

TREV-ECHOES



TREVECCA COLLEGE ARCHIVES

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College Jr.—Sr. Banquet A Success

"All day of hard labor on May 8, 1947, including me," was the sentence pronounced on all college juniors by Judge Phillips in his stern stentorian voice. But he misjudged that time. It wasn't too hard after all, because when a bunch of jolly juniors get together the hardest labor turns to play. (I can hear some of those juniors saying now, "Let every man speak for himself.") Therefore, however, I must not lead you to believe a false notion; for the class really worked. Maybe all the jokes and Dr. Mackey's "spinning yarns" about the spinning wheel lightened the load. Be that as it may, the hardest part of the job was over before May 8th. I am speaking of the planning, ordering, and sound thinking (which really worked a hardship on some) that the leaders of the class accomplished. They certainly are to be lauded for their splendid decorations.

Weaving being the theme of the afternoon, the walls of the hall were white crepe paper woven in and out to make squares of three

inches. The woden lattice work (made by Ray Dunning and Jasper Jenkins) formed the sides of the archway through which entered the beautifully dressed lads and lassies and the faculty members. Candelabras and palms adorned the middle of the floor while locust blooms bedecked the lattices. Aqua and white streamers and aqua lights together with burning candles completed the color scheme. The stage was also decorated. The scene was an old-fashioned parlor—the old rocker with its fantastic covering, the tables with the coal-oil lamps burning brightly, the spinning wheel and reel, the mantel piece above which hung a beautiful picture, and even the black kettle was hanging there in the fire place simmering over the warm glow of logs and fire. It would have reminded Grandma of home.

Our speaker, Dr. King Vivion, pastor of McKendree M. E. Church, who has an Irish brogue and a head chock full of Scotch jokes, gave one of the most inter-

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Sarah Spruill Elected To Presidency Of Student Council

MACKAY, GRESHAM TO SPEAK AT OLIVET

Dr. A. B. Mackey has accepted the invitation to bring the Commencement address at Olivet, May 23rd. Dr. Gresham, who will accompany Dr. Mackey will bring the special address at the Dinner of the Phi Delta Lambda, May 21st at six o'clock. Dr. Gresham will speak on the subject: "The relationship of scholarship to leadership." He will also present the keys of the Phi Delta Lambda Society during the Commencement program on the morning of May 23rd.

At our recent Spring Election held in the main auditorium, the fourth president was elected. Sarah Spruill, College Junior from Nashville will serve in the office of student body president next year. An outstanding student, Sarah has proven her ability of leadership by other positions she has served on the campus. Sarah received her High School Diploma from Trevecca High School and has completed three years of college work. Elected to serve as Sarah's secretary was Madlyn Howe, College Soph.



Other returns from the Election were:
Darda Editor—Robert Gray, former Associate Editor of Trev-Echoes, College Jr.
Business Mgr.—Ed Cox, College Jr.
Trev-Echoes Editor—Grace Eby, College Freshman.
Business Mgr.—Johnnie Childs, College Freshman.

The student body extends their congratulations and we hope you will succeed in your new office.

A.C.P. RATES TREV-ECHOES

The Trev-Echoes Staff received this week their annual critical survey rating from the Associated Collegiate Press. The purpose of this critical survey is to show the weak as well as the strong points of the paper, with the idea of accepting the survey and improving our College paper. Of all the things considered in rating a college paper these are included: Coverage, Balance, Vitality, Creativeness, Treatment, News Stories, Features, Editing, Headlines, Typography, Front Page Makeup, Inside News page makeup, Printing, Editorial Page, and Sports Page. The honor ratings consist of the following: All American (superior), First Class (excellent), Second Class (good), Third Class (fair), Fourth Class (no honors). Trev-Echoes rated Second Class (good).

BROWN EYES "TREATED"

There are a host of diseases that might cause eye trouble. We might have the "pink" eye or "sore" eye. Any disease would demand some kind of treatment. But I understand that the illness that the Brown Eyes have can only be "treated" with hamburgers, onions, mustard, buns, and cold drinks. In case you have not caught on yet, the Blue Eyes lost in the Darda Contest and are entertaining Monday evening, May 19th, on the ball field with a hamburger supper. All Blue Eyes please be present to try to heal the brown "sore" eyes.

