he watched an old capable-looking rat teach her young ones to forage for themselves. He turned just in time to see something darting for him. So startled was poor Usqua that he tumbled down the bank, colliding with the young rats below and rolling down to the bottom in a tangled mass of biting, kicking muskrats. Before he could gather his senses the black fury from above was upon him. Usqua never knew exactly what happened. One instant death was upon him and the next he was free, with the old muskrat and the mink fighting viciously at his side.

Again it was night. The sky began to clear up, and a cold wind blew steadily off the snow-covered hills. Usqua, still frightened after his afternoon encounter, stuck close to home. His mother went out—but never came back.

The nights grew steadily colder and in the mornings ice, formed through the night, thawed less and less readily until the pond was frozen over. The swamp was fed by springs the year around; these never froze.

Usqua appeared at a spring late one afternoon in November; the spirit of adventure was again upon him. He worked his way through the dead marsh grass to the edge of the cat-tail forest; here he paused. In the west the sun disappeared behind the silhouetted hills. A marsh hawk drifted like a phantom over the lower end of the swamp. Usqua sniffed and started on uncertainly. It was not the obnoxious odor of the mink,





but a subtle, faint odor catching in his nostrils and filling him with a strange uneasiness. Usqua became wary and advanced cautiously.

There was a cold metallic snap as a pair of cruel jaws shut tight. Usqua uttered a funny little cry and jumped back at the sudden excruciating pain seething through his leg. The chain came taut, terminating his wild lunge with a suddenness that wracked his whole body. He lunged again, but the grim, relentless jaws held his leg in grinding pain. Exhausted, he finally lay in a stupor of torture.

The long, lingering shadows of evening darkened the swamp and dusk settled down. Like a breath of wind the shadowy mink moved through the gathering gloom, and flattened invisible at the edge of the water. The white of his neck and throat flashed as he swung his broad, intelligent head from side to side. The swamp appeared lifeless. The mink slipped noiselessly in, swam rapidly across, and disappeared in a passage under the cat-tails. He ran lightly down the passage and stopped short. Ahead of him, a shadow among shadows, crouched a young muskrat. The intruder bent low, and a malicious gleam crept into his eyes. His tail twitched nervously. With the suddenness of light he darted at the rat, and with equal suddenness was stopped in his tracks. A fiery something bit into his leg. He tore at the thing only to dull his sharp teeth. An offensive odor, thrown off by the angry mink, pervaded the already musky air. He fought viciously until sheer exhaustion overcame him. Usqua watched the savage display disinterestedly. The odor bothered him more than the presence of the mink.

It grew cold rapidly. The stars stood out in startling brilliancy. The ice on the pond cracked and popped. To Usqua the cold on his leg was unbearable at first, but it soon began to be numb, and at last there was no feeling at all. He began to gnaw at it. There was a slight crunch as the bone parted, and Usqua was free. He disappeared into the night.

The mink was alone.

—EMMETT ANTRIM HERLOCKER, '37.

## The Hill

*Warm summer  
Gathered up her light wrap  
Of flowers and green grass  
And departed  
From the hill—*

*And the wind came  
And laid its soothing palm  
On the hot hill's brow  
And cooled it.*

*Then the sympathetic rain came  
And bathed the hill's bald head  
And splashed over  
Its stooping shoulder  
And cooled it.*

*At last  
Jack Frost, seeking mischief,  
Came and pinched  
The hill's toes and ears  
And chilled it.*

*And the hill shivered, and snuggled deeper  
In its crusty overcoat.*

—MONICA CHANDLER, '36.





## The Tide of Life

I STOOD by the shore of the great, wide ocean as the chill, damp fog of early morning came creeping over the waters, shutting out all but immediate surroundings of dull sand and gray water. The tide had ebbd low; far out it had receded across the bare waste of sand.

A scene of desolation; gray, somber, cold it was, the sands strewn here and there with inanimate objects, dead fish cast up by the waves, broken clam shells, shapeless masses of seaweed. The dim outline of an old, broken hull lodged among the cruel rocks was barely discernible through the heavy mantle of fog. There were few signs of life save for the loathsome scavengers of the air which find their joy in such scenes. Life had flowed out with the retreating tide.

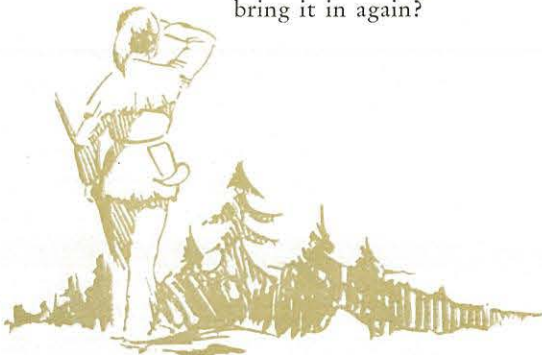
Again I stood by that same great ocean as the waters came pounding in over the hot, thirsty sands. The white-crested waves, glistening in the sunlight, were rolling in, forming and breaking and forming again as they came, until with one final effort they mounted high, curled over, and broke upon the shore in a burst of foam. The tide had turned; new life was surging in. The sands were shifting, moving, adding here, subtracting there; new energy was imparted to the stranded sea creatures surviving the out-flow of the tide; the dull masses of seaweed lifted and expanded into beautifully fantastic sea plants as the waters passed over them. The mighty ocean was teeming with in-flowing life, with life sweeping in on the flood tide.

There is an unfathomable mystery in that wide ocean with its far-flung islands, its vast expanse of water bounded by strange lands, its burden of life, its incalculable resources of energy and power, its ceaseless tides. We cannot hope to fathom it all, but we do know that as surely as the tide goes out so must it again come sweeping in. It is no more possible for it to remain at low ebb than it is to remain at high tide, nor would we have it so.

As I watched those tides, I found myself thinking of another wider tide, the tide of life. The same law of retributive action governs this far-reaching tide, bringing the same remorseless inflow and outflow.

Into each of our lives there comes an ebb tide, a time when our hold upon the best in life is severely tested. The noble, worthwhile things seem slipping out across the sands with the receding water, and all about us is desolation. Dreams around which we have built our lives are shattered. We are over-burdened with cares, bowed by sorrows, perplexed by problems to which we cannot seem to find the answer, tired by the strenuous demands of our age, fretted sometimes by the small things until we lose sight of the true values. It may be that we have become so absorbed, so deeply intent upon our own narrow circle of life that the tide has slipped out unawares and caught us unprepared to maintain our hold on life. It would seem that the stress and strain of the materialistic age in which we live is particularly conducive to just such situations, nor is it in many cases developing within us the stamina of character that is needed in the ensuing struggle.

The nation too must have its low tides. They have come in the past history of our land; they will come again. We have met them with courage and endurance, and the high tide has come in upon a nation stronger for its struggles. Again our national life is at low ebb politically, economically, socially, and religiously. We once held the highest place among the nations; now they pity us. The possession of their respect and deference, which we once so highly prized, has been slipping out with the tide while we unheeding have gone on in our own absorbing self-interest. Will the tide, I wonder, bring it in again?





The relaxing of our political grip is only too clearly shown by our failure to stamp out crime and vice, by the turn of our recent election, and by our loss in political influence abroad. Our economic failures are facts with which we are all well acquainted—very well, indeed. It is, no doubt, the most discussed topic of the day. We have let go of the solid, substantial values of wealth, substituting in their place the glitter of gold. But our religious status is the most vital question of all, for upon it rests the future life of our country. We cannot afford to let it be carried away, nor will the form alone suffice; we must have the vital, living reality of it permeating every phase of life.

We are not alone in our desperate need of new life; the whole world is experiencing the same outflow of tide, the same crucial testing of the foundations upon which they have built. The nations are fretted and harried by internal intrigues, economic difficulties, war debts, strained international relationships, and uprisings among their own people. They are longing for peace and security, yet still regarding one another with suspicion and distrust. With a veritable volcano smouldering in the Orient, perplexing complications of vital issues throughout Europe, and a shaken, confused America, we are indeed facing a grave crisis in the history of the world.

It is through the false evaluation of life's values that many of our mutual difficulties have arisen. Power, wealth, and pleasure the world has set for its standards, and while each for himself was striving toward this unworthy goal, the things that matter most were slipping out on the tide. Out of the experience of the past few years we are beginning to understand that our own interests are inexorably bound up with those of others. We cannot return to the old order of narrow intolerance and self-interest; there must be a new surge of life based upon a world-wide sense of brotherhood, tolerance, and understanding. As a Christian nation we should take the lead, and as Christian individuals we are doubly responsible.

We can survive the ebb tide if we will. In my experience with the seashore I have found that below the surface the sand is always cool and wet, even when the tide is lowest. Those sea creatures which are left behind by the waters burrow down to this moisture and there find refuge until the tide returns. It means that they must put forth effort, but the easiest way would in the end be destruction.

If we as individuals, as a nation, and as a world will but dig down below the surface to the enduring issues of life, we too can survive the ebb tides. It will, of course, involve effort upon our part, but shall we stop because of that when all that is worthwhile in life is at stake? We must fight if we would win, for the gravest danger of all lies in the attitude of indifference. Each low tide brings a new testing; each flood tide should find us with a courage more unflinching, a purpose more unswerving, a faith more triumphant.

Let us not murmur because of the retreating waters, for it is the ebb flow that makes possible the flood tide. Strong individual or national character comes only as we dig, and by that process we come to know the fullness of life.

The tide never goes too far either one way or the other, for its bounds are unerringly established. "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The great God of the Universe hath decreed it.

Dear Pat:

—RUTH McSHANE, '36.

When you are married  
and live up stairs don't come  
down to borrow chairs.

{ 63 }

A friend  
Jimmy Peterson





## The College Junior

THE PURPOSE of the writer in the presentation of these pathetic, but startling facts, is the hope that his words may stir the hearts and sympathies of people towards the poor, down-trodden Junior. If I can persuade some zealous reformer that the next important step necessary for the further advance of civilization is the emancipation of the Junior, my object will be accomplished.

The first great difficulty the Junior must face is the humiliating obligations unreasonably decreed by custom that force him to bow to every whim of the Senior. Whenever a Senior decides the time is ripe for a party or picnic, the Junior must see that the wish is gratified. He is even expected to assume a polite interest in the search for lost Seniors should they decide to sneak.

Prominent educators now say an educated man is one who is aware of how little he knows. Admitting the inescapable fact that the peak of education is the Junior year, the author wishes to state that the realization that one is an intellectual non-entity is not pleasant.

Another annoying circumstance the Junior must face is the fact that after two expensive years of college he is in such a state of financial collapse that he would gladly trade places with Insull himself. Insull managed to get to Turkey despite his debts, but the College Junior finds it impossible to visit the next town without a bodyguard of creditors that would turn Napoleon green with envy.

United States government statistics, dating from 600 B. C. to 1934 A. D., show that there are more suicides in the Junior class than in all other classes combined. These statistics also show that, at the present suicide rate, the Junior class will cease to exist by the year 2000. This shows the need for immediate action.

The Junior also finds soon after being promoted from the Sophomore class that every teacher derives a fiendish joy out of thinking up extra assignments to impress him with the fact that he is now taking upper-division work. Should he with a rash dare-devil spirit begin to protest he will probably devote the rest of the period listening to a dull, billion-word lecture on the value of concentration, book learning, and formal discipline.

Lest my readers think me a pessimist, I will dwell a minute on the bright side of the question. Al Capone and many other great men declare a large portion of their success is directly due to their Junior year in college. The most cheerful part of all, however, is the fact that slow but sure (mostly slow) the year will pass, and we shall become Seniors.

ORIN IMBS, '35.

### CONFESSION

Today one stopped for help  
So very near my side.  
But I behind false modesty did hide  
Till he went on his weary way again.  
Then I within did feel remorseful pain.

But, Father, for tomorrow give me, pray,  
That human sympathy I lacked today,  
That will surmount all selfish reckonings  
To help some one by kindly little things.

### PRUDENCE

Yesterday I laughed at things  
That now appear  
Quite serious to me,  
And today it censure brings.  
What, I fear, will tomorrow be  
If today I laugh at things.

—HARRIET PERRIGO, '36.





## A Sermonette



“AND I say unto thee, That thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Matthew 16:18.

These words of the Master in commendation of Peter's faith have been interpreted in various ways through the ages. But I think that Christ was alluding to the institution whose membership would comprise only those who having not seen, have yet believed.

Notice the last part of the text: “The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Standing at this vantage point of the Christian era I search for evidence to prove the veracity of this promise.

Beginning with Paul's Macedonian call, Christian civilization has pressed its frontiers ever westward. To England it came and its light dispelled the gloom of paganism. Still westward till the prow of the *Mayflower* grated on the rocky New England shore. Its undrooping banner led settlers across our undulating plains; and white steeples like silent witnesses among the luring lights of vicious sin pointed the traveler skyward. But where Christianity has not gone savages sleep beneath the pall of barbarism.

Again, consider the status of womanhood where Christianity has not given a softening influence. Truly Jesus is woman's Great Emancipator. From a beast of burden, and servant to man's passions the Man of Galilee has called, “Come higher,” and she now takes her rightful place as the purest jewel of God's creation. Jenny Lind, Florence Nightingale, and Frances Willard are eloquent tributes to Christianity's emancipation of womanhood. In this has the church failed?

What of tomorrow? With shaded eyes I peer as far as possible into the future. We are reminded often that these are dark days. Some say no gleam of light illumines the blackness. Their prophecy is hopelessness. Can we no longer trust the promise of Jesus Christ which for two thousand years has vindicated its utterance? I believe the only enemy that can conquer the church is doubt. If we have faith in our Leader, we can conquer. More! The church will march on even though battalions here and there may fail. Religion will succeed even though some followers betray their Master. How do I know? He promised!

In my dream I see a war-scarred battlefield; see those black garbed ranks come marching up from the back. On they come in solid formation led by one whose name is Satan—dark but not dauntless. The opposing army comes on, white their robes, blood-stained their garments. The banner over their phalanx is a red cross on a white field and is carried by a halo-crested Leader. Blood from his wounded hands stains the banner; blood from His feet marks every step He takes. On rages the battle. The Christian ranks thin, but up from the reserve step noble young men whose lives are dedicated to that Divine Commander. In the bloodiest and blackest hour of the fight I hear a shout. It echoes and reechoes through the long lines of men and is wafted away over windrows of dead and dying. Look! The enemy flees! The skies clear, and the smiling sun looks down on that scene of strife. There are funeral piles. There are rows of crosses. But undefeated stands the Man who bears five wounds.

“The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Christianity! in your darkest hour when the threatened doom of skeptical indifference would smother your life, I point you to that promise. When the cohorts of evil with all their combined forces assail you and the temptation comes to flee the field, recall that promise. Cherish it, remember it, believe it, and no foe can stop your advance till “the Kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.”

—NORMAN OKE, '34.





