

Mrs. H. S. Paschall
Clarksville, Tenn.
R. # 2

TREV-ECHOES



TREVECCA COLLEGE ARCHIVES

Volume 4, No. 1

TREVECCA NAZARENE COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

January 10, 1947

116 Veterans Enroll for Second Quarter

Our Missionary's Travelogue

Morning of October 22, on the plane.

This was our missionary, Miss Gladys Owen's first plane ride.

"This riding on a plane is wonderful. The clouds look like beautiful snow in some places and in other places they look like egg whites beaten until they stand in gorgeous white peaks—We are surrounded by clouds. They make me think of the pictures of the ascension—of Christ ascending into heaven through the clouds. I just had breakfast, ham and scrambled eggs, two strips of toast, butter, jelly, grapefruit, coffee, and cinnamon buns. All of it was good, served on cute trays in plastic dishes."

Gander New Foundland, October 27, 7:40 P. M.

"I just had a real good supper, but we had more silver and dishes than food.

Sometime Later. Pan American Plane Over the Atlantic.

"If I were a writer or a poet I would try to put my feelings of today on paper. I got so happy and full this afternoon that I felt that I should shout or something. Truly, this is the happiest day of my life. I can hardly realize that the thing I love and waited for since I was a child is really coming to pass. The Lord is so good to me and I do praise Him. If I feel more joy and happiness when I land in Africa than I feel today I shall not be able to contain it unless the Lord enlarges my capacity. It is worth the struggles and parting to feel as I feel now."

Roberts Air Field, Tyberia, South Africa

"The airport where we land in London was very shabby. The buildings were only temporary and everything is so scarce there that we didn't have much of anything to eat and they didn't have any we could buy either... We left Lisbon, Portugal at 5:00 yesterday evening. It was very pretty there. The country we flew over was varied and beautiful. Mountain peaks after mountain peak separated by green valleys. Small villages dotted here and there and a multitude of little mountain streams. The people in Lisbon were polite to us."

Leopoldville, Belgian Congo Friday October 30

"And now here I am at the Union Mission House in Leopoldville. The rain was falling in regular tropical style when we arrived here this morning... It is beautiful out here where we are. Of course it is tropical—palm trees, poinciana

(continued on page 4)

Miss Heflin, College Senior To Be Missionary to India



Lesper Heflin, R. N.

Interesting Literary Programs Planned for This Quarter

A number of interesting programs have been planned by the Student Council for this month.

The high school junior class will present a musical program and singspiration next Friday, January 17, at 8:00 in the Alumni Auditorium.

A tentative program has been planned by the juniors and their sponsor, Miss Paschall. The program will include vocal selections by trios, the junior class quartet and Willa Dean McPherson, soloist, as well as musical numbers, including a piano solo, trumpet solo, and an orchestra selection. Both local and out-of-town talent will be featured on this program.

On Friday, January 24, the Missionary Prayer Band will present a program, "They Call us to Deliver," in the auditorium. This program promises to be inspirational. The need of missions will be presented in a challenging way by Trevecca students who are preparing for various fields of service.

Miss Esther Saxon and her teacher will give a piano recital at 8:00 o'clock, January 31, Esther is the daughter of Rev. J. D. Saxon, superintendent of the Tennessee District.

Watch for the next issue of TREVECCA ECHOES for further details and announcements of these programs.

CHARLES MILLER IMPROVING

As the paper goes to press, the report comes that Charles Miller, high school senior, who was taken to the hospital Monday, is improving. However, he still is in a critical condition. Join with us in prayer for his speedy recovery.

Lesper Heflin, college senior from Hattiesburg, Mississippi, left Monday afternoon for Kansas City to attend the General Board Meeting of the Church of the Nazarene. Miss Heflin, who has held the position of school nurse since coming to Trevecca in the fall of 1944, was to appear before the Foreign Missions Board Wednesday to receive her appointment as missionary to India.

Lesper was born in Purvis, Mississippi. Her grammar school education was received at Purvis and Lumberton, Mississippi. She began her high school education at Hattiesburg and finished at Leaf River High School.

After graduation from high school, Miss Heflin worked some and did evangelistic singing in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. Later, she completed three years of nurse's training in the Hattiesburg Methodist Hospital.

Lesper was converted in the Church of the Nazarene when she was about fourteen years of age. After attending the Christian Church for a short time she went back to the Nazarene Church in Hattiesburg where she joined.

"Ever since I became a Nazarene, the school nurse said, "I have been extremely interested in missions and that is what prompted me to enter training."

