

# Trevecca—

## *Folklore and Tradition*



Homer J. Adams

# Trevecca— *Folklore and Tradition*

Every organization or institution accumulates its own stories and traditions. While adding rich details to the history of the group, these tales also provide interesting insights about the particular character and culture of the organization or institution.

*Trevecca—Folklore and Tradition* provides that kind of insight into Trevecca Nazarene University. From his sixty-years of personal connection to Trevecca, Homer J. Adams recounts stories that introduce readers to a variety of people and experiences on the campus of a small college.

With his own unique style of storytelling, Adams invites readers to relive those stories and traditions that make up the folklore of Trevecca Nazarene University.





# Trevecca

FOLKLORE AND  
TRADITION

VOLUME THREE  
TREVECCA CENTENNIAL SERIES

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FOLKLORE AND  
TRADITION

Homer J. Adams

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TREVECCA CENTENNIAL SERIES

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# Dedication

To my former students  
who sat in my classes  
between 1948 and 1993  
and inspired me to teach



# Acknowledgments

APPRECIATION IS EXPRESSED TO MY WIFE, BEATRICE, FOR HER patience and understanding while I concentrated on this writing project; to Jan Greathouse for tireless and valuable work in the editing process; and to Gayle Carver for typing the material through many drafts.

I thank my colleagues on the Centennial History Committee—Doctors Millard Reed, John Chilton, and Bill Strickland for reading the manuscript and making valuable suggestions. We had three volumes of the Centennial Series underway at the same time.



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# Preface

WHERE OR WHAT IS “THE HEART” OF A CAMPUS?

Assuming it to be a place, some conclude from their points of interest that it is the student union building, the field house, a dormitory room, the altar of the chapel, or even the president’s office.

Others view the *heart* more spiritually and think of school spirit and life-changing moments of dedication and decision.

Whatever our definition, it is safe to say that no one senses the *heart* of Trevecca with greater sensitivity and personal affection than does Homer Adams.

He knows Trevecca. He came as a student at age seventeen, returned as a faculty member eleven years later, and was Trevecca’s first student to earn a doctorate. He returned as president in 1979 and served until 1991. Today you may still see him on campus, for he remains one of Trevecca’s most enthusiastic boosters.

These years of exposure to the *heart* of Trevecca equip Homer Adams, as no other person, to feel the pulse of that heart. And no format of writing could communicate the heart as an oral history can.

Here are the stories of Trevecca told as no other person could tell them. They will entertain every reader. Alumni will relive them.

The literature on the history of Trevecca is greatly enriched by this volume. This “son of the school” who has served her in so many

ways with such distinction serves again, enabling each of us to draw near to the *heart* of Trevecca.

*Millard C. Reed*  
President

# Introduction

MY HISTORY WITH TREVECCA BEGAN IN 1913 WHEN MY FATHER AND mother, L. G. and Florrie Adams, sold their farm in South Alabama and came to Trevecca to study under J. O. McClurkan. His influence on their lives was profound. In every decade since Trevecca became a college in 1910 one or more members of the Adams family have been students at Trevecca. My older sister, Katherine, was enrolled in the 1920s in the elementary school; I came in 1939; my brother, in 1941; and my younger sister was a student in the 1950s. Nephews and nieces were at Trevecca in the '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s—eight in all. Our daughter graduated from TNC in 1982. A great-nephew graduated in 1996. A great-niece plans to enroll in 1999. A grandson hopes to be playing basketball for TNU in its centennial year.

We are deeply appreciative for the Trevecca influence in the lives of our family. Here we prepared for life's work, met our mates, and had our Christian faith strengthened. Seventeen of us and nine spouses have attended Trevecca and our lives have been profoundly affected. Thousands of others could make a similar statement.

This book is a social history of Trevecca, focusing on people and the way they lived as Trevecca students rather than on curriculum, finance, and facilities. These latter topics are worthy subjects, but they will be covered in other research.

Faculty members at Trevecca deserve more attention than they receive in this work. They have led lives of sacrifice, particularly in the earlier decades, while they provided intellectual and spiritual challenge



to Trevecca students. Most of these were Trevecca alumni, so discussion of students includes them as well.

It was a great privilege to teach history at Trevecca for eighteen years. Administration is necessary, challenging, and, in a measure, fulfilling, but opening up the sweep and drama of history to questing minds is the greatest experience of all. Teaching is, indeed, a noble profession.

So here is a discussion of life at Trevecca across the decades—the interesting people who passed through Trevecca's portals and the human interest and tradition that surrounded them.

*Homer J. Adams*



## CHAPTER ONE

# God Works in Mysterious Ways

THE ROOTS OF TREVECCA TRACE BACK TO THE PREVIOUS CENTURY and involve a number of persons of different denominations, some humble and obscure, others prominent. The winding paths of these holiness “greats” led to Trevecca. If one of these had faltered, there might not be a Trevecca Nazarene University today.

Mary McAfee was tollgate keeper on Crab Orchard Pike, near Stanford, Kentucky. H. C. Morrison, her pastor, described her as “a patient, pale little maiden lady enjoying full salvation.” When Morrison arrived to take up the pastorate in Mary’s town, a Presbyterian pastor, the Baptist pastor, the local infidel, and even the prisoners in the jail where he held a service, all told him what a saintly soul she was and what a gracious testimony she had. The infidel doctor told the young pastor, “If I could have the peace and joy of a little woman down here at the tollgate named Mary McAfee, I’d like to have it.”<sup>1</sup>

She was one of the first persons Morrison ever met who claimed the experience of entire sanctification. She became his spiritual advisor, and her influence helped to lead him to his own Pentecost. He became one of the great holiness preachers of America.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* sent a reporter down to Stanford

to interview Mary. The article that he wrote about her, "Mary McAfee, the Sanctified Toll-gate Keeper,"<sup>2</sup> had far-reaching consequences.

Meanwhile in Mississippi, W. W. Hopper was pastor of a circuit of several small Methodist churches. He prayed for revival, but it did not come, and he felt defeated. One day while walking along the road he saw a page of a newspaper blowing across his pathway. Dr. Harvey Hendershot told me that he heard Dr. Hardy Powers, general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, tell this story and refer to the wind as "a divine gust of wind." Hopper picked it up and his eyes fell on the article about Mary McAfee.

How a newspaper page from Louisville appeared before a desperate preacher in rural Mississippi, with the message of hope it contained, can only be explained in terms of Divine Providence.

Hopper said to his wife, "That's what I want and what I need, and if I had the money I'd go and see this woman."<sup>3</sup> He had no money and the prospect of obtaining the needed funds looked bleak. The next day one of his members knocked on his door and was invited in. The man walked to the kitchen table and started counting out money. He laid fifty dollars on the table, and when Hopper asked why, he said, "I am a working man and I've got to get some sleep. I haven't slept in three nights. God has been talking to me, telling me that you needed money. I don't know what it's for. That's between you and God."<sup>4</sup>

Hopper used the money to travel to Kentucky. Mary McAfee counseled with him, prayed for him, and led him into the experience of entire sanctification. Dr. John L. Brasher said, "She and her mother patted him on the back gently while he prayed and got the blessing."<sup>5</sup> He returned to his pastorate and began to preach with fire and power, and revival broke out and spread.

Meanwhile in New Orleans, Louisiana, Beverly Carradine, the polished, well-educated pastor of a large Methodist church, was in a struggle. He longed for revival but his services were lifeless. Hearing about the spiritual victories in Mississippi, he invited Hopper to come and hold a revival in his church. The country parson preached with unction and power, and glorious victory came. Beverly Carradine went to his own altar and was sanctified wholly. Dr. John L. Brasher said, "His gold-headed cane and fine hat [were] laid aside, and he got the blessing, and began to set the world on fire."<sup>6</sup>

Later Carradine preached holiness all over the United States. One of his revivals was in San Jose, California, and J. O. McClurkan from Tennessee, then the pastor of a large Cumberland Presbyterian Church in San Jose, came to hear him. McClurkan had never heard holiness preaching with its emphasis on the “second blessing.” He and his wife sought and received the blessing of entire sanctification that brought heart cleansing and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

McClurkan’s daughter, Merle Heath, said, “The experience of sanctification dealt a death blow to Father’s besetting sin, his temper. Father’s temper was an explosive thing, according to Mother; [it] carried him beyond himself in its fury, when it did get out of control, which was not often, thank God.”<sup>7</sup>

He immediately began preaching holiness in his own church, and a number of people received the blessing of sanctification. Then he took a leave of absence and preached his way across the continent to Nashville, where he held a crusade.