## Dust

*There are queer little creatures that come to my room;  
They wear grey jackets, they're afraid of a broom.  
Such funny things! They have no legs;  
They just roll around like barrels or kegs.  
And Oh! Say! they're afraid of the light;  
They creep in my room in dark, black night,  
Crawl under the bed and crouch down on the floor,  
Or sneak in the corner behind the door.*

*In the morning they're so quiet, I think they are dead,  
But as soon as I raise a broom over one head  
They all roll further under the bed  
And cling to the legs of my iron bedstead.  
I move them with the carefulest poke.  
I coax them, and pet them and tell them a joke.  
I can even lead them to the light of day  
When I say pretty words about jackets of gray.*

*So slowly I lure them into the dust pan,  
Then carry them off to the rubbish can.  
'I'm sorry, Dear Creatures, yet thus speaks the Dean,  
'Now Girls, you know your room must be clean.'*

—LEORA MARTIN, '34







# ATHLETICS

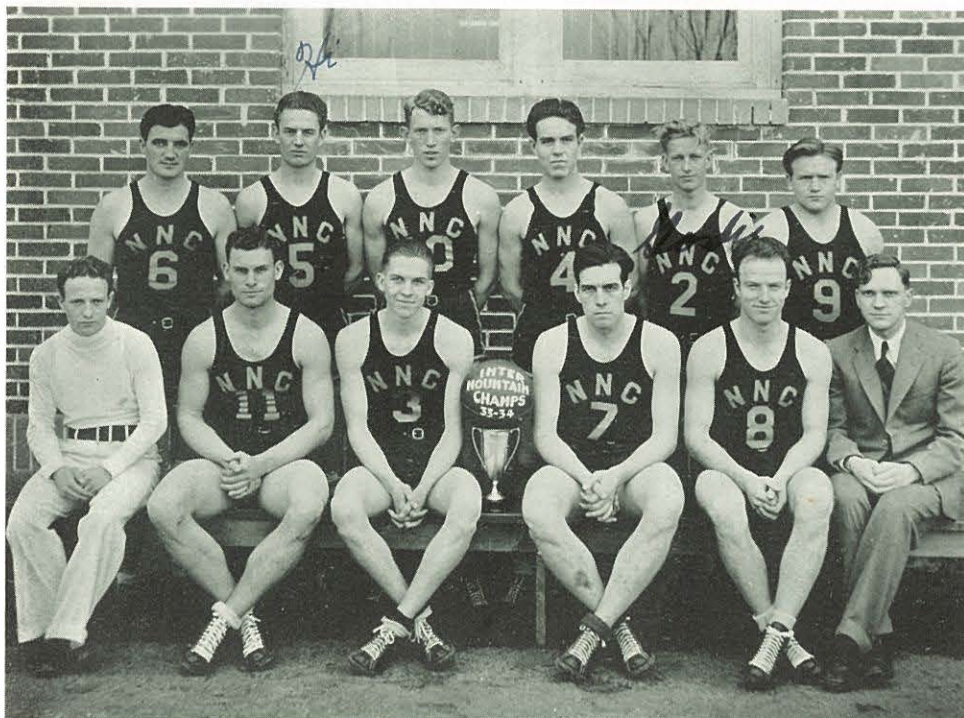
EDITED BY LAURISTON DUBOIS

We dedicate this section to  
EVERETT MARTIN  
because of his general athletic ability  
and good sportsmanship.

Dear Pat, Pete's Lt. we saw and  
here's to living on the road  
You're making me feel  
like I'm on the road  
I'll remember to give you,  
we've had to give,  
we've had to give,  
Don't forget  
if you



# College Basket Ball Squad



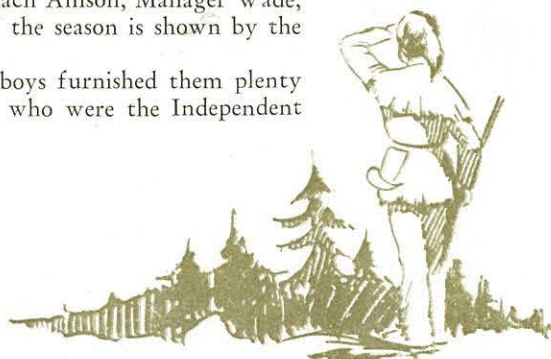
Ogstad, Dobbs, Scheel, Martin, Mowry, Schmelzenbach  
Wade, Howard, DuBois, Schurman, Eastly, Coach Allison

N. N. C. launched out on a new athletic program this year when an all-college basket ball team was organized. Coach Allison was given the task of organizing and developing this team.

The opening game of the season was played with Nampa High School and proved to be a close one with N. N. C. winning 17-16. Following this the Emmett Independent team defeated us 20-32. Our team was in a process of organization and various combinations of players were tried. Several weaknesses appearing in this game were remedied in the next three weeks, and N. N. C. entered the Intermountain Tournament with an untested "dark-horse" team. N. N. C. defeated Gooding College 22-20 in the opening game of the Tournament. In the first game of the evening N. N. C. played Boise Junior College, who had defeated the College of Idaho in the afternoon. Our boys went on a "scoring spree," winning 39-18. Gooding, after losing to N. N. C., defeated Eastern Oregon Normal, who had previously eliminated Albion Normal. This necessitated our playing Gooding again in the final game, which proved to be a real thriller—Nampa winning 22-20.

A real start for the first year of basket ball—an Intermountain Tournament won, with our boys being the only undefeated team; two all-Tournament men chosen—"Bob" Schurman, Guard; "Eb" Martin, Forward; a reputation for future N. N. C. teams to uphold. With the trophy and ball as souvenirs, no wonder Coach Allison, Manager Wade, and the Team look contented in the picture. The success of the season is shown by the schedule of games. (See page 136.)

The strongest teams in this region were played and our boys furnished them plenty of competition. We broke even with the Boise Elektrikats, who were the Independent champions of the Boise Valley.







## Academy Basket Ball Squad



Nolte, Harper, Spencer, Winans, Tate  
Coach Brown, Quilling, Nees, Fifer, Cline, Pounds

Space will not permit a review of each game, but we cannot forget the last game which was the fastest and the most exciting of the season. The Security Bank team from Boise, composed of a group of "sharp shooters," came over with the idea of handing us a defeat. The pace they set was too fast for us during the first fifteen minutes of play, and we were "left in the dust" with a score of 4-21. Then we began to check the offensive drive of the Bank team, who, at the close of the half, were leading 14-27. Our boys, instructed by the Coach to beat the Bank at their own game and play hard and fast, returned to the floor determined to win their last game even if trailing thirteen points and having only twenty minutes to play. The score was tied at 29 all, and with two minutes of play left we were leading 35-29. However, the Bank, not to be outdone, tied the score 35-35 in the last ten seconds of play. The overtime period was more thrilling than ever, with N. N. C. rolling in one basket after another and winning the game 44-37. The season ended as pandemonium reigned in the gym.

Basket ball furnished the student body with clean entertainment during the winter months, and won a good reputation for N. N. C. in the community and surrounding country. Practically every team we played commented on the fine sportsmanship shown by our team.

The outlook for the next year is very promising with only two men, Eastly and Schmelzenbach, lost by graduation.

—R. A.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Academy Team coached by Russell Brown developed rapidly from seemingly nowhere, and played against some very good teams in this section. The most spectacular win of the season was that over the Boise Junior College second team, when our boys, although smaller and less experienced, brought their score up from far behind until scoring 20 points in the final quarter they gained a one-point victory—45-44. We are looking for the same good success next year.





## Athletics at N. N. C.



THE SCHOOL year 1933-34 has marked a distinct change in our athletic program, the influence of which is felt in an ever-widening circle of competition. This year Northwest Nazarene College teams first participated in intercollegiate athletics.

Coupling physical training with mental and spiritual in its proper relationship has always been the true aim of our athletic activities and continues to be the basic note of the expanding athletic program. Our athletes in every field have carried themselves as Christian men in the strictest sense of the word. Amid the grueling game of basket ball or through a testing game of tennis our men have passed the most exacting examination. In fact, several opposing teams have stated that our men played as clean, hard-fought, sportsmanlike a game as those found on any team they have ever met. Coached in theory and able to demonstrate the technique, the men of N. N. C. teams have certainly merited a great amount of commendation and praise.

Initiating intercollegiate competition in basket ball was a feature of the first semester; our men swept all opposition before them, taking the intermountain trophy. We are proud of our team composed of basket ball men from leading high schools in our educational zone. Several of our players have the signal honor of being named on the all-star teams. Besides the tournament competition a number of other games were played, Northwest Nazarene College winning a high per cent of them.

Although there were no college teams in this section, the baseball nine played several local teams including the nine from the Idaho State Penitentiary at Boise. The competition was strong, but the brand of ball played by our men was scarcely matched all season. A kitten-ball team was organized and more than held its own despite the stubborn resistance of opponents.

Holding the limelight of spring sports, track was entered on the intercollegiate schedule and enjoyed a great measure of success in the first year of competition. In our first track meet we placed second. Entering only nine men, we had the distinction of having the high point man of the meet a member of our team. Participating in four intercollegiate meets, we shared proportionately high in placement honors. Being an infant in the intercollegiate realm no longer gives cause for fear, as the caliber of our teams is an undisputed fact.

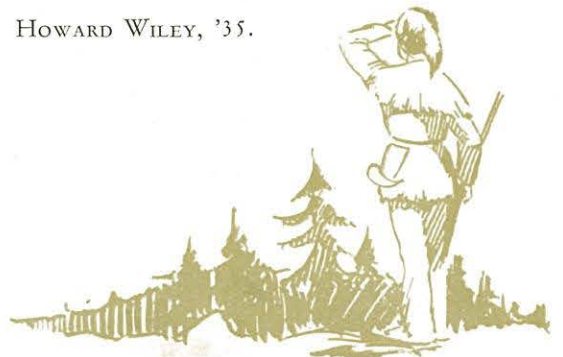
The lesser sports, tennis and volleyball, although not in the category of major sports, nevertheless were participated in by a large proportion of the student body. Our tennis team played practically all of the colleges in this district and through the season won more matches than our opponents.

The women of the three societies majored in basket ball and volley ball. The A. D. P. women took the basket ball honors without losing a game all season. Competition in this intramural sport was hot, and some good games were played. Volleyball also was a source of exercise and amusement, the fair sex displaying a considerable amount of dexterity, as was shown by their ability throughout the season.

The A. D. P. men captured the kitten-ball and basket ball titles by consistent playing, while the volleyball honors went to the Olympians. The intramural tennis games were an interesting affair with the competition close and hotly contested. The S. L. A. team upset the dope bucket and eked out a win in the men's play, while the Olympian women took the ladies' singles. The A. D. P. doubles team were winners in the women's doubles event.

We are greatly pleased and highly gratified with the season's activities and are looking forward to another year which promises to be even better than the past year in intercollegiate athletics.

HOWARD WILEY, '35.

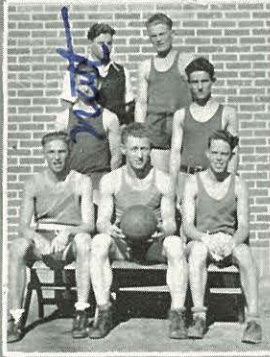




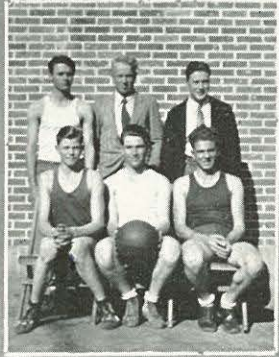
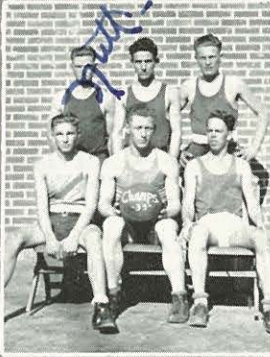


# Intersociety Athletics

S. L. A.    A. D. P.    O. L. Y.



VOLLEY BALL



BASKET BALL



BASE BALL

*ad:  
 you think you can keep up  
 old spirit when the  
 is gone well  
 hoping  
 Fisher of  
 the Smith  
 Caason  
 Fisher  
 me  
 +*





# Intersociety Athletics



## S. L. A. A. D. P. O. L. Y.



## BASKET BALL



## VOLLEY BALL



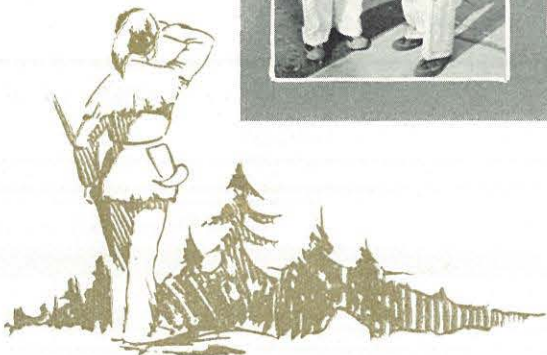
## BASE BALL



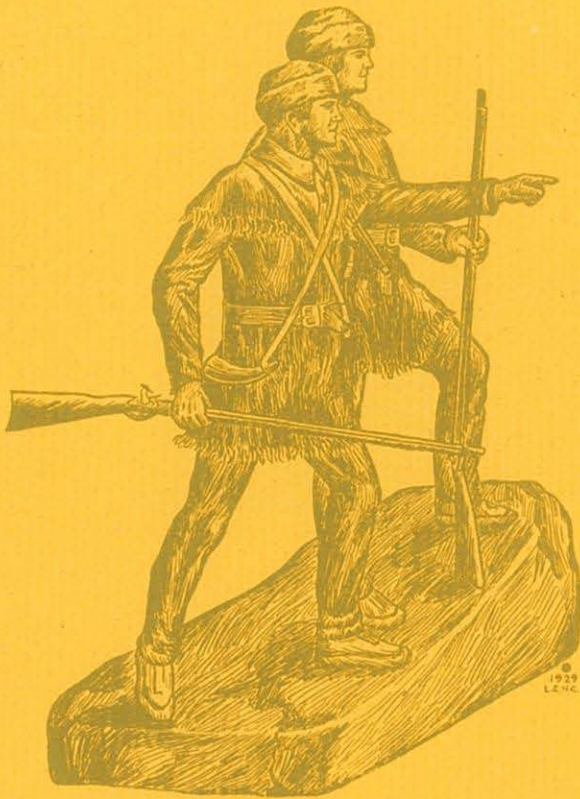




# Basket Ball --- Track --- Tennis







*Dear Fat*  
*Remember the good*  
*old days. F. Finnan*  
*and all the happy*  
*days and every*  
*thing.*  
*Yours, F. Finnan*  
*103 Juniper St*  
*Weymouth, Mass.*

# ACTIVITIES

EDITED BY ELEANOR LENTON

This section we dedicate to  
 HANNAH GROSETH  
 who to us has been a true leader.

Dear Pat:-

You are a real Pal. I'm  
glad to consider you my  
friend. You've proved  
yourself so, as far as,  
I'm concerned. I only  
wish you would do  
what you know you  
ought to do. Maybe some  
day you will and if  
you do, you'll never regret  
it. Good luck and plenty  
of it.

Your Pal,  
"Johnny"  
Monroe





## Forensic Society

NORMAN OKE - - - - - Manager  
LOIS GOETZE - - - - - Secretary

PAUL MARTIN - - Assistant Manager  
TRUMAN HOFSTETTER - - Treasurer

*"Every art must be preceded by a certain mechanical expertness."*

—GOETHE.

THE Speech Department has been quite active this year. Over one hundred persons have been enrolled in the speech classes. The aim of this department is to help individuals master the fundamentals of good delivery and speech composition just as one masters the scales and arpeggios in music or the strokes and good form in outdoor sports. The technique then becomes a part of himself and leaves him free to express his ideas unhindered.

Impromptu speaking, story telling, discussions, debates, and impersonations are phases of this department. Special interest is given to young ministers. The department has given ten programs in Chapel besides furnishing numbers for many other special programs.

—E. R. G.





