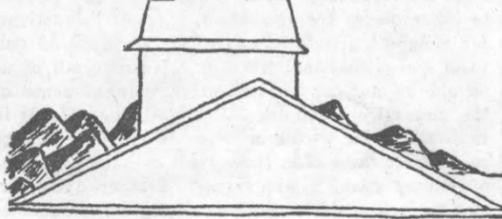


# TREV-ECHOES



TREVCCA COLLEGE ARCHIVES



VOLUME 5 NO. 3

Return Postage Guaranteed, Business Manager, Trev-Echoes, Trevecca Nazarene College, Nashville 4, Tennessee

OCTOBER 24, 1947

## General Office Is About To See Mail Boxes Being Used

Last year an editorial was published, along with the cartoon that appears on this page, concerning the unbecoming picture that greeted the office help as they came to work each morning at 8 a.m. No longer will Trevecca's Administration Building see such an appearance around the door of the general office, for the college sophomores have helped to equip the school with 279 individual mail boxes. The office is being arranged by Mr. Amos Eby so that any hour of the day or night, students may pick up their mail and also deposit outgoing mail.

Not more than three persons may share a box. "Fifty cents a quarter, or about a penny a week if three persons share one, is certainly cheap for such an act," Mr. Richardson told the student body.

### TREASURES ONE FINDS IN BOOKS — ALL KINDS

By Mary Joyce Hanson

I was astonished the other day when I accidentally heard a student on this campus relate that she had never entered our library. I wouldn't have believed this had I not heard it with my own ears.

After hearing this young lady's remark, it occurred to me that there might possibly be a few others who had not made this wonderful discovery. Just for the benefit of the newcomers, I would like to take them in a very exciting treasure hunt for a few minutes. All set everyone?

As we enter into the doors of the library, located in the basement of the McClurkan Memorial Building, we are entering into the doors of adventure. The first sight that catches our eyes is the friendly guide. We tell her our commission, and at once we are on our way.

Our guide first introduces us to many famous men and women, such as Bud Robinson, Helen Keller Abraham Lincoln, Dr. and Mrs. Chapman and others. "This," she says, "is the biography section." The next thing that caught our eyes are, the rows and rows of interesting magazines, such as the Conquest, Readers Digest, Herald of Holiness, Good Housekeep-

(con. on page 3)

DARDA STAFF PRESENTS  
PANTOMINE ON LAWN  
TONIGHT — ATTEND

### BOOK STORE REARRANGED AND NOTIONS ADDED CAUSE SMILES FROM ALL

Have you old students noticed anything new around the bookstore? (Of course, you new students know where that is, don't you? It is next door to the post office.) Since her former selection of bookcases were needed elsewhere, Mrs. Naomi Morgan asked Dr. Mackey to find her some replacements. He bought eight new ones right away.

One of the students remarked that it always seemed crowded with those tall shelves in the center of the floor, so Mrs. Morgan decided to move her furniture somewhat. Out came the long cabinet, now in the hall, and the large desk. Dr. Bracken donated his small desk and a chemistry laboratory table was brought in. The new book shelves were placed along two walls, a cabinet and table were put in the middle of floor and the long laboratory table became a counter. The bookshelves are stacked two high, making four cases. The top ones are turned upside down revealing a handsome design on top. A new scarcely used stool sits behind the counter.

The room is still crowded, although there is a great improvement. Mrs. Morgan hinted that she could "sure do with some more room."

The first thing you see upon entering the room is her smile and big brown eyes (that is if you manage to get inside the door despite the long line). To the left as you enter is found her "drug store" ranging from tooth paste and razor blades to ink, handker-

## LINCICOME TO SPEAK IN CHAPEL NEXT WEEK; WILL ALSO BE AT GRACE CHURCH AS EVANGELIST



Rev. Forman Lincicome

### REMAINING OFFICERS HAVE BEEN ELECTED

**Florida Club:**  
President - Glenn Ellen Cassell  
Vice-Pres. - John Maurice  
Secretary - Billie Edwards  
Treasurer - Frank Tuggle  
Reporter - Jim Steele

**Virginia Club:**  
President - Elizabeth Derr  
Vice-Pres. - Doris Forbes  
Sec.-Treas. - Ruth Derr  
Reporter - Loyd Harrison

**Speech Club:**  
President - Don Ballard  
Vice-Pres. - Henry Cooper

chiefs, scotch tape, Christmas cards, and pencils. Of course, school books take up most of the space, but if you look close, there are religious reading books, song books, and books on child and adult missionary work. Need anything in school supplies, books, or miscellaneous? Ask Mrs. Morgan. She will hunt it up for you.