Under God’s leading he stayed in Nashville, founded the Pentecostal Alliance in 1898, and a Bible school, the Pentecostal Literary and Bible Training School, on November 5, 1901. Trevecca Nazarene University dates to this significant time.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Shingler were also sanctified under the ministry of Beverly Carradine. Mr. Shingler later founded Southeastern Nazarene College in Donalsonville, Georgia, which merged with Trevecca College in 1918.

Dr. Harvey Hendershot, former chairman of the Trevecca Board of Trustees and later director of development and church relations at Trevecca, reports that his grandmother was sanctified under the preaching of Rev. Beverly Carradine and that his family was brought into the holiness movement. Three generations of Hendershots attended Trevecca.

Because the lives of Mary McAfee, W. W. Hopper, Beverly Carradine, and J. O. McClurkan were led of the Lord, all united in a seamless web, one which produced the Trevecca we know. Thus the institution’s roots are entwined in the holiness movement in the Southeast at the turn of the century.

## *Traditions at Trevecca*

THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF DEFINITIONS FOR TRADITIONS. I AM USING the following: “Ideas, practices, and values handed down from one generation to another.” I suppose activity would have to be repeated several years and gain acceptance in the minds and emotions of a college community to become a tradition. The following traditions are divided into various categories to make them more easily understood.

### Traditions of Many Years’ Standing

1. Regular chapel services are the major times when the entire College community comes together to enjoy fellowship, to learn, and to worship. The schedule of meetings has varied across the years from five times a week to two. In recent years the custom has been to have three chapel services a week, with students required to attend, on the average, two services. Chapel is a central experience in the spiritual life of the College community and is discussed in detail in another chapter.

2. Prayer at the beginning of class has been a tradition since Trevecca’s earliest days. This prayer is usually brief and is voiced by the teacher or by a student who is called upon. There was a professor years ago who made this a brief devotional service complete with special song, often rendered by himself. The administration neither encouraged nor forbade this practice.

3. Christian work was a major concern of the founder, J. O. McClurkan, who set an example for students by witnessing to people on the busy streets of Nashville and praying for them on the spot. This mission work became highly organized with captains in charge of services at various jails, workhouses and hospitals, and a *Christian Workers’ Handbook* to cover all the details. Christian work continues but in a variety of ways; for example, ministry to the inner city is carried on through “King’s Kids.”

4. Friendliness is a tradition. Treveccans speak to people they meet on campus, whether the people are acquaintances or strangers.

5. Awards Chapel is a big event at the end of the year when individual awards are presented and the class of the year and club of the



year are recognized in a ceremony complete with applause, cheers, and shouts of joy.

6. Quartets, trios, and other music groups have been a major force throughout the College's history. They represent Trevecca at assemblies, in youth camps, and in churches. Usually two groups will be on the road all summer long and recruitment of students is a goal.

7. The Junior-Senior Banquet, near the end of the school year, is one of the significant events of college life. In the early days these were held on campus and students spent many hours planning and decorating. In recent years these social events have frequently been held at a hotel.

8. Faculty retreats have been a custom for nigh onto half a century. The purpose is a combination of worship, professional planning, and fellowship, the latter including faculty families some years. These were once held the week before the fall semester began and usually at a state park, but there have been some changes in recent years.

9. Class and club competition has been a stimulating factor of student life, with activities planned to make the most impact for the group that is class or club of the year. My observation is that the group that started early in the fall with a round of activities and achievements to gain momentum was usually the winner. The involvement of the sponsor is a key factor.

10. Another tradition is that of building friendships, a tradition that is beautifully described in the 1983 *Darda*:

Friendship cheers like a sunbeam,  
refreshes like a breeze,  
and promises joy . . .  
like a rainbow after rain.

*Dana McCrory*

Friendship—  
Just saying the word fills my heart  
with smiles, laughter,  
good thoughts, and a thousand beautiful feelings.

*Tracy Donovan*

## Trevecca Traditions That Are No More

1. The job of ringing the big bell on the hour and five minutes afterward provided many a student his way through college. An accurate watch and a personality suited to this regimen were the principal requirements.

2. Noonday prayer meeting was a service that followed chapel and used to be held in the room behind the balcony on the second floor. Students prayed with burden and fervor, delaying their lunch until they felt they had “prayed through.” Great things were wrought by prayer.

3. An all-college egg hunt was begun at the Gallatin Road campus. The last egg hunt I remember was in 1941, and the eggs were hidden on the athletic field.

4. Class night was a dress-up occasion when graduating seniors had charge of a program which included the reading of the class will, the prophecy regarding each member of the class, and sometimes a gift for each. Teachers are sometimes more sentimental than students, and I was always deeply touched when a class I sponsored sang “Within the Halls of Ivy.”

5. Holding street meetings was a standard ministry half a century ago. Lower Broadway was a favorite location, and there was competition from some weird types. This activity is no longer safe or advisable. It has been a long time since I have heard a preacher at Second and Broadway exhorting passersby, though some would profit by such vigorous evangelism.

6. Motorcades to the campus constituted high points of the year to faculty and students. These were caravans bringing food by the ton as well as budget payments. Having more than a hundred visitors was nothing uncommon. Motorcades were popular in the 1930s and early '40s but died out during World War II. They were renewed in the '50s and were called “Trevacades” and brought prospective students and budget payments rather than food. “VIP Days” served a similar purpose in a later era. In recent years hundreds of young people have come from all over the region to learn about Trevecca and to engage in competition in “TNT Days” and later “TNT@TNU.”

7. Saturday morning used to be the time of a great exodus of students for their jobs at Hill's, A&P, dime stores, and clothing and shoe



stores. Trevecca students still work in great numbers, but their schedules are different. Work for UPS often means reporting in the middle of the night.

8. Courting couples used to walk to the cemetery on Sunday afternoon. Students are on wheels now, and there are more exciting places to go.

9. Students had a general outing, usually an annual picnic held in the spring and often in Shelby Park. The whole student population turned out as well as faculty. There were games and fun and some opportunity for courting couples to stroll among the trees.

10. Friday night literary programs were held in the dining hall in the old days and were the main social event of the week. Everyone was interested in who was dating whom.

11. Class and club picnics were wiener roasts held in Shelby Park or at the "oasis," a picnic ground that was located on the site of the present Counseling Center. A "sunrise breakfast" was an alternative activity.

12. An annual softball game was played between a faculty team and a student team, and sometimes women teachers were included. This event took place when the student body was small in number and close knit.

13. A watermelon cutting was held on July 4. It was a major event for those involved in summer school. With much larger numbers enrolled in summer school now, this homespun custom has ceased.

14. The senior breakfast was a big event in the '50s and '60s. It usually featured a story written by Miss Person or Dr. Childers using the surnames of the graduates.

15. Campus clean-up day was a day in the spring when classes were dismissed and students and faculty turned out to clean, paint, wash windows, and pick up trash. Participants gathered for a special lunch to celebrate a task accomplished. This custom was revived in 1967 and has been practiced off and on since then. Thus we can hardly claim it as a tradition.

16. The Alumni Association used to host a banquet for alumni at graduation time. The focus has shifted to homecoming in November, and the crowd has become too large for a sit-down banquet.

17. The Search for the Hidden Fruitcake was started by the

Sophomore Class of 1944-45. The cake was sealed in a coffee can and hidden, and a code was given to the freshmen. Breaking the code and locating the cake was a task that sometimes took months. This tradition lasted a few years, then lapsed.

## Traditions Stemming from the '50s, '60s and '70s

1. The midweek prayer and praise services were conducted by students and were usually held in the McClurkan auditorium.

2. The "Daily Announcer" was a news sheet that was produced in the office of the dean of students. It contained all the information a student would need to keep informed.

3. Singing the Alma Mater after a home basketball game is still practiced. It is an impressive scene when students gather on the court, form a great circle, and sing alumni's favorite song. Admittedly, there is more enthusiasm when Trevecca is the victor.

4. The all-school project was a united effort of all students on some major project to benefit the College. It was not undertaken every year.

5. Homecoming has involved a variety of activities including reunions of classes, Founder's Day chapel, parade, and ball games. The University presents music programs and a drama as additional parts of the festivities.

6. The president's annual dinner is a major social event just before the beginning of the fall term and is attended by administrators, faculty, staff, and special guests. It is a time when various honors are announced.

7. Student retreat provides an opportunity for a sizable number of students to go away on an overnight trip sometimes to the Tennessee District campground.

8. Intercollegiate athletics came to Trevecca in 1968 and life at Trevecca was forever changed. Trevecca now competes in men's baseball, men's and women's basketball, women's volleyball, and women's softball.