CAIN—STAPLES SENIOR LEADERS



Prof. Spencer, Principal of the High School, announced the Valedictorian and Salutatorian of the High School Senior Class this week. Leading as Valedictorian was Marcella Cain. Marcella came to Trevecca last year as a Jr. in High School. She is from Big Clifty, Ky. Her average was 2.75.



Bob Staples was Salutatorian. He is from Kirksey, Ky. He also came to Trevecca as a Jr. in High School. His average was 2.639.

EXTRA—EXTRA

The Seniors of '47 made a clean get-away through the misty grey morning at 3:30 on May 12. "Oh, Happy Day!"

Shirley Phipps' room was the center of attraction from 11:30 to 3:00 A. M. We hated the thought of waking the Juniors—poor dears, they needed their sleep. Our first stop was Mt. Eagle at 5:00 A. M. where we had breakfast. We arrived at Chattanooga at 8:05. Then we were ready to start our journey up the incline. I wonder why Barbara Kidd's face was so pale? Was she scared or sick? Ask her and find out. We went through the souvenir shops and then we went to "Point Park" where David Hail took some of us on a wild goose chase around the mountain. From here we boarded a bus which took us to Rock City. We were just about starved by this time, so we ate at the "Rock City Coffee Shop." Bennie, how many sandwiches did you eat? After we had seen just about everything we came back down on the incline. It was then Clara's turn to get scared. We had a very interesting tour of the Chicamauga Dam. Don't ask Jo De Sha about it though, because she was standing there sleeping when the guide was explaining to us about the T. V. A. project. I couldn't figure out if Prof. Spencer had a black eye or if the sun was bothering him. He wore dark glasses

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IN MEMORY OF A BELOVED BROTHER

We pause today from the rush of school life and the routine of living to pay tribute to a hero who fell in battle a year ago tomorrow, Brother L. D. Shelton. Even though at times it may seem that we have forgotten you, all around us are beaming those deeds that you did for Christ and those things that you accomplished while you were among us.

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My, it sure is windy today. Oh, there goes my hat; grab that paper; my hair is all messed up; and bang!! there goes the door. Now that the door has slammed shut, there is still wind in here. Not the North wind, South wind, nor East or West wind, but the "Searching Winds" of propaganda. These winds are funny, they come every two weeks for nine months of the year and they certainly pay Trevecca a visit. They come in the form of an article in Trev-Echoes, namely, "FROM THE TOWER". Incidentally, these winds bring me all the news for this article and I suppose that is why I am so windy.

They have searched diligently for the Seniors and report that they are all visiting Comprehensive County, Tennessee.

The High School Seniors needed some exercise, so they tried skipping.

Janice Engle has been having attacks of appendicitis. Wonder if "McNutt" affected her side instead of her heart???

I asked Doris Forbes today if she turned "Gray" over the week-end. What could be the meaning of this???

Christine couldn't find the "lucky one" at Trevecca so she went to Kentucky. She succeeded, for she is now engaged.

Maybe it isn't a "Ford Auto", but it is a "Ford 8 x 10" picture in Rosaleen Adkin's future!!!

Dr. Bracken's chapel talk on "Marriage" must have caused Miss Heflin's thoughts to turn to the "Royal Road of Romance", for she has been humming "Oh, My Darling, Oh, My Darling".

Bro. Peacock and Bro. Childs have split personalities. Here on the campus they are Bro. Peacock and Bro. Childs and at Mt. Pleasant they are Mary and Martha.

We have a little "Speck" on the campus. Her name is Betty Howard.

Clarabelle is the "Belle" of the campus. She dated Joe Bates and Clarence Barrows.

We are sorry to hear that Harry Carpenter fell down the stairs at Baker's Shoe Store and fractured his wrist. Do you suppose he was trying to get out of work???