### COOKING CAN IMPROVE WITH NEW UTENSILS; MRS. HOWARD CHEF

Something new has been added! If you doubt this, then pull your "burly" self together and dribble down to ye auld kitchen and behold what gives.

As you enter, you will be welcomed with a new coat—of paint—for the kitchen walls were painted this summer. Two ovens were installed. Soon biscuits will be made. So you feel a breeze? Well, no wonder! You are standing right between the two fans that made their entrance into the kitchen within the last three months. What's in that closet? Oh, haven't you heard? That is where the employers put their work.

Those of you who say the vegetables taste better should be informed that they were cooked in the new pressure (precious) cookers.

Things look brighter since the garbage cans were painted. There are also twin mop buckets. New dish clothes were purchased also. Mrs. Howard has a new desk top. Instead of sandpaper, it is wood and can be varnished.

Now, follow out the door into the "mess hall." There the candy and cakes are in a case, as well as pies and salads. No longer do the flies have an interest in Trevecca.

"She's lovely, she's engaged, she uses soap from Trevecca's cafeteria—Lifebouy, Lux, Palmolive—or what have you? She also hangs her garments up with Trevecca clothes pins, ten cents a dozen. The clothespins, that is, not her garments." (Sounds like Jerry Nail, doesn't it.)

There is a rule that everyone who works in the kitchen and dishwashing room must wear a hairnet. Have you seen Mr. Howard wearing one? Oh, well. There are exceptions to all rules.

Just as the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, even so the way to Mrs. Howard's heart is through the kitchen.

### WILLIAMS SHINES

Ed Williams now shines shoes for those fellows who patronize the college barber shop. You may get your shoes shined for 10c.

Rev. F. Lincicome, member of the Free Methodist church will be special speaker for chapel services October 27 through November 1. He will hold revival services each night at the Grace Church of the Nazarene on Gallatin Road, Charles Strickland, pastor.

Rev. Lincicome is a holiness preacher from Gary, Indiana and has spent many years in the evangelistic work.

He has held a number of revivals in Nazarene churches in Nashville during the past five or six years. His last appearance at Trevecca was in the year of 1944 when a recording was made of one of his sermons.

(His messages are given swiftly but are compact and rich.) A writer as well as an invigorating speaker for his elderly age, he has written many articles for the Herald of Holiness and The Preacher's Magazine. Among his many booklets is "The Three D's of Sanctification".

## Ridout and Smith Speak in Chapel

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, or October 13, 14, and 15, Professor George W. Ridout, a former professor of Miss Amy Person's was the speaker in chapel. Wednesday his lecture was on hymnology, one of his favorite subjects. Monday evening he was the special speaker in Christian Workers Prayermeeting and Wednesday evening in the regular college and community prayer service, he spoke again.

On Thursday and Friday of the same week, Rev. Billy Smith, evangelist at Center Church, gave messages on going, doing, and saying what God would have you to do. Both services were closed with a number of people at the altar.

### SUPPORT TREV-ECHOES

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GENERAL OFFICE AT 8:05 A.M.



Wow, am I lucky! From the tower I can see all there is to see and most of what isn't to be seen. You'd probably be surprised if I told you about some of the exciting events that take place. Shall I tell you? Huh? Shall I? Okay! You talked me into it. Here is the dope!!!!

Oh my, what's this coming here? Esther has a feller! Lucky guy or shall I say gal?

Music! Must be Veleta Gerling crooning her "Andy" song. Listen—"And he (Andy) walks with me, and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his own." Pretty sure sign, eh!

Harry Carpenter plans to elope with Galena Brown. I heard him say so!

Rodger Atwood and Delores Lobb are doing okay. No trouble—just fun!

Professor Redford gave us Greek students a definition of love. I laughed and laughed and I'm 'gonna tell you all. He says, and I quote, "Love is an inward, outward, all-over-ishness." Pretty clever!!