She had planned to take post-graduate work in nursing and was working in the hospital at the time she felt led to take theological training. Friends influenced her to choose Trevecca. She came in the fall of 1944 and will receive her A. B. degree with a major in religion in June of this year.

"Leppie," as many of the students know her, has won her way into the hearts and lives of all of us as a devout Christian, efficient nurse, and fellow student. As president of the student body and Student Advisory Council this year, she is proving her capability as a leader. She is a member of the Trevecca College Honor Society and serves as vice-president of this organization. Last year Lesper was chosen as one of our best all-round students.

Miss Heflin's call as a missionary to India is without dispute. In a recent conference with C. Warren Jones, secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, she was informed that she would probably be sent to India in the early part of 1948. Friends, students, and teachers join in wishing her God-speed.

Subscription Campaign Closes Today

All subscriptions to TREVECCA ECHOES must be given to Marie Peery, business manager of TREVECCA ECHOES, or Alma Teeple, circulation manager, today. Announcement will be made during the literary program tonight as to the class having the largest percentage. Special recognition will be given to students bringing in the largest number of subscriptions.

Members of the staff and the sponsor are pleased with the results of this contest. We appreciate the co-operation of the class presidents and the enthusiasm of the students and teachers in making this campaign a success.

DAUGHTER OF FORMER TREVECCA STUDENTS FATALLY INJURED

Little Rebecca Joan Siler, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Siler, both former Trevecca students, was struck by an automobile and killed instantly Sunday, January 5, 1947. She was on her way home after attending Sunday school at the First Church of the Nazarene in Nashville. Her sister, Peggy Jean Siler, was injured.

Survivors, beside the parents and sister, are the grandparents Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Siler of Nashville, and Mrs. H. H. Saul of Roanoke, Virginia.

Trevecca's faculty and students extend deepest sympathy and sincere prayers for the family in their sorrow.

MEMBERS OF OUR FACULTY ATTEND GENERAL BOARD MEETING IN KANSAS CITY

Four members of our faculty are attending the General Board Meeting in Kansas City this week: Dr. Mackey, Dr. Bracken and Professor and Mrs. Redford. Dr. Mackey is Second Vice-President of the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene, member of the Department of Church Schools, and Vice Chairman of the Department of Education. Dr. Bracken is Chairman of the Department of Foreign Missions, Vice Chairman of the Department of Church Schools and a member of the General Court of Appeals. We hope that they will have a safe trip and be able to return soon.

Last quarter 98 veterans were enrolled in Trevecca. This quarter ten of these were transferred or failed to register, but eighteen new veterans have registered making the total enrollment of veterans for the second quarter 106.

According to Mr. Richardson, financial secretary, we should be able to avoid the usual extreme delay in getting the records of the new veterans processed for several reasons, such as, experience, proper forms available at the time of registration plus the co-operation of the veterans themselves, which is most essential. If there are 350 students enrolled this quarter and 106 of these are veterans this will make a good percentage—almost one of three students in Trevecca is a veteran.

These young men did not come to Trevecca for economic reasons, because they have no economic problems. They did not come because of the ideal housing situation because many of them live out at the Navy Separation Center which is literally a barracks. Therefore this leads us to believe that these veterans came to Trevecca because of what it has to offer them educationally and spiritually; because of the relation of students and faculty and its spiritual overtone.

Tennessee Club To Present Dr. I. Q. Program

The Tennessee Club will present a Dr. I. Q. Program with Robert Gray as Dr. I. Q. at 7:45 p. m. tonight in the main auditorium. Ray Dunning, president of the club, will act as Master of Ceremonies and Genevieve McMackin will be time keeper. There will be six ushers: Adrian Rosa, Buford Jewell, James Crossman, John Childs, Jean Burns, and Thelma Street, posted in the aisles to choose the contestants. Prizes will be given to winners and the losers will not be forgotten. Everyone is invited to come and have a good time.

THEODORE HUDSON ENTERS LAW PRACTICE

Theodore Hudson, a former student of Trevecca College, announces the opening of his office at 327 Stahlman Building, Nashville, Tenn., to do a general law practice, including a special tax service. Mr. Hudson has been with the office for the past twelve years where he has acquired a wide knowledge and experience in all phases of Social Security and Miscellaneous taxes.



