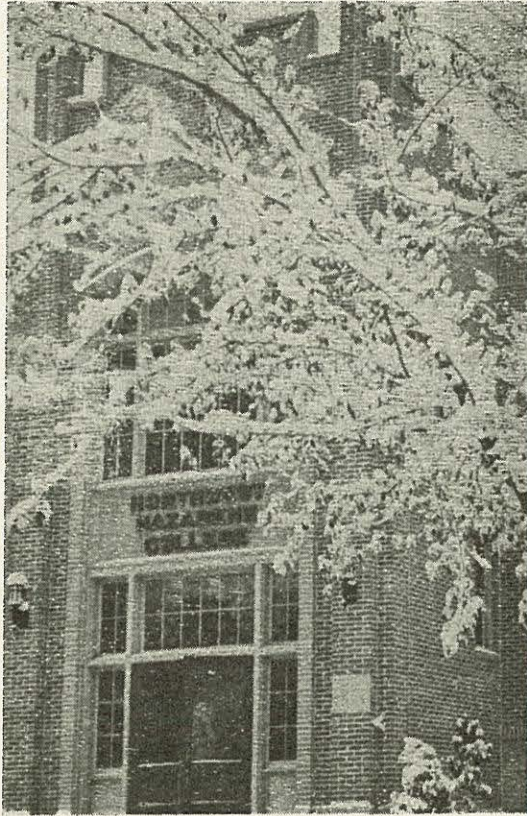


THE
OASIS
1936

THE 1936
OASIS



THE

ANNUAL OF NORTHWEST



OASIS

1936

Volume Seventeen

A PUBLICATION ISSUED ANNUALLY BY ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE, NAMPA, IDAHO

NAZARENE COLLEGE

FOREWORD

THE STUDENT of today stands between two eras. Before him lies a world of known continents, subdued frontiers, and startling discoveries; before him lies a world, scarce yet begun, of vast thought continents, untouched frontiers of science, wide fields of human relationships. No finished world, this we face. As in the words of Goethe: "Life lies before us as a huge quarry before the architect; and he deserves not the name of architect except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine, with the greatest economy, fitness and durability, some form the pattern of which originated in his own soul."



DEDICATION

TO THE GRADUATES of N. N. C. who have gone out to make the world theirs, to give to life big meanings, to dream and make those dreams reality, to those who, having found the door of opportunity, have hesitated not to open it, to those who have upheld truth and honor and have given themselves in making human hearts a little wiser, manlier, and happier we gladly dedicate the 1936 OASIS.

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"The great soft downy snow storm like a cloak
Descends to wrap the lean world head to feet."



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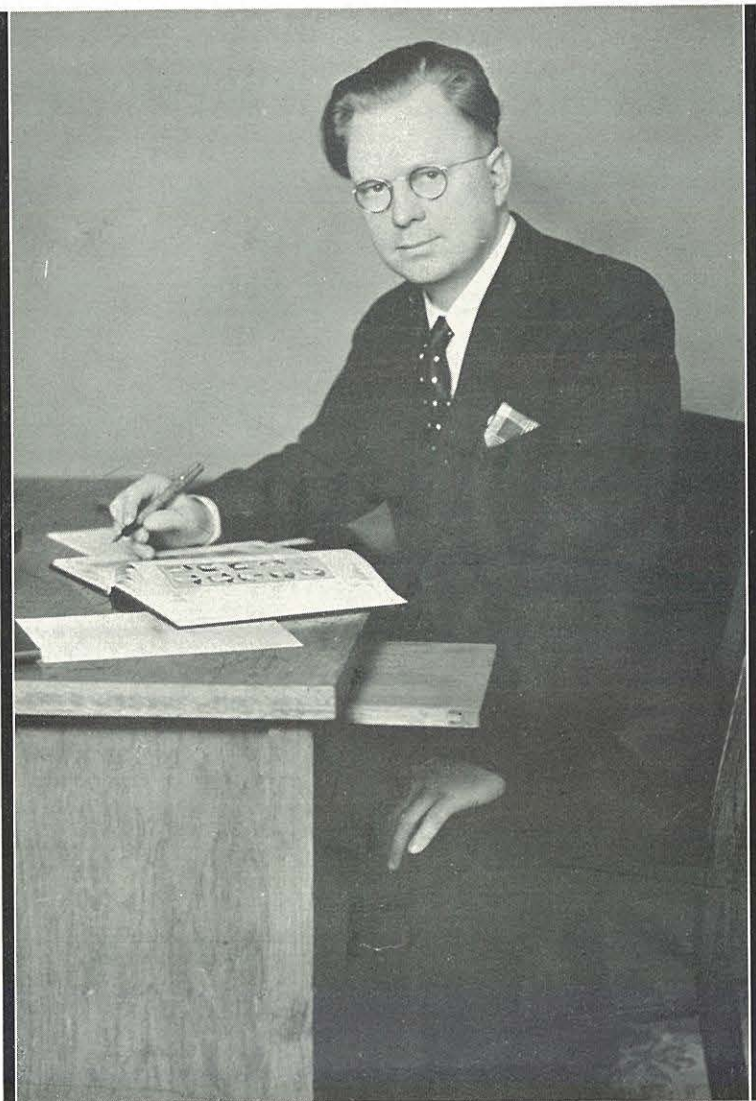
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Russell V. DeLong, A.B., Th.B., M.A., Ph.D.
President
Philosophy and Theology

President's Message

TEN YEARS ago this fall I began my work at Northwest Nazarene College. The past decade carried with it many and difficult problems, but God has enabled the institution to take some advance steps. The high school was accredited; the junior college fully recognized by the Northwest Association of Secondary Schools and Institutions of Higher Learning; and the senior college work accepted in full by many universities and state departments of education. A debt of \$93,000.00 was liquidated; the administration building was remodelled and greatly enlarged, giving us splendid classrooms, an adequate library, suitable laboratories, and an auditorium seating 1,000 persons in which is now installed the beautiful Wurlitzer pipe organ. In addition, a new physical education building was erected, and the entire campus beautified and landscaped. The enrollment in the College of Liberal Arts has increased one hundred and fifty per cent. During the ten years hundreds of students have been enrolled; degrees have been conferred upon 164; normal certificates have been given to 226 and 222 have been graduated from the high school. Approximately three hundred of our students are engaged in public school systems as instructors or superintendents; scores are active pastors; many are evangelists, some are district superintendents, while a score or two have gone to missionary fields. God has enabled Northwest Nazarene College to write a glorious record in the past ten years.

What of the next ten years? Now, with a greatly increased student body, hundreds of alumni, over 11,000 Nazarenes on our zone, besides thousands of friends of other denominations we should build more rapidly and securely, and thus thoroughly stabilize our institution.

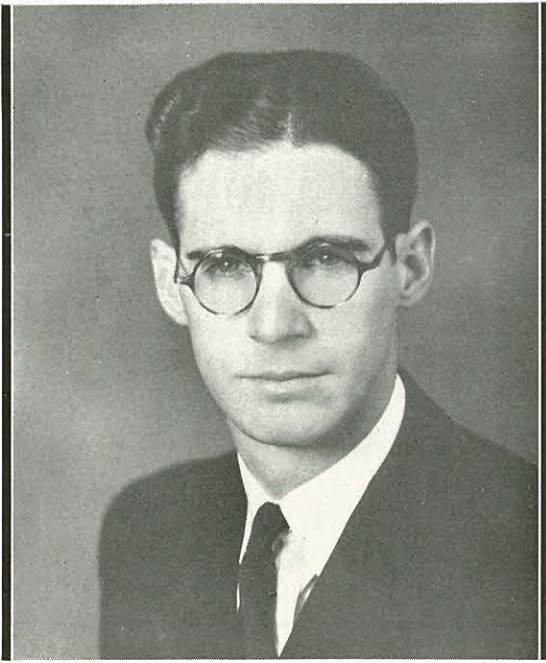
The Board of Regents at the March meeting adopted a great Quadrennial Forward Program. We can reach the following goals in the next four years: increase the enrollment in the College of Liberal Arts to 400, advance the high school enrollment to 200, receive \$10,000 a year in gifts, procure new equipment to standardize our laboratories, bring the library to standard, separate the high school from the college, and secure full accrediting for the senior college.

Faculty, students, alumni, pastors, district superintendents, Nazarenes, and friends, let us unitedly and wholeheartedly work to accomplish the Quadrennial Program for God and the Kingdom.

Yours in His service,

—Russell V. DeLong.





Albert F. Harper, Ph.D.
Dean of College
Secondary Education,
Psychology, Philosophy

Frontiers of Today

AMERICA'S physical frontier is gone. No longer does the West challenge the pioneer to subdue its forests, to break up its fertile plains or to bind it together with ribbons of steel to move its population and produce.

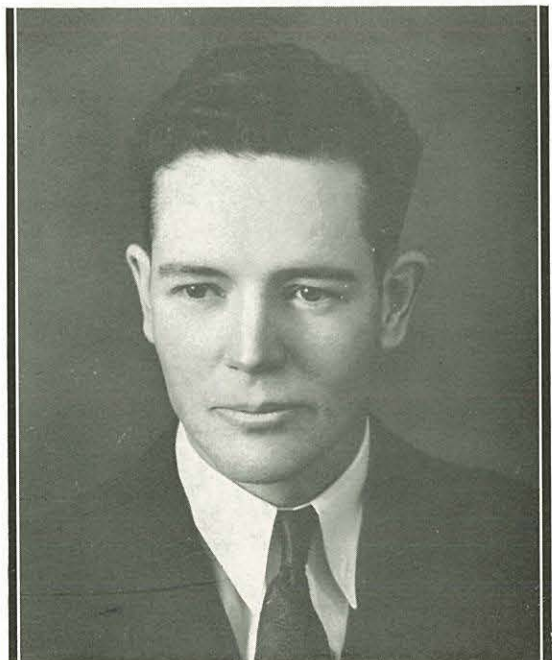
Our physical West has vanished but there are frontiers of today which challenge us: frontiers of education with its ever-present problem of imparting the best that we know to a new generation; frontiers of social and economic adjustment where we must needs apply the principles of Christ to the problems of a complex contemporary life; frontiers of faith in God and service to man—territories glimpsed only by the intrepid spiritual pioneers of the past. These are the frontiers of today. To their exploration and development we must dedicate our lives.

A Liberal Education

FROM a sense of values comes that desire for, and belief in, liberal education which no civilized age has been without. The richest and fullest life obtainable, a life which contains the maximum of vivid and exquisite experiences, is the end of every civilized man's desire. Because he desires it, he aims at complete self-development and complete self-expressions; and these are to be achieved only by those who have learned to think and feel and discriminate, to let the intellect play freely round every subject, and the emotions respond appropriately to all stimuli.

The civilized man desires an education which will be as direct a means as possible to what alone is good as an end. He cultivates his powers of thinking and feeling, pursues truth and acquires knowledge, not for any practical value that these may possess, but for their power of revealing the rich and complex possibilities of life.

James R. Garner, Ph.D.
Head of Political Science Department





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

FRANCIS C. SUTHERLAND, M.A., S.T.L.
Professor of History
Dean of Bible College

PAUL M. BERRY, M.A.
Registrar
Professor of Sociology

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

MRS. RHODA WALLACE
Dean of Women

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

WILLARD B. HALL, B.A.
Debate Coach, Speech, Librarian

CORA FERNE PIERCE
Head of Music Department
Piano, Music Theory

BESS OWENS RUNYAN, A.B.
Voice, Music Theory

J. RICHARD SULLIVAN
Director of Band

Faculty

Faculty

GUY E. SHARP, A.B.
Dean of Men
Principal of Academy

MRS. GUY E. SHARP
Matron

THELMA B. CULVER, A.B.
Academy History, Expression, English

ROGER TAYLOR, A.B.
Academy Science, Mathematics, Latin

RUSSELL BROWN
Instructor in Physical Education

RUTH N. McSHANE
Business Administration

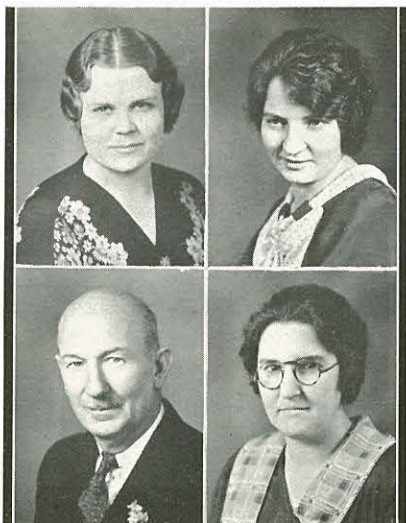
HELEN HAMILTON, A.B.
Academy English and French

D. G. LAUHLIN, A.B.
Art Instructor

ROBERT J. HOWARD
Director of Athletics

HELEN WHITE BERRY, A.B.
Instructor in Training School





HELEN POUNDS JOHNSON
Instructor in Training School

EDNA HICKS BARTRAM, A.B.
Instructor in Training School

N. W. SANFORD, M.A.
Professor of Homiletics

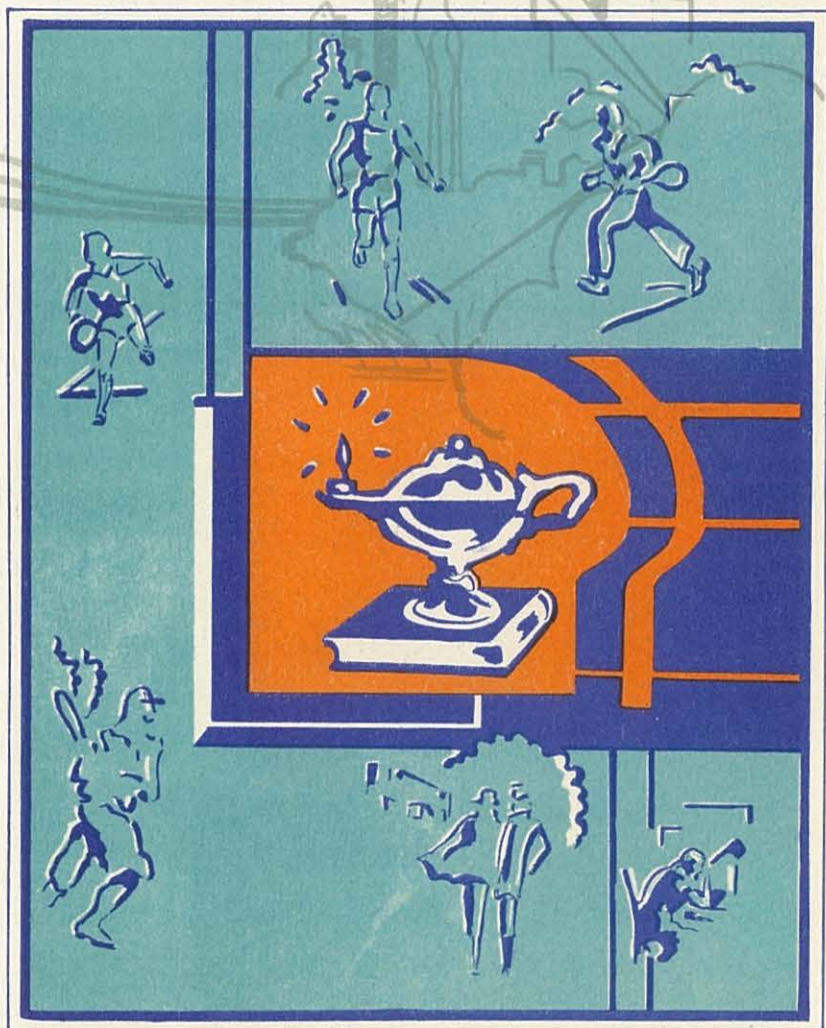
BERYL HOSTETTER
Bookkeeper

Faculty



The Faculty At Ease

CO-1-1111



KAY JANETTE McSHANE, A.B.

MAJOR: English

Olympian, Secretary 4; Athletic-Literary Council 4; Oasis Staff 4; Intercollegiate Debate 2, 3, 4; Intercollegiate Interpretative Reading Contest 2; Philomelian Society 3, 4; Treasurer 4; Forensic Society 2, 3, Treasurer 4; P. K.'s; Christian Workers' Band 3, 4; Sagebrush Staff 3; North Pacific Band; Educational Department.

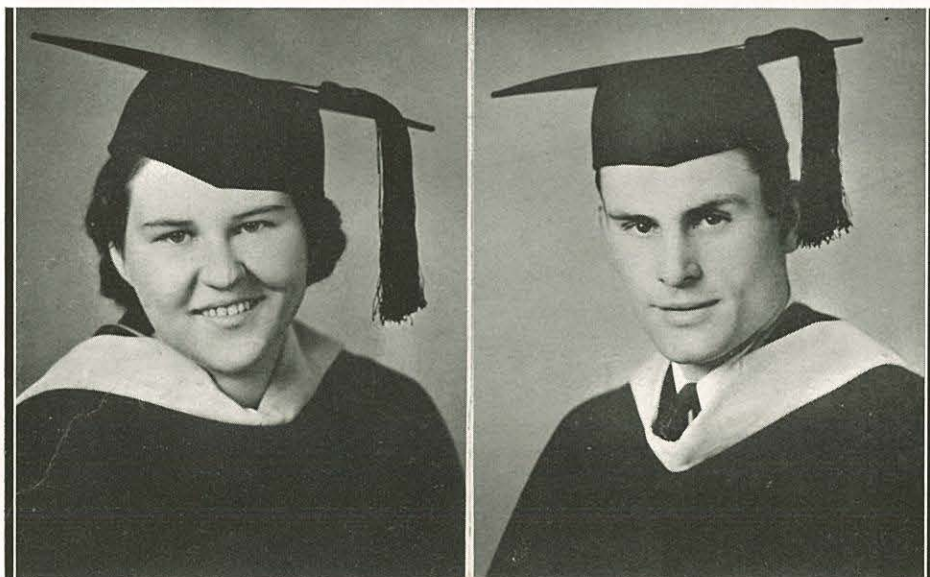
Convincing debater—always twisting her curls (a subconscious action)—known from afar by her laugh—at her best before an audience—is always jolly—has a nose for news—has a pleasingly proportioned personality—has learned that dieting is the triumph of mind over platter—refuses to know when she's being talked about—has a great admiration for Browning (?)—possessed of an eager zest for life.

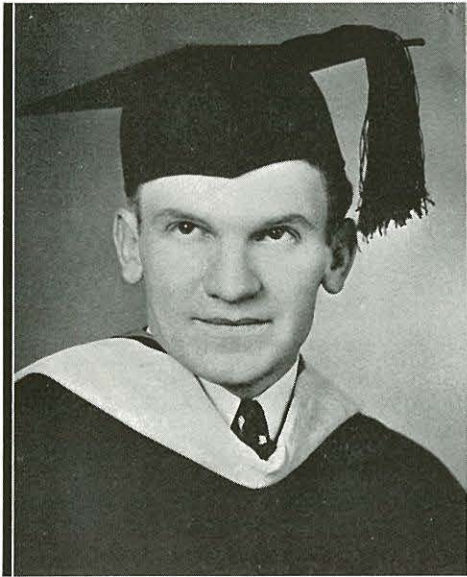
ROBERT J. HOWARD, A.B.

MAJOR: Education

A. D. P., President 4; Athletic Director 3, 4; Intercollegiate Basket Ball 3, 4; Track 3, 4; President Class 4; Idaho-Oregon Band, President 4; Educational Department; Athletic-Literary Council 1, 4; Baseball 1, 4; Volley Ball 4; Vice President Class 1; A. D. P. Athletic Manager 1.

Has the quality of being liked—strangely interested in the ladies—has proved himself an able president of the Senior Class—plods daily across the campus—an athlete of note—familiar figure on the basket ball floor and the cinder (?) path—never lacking in the qualities of good sportsmanship—his only books are women's looks—has a multitude of mischiefs in him—dashes about in a borrowed car (just as if he owned it).





GEORGE H. NELSON, A.B.

MAJOR: Political Science

S. L. A.; Oasis Sales Manager 4; Treasurer Class 2; Glee Club 1; Chorus 1; Baseball; Golf 1; Scout Leadership 3; International Club 4; North Dakota Club, Vice President 3; Educational Department.

Never at a loss for an answer—given to nocturnal meanderings—hands us truth and untruth, all with the same maddening complacency—is found, however, to be a man of his word—in arguing owns a marked degree of skill—thinking makes him mad, should he resort to madness?—has a secret ambition to become a guide in the Portland jails—claims to have served on the police force of Ashland—really harmless as a lamb.

LOIS WILEY, A.B.

MAJOR: English

S. L. A., Vice President 4; Orchestra 1; Basket Ball 1, 4; Volley Ball 1, 4; North Pacific Band; Athletic-Literary Council 4; Vice President Class 3.

One of those very dependable persons—always on the eats committee—has no interest in blondes—approves of Juniors going on the Senior Sneak—always unassuming with reference to honors, but essentially faithful to the task given her—a veritable pattern of "good works"—believes in woman's inalienable right to curiosity.

GERALDINE HOUSE, A.B.

MAJOR: English

A. D. P., Vice President 4; Secretary Athletic-Literary Council 4; President Glee Club 3; Trio and Quartet 2, 3; Literary Editor Oasis 4; Christian Workers' Band 1, 2; Chorus 1, 2; North Pacific Band; Educational Department.

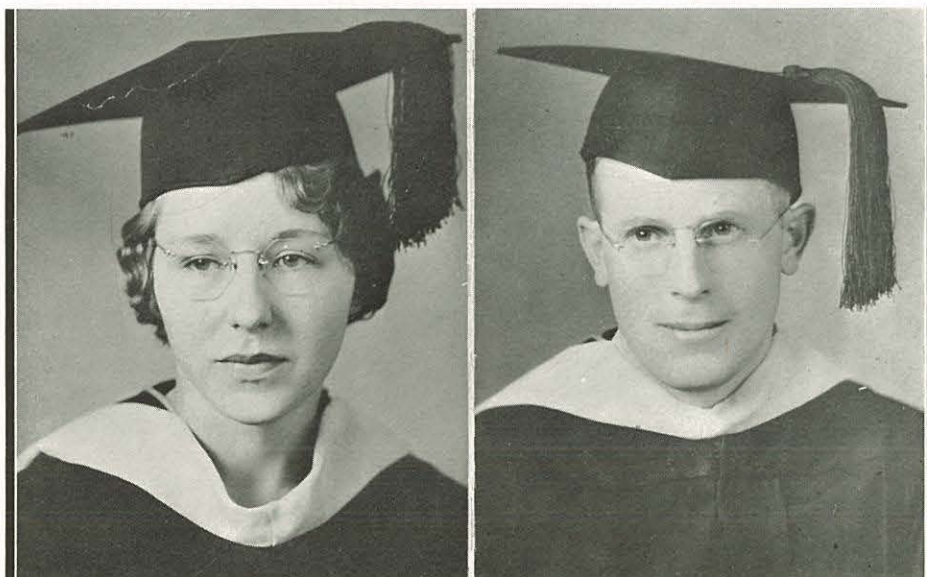
She'd like to write her own eulogy, but we won't let her—knows all the right answers—allows no dull moments at a party where she's the hostess—"her modest looks the cottage might adorn"—abhors the necessity of "presenting" programs—makes singing a joyous recreation—has for good literature a passion—brings to her studies an open and inquiring mind.

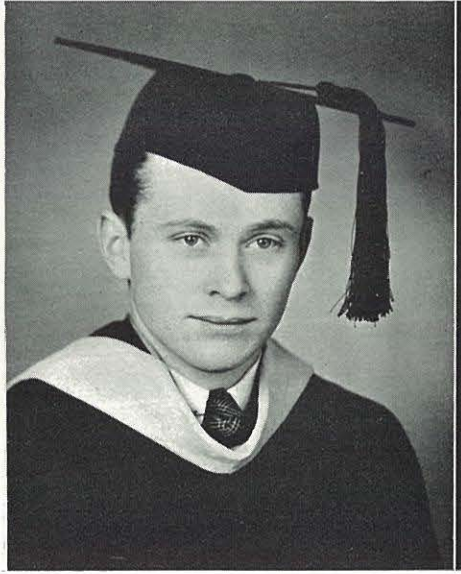
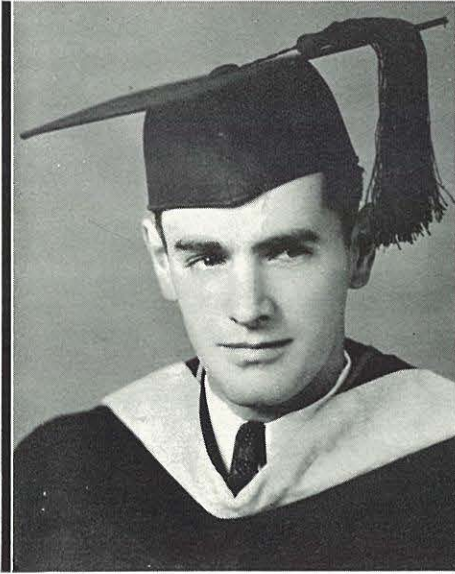
CORNIE THIESSEN, A.B.

