



Trev - Echoes

A Christian College with a Christian Purpose

TREVECCA COLLEGE LIBRARY

VOL. XXII. NO. 8

TREVECCA NAZARENE COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

MAY 30, 1958

Donnie Smith Elected S. C. President

Board of Trust Votes to Build New Library

The Board of Trustees in their annual meeting April 30 voted to build a new library and a president's home.

The much-needed library will cost approximately \$200,000. The present president's home will have to be moved to make room for the library building. It will include the usual administration offices, a kitchenette, council and conference rooms, a lounge, and the main portion will be for the library.

The new library building will be memorialized as the A.B. Mackey Library, in honor of President Mackey.

The new president's home will be constructed in the near future. Plans being considered are of a ranch colonial style combined. It will be built on the property Fine Arts Building.

In other action of the board, Dr. Mackey was unanimously re-elected for a three-year term. This makes Dr. Mackey's twenty-second year as college president.

The board also made plans to increase the faculty to meet the rising enrollment. Plans are being made to hire several more teachers with Ph.D. degrees which will help meet the requirements of the Southern Association of Colleges and Universities.

Dr. John Knight was re-elected as chairman of the board of trustees. (Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Prof. F. W. Wise To Receive Ph.D.



Professor F. W. Wise

A life-long dream was fulfilled in the life of Professor F. Franklyn Wise when the faculty in the graduate school of the University of Pittsburg passed on his dissertation recently, qualifying him for the Ph.D. degree in June.

This degree is the consummation of study that started in February, 1957, by Professor Wise which has taken approximately seventeen hundred hours to complete.

Professor Wise, teacher in the educational department at TNC, was graduated from Eastern Nazarene College and received the M.A. degree from the University of Pittsburg in 1952.

Rev. Wise was pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Homer. (Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

Kemp Higgenbotham S. C. Secretary; Janey Little and Helen Burch, Editors; Gene Reynolds and Bill Nichols, Bus. Managers

The major officers of the Associated Students of Trevecca Nazarene College were elected in the campus election held April 30.

Donnie Smith, a junior and math major, was elected student council president. Donnie, from Mayfield, Kentucky, has held several class and club offices. He has been on the student council for the past two years as class representative.

Kemp Higgenbotham, sophomore from Memphis, Tennessee, was elected as secretary of the student council. Kemp has been class president of his class for two years.

Janey Little, junior from Ludlow, Kentucky, won the position for DARDA editor. Janey, an honor student, was editor of the TREV-ECHOES last year.

Gene Reynolds, education major from Columbia, South Carolina, member of the junior class was elected as DARDA Business Manager. Gene is now business manager of the TREV-ECHOES.

Helen Burch, sophomore from Richmond, Virginia, was elected to the editorship of the TREV-ECHOES. Helen is executive editor of the school paper this year.

William (Bill) Nichols, freshman from Union Town, Alabama, was elected business manager of the TREV-ECHOES.

The new officers will take office at the beginning of the school term, 1958-59.



This group of students will be serving the student body next year in the major offices. From left to right: Gene Reynolds, Kemp Higgenbotham, Janey Little, Helen Burch, Donnie Smith, and Bill Nichols.

Juniors Fete Seniors To Annual Banquet, May 17

The Senior Class of 1958 were guests of honor at the annual Junior-Senior Banquet, Saturday evening, May 17, in the college cafeteria.

The banquet room of the cafeteria was decorated to portray the theme, "L'Envoi," meaning "The Journey." A tint of French culture emphasized the nautical scene.

Roy Miller, president of the junior class welcomed the seniors and

Wesley Eby, president of the senior class gave the response.

Joyce Lewis sang "The Sand and the Sea," and Janey Little read a poem entitled "The Journey Onward."

Character sketches of the seniors were presented by Jo Lynn Armstrong, Mary Evelyn Nelson and Paul Hall.

Before the benediction Ed Whittington sang "Now Is the Hour."

Speech Club Presents, "Then There Were Voices"

The annual All-School Play was presented Friday, May 9, at 7:30 in the McClurk Auditorium. The 1958 production was entitled "And There Were Voices" and featured the early years in the public life of Abraham Lincoln.

The love story of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd (Don Pyles and Janey Little) was told while Lincoln skillfully untangled a mysterious law case in which he saved the life of the town's young doctor Dick Elliot (Jim Martin) to the great happiness of his fiancée (Jan Penix).

The 3-act play by Robert Knipe covered the period during which Lincoln established his law practice in Springfield, Illinois and made the acquaintance of Judge Stewart (Denzil Huff) Josh Speed (Gene Reynolds) and his law clerk, Billy Herndon (Bill Taliaferro). Mr. and Mrs. Edwards (Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)



Abe Lincoln (Don Pyles) tries to get a point across to Mary Todd (Janey Little), Frances Todd (Jan Penix), and Mrs. Edwards (Gwin Pearson), in the all-school play, "Then There Were Voices."

Class Presidents Elected for 1958-59

The college freshman, sophomore and junior classes have met and elected their class presidents for next year.

The junior class elected Larry Schultz, from Arlington, Virginia. Larry has been active this year in the Speech Club and other activities.

Bill Galloway was elected president of the sophomore class—next year's juniors. Bill is from Nashville, Tennessee, and has been active in the student council, and class and club activities.

The freshman class elected Orval Le Jeune as its class president, Orval hails from Charlotte, North Carolina. He is a member of the A Cappella Choir and has been an avid worker for his class this year.

Edward Whittington Presents Voice Recital

Edward Whittington, Baritone, was presented in a junior voice recital by the music department of T.N.C., Friday evening, May 16, in the Fine Arts Auditorium.

The program consisted of two songs from "The Messiah"—"Thus Saith the Lord" and "But Who May Abide;" three foreign selections by Schubert—"Die Jungle Nonne," "Der Letermann," and "Wohin"; a French song by Holmes entitled "Au Pay"; "Prologue" by Leoncaulli; and four other selections consisting of "Ol Man River" by Kern, "On the Dusty Road" by Renner, "Water Boy" by Robinson, and "Toreador Song" by Bizet.