## Traditions That Began in the 1980s

1. The lighting of the Christmas tree begins the Christmas season. The big tree in the center of the campus is decorated with various colored lights, and on a chosen day in November these are turned on in a brief ceremony. Sometimes the Madrigalians or handbell choir performs and the crowd sings Christmas carols.

2. The Thanksgiving gala was a dinner with a family atmosphere. Every table had a roast turkey with all the trimmings, and one person would carve. Faculty members waited on the tables and a program was presented. One year this event was held in the gym.

3. The Honor Students' Banquet was designed to parallel athletic banquets. It was a noble idea and one worthy of continuation.

4. The tradition of the midnight breakfast came about because administrators realize that students stayed up late, even all night, to review during exam week. To provide a pleasant break for the students, a lavish breakfast was served from 11:30 p.m. until 12:30 a.m. on the first or second night of exam week. Administrators manned the buffet.

5. The baccalaureate speaker was for a decade or more the recipient of the honorary degree. When two degrees were given, the president had to decide which one would have the honor.

6. The resident assistants/resident counselors have a training and fellowship retreat, usually lasting two days, just before the beginning of the fall term.

7. A Christmas bonus for employees began at the modest level of \$25 and was increased to \$100. This practice still prevails, and \$100 per person is the amount.

Traditions are important because they define an educational institution. They are the stuff of which memories are made, and they linger in our recollections as long as classes, teachers, and activities are remembered.

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<sup>1</sup>H. C. Morrison, *Some Chapters of My Life Story* (Louisville, KY: Pentecostal Publishing Co., 1941), 92.

<sup>2</sup>Mildred Wynkoop, *The Trevecca Story* (Nashville, TN: Trevecca Press, 1976), 42.

<sup>3</sup>J. L. Brasher, Founder's Day Address at Trevecca Nazarene College, 13 November 1963, Trevecca Archives.

<sup>4</sup>Harvey Hendershot recounted this story to me.

<sup>5</sup>Brasher.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid.

<sup>7</sup>Merle McClurkan Heath, *A Man Sent from God* (Kansas City, MO: Beacon Hill Press, 1947), 36.

## CHAPTER TWO

# Student Life and Folkways

TREVECCA STUDENTS IN THE OLD DAYS (50-60 YEARS AGO) MOSTLY came from small towns or rural areas. This fact produced a mingling of pride and shame. One didn't mind being from the country; one just didn't want to act "country." Such ambivalence about one's roots led to many a gibe and joke about another student's manifestation of country characteristics. One story concerned a fellow student who came to Nashville thinking of a traffic jam as something to eat for breakfast. Another story told of a student who peeled a banana, threw it away and ate the peeling, explaining this by saying, "I can't eat the cob."

Regardless of how far back in the sticks a person came from or how rough the edges were on students from town or country, life at Trevecca had an impact on one's speech, appearance, and manners. Here one learned the social niceties. In the dining hall boys seated the girls first, passed the food to others first, and dressed up for meals, classes and chapel. There was more than a touch of class involved here. To learn to say "please," "pardon me," and "if I may" at the appropriate time was a civilizing influence on those of us not always practicing such manners. A student eating in the College dining room wearing a baseball cap or addressing a teacher by his first name would have been unthinkable! Times have changed but not necessarily for the better.

## *What Students Ate*

IN THE 1930S AND 1940S FOOD IN TREVECCA DINING ROOM WAS PLAIN but plentiful. The Great Depression was on and all were living in hard times. Some of us accustomed to this lifestyle didn't know when the depression came or when it ended. Thus College students and faculty lived like poor people everywhere, eating simple but nourishing food. There were few complaints, no sense of grievance.

The menu for breakfast usually included oatmeal, fried apples, and toast. Bread was purchased in large quantities from the stock that was returned from the stores as "day old." I think it cost two cents a loaf. It was probably a week old, and the type that showed up most often had poppy seeds on top. When buttered and toasted, it took on a sort of nutty flavor—not bad!

The noon meal (dinner) and evening meal (supper) were much alike. Meat was not often included though salmon patties or fried chicken might occasionally appear on Sunday. The best hope for this treat was to be invited out for Sunday dinner by a church member at the church where one attended. Pinto beans, fried apples, turnip greens (augmented by wild greens gathered by Mother Mackey), vegetable soup, and cornbread were standard menu items. These foods were probably the most healthful ones to be had, and students didn't realize their good fortune.

Most of the boys worked in grocery stores on Saturday and took sack lunches to cover both noon and evening meals. One could count on nine sandwiches made of peanut butter and jelly—nourishing and filling, but dry. One could buy a quart of milk for nine cents, drink half of it with five sandwiches for lunch, and save the remainder in the store refrigerator to go with four sandwiches at supper. When students arrived in town at ten o'clock at night to transfer to the Nolensville/Radnor streetcar, Krystal was nearby, and there hamburgers sold for a nickel. Once Shural Knippers and I offered to sing for a cup of coffee. The manager declined but we sang anyway. He gave us the coffee to quit!



## Eating in the Dormitory

Trevecca students, at least the ones in my dorm, had insatiable appetites. The meals in the dining room were plain and plentiful, but by ten or eleven o'clock at night, the hunger pangs set in. Money and food were scarce, but something to eat was usually found. Grilled cheese sandwiches were the favorite. The electric sandwich grill, the kind that has a fold-down top, was the main appliance. It was kept in a trunk where it could be quickly returned when the student-cooks heard Dean Shelton in the hall. It was against the rules to use these appliances, but I'm afraid we students frequently broke this rule. If I knew how to make restitution for this violation, I would. Coffee was the beverage of choice for these midnight snacks. One problem that students had when they used a grill and a percolator at the same time was blowing a fuse, a situation that usually led to the discovery of who was doing illegal cooking.

On the day of my arrival on Trevecca campus in the summer of 1939 I was introduced to dormitory cooking. Russell Bredholt invited me and others to his room where hamburgers were being fried. We sat around eating sandwiches and enjoying fellowship. I thought, "College life is great!"

At the A&P supermarket where I worked, we had a separate cheese department. Here five-pound blocks of various cheeses were sliced and placed in the showcase for display and sale. The block was held in place by the clamp near the end during slicing, thus leaving an inch or so of cheese unsliced. The department head sold these pieces of fresh cheese to me at a reduced price, probably a dime each. I bought these leftovers in quantity. My friends and I were abundantly supplied for evening snacks.

Times have changed, for the best, no doubt. Now pizza delivery trucks make frequent trips to the dormitories between 9:00 and 11:00 in the evening. Dining room food is more varied, with a salad bar, sandwich center, and a place where students do their own stir-fry dishes, and the regular cafeteria lines. Students have refrigerators in their dorm rooms. It is possible that food of half a century ago—turnip greens, pinto beans, fried apples, and cornbread—though plain was just as adequate and healthful.

## *The Way We Talked*

SOCIAL HISTORIANS THINK IT IMPORTANT TO INCLUDE SPEECH PATTERNS, including slang, as well as the fads and fashions of the period studied. Thus I am describing the way we talked—that is, informally—at Trevecca when I was a student.

Trevecca students of the '30s and '40s quoted Scripture a lot in daily conversation. Unfortunately much of it was not good exegesis. For example, if one student asked another to do something and this person was reluctant to do so, he might answer, "I'm doing a great work and cannot come down," quoting Nehemiah 6:3. A fellow student, who had said or done something slightly embarrassing, said to me, "Tell it not in Gath." If you wanted someone to move, you asked, "Why sit you here until we die?" When I was a college sophomore one signified agreement by saying, "Yea, verily." Others, then and now, would indicate assent by saying, "Amen, brother." Another indicator of agreement or emphasis was "There's more truth than poetry in that statement." Appreciation was expressed by the phrase "Bless you." I heard this same expression when I attended a Baptist college. Various verses from Proverbs were quoted to fit everyday situations, and, of course, they still are.

Here are some expressions heard on the campus over half a century ago.

- Bug around—to hang out or to go somewhere with friends with no specific objective.
- Court—to pay serious attention to with romantic intent.
- Cast you out—to reject.
- Date—to make an appointment to talk or go somewhere together; a synonym for "go out with."
- Little chum—a term used in place of the name of a friend. Some old-time alumni still greet one another this way.
- Lousy outfit—a descriptive term of frustration or disgust applied to a person or to behavior.
- Oaf—a crude character. To call one a "plain oaf" meant that that



person was totally without couth. There were spin-offs such as “oafish” and “oafishly.” These terms were often inserted into conversation with no direct connection to the word modified.