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology

S. L. A., Chaplain 4; Treasurer Class 4; Sales Manager Oasis 3; Forensics 1; President Rocky Mountain Band 3; Christian Workers' Band; Scout Leadership 2; Glee Club 1; Basket Ball 1, 4.

A staunch upholder of the truth—has an excellent supply of sturdy convictions—shows himself friendly—catches up on his sowing every spring—liked us so well he brought his two brothers to see us too—is discovered to be red-headed, energetic, but always dependable—has a "steady" interest in the building to the extreme northwest of the campus; in fact, imported it from somewhere in Montana—has proved himself a whole-hearted Christian and an earnest preacher.





GLEN NOLTE, A.B.

MAJOR: Political Science

S. L. A., Treasurer 2; Vice President Student Body 4; Vice President College of Liberal Arts 3; Business Manager Oasis 3, 4; Tennis Championship 2, 4; S. L. A. Athletic Manager 2; Idaho-Oregon Band; Basket Ball 1, 2, 4; Scout Leadership 2; Executive Council 4; Academy Tennis Coach 4; Educational Department.

Always going somewhere—ever short of time—a motorist who thinks a locomotive whistles at crossings just to keep up its courage—believes "that much study is a weariness to the flesh"—spends his time chasing down ads, balancing the budget, and rounding up staff members—has decided that the library is no place to study—owns the Staff car—is a much harassed business man.

JOHN MAXEY, A.B.

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology

A. D. P., President 4, Chr. Pro. Com. 2; Athletic-Literary Council 2, 4; Treasurer Class 1; Treasurer Student Body 2, 3, 4; Advertising Manager Oasis 3, 4; Quartet 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Executive Council 2, 3, 4; Vice President Class 2; Christian Workers' Band; P. K.'s; Idaho-Oregon Band; Chorus 1, 2; Educational Department.

Much given to philosophizing—lectures on metaphysics to reluctant Staff members—often seen on various N. N. C. quartets—stands on his own two feet, despite a marked leaning towards one portion of the Junior class—usually found preparing his Civics teaching lesson—always insisting that we pay Student Body fees—found chasing down advertising copy for the yearbook—washes shirts for a living.

MABEL SCHEEL, A.B.

MAJOR: Social Science

Olympian; Treasurer Christian Workers' Band 3, 4; President General Missionary Society 3, 4; Philomelian Society; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Quartet 2; Girls' Trio; Educational Department; North Pacific Band.

Highly efficient—always independent—is a pal to her brothers—has a strange faculty for "putting her foot in her mouth"—is the happy possessor of firm convictions—finds Saturday nights interesting—is the voice that orders the ringing of the welcome dinner bell—where there's music, there's Mabel—zealous for the cause of missions—a sincere and earnest Christian.

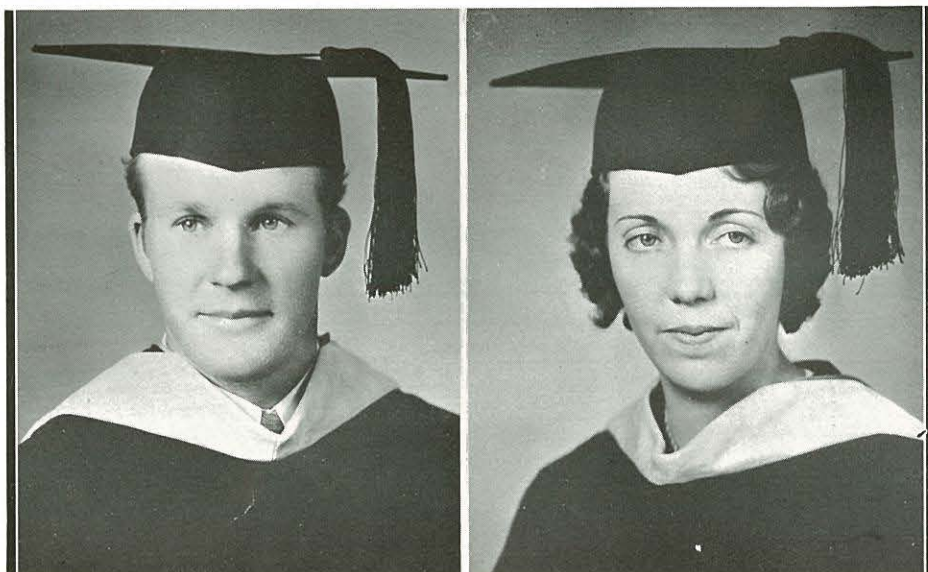
MERVIN SORENSEN, A.B.

MAJOR: History and Political Science

Olympian; P. K.'s; President North Dakota Club 4; Christian Workers' Band 1, 4; Glee Club 1; Volley Ball 1; Baseball 1; Educational Department.

A holder of firm convictions—does not cherish repression—gifted with a fluency of tongue—has lost his heart, we fear—believes in keeping well informed—likes to pretend he owns a Hudson—stands for what he thinks others will oppose—always able to start a lively discussion—an apt and ready student—will, we feel, be successful as a preacher.





LEE GUNDERSON, A.B.

MAJOR: Social Science

Olympian; Idaho-Oregon Band; Educational Department; Volley Ball 1, 3; Baseball 1, 3, 4; Track 3.

Ever a polite and pleasing gentleman—usually where you want him, when you want him—found to be a loyal Olympian—a collector of antiques, such as 1928 Dodges—a mouth as curly as his hair—possessed of quiet, wholesome good humor—well versed in farm lore—follows a sane and conservative path.

LILYMAE EDNIE, A.B.

MAJOR: History

S. L. A., Secretary-Treasurer 2; Idaho-Oregon Band; Educational Department.

Possesses an even temper flavored with ready smiles—a capable and diligent student—has the ability of making herself at home without appearing obtrusive—ready at all times to donate her services to a good or interesting cause—a woman whose talent is to serve—finds the teaching profession particularly attractive—believes in getting her lessons.

HELEN WILLIAMS, A.B.

MAJOR: English and Education

A. D. P., Program Chairman 4; Athletic-Literary Council 4; Secretary-Treasurer of Class 3; Philomelian Society, Librarian 4; Idaho-Oregon Band; Glee Club 1, 3.

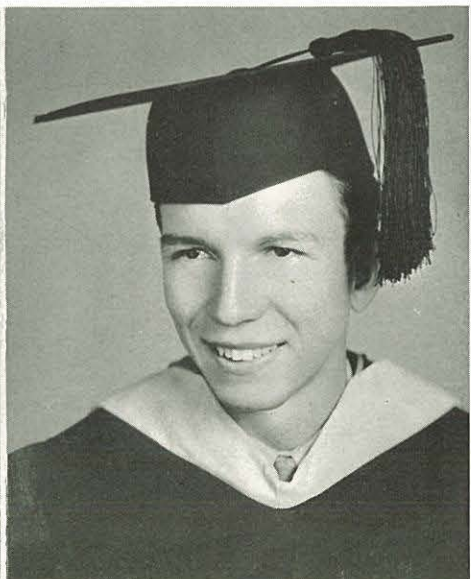
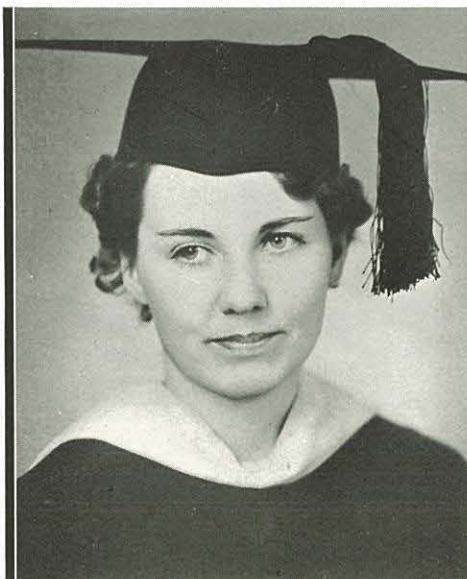
A sunny personality with a big heart—forever in a hurry—has a helping hand on both arms—an ardent "Quaker miss"—highly independent—aspires to teaching the youth of the land how to act—famed for her inability to turn hungry people away from her door—finds biology lab period quite impossible—is always "just about to die."

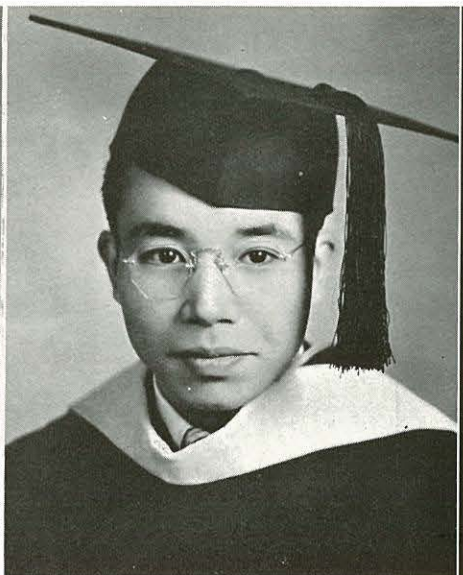
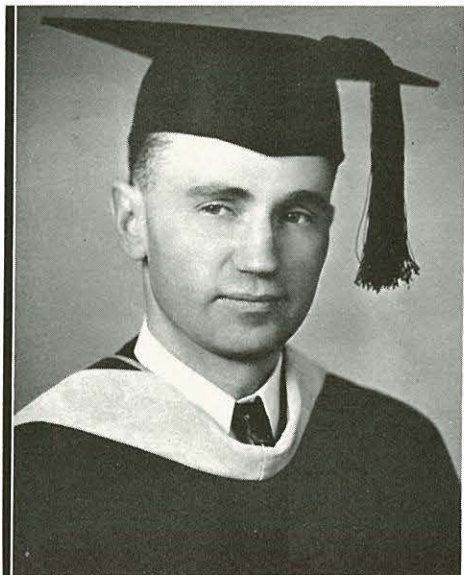
LEWIS PRESNALL, A.B.

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology

S. L. A., President 4; Christian Workers' Band, President 4; Glee Club 3; P. K.'s; School of Prophets 3, 4; North Pacific Band; Athletic-Literary Council 4.

Believes in "living straight"—stoic or epicurean? anyway a philosopher—has a priceless capacity for friendliness—builds castles in the air, then works at putting foundations under them—always has Spring with him (just watch his walk)—owns a smile as contagious as a yawn—has a unique way of saying things—useful to the S. L. A.'s because of his "knack" for impersonations—even sleeping with the dead cannot dampen his optimism—has already served his apprenticeship as a pastor, and a right successful one, we hear.





ELLWOOD O. MYLANDER, A.B.

MAJOR: Social Science

Olympian; Athletic-Literary Council 2; Vice President Christian Workers' Band 2, President 3; President Class 3; Student Body President 4; Basket Ball 1; Northwest Band.

Has risen from the rank and file to Student Body President—one of the few remaining "old-timers"—"hath a lean and hungry look"—gives vent to frequent bursts of laughter—unexpectedly susceptible to embarrassments—spends nine-tenths of his time pestering people and the other one-tenth being nice to one individual—"unconquerable as chewing gum"—a cynic in matters of the heart (according to his version).

CHESTER FUJINO, A.B.

MAJOR: History and Political Science

A. D. P., Sgt. at Arms 4; Chr. Decorating Committee 4; College Yell Leader 2, 3, 4; Oasis Assistant Art Editor 1, Art Editor 2, 3; Foreign Missionary Band 1, 3, 4; Christian Workers' Band 1, 3, 4; Universal Band; Tennis; Track; Scout Leadership 2; School of Prophets 3; Educational Department.

A sprightly little chap—well-groomed appearance—divides his time between the tennis court and the bakery, the former getting the larger half, we fear—possessor of great potentialities for mischief—of versatile habitat (Japan, Nampa, and Tacoma)—hates naught but, to be sad—finds a life of study a difficult pursuit—draws pictures for our edification—has decided to go back to Japan as a preacher.

ALICE REINHOLDT, A.B.

MAJOR: Political Science

A. D. P.; Assistant Dean of Women 3; Registration Secretary 4; Secretary Class 4; Secretary North Dakota Band 3; Permanent Chairman Inter. Rel. Club 4; Secretary 3; Secretary Christian Workers' Band 4; Athletic-Literary Council 4; Sigma Rho 3; Philomelian Society 3; North Dakota Band, Secretary 3.

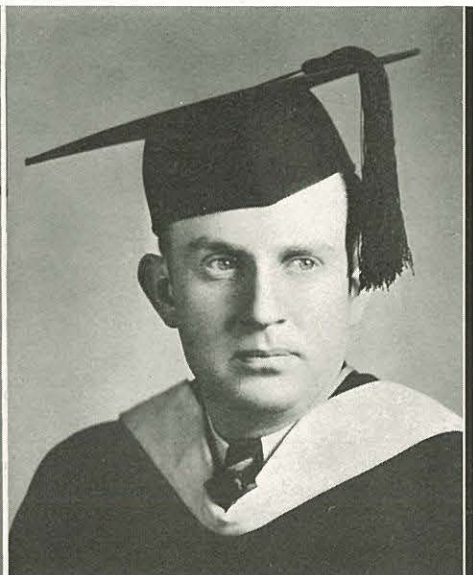
Outstanding for her scholastic ability—seldom is her room in darkness before eleven and more often twelve—ever a friend when you need her most—thoughtful of others—remarkably independent in thought and action—has learned "the luxury of doing good"—knows her political science—quite the efficient and knowing secretary—always ready for a lark—has a gift for finding interest in the commonplace surroundings of normal living.

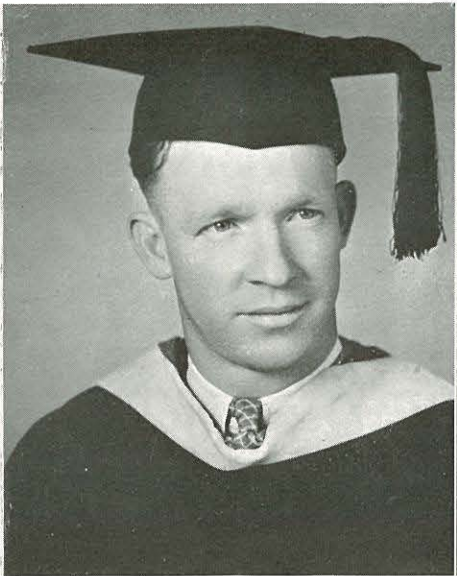
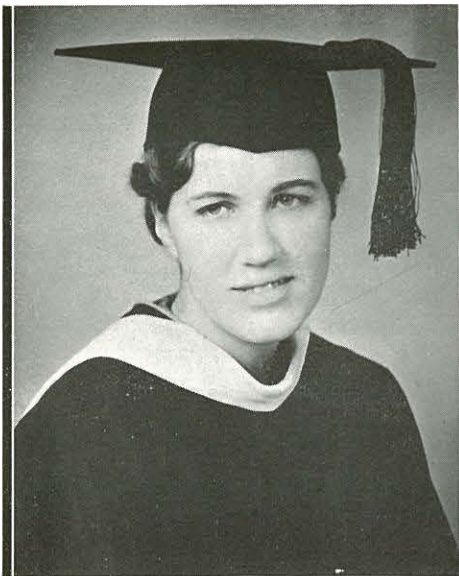
W. T. JOHNSON, Th.B.

MAJOR: Philosophy and Theology

Olympian, Chaplain 4; President College of Liberal Arts 4; Executive Council 4; Vice President School of Prophets 3; Idaho-Oregon Band.

A lively red-head with a variety of potentialities—flavors his language with a strong Texas accent—is the son-in-law of the district superintendent—hides the fact that his name is Walker Talmadge—has spent four years as President of the District N. Y. P. S.—is one of the two ordained elders in the student body—has several years to his credit as a zealous and earnest preacher.





MILDRED BRYANT, B.S.

MAJOR: Science

Olympian; Assistant Librarian I; Northwest Band; Basket Ball and Volley Ball I.

A quiet and efficient nurse—thoroughly possessed of the spirit of gentleness and helpfulness—always ready with a word of cheer—has a love for Spokane and early spring violets—remembered for her reading of "Why the Chimes Rang" in the Christmas program—possesses a gentle voice, which seems to fit into the silence rather than break it.

EUGENE I. WION, A.B.

MAJOR: Social Science

Olympian, President 4; Vice President Class 4; Debate 2, 3, 4; Central Northwest Band; Educational Department; Athletic-Literary Council 4.

Shows himself friendly to all—has a good wife—noted for his unusual remarks—generally "ag'in it"—known as the school clown—never at a loss for words, whether in the classroom, at chapel (or in Senior meeting)—noted for his chapel announcements and his unique assortment of headgear—usually found on a step-ladder in the front hall—never lacks originality—takes great delight in provoking or enlivening discussions.

ROBERTA HOLSTER, A.B.

MAJOR: History

(not graduating)

Olympian; Universal Band; Piano Ensemble 3;
Educational Department.

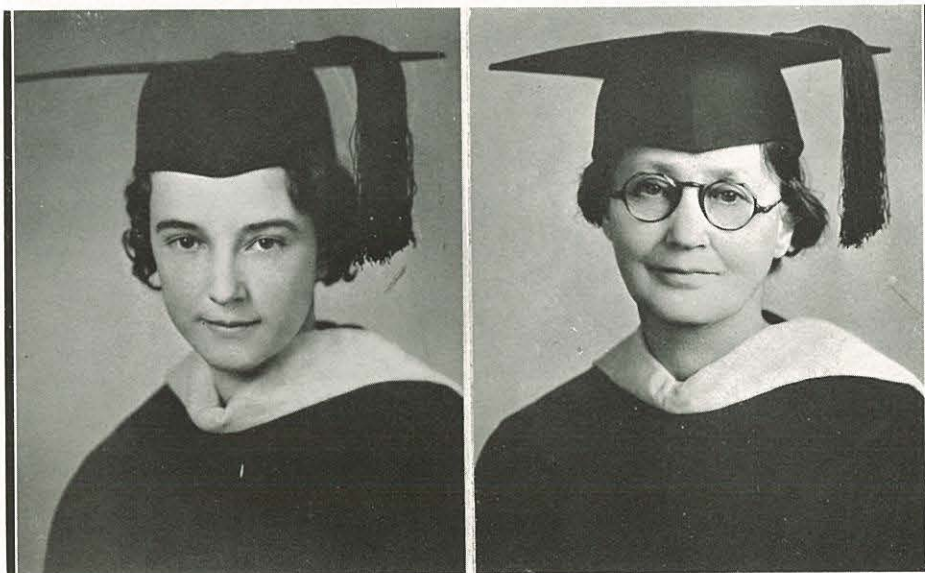
A dainty and diminutive little miss—a quiet, beguiling maid—never intrudes upon others' rights—Sorenson's girl, but we like her anyhow—has a mind of her own, despite her modest little voice—always courteous though coy, and gentle though retired—fits into one individual's loneliness like a shadow into a hollow—a pleasant person to know.

CORTHA KAGAY, A.B.

MAJOR: Social Science

A. D. P.; Universal Band; Christian Workers'
Band 3; International Club 3.

Always facing toward the right—unshakable in her convictions—believes in quiet and order spiced now and then with a good laugh—is from Missouri—never found guilty of "pocketing" her time and honest effort—has a passion for books—a thoroughly religious person "whose armour is her honest thought"—a capable and experienced teacher and a student of no mean ability.





Hard Work

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it; who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction."—MRS. A. J. STANLEY.

ALL MEN seek success. N. N. C.'s senior class of 1936 is no exception. Each of us has already seen a fair measure of it, even though we look ahead for the greatest degree.

We find that work is a necessary ingredient for the perfect result. But it hurts to be made perfect. We shrink from the hard work that lies between us and a complete education—the education only partially gained in a classroom. The days are long. The lessons are hard. But difficulties are the things that show what men are. Work is surcease from sorrow and the result of the normal functioning of a healthy being. No man is born whose work is not born with him. Botanically, following certain conditions, the laws of nature operate and fruit is produced. Just so, toil is the law of life, as well as its best fruit. Hard work, intelligently directed, always produces results.

Next, we seniors realize that method is necessary, else little could be done to any good purpose. Of all things learned, those of "how to do" and "sources of information" will be of most lasting benefit. We know that to expedite our movements, to have continuity and balance, rules of procedure will always have been used, consciously or otherwise. It matters not how long or hard we work, but how. Get a perspective of the work to be done before the goal is reached, open your eyes and hearts wide before you begin—then follow your reasoning path to the end. If you can see clearly there will be poetry, prophecy and religion in life and its work.

Work is for all even as life is for all. All may have, if they dare try, a glorious life, and all may do what by man has been done. Man's mind always longs to do something. Make that something for others; then you will be doing something for yourself.

Our senior year is over with commencement memories very dear, classmates are separating as hearts ache, and life is continuing for us on another step of the ladder. Courage to you, fellow seniors! Let's make our dreams come true and our visions to transpire before our eyes. Remember that there is happiness, peace, joy in real work. It will bring success.

—Alice Reinholdt.

Just Another Goodbye

A FEW moments ago I said, "Goodbye," probably the last goodbye, to one who has filled certain quiet moments of my school routine with added meaning. Our separate ways have paralleled each other only intermittently, but those instances in which they did will remain ever with me. I think our paths most nearly converged when quietude and melancholy solemnized our journey and delayed our footsteps with idle aimlessness. Perhaps we were occasionally prone to hasten our steps toward the time of meeting, and perhaps also we often found ourselves willing to invite the quiet benediction of a lonely muse or troubadour. Such moments cannot last long; their misty halos are lifted and duty swings us apart. Thus, meeting and parting, halting, then speeding, we each traversed the ways.

Then came tonight! Bringing that last goodbye, unheralded and unavoidable. A moment's notice, a final handclasp, the simple observation—"Life is like this, isn't it," the reminder to remember some little intimacy, and that friend is gone. It was just another goodbye!

—Maurice Gilmore.

A little gate was reached at last,
Half hid by mists within the lane;
Each pushed it wide, and, as he passed,
A wistful glance he backward cast,
And said,—"Auf wiedersehen!"

—Apologies to Lowell.



Junior Patter:

DORYCE ROSS

"High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead."

LOREN SANTO—President

"A work which is well rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts."

LYLE ROBINSON

"A golden character is his fortune."

DORA CARLSON—Secretary-Treasurer

"The best cosmetic in the world is an active mind that is always finding something new."

ARLENE NEVIN

"Many a woman who can't add can certainly distract."

LEONARD HANNON

"The test of a good person is a very simple one."

CLARENCE MITTELSTAEDT

"He had an expression of enamelled self-assurance."

ESTHER EBY—Vice President

"A girl, standing as straight as the flame of a candle."

WILMA GRONEWALD

"She knows how to give a man her own way."

MAURICE SCHEEL

"A lanky boy whose bolts needed tightening."



Juniors

Junior Patter:

Juniors

REUBEN NEWSOM

"The serenity in his face bore that inner warmth which proceeds less from a state of mind than from a climate of soul."

RUTH McSHANE

"One of those highly efficient women who would have arranged the stars symmetrically and dispensed with the Milky Way as being too messy."

MARJORIE POUNDS

"Meeting her was more like a reunion than getting acquainted."

JOHN THIESSEN

"Love of truth a potent charm."

MAURICE GILMORE

"Brittanica rules the waves; Gilmore waives the rules."

MILDRED TEERINK

"Collegiate viewpoint: It isn't the girl that counts, it's what she stands for."

AILEE BUCK

"She entered as quietly as a sunbeam."

RAY DOEDEN

"Informal as a sneeze."

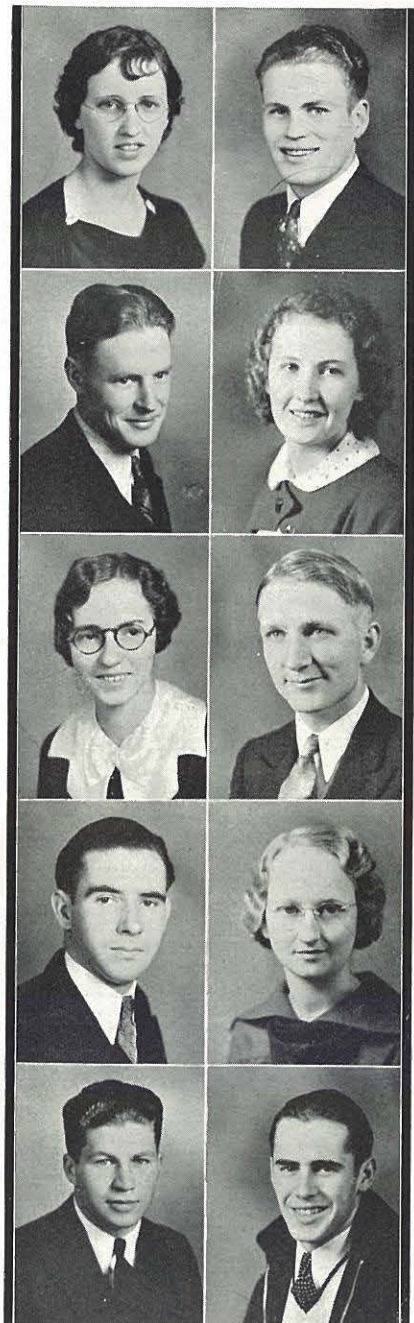
LEONARD JOHNSON

"Men are as transparent as cellophane and as hard to remove, once you get wrapped up in them."