Wonder why Janice Gullett has been so happy lately? Charles Horne! Never think it of you!

Botany class is certainly confusing. The peduncle and bracts were being discussed. Fightmaster got behind with his notes and spoke up with, "I got lost about the 'petty uncle,' The class laughed and woke Ed Phillips so he asked, "Whose uncle?" Joy Oliver finally ended the discussion by talking about Uncle Perry's brats."

Iris Harris was here. I asked about how she and Addison Warren were getting along. Ain't gonna tell you what she said.

I saw Bulah Mae Hill climbing in that little opening over her door. Don't get excited, she merely locked herself out.

Oh, did you ever hear Eldo Lang talking about his profession in life? Jimmy Hokada calls it snootchin."

I'll declare to my fancy, we have a horn on the campus. He doesn't "toot" tho. His name is "Hoot" --Bobby Hoots to be exact.

Have songs ever interested you? Listen and you'll be very interested.

**FAVORITES OF THE CAMPUS:**

—Hokada: "Tisket, Tasket, a green and 'Lola Basket'."

—Howard: "Give me 5 minute's, 'Moore'".

—Haney: "Deck the 'Halls'."

—Lobb: "Milkman, keep them 'Bottles' quiet."

—Spruill: "I'm happy and 'G(r)ay'."

—Adkins: "Ditto."

—Calkins: "Animal 'Cookies' in my soup."

Ain't that dumb? Nope. Jest usin' a little sense. 'Reckon I'll mosey back to my hiding place. Hope you all won't laugh too hard. In case that you do, here is a remedy:

Put both hands somewhere and lean up against something. Now bend somehow! Got it? Okay! Whatever happens, go somewhere where someone can't see you 'till you feel somewhat better. If you are still suffering next week remember that where there's a will, there is a way.

Toodde ooo—

Nashville, Tennessee  
September 18, 1947

Dear Jesus:

I need help. I need spiritual help. I need physical help.

I thank you for what you have done, are doing, and will do for me. Please help me to thank you better. Help me to study your road map more often. Help me to depend upon you more, and less upon myself and other people. Make it so that people can depend upon me. Am I what I should be? If not, then make me so.

Love,  
Your adopted son  
Paul Pierce

Let's meet at HARVEY'S after the  
Literary Program.



*Editorials*

**SPIRITUAL INSURANCE**

So many times we have waited until a time of emergency and then called for help. Physical and spiritual insurance is a necessity. We must look ahead in order to enjoy the premiums of such policies.

Last year in Miss Amy Person's English composition class, a student gave the following thoughts in a brief speech to the class:

**Spiritual Insurance**

- A. The story of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace as told by Daniel, is proof enough that our religion is **fireproof**.
- B. Genesis' account of Noah in the ark for nearly thirteen months, is proof enough that our religion is **waterproof**.
- C. Matthew 6:20 is proof enough that our religion is **burglar proof**.
- D. I Thessalonians 4:16-17 and I Corinthians 15:55 are proof enough that our religion is **death proof**.

We all have persons whom we hold high in our mind's eye. We use them as patterns for our life. Here at Trevecca a student is well-liked by his fellow classmen if he lives what he professes. "It's not how high you jump, but how straight you walk after you land."

You, students of Trevecca Nazarene College, are to be commended for the way in which you have begun this school year. The majority have purchased an insurance policy which will last for time and eternity. Continue to live so that others may know your spiritual status by watching your life, instead of taking your word for it.

Trev-Echoes is pleased with the enthusiasm that has been stirred among student council members, students, and faculty in regard to the editorial printed last issue encouraging a school-wide project.



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*As the Faculty Sees It*

As I see it, we ought to have at Trevecca Nazarene College a marked change in the general attitude toward our program of activities. No institution can expect to be really worthwhile until most of its constituents are interested in and loyal to what it professes to be and do. Much of the time during the past few years students and faculty here have been all too easily drawn away from the campus to other places for recreation, for social functions, for religious activities, and even for supposed cultural and educational training. Of course, all of us should be anxious to take advantage of some of the unusual opportunities that Nashville affords in these fields, but we did not come to Trevecca College to go somewhere else. Each year we have a number of Friday evening programs and other extra-curricular events which would merit any large audience of visitors, but which are attended by only a fraction of our own school folks. Such a situation discourages those who try to arrange for and present the events from giving their best efforts in the task.