- Perish the thought—an expression that meant “I’m totally opposed.”
- Sardine gravy—This expression is difficult to explain. Apparently some boy in the dorm had eaten sardines and with appetite unsatisfied had sopped the juice with a piece of bread. Thus extreme hunger was indicated when one spoke of sardine gravy.
- Scob your knob—a mock-serious threat.
- Sorry outfit—same as “lousy outfit.”
- Suitcase-toter—This name was one of disdain and was applied to anyone who hung around the girls’ dorm trying to get in good by carrying suitcases in or out.
- That’s the depth—”That’s the extreme.” It probably meant the depth of ignorance or silliness.
- Twerp—a term of disdain.
- Woo—also “pitch woo.” This term usually meant hugging and kissing.

There was a kind of nonsensical folk wisdom that could be termed “foolish questions.” A Trevecca student might ask another, with no answer expected, “Do you live here or ride a bicycle?” Another was “Is it colder in the winter or in the country?” Another was “How long is a piece of string?” It seems to me that I heard “Do you walk to school or take your lunch?” Another was “If a hen and a half could lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long would it take a rooster to hatch a door knob?”

Later students made such profound statements as “I didn’t come here and I won’t go away either” or “I may be wrong but I’m not far from it.” Another was “Nobody goes there; it’s too crowded.”

Speech patterns change, and new expressions emerged on the campus in the 1950s. To get upset was “to have a hissy.” A “put-down”

or expression of disdain was “Kiss a pig.” I heard a high school student respond to this admonition with “All right, pucker up.”

To understand how language changes across the years, consider words that are complimentary or signify approval or appreciation. In the '40s and '50s *nice* was the term to use. One heard “That’s a nice suit,” “You did a nice job,” and the like. A decade later the term was *great*, used as an enthusiastic response, as an adjective or as mild sarcasm. This word has endured the passage of time. In the '70s when student dissent was widespread, though arriving a little late on Trevecca campus, the fad word was *sexy*, as in “That’s a sexy dress” (whether it was or not).

In earlier days it was commonplace to ask a student “Is the book of Hezekiah in the Old or New Testament?” Half the time the student would answer without careful thought, “The Old Testament.” Another trick question was this one: “Do you pronounce *r-a-t-h-o-l-e* ratho-lee or ratho-lay?” If the student being questioned had been exposed to a little French, he might answer “ratho-lay.” Whereupon the joker would say, “Around here we just call it *rathole*.” There was hearty laughter every time.

In the '80s and '90s hyperbole has been the name of the game, and the use of *fantastic* and *awesome* has abounded, with a wide range of meanings. A favorite word signifying approval or appreciation is *cool*. Vagueness seems to be a virtue, and one hears these expressions on the college campus and other places: “Whatever,” “Push the envelope,” and “What goes around comes around.” I suppose the latter means “Chickens come home to roost,” a rural proverb, tested by time.

Language on the campus was influenced by language fads in American society. Thus one heard in the '50s and '60s the expression “See you later, alligator.” The proper response was “After 'while, crocodile.”

## *Humor in the Good Old Days*

LIFE WAS DIFFICULT FOR STUDENTS OVER HALF A CENTURY AGO, and I suppose it still is. We students were poor, times were hard, and most of us worked our way through college; however, we didn't see our-

selves as deprived. That time was not one of high expectations. In the midst of it students had fun; in fact, old-timers will argue today that they had more fun than students do today.

There was a strong interest in jokes, and they showed up in the student newspaper *The Campus Reflector*, and even in the *Darda*. These jokes were not usually malicious or cruel, but silly perhaps.

## *The Way We Walked*

WHEN I CAME TO TREVECCA IN 1939 THERE WERE NO PARKING PROBLEMS. One would see perhaps half a dozen cars on the campus; only one belonged to a student. We students walked everywhere we went from necessity and for recreation. The streetcar, caught at Hill Street, three blocks west of the campus, was our transportation to town, and the cost was only a dime. For this investment one could get a transfer and go all over town. Believe it or not, there was one streetcar that went all the way to Franklin.

A favorite pastime was to ride to town, trek through the dime stores, and walk up and down, especially in the Arcade, the South's first mall. There was usually someone handing out samples of freshly roasted peanuts in front of the Planters store. Trevecca students were prone to make several passes back and forth at this spot. Also the Krystal was nearby and hamburgers were five cents each, as was coffee or two doughnuts. Just remember that wages were fifteen cents an hour.

And now about walking for recreation. Couples were not usually allowed off campus alone, but two or more couples were. Trevecca students walked from the campus in all directions—to Fort Negley, a reconstructed fortress tracing back to the Battle of Nashville, and perhaps to the reservoir on Eighth Avenue, both west of the campus. The trip was more important than the destination. A favorite route was out Elm Hill Pike to the cemetery. Tall tombstones afforded a little privacy. Some people walked all the way to Mill Creek. One group carried equipment and supplies and cooked breakfast on the creek bank. Nance Lane, sparsely settled at that time, was a good place to stroll. South of the campus was Thorn Hill, a favorite haunt. The main pur-

pose for walking south on Murfreesboro Road, a two-lane country highway, was to go to the Double-Dip, located where Capitol Chevrolet now is, to buy a malted milk in a tall goblet for ten cents.

## Community Attractions

Another favorite place for Trevecca students to go, usually on a Sunday afternoon, was the Parthenon in Centennial Park. There were previous buildings, but the present Parthenon was completed in 1931. Thus it was new and beautiful to students in the 1930s and '40s. The Parthenon was where one went to view the artwork and take pictures with friends. Students at Trevecca had a strong sense of Nashville's being the "Athens of the South" in those days, and the Parthenon was the heart of it.

In the 1960s students, like thousands of Nashvillians, went to Centennial Park on December nights to view the magnificent diorama and Christmas decorations sponsored by Harvey's Department Store. I've never seen its equal anywhere.

In recent years students have gone to Centennial Park in the spring to see the gorgeous beds of tulips and daffodils, especially in the sunken garden. One Trevecca couple got married there, arriving in a horse-drawn carriage.

Nashville has a number of attractions. In the middle period of Trevecca history favorites for students who had transportation were the Upper Room and Andrew Jackson's Hermitage. When Trevecca hosted Nazarene educators in 1959, the group had a devotional service in the Upper Room and lunch in the Cabin-by-the-Spring at the Hermitage. (I joined the Ladies' Hermitage Association in order to get permission for this event.) The famous novelist A. L. Crabb was luncheon speaker and gave every one a copy of one of his historical novels. The deans and presidents of other Nazarene colleges were impressed with the richness of the resources of Nashville.

Nowadays Trevecca students take family and friends who visit to see the Arena, Country Music Hall of Fame, and Opryland Hotel, especially at Christmastime.

## Hitchhiking

Fifty years ago male students covered distances by hitchhiking. A Trevecca high school student in the 1950s named John would hitchhike home to Chattanooga on the weekends. He had a part-time job driving a tow truck. He told me about catching a ride with the driver of a truck loaded with grain. The driver was loaded as well, and at a stop in Monteagle, he passed out. John said to himself, "I can drive this truck," and he did—all the way to its destination in Chattanooga. There he left the truck and its sleeping driver and went on his way.

College students used to do a lot of hitchhiking. Money was scarce and such travel was safer then. I remember when my roommate, Glenn Eby, and I decided to hitchhike home to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, at Christmas. A doctor reporting for duty at Ft. Benning, Georgia, picked us up. When he forked off of U.S. 41 to go to Columbus, we foolishly accepted his offer to continue with him. It was farther south but off the beaten path. Arriving in Columbus in the evening, we made our way to the eastern side of town and tried in vain to catch a ride. Soldiers in trucks threw beer bottles at us. Nobody stopped. It appeared we would have to spend the night. I called a TNC alumnus, Jack Miller, and explained our plight. He picked us up, gave us a room for the night, and cooked a late supper for us. Such is the tie that binds Treveccans.

The next morning the best we could do was to get a ride on a log truck with no top. Glenn and our two suitcases took up the room on the seat beside the driver. I stood on the running board and leaned in to get some benefit from the windshield. It was chilly in late December. At Adel, Georgia, we were back on U.S. 41 where we caught rides to Jacksonville. There we considered the problem of catching a ride at night, capitulated, and from our meager resources bought bus tickets for the last leg of the journey.

## *Married Students and Where They Lived*

FROM ITS EARLIEST YEARS TREVECCA HAS ENCOURAGED OLDER students, most of them married, to enroll. It is interesting to note where they lived. In the first decade some lived in the school buildings



whether on Jo Johnston Avenue or in the building on Fourth Avenue. After the College moved to Gallatin Road, married students lived in the neighborhood, as many people who built on Cahal, Brasher, and other nearby streets, had connections to the College.