LEONA CALLOWAY

"If not unmoved yet undismayed."





Juniors

Junior Patter:

ESTHER THOMPSON

"She drew into her shell of dignity and locked her little mouth over the entrance."

ALBERT EASON

"He's a pilgrim on the path of least resistance."

GAROLD SCHMIDT

"Impressionable as a new sheet of carbon paper."

AVIS HUNGERFORD

"Women are meant to be loved, not to be understood."

MABEL BITTLESTON

"Punctual as a star."

HAROLD HUEBNER

"As upright as an old-fashioned piano."

ROBERT HUSTON

"Our barber looked at the young man's sleek hair and asked if he wanted it cut or just the oil changed."

ILIF CARTER

"She nodded but she never bowed to fashion."

PAUL PARSONS

"He was not made for climbing the tree of knowledge."

ANDREW EDWARDS

"He could say 'No!' like a person driving a rivet."

Junior Patter:

Juniors

DEWARD MILLSAP

"I play a musical instrument some but only for my own amazement."

RICHARD JACKSON

"He tripped over his premise and sprawled on his conclusion."

GUY KILLION

"He is a gentleman farmer—the only thing he raises is his hat."

MARY CARR

"She gives the impression of listening faster than one can talk to her."

BEATRICE COMSTOCK

"A liberal mouth with happy corners."

CLYDE RATHER

"He is a professional athlete of the tongue."

MILO ROBERTS

"He opens one question on the period of the last."

MARY ANN GACEY

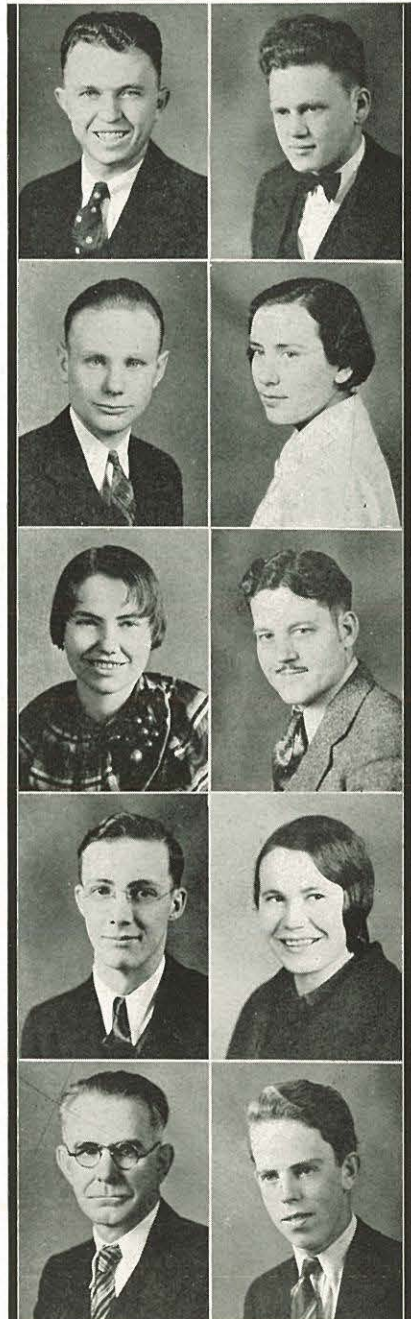
"She said her words with every courtesy to each of them, as if she respected language."

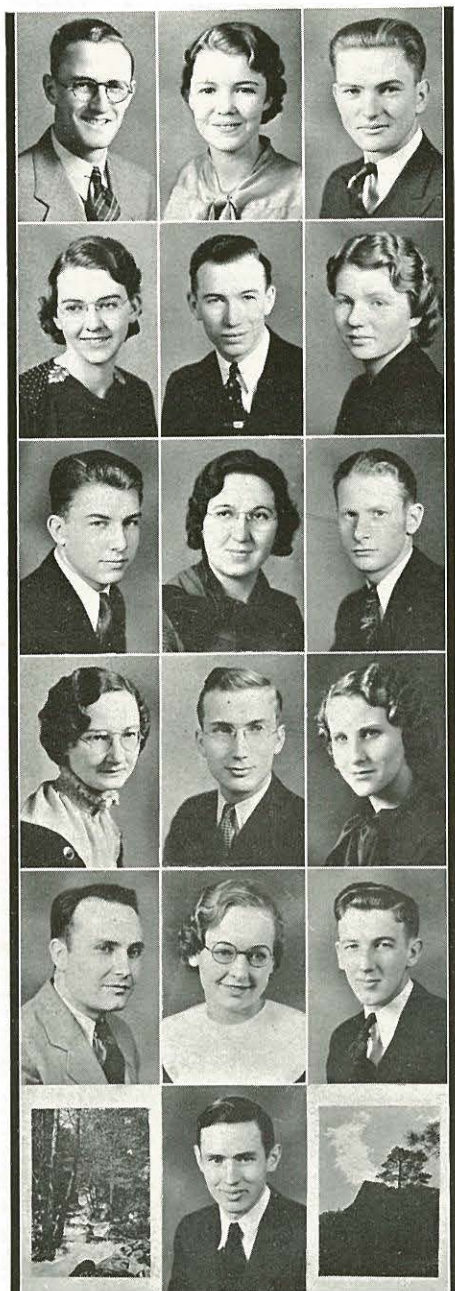
WARREN HARPER

"He has the type of mind you can sharpen your own on."

JOHN MONROE

"The objective of 'he' is 'she.' "





LARRY BONE—Galeophilia
President

LOIS ROBERTS—Androphobia
Secretary

ELROY NUTT—Disequilibrium
Vice President

HAZEL WILLIAMS—Anthypnotic

CAMERON BEAN—Fulgurating

GRACE HULING—Tachyprasia

WILFORD VANDERPOOL—Dysbasia

DORIS DEITERS—Boopia

EDWIN McCONNELL—Arcuate

EVA JOY HALLEY—Cutis pendula

VERNE SWALWELL—Anthropoid

MURIEL RANUM—Auxocardia

ROY YEIDER—Agoraphobia¹

CATHERINE HARRAH—Refractory

WALTER QUILLING—Cram-stunt

KENNETH ESHELMAN—Agoraphobia²

(Refer to page 108 for key to above afflictions.)

Sophomores

Sophomores

MARJORIE STARK—Catholicon

THELMA LOWE—Arithmomania¹

PAUL FLISHER—Carnophobia

EVA COMBS—Ergophobia

HUGH GLASS—Graphorrhea

PAULINE HINES—Autophobia

RICHARD SULLIVAN—Auenbrugger's Sign

FLORENCE DE COURSEY—Decinormal

LOREN SCHEEL—Ambidexterous

RUTH HARDIN—Anserine

WILLIAM BAPTISTE—Amnesia

JOAN MANGUM—Drapetomania

EVERETT BOYLE—Attenuation

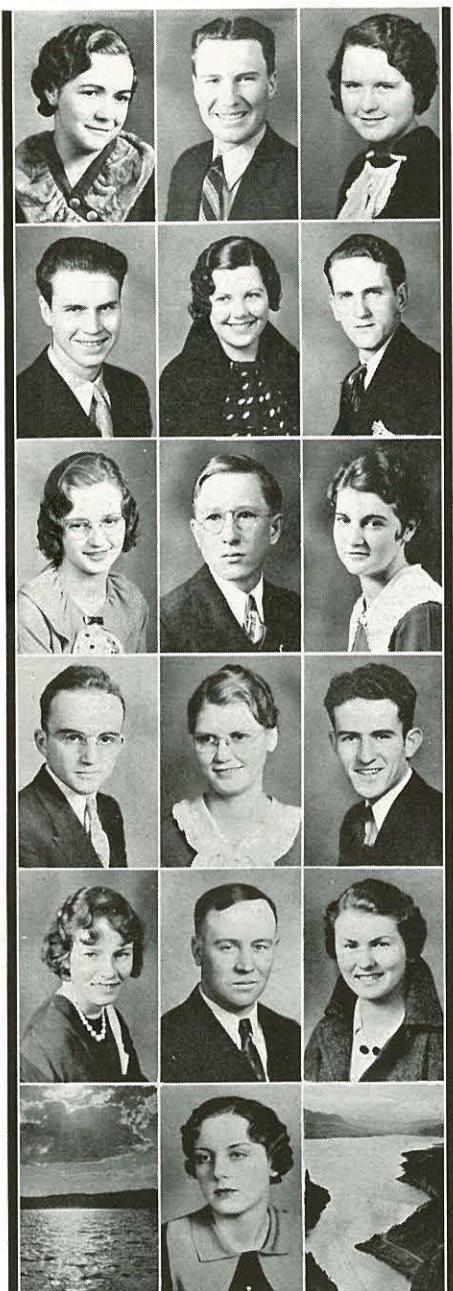
ORA MARIE SATHER—Astrophobia

FRANK ELLIS—Autoceholalia

GEORGIA CULVER—Atoxophobia

(Refer to page 108 for key to above afflictions.)





LEONABELLE MITCHELL—Tricholellomania

JAMES DAVIS—Anhyphnosis

LEILA HAWKINS—Logophthalmus

CHARLES ZINC—Caprizant

AILEEN HINES—Asthenia

IRA HART—Macrocardius

RACHEL HALL—Cainophobia

JOHN WISE—Graphospasm

DORIS SWOPE—Agoraphobia

GERALD WORCESTER—Anemophobia

ELIZABETH DeWAARD—Arclocardea

GUY NEES—Arhinia

LAURA COLE—Deplumation

LEROY HARRIS—Amoxophobia

ANN BEATY—Akinesia

DOROTHY MARTIN—Sopanaceous

(Refer to page 108 for key to above afflictions.)

Sophomores

Sophomores

GLEN LANG—Trichopathophobia

DAVID ELLIS—Trichoschisis

BERNICE GRANGER—Amychophobia

DON BOLLE—Megaloccephaly

RUTH CAMPBELL—Lamprophonic

ERIC JORDEN—Hypnosis

ELLEN SEAVEY—Arithmomania²

ALBIN ERICKSON—(Deceased)

JESSE MOSMAN—Hypoalimentation

REUBEN HUEBNER—Erethism

GRACE SNYDER—Somniloquism

CHESTER MULDER—Hypernoea

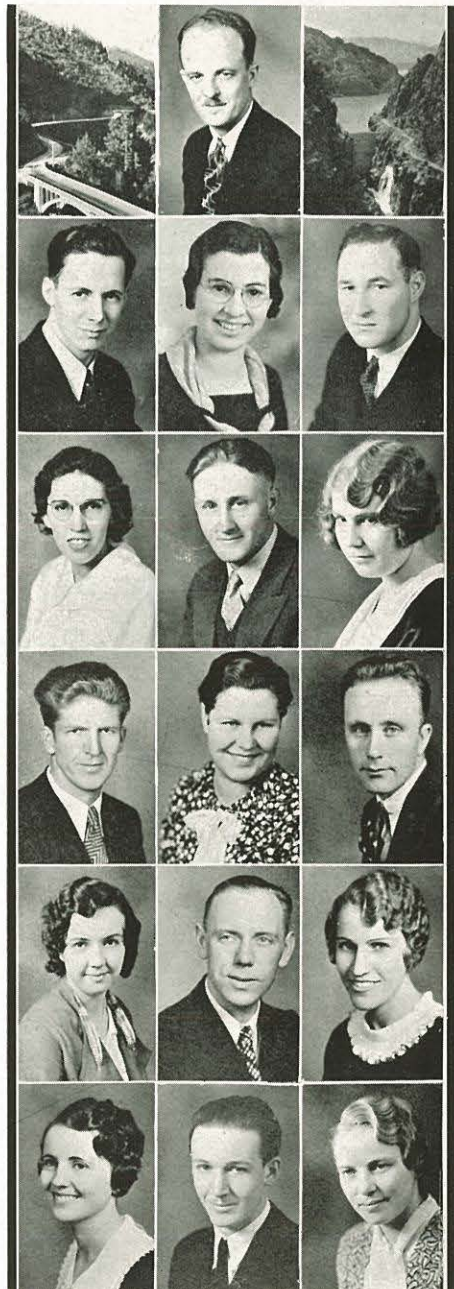
ETHEL MOORE—Rejuvenescence

INEZ HANKINS—Belonephobia

ELMER FROEMKE—Equinism

JOSIE JACKSON—Hyperprosexia

(Refer to page 108 for key to above afflictions.)





E. SETTLE
I. LISK
C. NUSS
G. EASTLY
J. NOLTE
L. ROBERTS

M. VAIL
F. MACKEY
L. JAMES
L. MALPASS
P. BURKHOLDER
P. SWALM

M. LAFFERTY
W. WALTON
I. MALPASS
A. ROBERTS
L. ALLEN
E. PETERSON

P. THIESSEN
L. HAUN
G. EGGLESTON
D. MACY
K. HADLEY
R. CUNDIFF

C. POWELL
G. HOSFORD
F. BOLLINGER
M. MARTIN
E. PUST
F. POWELL

R. BUERY
J. McABEE
C. MOE
P. KILLION

Freshmen

Freshmen

N. STOOPS
M. TISH
E. MORRIS
R. DEMPSEY
R. JACKSON

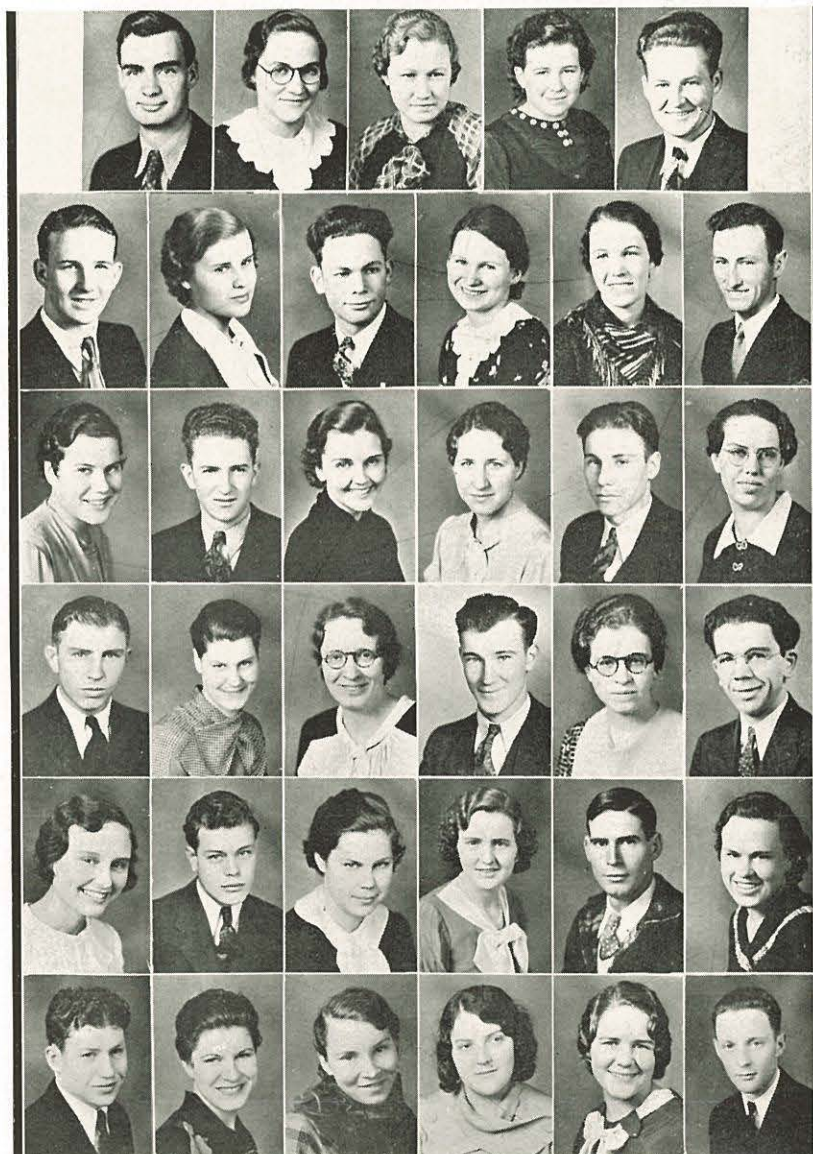
S. EVENSON
V. RANUM
B. FLETCHER
M. FOSTER
M. CATHEY
C. PERSHALL

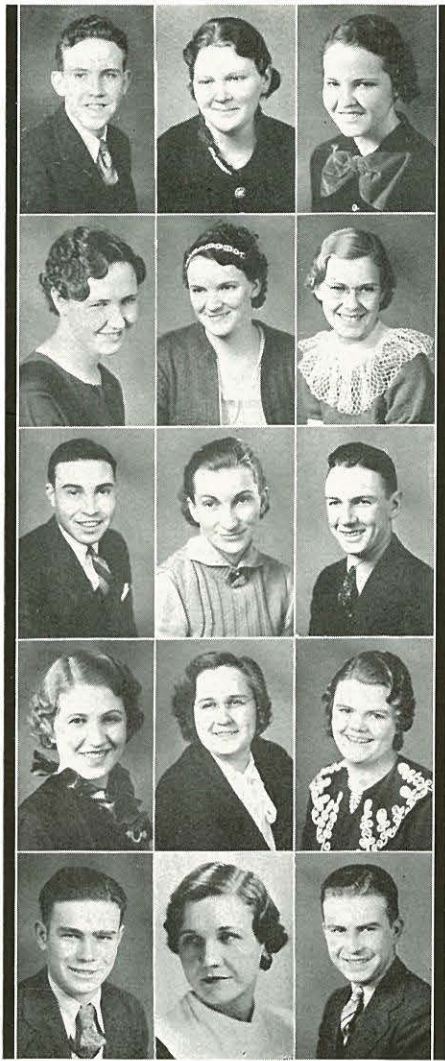
H. DRAPER
C. DOBBS
F. LANG
C. BLANTON
W. LEWIS
V. ANDRUS

A. FUEHRER
M. DRAPER
M. BAPTISTE
E. CORYELL
L. WINTERS
N. BROYLES

L. SMITH
W. STREETER
M. LITTLE
E. CASE
E. CLARK
C. HENKE

R. PARSONS
D. PETERSON
H. CORYELL
M. HUDSON
G. AMAN
G. NEEDHAM





WESLEY STECK—Freshman

AUDREY ELLIOTT—Academy Senior

GRAYCE HILBORN—Junior

EVELYN BROWN—Sophomore

KATHRYN McABEE—Freshman

MARY ANNA THOMPSON—Special Student

CHARLES VASQUEZ—Freshman

FAY SANDY—Sophomore

DONALD APPLIGATE—Freshman

LUCILLE HICKERSON—Sophomore

GLADYS SWIFT—Bible College

MARIE DOOLIN—Bible College

JAY CLARK—Freshman

ESTHER NELSON—Junior

GLEN BLISS—Freshman

Second Semester Students

MONOTONY

Yesterday today has been;
 Tomorrow today will be.
 What has been will be again;
 What will be has been for me.

—Gladys Eggleston.