As I see it, on the other hand, we ought to have consistently at Trevecca Nazarene College the type of programs and other extra-curricular activities which will draw large audiences, both from our own student body and from the outside. One reason, though very obviously not the only one, why there is not a proper interest in our activities is that these activities have often not been worth a large attendance. Sometimes ill-prepared, farcical, and melodramatic "entertainments" have been given, which have appealed to the younger and less discriminating members of the audience and which have not encouraged persons seeking a high type of program to attend them. Usually, though not always, the events which have been well-prepared and which merited audiences have drawn good audiences.

Thus, we have been caught in a kind of vicious circle. Because our students have been too ready to leave our own activities here and go somewhere else for recreation that, as a rule, was no better, our own events have tended to degenerate into mediocrity. And, because the programs and activities have been mediocre we have used this fact as an excuse for not giving them support. We do not support them because they are not good, and they are not good because we do not support them.

The remedy to the situation seems simple—if we will only be willing to try it. The remedy, like the disease, is two-fold: (1) we must make all of our activities attractive enough to draw good audiences; (2) we must be loyal to the school we have chosen by supporting its attractive activities with our attendance at them. Will we not arise to the challenge to make Trevecca Nazarene College such an institution as will justify our choice of it as the place at which to get our education?

—L. P. Gresham.

**ROVING REPORTER**

By Billie Edwards

Oh, to be a green Freshman again. Maybe I should change that to just plain, Oh, to be a Freshman again. They had so much fun. Still we had fun Tuesday looking at them. On my way to English literature class at 8:00 via the basement hall, I ran into two typical freshman girls just starting into French class. They were June Swinford and Doris Jewell. Of course their hair was in pigtailed and tied in green ribbons. I noticed they stood a little taller than usual with a skirt and sweater, so I looked down and there holding their white socks up were—shoes. (An odd thing to be sure.) See, "I never wore shoes till I come up hyar to this civilized school." Anyway, Doris' were black patent high-heeled pumps, while June's were high-heeled black sandals. June was dressed in a red and black plaid skirt and black sweater with white dickey. Doris chose a green sweater with a plaid skirt. I just looked up from writing and they were gone. I guess they're more afraid of Mrs. Mackey than I am.

Oh! Here comes Carl Gray from peeking in the French door to see if he can catch a glimpse of Rosaleen Adkins. But, alas! He forgot that she's in second year that meets next period. Anyway, he had on a blue cardigan sweater, tan pants, (of course, rolled up to the tops of his socks), one yellow plain sock holding on one loafer and one dress shoe. Goodbye, Carl.

These French girls always have to sharpen their pencils, so I've got some more customers. DOT STEPHENSON tripped over looking very charming in a black skirt and white blouse set off by a red belt and red pumps with white anklets. One green ribbon and one white ribbon held down the pig-tails. Somewhere in the rush FLUFFIE breezed by with a black sweater, gray skirt, and white dickey. Also black sandals and white socks. Looking at her pigtailed I found the traditional green ribbons tied there.

What was that noise? Oh, it was LOUIE JETER sliding into French looking so devastating with a plaid shirt and tan pants. Louie had to be different.

(continued on page 4)

# Upperclassmen Again Win



## JUST SOME STUFF

By Fluff

This week it probably will be "just stuff" because the girls have not met to get fully organized as yet. This will be just a brief outline on what might take place before too long:

First—It seems difficult to say Girls Athletic Association all the time, so maybe we will end up calling our association the "G. A. A." This G.A.A. is for all girls who want to join and who are interested in sports and who want to stay in good physical condition.

Second—The girls want to organize different teams, such as football, volleyball, basketball, and soccer. The college girls will organize, and the high school will have their team. We want to play each other to see who is the best—the high school or the college. Not knowing the ability of the girls on either side, it will be hard to say who will win the season's championship. I can speak for myself and the college "freshwomen" that we are really going to give the high school a "run round". How about it girls?