In the 1930s, at the present location, some married students lived in trailers and even in a streetcar, all parked on the west side of the campus about where the Redford-Shingler Apartments are located. Others bought or rented property on Lester Avenue, Hart Street, or Nance Lane. In the late 1940s and 1950s with the return of great numbers of veterans, most of whom were married, a great deal of housing was required. The Separation Center on Thompson Lane was closed as a military facility, and a number of TNC students and their families rented space in these barracks. As I remember, they moved out as soon as they found something better. Nazarene families built houses on nearby streets and often included apartments to rent. A trailer village sprang up in the area where Tennessee Hall and Wise Hall are now located. I suppose there were dozens of families living here for a decade or so. These trailers did not exactly fit near the center of a college campus, but they seemed a necessity at the time. Like her sister institution, Olivet Nazarene University, Trevecca finally closed down its trailer village.

My wife and I bought the old McIntyre place at #80 Nance Lane, a thirteen-room house, and rented apartments to several Trevecca couples. Our tenants and we became a big family and enjoyed community fish fries and ice cream churnings. We have maintained close friendships across the years with these dear people and remember the folklore that developed in that old house. We sold the house in 1957.

Housing for married students has improved in recent decades. Both the Redford-Shingler and Bush Apartments, with a total of fifty-eight units, were constructed in the 1970s. In the 1980s and '90s houses on Lester Avenue and Hart Street were purchased by Trevecca and were demolished, making less nearby housing available. A significant improvement came in 1996 when the Saturn Apartment complex at Nance Lane and Woodard Street was purchased. This valuable property, consisting of sixty-nine units, has been renamed University Terrace Apartments. Most of the units are rented to TNU students.

## CHAPTER THREE

# Entertainment, Sports, and Campus Activities

STUDENTS OF THE '30S AND '40S DID NOT USE THE WORD ENTERTAINMENT very much. To them that word implied something that someone does for one, usually with a price tag attached. They "engaged in various activities" or "just had fun," their equivalent of "entertainment."

Though money was scarce, students of those decades engaged in a surprising variety of activities.

## *Eating Out*

SHACKLETT'S CAFETERIA AT THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND Church Street was a favorite place to take a date, on occasion. The food was excellent, a professional organist at the foot of the stairs played requests, and to top it all a hostess circulated among the diners, continually serving hot pecan rolls. It was high class. I would drive a hundred miles now to eat at such a place.

The B & W Cafeteria on Sixth Avenue was another familiar place. The Brass Rail in Printers' Alley and, in a more humble setting, the restaurant at Polk Avenue and Murfreesboro Road, still in business under another name, were favorites. Here one could get a hot roast beef sandwich for a quarter. Hap Towne's was a streetcar diner on Fourth

Avenue and much later moved near Greer Stadium. In the 1960s and '70s Greer's Restaurant at Nance Lane and Murfreesboro Road was a favorite for faculty and students. They also liked Bar-B-Cutie on the north side of Murfreesboro Road, near Parris Street. One usually ate inside rather than to be served by the scantily clad carhops.

### *Attending Concerts and Plays*

IN THE 1940S STUDENTS WOULD GO TO THE RYMAN AUDITORIUM TO hear Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes, or the Wings over Jordan choir. Later, students would go to the War Memorial Auditorium to hear Roberta Peters, one of the great coloratura sopranos, or the Baccaloni Opera Troupe. Recitals, operas, and concerts were presented at Peabody, events which students and faculty attended in great numbers. It was reported, on one occasion, that more than half of the audience in the Peabody Auditorium was made up of Trevecca people.

For many years *The Messiah* was an annual production supported by the entire Nashville Community. Trevecca students and faculty attended in great numbers and some participated.

### *Games on Campus*

I MUST SHEEPISHLY ADMIT THAT WE STUDENTS IN THE EARLY DAYS did some juvenile things. On Friday nights when we gathered in the dining room for the main social event of the week we sat around and talked, if there was no planned program, or played games. These games included Drop the Handkerchief, Musical Chairs, or The Prince of Persia Lost His Hat. I admit that these contests were childish, but we had lots of fun.

An all-school egg hunt was a tradition for a number of years. As a child I lived near the old campus on Gallatin Road and remember an egg hunt even then. In the spring of 1941 the eggs were hidden in the fifteen-acre tract where the gym and athletic field are located. There were no buildings there. Can you imagine searching for Easter eggs spread over fifteen acres? After the searching ended students gathered in the dining hall to compare notes and eat the eggs. That night sev-



eral fellows gathered in my room, third floor of Hardy Hall, southeast corner. We were hungry and someone suggested that there were eggs in the field that had gone undiscovered. On impulse we sallied forth and searched for eggs in the moonlight. We found a few, too.

The first heavy snowfall touched off a wave of activity that approached madness, especially for students from Florida who had never seen snow. Snowball fights and sliding down the slopes on a piece of cardboard were all part of the fun. Some students secured a double bed spring (flat, not coil springs), placed boards across it, and rode this oversized sled down icy Lester Avenue. There was no way to control it, of course. On this or some other contrivance, Clarence Middendorf made a sudden stop at the bottom of the hill and broke his leg.

### *Friday Evening Programs*

THE MAIN SOCIAL ACTIVITIES CAME ON FRIDAY NIGHT AND THE central feature was a program, perhaps presented by one of the literary societies—a dramatic production such as “The Prodigal Son,” a music program, or a series of skits.

In the 1950s the students liked to put on a “mock faculty program,” somewhat like a “roast” of an individual. They did a remarkable job of looking and acting like different faculty members. Every idiosyncrasy was magnified, of course, and the students thought the program was hilarious. At least once, I remember the teachers, with good humor and flexibility, performed in a “mock student program,” complete with classroom scenes and lame excuses for academic deficiencies. I doubt that students or faculty these days would be interested in such activities, but forty years ago such entertainment was considered a lot of fun.

### *Banquets and Other Events*

IN THE 1940S AND '50S JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUETS AND OTHER SIMILAR events were held on the campus. Students just did not have money to schedule these dinners at some big hotel; however, they tried to go

first class. I can remember helping students put poultry wire around the interior pillars of the old dining hall and interlacing honeysuckle vines and flowers to create a room within the large area. A pool was built and lined with blue plastic with water circulating. This pool was surrounded by clumps of violets we dug up on the bank of the Cumberland River. Decorating for these events was a lot of work but also a lot of fun.

Another activity in those days was the all-school fishing party at Lester's Lake, east of the airport. For a small fee a student would receive transportation, a fishing permit, and lunch prepared by fellow students on the lakeshore. A variety of games was played, and the fishing contest resulted in prizes. Everyone had a great time. It seems to me that this event occurred in May, several years in a row.

### *The Search for a Gym*

THE 1911-12 *Annual Bulletin* OF TREVECCA COLLEGE STATED, "LAST year we added a fully equipped gymnasium in which there will be daily classes under the supervision of a competent director. No student will be excused from gymnasium work."

There were also athletic facilities at the campus on Gallatin Road; however, at the Murfreesboro Road campus there was no gymnasium until 1969. This lack was keenly felt in the 1950s and '60s when there were many athletically inclined students and intense competition in intramural sports, particularly basketball.

So Treveccans were pilgrims and strangers, borrowing the use of gyms wherever they could find them. The Salvation Army's Red Shield Gym and the one at T.P.S. partially met Trevecca's need. Then it was finally arranged to use the Lucy Holt Moore Gymnasium on Fourth Avenue South, a mile from the College. In return for use of the gym, a few Trevecca students supervised sports at this community facility a few hours a week. It was a wonderful arrangement, much like having Trevecca's own gym. College representatives had keys and supervision of the building on the nights it was assigned to them. This arrangement lasted several years, and this building was the scene of some exciting basketball.

One incident sticks in my memory. Competition was strong in one game with a team ahead by two points. In the closing seconds, from inside the free-throw circle, McCray Holmes made a push shot the length of the court. The ball rattled back and forth and dropped in, tying the score and sending the game into overtime. The other team was shaken by this dramatic turn and never recovered. Holmes's shot had won the game.

It was a wonderful day at Trevecca when the Moore Gymnasium opened for use in 1969.

### *Sporting Events and Intercollegiate Athletics*

ATHLETIC COMPETITION HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MAJOR PART OF STUDENT life. Students have played on intramural teams, and they have played on teams of their own creating. For several years there was an annual softball game with the faculty pitted against the students, men and women.