Mr. Whittington was assisted by (Continued on Page 5, Col. 4)

TREV-ECHOES

Published by the Students of Trevecca Nazarene College, Nashville, Tennessee, under the sponsorship of the Journalism class.

Purpose: To Mirror the spiritual, academic, and social activities on campus.

Jack Phillips Editor-in-Chief
Gene Reynolds Business Manager

Faculty Advisors: Mrs. K. W. Phillips, and Mr. V. Neil Richardson.
Editorial Staff: Helen Burch, Executive Editor; Patsy Jones, Assistant Editor; and Montez Lobb, Sports Editor.

Reporting Staff: Martha Gray, Faye Stewart, Hessa Hublet, Ruth Shannon, Janey Little, Lucille Jones, and Sam Southerland.

Congratulations

Commencement exercises June 10, will culminate the college work for the largest senior class ever to graduate from Trevecca Nazarene College.

A word of praise and congratulations is in order to you who have chosen to better yourself and the world in which you live by obtaining a college education.

The sheepskin you will receive will mean a lot to you. They do not come easy. Sacrifice of time and money, hard study, and a willingness to work are some of the requisites.

Trevecca Nazarene College is proud of you as Christian young men and women who chose Trevecca College as the school for your college work. The school is pleased with its products. You have shown a spirit of hard working youth, a spirit eager to learn, and have stayed loyal to the church through it all.

The faculty is proud of you. You have made teaching a worth while profession.

The underclassmen are proud of you. You have left a distinctly marked trail behind for us to follow.

The Church of the Nazarene is proud of you. You are helping make it better by your endeavors.

With a feeling of happiness, because you have reached a goal, mingled with reluctance, we are saddened at your departure; we wish you all the success that can be yours in serving God and the Church.

Get Those Hooks Out

Have you ever seen people whose faces are real sad sacks? Certainly you have—and how many of these are professed Christians? It's a shame that some Christians go around with the corners of their mouth held down by iron hooks of doubt, fear and depression.

God wants His people to be jubilant and happy. And why shouldn't they be? His grace is sufficient for every problem; His eye is on the sparrow, so how much more will He watch over His children; He will not allow us to be tempted above that we are not able to bear; He promised never to leave us or forsake us.

Then why are Christian people looking down their noses? They have more reasons to be cheerful and gay than all of the rest of the world. They are possessors of the greatest thing on earth. They have no excuse for soured expressions, persimmon attitudes, or pickled personality.

Get rid of those hooks in your jaws! Let your face and heart soar upward—and smile!

CHOIR DIARY

We're Off . . .

1958 Choir Tour

Dear Diary—

4-9-58

We're off! Finally after many moments of eager anticipation, choir tour, 1958, has started! There were many sad hearts, and I even noticed a few tears as friends parted and sweethearts separated for two long weeks. Noticeably happy, however, were three guys—Jay Mick, Kemp Higginbotham, and Paul Jackson; for they "smuggled" their gals on the bus and took them along! Last minute preparations, how hectic! "Pop" bustled about giving orders . . . kids scrambled to get "choice" seats . . . cameras clicked capturing this momentous event!

'Midst the low rumble of voices on the bus, we heard strains of "You're A Thousand Miles Away" furnished by Orval Le Jeune and his portable record player.

Joe Moses and Kemp Higginbotham entertained us with their clever impersonations of our faculty. Our sides split as Joe perfectly mimicked "Pop."

At Birmingham we were treated swell. In fact, after the delicious fried chicken supper Ronnie Morris and Herman Rouse did swell.

The service was great . . . the Lord mightily blessed us . . . and for our first service, I feel we did an excellent job!

4-10-58

After a devotional period, led by John Hay, our chaplain, we ventured forth into a new day, waiting to find new exciting happenings. Our spirits were soon dampened, though, for Prof had the nerve to institute a study hall on the bus. How dull! But, however, some studious ones attempted to study, the sleep-heads snoozed, and the athletic-minded played checkers.

We stopped briefly for our lunch at Tupelo, Mississippi, and one hour and thirty minutes later we boarded the bus to travel toward Memphis.

The tranquility of the afternoon was interrupted by a wild pillow fight in which Miss McClain and Carolyn Wiley seemed to be the main targets.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)

Mildred Pearson, Poet Laureate Of TNC, Hopes To Become A Writer

Mildred Augusta Pearson, poet laureate of TNC, writes poetry and prose with the desire to become a writer. Mildred, a junior and an English major, plans to do some teaching along with her writing career.

Writing under the pen name of Brick Marshall, she writes mostly of God, Love, and Nature.

Brick Marshall has been writing poetry since early childhood days. Her poetry has been widely published, appearing in the *Times Post Newspaper*, Houston, Mississippi; in her high school newspaper; and in a book of love poems. She had her first poem published at the age of six. She won third place in a prose contest sponsored by the *Progressive Farmer Magazine* with an article, "What I Like Most About My Church."

Mildred, a great admirer of God's beauty in nature finds inspiration from this for her poem, MY CREATOR.



Mildred Pearson

He flung the Heavenly bodies in the vast expanse of space
To go screaming through dark oblivion at a rate inconceivable by man.

He spoke softly—and sunshine purged the blackness.

He spoke louder and the thunder roared over all the Earth.

His eyes blinked and lightning flashed in the Heavens—

Because He was lonely—

He wept and soothing rain fell to the parched earth

He walked across the land and where he stopped the valleys were carved.

He wrote and where His fingers touched the sands—the rivers ran.

He bowed—and lakes were formed where He knelt.

Then suddenly He laid His creating aside and looked earthward

For under the heaviness of the burden of the darkness of the hour—

I had whispered His name.

Mildred explores the mystical chambers of love with unique ability. Her poem, THE LAND OF LOVE, was written after studying some of the great love stories of the ages.

Come with me to the Land of Love!
Not once has he who entered,
Gone away unloved!
Come with me; and arm in arm,
We shall walk where Robert and Elizabeth

Strolled in the Italian sun;
And cast our eyes upon the Sea
Where Anthony and Cleopatra fled
in desperate love

To lands of liberty for them;
And with searching eyes—We shall scan the distance

Perchance another Paris might be slain.

Across turbulent waters with a beautiful Helen.