Third—We would like to own a standard color for the different teams. When we play games, which is not too far off, we want to be in uniform in our dress. Come on girls! Let's see who can be the first team to have theirs ready!

These are just a few things the association wants to do. Next time we want to be able to give you the line-up of our teams and more news of our program. You know, it has been said that the girls could do more than the boys if they wanted to. Girls, "A word to the wise is sufficient." Take heed and let's give the fellows a hard time!

Odds against your getting killed in an auto accident in the course of a year are 4800 to 1, but if you're one of the 4,700,000 air-minded folk averaging 570 miles in flight per year, it's 9400 to 1 you won't be in a fatal crash. You'll be 20 times safer traveling by air.

—Berton Braley in N. Y. TIMES MAGAZINE.

## SOPHOMORES SUFFER THEIR SECOND DEFEAT

The college freshmen triumphed over the college sophomores Tuesday, October 14, 12 to 5. The game would have been a grueling battle had not the freshmen found easy going in the first inning.

But that first frame was a horrible one for the sophomores. A mixture of poor pitching and bad fielding allowed their opponents 7 runs. Then when the sophomores went to bat they failed to retaliate. Three of their four batters went down swinging. William Cheek, however, did connect for a two-bagger, but it was to no avail.

In the second inning Jim Sites began to hurl for the sophomores. This definitely stopped that freshman barrage of hits. In the remainder of the game he gave up only 5 runs, while his teammates hit Jeter for 5 also.

## TREASURES

(continued from page 1)

ing and numerous others. Our next stop is at the dictionary stands. Here we tarry long enough to take a dose of knowledge. Then we continue to the land of fiction where we relax our weary minds for a few minutes. After we recuperate, we visit the land of encyclopedias and then we journey to the stack room where we see volumes on any subject that could be wished for.

After our hurried expedition, we sit down and relax while our guide relates to us some interesting facts about the changes and additions to the library since last year. She tells us that we have acquired four new tables, one dozen new chairs, a new book truck, one low and one high stool, new pictures, three sections of new shelving and had ordered a special built library typewriter. She also tells us that they have obtained 1100 volumes from Dr. Ault's personal library. Dr. Ault is the retiring head of the Economic Department at Peabody College. Besides this information, she says that they have catalogued 600 new books, and have ordered 200 additional ones.

Our guide climaxes her talk by saying that we are striving to make our library meet the minimum requirements for membership in the Southern Association of Colleges. Last, but not least, she says, "Students, you can help us meet our goal by contributing, and getting your friends to contribute to this campaign."

What do you say students? Let's do our best!

Amist a gloomy rainy afternoon the upperclassmen literally rolled over the H. S. 17 to 8 in the last game of this series played October 16. There wasn't any doubt about which was the better team.

Almost as if to repeat Tuesday's game, the upperclassmen started off in the first inning to batter through the unstable defense of the high school. The first play of the game was muffled when high school's center fielder dropped Ray Dunning's fly ball. From then on it was a crazy inning. Upperclassmen Lang, Wiggs, Hawkins, and Strausbaugh pounded out clean hits. Rosa got two in this inning. These boys furnished the power to bring in 11 runs before the third out was made.

Suffering this 11 run disadvantage the high school staged a minor comeback in the third. Anderson, first man up, was walked. Then B. Benson got on by an error. Spencer followed this up, reaching first by being on the safe end of a fielder's choice. With bases loaded Dillon walked up to the plate and doubled, bringing in 2 runs. Spencer later scored on Toney's hard-hit single. Cain also crossed home in this inning. When the smoke cleared high school had gotten back 5 runs. In the fourth inning they scored 3 more.

The upperclassmen did the rest of their scoring in the second and third.

Highlight of the game was Homer Paschall's one-hand catch in left field.

Father firefly to mother, watching youngster flying ahead: "He's bright for his age isn't he?"—Rodney DeSarro cartoon in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Location: Auditorium in

McClurkan Memorial Building

DR. A.K. BRACKEN, Pastor

## ATTENTION VETERANS!

Dear Sir:

The Veterans Administration is conducting a nation-wide information campaign on National Service Life Insurance to make all World War II veterans fully aware of their rights and privileges under this government-sponsored insurance. We particularly want college students advised of those facts because they are of better-than-average intelligence and their opinions are respected by other veterans.