In 1968 TNC started intercollegiate basketball, a major change, and one that soon prompted the addition of other sports. Golf was added in 1970 and baseball, in 1971. Tennis for men and women started in 1973 and lasted until 1992. Basketball for women began in 1975, lapsed, and was re-introduced in 1996. Women's volleyball started in 1974 and continues to the present. Cross-country and soccer were begun and dropped. Women's softball was started in 1991. Interest in intramurals lagged with the advent of intercollegiate competition, but intramurals are still a valuable part of student life.

Men's basketball did not have a glorious beginning. The new gym was not completed at the beginning of the season, and the men had no good place to practice. The team was comprised of walk-ons. Elmer Heaberlin was the coach, but Bill Boner replaced him before the season was over.

The Nashville *Tennessean*, in its March 2, 1969, "Sunday Magazine" had a lengthy article about the program. Written by Jim Andrews and entitled "Tribulations of Trevecca's Trojans," the article's "spoofing" tone came near ridicule. Though listing the games lost, all ten of them and by big margins, the writer did express some sympathy for the "lovable losers." He summarized the season: "At best it was a

frustrating season of canyons and valleys from the opening 65-point defeat by Belmont to the concluding 53-point setback at the hands of Olivet. It wasn't Trevecca's year, point-wise."

One can ruefully admit it was an inauspicious beginning and claim that the scores could have been worse. After all, Cumberland University had been beaten in football by Georgia Tech in 1916, 220 to 0.

In recent years, Trevecca has enjoyed a good deal of success in athletic competition in a conference known as one of the strongest in N.A.I.A. This conference has been variously named VSAC, TCAC, and TranSouth. In some years in some sports it was divided into two parts.

Across the years Trevecca athletes have won fourteen conference and eight district championships: baseball (five conference championships and one district); men's basketball (two conference championships and one district); men's tennis (six conference and six district championships); and women's tennis (one conference championship). (See the appendix for a complete listing.)

The University has also seen many All-American honors come to its athletes: baseball (nine); men's basketball (four); men's tennis (eight); women's tennis (three); women's volleyball (two); and women's softball (one).

Twenty-seven outstanding athletes from Trevecca achieved All-American status. All Treveccans can be proud of these outstanding young people.

## *The Moving Snack Shop*

COLLEGE STUDENTS NEED A PLACE TO "HANG OUT," ONE PROVIDING food and fellowship. In the first forty years there was no such place and probably no great need for one. Older students, many of them married, were the norm in the early decades.

In the early 1940s, the "Rose Room" emerged, the first of a series of snack shops on or near the campus. This small restaurant was converted from a garage dug into the hillside in front of the former John R. Browning residence on the west side of Lester Avenue. It had a

stone front to match the house and was not a bad looking small building. On a cold winter evening, after sliding down Lester Avenue on the ice, to take refuge in the "Rose Room," sit at a booth and drink hot chocolate with friends was very gratifying.

J. B. Rose was the proprietor and he certainly did not get rich from this enterprise. I remember, clearly, the delicious bacon, egg, and tomato sandwich that cost a dime. Carbonated drinks cost a nickel, but of course this price was not unusual during that era. A well-remembered Pepsi-Cola commercial emphasized that fact: "Pepsi-Cola hits the spot. Twelve full ounces, that's a lot. Twice as much for a nickel, too. Pepsi-Cola is the drink for you."

In the late 1940s David Hail opened a small restaurant at the foot of Lester Avenue, in a building that formerly had housed Al Hadden's barber shop. This establishment seemed to take the place of the Rose Room, whose tenure was brief. This building was replaced by the building last occupied by B. F. Goodrich, a building which gave way in 1997 to the construction of the beautiful new entrance.

In the early 1950s two ground floor rooms on the west side of McKay Hall were set aside as a snack shop. One entered facing the counter where the order was given, then taking Coke and/or sandwich, the student turned right into the main room equipped with booths and tables. There was an exit door, a favorite of high-school students to use as an escape when the principal could be seen entering the front door, checking on those skipping classes. Adjacent to the dining hall, this area was damaged by the fire that devastated the dining hall and dorm in 1954. I believe that the fire eliminated this popular place for students to gather.

Bud Robinson Hall, a one-story building originally constructed as a dining hall in 1954, had a space, complete with fireplace beautifully faced with crab orchard stone, set aside as a snack shop and activity room for students. Unfortunately the chimney was not properly constructed, and the experience of sitting before an open fire was not possible. This whole area was expanded and improved in the early 1980s and became a favorite place in which students watched television.

In the 1970s there were two places where students gathered. One was "Solomon's Porch" which started out in the vault-like area under



the McClurkan steps. It reached its heyday in the late '70s when it moved to McKay Hall and was decorated as a coffeehouse, with black walls and decorations typical of the culture in this era of protest. I suppose this arrangement met a need, but when I came back to the campus in 1979 it was not used a lot. The deterioration of the entire building may have been a factor. The administrative viewpoint was "Why repair this building when there is a plan to tear it down?"

The good news was that another place for students to gather was available in the late '70s and early '80s—the ground floor, westside, of Johnson Hall. Here was a lunch counter operated by "Pop" McKay and his charming wife. They not only provided good food, but also seemed to be unofficial counselors to the students. They were quality people, as was their son, Bill, an administrator in student services. This large, sunny area served as a sort of student center until the Jernigan Building opened in 1984; meanwhile, the area in Bud Robinson Hall still served as a student hangout.

The Bud Robinson area continued to be a place for students to eat and socialize until the mid-'90s when this structure, now two-story, was converted into an office and classroom building. The present snack shop, attractively furnished, and operated by the Pioneer Company is on the ground floor of the Jernigan Student Center, adjacent to the bookstore. It is called "The Hub."

Students are on wheels now and have ready access to many nearby places where they go for food and fellowship. I understand that Denny's restaurant is a favorite, especially at exam time, when students gather late at night at the large tables and spread out books and notes to review. I'm sure their purchases keep the management happy. Let's not forget that, with the quick delivery of hot pizza, any dorm room becomes a miniature snack shack in the late evening.

## *How the Rules Have Changed*

CHRISTIAN COLLEGES TEND TO HAVE STRICT RULES, MORE SO A GENERATION OR TWO AGO. These colleges usually act in the place of parents, spelling out rules involving attire, curfew, and the like. Personnel in Nazarene colleges keep in touch, and rules don't vary a great deal. In

the past some colleges were stricter than others were, and some college presidents have been known to brag about this strictness. There is still a difference over wearing shorts. Point Loma Nazarene College has permitted students to wear shorts for years, even to class and chapel. Trevecca has relaxed its rule in the '90s in keeping with other Nazarene colleges, though students are not permitted to wear shorts to class or chapel. Olivet Nazarene University still forbids the wearing of shorts during the day except in connection with athletics.

In the 1920s girls at Trevecca wore uniform dark skirts and white "middy" blouses. Male students wore jackets or sweaters and ties in class, chapel, or dining room. The requirement for female students to wear the uniform was relaxed in the 1930s, but they were required to wear hose. Some wore socks as well to minimize the effect of the hose. Some creative girls went bare-legged with a seam applied with eyebrow pencil up the back. They sometimes got away with their pretense.

There were no student handbooks in the early days, so rules were spelled out in the catalog. In the 1937-38 catalog the rule on attire was for women only and was very simple: "Young women are required to dress modestly and neatly. Elaborate wardrobes are unnecessary." In the 1944-45 catalog ten rules of conduct were listed. Number six, on attire, applied to men and women alike.

There is generally pressure from students to relax the rules. If curfew is 11:00 on weeknights and 1:00 on the weekend, students will request that it be an hour or two later. Why any students need to be out after 1:00 a.m. except for work is beyond me, but young people press for the right. How many times has a college administrator heard "I had rules in high school that weren't this strict"?

The privilege of wearing shorts was one of the most sensitive issues in the 1980s. The rule was simple: Shorts may be worn on the athletic field and in the gym, except for spectators at the game, but not on the central campus. This rule was justified on the basis of what is appropriate for collegiate attire but not on the question of morals. Regarding such rules students ask, "Why?" Administrators shun the temptation to say "Because I said so" and murmur something about what is expected by the supporting constituency. Administrators try to draw support on such positions from other institutions, and I have

been known to say, in that era, “Girls are not allowed to wear shorts on Vanderbilt campus either.” Then Vanderbilt changed its rule.

Modesty is a factor, of course, but, like beauty, it is often in the eye of the beholder. Three cheers for basketball players, male and female, who in their quest for modesty, wear shorts that reach below the knees! A look at a *Darda* of twenty years ago and the basketball uniforms will give you a distinct sense of shock. Modesty is not the only issue, for baggy pants may strain the guideline of “appropriate and collegiate” more than anything else. Oh, well, students and administrators seem to be generally pleased with the present rules, so why should this writer, one who does not even approve students’ wearing baseball caps in class, lose any sleep over the matter?