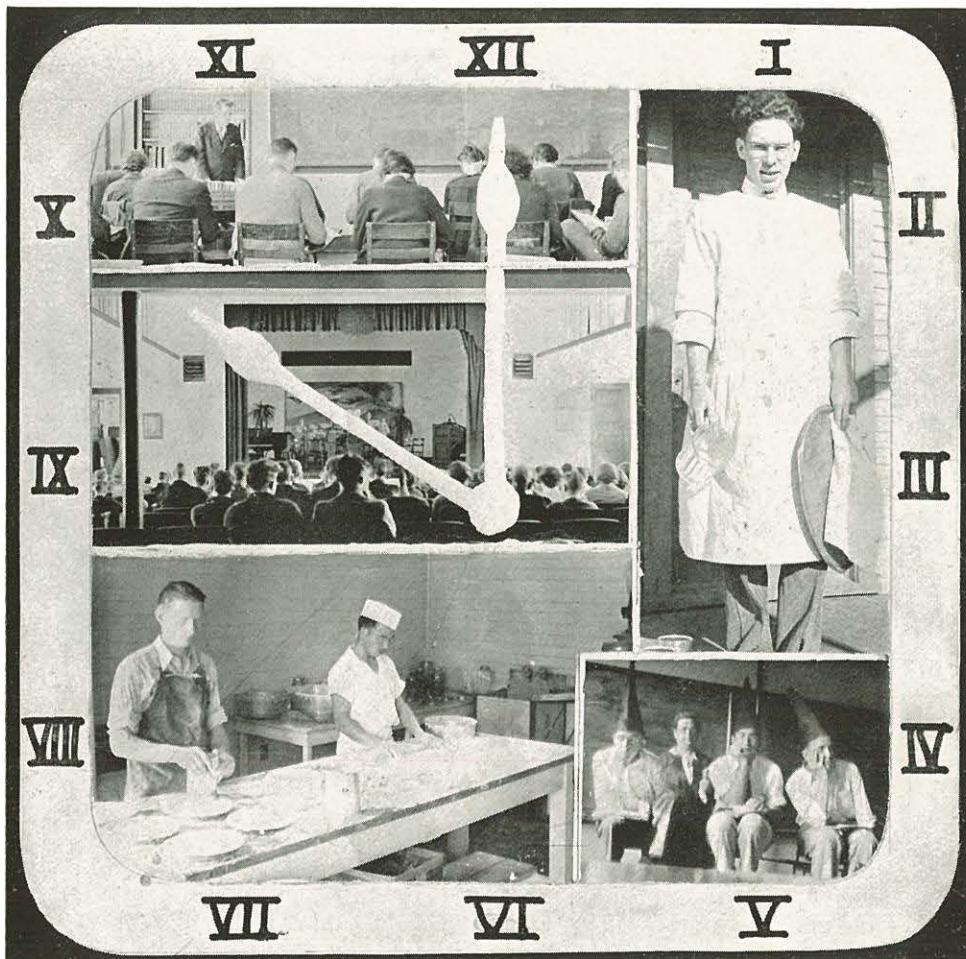
What
They
Do--

The
Whole
Day
Through--

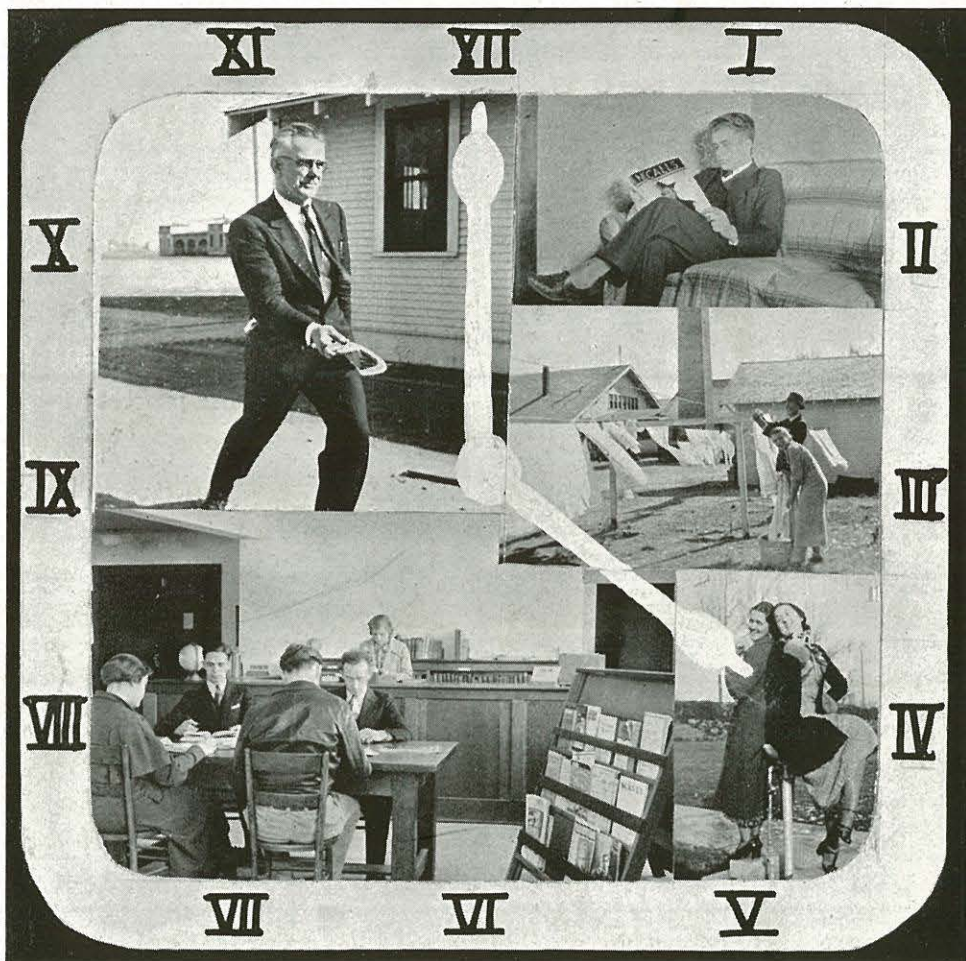




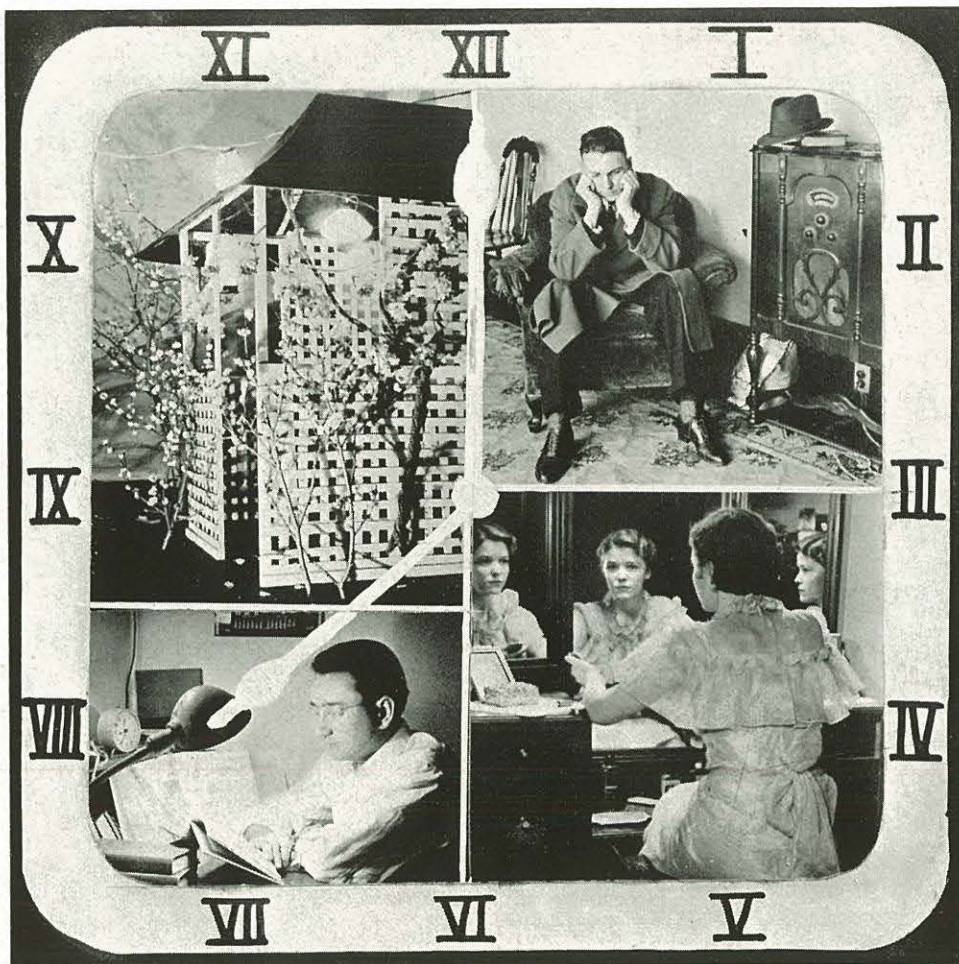
I'm yawning from morning til night.
It's awful the hours I keep—
I simply can't live long enough
I'm afraid, to catch up on my sleep.



Though life has bitter little times
 They're not a total loss I feel,
 For mixed with joys they play the part
 Of sour pickles at a meal.



My work just worried me today
 So that I couldn't do my best
 Until I had this lovely thought,
 The world can stand it if I rest.

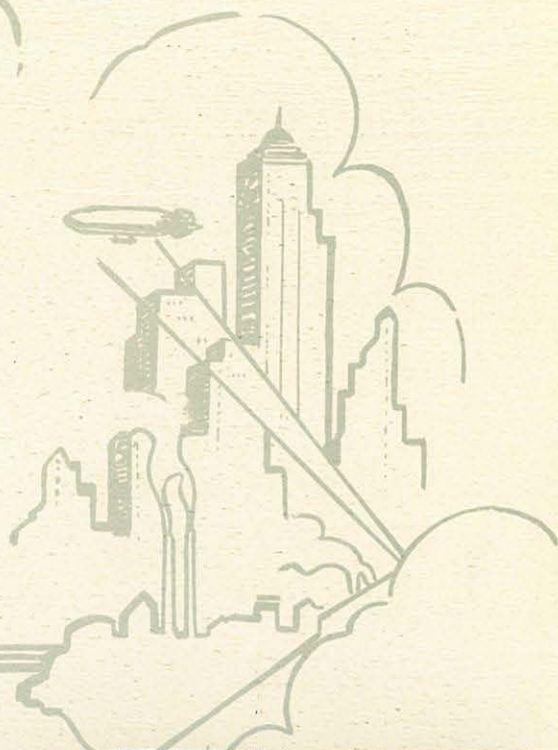
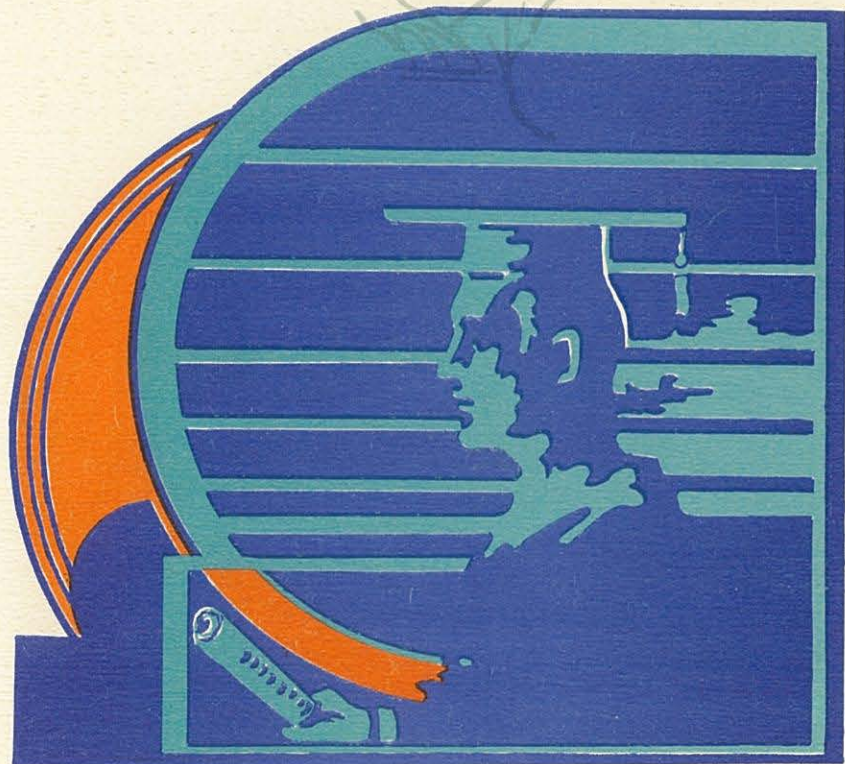


The fabric of my life is grey—
 Hard work in one small place.
 I'll concentrate on trimming it
 With lots of laughs for lace.



Common sense is good to have
But never let it master you—
For then it might deprive you of
The foolish things it's fun to do.

מחשבים וזיכרון



Academy Seniors

WE HAVE come to the realization that after just a few more weeks we shall have attained that for which we have been working—a diploma signifying the completion of our high school education. It hardly seems possible; the time has gone by so hurriedly.

When we meditate on our privileges it seems that we are not thankful enough for the opportunities we have had. The greatest is that of the opportunity of attending a Christian school, where Christ is given pre-eminence. We are especially thankful for the things that have been accomplished for Christ this and previous years. We are trusting the students of N. N. A. of "the tomorrows" to co-operate with the college students and faculty members in carrying on a greater work for Him.

We wish to express our appreciation first of all to our teachers, who have so graciously carried a personal responsibility for each student; to our parents, who have sacrificed so greatly to give us opportunities for success, and to our classmates both in the upper and lower grades, who have added much to our lives.

Dear Juniors, we wish to leave to you an honorable position of which you are quite worthy. We leave you fame, honor, and class traditions. Do not set your aim too low; be not content to reach the mark we placed before you.

The class of 1936 has truly enjoyed academy life to the fullest extent, and always in our memories there will be a bright spot for the interesting times we've had. We shall feel a keen sense of regret at leaving, but we are sure that memory of our high school associations will be a spur in our efforts toward success.

—Margaret Frazier, '36.





Seniors

BERNIECE FULCHER, President

Present: "With optimistic ease she guides her Senior crew."

Future: "In the realm of art will she spend her days,
Cheery and busy through endless ways."

NAOMI SMITH, Secretary-Treasurer

Present: "She has the quiet reserve, but behind it all she is the
impersonation of jollity."

Future: "Her voice will win her fame;
We hope 'twill glorify His name."

CLARENCE KILLION, Vice President

Present: "Never troubles trouble, till trouble troubles him."

Future: "He'll be a lawyer, bold and clever;
Juries will convict his clients never."

FREMONT CUMMINGS, Sergeant-at-Arms

Present: "A man of high ideals is he,
With love for rest and a permanent for beauty."

Future: "Not a butcher, nor a baker,
Just a pesky undertaker."

ELAINE CARLSON

Present: "To tickle the ivories seems her delight;
We wish her success with all our might."

Future: "In after years when she's out of school
As a music instructor she'll probably rule."

SALLY FUSON

Present: "Pep is her nature; Pep should be her middle name."

Future: "Sweet and happy will be her life
As Glen's thrifty, homey, dutiful wife."

GERALD ARNOT

Present: "Here's to the boy with the ready smile,
And the boy who's cheerful all the while."

Future: "Your prescriptions he'll fill
With the greatest of skill."

PAULINE EASON

Present: "Quiet and self-composed,
What she thinks, nobody knows."

Future: "In high school she'll teach girls basket ball,
And make her team the best of all."

MARGARET FRAZIER

Present: "Good to look at, better to know."

Future: "With book and pencil, pen and rule,
She'll spend her life at teaching school."

Seniors

MARJORIE CHENEY

Present: "The best tribute we know, 'an all around girl.'"
Future: "We're guessing her highest ambition for life
 Is sure to be 'a preacher's wife.'"

KENNETH YEIDER

Present: "A cheerful person and a right good student."
Future: "Trust it to Kenny; he'll end your car troubles."

NOBLE JEFFERSON

Present: "Faint heart never won fair lady."
Future: "A paper he'll edit that will publish the news,
 But in it he'll omit all political views."

STELLA COATES

Present: "She's a nurse in a uniform white,
 And helps sick people to get all right."
Future: "May her influence never grow less."

ETHEL STICKNEY

Present: "My blushes are still in good working order."
Future: "As a champion bicyclist of great renown,
 Her name will be known in every town."

LOUISE WILKINS

Present: "I could enjoy life if I didn't have to study."
Future: "In a little farm she will raise honey bees,
 And live a happy life of ease."

ZOLA VAIL

Present: "What is finer than a good girl?"
Future: "Just hand it to Zola; she'll take it in Shorthand."

FLOYD SHIRLEY

Present: "When you need some printing done,
 Call on Floyd; he's an excellent one."
Future: "At cartooning he will win his fame,
 But he'll stay a bachelor just the same."

HELEN McMICHAEL

Present: "To do easily what is difficult for others is a mark of
 talent."
Future: "Painting and posing seem her delight;
 We hope in the future it will turn out all right."





DOROTHY PARSONS - - - President
JOHN BERG - - - - Vice President

BERNADINE BAUD - Secretary-Treasurer
FRANK LITWILLER - - - Sergeant-at-Arms

Juniors

THREE years ago a class of young but earnest Freshmen started on a career of unknown trials and victories. As Freshmen always do, we have had to come up against a great many things of which we knew nothing. But pressing on we finally made the grade to the Sophomore year, and still pressing on we reached the Junior year to find even more trials and victories. Keeping our heads high we can now vision the class of '37, the class that started as Freshmen three years ago. Some have dropped from our midst and are now in other schools. We appreciate the wonderful chance we have, but regret that some are passing it by.

We are thankful that we have a splendid faculty who have answered the call to help us develop the powers, talents, and unknown possibilities which lie dormant within us. Enthusiastically and loyally we stand behind our faculty. Together with this, there is within each one a profound sense of his obligation to God, and a determination to keep his life undergirded on the keeping and guiding power of his Creator.

We are not yet dignified Seniors, but are faithful and determined Juniors. Our eyes are fixed on the goal of graduation. The time of graduation seems not so far away now. We earnestly desire to live a life of usefulness and service in the work of the Master whom we all love.

—Ira True, '37.

Informal Moods

Rather steady.

What if the rocks gave way?

Call the dean.

Give him the air.

Star basketballers in prints.

Helen gets her start.

"Sis" Arnot in bloom.

Ma— Ma! — — Ma— Ma!

They pal around together.

Notice that sweet and innocent school-girl air.

Out of the cradle, to the altar.

Resolved: That we should have no more afternoon classes.

Have you wondered what Dorothy Parsons used to look like? Well here she is.

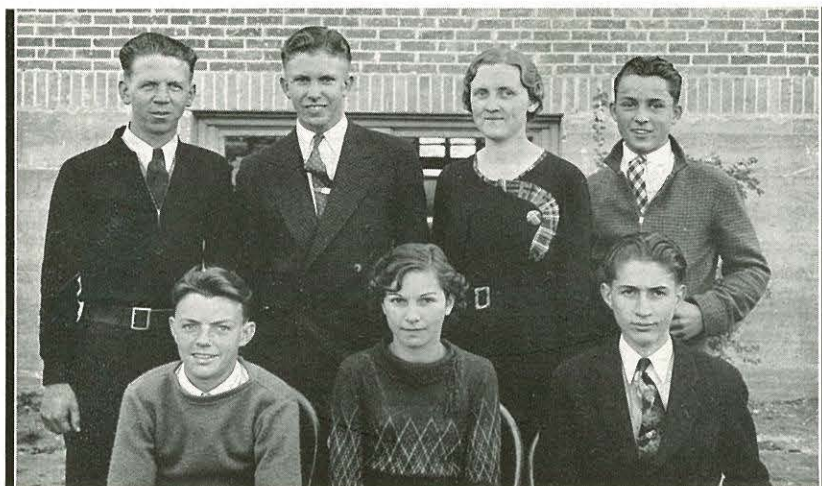
J. B. singing in his tub.

They sing at N. N. A.

We're having a good time whether you think so or not.



S
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P
H
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M
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S



PAUL MANGUM - - - - President MARJORIE PEPPLER - Secretary-Treasurer
CRAWFORD VANDERPOOL - Vice President EDGAR KINCAID - - - Sergeant-at-Arms

GERALD JOHNSON - - - - President JEWEL SANFORD - - - Secretary-Treasurer
JOHN LITTLE - - - - Vice President ESTHER ELLIS - - - Sergeant-at-Arms

F
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M
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N



סדנת ספרות ופזמון





MUSIC

MUSIC IS A THING OF THE SOUL—A ROSE-LIPPED
SHELL THAT MURMURED OF THE ETERNAL SEA—A
STRANGE BIRD SINGING THE SONGS OF ANOTHER
SHORE.

—J. C. Holland.



Women's Glee Club

Music

MUSIC is a Language. It is a language, not of the mind, but of the soul; it is an expression of our very being. Like all other languages, it is composed of several dialects, patois, or jargons, and it even has its slang. Our choice of music portrays to others ourselves. We cannot say that some combinations of sounds are music and others are not. If any succession of intervals expresses the soul of a man, then it must be music.

Music is an Art. The most subtle, the most ethereal, and the most evanescent of all the arts. The architect moves blocks of stone; the painter fixes upon canvas, wood, stone, or paper, colors that will last for an unlimited time; even the poet finds in the words of the language the elements fixed for his work. The musician alone seems to work in the void and with void; he works with sonorities, extinguished almost as soon as heard with only a memory to remain.

MUSIC is a Science. There is no art without science. It is a science of mathematics, for all the elements and processes that make up a musical composition find their explanation in numbers and in combinations of numbers. "Science is a dial that marks the hour of the progress accomplished."

Our music is the language of the Classics and the Church. That language has been communicated to the private pupils by a knowledge of the works of the old masters—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms; and the moderns—MacDowell, Rachmaninoff, and Debussy. The music of the Church has been glorified through classes in History of Church Music and Appreciation of Music. Courses in Conducting, Harmony, and Public School Methods in Music were also a part of the curriculum. Choice of subjects has been limited, but we are anticipating a wider expansion during the coming year that will enhance study in this department and create a deeper appreciation of—Music.

—Doryce Ross.

Men's Glee Club





PIPE ORGAN CONCERT

"A Christmas Gift for
the College."

PROGRAM

Invocation - - - - - President R. V. DeLong

"The Students' Vision" - - - - - Ellwood O. Mylander
President Student Body

By the Waters of Minnetonka - - - - - Lieurance

The Rosary - - - - - Nevin

Serenade - - - - - Gabriel-Marie
Cora Ferne Pierce, College Organist

"Heroes In Homespun"—Part One - - - Dr. E. J. Bulgin

Largo - - - - - Handel

My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice - - - Saint-Saens

Medley of Christmas Songs
Cora Ferne Pierce

"Heroes In Homespun"—Part Two - - - Dr. E. J. Bulgin

Benediction - - - - - Rev. Earl C. Pounds, Dist. Supt.



Orchestra

FRANK ELLIS - - - - President JANETTE McSHANE - Secretary-Treasurer
HELEN WILLIAMS - - - Librarian

Philomelian Chorus





Retreat

Let me go across this plain.
Let me find the ugly, rugged
Mountains far beyond.
I want to walk upon
That glistening snow
Which caps the peaks
To hide myself in those shadows,
Grey and blue,
Which this gay, spring sun
Makes into a hov'ring cloak.
For that might shield me from
This world of men,
And help me find myself,
And settle all assailing doubts.
I would be me.
I must be true.
Help me, Lord, through these,
Thy mountains and Thy shadows!

—Alice Reinholdt.



Educational Department

EDUCATION

EDUCATION IS LEADING HUMAN SOULS TO WHAT IS BEST, AND MAKING WHAT IS BEST OUT OF THEM AND THESE TWO OBJECTS ARE ALWAYS ATTAINABLE TOGETHER, AND BY THE SAME MEANS. THE TRAINING THAT MAKES MEN HAPPIEST IN THEMSELVES ALSO MAKES THEM MOST SERVICEABLE TO OTHERS.

—Ruskin.



Grammar School

The Lady in Lavender

A LITTLE too late is much too late." This statement has often greeted students who have dared to come late to Dr. Bower's classes. To many this is just a trifle, but to Dr. Bower, "trifles make perfections and perfection is no trifle." These statements have been a milestone in the lives of many.

Every day as we enter our classroom, we find that Dr. Bower has been there before us and put on the board some motto that means much in the life of each of us. Every Christmas we are asked for contributions. To some students these are con-tribulations; but to most of us it is a pleasure to bring a poem or song about Christmas. At Easter we have made a very inspiring study of the "Last Eight Days of Christ's Life," which has helped us to better understand the suffering and sacrifice of Christ.

Our classes with Dr. Bower have meant much to us as the first two mottoes are practiced in our classes. The freshmen are instructed—"Good, better, best: never let it rest till your good is better and your better is best!" The seniors are admonished: "Gird up the loins of your mind and think soberly."

Normal School Graduates

O. SATHER
E. COMBS
DR. HARPER
DR. BOWER
*M. SCHEEL
*J. McSHANE

M. POUNDS
D. MILLSAP
M. TEERINK
P. FLISHER
M. BITTLESTON
G. CULVER

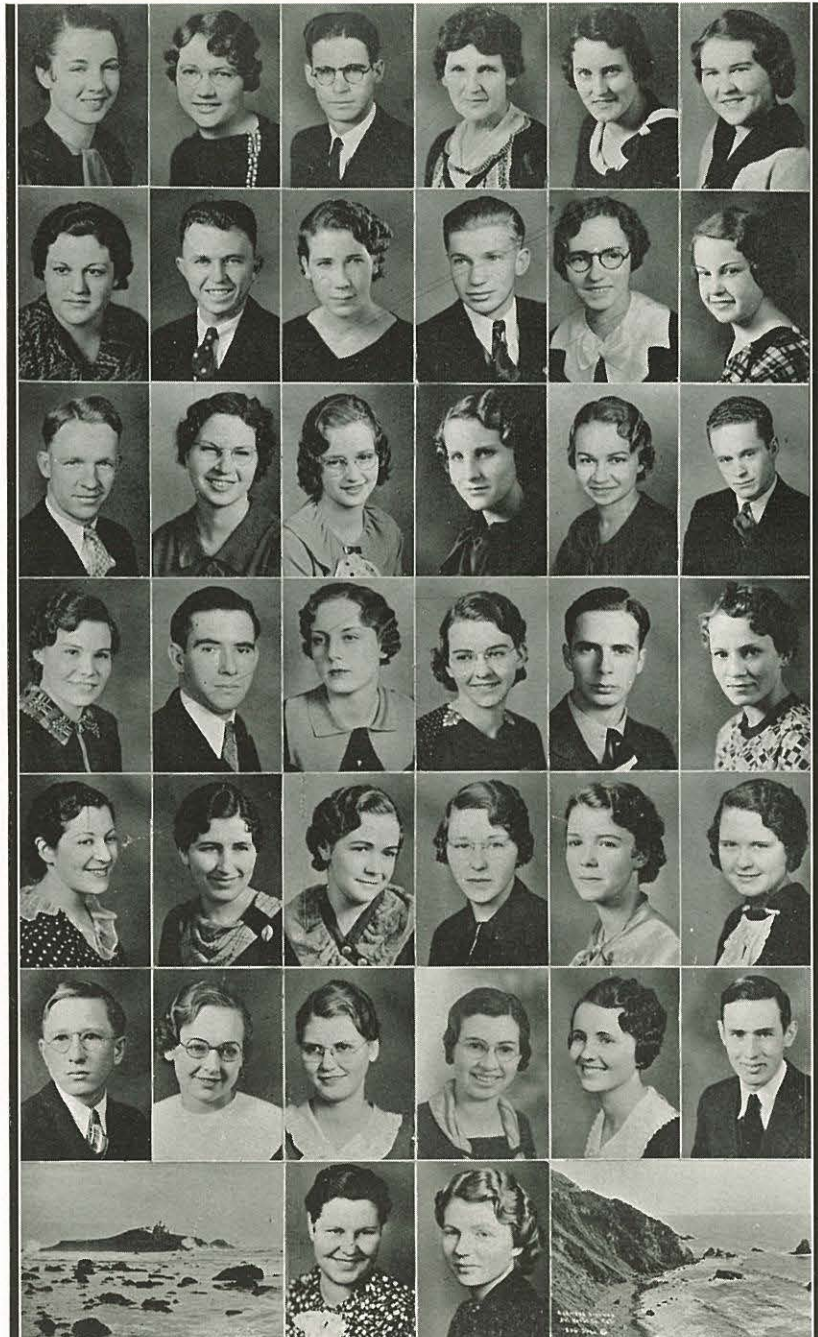
*E. WION
M. STARK
R. HALL
M. RANUM
E. EBY
*J. MAXEY

T. LOWE
R. HOUSTON
D. MARTIN
H. WILLIAMS
F. ELLIS
L. COLE

F. DeCOURSEY
L. CALLOWAY
L. MITCHELL
*G. HOUSE
L. ROBERTS
L. HAWKINS

J. WISE
K. HARRAH
E. DeWAARD
B. GRANGER
I. HANKINS
K. ESHELMAN

J. MOSSMAN
G. HULING



*Secondary Certificates.