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MEMBER ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

STAFF

Table listing staff members: Editor (Bernice Roedel), Associate Editor (Robert Gray), Business Mgr. (Marie Peery), Assistent Business Mgr. (Harold Coats), Circulation Mgr. (Alma Teeple), Advertising Mgr. (David Hail), Columnists (D. H. Spencer, Ed Phillips), Faculty Advisor (Dr. L. P. Gresham), Current News Reporter (Clayton Langford), Reporters (Rosalyn Hendershot, Joyce Merchant, Thelma Street), Feature Writers (Mary Joyce Hanson, Florence Nail, Lou Ouida Carlton), Sports (Jimmy Thrasher), Stenographers (Jean Love, Annabell Ward, Edrell Whitmon).

Editorials

Are you tired of the usual routine around here? Well, I am. Oh, I don't mean are you tired of studying Greek or Math or even getting up early. What I am talking about is the spiritual routine of things. I well know that life is one hundred per cent routine, so is Christian living to some degree. I realize our physical and spiritual moods work cooperatively but what I am talking about is the need of the demonstration of the power of God in our midst in an extraordinary way. Have I said that God has not blessed us? Far from such. He has. But the yearning of my heart, and I am backed by a vast majority of the students, is the need for a revival in our midst. Oh, I don't mean necessarily a time of high powered preaching and an emotional stirring, but what I would like to see around here is a revival of consistent living—of getting established in the Lord, and a time of "coming to ourselves."

I am a one hundred per cent supporter of the need for accreditation, and I am thoroughly in sympathy with the need of a host of things, but preeminently I am convinced we need to have a revival. If these few words could be the cause of the promotion of an awakening in our midst I shall be well repaid for having written them.

Will you join me in praying that at the same time we are striving for growth and recognition that we shall not forget the most essential thing—to have God in our midst. God help us to invest in souls, living realities, not in things.

—Robert Gray.

We have stepped across the threshold into a new year. Are you ready for the success it can bring, for the challenge it presents? Do you face the future gladly or do you shrink from it as one afraid?

Perhaps the new year has already brought you greater responsibilities, as well as more complex problems to be solved and heavier burdens to be carried. Have you learned that responsibilities are opportunities in disguise? Some people are always looking for and hoping to have opportunities in the future, but fail to see the opportunities of the present. Watch for the opportunities this year and for what they will bring to you by your accepting responsibility as it comes each day.

To every man and woman God will give a place and a work. Happiness and success depend on finding your place and your work in the plan of God. It is your business to find your place. Begin working at the job today. Make the world a better place because you live in it! Let us begin early to make this the most successful year of our lives and the best year in the history of Trevecca College. "Success is succession." Rising! Climbing! Scaling the mountain top! And remember there is always room at the top.

—Bernice Roedel.

Publishing a school paper is not an easy job, especially when all members of the staff are as new at the job as we are. We are conscious that a number of mistakes have been made in the previous issues, but we are constantly working at the job to improve our paper. We appreciate comments and criticisms when they are given directly to the staff or faculty advisor. We want TREV-ECHOES to publish those big things and happenings that will help our school go forward. Will you help us?—The Editor.

SPICE of LIFE

In the January, 1947, issue of The Reader's Digest, there is an account of the beginning of a trip taken by some newlyweds. The groom, anxious to conceal the fact that they were newlyweds, very casually handed the tickets to the conductor. After reading quite lengthily, the conductor said, "My friend, this is a very interesting account of your wedding, but where are your tickets?"

The embarrassment of this young man is easy to imagine, but his was a condition that could be remedied—he HAD his tickets. Think how much more embarrassing it would have been if he had been without them. We are told by the Lord, however, that there are some people who are going to make just that mistake. Not every one who appears with an imposing array of prayers, testimonies, or good deeds will be admitted. Not every one who says, "Lord, Lord," will be given credit for possessing a ticket. The condition is rather that one shall have done the will of God. The tragedy of this matter is that we are not going to have an opportunity to try again to produce the real ticket. We either have it with us when it is demanded or we are turned away forever.

How awful it would be to go to the judgment with a record of our accomplishments and have the Lord say after looking them over, "My Friend, this is all very interesting, but has the blood been applied?"



Eleven evenings ago at eleven fifty-nine, amid the ringing of bells, blowing of horns, and general excitement, I was startled at the sight of a visitor. I had never seen this visitor before and am still not fully acquainted with him. However, I know him well enough to introduce him to you. So to everybody, "Mr. Happy New Year."

No one seems to know what this visitor holds for him, but it seems to hold a sailor for Jean Wood. Luck to you, Jean!!

Last quarter, J. C. Tousley went approximately "322 miles" to see his wife, Becky, but now he goes approximately "322 steps" to see her since she came to Trevecca.