# Debate Squad



P. Spencer  
L. Eason  
M. Ellis

N. Oke

H. Stetson  
I. Eastly  
R. Jackson

Coach Harper

P. Martin  
L. Martin  
J. McShane

E. Klein  
E. Wian  
E. Morton  
J. McShane

ACADEMY DEBATE

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# 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 debate squad under the able direction of Coach Donald S. Harper and Norman Oke, debate manager, deserves much commendation. We feel that the squad merits success only because they have been willing to put forth effort, work, and sacrifice.

This year the Pi Kappa Delta debate question was "Resolved that the Powers of the President of the United States should be Substantially Increased as a Settled Policy." There has been unusual interest because the question relates so closely to national events of public concern. The presidential program has been changing so rapidly that the newspapers and magazines have supplied abundant material pertaining to this vital issue.

A group of eager and enthusiastic forensic aspirants started early in the fall to win a coveted place on the debate squad. Fourteen students were chosen to represent N. N. C. on the forensic platform. Immediately following the Christmas holidays these students participated in a series of practice debates with the College of Idaho.

Norman Oke, Earl Klein, and Paul Spencer made the four-thousand-mile tour of the Pacific Southwest. Some of the many outstanding points of this trip were the debates with the University of Utah at Salt Lake City, the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, Stanford University at Palo Alto, and the Northwest Tournament held at McMinnville, Oregon. Paul Martin and Harry Stetson met the traveling team at McMinnville and participated with them in this tournament. Gonzaga University, Washington State College, and Willamette University were among the important college teams met on the forensic platform at McMinnville.

Three teams, composed of Ilo Eastly and Janette McShane, Paul Martin and Norman Oke, and Lloyd Eason and Richard Jackson, were entered in the Southern Idaho College Debate Tournament held at Gooding College, Wesleyan, Idaho.

The climax of the entire season came when N. N. C. met Stanford University in the big home debate. A crowd of over eight hundred people packed the chapel of N. N. C. Tuesday evening, March 13, to hear one of the most important debates ever staged in southern Idaho. This particular debate was made even more outstanding because of the presence of state officials. Hon. Franklin Girard, Secretary of State, gave the address of welcome, and Mr. John W. Condie, Superintendent of Public Instruction, presided as chairman. Hon. Raymond L. Givens, Justice of the Supreme Court, Hon. Bert H. Miller, Attorney General, and Dr. W. D. Vincent, Superintendent of Boise Schools, acted as the judges. Dr. Millar of the College of Idaho gave the invocation. Norman Oke and Paul Spencer upheld the affirmative side of the question for N. N. C. while John McFarland and Rollin Woodbury of Stanford University upheld the negative. At the conclusion, the judges rendered the decision 2-1 in favor of the affirmative.

—TRUMAN HOSTETTER.

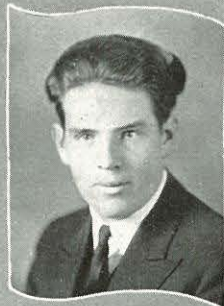
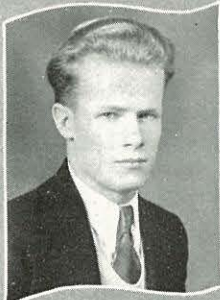
## DEBATE SCHEDULE

Feb. 2. Utah State Ag. College.  
Feb. 2. University of Utah.  
Feb. 3. Brigham Young University.  
Feb. 3. Weber College.  
Feb. 5. University of Nevada.  
Feb. 6. College of Pacific.  
Feb. 7. Cal. State Teachers' College.  
Feb. 8. Pasadena College.  
Feb. 9. Redlands University.  
Feb. 9. University of Southern Calif.

Feb. 9. Pasadena College.  
Feb. 10. Whittier College.  
Feb. 10. Pomona College.  
Feb. 12. Stanford University.  
Feb. 14. Willamette University.  
Feb. 15. Oregon State College.  
Feb. 16-17. McMinnville Tournament.  
Feb. 19. Pacific University.  
March 13. Stanford University.  
March 15, 16, 17. So. Idaho Tournament.







## Oasis



*Bertha R. Dooley*

EARL KLEIN  
*Business Manager*  
PEARL NELSON  
*College Editor*  
RUTH McSHANE  
*Literary Editor*  
CHESTER FUJINO  
*Art Editor*

LAURISTON DuBOIS  
*Associate Editor*

LEONARD EASTLY  
*Editor-in-Chief*

PROFESSOR DOOLEY  
*Sponsor*

THEODORE MARTIN  
*Alumni Editor*  
DORA ALICE PAYLOR  
*Editorial Secretary*  
ELEANOR LENTON  
*Organization Editor*  
CLYDE LOWRY  
*Assistant Art Editor*







MARY MARTIN  
*Snapshots*  
 AVIS HUNGERFORD  
*Business Secretary*  
 ANDREW EDWARDS  
*Collector*  
 MARIE SCHMIDT  
*Bookkeeper*

GORDON OLSEN  
*Advertising Manager*  
 GEORGE AMES  
*Assistant Business Manager*  
 NICHOLAS ARECHUCK  
*Sales Manager*  
 WILLARD HARPER  
*Sponsor*

ELIZABETH MILLIGAN  
*Academy Editor*  
 GRACE HILBORN  
*Calendar*  
 PAUL MARTIN  
*Collector*  
 HAZEL HANKINS  
*Recording Secretary*





## Olympian

LAURISTON DuBois - - - - - *President*  
HANNAH GROSETH - - - - - *Program Committee*

OCCUPYING a big place in the program of our school the first semester, the Olympian Athletic-Literary Society proved itself to be full of enthusiasm for every activity that was presented. They became noted for the ready co-operation they gave in every school or society venture, whether it be in the religious, literary, musical, or athletic field. An Olympian never "gives up," but offers the stiffest competition to the finish. Forging far ahead from the very beginning the "red and white" driver drove the Olympian Ford to victory in the Oasis contest, coming in many miles ahead of the nearest rival.

This society believes competition is good as a developer of talent and ability; it firmly upholds loyalty and faithfulness as modes of building character. To know an Olympian is to know one who backs N. N. C. to the end, one who is behind every good thing that will build character in himself and in others. The Olympians have always striven for a good society as a means toward building a better school. Their aim is a society that will guide toward truer lives and stronger character.

—LAURISTON DuBois, '35.







## Alpha Delta Phi

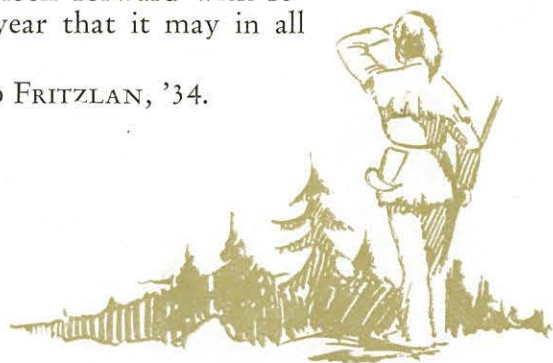
GORDON OLSEN - - - - - *President*  
 JOHN MAXEY - - - - - *Program Committee*

ALTHOUGH the advent of intercollegiate athletics at Nazarene College has necessarily meant a decrease in society spirit and intersociety athletics, yet we are glad a considerable amount of society enthusiasm has remained.

This has been an exceptionally successful year for the Alpha Delta Phi Literary Society in several respects. It was through the untiring efforts and co-operation of the members of the society that the A. D. P.'s were successful in winning the cup the first semester. This year competition took place between individuals within the three societies rather than between the societies as a whole. The programs were of the highest type, and interest ran very high. However, we feel that the A. D. P.'s did their share in bringing glory to their society. The success of the society this year has largely resulted from the very efficient leadership of its president, Gordon Olsen; also much credit is due our faculty sponsors, Professors Dooley and Harper, who have rendered very valuable assistance from time to time.

But while remembering past victories let us look forward with renewed vigor and determination to the coming year that it may in all respects be a successful one.

—DAVID FRITZLAN, '34.







## Sigma Lambda Alpha

STANLEY MITTELSTAEDT - - - - - *President*  
 LEORA MARTIN - - - - - *Program Committee*

AMONG the athletic-literary societies of our school can be found one whose members are always filled with enthusiasm and loyalty. S. L. A.'s allow no defeat without a strenuous fight. In athletic contests this year our society has not been as successful as in former years, yet we have turned defeat into victory by coming out of all games cheerful and sportsmanlike. Although we won first in the Intersociety Writing, Declamatory, and Music Contest, we felt that we had been greatly enriched by the presentations of the other societies.

This year the sense of keen competition that used to divide our student body into three distinct groups has not been so apparent. Yet the S. L. A.'s have held so tenaciously to their guiding motto, "Success, Leadership, and Aggression," that they have generously contributed to student body activities as a whole. In athletic achievements, in music and forensic, and in spiritual leadership, the S. L. A.'s are always found with those in the front ranks, co-operating in student body activities, encouraging school spirit, and pursuing the ideals of N. N. C.

—LEORA MARTIN, '34.





## Student Executive Council



E. OGSTAD  
*Vice President*  
*Associated Students*  
J. MAXEY  
*Treasurer*  
*Associated Students*

N. OKE  
*President*  
*Associated Students*  
M. MARTIN  
*Secretary*  
*Associated Students*

G. OLSEN  
*President*  
*College Liberal Arts*  
M. MARTINI  
*Sgt.-at-Arms*  
*Associated Students*

L. EASTLY  
*Editor of*  
*Oasis*  
J. MANGUM  
*President*  
*Academy*

P. MARTIN  
*Assistant Debate*  
*Manager*  
J. NEEDLES  
*President*  
*Bible College*

## Athletic Literary Council



W. HARPER  
*Sponsor*  
P. THOREN  
*Ath. Dir.*  
*A.D.P.*

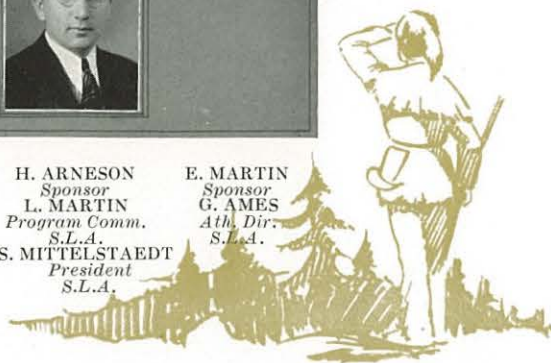
R. ALLISON  
*Sponsor*  
A. EDWARDS  
*Ath. Dir.*  
*Olympians*  
R. BROWN  
*Athletic*  
*Director*

H. HAMILTON  
*Sponsor*  
H. GROSETH  
*Program Comm.*  
*Olympians*  
L. DuBOIS  
*President*  
*Olympians*

B. DOOLEY  
*Sponsor*  
J. MAXEY  
*Program Comm.*  
*A.D.P.*  
G. OLSEN  
*President*  
*A.D.P.*

H. ARNESON  
*Sponsor*  
L. MARTIN  
*Program Comm.*  
*S.L.A.*  
S. MITTELSTAEDT  
*President*  
*S.L.A.*

E. MARTIN  
*Sponsor*  
G. AMES  
*Ath. Dir.*  
*S.L.A.*







## Educational Department

PAUL SPENCER - - - - - *President*  
 LUCILE HADLEY - - - - - *Secretary*

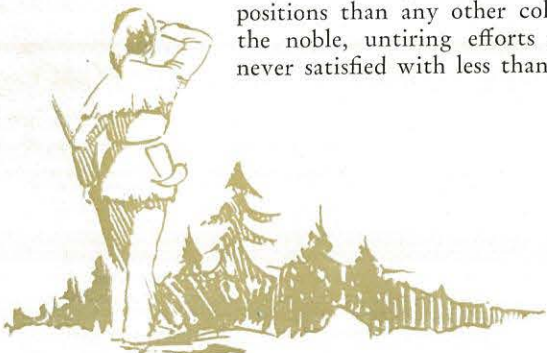
LEONARD EASTLY - - - *Vice President*  
 GORDON OLSEN - - - - *Treasurer*

THE Normal Department of N. N. C. had its beginning in 1925 as a Teachers' Training Class, with eight members enrolled. For three years its growth was gradual. In the fall of 1929 Dr. May E. Bower was secured to head this department, and under her able direction a marked development was effected. The graduating class of that spring was the largest up to that time in the history of the school, with twenty-three prospective teachers receiving their certificates. The following year (1931) thirty-one students were graduated, and in 1932 this number was increased to thirty-eight. In 1933 the number decreased slightly, when but thirty completed their normal work. A gain of eighteen for 1934 makes this the largest graduating class in the school's history. The outlook for 1935 is very promising for an even greater number of Normal students.

There is one outstanding purpose for the existence of the Normal Department of N. N. C., namely, to train young men and women not only to be efficient teachers, but to be leaders in Christian enterprises. A prominent characteristic of all educational classes is a short period devoted to spiritual meditation. The Great Teacher is constantly exemplified before us as the ultimate goal of all wisdom and education.

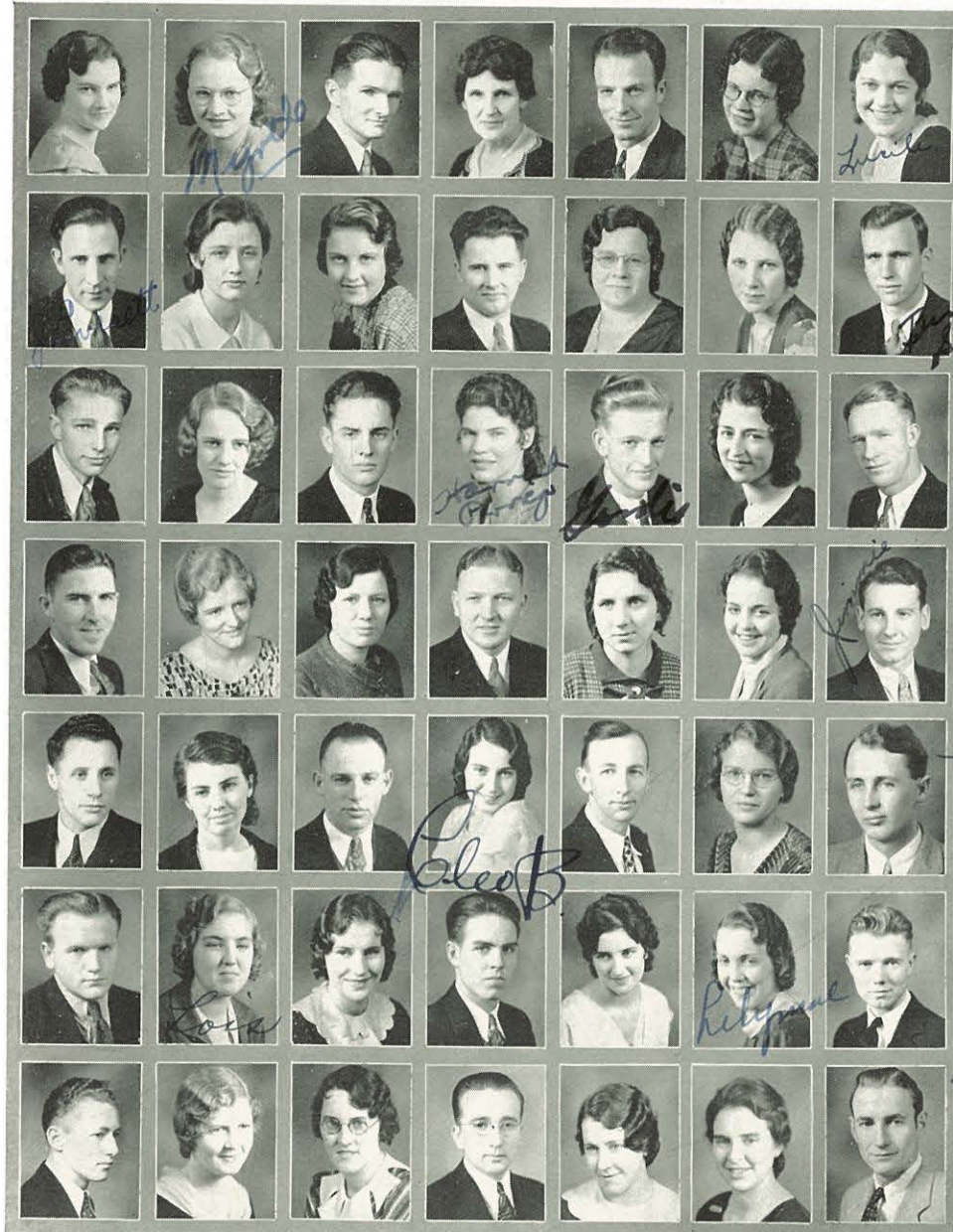
During the short time of its existence the Normal School of Northwest Nazarene College has earned for itself an enviable reputation in the territory it touches. From Montana, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Minnesota, Washington, Oregon, and Canada come requests for more of our Christian-trained teachers. In proportion to the size of our college, the Normal Department graduates more teachers who secure teaching positions than any other college in the State. For this much praise must be given to the noble, untiring efforts of the faculty of the Educational Department who are never satisfied with less than the highest and best in the training of youth.