It would be greatly appreciated if you will inform your student body of the provisions of National Service Life Insurance, and their opportunity to reinstate prior to January 1, 1947 without a physical examination.

Very Sincerely,

Marvin H. Simmons

Regional Insurance Officer

(The blue and white pamphlet containing information on such, has been placed on bulletin board in vestibule of McClurkan Memorial building.)

## TO LOITER NEAR PORTER SAY "NO" OR ELSE GO

By Frank Tuggle

When you enter a barbershop downtown, what's the first thing you see? Probably a colored porter who'll earnestly bid you to come on in. Then he'll reach for your hat and advise you to remove the coat. He doesn't spare the politeness. If you tell him you do not want a shoe shine, chances are that he will "hit 'em a few licks" anyway. When the barber has finished your haircut, he will ask you to take a massage. Refusing this you are asked what kind of tonic you would like. "I have all these selections," he says, "—for a slight extra charge."

Well suppose you do get out of the chair with just a haircut. The porter's hopes are still high. He gently helps you put back on your coat. Then as you stand with billfold in hand ready to pay the cashier, a whisk broom starts working rapidly across your back. (I never did like for anyone to give me the brush off).

You pay the barber and turn to thank the porter for his kindness. But that porter is looking for more than thanks! His hand is in the receiving position, and a pleading look is in his eye. So —you give him a quarter and walk disgustedly away. "I could

## FRESHMEN'S BIG INNING BEATS HIGH SCHOOL

The College freshmen took advantage of numerous high school errors to score an easy victory over the lower division boys Thursday, October 9, in the second official game of the season.

In the first inning, freshman Slonecker, lead-off man, took a walk and on the next two pitches stole second and third. He then stole home, marking up the first run of the game. In the same frame Erickson, after being walked, was brought home by a nice single off the bat of short-stop Huff.

Trailing 2 to 0 the high school came back in the second. With Philemon and A. Benson on by virtue of walks, catcher Nance stepped to the plate and drove a double out into center field. Both boys scampered home. Dillion followed this up with a neat line drive, however his attempt to stretch it into a double was failed when he was tagged out at second. Nance found ample time to make it home on the play. Now leading 3 to 2 the high school took the field again in good spirits.

Nevertheless, they had to settle down quickly for the freshmen showed grim determination to get those runs back. Slonecker started it off again for the freshmen. He walked and scored unassisted. McCaskell, second up, was hit by a pitched ball. Later he reached second and was sent home from there by Jeter's hard hit double. Then Huff's single scored Jeter and following it up, Pitzer's clean hit enabled Huff to cross the pay sack. Before the sides retired, 4 other runs had come in, making a total of 8.

This inning left the high school slightly dazed, (and trailing 3 to 10) but they pulled out of it and allowed the freshmen only one other tally, while they chalked up 2 more for themselves.

Third sacker, Phileman was top defensive man for the high school and Huff, for the freshmen, looked good—especially at the bat collecting 2 for 2.

have hung my hat up. And the coat did not need brushing either."

Moral of this story: You can avoid all this worry at Adrian Rosa's barber shop in the northwest corner of the girls' dormitory.

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TREVECCA STUDENTS OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION

A FISH TALE

It might be of interest to our public that one of our students, aside from his regular duties last summer, taught in a school of fish.

Yes, John Chambers was a member of the Faculty "en la escuela da Biscayne Bay". It was decided by the SEA COWS on the Board of AQUATATION that John would make a WHALE of a teacher. When all the SUCCORS came to school the first day one said to the others, "Hey, fellas, that's SARDINE!" The room was BRIMMING with excitement. John called for order and they all PERCH-ed on their desks. They were glad to have a new instructor since the former was an old CRAB. In organizing the class John proved to be a good GROUPER.

Music class began. Instruction was first given to a FIDDLER who simply could not stay on the TUNA. Next, he tried to organize a quartet, but everybody wanted to sing BASS. He thought no one could sing tenor, but the BARACUDA.

At that moment, the big wh-EEL rang the fire alarm, but not on PORPOISE. They all swam out to "sea" and saw that it wasn't "reel". Each felt as if he had been "hooked". Fortunately there was no fire for the only available fireman was a SNAIL.