If you want to get better acquainted with the "Cops", see A. D. Boone. By the way, he must be in love, for when Marie Peery talks to another boy, he jumps up and down, at least this happened Sunday, while waiting for a bus.

Wonder why Minta Akers goes to "Moe's Chapel" every Sunday. Must be something of special interest. Mary Ruth McNaron's ideal man must possess Prof. Spencer's good looks and Prof. Irwin's singing ability. So she says!!!

For more profit, Rob Staples has ceased FARMING and has gone to dealing in CANE. He says it's SUGAR CAIN.

Wonder which Lillian Christensen enjoyed most, her days at home, or her bus ride home with Frank Tuggle. I'll let you ask her!!!

A conversation between Bill Robinson and Joe Messer evidently has made Bill settle down. Joe advised him that he couldn't be engaged to a girl in every port since he is out of the Navy. Could it be that Bill has found the right port?

Bill McCaskell either had Willadean MsPherson swooning over him or minding him, when she disturbed the library with a startled cry, "OH".

Daniel McNutt was in such a hurry to get back to Gladys Lane that he left his new black overshoes on the bus. Now he is singing, "You've got shoes, I've got shoes, All of God's children got shoes, but Me."

Could it be that Marian Edwards is in her second childhood? She sits in the library on a stool and looks at pictures.

According to Ouida Alford, Joyce Merchant is going to be a "Fare-Well" worker instead of a "Welfare" worker.

By the way, we're glad to have Gene Moore back to Trevecca to stay. He has visited the school frequently.

Get acquainted with the new students and make them feel at home. Remember you were a new student once!!

Genevieve McMackin really appreciated Robert Gray's spirit. One day I was talking to an empty chair in Economics Class, pretending that Robert was sitting in the chair. I said, "Quit making so much noise." Immediately, Genevieve placed her arm on his chair and said, "Bless his little heart." After trying to content herself for about twenty minutes, she left in despair.

We hear that Joe Bates received a discouraging letter from Michigan last week but we understand Clarabelle Hardesty is keeping up his morale.

We understand that Bernice Roedel recently re-



"Thrift is the power to save." "All experience is an arch to build upon." Henry Brooks Adams.

"You will miss success if you fail to grasp opportunity."

"The real joy of living comes not from riches or ease, or the praise of man but from doing something worth while."

"You should find life an exciting business and most exciting when lived for others."

I must not say "The world owes me a living," but, "I owe the world a life."

"Dishonesty is a long detour on the road to success."

"It is not how often you shoot, but how straight."

"Stretching the truth always causes it to snap back sooner or later."

"Stewardship with God involves more than a 'Good morning, Lord' and 'Good night, Lord' nodding acquaintance."

Jokes

As the Faculty Sees It

The new term of the New Year 1947 has begun. If we sit down with ourselves and face a few facts it will help us make better progress throughout the coming days.

First, we have opportunities here at Trevecca Nazarene College for which we have longed and prayed. God has permitted us to come here. We are in the workshop where we are building our characters—our personalities—by our daily choices and habits. If we make the progress that we shall be glad for at the end of the year, it will be necessary that we use our days wisely while here. Again, if we do our best, we must keep fit spiritually. God's blessing upon our hearts daily oils the machinery of our lives so it runs more smoothly and efficiently. Then we must realize that College is a place for growth in knowledge, attitudes, and habits. The right kind of call stimulates growth intellectually, socially, and spiritually. College is a place for work and study. Other things should not be permitted to crowd out time for study. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed. . . ." Let us beware lest failure to study and work result in our being ashamed of our achievement and in our being handicapped because of ignorance and inefficiency.

Abraham Lincoln once said; "I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come." It did come. A man was urgently needed in a time of crisis: he was prepared.

The main trouble with the world's work today is not lack of jobs, but lack of men of unusual excellence to do the jobs. One has said, "It is true now as always that in those occupations which seem over crowded, there is room at the top. In every occupation unusual excellence will still win a place."

We need unusual excellence in preachers, unusual excellence in pastors, unusual excellence in teachers, unusual excellence in superintendents, and thus the need goes on and on. The work of the world is to be done, God's kingdom needs workers of unusual excellence. Let us prepare.

—Mrs. A. K. Bracken.

NOW FOR A SMILE

"We never had any money. Too poor to paint, to proud to whitewash."

"Words failed the speaker, but his hands carried on."

"When was the revival of learning?" "Just before exam day."

ceived a beautiful linen handkerchief from a young man. Someone made the remark that it was from Robert Gray. Bernice exclaimed, "He's not the only pebble on the beach." But according to another one of the Davis Apartment Girls, "He is". That's for you to find out!!!