—EVERETT MORSE, '36.





# Normal School Graduates



Albert,  
You & we  
my pals  
A. D. Exp. to  
year but I  
just can't  
keep track  
of you this  
year.  
Success to  
Ole Davi

Mason  
Morse  
Flisher  
Fuehrer  
Ames  
Schmelzenbach  
Eason

Scott  
Williams  
Nelson  
Groseth  
Williams  
Wiley  
Nelson

Spencer  
Swalm  
Dobbs  
Patteson  
Yeager  
Brown  
Scheel

Prof. Bower  
Vruegdenhil  
Perrigo  
Olsen  
Baird  
Martin  
Mittelstaedt

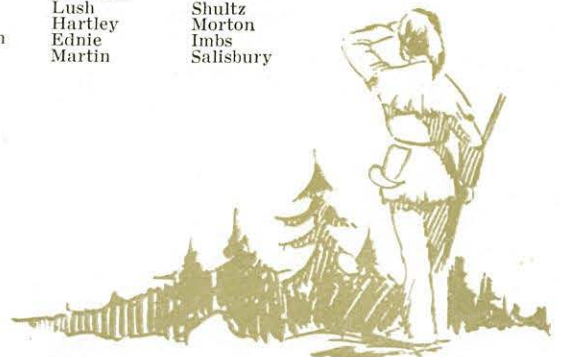
Eastly  
Vruegdenhil  
Mowry  
Hammer  
Morton  
Thompson  
Carlson

Goetze  
Paylor  
Roseboro  
Lush  
Hartley  
Ednie  
Martin

Hadley  
Seaman  
Wian  
Shultz  
Morton  
Imbs  
Salisbury

it! After all we  
have not  
known each  
other long but  
I'm sure we  
have heard all  
of each other's  
bad faults.  
I realize in  
one thing.  
Religious  
Resisting  
Immoral Shultz  
Berg, No.

{ 83 }







## Kindergarten--Grades--Practice Teachers

NOT ONLY is the Grammar School the oldest department on the campus, but it is still of vital importance in the life of the institution. This year under the supervision of four well-trained and experienced teachers sixty-three boys and girls have been given the advantage of attending school in a place where the building of Christian character is stressed. Many of the children are indeed living real Christian lives before their classmates.

Nor are the pupils the only ones benefited, for during this past year about forty young men and women under the supervision of the regular teachers have received their training here.

Before the school year started, the building received a thorough renovation, new supplies were purchased, and through the aid of the School Improvement Association added playground equipment and a new encyclopedia were obtained.

The special feature of the year was the historical pageant entitled, "Day Before Yesterday," which was presented by the children in the College auditorium.

\* \* \* \* \*

The latest addition to our school is the Kindergarten in which, during this, the first year of its history, eleven tiny tots were taught many interesting things.

Realizing that both work and play are necessary to a perfect unfolding of the child nature, a place for each was made in the day's schedule. Songs, stories, poems, handwork, games, marches, rhythm band, sand tables, blocks, yes—and even reading fill the hours with pleasant and constructive activity. In addition the little folk have found time to plant gardens and to give three very interesting programs at the Chapel, Grammar School, and P.-T. A.



## Church School Methods

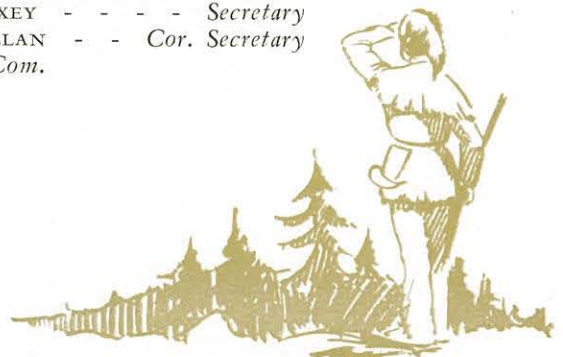


## Foreign Mission Band



ELMER SCHMELZENBACH - *President*  
 MATTIE LUCKINBILL - - - *Treasurer*  
 PAUL YEAGER - - - *Pro. Com.*

VENETA MAXEY - - - - *Secretary*  
 LESLIE FRITZLAN - - *Cor. Secretary*







## Christian Workers' Band (A-L)



ENOCH OGSTAD - - - - President  
CLEO BAIRD - - - - Sec.-Treas.

ELLWOOD MYLANDER - Vice President  
HANNAH GROSETH - - - Pro. Com.

BECAUSE of the goodness of the Lord together with the generous co-operation of the students, the Christian Workers' Band has launched out on an extensive program for the year, and has been very successful in many new and old outpoints. The Band is representative of our school in that its fundamental purpose is Christian service to mankind. It is comprised of all our young people who feel a special call to any branch of Christian activity, ministers and missionaries not excepted.

The problem of obtaining money to run our many outpoints has been a serious drawback in other years, for most of these places were unable to support themselves. However, at the beginning of this school year the student body expressed their support of the Band by a liberal offering. A short time afterwards an appropriation was granted from the student body fund. This made it possible for us to start several new outpoints, and contact many new people, who otherwise were without religious services.

Many of the former outpoints of the Christian Workers' Band have grown into organized churches with regular pastors. One of our old outpoints, Red Top, has been faithfully supervised by Mr. Hannon over





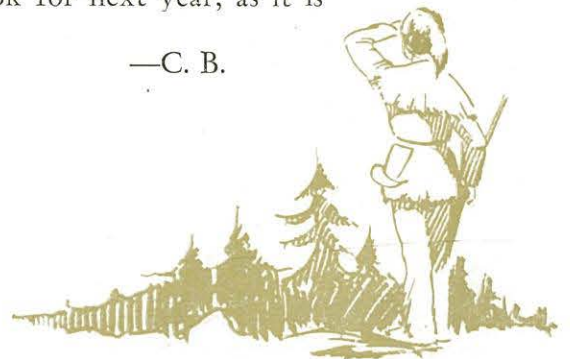
## Christian Workers' Band (M-Z)



a period of four years. During the second semester, however, Mr. Hannon felt that he should turn his work over to his efficient co-workers, Miss Hamilton and Mr. Morse who have since been carrying on the work at Red Top. Mr. Hannon has started a new work at Givens Hot Springs. In the true pioneering spirit Arnold Finkbeiner went out into the "highways and by-ways" of the Columbia School District inviting the people on Saturdays to the Sunday services at the schoolhouse. As a result of these efforts, there is now an organized Sunday School of over fifty members. Through the efforts of Ellwood Mylander a work was begun at New Hope where there has been no religious service for years. This work has been ably conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Vreugdenhil and Mr. and Mrs. Yeider, and has a regular attendance of sixty members. Under the supervision of Ellwood Mylander, Larry Bone, and Lyle Robinson services have been held at the Odd Fellows' Home in Caldwell, the Feeble-Minded Institute at Nampa, and the State Penitentiary at Boise. Stack Rock, our mountain station, has been visited whenever the weather permitted. Sunny Slope, an organized church, has secured workers from our band almost twice monthly. The Samaritan Hospital has greatly appreciated the work of Miss Scheel in procuring singers for Sunday afternoons. This has brought much hope and cheer to many patients.

We feel greatly encouraged with the outlook for next year, as it is promising from every aspect.

—C. B.





## Bible --- Graduates --- Special



Nicks  
Hill

Thoreen  
Collar

Holmes  
Eby

Moore  
Kiel

Needles  
\*Kiel

\*Graduating from Bible College

## Commercial Department





P. K. Club

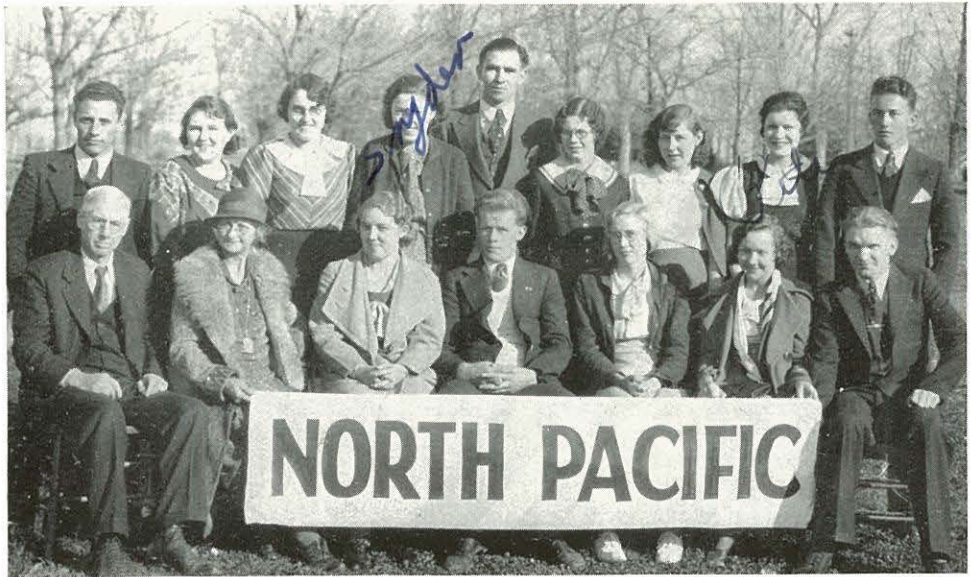


Kitchen Force





## North Pacific Band



## Canadian Band





North Dakota Band



Northwest Band







## Idaho-Oregon Band



## Central Northwest Band





## Universal Band



## Rocky Mountain Band





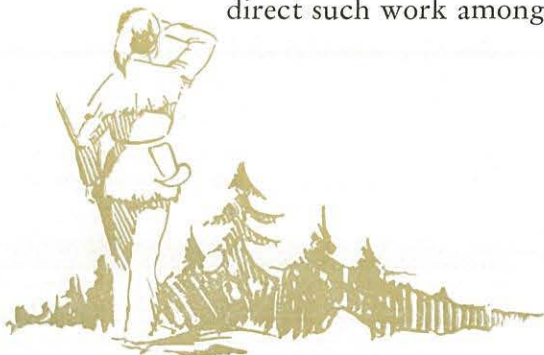
## Boy Scout Leadership

A FUNDAMENTAL need of our nation is expressed by J. H. Holland when he says: "God give us men. A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands. Men whom the lust of office does not kill; men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; men who possess opinions and a will; men who have honor; men who will not lie."

But the manhood of tomorrow can be influenced for good only through the proper influence of the boy of today. And such is the objective of the Boy Scouts organization in utilizing the boy's leisure time for character and citizenship training.

N. N. C. realizing the need of trained leaders in this field has entered in its curriculum two classes in scout leadership under Prof. Ray S. Miller assisted by the Oregon-Idaho council executive, Mr. Charles Baptist. Over fifty college men have enrolled in these classes for which two hours college credit is offered as well as a Scout Leadership Certificate issued by the National Council of Boy Scouts. There is an increasing opportunity for service along this line. Educators are eager for leaders in this field and many of our Churches are calling for pastors who can direct such work among the boys.

—PROFESSOR RAY S. MILLER.







## Fall Revival



THE OPENING revival of this school year with Rev. and Mrs. Otho Schwab might be characterized as being most effective to the younger, new students. Because an increasing number of our students now come to us with the objective of training for the educational and secular world, we have at the beginning of the year a good many not-definitely-Christian young people. Yet, while they profess no great interest in religious things, these young people find themselves listening to Gospel messages, Gospel songs, and heart-felt prayers, and before long are hungry for "that Something" which they now realize they lack. It is to this group, rather than the definitely spiritual students, that the opening evangelist of the year must appeal.

Rev. Schwab in one of his finest sermons dealt with "Life's Supreme Question," using as a text: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." We were presented with the alternative: What Satan offers, and what Christ offers. As Satan's offering we may take these lures: That he will receive us as we are, no change necessary; that we slide along with the crowd, a most subtle offer; that we are welcome to pleasure. In contrast we have Christ's offering of a changed life with the fetters of sin broken, a real hope, eternal life. Our doom is sealed not according to our age, but according to the light and the opportunities we have rejected.

We feel that much good was accomplished during these meetings and appreciate the ministry of these young people to us.

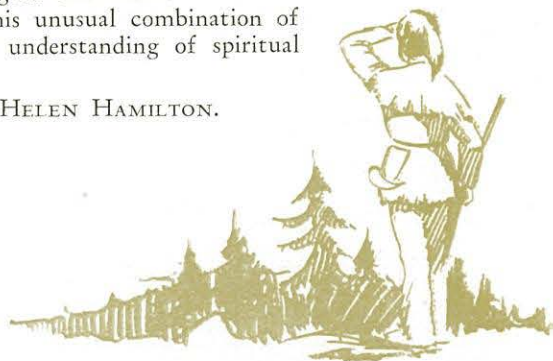
## The Nelson Lectures

When a Presbyterian minister delivers a number of scholarly, religious lectures to a Nazarene student body and is liked—there is something "new under the sun." Such was the case when Rev. Roy W. Nelson of Portland came to us this winter with a series of challenging, inspirational messages, making our own beliefs alive to us. His unfaltering faith in the reconstructing power of Christ put new energy into our Christian living. His fearless attack on the problems confronting all thinking Christian people opened our eyes to new possibilities for service. We could not listen to him and remain neutral, listless, unseeing Christians, for we were forced to see issues and choose sides.

The very titles of the lectures are stimulating: Religion to the Front, The Non-Conformist Youth, Jesus and the Scientific Method, The Pulpit Looks at the Pew, The Making of a Personal Faith, Escape or Attack, and Longer Cords and Stronger Stakes. Considering Escape or Attack, Rev. Nelson remarked that "the militant gospel is not a matter of getting away from life—it is getting into it. One should not go to college to master truth, but to be mastered by it—the same in religion." Of Longer Cords and Stronger Stakes he says, "One would expect words like that from the Bible. Universal growth, progress, and development are the heart-beats of God. It takes adjustments: first, that we make goodness active and attractive—a drowning man would rather see a burglar who could swim than a bishop who couldn't—; second, that we make our faith intelligible; and third, that we make our religion Christ-like."