Our minds might go through Purgatory, Heaven and Hell

With Dante, the great, in search Of his beloved Beatrice.

And through the Books of Letters we shall look—

Amazed at the passionate words Of Abelard to Heloise.

There will be other loves whom you shall know

Because their devotions to each other is rekindled

In other hearts who learn of them. Come with me to this lovely land;

And tho' our love may not be one That man will remember

We shall know it is great because It is ours.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 5)

The Challenge Requires Utter Consecration; Wholly Committed We Can Not Fail

By JOHN KNIGHT

II.

THE CONSECRATION OF SELF

The sin-problem is perennial, and God's command to all-out consecration is likewise ever the same. Of all those who would labor in His vineyard, He requires everything.

(Second of a Series)

The challenge of sin is a challenge for service. Nothing short of total response can fulfill the task of the Church.

Before Abraham could become the Father of Israel, he had to leave Ur of the Chaldees, and say "Good-bye" to family and friends. Before Isaiah could answer God's question, "Who then will go for us? and whom shall we send?" he had to stand empty handed before

the altar of consecration. Then could he answer: "Here am I; send me." And before we can become the spiritual father of others, we must say "Farewell" to everything that would hinder our service. Before we can volunteer, "Send me," we must give ourselves in utter consecration.

Only complete consecration will suffice. We must come to the end of self, as did Amanda Smith, the colored lady, who in desperation for God cried out to Him: "Oh Lord, I give Thee my all. All I have is my wash board and my old black self. But they are Thine."

All-out consecration will save us from being "choicy" as to when, and where, and how, and with whom we shall serve. The truly consecrated know there are no "big" places or "little" places in

God's vineyard. On an old Roman coin is the inscription of an ox standing between the altar and the plow. Beneath are the words: "Ready for either."

My uncle lay dying. He was a minister—just a young man with a promising future. All the family stood around his bed. Unable to understand God's mysterious ways, he yet kept his consecration complete, and it generated a faith that held him steady to the end. Just before breathing his last, his lips moved slowly and he repeated softly:

Ready to go, ready to stay;
Ready my place to fill.
Ready for service, lowly or great,
Ready to do His will.

The challenge of our day requires this kind of utter consecration—

ready for life and service; ready for sacrifice and death!

III.

COMMITMENT TO SERVICE

Initial consecration has a way of being comfortably general. But continued consecration often becomes shockingly specific. When Abraham made his initial consecration and said "Farewell" to home and friends, he did not know that in years ahead the voice of God would require: "Abramam, take this thy son—thine only son—and offer him as a sacrifice on Mt. Moriah." Perhaps few of us, when we consecrated our all to God, knew that in the future God's voice would command us: "Go—preach."

Commissions always exact commitments. We then as preachers

must be fully committed to the ministry of the Word. We may tread where the saints have trod in utter consecration, but we must make new footprints of our own in instant commitment.

As ministers of the Church of the Nazarene, we must often remind ourselves that we are committed to the message of the Church! There is no place for doctrinal complacency among us. Our greatest danger is not disbelief, but complacency in regard to the essentials of the gospel message. A great historian has put it well: "Beliefs seldom become doubts; they become ritual." We must retain a sense of urgency about our beliefs. We must often preach holiness—freedom from all sin—but the often preaching of it must not

(Continued on page 3, col. 4.)

Our Heritage Gives Us Opportunities

By JANEY LITTLE

The founder had a vision. Trevecca has passed her golden anniversary year —



1951 — but is even now in a harvest time of usefulness and influence. The Christian Workers' Association has a splendid place in T.N.C. history. Our catalog states that Trevecca's "origin grew out of a desire of the founder (Rev. J. O. McClurkan) to provide an educational institution where young men and women of evangelical learnings might prepare for Christian service."

The preacher boys must preach, the young ladies sing and pray, all must testify if the years ahead found them prepared for their all-important task. Not enough pulpits were available to young T.N.C. students with the call of God on their hearts.

But the needs? Ah, the city had many sections with needs to challenge the very best a zealous young Christian evangelist had to offer. Rev. McClurkan organized bands of Christian Workers for the jails, work houses, rest homes and street corners. Satan was met on his own ground—and through the Power of Christ was vanquished again and again.

Men felt the impact of C.W.A. work and the rewards that came to the students were many: inexpressible joy at the new birth of a wicked man or a shamed woman, power to break through the barriers of resistance thrown up by sin-filled hearts, increased faith and determination for days when an answer did not come and greater facility in expressing with simplicity the wonderful story of redeeming love.

One has said Trevecca has produced many of our best preachers. One important factor is the week-by-week opportunity to minister to needy souls. Guilt-ridden faces challenge the heart, searching eyes boldly ask for an answer from the mind, and habit-immeshed lives demand complete dependence on the Saviour's power.

You may preach twice every Sunday! How many of the fourteen weekly services have you blessed with a song or a testimony? This is our heritage, and a glorious opportunity which involves today, tomorrow and all eternity.

CHOIR DIARY

(Continued from Page 2)

We were fed "high upon the hog" at supper. All 43 of us plus Brigham crowded into Barbara Barnett's spacious home to eat ham with all the trimmings. Poor Mrs. Barnett; I believe we ate her out of house and home. 4-11-58

Ten o'clock found us climbing on our "home on wheels" to struggle through another day. We found that Jim Martin is getting in practice to be an absent-minded professor, for he left his ditty bag behind with toothpaste, shoe brush, hand lotion, and other such things!

As we approached Jackson, Donnie Smith surprisingly observed several white people and Bess Pearson informed him that there were sufficient white people in Jackson to entertain the choir.

The pillow fight of yesterday resumed again and this time Donnie Smith seemed to be the target. Poor little Donnie! Prof termed him the "agitator" and fined him 50 cents.

The Jacksonians treated us royally by rolling out a magestic carpet laden with chicken gloire. Lib Stucki seemed to be the queen of the affair surrounded by her loyal subjects.

Before supper we relaxed and built up our appetites by playing a vigorous game of softball. Some found it more relaxing to swing, see-saw or just watch.