If you want a clear picture of rules, regulations, or guidelines (choose your term), read the student handbook. Better still, read one from five years ago, five years before that, and so on. One student made an analysis and wrote a paper, “The Rules Change with the Times.”<sup>1</sup> His history of handbook changes went back twenty-six years. The writer concluded his essay with the opinion that Trevecca has lost some of its uniqueness as it has changed its rules. His paper is in the Trevecca Archives and is worth reading.

There are rules regarding ethics and morals, held to unswervingly by Trevecca across the years, which forbid sexual immorality, the use of tobacco, alcohol, and illegal substances, and others. In addition to the necessary negatives, TNU endeavors to build in young people a strong sense of right attitude and conduct and a commitment to Christ that will last a lifetime.

### *Outstanding Examples of Student Leadership*

STUDENTS HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN SOME INTERESTING “FIRSTS” AT Trevecca. One of these, in the fall of 1961, was the sponsorship of the first Student Leadership Conference by the Student Government Association under the leadership of Dennis Hage.

Paul Johnson and Keith Venum were the first Nazarene Ambassadors from Trevecca and served in ministry in Central and South America in the summer of 1966. In the '80s and '90s Trevecca



students have served overseas in ministry under the Nazarene organization CAUSE. Trips have been made to Brazil, Venezuela, Guatemala, and Peru (1998).

Trevecca students look beyond our national borders to engage in ministry. In 1985, twenty-six students plus faculty made a work and witness trip to Haiti. In similar fashion, a number of students have spent summers overseas in the Student Mission Corps.

Students have taken on a variety of projects. In the spring of 1968 the Student Government Association (SGA) undertook an ambitious project—"The Festival of Ideas." The theme was "Toward Better Understanding" and the purpose was to foster "an exchange of political, social, and cultural thought." Students preparing to teach formed a chapter of the Student National Education Association in 1966 under the supervision of Dr. Lewis Pennington. The Sophomore Class of 1956-57 took an unusual step. They arranged for Professor M. E. Redford to write "History of Trevecca Nazarene College," mimeographed this brochure and distributed it on the campus. A copy is in the Archives.

In 1993 Trevecca hosted the National Student Leadership Conference. The student leaders from all over the nation were impressed with Nashville's rich community resources. The conference theme was "Esse Quam Videri."

In the year 1983-84, students published *Legacy*, a literary magazine featuring creative works by students. The copy I have before me, spring 1984, lists Kathryn Lewis as editor. This magazine was sponsored by *Trev-Echoes*. *Legacy* is a significant literary contribution. It continued across the years as a project of the creative writing class and the English department and is usually published in the spring.

Across the years Trevecca students have engaged in fund raising for the College. At the president's suggestion, the *Darda* editor in 1941-42, Ruby Lee Neely (Shaw), sent a letter of appeal to pastors and superintendents for gifts to complete the McClurkan Building.

The April 1962 *Trevecca Messenger* carried this headline on the front page: STUDENTS LAUNCH DRIVE TO FINISH LIBRARY. The article stated that this all-school project had resulted in \$1,600 contributed toward a goal of \$18,000. Also mentioned

was a gift of equipment from the previous year's students for this new building.

There are many other examples of student projects, but they are usually less ambitious than helping to pay for a new building.

The purchase of a new electric organ for the chapel was the main interest of the Senior Class of 1944-45. The Class of 1947 contributed the arch to the entrance to Alumni Drive. This stone and steel arch now stands between McClurkan Hall and the Greathouse Science Building. The High School Senior Class of 1954 contributed the concrete and wood benches still seen on the campus. Apologies are tendered to many other classes who made notable contributions. We don't have room to list them all.

Business students at Trevecca have the opportunity to compete on the state and national level through Phi Beta Lambda, the club for business students. The competition involves more than twenty different business categories, such as accounting, finance, marketing, management, business law, Mr./ Ms. Future Business Executive, and so forth. The finest students in Tennessee colleges and universities compete. TNU students have brought home an amazing number of honors. At state competitions during the years from 1983 to 1997, Trevecca accumulated seventy-eight first-place wins, sixty-five second place wins, and twenty-seven third places. I doubt that any university in Tennessee can match this record.

A number of Trevecca students have gone on to national competition. In order to compete at this level one must have placed first or second at the state level. Our students have won twelve victories in national competition with second place through seventh place standing. Then in 1994 came the achievement that really put Trevecca on the map. Virginia Hogan won first place in Ms. Future Business Executive competition. Ms. Hogan, of Ashland City, Tennessee, graduated in 1994 with a major in business administration and a minor in accounting. After graduation she accepted a position with the Prudential Insurance Company in Nashville. This accomplishment was repeated again in 1998 when TNU's Kelly Plummer, a rising senior from Hermitage, Tennessee, was named National Ms. Future Business Executive. At the time of this writing Ms. Plummer is finishing her senior year at Trevecca, majoring in business administration

and accounting and minoring in interpersonal communication and social sciences.

Trevecca's students have managed to fill their college days with a variety of activities—some profitable, some not so profitable. Along the way some student activities have distinguished the students and the institution.

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<sup>1</sup> Alan Stokes, "The Rules Change with the Times: A History of Handbook Changes," 25 September 1988. Trevecca Archives.



## CHAPTER FOUR

# Pranks and High Jinks

COLLEGE STUDENTS ENGAGE IN PRANKS AND MISCHIEF THAT EITHER upset or enliven the routine. Close kin are humorous incidents that happen in classes or dormitories. There are escapades that happen in the dormitory and those that occur on the campus, in classrooms, or in chapel.

Most of the mischief on a college campus occurs in the evenings. The faculty are usually gone by 4:00 (some do not stay this late) and administrators, by 5:00. Supervision is left to dorm residents and their assistants and is exercised in limited fashion. Between exams some students do not study a lot, and you know the proverb about idle minds.

As dean, and later as president, I had a policy not to discuss student pranks in public unless I was a thousand miles from home. It just would not do to give the current crop of students any new ideas. Guest speakers in chapel sometimes try to capture the attention of the student audiences (no small feat) by recounting stories of mischief in their college days. Those in charge of chapel in a sister Nazarene college to the north of Trevecca, tired of this practice and passed a set of rules for chapel speakers. One of these was "Do not tell stories about college pranks."

One may wonder, then, why I am going public about these student folkways. I discussed this matter with the Trevecca dean of students who gave me a release by saying that there is such a thing as harmless mischief, what he would call "quality" pranks that demon-

strate creativity and humor rather than vandalism or harm to an individual. Challenged to give an example, he said, "Well, putting a rowboat in the cascade with a sign saying "No Water-skiing." Thus my purpose is to limit discussion to harmless incidents, to those which have already been made public, or to those not likely to be repeated. These restrictions mean that dozens of examples of mischief, some hilarious, some cruel, are being left out. Sorry about that.

When I first came to Trevecca right after the Spanish American War (?), milk was distributed in bottles with a cardboard cap and a tab which one grasped to remove the cap. It was not uncommon for a student to fill a bottle with water, get into a friend's room, place the bottle under the pillow, fasten a string to the tab and leave the string hanging out. When the room's occupant returned and saw a thread hanging loose and pulled it, the result was one wet bed and a search for the guilty party.

Short-sheeting beds was a common dormitory prank, one practiced more by the girls than by the boys. The men preferred a trick that involved alarm clocks. In old Hardy Hall, the men's dorm when I was a student, there was no air-conditioning, and we slept with windows open in warm weather, the head of our beds near the windows. A student would stay up until others were asleep, set a clock to alarm a minute later and suspend it with a string to an open window below. When the old-fashioned clock went off a foot from the sleeper's ear, all kind of activity was stimulated as the half-awake student tried to find his own clock to turn it off. I was told that this trick was played on Koy Phillips. The prankster was holding the string and enjoying the alarm until he looked down to see Phillips leaning out the window with a broom poised to swat the offending object. The prankster was able to withdraw it just in time.

Many incidents involved alarm clocks and some were prevented from going off. When I was dean it was my practice to get to chapel early to check things out. One day I was there on the platform before the crowd arrived and heard a ticking sound. I pursued it to the curtain, found the clock, "dis-alarmed" it, and kept it until the owner sheepishly came forward to claim it.

Once during a history test when all was quiet except for the scratching of pens and an occasional faint groan, I heard a ticking



sound coming from the top drawer of my desk. Perceiving that the clock was probably set to sound off during the test, I quietly eased the drawer open, found the alarm button, and shut it off. Though I watched carefully to see signs of undue interest, there was none. It did not matter because I knew that sooner or later the owner would come forward to claim the clock; it was a necessary item, and money was too scarce to buy a new one. If my memory is correct, I asked the student in this case to set his own punishment.