Rev. Nelson commanded our interest and respect by his unusual combination of learning and spirituality. We particularly appreciated his understanding of spiritual things and their practical application to our everyday life.

—HELEN HAMILTON.







## About This Man Woodrum

THE STUDENTS of N.N.C. unanimously acclaim the recent ministry of Rev. Lon Woodrum among us as something more than a revival. Rev. Woodrum is unique. No other minister has ever so completely stripped the man-made notions and conventions from the teachings of Christ, and laid bare the living Truth. We can but marvel at his powers of observation, his keen insight and understanding, his gift of imagination, his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his ability to interpret them in terms of human experience.

Perhaps the words of students themselves concerning this man and his ministry will be more effective than anything else. These comments were not written for the public and are simply the spontaneous remarks of college freshmen—many not Christian.

"As an up-to-date speaker and preacher and level-minded person who could impress the people in the right manner, I think he would be hard to surpass."

"He has such a knowledge of the Bible that he does not have to refer to it or any other reference—he seems to speak from his heart."

"He does not say anything that he does not mean, nor is he a bit flattering. His poems are very effective. I like his type of frankness and kindness because he makes religion practical."

"Mr. Woodrum is not an emotional or high pressure preacher. This appeals to me. He wants you to become a Christian because it is the right and just thing to do. A great many preachers try to scare you into it."

"One reason why he is interesting is that he can take some picture from the Bible and make a story of it that applies to everyday life and say it in everyday language."

"He has been in the back seat of society himself; this enables him to speak right to the heart of that person who sits there now."

"Lon Woodrum has such a distinctive personality and manner that everyone is fascinated by him."

We are thrilled by these comments because they come from young people who are frank about religion. The apparent results of this meeting are not great, but the testimony of the students themselves shows that they find Christ more real and the Christian life more engrossing than ever before.

—H. H.

### GREAT PINE

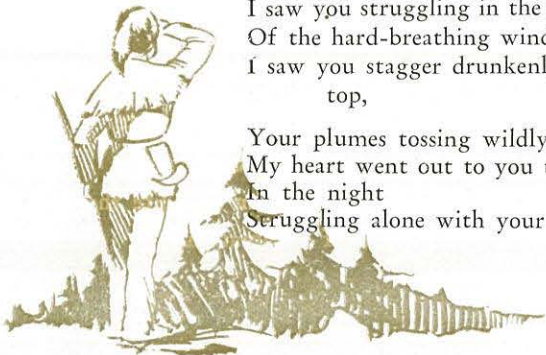
Last night  
In the glare of the storm-god's flash light  
I saw you struggling in the arms  
Of the hard-breathing wind.  
I saw you stagger drunkenly on the hill-  
top,

Your plumes tossing wildly.  
My heart went out to you there  
In the night  
Struggling alone with your foe,

And I crept off to bed,  
Sad.

This morning, I looked,  
And lo, your feet were still planted  
On the hill-top.  
The tired wind clung weakly to your  
plumes . . .  
Whimpering . . .  
My chin came up . . .

—TENNEY BALMWOOD  
(Rev. Lon Woodrum)







Dear Feb,  
Don't you  
know it's agoin' to  
the rule, like that?  
the swimmin', you ole snake,  
Well, you ole git the  
I hope your kids all git the  
measles,  
Good-bye  
Gordie

# ALUMNI

EDITED BY THEODORE MARTIN

The Alumni Section we dedicate to  
REV. E. E. MARTIN  
because he carries with him into life the  
true spirit of exploration.





## 1933--One Year After



WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for an individual to sever connections with the college of his choice, it is not without a sinking sensation in the pit of his emotional nature.

Going to college, especially in times of economic stress (I will not say "depression"), is like climbing for four years to reach one glamorous vantage point known as Commencement, standing on it for a few delicious seconds, and then jumping off. Some land so hard they need must lie awhile to regain balance, while others light so gracefully they scarcely touch the earth ere they are speeding up some other slope toward further goals.

Enough of generalities. In 1929 a band of lusty adventurers called vulgarly "Freshmen" picked up their alpen-stocks and started for the summit. The way was rough to those unused to steep ascents. The path was sometimes narrow. At other times it gently wound among bright mountain flowers, scarlet and purple and gold. At Fourth-Way House they stopped to spend the night and see the view.

The next stretch passed more swiftly, though some brave comrades chose to stay behind and come up later. This Sophomore day found the travelers more sure of footing, though not so buoyant as the day before, forsooth.

On the third also, the party changed somewhat. At Half-Way House it left a few and gained a few from other parties. This time the climb was marked with more determination. Allow a break in allegory here: the first taste of upperclassmanship brought new responsibilities—discreetness, in their walk before the six or eight rows of Immaturity who sat behind them in the chapel, and deference, made active in their task of getting seniors graduated properly (pressing gowns and such).

The fourth day's sun grew brighter, fairer, until in May, 1933, it shone on twenty weary but exultant pilgrims standing on the rock and looking down.

May 10 saw twenty hearts wiser and sadder, and all the glamour gone.

*"The tumult and the shouting die,  
The captains and the kings depart,"*

... and I wonder who will give me a job for the summer ...

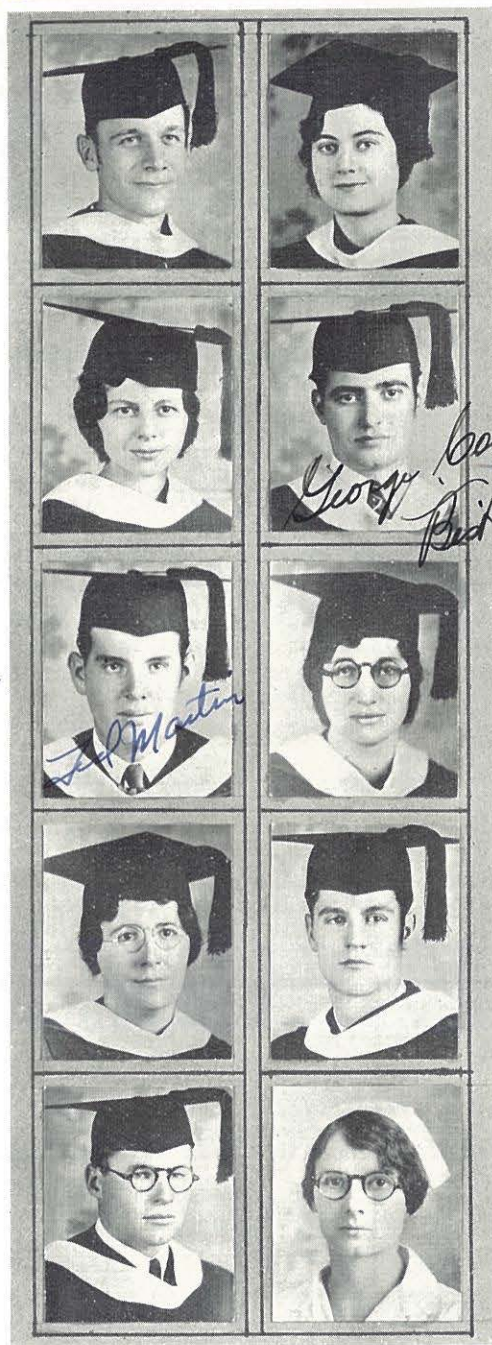
College days for that class are now half enfolded in a golden haze of memory, which is kind, like mellow light. One year has lent enchantment to the crags which reared their shaggy heads along their way. Forgotten in the rush of other work are midnight hours of agony preceding the inevitable semester reckoning. Forgotten too is the sting of disappointments and of heartaches, which were all-consuming for the moment; but remembered are happy associations in the classroom and on the campus. Doubly remembered is that intangible Something which knits a common bond about the hearts of those who have known and loved N. N. C.

Class of 1933, Fortune has smiled upon us in our departure from our home of four short years. She has not enticed us with fair promises of ease, but has said: "The time is yours. Carve out a kingdom if you will. Defeat is your alternative."

Shall we be strong to follow the Vision Beautiful, put first things first, look up, and weary not in doing well? Or will one small misstep make us lose heart and take the path of meaning well, but doing naught? The high road and the low road lie before us. Shall we make stepping stones of stars—or clods?

EDITH VAHL, '33.





## Class of '33

BROOKS MOORE, Th.B.

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Oasis 3; Intercollegiate Debate 4; Treas. Senior Class; Chosen "Best all around Student" '33; Universal Band.

EDITH VAHL, A.B.

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Christian Workers' Band; Pres. Senior Class; Oasis 2, 4; Vice Pres. Class 3; Salutatorian.

GLADYS ROBERT, A.B.

MAJOR: *History and Sociology*

Sigma Lambda Alpha, Sec. 3, 4; Christian Workers' Band; Class Sec. 3, 4; Class Treas. 2; Forensic Society; Intercollegiate Declamation 2, 3, 4; Sec. Col. Liberal Arts 4.

GEORGE COULTER, A.B.

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Sigma Lambda Alpha, Pres. 3; Christian Workers' Band; Sgt.-at-Arms Senior Class; Class Pres. 2; Treas. Associated Students 3; Pres. Associated Students 4; Editor Oasis 3; Band; Orchestra.

THEODORE MARTIN, A.B.

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Alpha Delta Phi; Christian Workers' Band; Intercollegiate Debate 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres. Class 3; Sgt.-at-Arms Class 2; Declamation 4; Oasis, Assistant Editor 3; Editor 4.

FLORENCE POWELL, A.B.

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Christian Workers' Band; Canadian Band; Applied Arts 3; Cor. Sec. Senior Class.

CORNELIA HOLMES, A.B.

MAJOR: *History and Education*

Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Valedictorian; Assistant Librarian 3; Universal Band.

KENNETH THOMAS, A.B.

MAJOR: *Education and History*

Olympian, Pres. 4; Chr. Pin and Gown Com. 4; Basket Ball; Christian Workers' Band.

PHILIP PARSON, A.B.

MAJOR: *Education and History*

Alpha Delta Phi; Christian Workers' Band; Band; Orchestra.

MARY JACKSON, B.S.

MAJOR: *Science in Nursing*





## Class of '33

MAUDE PERSHALL, A.B.

MAJOR: *Art and Education*

Alpha Delta Phi; Christian Workers' Band;  
Idaho-Oregon Band.

ORAL MERCER, A.B.

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Alpha Delta Phi; Christian Workers' Band;  
Canadian Band.

WENDELL ELLIOTT, A.B.

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Olympian; Pres. Class 1; Idaho-Oregon Band;  
Christian Workers' Band.

HELEN GUSTIN, A.B.

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Universal  
Band.

ALICE BLOOMQUIST, A.B.

MAJOR: *History and Education*

Alpha Delta Phi; Christian Workers' Band;  
Universal Band.

JACOB COPE, A.B.

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Christian Workers'  
Band; Sgt.-at-Arms Class 1; Rocky Mountain  
Band.

ROGER TAYLOR, A.B.

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Alpha Delta Phi, Chr. Pro. Com. 2; Band;  
Orchestra; College Quartet 1, 3; Christian  
Workers' Band; Foreign Mission Band; Inter-  
collegiate Debate 3.

EFFIE SHAVER, A.B.

MAJOR: *English and Education*

Olympian; Christian Workers' Band; Idaho-  
Oregon Band.

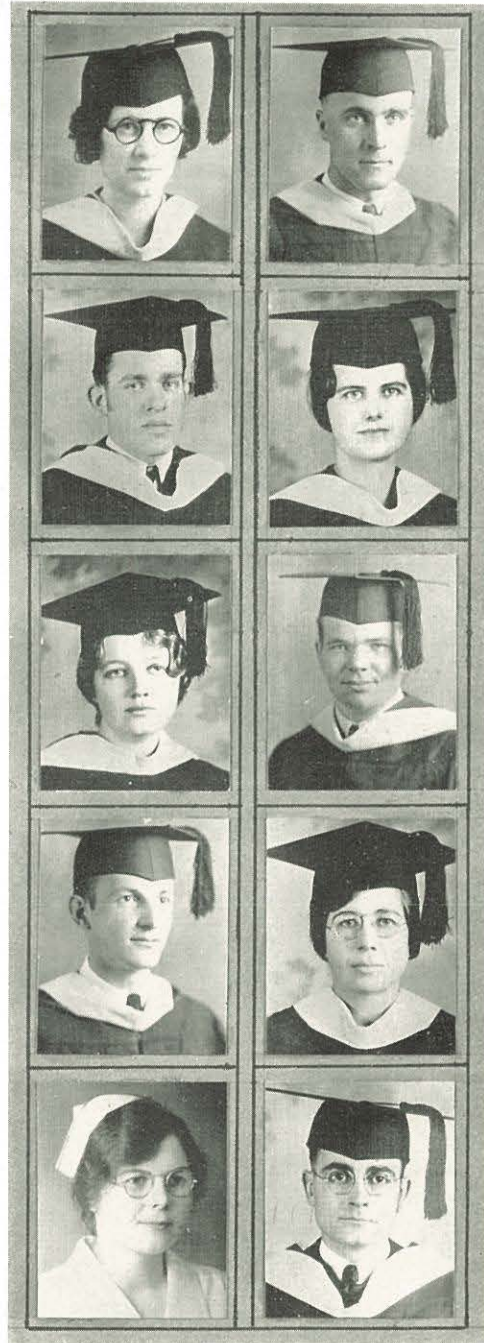
ALICE ELLIOTT, B.S.

MAJOR: *Science in Nursing*

FLOYD KINZLER, Th.B.

MAJOR: *Philosophy and Theology*

Sigma Lambda Alpha; Christian Workers'  
Band; Vice Pres. Associated Students; Band;  
Orchestra; College Quartet 1, 2, 3, 4.