At our pre-concert rehearsal, Jean Ledford mimicked Prof as she assumed the role of choir director. 4-12-58

After a refreshing night's sleep, we rose to discover a bright sunny day to welcome us. As it was Saturday, everyone vowed not to study, and from the chatter on the bus, it appeared no one did. I don't think Bill Taliaferro could have anyway for he was dreaming of his "Sidney" he left behind.

As soon as everyone found a seat and the aisle became uncluttered I discovered a stowaway on the bus. "Lib" was going to Mobile with us.

At our dinner stop, the Social Welfare Committee of the choir presented Donnie Smith with a cute little present. For further details, consult Donnie!

As we came into Mobile we were thrilled with the breath-taking beauty of the azaleas in full bloom. From the way Peggy Neal oohed and ahed, you wondered where she had been all her life.

We arrived a couple of hours early; so we practiced awhile . . . some went to town . . . some visited Bellingrath Gardens . . . some slept. Sylvia Young and Marilyn Stucki seemed very contented for they were "home"! 4-13-58

Sunday dawned bright and early (Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

Central America Missionaries Meet On Campus; Miss Heflin from Nicaragua; Rev. Hudson from Guatamala

Rev. James Hudson, with his wife, Lucile, and their three boys: Ronnie, Wayne, and Dale have been doing missionary work in Guatemala for the Church of the Nazarene the last five years.

The Hudsons are now on their furlough attending linguistic school to prepare themselves for their new work among the Rabinal Achi Indians.

When the Hudsons return to the field they will be going to a tribe of Indians who have no protestant churches or missionaries. Missionaries have been sent into this area, located in the northern part of Guatamala to hold camp meetings, and have met with great success. During the camp meeting last summer about 450 natives came to the meetings. There were 21 weddings performed during this time by the missionaries. The natives must have a Christian marriage after becoming Christians.

The tribe of the Rabinal Achi Indians, 30,000 strong, has offered an invitation for the missionaries to come to their country to preach the gospel.

The letter came in 1952. Rev. Hudson said, "We were praying for the Indians in general when we received this letter from the Rabinal Archi tribe." Mrs. Hudson was the general secretary of the missionary society and received the letter. Portions of the letter are as follows:

By means of this letter we come before you to make a request which we present as follows:

In view of the fact that there is a great need among us, and since among the Spanish speaking people there are missionaries, schools, pastors and prepared workers, we also feel the need of preparing ourselves so that we can evangelize others . . . We request that you send a missionary couple to work among us.

The Lord has saved us and now we must prepare ourselves for His work . . . God has given us the ability to study and learn and we want to do it for His Glory. Since we know Don Santiago (Rev. Hudson), and Donna Lucila (Mrs. Hudson), we ask that you send them to us as missionaries to teach us and to live among us here in San Miguel or Rabinal, and that they work among us.

The following signers are we who make up the churches of San Miguel and San Gabriel and we trust God that you will hear our plea.

San Miguel Chicaj B. V. Sept. 25 1956.



Rev. James Hudson, missionary from Guatamala, points out a scripture from his Spanish Bible to Miss Heflin, missionary from Nicaragua.

The letter was signed with 200 finger prints because the Indians are not able to write.

The Hudsons felt that this was a call of God, and they have accepted the position among these Indians to preach the gospel.

Many difficulties will face Rev. Hudson and his family when they return to Guatamala and start their work among the tribe. The Indians do not have any written language. Their first job will be to establish an alphabet so the Bible can be translated.

Rev. Hudson hopes to have the Gospel of John or Mark translated for the Indians to read within five years.

THE CHALLENGE

(Continued from Page 2)

make us casual. We must never become nonchalant about what we believe, nor bored with hearing or preaching these tremendous truths.

As ministers of the Church of the Nazarene, we are committed to a soul-burden. We must share the soul agony of Moses as he stood between a pealous God and an unworthy people. Hear him cry: "O God, spare this people, or blot my name out of the Book of Life." We need the passion that characterized the Apostle Paul and prompted him to wish even himself "accursed for the sake of his brethren." We need a revival of intercession until we can pray with Whitefield, "Give me souls, or take my soul"; or with John Knox, "Give me Scotland or I die."

Commitment is costly; but commitment has compensations. Wholly committed, we cannot fail!

Following are four prayer requests Rev. Hudson has asked us to remember:

- * That he and his wife will learn the new language.
- * That he will be able to translate either the Gospel of John or Mark before their next furlough.
- * That a Bible Training School will be established.
- * That God will give them 500 souls before their next furlough.

Miss Lesper Heflin, missionary-nurse to Sanjorge, Nicaragua, Central America, was a guest in our chapel service recently.

This is Miss Heflin's second furlough to the states. Her home is in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, but at present she is in Nashville visiting her niece, Miss Molly Mercer, a freshman in Trevecca.

Coming to T.N.C. in the fall of 1944 she was school nurse until her graduation in 1947.

After graduating, Miss Heflin went to Sanjorge, Nicaragua, where she works in the Nazarene dispensary. She administered to 7500 patients in the dispensary last year. Miss Heflin has served two terms in Sanjorge. She will return to Nicaragua this fall.

MILDRED PEARSON

(Continued from Page 2)

In her admiration of the night, Mildred expresses her feelings in her poem, NIGHT.

The moon rose
And upon the dewdrops
Fell illumination of Heaven.
The stars dispersed
Themselves into a vast array
Of brilliant glory.
The whisper
Of the willow's sigh
Came dancing across the night.
Creatures of darkness
Blend their sounds into
The ebony harmony of existence.
Eyes
Like glowing embers
Pierce the distance.
Desuetude.
The artist is still.
The singer is tranquil.
Who lauds such beauty?
Alas, not one.

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Top of Hill

Around Campus

Choir Returns From Tour; Prof. Reads His Jokes

TNC's A Cappella choir returned from Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina Tuesday night, April 22, after being gone two weeks on their annual choir tour.

Donnie Smith was one of the first to roll off the bus, followed by the rest of the Mexican hatted choir members. For some easy-to-understand reason Jack Phillips was the first one to meet the returning choir.