Adobe Ramblings

THE burning, noon-day sun poured its blistering rays straight down upon the drowsy Mexican village. The heat was intense. It rose in sickening waves from dusty street, adobe houses, and blazing board sidewalks. Even the smell of it was in the air, a stifling, choking smell, which made me gasp for breath. In the midst of such heat I stood aghast, gazing about me with burning eyes.

The scene was nothing to inspire either interest or admiration. Two rows of dilapidated adobe houses faced a wide, dusty street. That was all. Three or four miserable-looking horses stood drooping at the hitching rail which fronted the row of houses. They moved only occasionally to rid themselves of some troublesome insect. Around their feet several scrawny fowls scratched about half-heartedly in the dust, seemingly unafraid of the animals which towered over them.

From somewhere within one of the flat-topped houses the sound of a mellow voice accompanied by the rhythmical strumming of a guitar floated out to me. Abruptly the music ceased. A long silence, then a few sharp-spoken Spanish words—again silence with only an unhappy squawk from one of the fowls to break the unnatural quiet.

Moving back from the depressing sight, I noticed, crouched within the small shadow of a doorway, a dark faced Mexican, with huge sombrero pulled down firmly over his forehead. Apparently he slept. His slender waist was encircled by a gaudy belt from which slender knife blades could be seen, shining in the sun. As my attention became centered upon him, I noticed that he was not sleeping, but sat watching me intently from under his huge hat. His shining black eyes followed my every movement. I became alarmed when I noticed that his hand, which had been lying idly in his lap, was moving stealthily to a dagger-like knife which protruded from his belt.

Abruptly I turned away and mounted my horse. I looked back as I urged him forward. I saw only a lizzard sunning itself upon a crumbling, adobe wall and the fowls still scratching half-heartedly in the yellow dust. Resolutely, I turned my face away and spurred my horse toward the snow-capped peaks in the distance.

—Catherine Harrah.

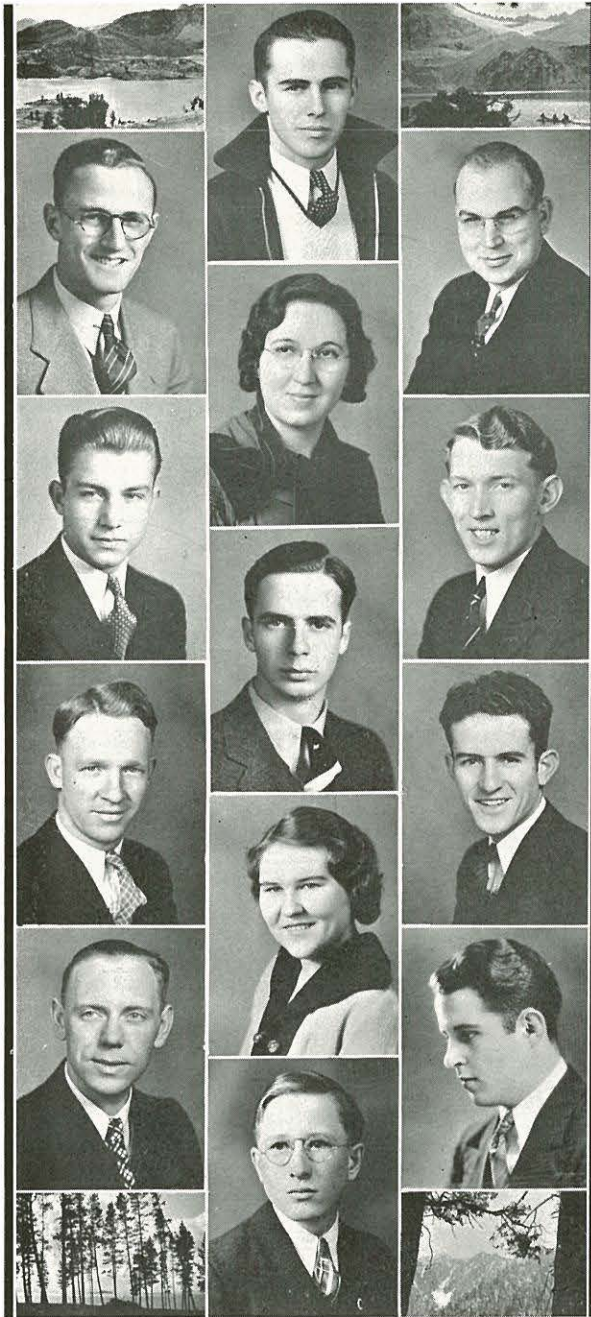


Forensic Society

FORENSIC

HE GAVE MAN SPEECH, AND SPEECH
CREATED THOUGHT, WHICH IS THE
MEASURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

—Shelley.



ANDREW EDWARDS
Debate Manager

LARRY BONE
Assistant Debate Manager

DORIS DEITERS

PROFESSOR HALL
Debate Coach

WILFORD VANDERPOOL

FRANK ELLIS

MAURICE SCHEEL

EUGENE WION

JANETTE McSHANE

GUY NEES

CHESTER MULDER

JOHN WISE

RICHARD SULLIVAN

Intercollegiate Debate

Concerning N. N. C. Intercollegiate Debating

AT THE opening of the school year the debate situation at N. N. C. was anything but hopeful. Experienced debaters were scarce and hard to find. Professor W. B. Hall succeeded in interesting a number of freshmen and sophomores in trying out. "A zeal not according to knowledge" characterized most of these people, but a few practices, a few criticisms, some suggestions, and some encouraging from Coach Hall gave these enthusiasts confidence that they could meet the College of Idaho early in the second semester for some practice debates. There were ten of these meetings with our neighboring college; the neighbor won only five of these debates.

One early spring morning, long before the dawn, a group of five jaunty adventurers accompanied by the venerable Professor Hall, more commonly known as "Pop," set sail in his ancient Ford for the Linfield College Debate Tournament at McMinnville, Oregon. After a day on the road and a night spent in proverbial Y. M. C. A. beds, the six debaters drove the remaining few miles to the college and commenced the Websterian activities of the afternoon. Frank Ellis, Maurice Scheel, and John Wise composed one team. Larry Bone and Chester Mulder were the members of the other team. The first team named lost four and won two of the six debates; the other team reversed the order—won four and lost two.

During March 13-14 a district speech contest convened at our school. The debate teams of eastern Oregon and southern Idaho met at this time. The two Nazarene teams tied for the honor of winning the plaque awarded for one year to the winning lower division team.

The question chosen by the national Pi Kappa Delta Forensic Society—"Resolved, That Congress should be given the power to override, by a two-thirds majority vote, decisions of the Supreme Court declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional"—was of intense national interest owing to recent decisions given by the Court relative to the New Deal legislation.

The arguments hinged around the question of which should have the final power, Congress or the Supreme Court. The affirmative of course argued that this added power should be granted to Congress, that it was merely a new and easier means of amending the Constitution.

A strong negative argument was that the amending process should not be taken from the hands of the people because it might lead to a more bureaucratic form of government. It was an interesting question, but it is doubtful whether even yet more than two or three of the seventy-seven teams in the Linfield tournament are persuaded as to which side is right.

—Frank Ellis,

—Chester Mulder.



Coal and Cold

"Is the team ready, Will?"

"Yes, Sarah. You didn't put any liquids in the lunch, did you?"

"No, I remembered."

"Well, I guess I'm all ready. I'll be back as soon after dark as I can make it." Buttoning his black dog-skin coat about him and pulling fur mittens over heavy woolen ones, Will went quietly out the kitchen door that creaked with the frost on its hinges.

The dim outline of a blanket-covered team and boxed bob-sled showed itself against the four-o'clock blue morning coldness and snow. As he wrapped his lunch in an old blanket in the sled, stepped into the box, and picked up the reins, Will spoke softly to the horses. Through a hole she had melted with her breath on the frosted window, Sarah watched them creak into nothingness on the dark morning. She shrugged her shoulders and turned to rebank the kitchen fire. No use worrying yet about his not getting home on time. With the stove refilled, she puffed out the kerosene lamp and tiptoed across the cold floor back to bed for an hour. At five, she decided, she would get up again, call the children, and begin the day. Will would be almost at Cathedral Glen by five—if the road were still open.

Will looked up. Brilliant hues were announcing the coming of the cold winter sun. Crunch, crunch—crunch, crunch. The team plodded rhythmically on. Crunch, creak—crunch, creak. The man trudged doggedly beside the sled to keep warm. Across the crusted snow the irises of jewel-dome were scattered by the rising sun that now began to peep over the southeastern horizon; but Will was not interested in the sun for its beauty. To him it meant only a glare that brought an ache and a burn to his eyes. Twelve times before during this winter he had made this eighteen-hour, bob-sled trip down to Old Man Wells's coal mine for coal. He hadn't become snow-blind yet, but he was afraid of it. Perhaps he should lay off a week. No, he soliloquized, the weather might not last. If a chinook should come, coal hauling would be out of the question.

Will looked up. The sun was about fifteen minutes high. That would indicate it must be close to eight o'clock. By ten, he would be at the mine; at two he would be ready to leave, if he were first loaded. However, if Jake Christensen and Chris Sjorstrom beat him again, it would be near four before he could leave. And six hours on the road home—Will sighed. Sarah would worry.

Sarah stood again at the frosted window pane. The thermometer on the north wall of the shed stood at a minus twenty-seven. Since early afternoon the red fluid had been slipping down, down, down. She turned

to look at the grey clock on the shelf above the stove. The face gave her a ten-ten smile; the teakettle on the stove giggled at her; and the potatoes rebelled against the fat in the Frying Pan Kingdom.

Mary looked up from her books. "Listen—isn't that Dad?"

With a quick movement Sarah had opened the door. Through the darkness she heard the slipping of a sled on crusted snow and the heavy thudding of horses' feet.

"Will?" she called.

"Yah."

"Are you cold?"

"Not too bad."

"Your supper will be ready when you come in."

"All right. As soon as I unharness and feed the horses." Sarah smiled and closed the door.

—Gladys Eggleston.

Figures in the fields against the sky!
Two slow oxen plow
on a hillside early in autumn,
and between the black heads bent down
under the weight of the yoke,
hangs and sways a basket of reeds,
a child's cradle;
And behind the yoke strides
a man who leans towards the earth
and a woman who, into the open furrows,
throws the seed.
Under a cloud of carmine and flame,
in the liquid green gold of the setting,
their shadows grow monstrous.

—John Dos Passos.

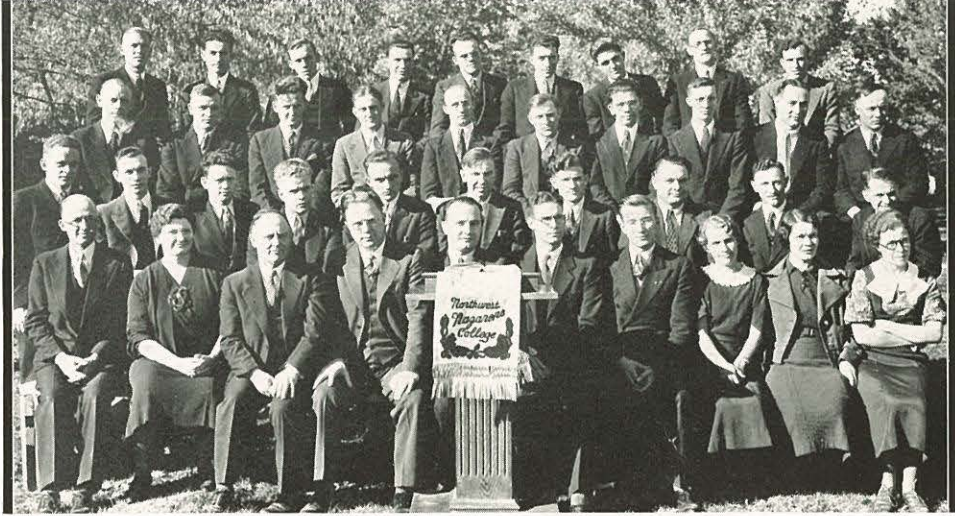




Life and Death

So he died for his faith. That is fine,
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?
In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to the truth.
Did his life do the same in the past,
From the days of his youth?
It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride,
Was it harder for him?
But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived;
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby.



School of the Prophets

RELIGION

THE IDEAL LIFE IS IN OUR BLOOD AND NEVER WILL BE STILL. SAD WILL BE THE DAY FOR ANY MAN WHEN HE BECOMES CONTENTED WITH THE THOUGHTS HE IS THINKING AND THE DEEDS HE IS DOING—WHERE THERE IS NOT FOREVER BEATING AT THE DOORS OF HIS SOUL SOME GREAT DESIRE TO DO SOMETHING LARGER, WHICH HE KNOWS THAT HE WAS MEANT AND MADE TO DO.

—Phillips Brooks.



Christian Workers' Band

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---------|----------------|-----------------|-------|-----------|
| LEWIS PRESNALL | - - - - | President | Alice Reinholdt | - - - | Secretary |
| LYLE ROBINSON | - - - | Vice President | Mabel Scheel | - - - | Treasurer |

Home and Abroad!

LOOKING back over this year, we are grateful most of all, as a General Missionary Society, for two things: the blessing of God upon our project, and the enthusiasm for missions which each member of the student body has displayed all the year.

Each Tuesday has been Missionary Day—not only in the chapel service but also in the noon hour spent in prayer and fasting. Souls have been saved and burdens lifted in these blessed meetings. We set as our goal the raising of \$150.00, which would send three young native preachers to the Guatemala Bible School for one year. Such a modest sum seemed an easy mark, and so it proved to be. When it was learned that our missionaries in Guatemala were in danger of losing their printing press, the students were glad to give another \$50 to help in saving it for the Lord's work.

Many missionaries have spoken in the chapel services. Some who are home on furlough were tired and worn, but impressed us with their burning eagerness to be at work on the field again. Rev. and Mrs. L. C. Ferree, Miss Myrtle Pelley, Miss Fairy Chism, and Mrs. Schmelzenbach of Africa; Mr. and Mrs. Coats of Guatemala, as well as the Friends' missionaries, the Tamplins of Bolivia and the Andersons of Guatemala, told us of their work. We also had the privilege of hearing the farewell address of Elmer and Mary Schmelzenbach before their going to the field. Two nurses, graduates of the Samaritan Hospital, who are going out this year—Miss Dixon to Africa and Miss Weaver to India—spoke, moving us with their faith and courage. The challenge that we have felt in listening to these people has strengthened our determination to keep on praying and paying and doing God's will in our own lives.

* * * * *

During the November revival a number of students who had been drawing back from the call to foreign lands made an unconditional surrender to the will of God. As a result of this new interest, the Foreign Mission Band was reorganized and has continued to work throughout the school year conducting weekly meetings, chapel hours, and services at outpoints. The Revival in March brought to our band an additional number of students who have answered calls to other lands. We, as a band, appreciate what God is doing for us and are determined to make our lives count for the Master.

* * * * *

Every Christian is a worker; so we have what we choose to call the Christian Workers' Band. Five regular preaching points are open to us, and each Sabbath a total of about two hundred people receive the gospel at these places.

A newly-sponsored outpoint at the Canyon County schoolhouse, fifteen miles from Nampa, is pastored by John Monroe. John's objective is a membership of fifty with all saved and sanctified. Beyond Star is the New Hope schoolhouse, where Roy Yeider and Mr. and Mrs. Vreugdenhil preach. They now have twenty-five in the young people's class alone. There is a red-roofed schoolhouse beyond Caldwell called "Red Top," where for many years Leonard Hannon had charge of the work. Now after two years' absence he's back again. Chester Mulder and his wife have charge of the work at Columbia schoolhouse, south of Meridian where a fine work is being done among the children and juniors. The Fairview Congregational Church, ten miles northeast of Nampa, is pastored by Cornie Thiessen. This outpoint shows an increased membership and a greater interest in spiritual things throughout the community.

In addition to these, workers visit the Caldwell Odd Fellows' Home every third Sunday and the Caldwell county jail one Saturday each month. Larry Bone has charge of the former and Bill Baptiste of the latter. Larry reports intense appreciation from the old folks and increased interest in Bible reading. During good weather, services have been sponsored in schoolhouses at Banks, Garden Valley, and north of Garden Valley, made possible through the co-operation of two former N. N. C. students, Gordon Mowry and Katherine Spencer, teachers at Banks and Garden Valley, respectively.

Those who have assisted these leaders in the matters of transportation, singing, teaching, drawing, and preaching are too numerous to mention. May God richly bless them all for their earnest efforts.

Lois Roberts,
Marjorie Stark,
Lewis Presnall.



General Missionary Executive



Foreign Missionary Band

ROBERT JACKSON - - - - President MARJORIE STARK - - - Vice President
 Verna Rose Ranum - Secretary-Treasurer

Preachers' Kids



Revival Conquests

IN THE good old days of Wesley, Spurgeon, Moody, and Finney, God was pleased to give the Church Militant great revivals. Old veterans of the cross, all around us, are often heard lamenting that such days are past and gone. As youth in the ranks, we have wondered if we were born too late to participate in such campaigns. The Nampa Battalion of the Nazarene Army has concrete evidence to refute all such propaganda.

Dr. Bulgin came our way in October and was captain in six skirmishes. Each sent out a shower of bomb shells, packed with facts and proofs of God's existence from His great store of knowledge and experience. About thirty who had been wounded with doubts or taken as prisoners were released to real Christian experiences.

The great campaign to raise five thousand dollars by October 31 was well on its way. Faith increased through nights of prayer and everyone gave wholehearted support. At the Wednesday night prayer meeting, October 30, Satan was dealt a crushing blow when twenty-seven sought pardon of God and joined His service. Next day the five thousand reached the magnitude of five thousand, six hundred dollars. Our God doeth "exceeding abundantly above all we could ask or think."

The Enemy had received defeats, but was always ready to counter attack. The long planned campaign was entered November 3 with Captains, Rev. Dorothy Bridgewater and R. E. Bridgewater. The first Sunday night there were enlistments in God's Army which increased rapidly through every meeting; many times fifty or more sought entrance to the army in morning chapel and also in evening services at the church. Soldiers were not drafted by strong emotional appeals. Each was left to decide the matter quietly, by himself. The enlistments came as a result of realizing the reasonableness of service to God.

The effects should be far-reaching both in the future and in the territory covered. When Commander R. V. DeLong returned to the front from his trips to the ministerial conventions in Portland and Seattle, he told of reverberations in the form of letters and restitutions which had spread into the outlying territories. Many young soldiers became firmly established in the ideals and doctrines which characterize the great Army of the Nazarene. Some who enlisted at this time will be future captains, generals, and majors through years to come.

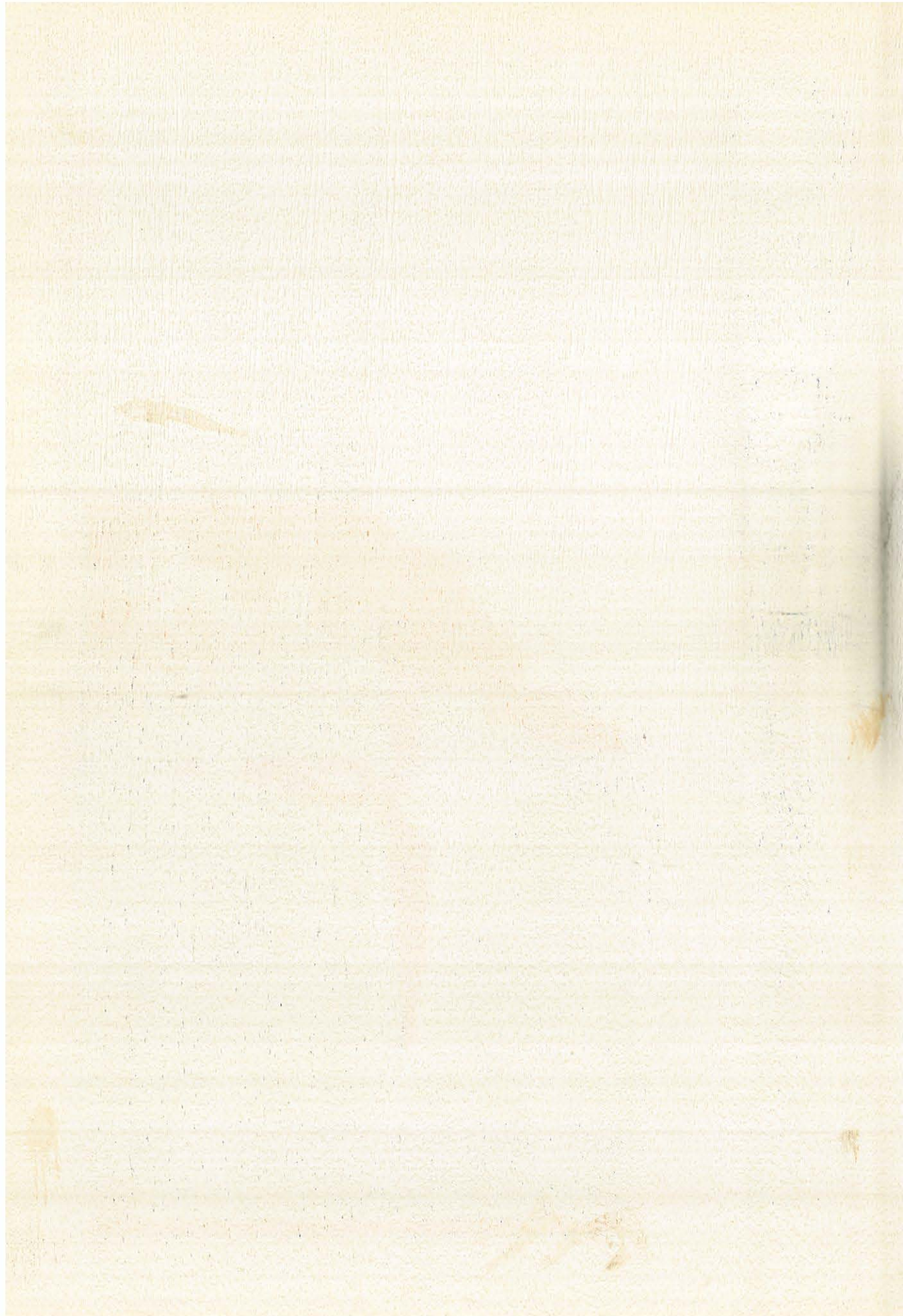
Amos 7:1—"And lo, it was the latter growth after the king's mowings."

So many times do we find that God's Word compares man to grass and His glory to its flower. When this grass is mown, then is the best time for the showers. Our Heavenly Father saw that N. N. C. and Nampa First Church needed a new growth of spiritual life and power; so He sent Dr. H. W. Davis of Santa Monica, California, to mow the grass and prepare hearts for such an outpouring.

The scythe which he used the most, in our Chapel services, was the Sermon on the Mount. Only eternity can reveal the magnitude of the work wrought in the hearts of men.

We do thank God for this another of God's gardeners, who has not only mown the grass, but has also planted seeds of Salvation and Holiness unto the Lord.

Mabel Bittleston,
Ethel Moore.



Student Executive Council

ELLWOOD MYLANDER—Student Body President

GLEN NOLTE—Student Body Vice President

SALLY FUSON—Student Body Secretary

GERALD ARNOT—Academy President

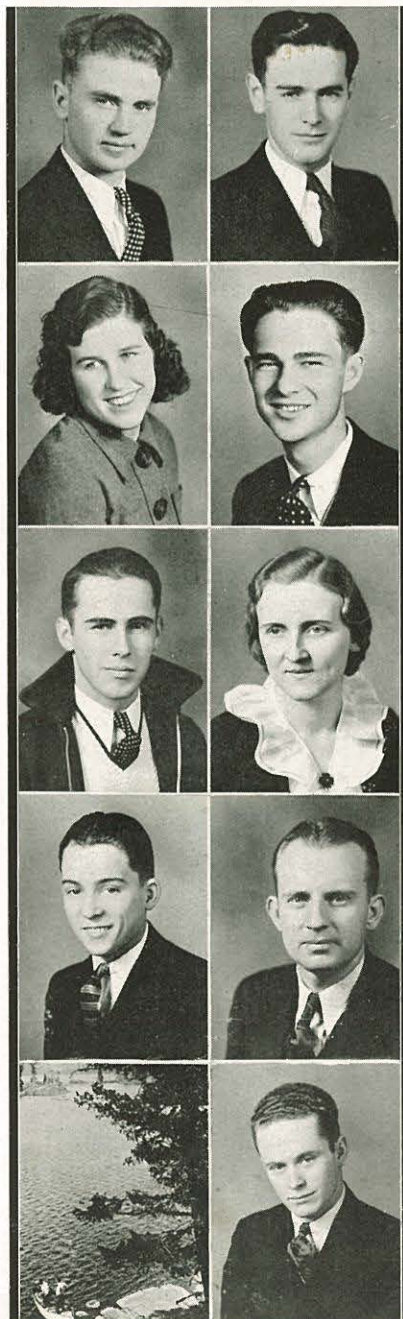
ANDREW EDWARDS—Forensic President

RUTH McSHANE—Editor of Oasis

CRAWFORD VANDERPOOL—Student Body Sergeant-at-Arms

W. T. JOHNSON—College of Liberal Arts President

JOHN MAXEY—Student Body Treasurer





ROBERT HOWARD—Athletic Director

DR. DeLONG—Chairman

ALICE REINHOLDT—A. D. P. Program Committee
Chairman

GERALDINE HOUSE—A.D.P. Vice President,
Secretary of Council

PROF. RUNYAN—A.D.P. Sponsor

PROF. HALL—A.D.P. Sponsor

JOHN MAXEY—A.D.P. President

MARY MARTIN—A.D.P. Secretary

PROF. SANFORD—S.L.A. Sponsor

PROF. BERRY—S.L.A. Sponsor

Athletic Literary Council

Athletic Literary Council

EUGENE WION—Olympian President

JANETTE McSHANE—Olympian Secretary

JOAN MANGUM—Olympian Vice President

RUTH McSHANE—Olympian Program Committee Chairman

DR. GARNER—Olympian Sponsor

PROF. PIERCE—Olympian Sponsor

FRANCES LANG—S.L.A. Secretary

LEWIS PRESNALL—S.L.A. President

HUGH GLASS—S.L.A. Program Committee Chairman

LOIS WILEY—S.L.A. Vice President





| | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|--|
| First Semester | | Second Semester | |
| LEWIS PRESNALL | President | LOIS WILEY | |
| FRANCIS LANG | Program Committee | DORYCE ROSS | |

Sigma Lambda Alpha

GOALS! Does everyone possess one? He does not. But most people attending college do. Some expect to reach these desired destinations after many hours and days of labor. There are immediate goals being achieved through our athletic-literary program.