## Alumni

JOHN H. DEAN - - - - - *President*  
 AUDREY PHILLIPS - - - - - *Vice President*  
 MAE PARSONS - - - - - *Secretary-Treasurer*

### CLASS OF 1917

Harriet Goozee  
 Daniel Hallstrom  
 Merle Thompson  
 Myrtlebell Walter Parsons

### CLASS OF 1918

Marion Benton Howard  
 Marcus Cook  
 Ira L. Shanks  
 Hilma Shern

### CLASS OF 1919

Prescott Beals  
 Emma Cook Anderson  
 Oliver Gault  
 Ralph Hertenstein  
 Stewart Maddox  
 Thomas E. Mangum  
 Willard Shattuck  
 James Short

### CLASS OF 1920

Bessie Littlejohn Beals  
 C. Ward Millen  
 Louise Robinson

### CLASS OF 1921

Ruth Doane  
 Forest I. Hall  
 Allen R. Goozee  
 Marion Morden Michel  
 Moses Hagopian  
 Emily Mangum  
 Ira L. True

### CLASS OF 1922

Barbara Anderson Embree  
 Esther Cook  
 Carlton French  
 Leoda Grebe Voegelien  
 Hollis Grubb  
 Christabelle Marshall  
 Lulu Williams Ellis

### CLASS OF 1923

Myron Blanchard  
 C. Ellis Carver  
 Lota Channell  
 Fairy Chism  
 Evelyn Hutton  
 Edward Klindworth

G. F. Owen  
 Masamoto Nishimura  
 Elizabeth Paylor  
 Guy Sharp  
 Dorothy Sheldon  
 Myrtle Mangum White

### CLASS OF 1924

Roy E. Swim  
 Olive Ingler  
 Ira N. Taylor  
 Lida Chism Kendall  
 Edward E. Martin  
 Ethel Shern Cooper  
 Florence Southwick Monroe  
 Alma Pearl Wiley  
 Leighton S. Tracy  
 Gertrude P. Tracy  
 Andrew D. Fritzlan  
 Daisy M. Fritzlan  
 Lois L. Young  
 Inez Barnett Bauerle  
 Elsie M. Hazelwood  
 Gladys Aikins Heppell

### CLASS OF 1925

Harold J. Hart  
 Harriet Sharp Arneson  
 Calvin Emerson  
 Audrey Phillips  
 John Dean  
 Myrna Waller Dean  
 Verne Tock  
 A. H. Eggleston  
 Lauren Irwin  
 Rachel V. Paylor  
 Harold E. Bottemiller  
 Glenn I. Wallace  
 Addie Logan Chism Emerson  
 Edith Carter

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Genevieve L. Dixon  
 Percy J. Bartram  
 Alvin Snyder  
 Opal Good Penner  
 Lela Taylor Otterbein  
 Elmer Otterbein  
 Jeanette Shoquist Walton  
 Robert Walton  
 W. F. Isgrigg





Ralph W. Kellom  
Hazel Freeman  
William A. O. Wilson  
Virginia Peck Gilmore

#### CLASS OF 1927

John Pattee  
Nona Sharp Metcalf  
Carl Mischke  
Merton D. Eastly  
H. Alice Owen  
Minnie W. Hess Fraser  
Harris B. Anthony  
Hazel Neil  
Arthur Cook

#### CLASS OF 1928

Lester R. Metcalf  
Lavilla G. Cobb  
Arthur S. Moses  
Albert F. Harper  
Margaret Stewart

#### CLASS OF 1929

Frank True  
Cora Belle Paylor True  
Eva Gronewald Hohn  
Mildred Pershall  
Ruth Born Harper  
Juanita Winn  
Edna Hicks Bartram  
George H. Bauerle

#### CLASS OF 1930

Willard Harper  
Orpha Pressnall  
Mae Parsons  
Clarence Heppell  
Bernice Taylor Peterson  
Bertrand Peterson  
Harold Nevin  
Louise Deiters Nevin  
Kathyren Dixon  
Ellen Mae Standard  
Lydia Loeber  
Myrtle Golladay Malmberg  
Floyd Womack

#### CLASS OF 1931

J. George Taylorson  
Lauren Seaman  
Mildred I. Sorenson  
Roscoe Hohn  
Thelma H. Peterson  
Robert W. Coulter  
Laura J. Gates  
Donald A. Schwab  
Margaret Parsons Fred  
Thor G. Gudmonson

Ethel G. Allison  
Carl O. Falk  
Alice H. Gronewald  
Harold Miller  
Lettie Mylander Falk  
Ray S. Miller  
Olive Rupert Miller

#### CLASS OF 1932

Donald S. Harper  
Charles W. Croft  
Hazel E. Kjonaas  
Donald Thompson  
Ruth N. Witt  
Lawrence W. Fletcher  
Helen L. Hamilton  
Paul Thoreen  
Willyla Bushnell  
Veryl Burnett  
Abner Olsen  
C. Lee Rodda  
Gladys Ledingham Kinzler  
Roscoe E. Price  
Thelma B. Culver  
Altha Hanson  
Willis Clark  
Elden Mason  
Irene Purnel  
Mabel V. Foote  
Helen A. Case  
Willard F. Hoffman  
E. Lucile Parsons  
Alice Cary  
Glen L. Fred  
Harvey B. Snyder  
Josephine Hall Ketchum

#### CLASS OF 1933

Jacob Cope  
George Coulter  
Wendell Elliott  
Floyd Kinzler  
Brooks H. Moore  
Theodore Martin  
Philip Parsons  
Kenneth Thomas  
Roger Taylor  
Oral Mercer  
Alice Bloomquist  
Alice Elliott  
Helen Gustin  
Cornelia Holmes  
Mary Jackson  
Maude Pershall  
Florence Powell  
Gladys Robert  
Effie Shaver  
Edith Vahl

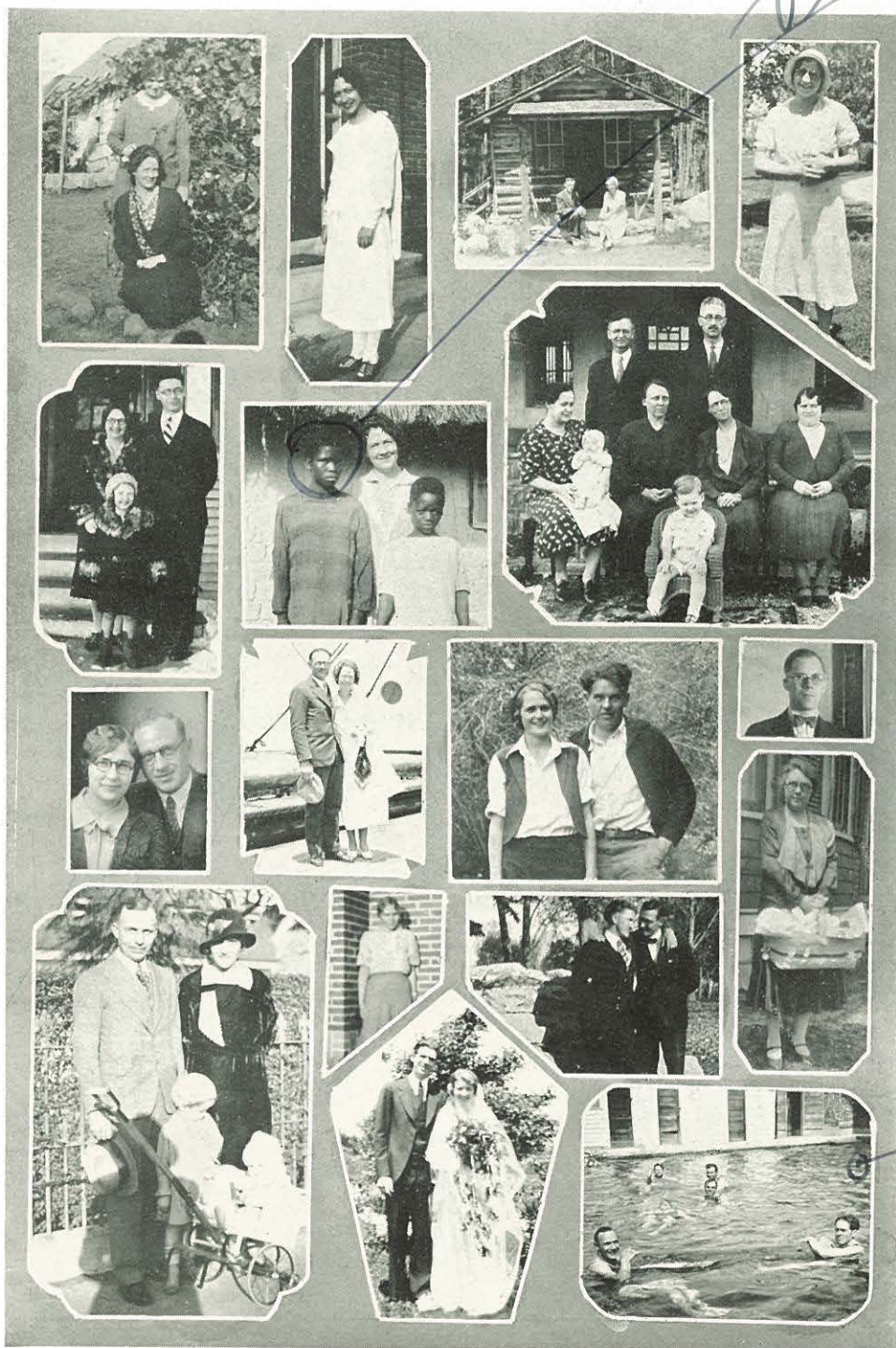






# Alumni

*Send in  
ok  
yes!*



*Flash*





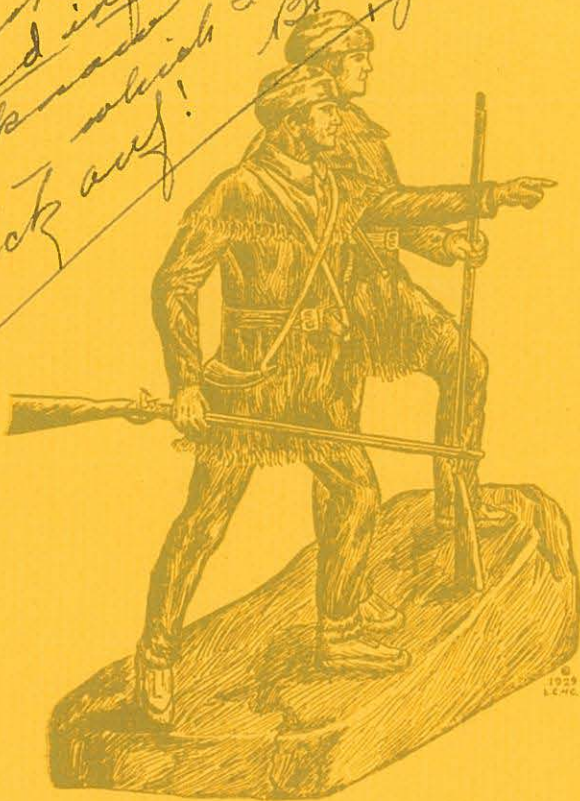
## Bare Trees

*A naked tree can shake my soul,  
Encountered on a winter day,  
Etching with careless grace its priceless lacery  
On the sullen, turbid sky;  
But when the uncertain winter moon  
Broods in a topmost fork,  
And two indifferent clouds scud somber by,  
I close my eyes in stabbing ecstasy;  
I cannot bear such beauty over me.*

—ALICE PHOEBE CARY, '32.







# HIGH-LIGHTS

EDITED BY

MARY MARTIN, SNAPSHOTS  
GRACE HILBORN, CALENDAR

To those who have so generously contributed  
to the financial support of this OASIS,

OUR ADVERTISERS,  
we gratefully dedicate this section.

as that.  
I don't  
know just in  
what to say in  
fact I had better  
not say to much  
but for goodness sakes  
don't forget all of our  
good times together  
I will be in college you  
with you next year that easy.  
can't get rid of me  
A friend  
Elizabeth  
"Betty"



# What You Will Find at Northwest Nazarene College

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UNIVERSITY OF SO. CALIFORNIA  
BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
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NAMPA, IDAHO

## Off and On

Sept. 25—We register. What a lot of new students; won't it be fun "getting acquainted"? The college male quartets reported a summer's wanderings and divulged certain secrets long hoarded for the occasion.

Sept. 26—The College presented Mrs. Cora Ferne Pierce, Dean of School of Music, assisted by Naomi Ruth Tripp, Head of Voice Department, Mr. James DeCoursey, teacher of violin, and Mr. E. J. Barnes, Band and Orchestra Director, in a recital. The old students serenaded the new students far into the night.

Sept. 27—Rev. Mathews from Alberta, Canada, spoke to us at our first chapel service and Mr. Tink, a former professor of music, sang.

Sept. 28—New students wander about like so many lost lambs. In the evening Dr. Mangum preached

a characteristically deep message which taxed our mental powers.

Sept. 29—Rev. E. E. Martin immediately won the heart of every student by his evening message after which we heard such remarks as these: "Say, I think I'm going to like that fellow, he makes you feel at home," and "When Martin smiles I forget about being homesick."

Sept. 30—A few stragglers breeze in, bag and baggage. Wish they'd get settled; we're tired of stumblin' over trunks; the halls are still full of them.

Oct. 1—College Day at First Church. The new students added a novel feature to the N. Y. P. S. service by giving us their first impressions of N. N. C. Dr. Gilmore ended a glorious day with an excellent sermon.

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Nampa, Idaho

Oct. 2—Student faculty reception—the best ever! Couples not very well organized as yet, but nevertheless a “good time was had by all.”

Oct. 3—The opening week over, we begin the same old grind. The “Hadley Hall Limited” arrived at Gideon at 10:30 only to find the villagers sleeping. Having at last awakened them they bestowed sticky kisses upon the grateful recipients.

Oct. 5—After wandering all over

town, the upper division girls discovered the upper division boys contentedly napping in the girls’ parlor.

Oct. 6—Prof. Harper rushing into the History class demands, “Who has my ‘Beard’? It’s a big black one—.”

Oct. 8—Brooks preaching to a colored congregation: “Are you going to pay your debts?”

Parishoner: But, Parson, wait a minute now, I thought you all was talkin’ ’ligion—this is business.”

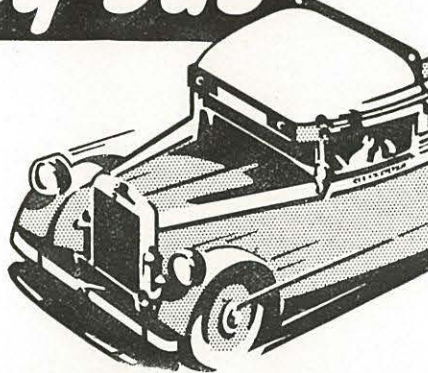
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Corner Dewey & Holly St., Nampa, Idaho

Oct. 9—No more lurking under the balcony; chapel seats assigned.

Oct. 11—The regents arrive. Each member absent-mindedly contributes a song book to the pulpit.

Oct. 12—Carl Brockmueller coming back to the Boys' Dorm after S. P. night remarks to his roommate, "Boy! a girl can't make you propose, but she can sure make you want to."

Oct. 13—The Academy Juniors and Seniors have a wiener roast at Lake Lowell. Those hills and valleys are hard on trucks—good thing Jocko's good natured.

Oct. 14—Eleanor Lenton and Hazel Hankins are proclaimed pie-eating champions. Consult them for "further information."

Oct. 16—The Academy Economics class spends a profitable afternoon at the condensery.

Oct. 17—The salesman for the Master Engravers arrives with sample class pins and rings. The

girls all want rings, but he doesn't carry diamonds.

Oct. 18—Eleanor Lenton again takes the Ladies' Tennis Singles.

Oct. 19—First student body meeting unusually well-behaved—no rail-roading. New students haven't learned the ropes yet.

Oct. 20—Couples flock to Boise, incidentally to attend the Music Faculty Recital.

Oct. 23—Mable Scheel to Dean Wallace: "When are the boys going to surprise us? I hope they don't bring stale kisses when they do."

Oct. 24—Bill, rushing into the book store: "Ga-ga got any mail for me?"

Robinson: "What's your name?"

Bill: "Ya-Ya you'll find it on the envelope."

Oct. 25—Senior nurses sneak.

Oct. 27—Teachers' Convention at Boise. We discover that half the student body are practice teachers.

Oct. 29—Members of twenty-five years standing relate past history

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NAMPA, IDAHO



Pals

*Snake*



## A Hunting Trip

I AM HOPELESSLY out-of-date and old-fashioned. It seems I am forever wishing that the good old days would return—the days when men were men and women were housewives instead of governors.

My mind wanders back to a hunting trip I took in 1805 with Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, Jesse James, Andrew Jackson, and Paul Bunyan. We decided to cross the Mississippi River at St. Louis and proceed westward until we found buffalo. We were to start early Monday morning, but the night before Bunyan had burned out a bearing in our Austin straight-eight sedan while driving home from his girl's place. Consequently, we had to postpone our trip until the motor could be overhauled.

Bright and early Wednesday morning we got away. We were forced to travel slowly because of the poor condition of the animal trails. At times we would be forced to halt and remove gigantic trees from our pathway. Evening found us in St. Louis, and we decided to stay there since Al Smith was scheduled to speak on repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Thursday morning we arose at dawn, cooked and ate our breakfast, packed the car, and drove down to the bank of the river. It was decided, after some discussion, to chop down two trees, lash them together securely, and drive the car on to them. Having done this, we cut two smaller trees, shaped paddles out of them, and started across the river. The journey across was laborious, but uneventful.