P. (Peanut) B. (Butter) Clancy was off the bus clowning as usual, "how do you like that." Don Pyles was waiting to see Joyce Lewis. Others waiting were Pat Jones for Eddie Whittington; Mary Ann Evans for Jim Martin; Roberta Griffin for Wesley Eby; Harold Hughes for Jan Penix; Larry Schultz for Betty Helms, and Joyce Woodard for Welvin Welch.

BEST LAUGH . . . Did you hear about the freshman (Garnald Dennis) who attended a performance of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, and during intermission as

most of the people in the audience began to file out to the lobby for refreshments, Mr. Dennis thinking the performance was over, got up and went home . . . missed the last act.

WONDER WHY??? Everytime you see Helen you see Larry (Leepers of course). Congratulations, kids!!!

CATASTROPHIC EVENT . . . Professor Wise is reading his jokes now. Pity the students.

IT HAPPENED!!! In a recent class before a student gave a speech, he made a remark that his speech would be dull. It worked! The professor was asleep after the first two minutes.

It could be verse:

'Ol Spring fever has hit,
Making me want to do.
A lot of other things besides,
Just going to school.

See you same spot next time.

PROF. WISE

(Continued from Page 1)

City, Pittsburg, before taking a teaching position at TNC. He has spent thirteen years in the pastorate.

Professor Wise said that his interest in Sunday School work prompted him to choose the field of study that he chose. His dissertation, **A STUDY OF THE CRITICAL REQUIREMENTS OF SUNDAY CHURCH SCHOOL TEACHERS OF UNMARRIED YOUTH OF CERTAIN PROTESTANT DENOMINATIONS**, will probably be published in book form. It is dedicated to his wife and children, who, he said, were willing to sacrifice with him as he continued his studies.

"My life is still in the hands of the Lord. I am still willing to be used wherever the church may see fit," Professor Wise said after finishing his work for the degree.

One-Half Hour Credit Given For Chapel

Beginning this quarter one-half credit per quarter will be given for chapel, the maximum one can receive being six hours.

The grade for attendance will be determined by the average grade of the individual student as a base, and the grade will go up or down according to the student's attendance and behavior.

The credit will be given free because it is based on the idea of rich religious training and ethical value that will be obtained by attending chapel regularly.

BOARD OF TRUST

(Continued from Page 1)

tees. Dr. Otto Stucki was re-elected secretary and Dr. Oney was re-elected vice-chairman. Rev. Victor Gray was elected treasurer.

CHOIR DIARY

(Continued from Page 3)

for us—much too early! We had to travel to Pensacola for the morning service. As we crossed the Florida line, a shout arose from the kids who never had been in this beautiful state before. Wayne Clancy, Wendy Poole and Helen Burch were three of the most excited ones.

After the service, we piled on the bus hurriedly to make it in time for our afternoon service. We had "box lunches" for dinner; but what a box lunch it was! We each had 1/2 of fried chicken with the "works" . . . It was soon coming out our ears.

We spent the afternoon viewing Florida's scenic beauty as we rode along the coast. I heard Jay Mick and Burdene Potter say that when they got married they were moving to Florida for certain.

We had a brief service in Panama City and piled on the bus to head toward Tallahassee. There we got a most "warm" welcome . . . the supper was delicious; the decorations were beautiful. The people really treated us royally!

4-14-58

Eight o'clock came and found a bunch of sleepy-eyed "songsters" leaving northern Florida. Evidently Betty Helms took advantage of being at home for we had to wait on her and Jan Penix.

The morning passed without incident except for the choir "clown," Wayne Clancy, making his usual wise-cracks and telling the latest jokes.

After our lunch period, we had the rare privilege of spending two hours at fabulous Silver Springs. The entire choir had the opportunity to take a trip on the glass-bottom boats. We saw the springs and viewed the watery depths of the river. It was fascinating!

Some people have all the luck! Melvin Welch and Bess Pearson had a free pass given to them to take a trip in the photo-sub. This enabled them to see more thoroughly the contents of the spring's depths.

Six guys went to see the reptile gardens and Seminole Indian village. When they milked the rattlesnake, Wes Eby was scared to

(Continued on Page 5)

Spring Opens Door For New Fashions

"Spring has sprung.
The grass has riz,
I wonder where
Our girls iz?"

From all appearance they have been preparing their spring wardrobe for wear. Some of our girls are wearing some very pretty shirt and blouse sets. Others like the full skirt look like Esther Provan; while others are sticking to the straight ivy-league styles. The little floral buttons (or should I say large) worn on the flats, have a sounding note of spring in their appearance. In fact, the feet of Faye Stewart almost sing as she wears hers across campus.

Sack Dresses

But what about these sack dresses? They have not been seen too much on campus yet, but the fellows have voiced their opinion. Maybe they will change if you break the new fashion in slowly, girls. Barbara Barnett has started the fashion with two of these dresses.

The fellows surely have colorful wardrobes. Some of the sport shirts are really eye-teasers. Sammy Phipps has a selection that would catch the eye of anyone. The boys are beginning to sprint out in their "white bucks." Others evidently like the saddle shoes. Whether it be the white bucks like Buddy Gillian, the clean saddler-look like John Grant, or the dirty saddles like Jack Phillips, they all look nice on you, fellows.

ALL SCHOOL PLAY

(Continued from Page 1)

(Wayne Murphy and Gwen Pearson) introduced him into Springfield society.

Others involved in the drama's unfolding were the hot-headed town editor (Harold Hughes), "Sister" Bessie (Shirley Bula) and daughter, Matilda (Carolyn Wiley). The disappearance of Old Rip (Robert Hedgepath) touched off the action of this historical case.

The play was a joint endeavour of the Speech Department and the Speech Club. Miss Mabel Cooner served as director and Kitty Stover was general assistant.

Choir Notes

Choir Has Busy, Successful Year

By JOYCE LEWIS

The members of the A Capella Choir have been very busy this year. They have had several engagements in the past few months and have many planned for the remainder of the year.

Some of their recent appearances have included singing several times at the College Hill Church of the Nazarene. On Tuesday, February 11 and Friday, February 14 the choir was in charge of the music during the John T. Benson lectures. Then on Sunday, February 16 they sang at the vespers service at the church—the first service of its kind here at Trevecca. It was a very impressive service with choral, instrumental and vocal numbers rendered by the choir while the audience listened in a reverent and meditative atmosphere.