As each person desires to win the activities he is participating in, each society wishes to excel. But someone must lose. Then considering the matter seriously, does not one feel he has risen a little more toward the appreciation of the beautiful and worthwhile by trying?

It is natural for each competing organization to want theirs to be the superior one. True members work for the goal of a most successful society. So as each of us wish to someday stand at the summit of our expectations, let us remember this—he who reaches the smaller aims successfully will most surely obtain the greater goals more than successfully.

—Grace Huling.



THE Alpha Delta Phi's have worked hard, enjoyed themselves, and won many victories in volley ball, tennis, and basket ball this year.

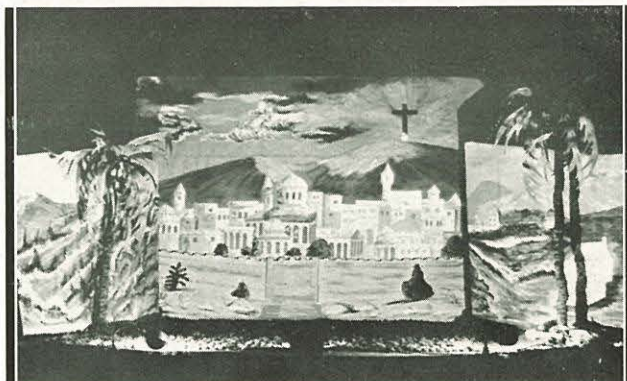
As a mid-year program they presented "The Year of the world." In a cave at the foot of Golgotha's Hill a group of brawny Roman soldiers, filled with awe, talked together of the supernatural wonders which had transpired on the Crucifixion Day. Judas, the betrayer, torn with insane remorse, haunted the eerie hills seeking a drink of cooling water. In the spring the society portrayed "Simon, the Leper," in which a man learns that we can serve only as we share the life of those we help; for some it means the humble paths of daily life, the lifting of age-old burdens of injustice, poverty, and pain. But for all, complete consecration.

Let us as a society, remembering the past, look forward to the future with determination to win.

—Lois Roberts.

Alpha Delta Phi

| | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|-----------------|
| First Semester | | Second Semester |
| JOHN MAXEY | President | ROBERT HOWARD |
| ALICE REINHOLDT | Program Committee | HELEN WILLIAMS |





| | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|-----------------|
| First Semester | | Second Semester |
| EUGENE WION | President | EUGENE WION |
| RUTH McSHANE | Program Committee | RUTH McSHANE |

Olympians

OLYMPIA was the fairest spot in Greece and the mecca for famous activities. Our society has demonstrated the perseverance and loyalty of the ancient Greeks, and the Olympians of today also have risen in the field of literary and athletic activities through competent leadership and undivided co-operation of the group.

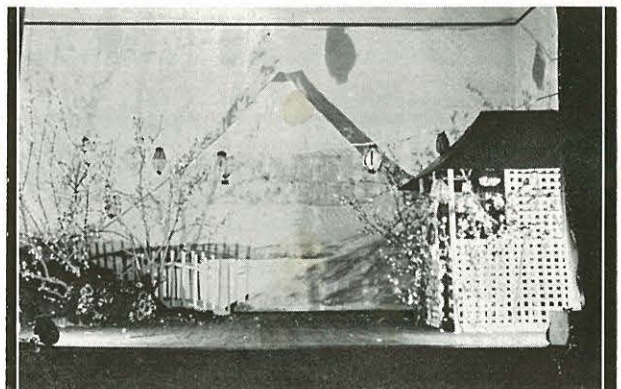
The evening literary performances were unusual in theme and scenery.

For a Christmas program "Christ of the Ages" was given in pantomime form made veritably alive through excerpts from literature and music by a vested choir, while the flood lights over the Bethlehem village scene cast a cold blue shadow over the majestic setting.

Amid Japanese scenery a no-play depicting beliefs of the Shintoist religion and selected from the "Mikado" were dramatized for the spring program. The society teams participated in the chosen sports and the basket ball girls were awarded the laurel wreaths.

Olympians'
Loyal
Youths
Merit
Praise
In
Any
Noble
Service

—Dora Carlson.



A Reply to a Request to Write an Essay

I SPEAK in behalf of those unfortunate souls who write under compulsion. He who knows not the nonplussed feeling of such a predicament may consider himself favored by a particularly "lucky star." Certainly no one who has taken upon his wearied shoulders the added weight of a secondary and higher education could pretend to such an elysian existence. Could there be one who has withstood the terrors of Frosh English who would not consider an hour spent in dreaming of a themeless college course an hour well wasted? Fortunately the moral stamina and resistance of the average individual enables him to withstand the demoralizing influence of theme composition. Nevertheless the contemplation of the numberless hours that have been and still are being literally and completely wasted in this most useless occupation gives us pause that should distill important consequences.

Certain institutions of (advanced?) learning are experiencing some difficulty in acquiring and maintaining a sufficient enrollment to insure their continued prosperity and existence. The reason is most obvious to any average freshman class. Modern educational systems will without doubt be eventually forced to adopt a "themeless" clause in their code of education. While this inevitable advancement seems but in the offing, its enactment is drastically hindered by certain subtle cliques which persist in advocating the value of this pretended and counterfeit of writing. Though they appear somewhat permanent and imposing now, they will naturally be eliminated in the coming revision in scholastic standards which will annihilate this illegitimate stipulation. Not best among these subtle cliques which must be harnessed into submission is the annual staff which has long addled our brains with essay talk.

So to the oppressed and enslaved students of an average school I issue a plea to rally to the occasion with a determination equal to its seriousness. Our most effective weapon is the absolute refusal to write anything that even remotely resembles a theme or an essay. Our duty could be no more clearly evident to us; let us never waver in so sacred a trust.



GLEN NOLTE
Business Manager

RUTH McSHANE
Editor

IRA HART
Associate Editor
Art Editor

O A S I S

ALICE REINHOLDT
College Editor



MAURICE GILMORE
Snapshots

JOAN MANGUM
Business Secretary

GEORGE NELSON
Sales Manager

GERALDINE HOUSE
Literary Editor





LILLIE MALPASS
Bookkeeper

JOHN MAXEY
Advertising Manager

LOIS ROBERTS
Editorial Secretary

GUY NEES
Assistant Advertising
Manager



JANETTE McSHANE
Calendar

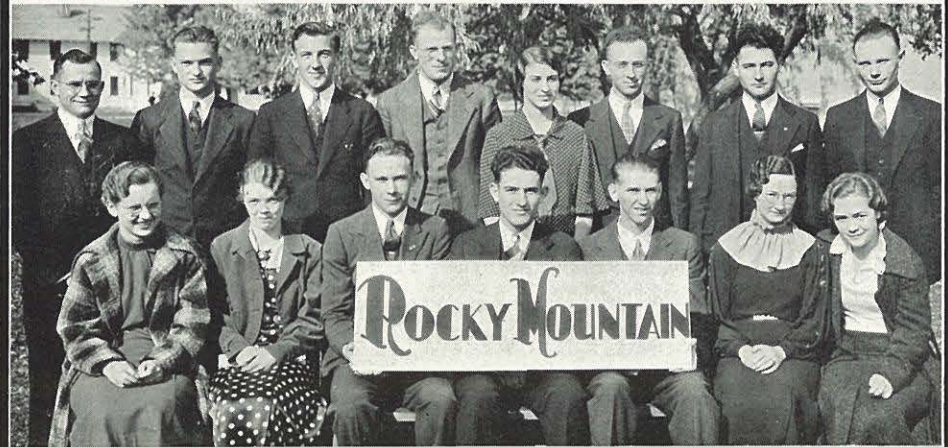
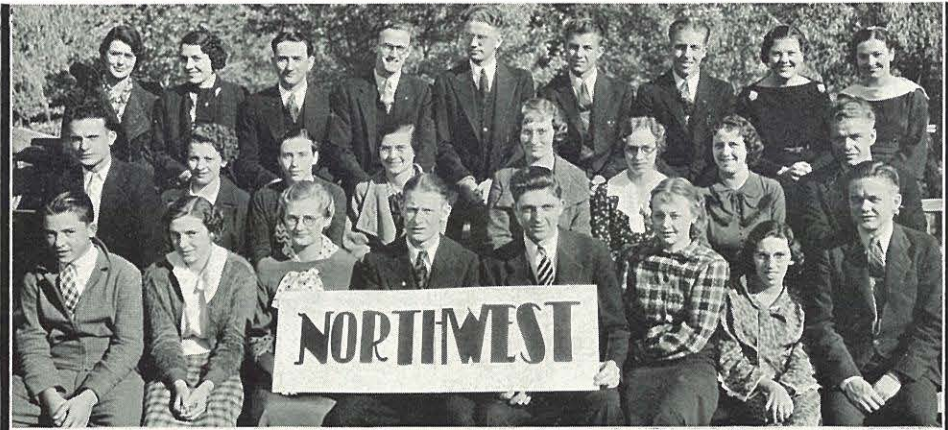
S T A F F

PROFESSOR DOOLEY
Sponsor

PROFESSOR HALL
Sponsor

BERNIECE FULCHER
Academy Editor

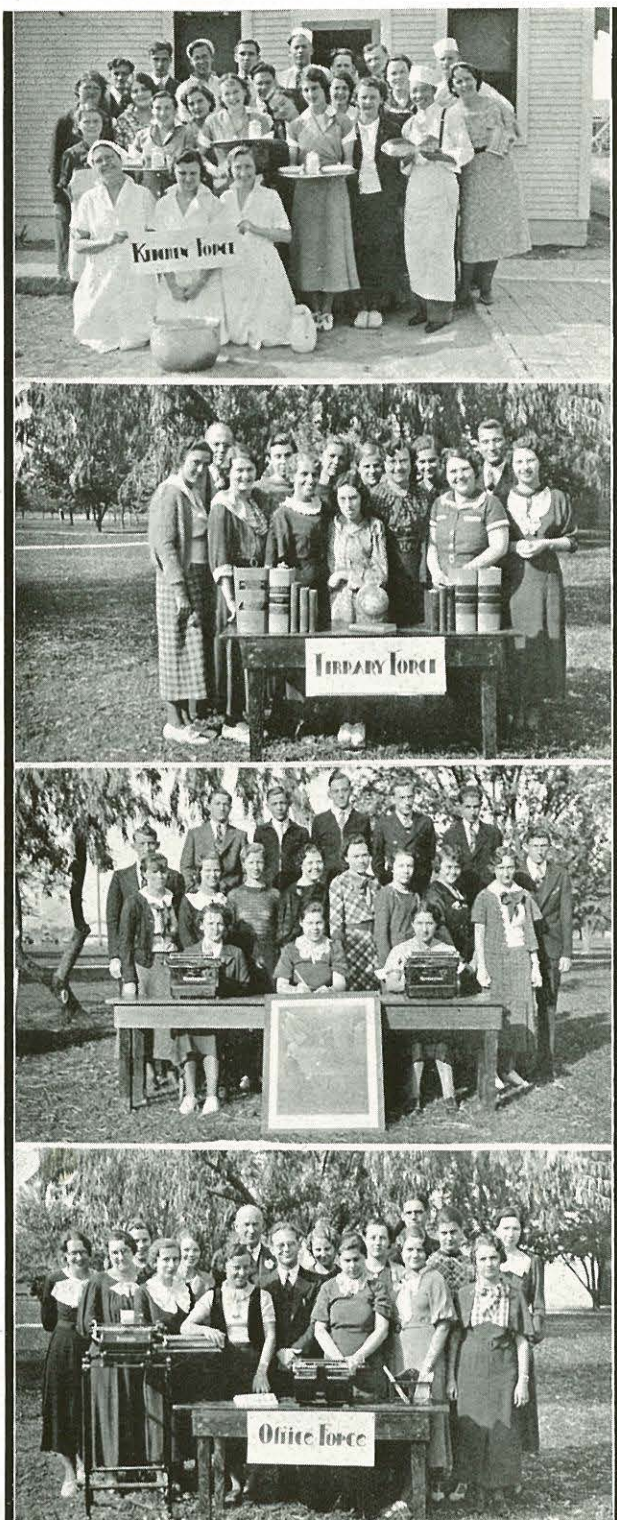




District Bands

District Bands



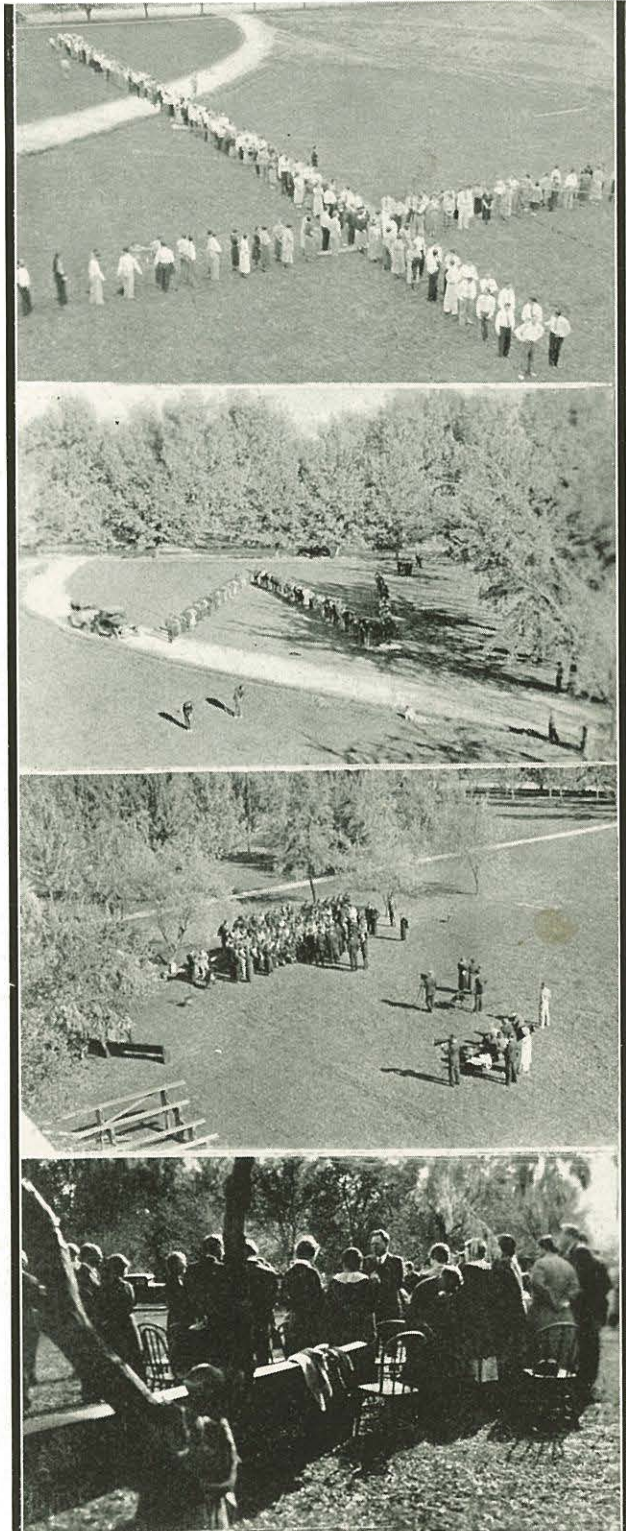


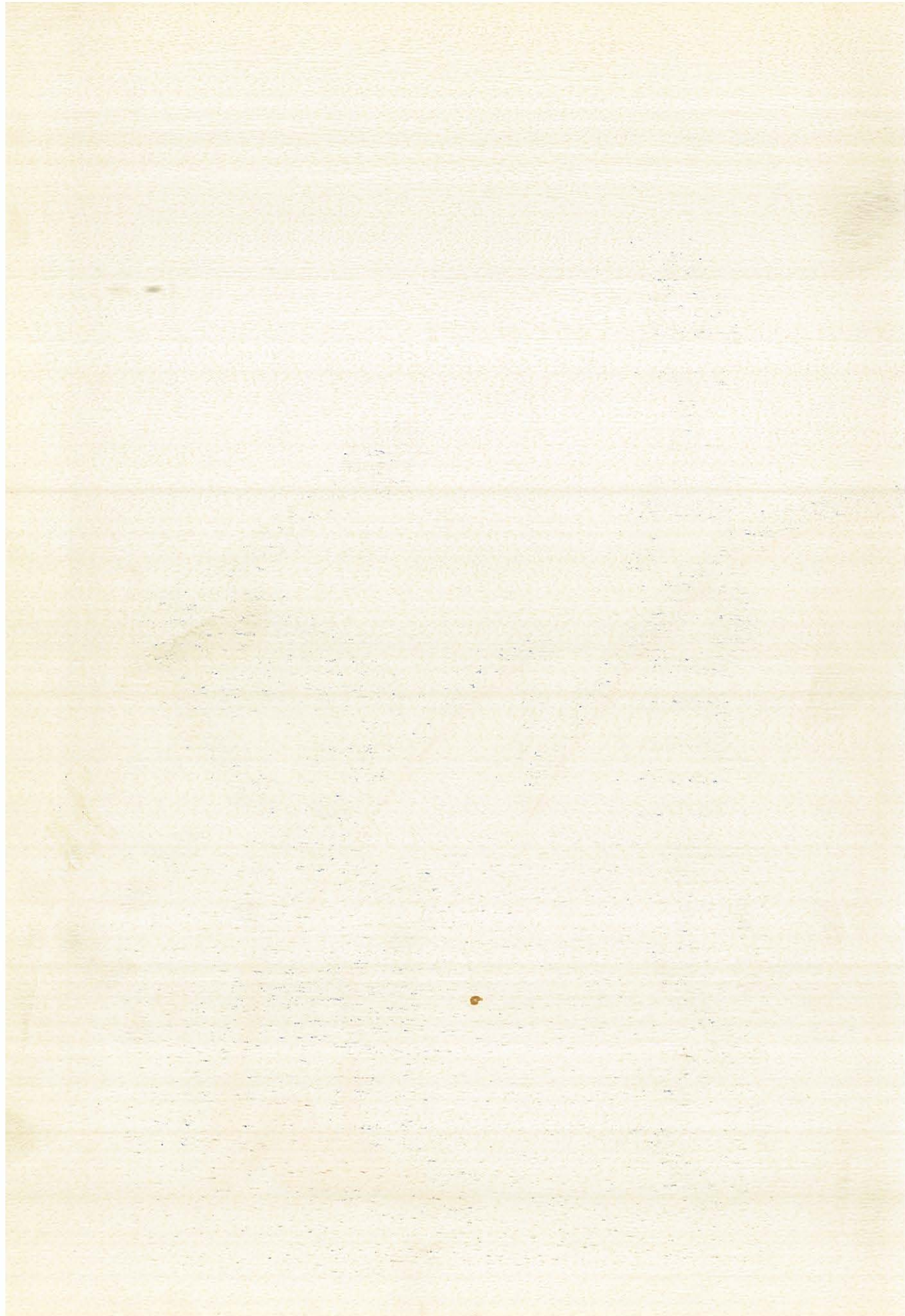
Have you ever tried to get a letter out of the general office at 11:20 a. m.? Were you ever exasperated by the prompt refusal you got to your request to take a book out of the library overnight at 9:15? How many times have you seated yourself at a table in the dining hall and been served luncheon at 1:30 in the afternoon? Did you ever call at the typing room at 7:00 in the morning with several pages of copy that wanted typing immediately? If you haven't tried these things, don't; you will find the service terrible. On the other hand, try them at the right hours and in proper order and you will find an efficient and willing response to your requests.

Willing Workers!

Picture Day!

Picture taking and posing may be an art, but it is just plain work to most of us. Perhaps we could incorporate the idea of life-like dummies to pose in our stead on picture day and, leaving a few to shift them, take the day off for a school picnic. Still there's something about the hustle and bustle that makes it a welcome diversion from the routine of study. Between the megaphoned shouts of the editor, we sneak off to the big auction—last year's pictures are up for sale and we've got to be there for self-defense. We do, however, try our best to be on hand whenever the editor wants us. The day—so we hear the Staff thinks—was an orderly success. We think so too!





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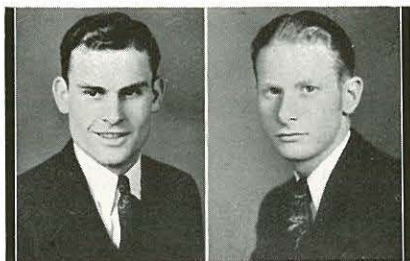
| | | |
|-----------------|-----------|---------|
| WALTER QUILLING | - - - - - | Forward |
| WILLARD LEWIS | - - - - - | Forward |
| BOB HOWARD | - - - - - | Center |
| ELMER FROEMKE | - - - - - | Center |
| ALBERT EASON | - - - - - | Guard |
| DICK SULLIVAN | - - - - - | Guard |
| ELROY NUTT | - - - - - | Forward |

Second Row:

| | | |
|--------------------|-----------|---------|
| WILFORD VANDERPOOL | - - - - - | Forward |
| JOHN NOLTE | - - - - - | Forward |
| GUY NEES | - - - - - | Guard |
| RED McCONNELL | - - - - - | Manager |

College Basketball Team





BOB HOWARD
Coach

ED. McCONNELL
Manager

Basketball Season

THE 1936 intercollegiate basketball season contributed much to the social life of the students of N. N. C., for the games furnished interest and enthusiasm for them as well as for visitors. The students with their spirit of sportsmanship and goodwill won the friendship and admiration of all visiting teams.

The opening game of the season was full of thrills. The N.N.C. quintet met Boise Junior College on their home floor, in what was probably the most spectacular game of the season, for each player was in to win.

At the different stages in the year our men met some of the outstanding teams in southern Idaho. The strong Y. M. C. A. All-Stars of Boise with their clever ability and their steady drive won a glorious victory over the plodding preacher boys.

N. N. C. staged several practice games before they opened a regular schedule with the colleges. From these various experiences the fellows perfected a zone defense, a method of working together which made it difficult for the men of the opposition to score.

In a series of games with Gooding our men took the first game and lost the other three. Albion, unable to cope with the style of defense and accuracy of shooting, lost to our men.

The outstanding games of the season were played with Eastern Oregon Normal. The first two games were played on our maple floor; the last two on E. O. N.'s floor. These games were very fast and well played. The superior height of the E. O. N. boys proved to be too great an obstacle for the Nazarene players. In the first game at LaGrande, N. N. C. led until the last five seconds of play when a long shot by Le Fors, an E. O. N. forward, won the game for them. The final game showed as much skill on the part of both teams. The people of Oregon were impressed with the southern Idaho men.

We are proud of our fellows and the skill they manifested on the floor. Elroy Nutt, forward, was high point man for the season. Howard, center, followed Nutt in his scoring points. Quilling broke through the defense for a high scoring average. Eason, guard, played stellar defensive basketball, being ably backed by Sullivan. Froemke, center, could be depended on when the going was hard. Vanderpool, guard, displayed great natural ability. Guy Nees showed great possibilities. Bill Lewis, Paul Swalm, John Nolte, and Cecil Dobbs were steady men and promise to be the coming Varsity.