There's a "Ford" on the campus for somebody's future. (Ford Boone).

The common New Year Song is:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind,"

"No, that's why we keep bringing you to mind in this article."

This is a New Year. We don't want you to be forgotten, So Look Out!!!

—Ed Phillips.

Moments of Meditation

"MOMENTS OF MEDITATION" A NEW LEAF

By Kathleen R. Wheeler
He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done—

"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf",
he said;

"I have spoiled this one".
In place of the leaf so stained and
blotted,

I gave him a new one all un-
spotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled
"Do better now my child".

I went to the throne with a quiv-
ering soul—
The old year was done—

"Dear Father, hast Thou a new
leaf for me?

I have spoiled this one".
He took the old leaf, stained and
blotted,

And gave me a new one all un-
spotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child".

HE LEADETH ME

By Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore
He leadeth me! Oh! blessed
thought,

O words with heavenly comfort
fraught;

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth
me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in
mine,

Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is
done,

When by Thy grace, the victory's
won,

E'en death's cold wave I will not
flee,
Since God through Jordon leadeth
me.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;

His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

From "THANATOPSIS"

By William Cullen Bryant
So live that when thy summons
comes to join

The innumerable caravan that
moves

To that mysterious realm, where
each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of
death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave
at night,

Scouraged to his dungeon; but
sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach
thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of
his couch

About him, and lies down to pleas-
ant dreams.

THE YEAR AHEAD

By Horatio Nelson Powers
A Flower unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:

A Path untrod: a House whose
rooms

Lack yet the heart's divine per-
fumes:

A Landscape whose wide border
lies

In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:

A Casket with its gift concealed—
This is the Year that for you
waits

Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.

skimp sketch

I guess some people think I'm
mighty nose, although my nose
isn't as big in size as some I've
seen. You see I have a habit of
going up to people and asking
them to tell me all about them-
selves. For my interview this
week I picked out a little girl, who
is a senior in high school. She
was born on a sunny August day
in the year 1928 in Detroit, Mich-
igan. At the age of five she was
saved in a Michigan camp meeting.
She was sanctified after she came
to Trevecca this year. I asked
this little girl about all her favor-
ites and her reply was, "Hobby—
keeping a diary; fruit—pineapple
preserves; boy friend—Wilf; sub-
jects—algebra and chemistry; col-
or—rose; flower—violets." After
I received all this information it
seemed as though I had asked this
kid everything except what she
planned to do after graduation.
Her reply was, "Train to be a
nurse."

Note: I hope you can guess who
I've interviewed because I practi-
cally told you.
DABRIK ABRAD

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I made some New Year's resolu-
tions,
Wrote them everyone down:
Whenever the quarter-to-seven bell
rings
I'm going to get up with a bound.

I'm going to quit eating doughnuts,
Quit eating candy and pie.
I'm going to study my History
more;
(At least I'm going to try).

I guess you've made resolutions,
That is, most folks do,
And I suppose you've broken them
all,
Well, cheer up! I have too.
—Florence Nail

DEAN OF COLLEGE SUR- PRISED ON BIRTHDAY

Dr. Gresham was very much
surprised to find about thirty stu-
dents in his living room when he
returned from the literary pro-
gram last Friday night. The TREV-
ECHOES Staff and the Student
Council presented Dr. Gresham
with a white shirt, a tie and a
pair of socks. All who were present
enjoyed the cake and the punch.
The cake was beautifully deco-
rated with two tiers and candles.
We were very glad to have Elmer
Alford and his wife with us to
enjoy the party. Elmer is a former
student of Trevecca and is a bro-
ther of Ouida Alford. Willard
Brown, another former student,
also attended. Everyone present
enjoyed the party and joined in
wishing Dr. Gresham many more
happy birthdays. His life is a bless-
ing to students and faculty mem-
bers at Trevecca College.

WASTED TALENT

Businessman—"What do you do
with all these pictures you paint?"
Modernistic artist—"Why, I sell
them!"

Businessman—"What? Name
your terms! I've been looking for
a salesman like you for years."

NOBODY'D SAW IT

Lady, to hobo at door: "Did you
notice that pile of wood in the
yard?"

"Yes'm, I seen it."
"You should mind your gram-
mar. You mean you saw it."
"No'm, you saw me see it, but
you ain't seen me saw it."

HE WENT TO THE FOOT

The arithmetic class was learn-
ing weights and measures.

"What does milk come in?"
asked the teacher.