Bill Elkins decided to spend part of his leisure time chewing gum. He chewed fifty-one (51) sticks of gum at one time and when he grew tired of it, he put it away in order to use for future demonstrations. Evidently he was giving a free demonstration on "bumping his gums" together.

These Senior Banquets are quite adventurous. They lead some of the Senior girls to meet the Nashville Romeos. Ask Minta Zell Akers about her "introduction" in the flower shop.

West Virginia holds something for Irene Sutton, for she is going there to be married!!!

People don't usually like black heads, but there are two we like—that is, together. Namely, Carl Pratt and Thelma Haufler.

There are two seniors who are nearly out of school and still not straight on some things. Howard Wall thinks that a opossum has a "bushy" tail, and Jean Love thought that a fox was a wolf. We express our sentiments.

Richard Steele helped the whole student body to enjoy the decorations of the College Junior-Senior Banquet. He served their breakfast and they ate on white linen tablecloths.

Instead of searching to the end of the rainbow and finding a pot of gold, these winds have searched the full length of this column and have found the end. So it says—"Good—oooooooooh—ooh Bye".
—Ed Phillips.

ARISE AND SING

The colored preacher was concluding eloquent sermon on the virtues of a good wife.

"Breddren," he shouted, "verily I says to you, dere ain't nothin' in de wide worl', or de heaven above de worl', kin beat a good wife!"

A cynical woman in the front row shook her head. "How about a bad husban', Brudder?"

TO BE LAID ON THE TABLE

"Brudder," said the man inside, "ain't it really wicked, fer us to be stealin' dese chickens dis way?"

The Deacon snorted. "Dat's a moral question, brudder, us can argify concernin' of later. We ain't got no time to argify now. Han' down another pullet."

A DAUGHTER OF EVE

"Melindy Jackson say she got bule blood in her veins."

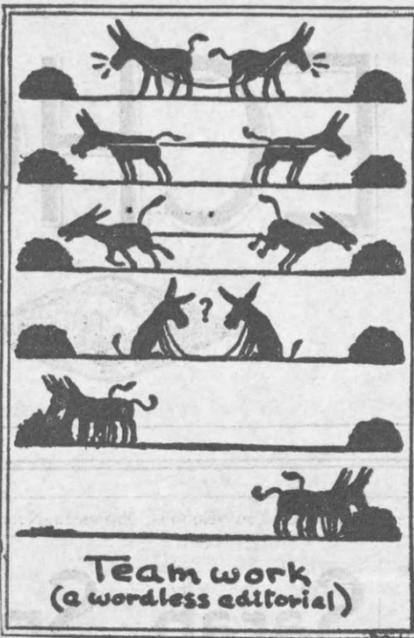
"Dat ain't surprisin', seein' how many generations her fam'bly is been handlin' bluin' for washin'."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

First Month. "Set down in my cabin, honey!"

Second Month. "Stan' up, my pie!"

Third Month. "You go to wu'k, you wu'thless wench! You's as able to wu'k as I!"



Editorials

Two students were talking one day; the conversation ran thus: "What has your state club done this year?" "Oh, we began a project but nobody would pay his dues; so we just dropped the matter." Have you ever heard that before? I have, and I can tell you right now I don't like it. It must be stated, however, that there are a few state clubs who do something big. But tell me, what state club has four years consecutively contributed something indispensable to the school. I do not believe that there are any. We have a meeting, get our few together, and decide on a project. Maybe it's folding chairs or garbage containers or some smaller item. And for the first month or so we are enthusiastically industrious. But what happens? Mary won't pay her dues, and John doesn't care whether we do anything or not. Discouragement develops and the money thus raised for the poor little project is pigeon-holed somewhere with thoughts that maybe next year we can do something. But history repeats itself—not only in the fall of great nations, but also in the fall of state club projects.