After school let out that day, they organized a football team. They put SALM-ON the team. The quarterback was a BLUE RUNNER who became the STAR player. The center was played by RED SNAPPER. In their first game the captain proved to be a JELLY FISH, so they elected KING FISH.

After the game, a snooper snapped a picture of John kissing his MERE-MAID goodnight. John knew that if the Board of AQUATATION ever saw that picture his doom would be SEAL-ed.

(Never TO BE CONTINUED)

JUVENILE COURT

God was good to us again Sunday afternoon. He gave us three souls, all of which we are indeed grateful. Yes, three people out of a congregation of five found themselves begging God to have mercy on their never dying souls. Three professions out of a congregation of five isn't bad, but had you and I agonized before God, maybe three minutes longer, chances are those two out of the ark of safety would have made the landing. Christian workers, let us become so burdened for lost souls that we will not be able to carry that burden standing, but have to go to our knees under the load. Let us get a greater vision of the lost and work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

—Captain Erwin Bardwell.

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Freshman Initiation (continued)

His pants were rolled up to where the new style dresses come. They were just above the tops of his socks, too.

I must get to English Literature class before Miss Person changes her mind about me always being prompt to class. Hmmm! Mrs. Mackey knows different. About 8:15 in walked the only freshman in the class. I'll see if you can guess who she is. She came in and sat down by Herb Brown. She had brown pigtails, a plaid cotton dress and white socks with sling back loafers. Yes, it was MILDRED PITTMAN. I wonder why her right hand looked kind of greasy. She hasn't anything on me, though. Right after she came into class Wilson StrasBALD said, "Miss Person, did you see them all over the campus? I wouldn't do my hair in pigtails like that." "I don't guess you could, if you wanted to", retorted Miss Person. Of course, the class roared. We have more fun in that class trying to read Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"!

It's time for French class. As I walked out of English Literature I ran into HELEN SEWELL dressed in blue skirt, light blue blouse, red ribbons on her pigtails, black patent sandals with white socks and the tops turned up. Upon leaving her I saw KEITH BOTTLES and ROGER ATWOOD loitering in the lobby. Keith had on two different, two opposite, two contrasting, yes, I say, two brown shoes that weren't alike. Over the shoes were socks, one green and one yellow. Above that were brown pants and a green shirt. I told him his socks weren't mates. He said, "I know they are too, I've got another pair just like them in the dorm." Rodger twisted and twisted my arm and

made me tell you what he had on. He chose for his footwear one tennis shoe with a white sock and one brown shoe with a blue sock. Then he chose a red corduroy shirt with a contrast of brown pants. There goes the tardy bell and I'm late for French again. Eldo Lang had been holding my books, but then he dropped them all and the three left, leaving me with only "Cookie." He was a gentleman and picked them up for me. Oh, the trials of a reporter.

Walking up the walk from French, I noticed MARVIN APPLEBY studying English on the campus. He had on something different. One shoe was brown and white and one was solid brown. His socks were different plaids. A cute little red cap adorned his blond hair. As I walked into the Ad Building, DOROTHY STALLWORTH stopped me. She knew I was a reporter so she threatened that she would hit me with her egg if I didn't write her up. So here it is. She looked horrible! Simply horrible! Her brown pumps were filthy and also the supposedly white socks worn under them. You'd think some girls never wash their clothes. Her skirt was plaid and her tattle tale gray blouse just matched her socks. Over that was a red sweater. Of all things! Her dirty brown hair was tied in pigtails with yellow ribbons. Characters! Always characters! Never nice, ordinary people!

I'm tired of this. You all know about the rest of them, don't you? Please don't make me write about any more. Oh, yes! All of them were carrying an egg (some of them rotten, I heard). I think I'll sign off and go to chapel.

From READERS' DIGEST, July 1947:

With her hand on the light switch, the woman paused in her interminable chatter to inquire: "Is everything shut up for the night, dear?"

Out of the darkness came her husband's reply: "Everything else, dear."—THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

"Figures never lie," said the instructor. "For example, if one man can build a house in 12 days, 12 men can build it in one day."

"And 288 men could build it in one hour," responded the student. "And 17,280 in one minute and 1,036,800 in one second. What's more, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in six days, then six ships can cross it in one day. Figures never lie."—FREEDOM AND UNION.