"In pints," ventured Betty.

"And what else?"

"I know," shouted Johnny, who
had spent the past summer on the
farm, "in squirts!"

FRIDAY'S PROGRAM ENJOYED BY ALL

If you didn't go to the literary
program in the cafeteria Friday
evening you missed half your life.
(If you don't go to the one this
coming Friday night, you'll miss
the other half.) It was really fun.
I sat there and literally bellowed
with laughter. (I wasn't the only
one though.)

To start the ball rolling, Ed
Phillips led in several choruses
after which Robert Gray welcomed
the new students. Then Dr. Gresh-
am led in prayer, followed by a
short talk from Dr. Mackey.

A skit was then presented, pic-
turing a dentist's office with David
Hail as the dentist, Doris Forbes
as the nurse, and John Chambers
making a most comical victim.

Then the new students were in-
troduced and we found that we had
quite a number to add to our long
list of Treveccians. Following the
introductions Mrs. Mackey led in
some games.

The next feature of the program
was an amusing reading entitled
"Foolish Questions" given by Miss
Hooper. Then there was the human
automobile ride which involved a
great deal of laughter. Following
the ride, we sang another chorus
and then refreshments were served.

We hope the new students have
"fallen in" by now and that you
are glad that you chose Trevecca
as your school. We surely are!

CLEARLY AN ERROR

An old man living in the Berk-
shires was leading two lively
calves out to early pasture in the
morning. When he came to the
field, he tied one of the calves to
one of his boot-straps and the
other to the opposite boot-strap
while he opened the gate. The
calves ran away.

A short time later, his wife
picked him up. "Didn't you know
any better than to do a foolish
trick like that?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I hadn't
been dragged four rods before I
saw my mistake."

CHEAPER

Mandy—"Ah wants two round-
trip tickets to Central City and
ah wants one of 'em marked
'corpse'."

Ticket agent—"Don't you mean
one round-trip ticket and a one-
way ticket marked 'corpse'?"

Mandy—"Ah means just what
ah said. Ah'm takin' mah daid
husband down there so's his folks
kin see he's daid and then ah'm
bringin' him back yere to bury
him. Ah ain't goin' to have that
pack o' trash comin' yere an' eat-
in' offen me for a week."

LEHMAN BROS.

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NEW SCHEDULE

CLOSED

Tues., Wed. and Thurs. 7:00 p.m.

ALAMO PLAZA HOTEL COURTS

"The Highway's Finest"

Highways 70S and 41

"Though Poppies Blow"

By Iris Harris

Editor's Note: At the beginning of the first quarter, we printed the story, "Ecco Homo" written by Lesper Heflin, which won first prize in the Trevecca story writing contest last year. "Though Poppies Blow," written by Iris Harris, won second place in the local contest.

When Sgt. Herbert Maxwell stepped outside the door of what he called his "quarters," the morning sun was defying the proverbial April showers with glowing warmth. Spring, still in infancy, was bounding with all radiance and beauty. To the casual eye, the recent ruins of the country-side near the Ledo-Burma junction was taking life again. Here and there a clump of wild flowers dared to lift their heads up in unison where only a few months before they had been crushed, burned, and torn. Small turfs of grass clung at various angles on large lumps of sod scattered about or piled in heaps around a crater. In the distance the early rays of the sun reflected the pink and gold snow-cap of the Himalayas, fell gently down the mountain-side, and seemed at ease along the Burma Road near the junction.

Sgt. Maxwell took in the landscape with a glance and loved it, loved it more each day because it was the environs of India. He walked slowly down the familiar path laden with irresistible memories of men's hearts beating as one, bound together by the loyalty and horrors of war. In those days, a few months before, Sgt. Maxwell had been known as Herb, a pretty straight fellow who had the reputation of getting along well with the chaplain, often assisting him in the services. With the thought of the chaplain there always came a tender tug at his heart. Walking a few steps farther down the trail, he stopped with bowed head at the very spot where he last saw his chaplain Murry Marlin. It had been a sultry day, one that made the enemy's incessant fire even more bitter. Chaplain Marlin was bending over that big fellow from Maine when it happened—a piece of shrapnel landing just below the collar bone. "In Flanders fields, the poppies grow,

Between the crosses, row on row
No crosses, no poppies in this
Flanders field,—only the dead,
Herb's meditation continued.

"Short days ago we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow."

"Hi ya, Maxwell! What are you doing there? Lose something?"