Why don't we, as students, do something about this? We can have our state clubs for picnics and such things, but why don't we consolidate and go in for something big for a change. Our Science, Library, Psychology, Home Economics and other departments are needlessly neglected because of our petty notions of wanting to get ahead of the other state clubs; then nobody winding up doing anything. Why can't we let the high school and college classes do something among themselves? Put one class on the Science Department or some other worthy ideal, and another on another project. If we want competition let each class see who can raise the most money for its project—not just among themselves, but go out among others and try at least. There are a few sympathetic people in the world.

Then, too, maybe we could have some departmental clubs, such as the Science Club, the Library Club, etc. It would be interesting to have some and be able to attend meetings when dues are not the main dish on the menu. We could study the subject of our chosen club in cooperation with the sponsor. Somehow, this, to me, is seemingly more interesting than our present system. This idea has been suggested by several students and approved by many. Maybe we can do it. But whether or no, let us be big enough inside of ourselves to cooperate with one another, and to be good and good for something!

—Genevieve McMackin.



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MEMBER ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

SHOULD TREV-ECHOES BE PAID FOR OUT OF THE GENERAL FUND?

The members of the Trev-Echoes staff would answer that question with an emphatic, yes. Then you would ask why. Here are the reasons as I understand the situation. Trev-Echoes is one of the group of publications of our school and its value has been recognized by both students and faculty members. Beginning with this year all of the other publications have been given to every student because they were paid for through the General Fee which you paid each quarter. Trev-Echoes did receive a small amount at the first of school but that was by no means enough to go very far in publishing a paper which costs about \$60 or \$65 for each issue.



With less than a dollar taken from the general fee for each quarter, Trev-Echoes could be on a sound financial basis and you would get a paper each time without having to bother with buying it.

Trevecca is wanting to acquire some of the good traits of other schools and, tho' this is not a trait, it is a policy in most colleges to take the funds for the publication of the school paper from a general fee or student activity fund of some kind. It seems that we could do well to follow such an example.

Whether you realize it or not there is much work and worry connected with publishing a paper every two weeks that you read for five minutes and then pass on to your friend who could buy one but doesn't see any point in it.

If our paper is worthy of praise from people who do not attend our school it looks like we could support it. And since the method mentioned above seems to be the only really successful one used by others let's work toward the idea of gaining finances for Trev-Echoes through the general fee each quarter.

Trevecca has made much progress and Trev-Echoes has had at least a small part in telling others of that progress. Let's keep it a school paper that we will enjoy reading and sending to others.

—Alma Teeple.

Teacher: Take $3\frac{1}{2}$ from $21\frac{1}{4}$, and what's the difference?

Student: That's what I say; who cares anyway?

History—Something that never happened written by a man who wasn't there,

Old gossips—young flirts gone to seed.

Synonym—a word used in place of one you can't spell.

Dignity—that which all celebrities lose on a closer view.

Friend—a person who dislikes the same people you dislike.

Genius—the person who gets A in solid.

Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub.

Man, these hotels are crowded.

Teacher—Tommy, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Tommy—At the bottom, I guess.

Teacher—In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, "I die happy?"

Johnny—I think it was his last battle.

A professor was walking quietly down the street when a boy ran around a corner and bumped into him.

Professor: "What's the matter, sonny?"

Boy: "I'm trying to keep two boys from fighting."

Professor: "Who are the boys?"

Boy: "I'm one of 'em."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR PLEASE COPY

A professional Negro hobo arrived at the wealthy part of the Negro section in a Southern city. Seeing a prosperous-looking woman seated on a front porch, the man, to gain sympathy, walked into the yard, dropped on his knees, and began to eat grass.

"Nigger, what ou doin'?"

"I'se eatin', ma'am. I'm dat hongry, I kin eat grass."

"You po' man!" Her face seemed full of sympathy. "You jes' come roun' to de back door, won't you?" She paused, then continued impressively, "De grass is a lot longer aroun' dere."

Reminiscing

Do you recall the first week of school this year?—Orientation week I believe—how we had a singspiration and a vesper service, and jokes and humorous readings and how it was climaxed on Saturday night with an all-school reception?

And the week of October 7-11. That was Freshman Initiation Week. Poor Frosh, they were scared stiff. I can still see those green tags blending harmoniously with the subjects involved.