There have been many more invitations which the choir will fill, such as at Tennessee Preparatory School, Fort Campbell, Richland Church of the Nazarene and our annual choir tour, not to mention some other as yet indefinite dates.

The repertoire of the choir is increasing in number every week. This year a fairly large number of songs, several of them very difficult, will be memorized and sung a capella. One of these numbers, "God's Trombones" by James Weldon Johnson, is a number quite different from anything the choir has attempted before. It is a group of four poems written about the Negro people and set to music. It also includes some narration and some sound effects.

The A Capella Choir made their last out-of-town appearance of the year at the First Church of the Nazarene, Albany, Kentucky, on Saturday, May 24. John Hay, one of the members of the choir, is pastor of this church.

Then on Sunday, May 25, the choir gave their entire program used on their annual tour at the Donelson Church of the Nazarene in the morning and at the Grace Church of the Nazarene on Sunday night.

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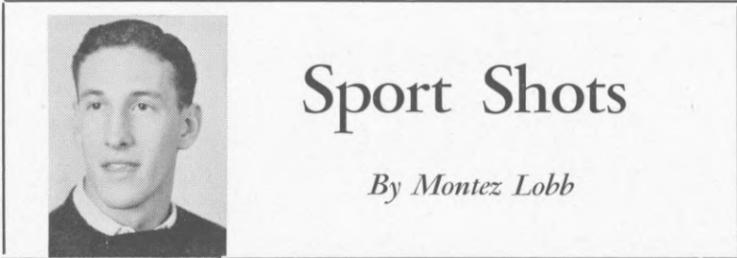
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Make This Your Church Home While in Trevecca



Sport Shots

By Montez Lobb

Softball Season Is Underway; Deltas-Harold Hughes Ones To Watch

Softball season is under way sparked by the fancy pitching of Harold Hughes. Hughes has already pitched a one-hitter, and there will be possibly a no-hitter racked up before the season is over.

Thus far this season the diamond has been soaked with rain limiting a few of the first scheduled games. The sun is finally doing its job and the softball field has become busy with activity. The crowds have been encouraging at the games this year.

The Delta team seems to be the team to beat, with the fast ball hurling of Harold Hughes.

CHOIR DIARY

(Continued from Page 4)

death. They said he turned all colors.

In Lakeland everyone was happy when we learned we were going to individual homes for supper. Upon re-assembling at the church, everyone insisted he had the "best" meal. Our service was wonderful that evening. The church was packed; even some people had to stand. 4-15-58

Miami bound! But was the day ever disgusting! All the beautiful Florida sunshine that day came in liquid form. The kids used the day to study and sleep and sleep and study.

At Acadia we picked up "Mom" Keys, who had been staying with friends, and also Montez Lobb and Direlle Baird, who were at Direlle's home. Direlle sure looked sad as he waved goodbye to his girl.

Professor McClain took advantage of the dull activities that day to have a harmony class session. And to top that, she had the audacity to even give a test!

We paused in Ft. Meyer for lunch and were awed by the majestic beauty of the Florida scenery as we rode down the avenue of royal palms.

At Miami we again went to the homes for supper—how nice! It sure seemed good to see Ted Sever, an ex-choir member. 4-16-58

We arrived at the church very excited and eager about our day's activities. After the devotional period, we dashed for seats on the bus ready to leave.

Our first stop was the beach. After carefully selecting an isolated spot and being sure the boys and girls were not within telescopic distance of each other, we were

allowed to splash around in the surf.

Thirty-nine sunburns later, we left to find some "groceries" to fill our empty stomachs. By the way Ed McDonald gorged himself on hot dogs, you'd think he hadn't eaten since he left school.

After lunch we visited a zoo on Miami Beach. The center of attraction was the monkey cages. I wondered if the kids were visiting some of their relatives.

After stopping for a time to shop in downtown Miami Beach, we drove up the Gold Coast and saw all the fabulous hotels for the wealthy.

At Ft. Lauderdale the fellows released some of their stored-up energy. They ran races, played leap-frog, turned flips and the climax was a fifteen man pyramid successfully completed only after the fifth attempt. Hats off to the choir acrobats!

We were treated to a fish fry with hush puppies. Was it ever good! Ron Morris, Jim Martin and Wes Eby all hate fish; but I observed those three and they did not go hungry. Tables number 4 and 6 sang little melodies to each other. They were real cute, but Table 6 deserves an "A" for Attitudes! 4-17-58

At the church, as usual, we had our devotional period. Then we started for Orlando. Before we had gotten settled down good for the day, we rolled to a stop at James Melton's Autorama. We spent the next hour wandering about scrutinizing the antique cars and sat spell-bound as the "America the Beautiful" cyclorama unveiled before our eyes. Yvonne Oakes seemingly took a great lik-

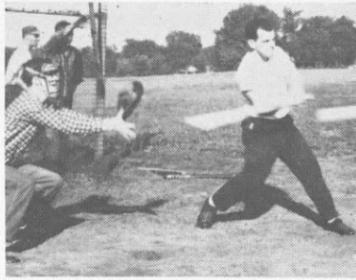
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Deltas Defeat Betas, 9-0; Alphas Defeat Betas, 17-16

The Beta and Alpha game featured a pitching duel between Ronald Martin and Direlle Baird, in the 17-16 win of the Alphas. Baird was the winning pitcher.

The game was packed with a lot of hitting, base running, and runs scored. No particular one stood out in the hitting spree, everyone was hitting very good.

Alpha	Beta
C Smith, Ira	P Spruill, Arn'd
P Baird	1B Miller
RF Gunter	3B Hampton
SS Gross	SS Williams
CF Poole	CF Clancy
LF Decker	2B Martin
3B Mick	RF Scales
1B Haddy	C Richardson
2B Spruill	LF Morris



Staff Photo by Larry Smith

"Clancy at Bat"

Wayne Clancy, Alpha, takes a healthy swing at a fast pitch from Harold Hughes. Robert Hedgepath, Delta, never had a chance to catch this one.

The Delta's Harold Hughes pitched a one hitter in defeating the Beta nine, 9-0.