IMMANUEL CHURCH



W. M. Greathouse, Pastor
TIME OF SERVICES

Sunday School — 9:45
Morning Worship — 10:50
Hi & Y-N.Y.P.S. — 6:45
Evangelistic Service — 7:30
Church Location—3315 Charlotte Ave. Reached by following buses. Charlotte-Charlotte West Nashville-Charlotte Sylvan.

Herb jerked himself erect as Cpl. Don Clark strode up with a smile. "If I can interpret orders, forty-eight hours from this minute we'll be Karacha bound," he said, clicking his heels in a mock salute.

Herb apparently did not hear. "Don, don't you think Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae knew what is in men's hearts when he wrote "In Flanders Fields?"

Cpl. Clark gave a quick glance of surprise. "Sure, I guess so. You said he was a lieutenant-colonel, didn't you. I should think he would have had a little experience."

"What do you think he meant when he said, 'To you from failing hands, we throw the torch. Be yours to lift it high?' When he said torch, did he mean only the quarrel with the foe?"

"Now look here, old man, what's the matter with you?" asked Don, facing him. "Only two days until we start hitching for home and you act as if you had rather stay here and read poetry."

"No, not read poetry," Herb mused. "Do you remember when the chaplain spoke of our being our brother's keeper, that he said these people here in Burma and India are our brothers? Well, I felt what he was trying to say long before he said it; these people don't have a chance. But don't misunderstand me; I won't be staying to help them, nor coming back either, for Alice would never understand, having never seen these people or heard very much of missionaries. Besides, a man's first duty is at home, even Chaplain Marlin said that."

"Now you're talking! 'Home,'—but I wouldn't say that it is a duty. One would think you were educated in a monastery and then lost all your notes, but you'll feel better soon. See you later."

Don had missed his point; perhaps he did not make himself clear, for there was nothing on earth that he loved better than his home and Alice; nothing—that is, except the God he had met in India.

The trail to the village descended the rugged hillside, winding in and out around forsaken fox holes, along ditches and embankments guiding the traveler's foot to safety.

Making a quick turn around a clump of scrubby shrubs, Sgt. Maxwell came to a steep embankment. As was his custom, he paused to look with regret down the decline to where he searched out the "Cupid" whose body was already beginning to show signs of rust. When the orders had been received the "Cupid" along with the other trucks had been ditched but not without wishful looks from Don and Herb, the only two engineers from the company to witness the final rites.

At the bottom of the hill the trail met a wider road leading down the small valley to the village. Herb liked to walk to the village this way because on this road he always met his people, his neighbors of whom the chaplain spoke. Today there seemed to be a greater number than usual, all going toward the village. Perhaps there was to be a religious festival or a sacrifice. Even yet an American soldier was an attraction to them. Their frank stares were of interest and admiration but they were shy and uncommunicative.

Herb followed the crowd down the village street to a temple structure housing a distorted stone image. He paused at the entrance, stepping aside to observe the stream of humanity pouring into the temple and out again. It seemed as if everyone in the village were in the procession. A few months earlier Herb would have crowded nearer or tried to inquire as to what it all meant. They were doing obeisance to that piece of stone, hoping that it would render to them their physical needs; as for spiritual needs, they did not know how to ask for them.

For a moment the surge of feeling in Herb's heart was overwhelming. "Oh, for an army to deliver these people!" he thought. "No, not an army; it could not deliver them; besides, the army is all gone." It seemed as if the people in this village were dead too, as if there might be coverlet of poppies growing over them. Not only were these people asleep but those who were to catch the torch had gone to sleep. Strange how that poem kept hammering at his brain. He could not seem to get away from it.

Unable to bear it longer, he turned from the temple and started for the country again. Although he had arrived only a short while before he did not care to remain in the village.

The sky remained cloudless and the sun became warmer as the morning wore on, but Herb did not notice. His heart was troubled. There ached within him a desire to help these people to the light of Christianity, but there seemed to be no possibility now. It would take several month's preparation to become qualified to be a missionary, no, there was no use thinking of it with his wife and home. Alice and his mother had written that they hoped to be able to get material to build their new home as soon as he returned.

With his heart shrinking from returning to his quarters, he sought out his "chapel". His chapel was a large clearing in the wood at the top of the hill. He had discovered it one day when as today he was trying to walk off his idleness.

It was a beautiful little chapel. The four walls were hung with drapes of baby green with splashes of brown and white. The painted windows caught their color from the sunbeams and the sky reaching down to meet the opposite hill. A carpet of green velvet led to the brown moss-covered altar that branched at one end. Herb entered reverently, walked slowly to the altar, and sat down. In the stillness of God's sanctuary he drew his small Testament from his pocket, together with his last letter from Alice—he always kept them together. The Testament was the one that had been given to him while he was still in basic training; the one that had been neglected until he had found God. For several months it had been his constant companion.