And then Gladys Owen, graduate of Trevecca High School and College and also of Ohio Wesleyan University, left for South Africa as a missionary of the Church of the Nazarene, October 27. She was special speaker for the Thursday evening missionary prayer service October 3, and for the regular school Wednesday evening prayer service.

I'm sure you remember Thursday, October 17, because all afternoon classes were dismissed. Don't you know why? Well—after all, Darda pictures have to be made sometime. And why not Thursday, October 17? That was some day. Everybody who didn't want to be on the front row was stuck there anyway. Such is life I guess.

And a curse be on the head of he who forgets November 8th, for Trev-Echoes, our paper, reached its adolescent age, having grown from babyhood (one legal-sized sheet mimeographed on the back and front) and from thence to childhood (a four-page paper, each page measuring eight by ten inches) and now to a four-page paper, each page measuring twelve by eighteen inches. Dr. Mackey on speaking on the importance of a school paper to Trevecca said, "I hope Trev-Echoes will publish those big things and happenings that will help our school go forward—those things that are worthwhile for the cause of Christ." I hope, Dr. Mackey, that the staff has lived up to your expectations.

And Saturday October 9th, is a day College Seniors won't forget easily—especially Alma Teepie. I've often wondered if she got caught in "fat man's Misery" when the class visited Mammoth

Cave, the longest cave route in the world.

The week of November 18-23 was quite eventful. The main thing was the fruit cake code given the Freshmen by the Sophomores to decipher. With the largest Freshman class in the history of Trevecca and some "A" students to boot, the Sophs were just a trifle frightened; but did you know that they were so sure of themselves that they didn't even bother to raise money to treat the Freshmen? Some gall, I say. Better luck next year, Freshmen. Maybe you'll win.

That was the week also when Founder's Day was observed in Chapel. Dr. Hardy, a personal acquaintance of J. O. McClurkan, who was the founder of our school, was the special speaker. His theme was, "J. O. McClurkan as I knew Him." He gave a brief history of Bro. McClurkan and urged us not to ever forget the founder of our College who laid the foundation for the superstructure.

And don't you remember Armistice Day, November 11? That was the day our flag and flag pole were presented to the school by the Florida Club. Prof. D. H. Spencer, sponsor of the club, made the presentation of the gift.

And can't you still see that wonderful Christmas pantomime presented by the College freshmen? I can—especially Hubert Bankston as the priestly Zacharias lighting the candles. I was all jitters for fear his beard would catch on fire—and it rented, too. But it didn't.

And do you recall courtesy week? That was the week Robert Gray attended all his classes. Ed Phillips told us which words we could use and which we couldn't; and Faye Ihrig and Craig Ayres practiced introducing themselves to imaginary people; and the College Seniors discussed all of it in one panel discussion. Why I was even informed as to how nice I am that week. (Say, we'd better have courtesy Week again.)

And then the Carolina Club completed its project, which was begun last year, and Mrs. Bracken dedicated it. I am speaking of the

prayer chapel, of course. Howard Wall was one more proud boy that day.

For the second quarter—116 veterans enrolled at Trevecca. This is a big number and also a high percentage, almost one of three students is a veteran. These men came here because of what Trevecca has to offer them educationally and spiritually; and because of the relation between students and faculty. We are proud of them, aren't we?

Then HOW appeared on the scene. HOW? Oh, HOW is Dr. H. Orton Wiley. Remember? All those lectures that he gave were very interesting. Dr. Bracken said that some of them were above his head. (Wonder where they were for us students. But naturally, we wouldn't confess anything.)

And there's that board meeting. (I wonder which way the members had rather spell it, if you know what I mean.) The part that the students were permitted to hear was very interesting, however. Dr. and Mrs. Chapman's messages were graciously uplifting and inspiring.

Were you one of those one hundred and seventy five students who attended that second Student-Faculty dinner given Friday, February 21st? If you weren't you missed a good time (and also a good supper.) These dinners were sponsored by the Student Council under the direction of a faculty member. It is courtesy of course to say that everyone had an enjoyable time. (For once we can use that phrase honestly.)