Upon reaching the other shore we drove the car off the improvised bridge and continued our westward journey.

We began to get into buffalo country at about eleven o'clock. In order that we might be prepared to kill any game that crossed our pathway, we stopped, loaded our guns, and put Andrew in the observation seat which was located on top of the car.

At noon we stopped for lunch at a hamburger stand located by a stream. After nourishing ourselves we went wading in the stream to cool our feet.

Immediately after the one o'clock whistle blew we climbed into the car and resumed our journey. Shortly after four o'clock we found an ideal place for a camp and stopped. Each of us was assigned a duty, and we fell to our work with a will. My job was to get some fresh meat for supper.

After walking about half-a-mile I saw a herd of buffalo peacefully grazing in a small clearing. The problem was how to get several before they got away. I could not shoot very far with my bow and arrows, and I knew that I could not expect to get over three at the most if I used ordinary methods. Finally, I thought of a plan that was both unique and original. I was an excellent rider, and this must have been partially responsible for my actions. After hurriedly removing my coat and hanging it on the nearest tree, I tore the buckskin thong from my bow. I crawled up to within a few feet of the nearest buffalo. Suddenly I leaped up, and after taking two long strides I climbed upon his back. Quickly I threw a half-hitch over his nose with my buckskin thong and made a bridle out of it. I then drew my hunting knife and cleared the way for action. I kicked old "Buff" in the ribs and away we went. I would guide him up to one of his kinsmen and would promptly cut the surprised relative's throat. Within fifteen minutes I had killed sixty-seven buffalo. I could have done much better, but all I cared for was to provide sirloin steaks for our party.

When I had returned to camp and told of my experience, Bunyan hung his head in shame and had to admit that my hunting prowess had surpassed anything he had ever seen or heard of.

We stayed at the same place a week longer, but no one was able to come anywhere near equaling my record.

In the face of the above facts, do you wonder that I long for the good old days?

—PAUL SPENCER, '36.



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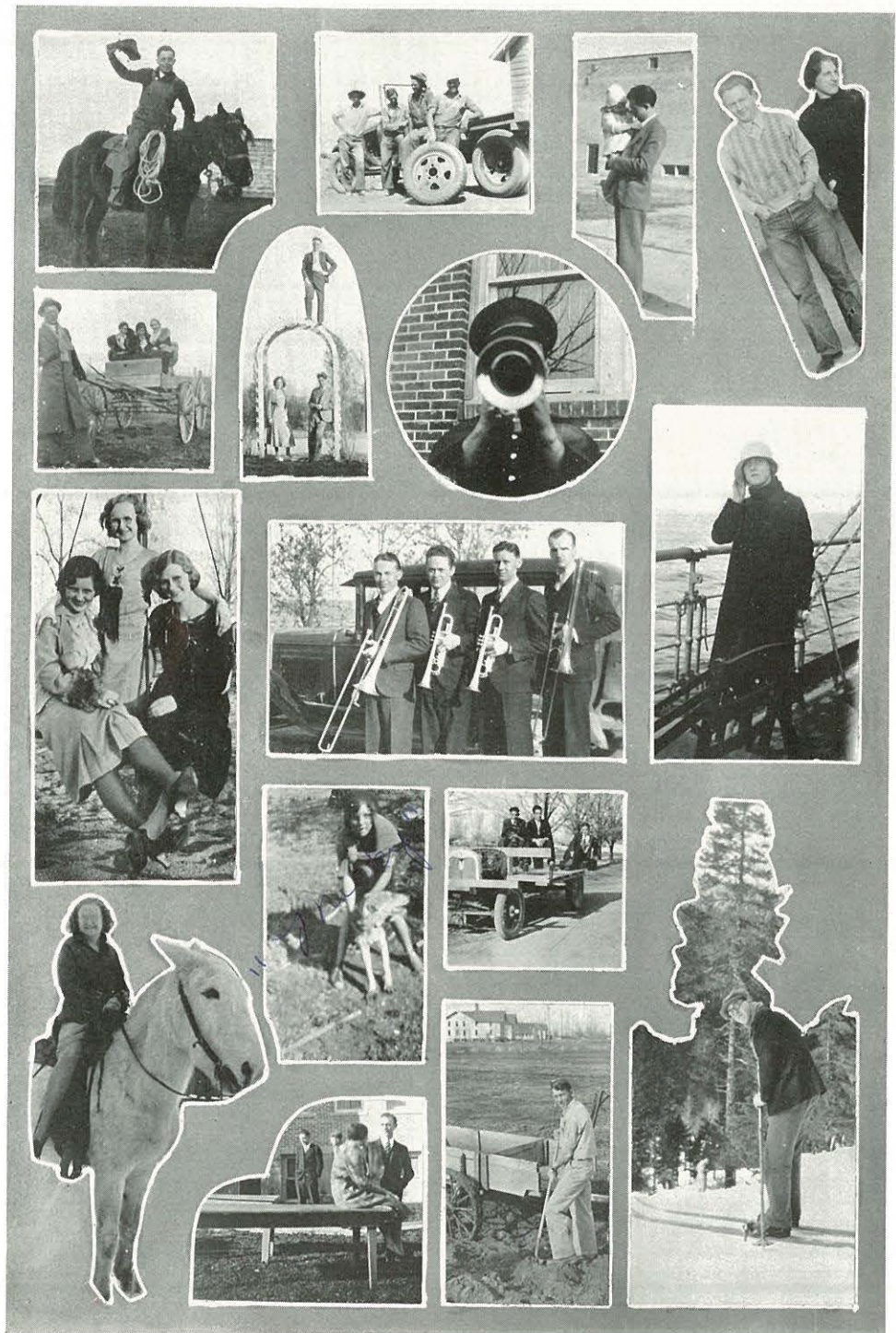
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## Transportation

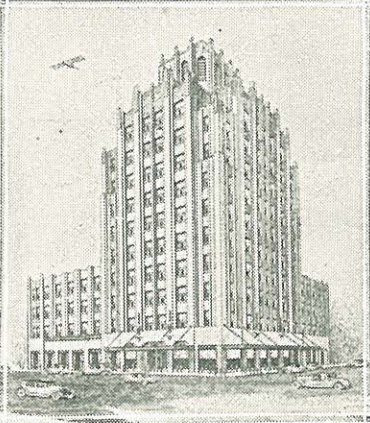


*By pony express—by wheeling—by carriage—by bumming—by donkey cart—by air—by wind—by beauty—by brass—by rail—by greyhound—by chance—by "Spark-plug"—by mistake—by the sweat of his brow—by skis.*



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OFF AND ON—(Continued)  
 of our church at Silver Jubilee Anniversary Service.

Oct. 30—Oasis Staff has its first meeting.

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en! Lost—a goat! Found—in the Girls' Parlor!

Nov. 1—An alumna, Mrs. Florence Southwick Monroe, together with her husband and adopted Chinese daughter have charge of prayermeeting.

Nov. 2—Dr. Nolte speaks to us in chapel on the subject of "Life's Highway."

Nov. 3—Class parties. The college freshmen treated to a liberal portion of tear gas in addition to other indignities.

Nov. 4—Surgical dressings appear on the foreheads of some academy freshmen and certain college "frosh" still weep copiously.

Nov. 6—The weary decorating committee retires after five long hours spent in decorating for the great event.

Nov. 7—Oasis Day! The Editor realizes there is a long pull ahead.

Nov. 8—Was this the night that Dr. Gilmore was reminded at the close of prayermeeting that he was to have preached at the Brethren Church?

Nov. 9—The boys, true to Mabel's apprehensions, shower the girls with stale kisses.

Nov. 10—It costs us 10c to hear the music faculty raise money for the piano.



## An Old Spanish Custom



*Incurable—Puppy Love—Practicing—Going! Going! Gone!—Epidemic—Under anaesthetic—Subject to change without notice—They'll grow up!—Moon struck—Hoping—No foolin'—Gettin' along—It's all different now—Chronic—Help us!—Catching—A Charge to Keep—Hopeless.*

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### OFF AND ON—(Continued)

Nov. 12—Cameron sisters arrive!  
Bill has no more leisure.

Nov. 13—We disrobe the chapel.

Nov. 14—Two chapels in one day!  
We do double duty.

Nov. 15—Dr. Chapman delivered  
his Jubilee Address.

Nov. 17—Compacts, combs, new  
dresses, pretty waves. What's the  
occasion? Why, picture day of  
course. Have to look our sweetest  
for the Oasis.

Nov. 18—Doc: "Do you ever  
take long walks before breakfast?"

Eb: "It all depends on whose car  
I have been out in."

Nov. 21—Red Eastly asks the  
Staff what day Thanksgiving comes  
on.

Nov. 22—We study for tests.  
Enough said.

Nov. 23—Groans issue from the  
library and from various rooms in  
the Ad building. Search reveals  
teachers mistreating students. Nine  
weeks' exams are on!

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**OFF AND ON—(Continued)**

Nov. 24—We receive a visit from I. C. Mathis.

Nov. 26—Mr. Richardson takes up a collection for Pound's cow which is in the hospital.

Nov. 27—We retake some of the Oasis pictures for the benefit of those who failed to look pretty the first time.

Nov. 29—We behold the "Courtship of Miles Standish." Joe McShane, as property man, totes in the stage settings at the opportune moment.

Nov. 30—We stuff with turkey in honor of the day.

Dec 1—The day after the night before.

Dec. 2—General house cleaning is the order of the day.

Dec. 4—Dr. Winchester, rapping emphatically upon her desk to emphasize a point, arose after a moment and went to the door. Returning with a puzzled look upon

Dear Pat,  
P

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OFF AND ON—(Continued)

her face, she remarked, "I was sure I heard someone knock."

Dec. 5—The revival begins. Otho and Billy Schwab arrive for the evening service.

Dec. 6—After a desperate fight the A. D. P.'s defeat the S. L. A.'s in the first girls' basket ball game of the season.

Dec. 7—Twelve up and coming young ladies institute a dress marathon—the same dress every day, you know.

Dec. 8—Revival tides running high.

Dec. 9—Orin Imbs cleans his windows.

Dec. 11—The revival started December 5, and Hazel Hankins hasn't missed a Chapel service yet.

Dec. 12—The revival tide increasing.

Dec. 14—A great altar service blesses our hearts and makes us feel that our efforts were not in vain.

Dec. 15—Vacation at last!

Dec. 16—Many students have left, but the revival spirit is still on.

Dec. 17—Closing night of the revival with evidence of lasting results.

Dec. 18—The College Basket Ball Team makes its debut in a game with the Lions' Club. The Lions go off well tamed.

Dec. 25—Merry Christmas!

Dec. 29—The Preachers play the Emmett Blue Devils.

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DENTIST

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#### OFF AND ON—(Continued)

Dec. 30—A few stray students wander in.

Jan. 1—Last day of freedom. We resolve henceforth and for evermore not to make any resolutions lest we be tempted to break them.

Jan. 3—The first prayermeeting after the Christmas Vacation proves that the revival spirit has not waned.

Jan. 4—Three of our most popular students—Paul, Marie, and Chet—were acclaimed as yell leaders. (Don't get the big-head, Paul.)

Jan. 5—The band and yell leaders "strut their stuff" while N. N. C. defeats Nampa High 17-16.

Jan. 7—We learn the results of vacation from Bill Hamilton: "Mother's settin' the bread, Sister's settin' the table, Dad's settin' the saw, Brother's settin' a hen, I'm just a settin'."

Jan. 8—Big waffle feed in the Girls' Dorm. Wish we all lived there.

Jan. 9—Rev. Roy Nelson of Oswego Lake, Oregon, begins his series of lectures. Judging by the first one, they promise to be good.

Jan. 10—Excerpts from Rev. Nelson's address on the Non-Conformist Youth: "Fathers and mothers, the Youth are very much worried about you." And again: "The young people today are the finest of any we have ever had."

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Nampa

Caldwell

#### OFF AND ON—(Continued)

Jan. 11—Norris Helstrom: "I can't figure out why you always yell 'Stop' when I try to kiss you!"

Dorothy: "And I can't figure out why you always stop!"

Jan. 12—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past. The boys rudely shock the girls' sense of propriety by appearing at breakfast in bathrobes and slippers, to say nothing of disheveled hair and unshaven faces.

Jan. 14—The rain does not interfere with our Sunday worship.

Jan. 16—The Forensic Debate Squad has charge of Chapel. Paul Martin and Earl Klein stage a debate on a very grave subject—"Resolved: That the school should adopt the policy of Dutch treats."

Jan. 17—Believe it or not! Upon entering Prof. Bower's room we discover that she has forgotten her proverb.

Jan. 19—Intermountain Basket



# The Portraits

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NAMPA, IDAHO

## OFF AND ON—(Continued)

Ball Tournament begins. N. N. C. wins her first two games.

Jan. 20—Coach Allison keeps his boys in bed all day. "Fit as a fiddle" and ready for the game the boys go out to win. And with the backing of the students and the "pep" band, win they did. The Tournament Trophy is ours.

The girls come home from the game to find their cherished photos adorning the parlor furniture.

Jan. 22 — The intersociety literary contest begins. Piano and humorous readings are featured in this the first program.

Jan. 23 and 24—The contest continues. Quartets, dramatic readings, solos, orations, etc.

Jan. 25—Dr. Winchester in Bible class: "Write a comparison of the three major prophets."

Someone: "What are they?"

Another: "Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Lamentations."

Jan. 26—The leaves begin to turn.