Personal glory and individual praise are not and never have been coveted by N. N. C. Throughout the whole season the standard of Christian ideals has been kept high.

B. HOWARD—Played center—acted as coach—hub of the team—made all-tournament team in Boise.

G. NEES—Speedy, cheerful—has a knack of being in the right place at the right time—great possibilities for future.

W. VANDERPOOL—Only one year of experience, yet dependable in a crisis—played outstanding ball against E. O. N. in La Grande.

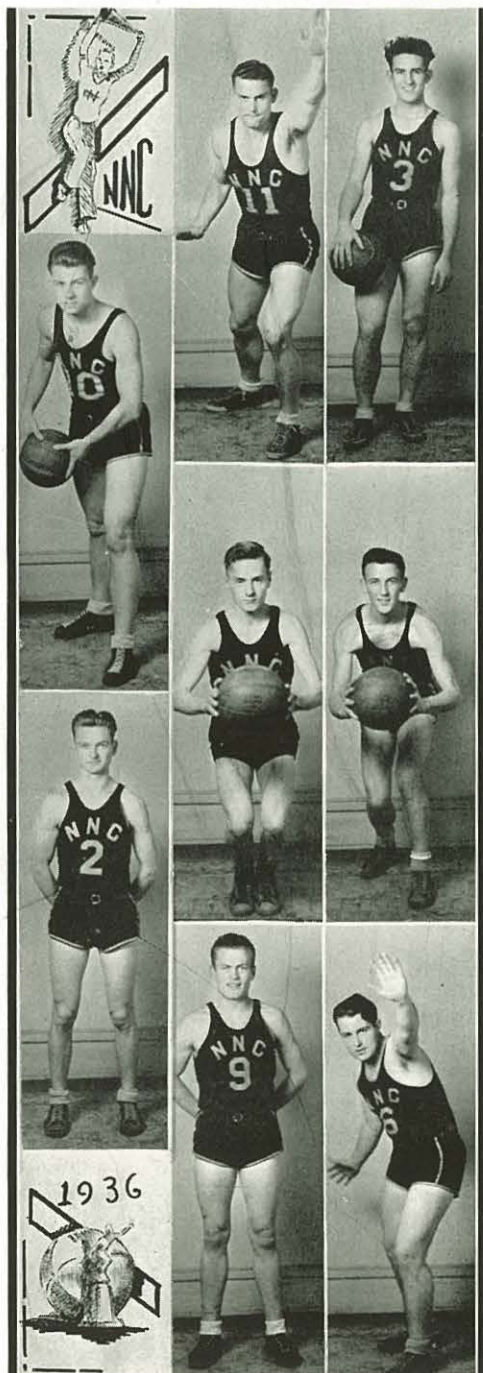
J. NOLTE—The squad midget—can go between the legs of any opponent, if he finds it necessary—a clever faker, crack shot, and excellent ball handler.

W. QUILLING—A fast, hard-breaking offensive player—always holds opponents in check—would rather give a team-mate a shot than take it himself—watch Walt "go to town" next year.

E. NUTT—Walt's running mate at forward—high point scorer of season—fast, clever, heady—plays best when going is toughest—feared and respected by opponents—a great ball player.

A. EASON—The backbone of N. N. C.'s defense—"100 per cent Eason"—breaks up opponents' offensive tactics with monotonous regularity—has a cheerful disposition, displays real sportsmanship at all times—an important cog in any basket ball machine.

R. SULLIVAN—"Puny" is the hardest worker on the squad—along with "Fat," he forms a barrier which taxes the skill of any offense—at times resembles a teddy-bear with his rolling tactics—a fine man with whom to work.





VOLLEYBALL

OLYMPIAN

First place



ALPHA DELTA PHI

Second place



SIGMA LAMBDA ALPHA

Third place



BASKETBALL

OLYMPIAN

First place



ALPHA DELTA PHI

Second place



SIGMA LAMBDA ALPHA

Third place

Intersociety Athletics

Intersociety Athletics

VOLLEYBALL

ALPHA DELTA PHI

First place

SIGMA LAMBDA ALPHA

Second place

OLYMPIAN

Third place

BASKETBALL

ALPHA DELTA PHI

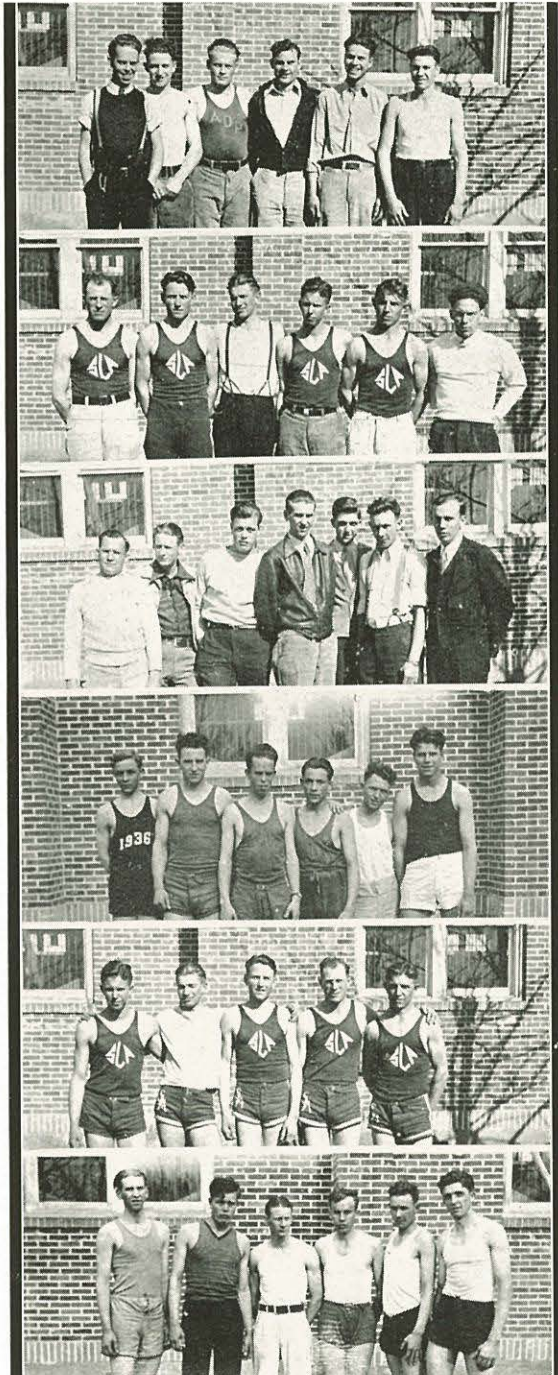
First place

SIGMA LAMBDA ALPHA

Second place

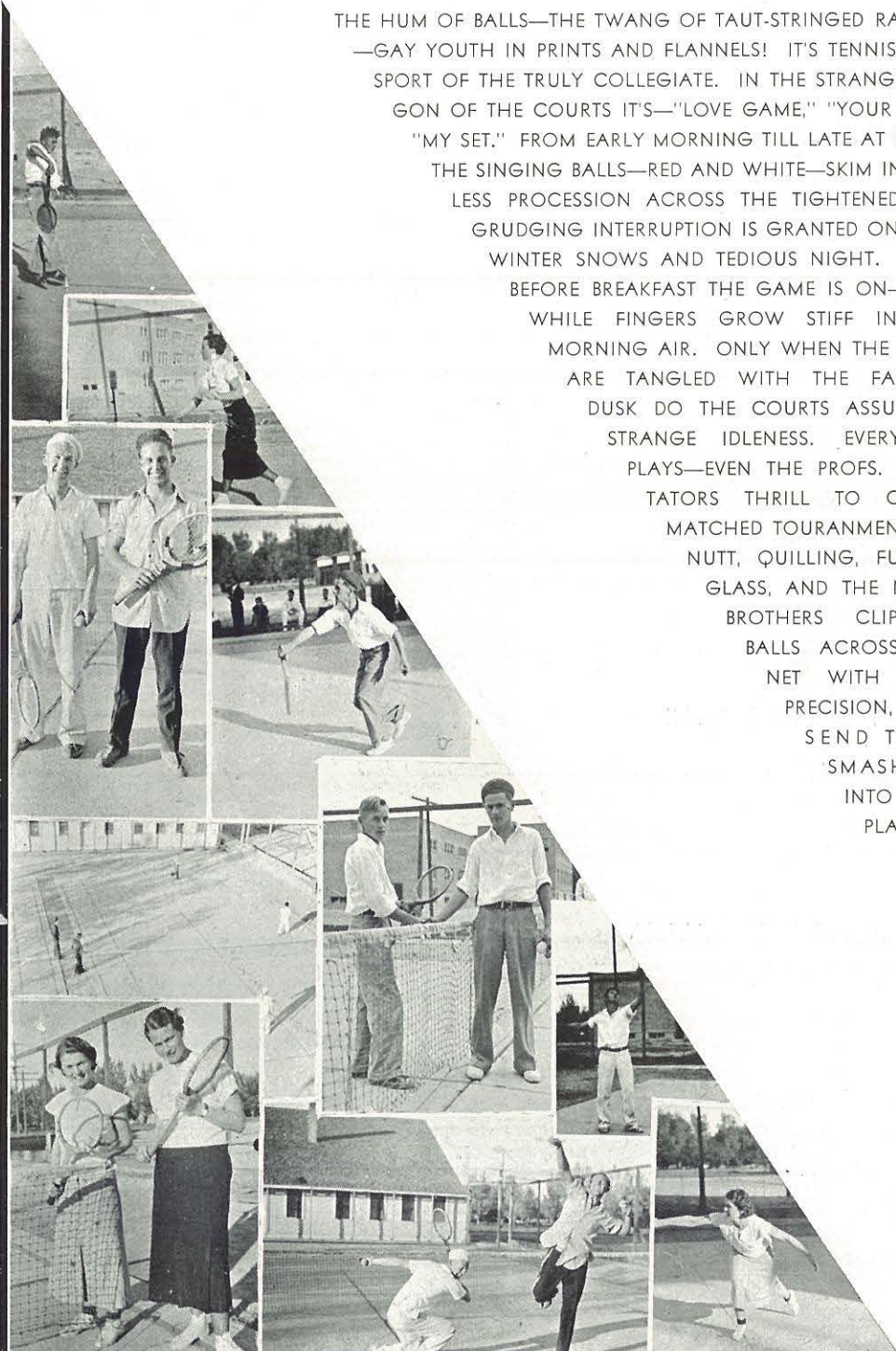
OLYMPIAN

Third place



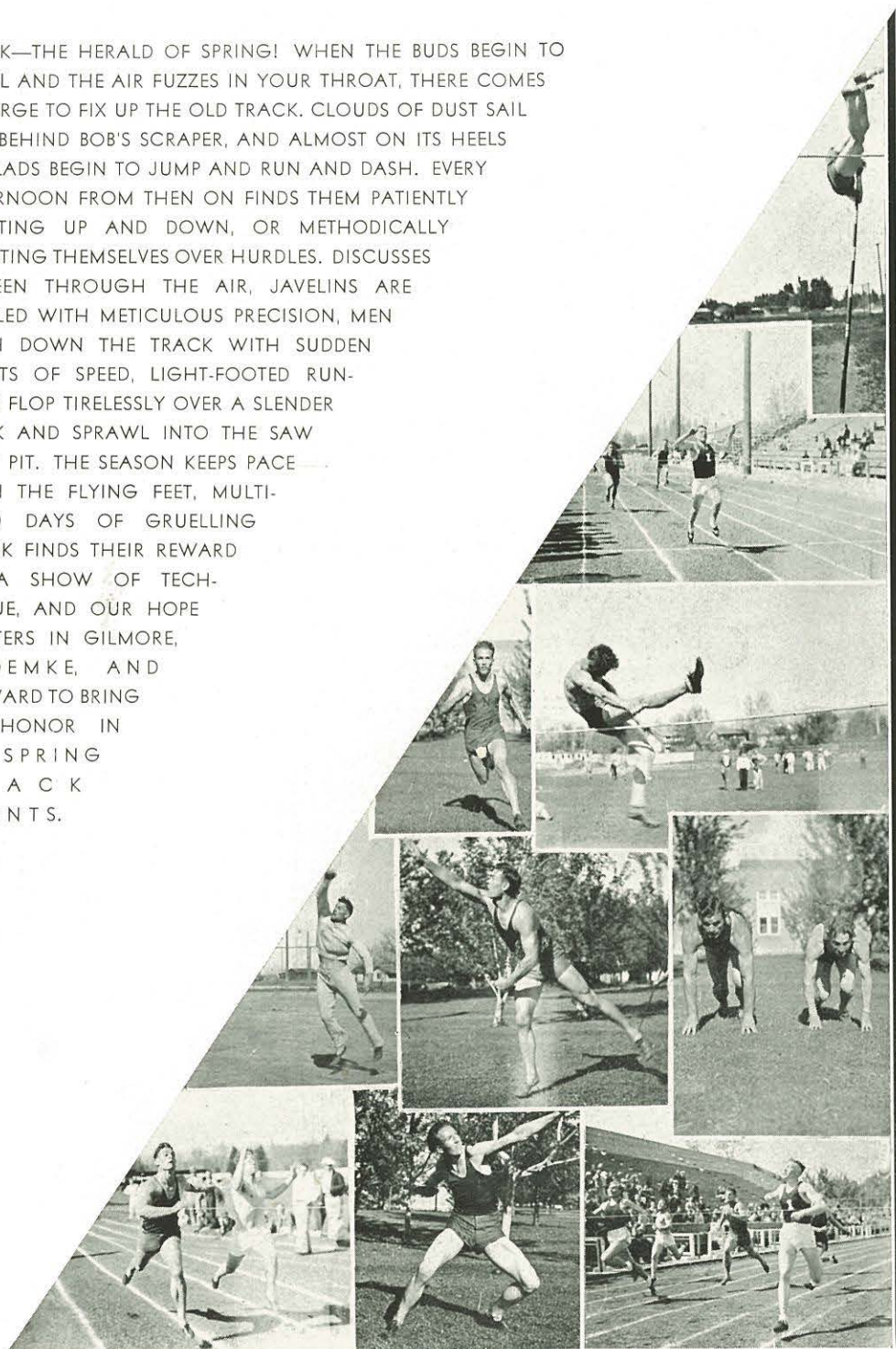
Tennis

THE HUM OF BALLS—THE TWANG OF TAUT-STRINGED RACKETS—GAY YOUTH IN PRINTS AND FLANNELS! IT'S TENNIS! THE SPORT OF THE TRULY COLLEGIATE. IN THE STRANGE JARGON OF THE COURTS IT'S—"LOVE GAME," "YOUR ADD," "MY SET." FROM EARLY MORNING TILL LATE AT NIGHT THE SINGING BALLS—RED AND WHITE—SKIM IN ENDLESS PROCESSION ACROSS THE TIGHTENED NET. GRUDGING INTERRUPTION IS GRANTED ONLY TO WINTER SNOWS AND TEDIOUS NIGHT. LONG BEFORE BREAKFAST THE GAME IS ON—EVEN WHILE FINGERS GROW STIFF IN THE MORNING AIR. ONLY WHEN THE BALLS ARE TANGLED WITH THE FALLING DUSK DO THE COURTS ASSUME A STRANGE IDLENESS. EVERYBODY PLAYS—EVEN THE PROFS. SPECTATORS THRILL TO CLOSE-MATCHED TOURANMENTS AS NUTT, QUILLING, FUJINO, GLASS, AND THE NOLTE BROTHERS CLIP THE BALLS ACROSS THE NET WITH NICE PRECISION, OR SEND THEM SMASHING INTO FAR PLACES.



Track

TRACK—THE HERALD OF SPRING! WHEN THE BUDS BEGIN TO SWELL AND THE AIR FUZZES IN YOUR THROAT, THERE COMES AN URGE TO FIX UP THE OLD TRACK. CLOUDS OF DUST SAIL OUT BEHIND BOB'S SCRAPER, AND ALMOST ON ITS HEELS THE LADS BEGIN TO JUMP AND RUN AND DASH. EVERY AFTERNOON FROM THEN ON FINDS THEM PATIENTLY TROTTING UP AND DOWN, OR METHODICALLY HOISTING THEMSELVES OVER HURDLES. DISCUSSES CAREEN THROUGH THE AIR, JAVELINS ARE HURLED WITH METICULOUS PRECISION, MEN DASH DOWN THE TRACK WITH SUDDEN BURSTS OF SPEED, LIGHT-FOOTED RUNNERS FLOP TIRELESSLY OVER A SLENDER STICK AND SPRAWL INTO THE SAW DUST PIT. THE SEASON KEEPS PACE WITH THE FLYING FEET, MULTIPLIED DAYS OF GRUELLING WORK FINDS THEIR REWARD IN A SHOW OF TECHNIQUE, AND OUR HOPE CENTERS IN GILMORE, FROEMKE, AND HOWARD TO BRING US HONOR IN THE SPRING TRACK EVENTS.





Academy Basketball Squad
 Cummings, Kincaid, Killion, LaLonde, True, Mangum
 Vanderpool, Milligan, Coach Scheel, Kincaid, Litwiller.

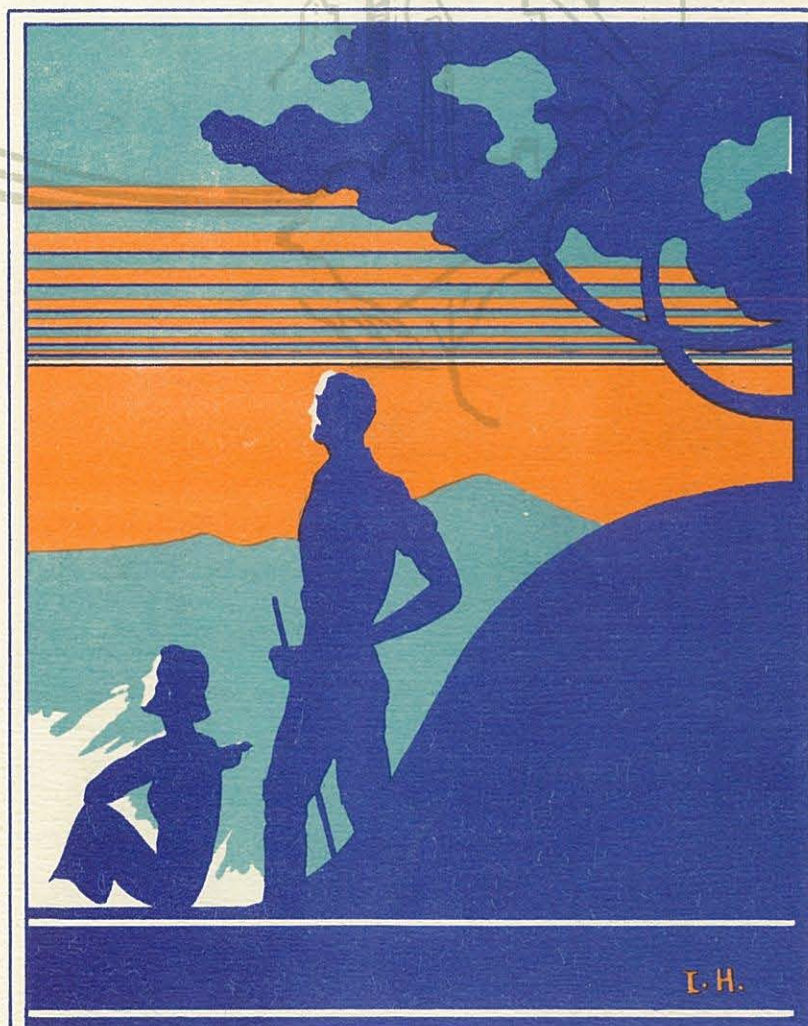
The N. N. A. Quintets

ONE OF the most interesting of the high school activities was that of basketball. With Red Scheel as coach, a smooth-working machine was created from a group of rather inexperienced players.

The boys' and girls' teams were admitted to the "Big Six Conference," and games were scheduled with the teams from these schools. The boys won over Eagle and Wilder, which were the first teams we met. We were defeated by Roswell in the first meet; in the return game, one of the most exciting of the season, we were victorious. We triumphed in five of our ten games with the "Big Six" and made a fine showing against Caldwell's large team. The girls played several games, winning once and tying with one team.

Great enthusiasm was displayed by the students for the achievement and the good sportsmanship of the team. Although this was the first year of interscholastic basketball, we count the season a success.

MEM-MOR-M



L. H.



"Walking in a winter
wonderland."



Push a little harder,
Smitty.

The Palmers.

Two kitchen knaves and
one lady's man.

We believe in signs.

Game reserve officers on
the boys' happy hunting
ground.

Shoot if you must, this old
grey head.

Mule ears when Red's
gone.

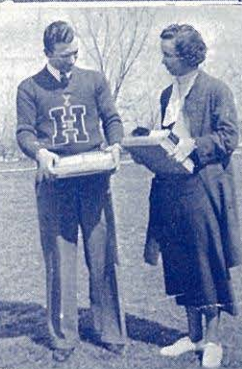
The better to kick you
with, my dear.

The spinsters are more
than piling up on us.

Hope they never break
out.

"Faith of Our Fathers."

What's the books got to
do with it?





Who are they anyway?

We worship the King.

"Dizzy Doe" actin' natural.

Serene, we fold our hands and wait.

Peter Piper picked a peck—

Men's happy hunting ground.

Why all the modesty? We know you got a new car.

"Got my eye on a star."

N.N.C. Network—operating on a frequency of 14 bicycles and one tricycle through stations "KDOE," "KJO," "KLOIS," "KORA," "KMUDGE," by permission of M. Draper, Smitty, and J. McShane.

Dick on his high horse.

You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.

She keeps us well Emily Posted.

The S.L.A.'s indulge in autumn fantasies.

"Gonna take my dog with me."

"Dig my grave long and narrow."

General Chapman.

Lookie, lookie, lookie, it's just another cookie.

Shirley—ad—Sam.

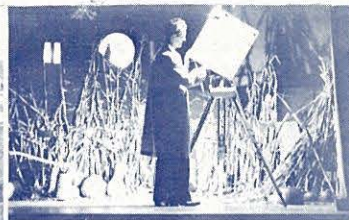
"Weep not regents, weep not."

Our lady evangelist and her singer husband.

How much am I offered, boys?

"Bright-eyes" in person—otherwise known as the girls' A. D.

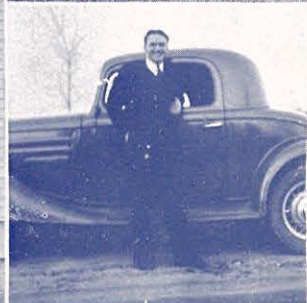
You'd think he owned it—but it's really only Papa's.





Going—going—Sold! for
11½¢ — Bob Howard's
picture to Mabel
Scheel.

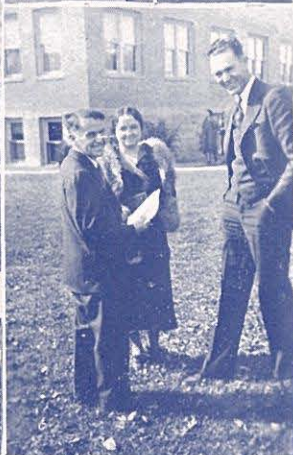
And they lived happily
even afterwards.



You don't have to play it
alone, Reuben.

Seven Up!

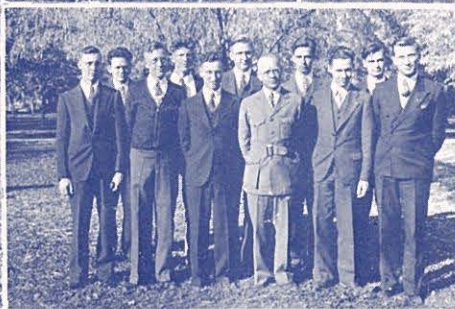
No, Nelson doesn't own
it; it's the Staff car.



One at a time, please,
Red, just one at a
time.

Which would you guess
she belongs to?

He needs a little teasing.



They call it golf; we call
it—history.

Boy Scout leaders.

Go East, young man, go
East.

Left all alone out in the
cold.

Only one tongue between
them.

Sittin' high and dry.

"There's no such thing."

Doc's most attractive
feature.

Hughie doesn't live here
any more.

A 1932 model Scheel.

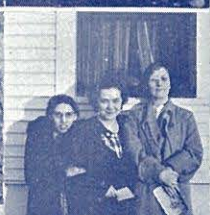
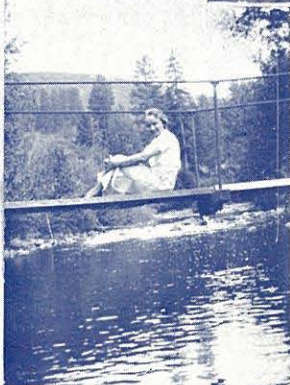
Studying doesn't inter-
fere with our education.