And seeing it everyday won't let you forget the serenely beautiful altar at the front of the chapel. This was a gift presented to the school by the College Senior class. It was built by Mr. Eby under the direction of Christeen Miller, president of the class.

Each quarter of this year a week has been given to the Ministerial Association to provide Chapel speakers. John Chandler, president of the Association, was in charge. We think he selected some of the best preachers on the campus for us. Do you remember enough to think and agree?

And, oh, yes! My mind runs back to that column entitled, "Mr. Observer." His birth was celebrated (?) February 21, 1947. His birth was a trifle late and his growth did not meet expectations. This column is sorry to report that in reminiscing it remembers that the child died April 7, 1947.

And do you remember those Saturday night programs presented by that ever-inspiring-upward Carolina Club. First there was a musical recital in the form of Bobby Nabors, promising young violinist from Peabody College. Then our own talent was put to use and another recital was given by Misses Madelyn Paschall and Peggy Perry. But the crowning climax of these programs was the formal wedding. Howard even presented a picture (of himself drawn by Marion Edwards) to his fair young bride, Janie Taylor.

Then those "eye-signs" came out which were fore-runners of the Darda Contest between the browns and blues. Please read a little further to find out which side won because I haven't come to that issue yet.

Are you going to work hard when you go home? Remember "Trevecca Quarter" and Bro. Richardson wants \$50,000 by July 1. This is for the men's dormitory. A picture of Christ, entitled "Inspiration," will be given to the Church meeting requirements. If you listened in Chapel you know

what they are. If you didn't, you'll just lose, that's all.

You know, something tells me that you didn't read that constitution which was presented to the students April 25th. Now, come on, fess up. I thought so. At least, I'm glad you voted for it. I like it myself and think that the Council and Faculty Advisor did a splendid job.

And didn't the revival with the Dobsos lift you to the seventh heaven? It lifted me to somewhere (but I landed alright.)

Upon looking through my book of reminiscing I see that the High School Juniors and Seniors made headlines—the banquet, of course which was held at the Maxwell House Hotel, May 1. From reports I recall they must have had the time of their lives.

Those Seniors certainly do get around. They left Thursday night, May 1, for Pickett State Park near Jamestown, Tennessee. They must have had a good time with no modern conveniences to fiddle with. Did you run into some of those

dozy figs—Ooops—pardon—I mean dizzy fogs. In case you don't know, that's senior brain storms. Cause—comprehensives. Remedy—Same as for cancer.

And that College Junior-Senior banquet. No, you must never forget that. It must forever be indelibly stamped upon the pages of your brain. That was the life!

And, oh, yes, about the Darda contest. The brown eyes won. Aren't you tickled pink?

And do you remember all those pretty girls whose pictures were in Trev-Echoes one week. Looked like a Hollywood review, didn't it? Robert Gray did the corresponding. You remember which picture was the largest don't you? Well—draw your own conclusions.

And so school life moves on. We are looking forward to our Commencement exercises which shall soon be history. And then the curtains shall fall, and yet somewhat reluctantly, upon another school year.

LEHMAN BROS.

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EXTRA (continued)

and Glaphre, his daughter, was leading him around. Although we were shaggy and tired, we stopped at the S. and W. Cafeteria and had a good supper. Mary Ruth ate a little more than Rob did. Our trip back was not uneventful, for Jo De Sha got up in the baggage rack and tried to sleep. Was it comfortable, Jo? Bill Robinson took my shoes and tied them to the mirrors outside of the bus. When he brought them in he had them inspected by everyone. Shirley, did your feet hurt? She took her shoes off and came all the way back barefoot. When you go on an all day trip you are bound to learn a few things. I learned a few things about a certain little girl in our class. Here are some clues. Her face is like a peach—swiveled and fuzzy; her skin is like a knotty pine; eyes like pools of water—stagnant; nose like new mown hay—dead ends; teeth like stars—they come out an night. Incidentally, those teeth kept us laughing almost all day. They nearly jumped out at "Casey" when we crossed the river. We had several visitors. Mrs. Spencer and Glaphre, Prof. Spencer's sister, Miss Emily Spencer, Mrs. Brickerstaff, Katherine Green's mother from Little Rock, Ark., and Phillis Robinson. We really enjoyed having you with us. George Tune, our bus driver, joined in the activities of the day with us. We ended the day giving fifteen rah's for the Juniors. Good luck for next year, Juniors. We hope you don't get caught either.—Olive Stokes.