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a "fat",  
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 we sang to you  
 - picnic day? ha! I am  
 wishing you lots of  
 success in life.  
 your friend  
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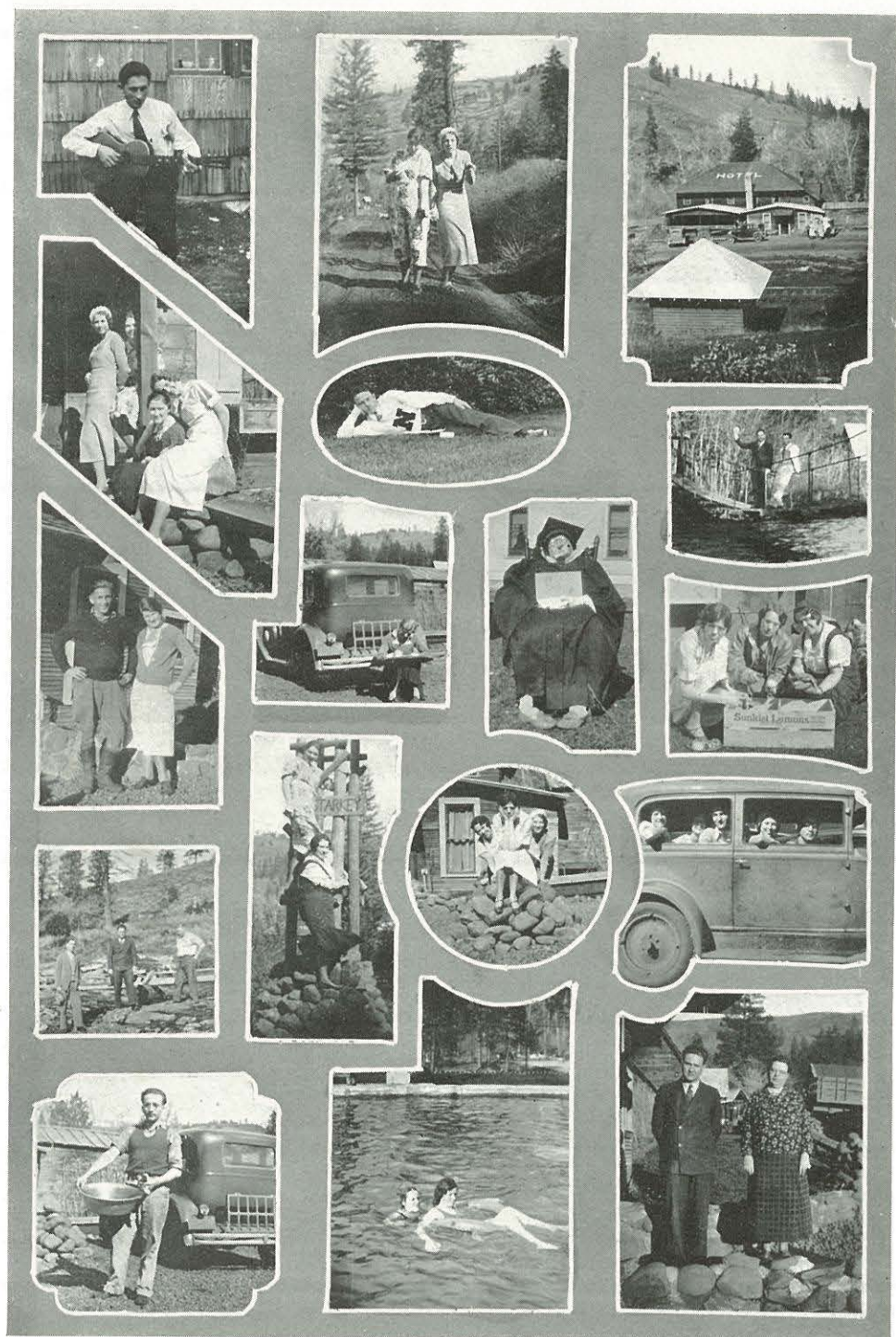
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OFF AND ON—(Continued)

No, it isn't spring—we're referring to books. Semester exams ahead!

Jan. 28—Miss Kuhlman and Miss Gulliford hold the evening service.

Jan. 29—We notice fewer vacant chairs in the library and more worried faces. If only there were exemptions in college.

Jan. 30—Miss Tripp in Chorus: "Take a breath right after 'glory,' and then you won't have to take another until you get to 'heaven.'"

Jan. 31—Exams!

Feb. 1—More Exams!

Feb. 2—The debating team leaves. Here's hoping!

Feb. 3—Mrs. Arneson to Eason: "Did you ever do anything you didn't like?"

Eason: "Yes, two things, get up in the morning and go to bed at night."

Feb. 5—Reluctant registration.

Feb. 6—Routine.

Feb. 7—Routine broken! Chicken served at the Club for dinner!

Feb. 8—Dr. Winchester in class speaking to Elmer Schmelzenbach regarding home supervision: "I've often said your mother was doing as much missionary work here as she did in Africa."

Feb. 9—Freshman Mental Ability Test reveals the "naked" truth.

Feb. 11—Mrs. Martin tells us how to be happy and demonstrates her point.

Feb. 12—We have a Lincoln Program on which the outstanding feature was Prof. Willard Harper's reading, "The Perfect Tribute."

Feb. 13—Paul and "Pastor" leave to join the debaters. Two young ladies look lonely.

Feb. 14—Hearts are broken and mended as students observe Valentine's Day.

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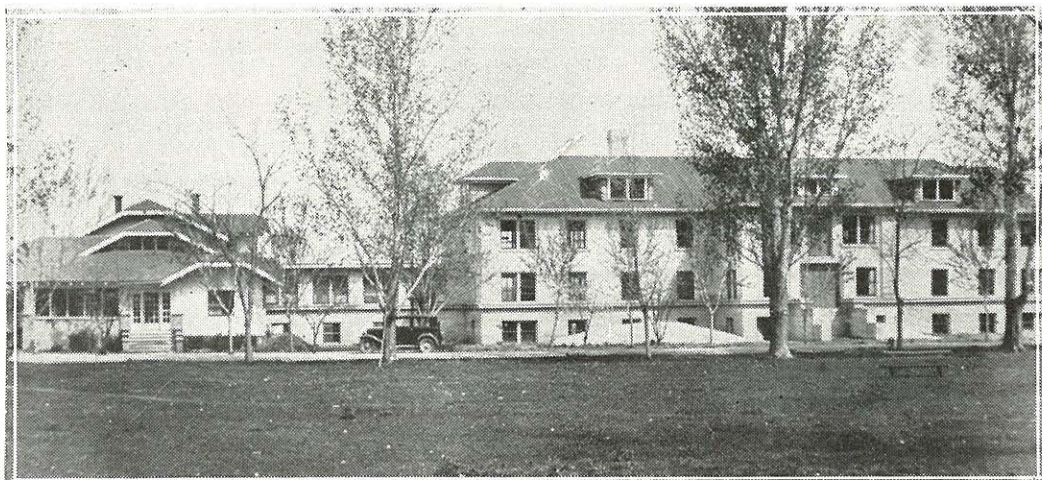
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NAMPA, IDAHO



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The Hospital is finished over from left to right, as far as the big tree in the center of the picture.

### A FORWARD PROGRAM

**W**E ARE announcing the launching of the Completion Program of the Samaritan Hospital. One-third of the hospital building is in actual use. The imperative need is the completion of the main entrance and the east wing.

At a joint meeting of the Boards of the Hospital and Northwest Nazarene College a forward program was endorsed. A special committee was ordered, the members being Dr. R. E. Gilmore, President of Northwest Nazarene College, Rev. Carl S. Dunn, Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Nampa, Idaho, and Mrs. Emily R. Mangum, R.N. This committee is formulating a plan which will be presented at all assemblies. The local community is solidly behind the plan.

The completed building will enable us to better serve the Church in preparing missionaries, caring for the sick, and reaching the sin-sick souls of humanity. Pray for us in the new undertaking.



Rev. Ira L. True  
Field Representative



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First Thursday of each  
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"Every Nazarene woman  
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Mrs. Kent Goodnow, Pres.  
of Golden Hour Circle.

## In Appreciation of the Nampa Clinic

THE STUDENT BODY wishes to express appreciation for the excellent services rendered by the Nampa Medical Clinic, to the college, to the church, and to the community. The members of the Clinic, Drs. Thos. E. Mangum, M.D., F.A.C.S., W. C. Nolte, M.D., and E. D. Hunsaker, M.D., have won our respect and love. Every year a number of people come from far and near to secure the services of these skilled physicians. Dr. Mangum has recently become a Fellow of the famous American College of Surgeons. We feel certain that the Clinic, with the aid of Dr. Ellis Carver who is coming in June from Canada, will be able to give greater and greater services to humanity in coming days.

### OFF AND ON—(Continued)

Feb. 15—The N. Y. P. S. has a wiener roast at Lake Lowell. Despite all rules to the contrary, the basket ball boys in due time appeared on the edge of the crowd. Force of habit, maybe.

Feb. 16—Prof. Allison: "Didn't I get my last hair cut from you?"

W. T. Johnson: "I think not, Prof., I have been cutting hair here for only six months."

Feb. 18—Recall meeting of pastor.

Feb. 21—"I've left my watch home," says Prof. Sutherland, as he pulls it out to see if he has time to go home after it.

Feb. 22—Paul and "Pastor" brought home the bacon. We swell with pride as we listen to a report of the debate tour and snicker convulsively at the homespun jokes on the Coach. We all wish we had "enlarged" vocabularies.

Feb. 24—Ministerial Association takes inventory of characteristics

And here's another page from the Catalog of the School of Life—

**DEPARTMENT OF THRIFT  
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1420 First St. So.

Nampa, Idaho

## **OFF AND ON**

of sermons preached and classified them as (1) soothing, because so many go to sleep, (2) moving, because so many leave during preaching, and (3) satisfying, because the people never come back for more.

Feb. 28—Dr. Gilmore: "Hemple, how far were you from the answer to the second question?"

Hemple: "Oh, about five seats."

Mar. 1—Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Gilmore play two movements from Beethoven's "Unfinished Symphony" at the 5:00 o'clock Music Recital.

Mar. 2—Our basket ball team wins from the famous Boise Elektrikats.

Mar. 3—The basket ball season ends in a whirl of excitement as our boys bring the score up 17 points in the last half to make it a tie; a three minute overtime play and N. N. C. is the victor. Hurrah! "Three cheers for dear old N. N. C."

Mar. 5—Seniors gone! Juniors celebrate! Miss Dooley doesn't have to speak in chapel—she heaves a sigh of relief.

Mar. 6—Not enough steam for Chapel.

Mar. 8—Morse's ears in bad condition. Looks bad for Hannah. But no, it is only iodine applied for the benefit of his cold.

Mar. 9—Regents are coming! Therefore, we have Campus Day, but thanks to C. W. A. it is more play than work.

Mar. 11—We send some "Old Timers" to the Penitentiary.

Mar. 13—More honor for N. N. C.! Stanford debaters go down before the logical arguments of our boys. A full house cheers them while the Forensic honors the visiting team with a reception.

Mar. 14—The Regents are here! Glad to see Donald J. again.



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## OFF AND ON—(Continued)

Mar. 15—While sleepy Juniors dream wary Academy Seniors sneak!

Mar. 19—Staff members are seldom seen in classes now—except when they are sorely in need of sleep.

Mar. 20—"A Hundred Million Guinea Pigs" are turned loose in Chapel.

Mar. 23—Prof. Dooley: "Mr. Nolte, give a definition of home."

Glen Nolte: "Home is where part of the family waits till the other part is through with the car."

Mar. 28—Inter-High Declamatory Contest. We learn that "Rubie Plays the Piano" serenely, tempestuously, uproariously, gently, touchingly, inspiringly, madly, ecstatically—.

April 1—Easter rains.

April 2—Red Eastly: "Let's sit down and get busy with this dictation, Miss Paylor."

Miss Paylor: "All right, which chair shall we sit in?"

April 3—Nine week exams. Students provide Dr. Winchester with startling information about Isaiah.

April 4—Revival begins with the poet evangelist.

April 6—Boys leading Attendance Contest.

April 8—Rev. Woodrum presents King David in a startlingly new role.

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BOISE

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April 9—Half of the student body is called "on the carpet" for disregarding Dr. Winchester's command to come up higher.

April 10—"State Night" at the church—Mr. Vreugdenhil, our little Dutchman, definitely refuses to associate with the "nasty Nazi Fascisti."

# Idaho-Oregon District Campmeeting

Church of the Nazarene, Nampa, Idaho

**August 16-26, 1934**  
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## OFF AND ON—(Continued)

April 13—"Czar Easterlily, Communist" having obtained a school entertains the Senior proletariat at the home of the Czarina.

April 14—Big Track Meet! Bob Howard is high-point man.

April 16—Frequency of Junior Class meetings suggest preparation for big "Senior Blow-Out."

April 18—Student Body Pow-wow—Big Chief Martin subject of discussion.

April 20—Martins' Silver Anniversary Reception—the biggest event of the year.

April 21—Another bunch deported to the Penitentiary.

April 22—Dora Alice and Stan have a day of difficulties—somehow they just fail to make connections.

April 24—The Girls' Glee Club under the direction of Miss Tripp give their spring concert. Senior

girls are thrilled when they receive clever invitations to a Japanese Tea to be given by the Junior girls at the home of Miss Emily Mangum, Tuesday, May 1.

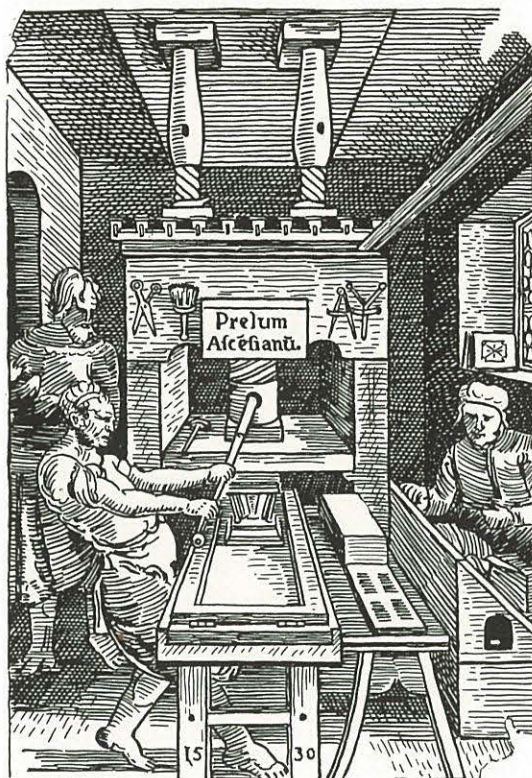
April 25—The "last round-up"! The loyal staff members toil throughout the long hours of the night. At 3:00 a. m. they reluctantly take time out for much needed nourishment. Shadowy figures slipped across the campus, past the Dean's door, up creaking stairways, and down long, dark corridors in search of coffee pots, toasters, and other needed equipment. Then after a short, impromptu performance in the College Chapel, they resume their task to labor until dawn doth o'ertake them.

April 26—The staff commits its charge into the hands of the printer!



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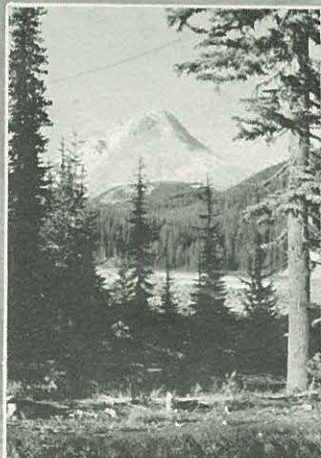
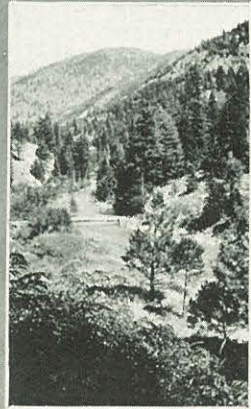
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## Northwest Scenes



## Earthen Terror

*Travellers still bring home stories of terror  
In strange parts of the world, of fantastic cliffs  
And ranges in whose unusual contours they saw  
The shapes of the more violent of their emotions;  
Stories of cataracts, perpetually crashing  
At the bottom of the dripping moss-grown walls  
Of abysses, lofty slopes of wind-twisted pines,  
Plains of geysers steaming on the ends of the earth;  
Never thinking that these things are more simple,  
More understandable than the plainest cabin  
Of the lowlands, full of the intricate gear of living.*

—JAMES NEUGASS.



### SCHEDULE OF BASKET BALL GAMES

N. N. C. ....	17	Nampa High .....	16
N. N. C. ....	20	Emmett Independent .....	32
N. N. C. ....	22	Gooding College .....	20
N. N. C. ....	39	Boise Jr. College .....	18
N. N. C. ....	22	Gooding College .....	20
N. N. C. ....	52	Parma Independent .....	20
N. N. C. ....	16	College of Idaho .....	23
N. N. C. ....	44	Boise Jr. College .....	49
N. N. C. ....	44	L. D. S. (Boise) .....	31
N. N. C. ....	37	Electrikats .....	32
N. N. C. ....	39	Electrikats .....	44
N. N. C. ....	44	Security Bank (Boise) .....	37
<hr/>		<hr/>	
N. N. C. ....	396	Opponents .....	342