Lobb captured the spotlight at the plate with a homer, triple, double and single. Shelton had a triple double and single also for the Deltas.



Staff Photo by Larry Smith

Mac Ellis, Delta, rounds first as first baseman, Roy Miller, Alpha, watches the play.

Delta	Beta
C Hedgepath	LF Morris
CF Spruill, C.	P Spruill, A.
P Hughes	1B Miller
SS Shelton	3B Hampton
1B Lobb	CF Clancy
3B Ellis	C Richardson
EF McDonald	2B Martin
2B Jackson	SS Williams
1F Thomas	RF Scales

Seniors Enter Sermon Contest

To the senior who presents the best written sermon along with the best presentation of it will be awarded twenty-five dollars by the McClurkan Memorial Church of the Nazarene Church.

The sermon will be judged by the Division of Religion and Philosophy. Sermon entries must be submitted not later than May 30. They must be submitted in the following form: typewritten, double-spaced, with good margins. They must be of at least 2,500 words. The writers of the two best submitted sermons will deliver their messages in chapel during the week of June 1.

The sermon judged to be the highest quality in content and delivery will be preached on Sunday evening, June 8, at McClurkan Memorial Church.

WHITTINGTON

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss Sylvia Young, pianist, who rendered three selections. They were "Aufschwung" by Schumann, "Sonata Op. 10 No. 2 Allegro" by Beethoven, and "The Butterfly" by Lavalee.

The college senior class sponsored this recital.

Annual Senior Trip

The senior class left on their annual senior trip Thursday afternoon, May 1. The class ventured out to Montgomery Bell Park approximately 50 miles from Nashville.

The girls did the cooking—fixing spaghetti one night and southern fried chicken the next. Breakfasts consisted of the real typical southern breakfast — eggs, bacon and grits.

Dr. and Mrs. Adams were sponsors on the trip. There were fishing, softball, volleyball, and various indoor games.

Some seniors stayed only one night while others remained over two nights.

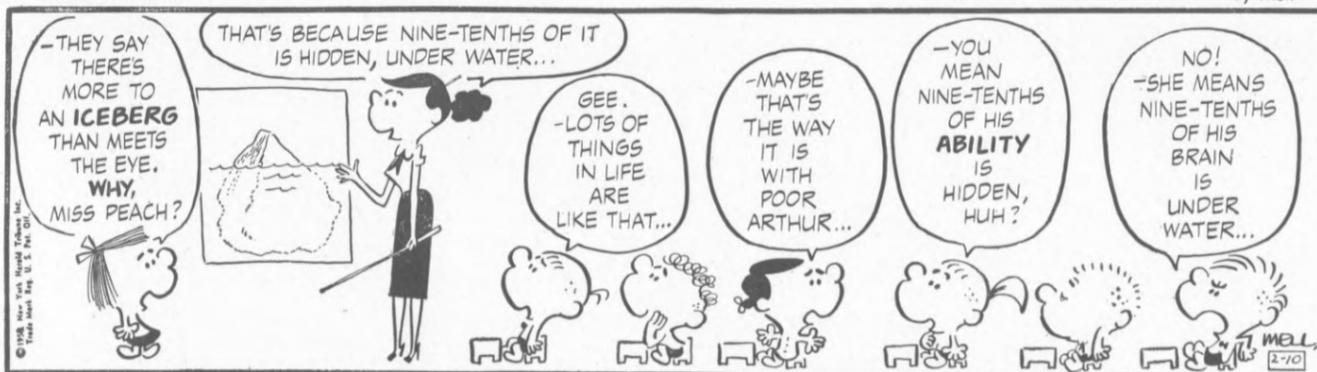
It was mainly a time to relax and "get away from it all," so to speak, since the seniors will be graduating come June 10 and going their separate ways.

A milk bottle fished out of the Atlantic Ocean was found to contain a mysterious message, but the writing was too blurred to be read.

The F.B.I. conducted tests, and at least six words stood out, Two quarts of milk, no cream."

MISS PEACH

By Mell



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CHOIR DIARY

(Continued from Page 5)

ing to the old fire engine for she had about half a dozen pictures taken on it.

We hurriedly left this place of interest and rode past Lake Okuchoboc for we were eager to get to Bok Tower. We had the rare privilege of hearing the famous chimes.

We also took a "scary" trip to Spook Hill. Edra Hammond just could not believe her eyes as the "spooks" rolled backwards up the hill.

At Orlando we were greeted by Larry Finger who acted as mediator between us and the church. He certainly did a great job seeing that we were entertained.

4-18-58

Up early again to start another day of this glorious vacation. On the bus there was a low rumble of drones coming from kids attempting to study. Montez Lobb mentioned to Prof that he could not concentrate and everyone was mortally shocked that "Monty" had finally cracked a book. "Pop" said, "that one is for the books!"

After dinner we again viewed the vast Atlantic Ocean and our chaperons were nice enough to let us go swimming. Edith Mingle-dorff squealed with delight when she heard this news. An hour and half later Janey Little and Karen Cox left the beach with perfect sun tans!

On our way to Jacksonville we passed through historic St. Augustine. We took the opportunity to see some of these historic places from the window on the bus. Very interesting indeed!

For supper we were fed a grand "pot luck" dinner. There were really "gobs" and "gobs" of food. "Brigham" surely did enjoy eating supper that evening.

4-19-58

Saturday and we were off to Charleston. We found that Ed McDonald had been given some Easter eggs the night before. Imagine! It didn't take long for them to be distributed throughout the bus for seventeen kids participated in the consumption. The usual happened during the morning — studying, game playing. Ed Whittington even found time to practice his voice lessons. You should have seen him sitting in the aisle "la-la-ing" up the scale.

We stopped in Savannah for lunch and "Pop" gave us a whole hour and half to eat and shop. It seemed that several saw the 11-cent straw hat sale, for half the bus came back sporting one, including Miss McClain and "Mom" Keys. Also, some illustrious choir members bought some "bubble" junk. Ask Ron Morris how he liked to take a bath in the stuff.

We arrived in Charleston early and after practicing, went to the

individual homes for supper. That suited us all to a "T," especially Melvin Welch, for he was at home. Wes Eby didn't do much eating for Roberta came home to hear "us."