While at Dartmouth, my brother dated a girl from Smith College a few times. When some weeks passed and she hadn't heard from him, she took it upon herself to send him a telegram reading: "Dead, delayed or disinterested?" "Hunting, fishing or trapping?" my brother promptly wired back.—Contributed by Mary M. McFarland.

The war is over but the malady lingers on.—Henry Holt & Co. adv.

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By Paul Wesley Pierce

Be of a kind nature and a quiet and dull spirit. Never speak unless you are spoken to or called upon. When someone smiles at you, smile back at them, but never say a word. If a girl speaks to you, speak in a very low tone. If a boy speaks to you, speak rather short and abruptly to him. If the one spoken to is a girl, the opposite is correct. Never date except by telephone and not to a great extent then. Always keep spruced up when you think no one will see you, but never when you expect to meet the public. Boys should go to the store every night except Friday and Sunday night. After you have followed these instructions, you will be perfect bait for the vultures.

Last winter while I warmed myself beside the stove in a Vermont village store, I asked one of the elders if he had a dictionary I might borrow.

"Nope," he said, "I don't reckon as how I have. Round here we ain't in the habit of usin' words we don't know the meanin' of. So we don't ever have to look any up."—W. D. Patterson (Westport, Conn.)

Said the spinster who was asked why she had never married: "It takes a might good husband to be better than none."—Irvin and Ruth Boley, QUAKER ANECDOTES (Pendle Hill).

I met old Mr. W— last summer when a friend and I, walking in the Arkansas hills, sought shelter on his porch during a rain-storm. Though he has lived all his 80 years in the same "hollow" and completely lacks formal education, he is intelligent and surprisingly well read.

"'Twas a day just like this when I met the lady from the University over yonder," he remarked. "She was drivin' about explorin' when it started to weather, and she stopped on this porch till it faired up. She saw my fiddle layin' on the chair and talked me into fiddlin' for her. After that she kept comin' out nearly every week, always bringin' some folks from the University. Yes, sir, I enjoyed them visits, but I had to order her off the place and tell her never to come back again... Yes, sir, I got to wonderin', and I figured it out that she was fixin' to make a character out of me!"

—P. P. (Laramie, Wyo.)

Life is hard,  
By the yard;  
But by the inch,  
Life's a cinch.

—Jean L. Gordon in BETTER HOMES & GARDENS.

I have never let my schooling interfere with my education.

—Mark Twain.

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE OUTING

It was dark and chilly as a group of Sophomores and Freshmen gathered on the steps of the McClurkan Memorial Building. Yawns were free and everybody was taking advantage. When it seemed that everybody was there Frank Tuggle gave us a little speech. He told us to be as quiet as possible that we were going down a path where people were asleep along the way. (In beds of course!)

We went by Davis Apts. to the railroad tracks and then walked the tracks. After we had been walking for a while Rob Staples ask if we were nearing Chattanooga yet. It may have seemed pretty far, but it was only about a quarter of a mile. As we were drawing near the place where we were to get off the tracks, Mother Nature was beginning to furnish us a light. It was bright enough that we could almost see the person next to us. We all stopped and waited on the stragglers. With a couple of left turns we were headed back toward the school. Again we made two more left turns and crowded under a fence. We all saw a cloud of smoke which made us very happy.

By this time the sun was up and we could see each other. That was n't so good though. Our hair was stringy from the morning air and our feet were wet.

In case you do not know where we were I'll tell you. We were in the field back of Prof. Irwin's house.

Our breakfast was being prepared by a group of very nice sophomores. (How we appreciate them). It was not quite finished so we sang some choruses led by Homer Benson.

We were in a field so you can imagine there were a lot of burrs. For some unknown reason they all got in Homer's head. Poor thing, it seems that everything flies to his head, doesn't it?

After we had eaten our breakfast of eggs, bread, coffee and donuts we all hiked back to the campus. Believe it or not we all got to our 8:00 classes. I'll bet that was the earliest some of us had ever gotten up wasn't it? Huh? ?

Sophomore Reporter  
Jean Spruill

Tact is the knack of making a point without making an enemy.—Howard W. Newton in REDBOOK.

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