He turned the pages slowly, reading here and there. A few days before he had decided to read through; so he turned now to the tiny cardboard bookmark and began where he had left off. His

heart grew heavier. How he loved God and His word and yet how handicapped! The thing he wanted to do for God he could not because he had a home. Dear Alice, how he wished that she understood, and yet he knew that she had no reason to understand. When she became his wife he had not asked her to come to India to live but to their snug little home in Athens, and even the Bible says that a man should leave all and cling to his wife and they shall be one flesh. The pastor had quoted it the evening they were married.

Almost desparingly Herb bowed his head to his knees, letting the little Book fall to the grass.

"Oh, if only this desire, this yearning for India would leave! What can I do?" he whispered. It seemed strange that God would let him feel this way. He could leave Alice with his mother and return if God had not forbidden it.

Lifting his head, he picked up his Testament that had fallen on its pages, and began to smooth the wrinkles, reading all the while, "If any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Herb gave a little gasp. "No, it didn't say that! Did it say wife too?" Yes, there it was—Luke 14: 26, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." It was true. He read on, "and whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

The next moment he was on his knees with his face buried in the words. He remained silent for a long time; then lifting his face heaven-ward he spoke simply, "Heavenly Father, I thank Thee. Only with Thee I go."

The painted windows had become red, and purple and gold when he arose and left the chapel. Remembering Alice's letter that had fallen beside the altar he returned, picked it up, and read it again with new light and feeling. As he folded it to slip into his pocket, he noticed a postscript on the back of the second page that he had not seen before. She must have written it hastily,—"We have organized a missionary society in our church since I wrote you last. Do you suppose you and I could help or go, or something? Will tell you more about it when you get home, and I hope that will be soon."

Stepping to the door of his chapel, he beheld a new world. In his heart the Resurrection was current history. He spoke aloud. "He shall not sleep, though poppies blow, in Flanders Fields."

OUR MISSIONARY'S TRAVELOGUE

(continued from page 1)

trees, flamboyant, bougainvillea, etc. . . . Yesterday the Meeks and I got up at 7:00 o'clock and went for a walk on the banks of the Congo. It is really a beautiful river, very wide and the banks are covered with tropical foliage. In the afternoon we took a boat ride across the Congo to Brazzaville. It was a motor boat. The natives sat in the back part and the Europeans in the front. The river was smooth with beautiful ripples playing all around. The green foliage along the banks was abundant and gorgeous."

Elizabethville, Belgian Congo
South Africa Saturday October 31.

"We are better situated here in Elizabethville. We are all together and the hotel is quite nice. We have to use a public bath but it is very clean. The dining room is nice too, and the food good. For dessert to-night we had coffee, ice cream covered with a mixture of fresh peaches, bananas, paw-paws and grapes. It was delicious. A special banquet was going on in another dining room. The tables were covered with pretty linens and were decorated with gorgeous tropical flowers. . . . The moon is beautiful tonight. It is shining on the veranda now."

Bremersdorp, Swaziland, Friday November 12

"We arrived at Bremersdorp about 5:30 o'clock Saturday November 9. All the natives and missionaries had been waiting for us since 3:00 o'clock. The children from the orphanage sang for us, so did the native nurses. The pastor of the native church, one of the native teachers, and Miss Lotta all made greeting speeches. Then we all greeted them. One of the nurses was our interpreter. After that we had tea and cake at the nurses home. Then we were escorted to our room.

There are lots of beautiful trees, flowers, etc. and all around, in every direction one can see lovely mountains and gorgeous valleys. I never dreamed the country could be so beautiful.

I must say we have running water, hot and cold, and a bath tub.

So much for this time, I want to describe the station as a whole when I learn more about it."

GRACE CHURCH



S. W. STRICKLAND, Pastor

Time of Service

Sunday School 9:30
Morning Worship 10:45
N. Y. P. S. 6:30
Evangelistic Service 7:30

Church Location: 2518 Gallatin Road. Reached by Gallatin and Inglewood buses.

BETHEL CHURCH



Rev. M. E. Perkins, Pastor

Sunday School 9:45
Morning Worship 11:00
N. Y. P. S. 6:15
Evangelistic Service 7:00

Lishey Ave. - Trinity Lane

Reached by Meridian bus

Members of

TREV-ECHOES Staff

Extends a

Special Welcome to the

New Students