In a high school class the students were instructed to express themselves on the subject, "The Most Beautiful Thing in the World."

A lazy lad in the back of the room pondered briefly, wrote a single line, and lapsed into slumber. "My girl—too beautiful for words."

"I know I'm not really much to look at," admitted the fiance.

"Oh, well, philosophized his bride-to-be, you'll be at the office most of the time."

Reporter: "What shall I say about the blonds who made such a fuss at the game?"

Editor: "Why, just say that the bleachers went wild."

Have you heard about the Naval officer on watch aboard ship, who got angry about something, rushed to the speaking tube and yelled to one of the men below:

"Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

"Not at this end, sir," came the calm reply.

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 Sylvian.

Teacher — "Now Johnny, if I lay two eggs here and three eggs over there, how many will there be altogether?"

Johnny — "Personally, I don't think you can do it."

Teacher: "Can you give me a quotation from the Bible?"

Pupil: "And Judas went and hanged himself."

Teacher: "Can you give me another?"

Pupil: "Go thou and do likewise."

A farmer who has spent his life in the country, retired and moved to the city. On the first morning in their new home, his wife said: "Well, Pa, it's about time you started the fire." "Not me!" he replied, nestling down deeper in bed. "We might as well start right now getting used to all the city conveniences. Call the fire department!"

Manager: "Didn't you get my letter firing you?"

Bob: "Yes, sir, but on the letter it said, "Return in five days."

Miss Sparhawk: "This is the fifth time you've been sent into my office this week. What have you to say?"

Strachy: "I'm certainly glad it's Friday."

Nit: Did you have your radio on last night?

Wit: Yes.

Nit: How did it fit?

BANQUET (continued)

esting speeches of the year. The theme of his message was "Weaving." His advice to the juniors and seniors as to what they should weave into their lives was accepted as sincerely as it was given.

The College Senior Class would like to express our appreciation to the College Juniors for the banquet, May 8th, 8:00.

Howard T. Wall
Pres., Senior Class

No one could say that he didn't enjoy his dinner. Nor could one say that he was bored with speeches; for those speeches made by students and faculty members were long enough to cover the subject and short enough to be interesting. And interspersed freely between speeches were the laughable jokes of Robert Gray, toastmaster of the evening.

From all reports, the seniors were graciously pleased and the juniors were rapturously happy about the whole affair.

Reported by: Genevieve McMackin

"Father, can my boy-friend take the place of your business partner who died this morning?"

"It's okay with me. See if you can arrange it with the undertaker."

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SHELTON (continued)

(For a lack of better words to express our feeling, we reprint below, a tribute paid him by our President, A. B. Mackey.)

Brother Shelton was a man of sound judgment; he took plenty of time to think matters through; his attitude was that of cautiousness rather than abrupt conclusions. He was a bit slow to take a stand, but when he did, he never changed, even if it meant the loss of friends. It could be truthfully said of him that he would "swear to his own hurt and change not."

Again, Brother Shelton was a man who had a good spirit. Even in times when controversies were on and when criticisms were made, he kept a level head and a warm heart, stood by his friends, and was willing to give credit where credit was due, even to those who were not on his side.

Brother Shelton was a man of faith. He had faith in the church. He stood by the Church of the Nazarene; he believed in it and worked for it. He believed in Trevecca College; even in the darkest hours of its history, he would say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" He had faith in God—not just when the sun was shining, but when the clouds were hanging low, he seemed to see the silver lining.