Lean on your own dinner.

Whose the nice little girl,
Falk?

These maids are on the
up and up.

Papering done free. See
Draper, Smith, Mc-
Shane, Inc.



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School of the Prophets

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Reading and Interpretation

Music

Glee Clubs
Chorus
Band and Orchestra

Athletics

Basket Ball, Track, Tennis
Minor Sports

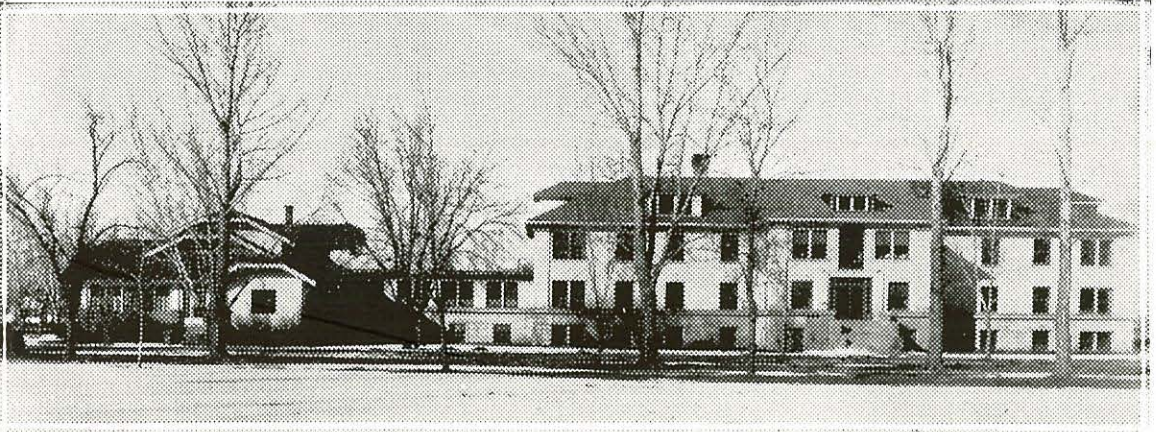
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Nampa, Idaho

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finish the East Wing in the next Quadrennium.*

WEEK BI-WEEK

September 24.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Back to the old stamping ground. It seems ages since I bawled on your coat lapel and promised to write every day! After the first week of clasping old students in fond embrace (figuratively, uncle) and looking askance at the new ones, I really took time to look around. There were rooms in the Dormitory all a-rustle with memories and the parlor chairs quaked in recollection and anticipation. Imagine our delight upon sitting down to our first meal at the club to behold steaming dishes of Spanish Rice and diminutive puddles of chocolate pudding. (More of this later.)

The line of hopeful registrees seemed as uncrashable as ever. The meek pitched their tents, got out the frying pan, and patiently waited to inherit the registrar's office, while those

who thought they "knew" used strategy or put it off till tomorrow. The first shall be last and the last first on registration day. Looking at the throng of students I was glad that we cast my lot at N. N. C. and vowed allegiance in my heart to old Alma Mater and her new president.

The opening convention monopolized this week. It proved a blessing to everyone and made us feel at home again. I guess homesickness is hankering to be back where you ain't. But one's education is not complete till he has been homesick, seasick and lovesick. When, oh when will my education be complete?

Oh! a damsel screamed!—Perchance the girl from Walla Walla has found another mouse in her hat-box. Little Lulu to the rescue!

Hoping you are the same,

Rusty.

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UNION PACIFIC STAGES

KEY TO SOPHOMORE AFFLICTIONS

- Agoraphobia**¹—morbid dread of crowds of people.
- Agoraphobia**²—morbid dread of open spaces.
- Akinesia**—loss of power of motion.
- Ambidexterous**—working effectively with either hand.
- Amoxophobia**—morbid dread of carriages and wagons.
- Amnesia**—lack or loss of memory.
- Amychophobia**—morbid dread of being scratched.
- Androphobia**—insane dread of the male sex.
- Anemophobia**—morbid fear of wind or drafts.
- Anhypnosia**—insomnia.
- Anserine**—pertaining to a goose.
- Anthropoid**—resembling a man.
- Anthypnotic**—hindering or preventing sleep.
- Arcuate**—bent like a bow.
- Arhinia**—absence of nose.
- Arithmomania**¹—worryment, about numbers.
- Arithmomania**²—insane habit of counting.
- Asthenia**—lack of strength.
- Astrophobia**—morbid fear of stars.
- Arclocardea**—incomplete development of the heart.
- Atoxophobia**—morbid dread of disorder.
- Attenuation**—act or process of thinning.
- Auenbrugger's sign**—bulging of front walls of stomach.
- Autoceeholalia**—insane repetition of one's own words.
- Autophobia**—insane dread of solitude or one's own self.
- Auxocardia**—enlargement of the heart.
- Belonephobia**—insane dread of pins or needles.
- Boopia**—languishing ox-like eyes of an hysteric patient.
- Cainophobia**—morbid fear of anything new.
- Caprizant**—leaping or bounding.
- Carnophobia**—aversion to a meat diet.
- Catholicon**—a remedy for all diseases.
- Cram stunt**—mental defect from over-study.
- Cutis pendula**—abnormal flabbiness of the skin.
- Decinormal**—being 1/10 the normal strength.
- Deplumation**—loss of eyelashes by disease.
- Disequilibrium**—unstable equilibrium.
- Drapetomania**—insane desire to wander away from home.
- Dysbasia**—impairment of power of walking.
- Equinism**—a horse-like gait.
- Erethism**—morbid excitability.
- Ergophobia**—morbid fear or dread of work.
- Fulgurating**—coming and going like a flash of lightning.
- Galeophilia**—a fondness for cats.
- Graphorrhea**—meaningless flow of words.
- Graphospasm**—a writer's cramp; spasm from overuse of hand.
- Hypernoea**—excessive mental activity.
- Hyperprosexia**—one-track mind.
- Hypnosis**—condition of abnormal sleep.
- Hypoalimentation**—insufficient nourishment.
- Lamprophonic**—having a clear voice.
- Logophthalmus**—inability to shut the eyes.
- Macrocardius**—a monster with an extremely large heart.
- Megalocephaly**—abnormal swelling of the head.
- Refractory**—not readily yielding to treatment.
- Rejuvenescence**—returning to youth.
- Somniloquism**—habit of talking in one's sleep.
- Sopanaceous**—soft soap.
- Tachyprasia**—extreme volubility of speech.
- Tricholellomania**—morbid habit of pulling out the hair.
- Trichopathophobia**—morbid anxiety with regard to loss of hair.
- Trichoschisis**—hair-splitting.

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NAMPA, IDAHO



WEEK BI-WEEK

October 15.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Half of October has slipped off the calendar and I haven't sent you so much as a post card. My roommate arrived like a galleon under full sail emanating baggage and good cheer the length of the dormitory. She hasn't any of the usual Freshman timidity—whether that will be an asset or liability, I don't know. Anyway her clothes just fit me!

The church to which N. N. C. flocks in mass each Sunday morning had a Sunday School rally and 602 people actually congregated at 10 a. m.

You know I've told you of the custom they have here of having the two dorms shower each other with **candy** kisses—Well, the girls went first this year and "Do" Deiters had charge of the little program. She planted herself in the middle of the parlor floor and stamped her little footie and in a demanding voice said: "I want some attention!" You know Do, and you can just know she got the attention and she's been getting it ever since.

When the regents were here we had an inaugural service Wednesday night. Dr. DeLong gave a splendid address expressing his ideals and plans for the College. A good account of the program can be found in the Messenger for November. I can't think of anything else of special interest to you so I'll quit and save on pen, ink, and paper and incidentally time and energy.

Yours especially,

Rusty.

R. E. BLICKENSTAFF

Dentist

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Dinner and Supper
Afternoon Lunch
Refreshments

NAMPA

CALDWELL

WEEK BI-WEEK

October 31, 1935.

Dear Uncle Gus:

So much has happened since my last epistle to you that if I write it all it will be more like a newspaper than a letter.

Our new Dean of Men, Guy Sharp, has arrived and from his looks he may live up to his name. The boys had better look out if he does. He came just in time for picture day. Everyone had such a good informal time.

I suppose your church has been raising its apportionment on the \$5000 campaign—well, Nampa First Church had a quota of \$200 and in just no time we had over \$400—now that's supporting home industry!

On October 22 and 23 Dr. Bulgin visited us and spoke in chapel several times. His outstanding sermon was "The Unreasonableness of Unbelief"—skeptics would have felt out of place in that meeting.

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BOISE

WEEK BI-WEEK

School really is getting into full swing. We had the first afternoon society program of the year on October 24. It was presented by the A. D. P. society—they all went Irish. The next night the S. L. A.'s presented the first evening program of the year. Their theme was "Autumn in Idaho."

Yesterday the Olympians presented a Halloween afternoon program, and tonight the A. D. P.'s presented their night program—the subject was "Homing." These programs have been very good and I wish you might have seen them. The hour is late and I must have my beauty rest. There's no use trying to write more, my roommate just came bouncing in.

With love,
Rusty.

November 17, 1935.

Dear Uncle Gus:

I'm sorry to make you wait so long for this little literary effort—such as it is—but we have just had our fall revival and, Uncle, we really received a spiritual uplift. Funny, too, you know I've always said I didn't think women evangelists

were successful, but I found my prejudice was entirely unfounded, for we had a woman evangelist and she was splendid. I think you've heard of her, Mrs. Dorothy Bridgewater—her husband was her singer and most loyal supporter. They were a wonderful blessing to us.

Mrs. Bridgewater was a fearless preacher and her success may be attributed to her fervence in prayer. She said that revivals come through prayer, and she proved it true. I should like to be the kind of person and blessing Mrs. Bridgewater is. Several young people, both boys and girls, consecrated their lives for special Christian service. Several were called to preach and others to be missionaries. You might have heard shouts and prayers ascending from 'most any place on the campus. It was a great time, classes turned into prayer meetings and the first thought of all was the revival. I know you would have enjoyed it. Uncle Gus, at times like this I am more grateful than ever that you sent me to N. N. C. Bless your heart!

If I get this in the morning mail I will have to close. Write soon.

Rusty.

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NAMPA

IDAHO

WEEK BI-WEEK

November 24, 1935.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Don't you think I'm improving? Only yesterday I received your longed-for letter and I'm answering it already.

I have reams of interesting things to tell you! The intersociety basketball games have started. At the first game Dr. DeLong suggested that we have a freak game between the faculty and the S. L. A. society. Well, since I'm not an S. L. A. I didn't wonder that he said **freak** game. Oh, well, the S. L. A.'s aren't so bad; they might have belonged to either of the other two societies and that would have been punishment for them and the other society too.

We had quite a little excitement when my roommate with two other young ladies were accused of taking some money from a certain room in the boys' dorm. The boys had great glee in pretending to take fingerprints, etc. And the poor girls had a few minutes of anxiety over the possibility that they might really have to bear the blame of a theft. Even the assistant dean of women was worried for a while. It all came out, however, that neither money nor fingerprints

WEEK BI-WEEK

were taken. It was all a hoax to tease three innocent, mischievous young ladies.

My roommate has invited me to go home with her during Thanksgiving vacation, she lives in Boise. I'm anticipating a good time.

Goodbye till next time,
Rusty.

December 11, 1935.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Br-r-r-r. It's cold here now—but I shouldn't complain—I hear you are having really cold weather back in good old North Dakota.

I told you that I went home with my roommate for Thanksgiving and I found her family as nice as she. They made me feel more comfortable and at ease than an old shoe. The Thanksgiving dinner was complete with trimmings! After eating I had all the sympathy in the world for an overstuffed davenport. I understand that they served a very delicious dinner at the club also and that those who stayed at school had a most enjoyable time—going to Boise in old Fords, having midnight feeds, and so forth.

Lester Hamilton

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WEEK BI-WEEK

But now the fun is over and we are intent on our work for another stretch—till Christmas vacation. Besides doing our school work we are trying to raise money to make up the payments on our organ. Dr. Bulgin is going to deliver his famous lecture, "Heroes in Homespun," and Mrs. Pierce is to give an organ concert with it. We are offering tickets for sale at \$5.00, at \$2.50, \$1.00 and \$.50. The money is to be considered a Christmas gift to the school.

We are having a ticket sale contest between the boys and girls. Lewis Presnall was the boys' captain, Deanie House the girls.' We are having a house-to-house campaign. We hope to raise about \$500.

By the way, wouldn't it be nice if you bought a ticket—say for \$2.50 or \$5.00—huh? A wise hint is sufficient. And while you're buying the ticket, you might send a few extra pennies....

Love,
Rusty.

December 18, 1935.

Dear Uncle Gus:

I'm starting home today for Christmas vaca-

tion—I'll have much news to tell you then. We had our Organ Concert and Lecture by Dr. Bulgin last night and it was time and money well spent. We saved the Organ—and, worse luck, the boys won the contest. Oh, me! Well, now we'll have to give them a party since that was the bargain. Anyhow we know it will be a good party—if the girls give it!

There'll be no sleep for me this night; everyone is hustling and barging around, in and out of rooms trying to get packed and ready to leave. The bus line, railroad and numerous private citizens who take pity on hitch-hikers are going to be loaded down with N. N. C. students. The poor kids who have no relatives, friends or in-laws to visit are all very chummy and seem resentful of sympathy. Mother Wallace decorated a beautiful tree for the girls' parlor.

Is there a Santa Claus? Hope he brings me a radio—an' a new tooth brush. 'Ray! Kill the prodigal son, the fatted calf is coming home.

Be seein' you, dear,
Rusty.

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WEEK BI-WEEK

January 15.

Dear Uncle Gus:

A great many tragic things happened this month. I am sending a newspaper clipping from the Nampa Leader-Herald telling of Mr. Emerson's death and the funeral services. The funeral was very impressive. We appreciate the school all the more when we think that it was his vision and forethought that made it possible. We will miss him greatly.

Dr. DeLong went to the General Board meeting at Kansas City—he brought good reports.

One of our students, Albin Erickson, died January 12. His funeral was held in the chapel and was the first funeral ever held there. It was a beautiful service. It makes us think that life is so uncertain that we want to be better Christians.

With Love,
Rusty.

January 30, 1936.

Dear Uncle Gus:

I must tell you what happened in Bible class today. Dr. Bower was ill and Mabel Scheel took charge of class. We are studying the minor prophets and the lesson today was about Joel. Mable asked, "What is the comparison between the conditions of the country during Joel's time and our own." Russel Brown answered, "During Joel's time the locusts destroyed the crops and now the AAA does it."

We are in the midst of final exams—they really ought to be called exgrams. The dean lets us keep the lights on till late and we try to cover a course in one night that we have been registered for the whole nine weeks.

On January 24 the A. D. P. society presented their contest program; it was very good. The

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WEEK BI-WEEK

staging was excellent. The last part was most impressive being a dramatization of the actions of the Roman soldiers who crucified Christ. I actually wept.

I'm going to be lazy this week-end after exams and have a little fun. I must cease writing and study. For once my roommate is really being serious and looking to her textbooks from whence cometh her help if she expects to make the grade.

Love,
Rusty.

February 15, 1936.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Uncoil thy blond tresses and wipe away the tears; here at last is that epistle you have been waiting for for years. Exams are a thing of the past for yours truly. I did quite well in them in spite of the fact I have forgotten already what I learned. But then,

The more you study, the more you know,
The more you know, the more you forget.
So why study?

The Olympians gave their contest program. They all went Japanese, the air was permeated with the breath of Japan. I could almost detect an odor from the cherry blossoms, but then I found they were made of paper and tied on apple trees.

The honorable S. L. A.'s have been awarded the enviable Athletic-Literary cup. I guess the best man won.

I suppose you have heard of the death of D. J. Smith. President DeLong, Professor Hall, and others attended the funeral. We mourn the loss of another friend.

Well, the old saying "Women can never surpass the men" was again proved true. In our

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WEEK BI-WEEK

organ contest we lost and the loser is to give the winner a party. The gallant maidens, headed by Queen House, all got a break—Leap Year dates! Our little hearts went pitty-pat as we neared the boys' dorm. "The night of nights." We took our dates to the gym where we held the party. For two hours we shook with laughter—even if we did plan everything. Every game was of the newest and cleanest style.

Auf Wiedersehen,
Rusty.

February 29, 1936.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Oh me! I wish spring would come! It's still cold here. . . .

Our debate team went to the coast conference at McMinnville, Oregon, for a tournament. They came back this week and we find they had quite good success and an interesting trip.

We had a missionary convention with the Ferree's and the Schmelzenbach's the 25th, 26th, and 27th of this month, which we enjoyed very much. Elmer and Mary Schmelzenbach are leaving very soon for Africa. We are praying for them.

I must tell you about something that was said in a class I take—it was Shakespeare class. Miss Dooley asked who Audrey was in "As You Like it." Clyde Rather answered, "She was the County Wench."

Oh, yes, I must tell you about Miss Dooley—she decided that she needed a date book—and at her age, too! But she meant the kind of book to keep class dates in.

In haste and love,
Rusty.



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WEEK BI-WEEK

March 15.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Just another school day but things have been popping unusually fast. The faculty have hired state surveyors to mark off our beautiful campus and have brought in the final report. With the aid of State funds combined with Federal apportionments the surveyors have taken the state airplane and flown over our campus and with new chemical solutions have drawn an imaginary line from the front of our administration building to the very end of our valued property. Since this marvelous experiment very little studying has taken place in the college library. Time is now diverted to the writing and delivering of perfume smelling notes—just what they contain is hard to guess.

Uncle Gus, in closing I would like to show you some interesting characteristics of folks with whom we come in contact here at school. You remember last summer I told you about that Board of Regents. Well, after their spring session this year they left this report with the students—we are curious to know the artist!

The lower drawing may look funny but all of this professor's chalk talks look that way. It is a drawing representing a Tariff Wall with a piece of pork waiting to be admitted to the United States. The professor is a good teacher but lacks that artistic touch. (See page 121.)

Well I must get back to studying for we have another monthly three-hour test. The teacher will possibly give us another MEMORY TEST.

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Man—A disputatious animal who loves to speak like Sir Oracle.

Perfume—Any smell that is used to down a worse one.

Prejudice—Being down on anything you're not up on.

Radical—A man who loves Labor and hates work.

Saxophone—An ill wind which nobody blows good.

Etc.—Sign used to make others believe you know more than you do.

Editor—A person employed on a yearbook, whose business it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to see that the chaff is printed.

Folderol—Conversation between a man and a woman that does not contain an invitation or a promise.

Will-power—The ability to eat one salted peanut.

Enemy—Anyone who tells the truth about you.

Failure—One who has blundered but is not able to cash in on the experience.

Genius—One who offends his time, his country and his relatives.

Happiness—Something that might have happened yesterday but will never happen tomorrow.

Hen—The only animal in nature that can lay around and make money.

History—Gossip well told.

Ingrate—Any person who has got something for nothing and wants more on the same terms.

Lawyer—The only person in whom ignorance of the law is not punished.

Literature—The art of saying something by saying something else just as good.

Metaphysics—The explanation of a thing by a person who does not understand it.

Egotism—Turned wrong side out.

Optimist—A man who, when he falls in the soup, thinks of himself as being in the swim.

Orient—The subconscious part of the Occident.

Pessimist—One who has been intimately acquainted with an optimist.

Public Opinion—The judgment of the incapable many against the discerning few.

Repartee—Any remark which is so clever that it makes the listener wish he had said it himself.

Reputation—A bubble which a man bursts when he tries to blow it for himself.

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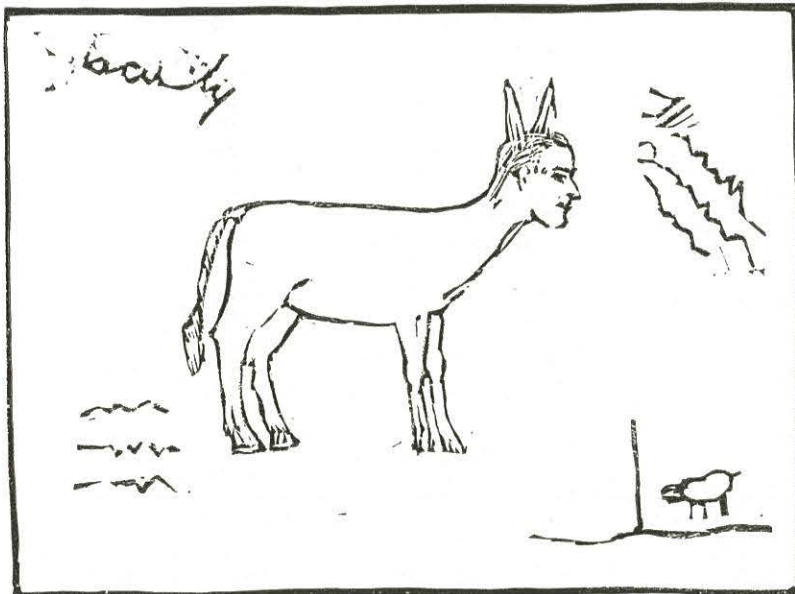
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WEEK BI-WEEK

Here are the questions he gave last time:

1. Write the first seven sections on mercantilism given from my Notes.
2. Fill in the following 40 blanks giving names, dates, and so forth.

How'd you like to have taken that? Uncle, I'll do my best, and please keep sending me a few sheckles 'cause I'm again in need of rein-statement.

Rusty.

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WEEK BI-WEEK

March 31, 1936.

My dear Uncle:

I'm sorry not to have written sooner but we have been attending our revival meetings. Dr. Davis was the evangelist and he is a good one! Just think, Uncle, he was a modernist only a few years ago, but he found the way of holiness and

is now a wonderful blessing. He can help young people so much because he knows so well the problems of young people especially concerning religion. Every girl in the dorm found Christ in this meeting—we are all so glad of that.

I wish you could be here for our revivals; you would feel right at home. God was with us and

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WEEK BI-WEEK

some who have had an indifferent attitude for so long found God. You know Uncle, some people who don't accept the religion as taught by Christ think they have found something better in some hashed up philosophy—they think they are so worldly-wise when actually they are profoundly ignorant!

You may read an account of the revival in the "Messenger" which I know you get each month. I think I love you and everyone else more than ever after that revival.

Your own niece,
Rusty.

April 15.

Dear Uncle Gus:

Circumstances force me to write you so soon—Uncle, I'm abashed—and I'm sitting here with my lights dimmed—you see, that last five you sent only brought me out of the dust. The profs. are playing a little game—the dollar game—see! I usually wake up when the sun comes a shining through the window—well, the other day a few dark clouds kept my room looking like night until about noon—during this time I missed two exams—they fined me two dollars. Then, too, I didn't have any skips in psychology and

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WEEK BI-WEEK

just before class the Disciplinary Committee called me for a little statement and kept me over time and I missed my class—it will cost me a dollar to get reinstated. Being rather busy I forgot to turn the calendar and found myself a few days late in paying my bill at the office, and that meant a dollar extra. I told you about that imaginary line in the library—I unconsciously crossed it and sat down with the boys—say, that just cost me a dollar too. My roomie loaned me a stamp so I could send this. Any help you can give would be appreciated.

The Oasis staff is getting to that frantic stage where they stay up all night, working (?) on the yearbook—they come home at 3:30 in the morning from the staff room and one night my roommate and I woke up hearing a commotion—we thought surely someone was sick but we found that it was just one of the staff members who had tripped over one of the dormitory cats. I reckon this just about exhausts all the important news. . . .

Love,
Rusty.

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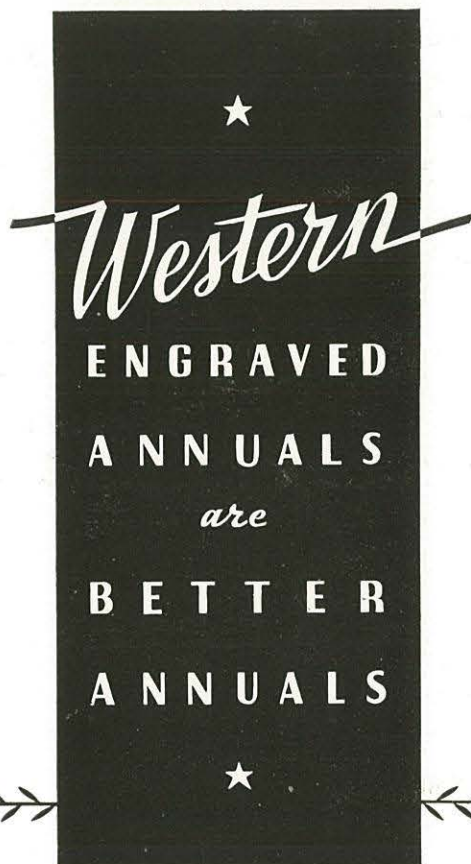
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