4-20-58

Sunday again! We were up early for we had to be in Sumter for the morning worship service.

After hopping aboard the bus and listening to happenings of the night before, we discovered that John Hay had gotten quite a foot washing . . . ask him for the details.

After our service that A.M. we were taken to a restaurant there in Sumter and gorged ourselves on chicken.

We hurried on the bus, for we had to be in Fort Mill for the afternoon service. I think Margie Dover and Peggy Neal were anxious to get moving because they wanted to hurry and get home.

Some people have all the luck. Joe Moses got to see his parents, for they came all the way from Roanoke, Virginia, to see him.

Off to Columbia for the night service. We arrived in plenty of time and were served supper "picnic style" on the church lawn. Everything was marvelous. We had a wonderful service with a very responsive audience.

4-21-58

After a good night's rest we arrived at the church early Monday morning and boarded the bus to head for Atlanta. We did not have to be reminded that Atlanta was in Georgia for Berma DuBose let us know that!

Another typical day greeted us with the usual studying, sleeping, and gabbing! Barbara Mooney seemed to sleep a majority of the time while Joyce Lewis used her time wisely. Almost everytime I saw her, she had a book in her hand. I also observed that Bob Putnam found the "aisle" a good place in which to study Western Civ.

We arrived at Atlanta in time to go shopping. An hour later we re-boarded the bus and headed for the church. Ed Whittington, choir prexy, made a presentation of a beautiful shirt to Brigham. He has been wonderful to us and we've grown to like him very much.

We were greeted by Bro. Wendell Wellman, who escorted us to a local restaurant. We were served a delicious meal consisting of steak, green beans and potatoes and delicious "hot" rolls.

4-22-58

We met at the church early for we wanted to visit the Cyclorama before leaving for Chattanooga. The historically-minded enjoyed this fascinating place saturated with historical value.

We arrived in Chattanooga in time to visit Lookout Mountain.



"Bringing this out to count the runs, with the bases loaded, always rattles the pitcher!"

The majority of us rode up the incline railway and Helen Burch and Melvin Welch appeared mighty scared. Maybe, though, they were just putting on a little act! We also went to Lookout Point. Oh, the dizzy heights scared me. Miss McClain got lost wandering up and down the rock cliffs. It would be interesting to know with whom she got "lost."

Our final service was wonderful. But I noticed six kids, our graduating seniors, who were mighty sad realizing that this would be their last choir tour. I even noticed tears in some of their eyes as they sang the Alma Mater for the last time.

It was a good choir tour . . . a wonderful spirit of co-operation prevailed among everyone . . . we visited many places of interest . . . we had royal receptions everywhere . . . most of all the Lord blessed us with His presence each service.

Amidst the rumble of kids singing, chattering, laughing and snoring we rolled on the campus, hating to return to the school grind and textbooks, but eager to see our friends and tell all about the glorious times we experienced on Choir Tour, 1958!

THINKING OUT LOUD

A shallow thinker seldom makes a deep impression.

Inflation is the stuff you suddenly ain't got when that old tire blows out.

Too many of us conduct our lives on the cafeteria plan—self-service only.

Nervous prostration was unknown when people worked more and worried less.

How Fast Do Satellites Travel?

In a recent issue of TREV-ECHOES a story on the earth satellites stated that the satellites traveled at about 18,000 miles per hour.

More research has been done concerning the speed of the satellites. Please pardon us if we share a little of our confusion.

We've been thinking about sputniks, which go 18,000 miles per hour, and now the army is shooting aluminum pellets into space at 40,000 m.p.h.

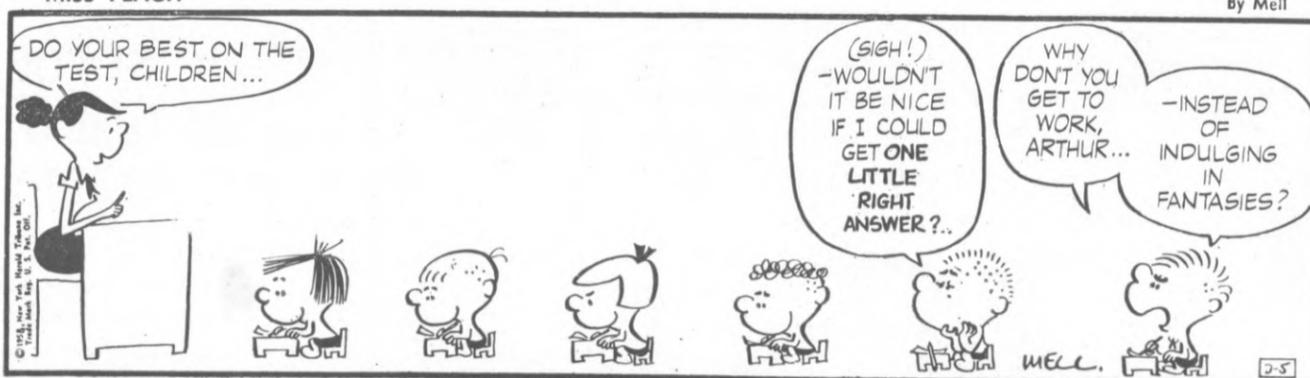
These speeds are relative to the surface of the earth, which is, after all, only a wandering pinpoint in the scheme of things. Is it correct, then, to say that a rocket or a sputnik is still traveling at 18,000 m.p.h. when it gets out in space? If not, how fast is it going, and in what direction?

One must consider first that the surface of the earth, at the equator, is rotating at the rate of 1,000 m.p.h. in an easterly direction, relative to the center of the earth. The earth itself is buzzing along in its orbit at the rate of 66,600 m.p.h.—relative to the sun. The sun is hurtling along, in the rotation of our pancake shaped universe, at a speed of 45,000 m.p.h., and our whole universe is moving at enormous speeds in relation to neighboring universes.

Well, you can see what we're up against.

P.S. Cancel that reservation on the first flight to Mars.

MISS PEACH



The fellow who continues pulling on the oars does not have much time to rock the boat.

Many people are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges.

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