We trust that his mantle of judgment, spirit, and faith will fall upon someone to carry on in his absence.

—A. B. Mackey.

Beyond the Sunset Gate there are no shadows

No need of sun for Jesus is the light.

And all the saints are gathered there in glory,

Eternally to livein Heaven so bright.

Beyond the Sunset Gate, no pain, no sorrow,

For Jesus dries all tears from weeping eyes

Then cares and burdens will be gone completely

And I shall dwell forever in the skies.

Beyond the Sunset Gate are angels singing,

And heaven's vaulted dome resounds the praise

I long to hear the golden bells a ringing

And in that heavenly choir my voice to raise.

Beyond the Sunset Gate is life immortal,

My weary soul is longing for its prize

The Saviour there is waiting to receive me

He'll welcome to my mansion in the skies.

Beyond the Sunset Gate are loved ones waiting

They seek to draw us near the Heavenly shore

If we are true to Christ who hath redeemed us

Then we shall live in Heaven to roam no more.—Ferne D. Shelton.

POEM

I'll bet when you first started To read this you thought that it Was a poem. Isn't it funny how people go on Reading anyway when they know they are being fooled?

THE SNEEZE . . .

I sneezed a sneeze, Into the air; It fell to the ground, I knew not where; But hard and cold Were the looks of those In whose vicinity, I snoze.

TO DO OR NOT TO DO

Sometimes it is hard to know just what is the right thing to do. Being a "class notable" isn't all honor and glory let me tell you! These are some of the complaints the class notables volunteered when we discussed this topic, and it left us all a little puzzled.

If I comb my hair or look in a mirror I'm conceited and think I'm pretty. If I don't, I'm seedy and unkept.

If I answer questions, I'm a smarty. If I just listen, I'm stupid.

If I speak to the opposite sex, I'm flirting. If I don't, I'm a snob.

If I'm pleasant and cheerful to everyone, I'm "gooey" with sweetness. If I'm merely polite, I'm unfriendly and cool.

If I join in school organizations, I'm a pusher. If I don't, I've no school spirit.

If I play sports, I just want more publicity. If I don't play, I'm lazy.

So, if I get elected a notable, I've got pull. If I'm not elected, it was dishonest politics!

I ask you—what's a maid to do?

"How many have read the verses in Hebrews XIV as requested last Sunday?" asked the pastor as he arose for the sermon. "Please raise your hands."

There was quite a showing of hands.

"That will do," said the minister sadly. "It so happens that there is no 14th chapter of Hebrews. I therefore dedicate my remarks on Liars this morning to the brethren and sisters who have just held up their hands." So then the minister continued with his sermon on "Liars".

A sultan, at odds with his harem, Thought of a way he could scare 'em

He caught him a mouse, Turned it loose in the house; Thus started the first harem-scarem.

Henry Simpson went to the show the other day and when he passed by the doorman without the usual pass, he asked for his ticket. Bright Henry replied, "But my name's Crime, and Crime doesn't pay!"

Typist: "Your wife wants to kiss you over the phone.

Boss: "Take the message and give it to me later."

'Tis the night before payday And all through my jeans I've hunted in vain For the ways and means Not a quarter is stirring Not even a bit— The greenbacks have left me; The pennies have quit. Forward, turn forward O time in thy flight And make it tomorrow Just for tonight.

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FRIENDLY THINGS

Oh, it's just the little homely things,
The unobtrusive, friendly things,
The "won't-you-let-me-help-you" things
That make our pathway light,
The "laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things
And it's the jolly, joking things
The "never-mind-the-trouble" things
That make the world seem bright.
For all the countless famous things
The wondrous record-breaking things,
These "never-can-be-equalled" things
That all the papers cite.
Are not like little human things,
The "everyday-encountered" things,
The "just-because-I-like-you" things,
That make us happy quite.
So here's to all the little things,
The "done-and-then-forgotten" things,
Those "oh-it's-simply-nothing" things,
That make life worth the fight.

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

Lischey Ave. - Trinity Lane

Reached by Meridian bus

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 and Inglewood buses.