### *More Student Pranks*

IN AUGUST 1996 A FORMER STUDENT REMINDED ME OF A PRANK IN which she was involved over thirty years earlier. She said that she and a friend had set off the alarm in the library reading room just before exams, when the room was crowded. The noise created quite a disturbance. As dean I heard about the incident, established who was guilty, and sent this note: "I declare to you in *ringing* tones that I'm concerned about this *alarming* situation and your share in it. The fine will be \$5." She seemed to remember the note more clearly than she did the fine.

Other pranks involved the bell tower, a central and necessary feature on the campus, located just north of the sidewalk in front of the parking lot between the Adams and Martin Buildings. A student worked his way through college ringing the bell on the hour and five minutes later. One teacher was often seen sprinting to his classroom before the tardy bell rang.

A student fastened a dark string to the bell, ran it to an upstairs window in Hardy Hall, and in the wee hours of the morning, began to ring the bell. The night watchman came running but could see nothing but the swinging bell. All the student had to do was to release the string and let it fall to the ground. I still do not know who pulled this trick. We may yet learn who the guilty party was, for former students come back many years later to admit to such misdeeds. Sometimes they confess to things I have never heard of or at least have forgotten.

In 1977 a district superintendent told me of an incident that happened when he was a student night watchman forty years ago. At night a student climbed the bell tower and hid in the very top while others



hid in the shrubbery. A girl came walking by and in a ghostly, low voice he called her name, "Irmgard, Irmgard, Irmgard." She stopped and looked in all directions, to no avail. Clearly shaken, she started on and once again came the strong whisper calling her name. A devout person, she stopped, folded her hands, looked up to heaven and said, "Yes, Lord, speak to me." The night watchman, concealed nearby, observed the scene. According to Irmgard, the hoaxers were hoaxed. She told me that she had spotted the students and played along with their prank.

### *Artists Work at Night*

THEN THERE WAS THE TIME THE GRAY BELL TOWER WAS PAINTED canary yellow. The deed took place in the dark of night, but when the sun came up the tower dominated the landscape. The dean's response was to put a paragraph in the "Announcer" spoofing the handiwork and the artists who did it. Though a prank typical of freshmen, it turned out that the nocturnal painters were upperclassmen—religion majors, no less. They finally came forward and claimed worthy motives, namely calling attention to the need for the tower to be painted. The administration probably provided the paint and asked them to restore it to its traditional color. I must ask the leader of this paint crew, now a district superintendent, about this outcome.

### *Stickup at the Stile*

AND THEN THERE WAS THE GREAT HOLDUP OF 1938. IT WAS STILL being discussed when I arrived the next year. Students' main route to town was down the hill where lower Hart Street is located, over a stile spanning the fence around the cow pasture, and then westward to the streetcar line on Hill Street. Male students would work in Hill's grocery on Saturday, meet in the streetcar barn downtown, and come home in groups. Late one night several were climbing the hill in the darkness. Two masked men, apparently armed with pistols, appeared at the stile and shouted, "Hands up! Give us your money!" The reaction was varied. J. D. Irwin, who felt keenly about his small store of cash, began to plead, not for his life but for his money, saying, "I'm just

a poor Trevecca student working my way through school. . . ." The story goes that Ladell Morgan was so shaken that he offered to send next week's pay. J. T. Thrower or S. M. Shaw was also part of the captive audience. I know who the masked men were but see no need to reveal their identities. One of the victims made a threatening move, and the perpetrators abruptly stopped the prank, realizing someone could get hurt.

The next year another student was mugged at the stile and knocked out. He could not tell if he was robbed because he had no money before the incident and none after.

### *A Sweet Perfume*

LIMBURGER CHEESE WAS PUT ON THE HEATING DUCTS LEADING TO the McClurkan Auditorium over forty years ago, and some of us who were there haven't forgotten the event yet. This incident is discussed in *The Trevecca Story*. I remember the episode this way. The malodorous material was smeared on the pipes early one morning. The maintenance crew, with good intent but poor judgment, tried to eliminate the odor by dousing the ducts with a cheap perfume or after-shave lotion. The cure was worse than the ill. When students came to chapel at 11:00, the smell was overpowering, but chapel had to go on, and the song service began. Professor Howick announced the song, noting that there was a request for it. The strains of "Beulah Land" were lifted, and all went well until we reached the third verse. As students and faculty started singing "a sweet perfume upon the breeze," all decorum was lost. Gales of laughter ascended along with the sickly sweet odor. The song leader gave up and put his head down on the pulpit. This action provided a catharsis, and after we had a good laugh the service proceeded smoothly. A local pastor was the visiting speaker and adjusted well to the situation. It took a while for the weird odor to disperse. I have received reports and hints across the years as to the perpetrators but don't know and really do not care to know who did it.

## *Awaken, You Sleepers*

SOME PRANKS WERE SPONTANEOUS. JIMMY TRASHER TOLD ME OF HIS quartet's coming back late at night from a service in a distant church. Someone had heard that the College needed a garden hose and gave the boys one to take back with them. They parked in back of Hardy Hall, unloaded the long hose, spied a nearby faucet and surrendered to temptation. Up the fire escape they went to the room on the south-east corner of the third floor. The occupants were sound asleep, and the window was open. The mischief-maker climbed through the window, holding the end of the hose. He eased it under the sheet and up between the two men sleeping in the double bed. Then he retreated to a safe distance and turned on the water full force. Pandemonium ensued. One of the wet occupants hurled the offending hose out the window. Twisting and squirming it reached the open window of the room below and sprayed the occupants inside. Whether the pranksters were ever punished by students or an administrator is not clear to me.

## *Interrupted Chapel*

BILL BOGGS WAS CHAPLAIN WHEN I CAME BACK TO TREVECCA IN THE spring of 1979 but had announced his intent to leave at the end of the quarter. The students liked him well enough to play tricks on him. The time came for him to preach his final sermon in chapel. In the middle of the oratory a strange voice cut in over the P.A. system. Students had managed to tap into the line, and one of them read a "spoofing" rhyme about the chaplain's aspiration to become a district superintendent.

When the poem was finished and Boggs could be heard again, he said, "You were addressing the wrong man. I am Saul, the son of Kish, looking for my father's donkeys which have strayed, and lo, I have found them." His comeback might be viewed as a perfect squelch.

## *The Pestered R.C.*

WE HAD ONE RESIDENT COUNSELOR OF THE TIDWELL MEN'S DORM who seemed susceptible to pranks. I was told that an old and decrepit

horse was led up the steps and down the hall to be tied to his door. Since horses will go up steps but refuse to come down, it would be interesting to know how the animal was removed from the building.

My student-secretary when I was dean told me this story. A student came into Tidwell Hall at night, long after curfew. This building, with metal doors and tile floors, was noisy. In his apartment the R.C. heard the footsteps and rushed forth to catch the rule-breaker. Aware of his peril, the student ducked into an empty room. Hearing the R.C. in pursuit, he went through the bathroom to the next room. The determined law enforcer followed, came into the room, and switched on the light. There was the student kneeling in prayer (or so it seemed), his Bible open. The R.C. apologized for interrupting his devotions and withdrew. Apparently he did not think it strange that a student with his topcoat on, had his Bible open in the dark. The student won.

### *A Sunday Morning Soaking*

A UNIQUE FEATURE OF OLD HARDY HALL, MEN'S DORM IN THE 1930S and '40s, was a large room at the south end of the second floor. It had a private bath, the only one available to students. All other residents used a communal bathroom located on each level, except those on fourth floor, an attic-like space. These men shared the third floor bath.

One year Ed Cox, John Lawwill, and Settle Shaw occupied the room that had the private bath. John tells of dressing for church one Sunday morning. Cox was sleeping and resisted efforts to get him up. John and Settle ran a tub of cold water, picked Ed up, and threw him in, pajamas and all. John sat down and laughed heartily. Ed, wringing wet, came forth from the bath and plopped down in John's lap. Sweet revenge.

### *See You Later*

STUDENTS, EVEN PREACHER BOYS, WERE NOT ABOVE PLAYING TRICKS on faculty. At the Tennessee District Assembly one year, Harold Graves, Jack Moomaw, and other students or former students,

concocted a plan that involved M. E. Redford, religion professor at Trevecca and also a pastor. One of the above mischievous young preachers saw Brother Redford a few minutes after he had given his preacher's report and said, "Brother Redford, that was a good report. I just don't understand why you included the statement 'See you later, alligator.'" The professor denied making such a frivolous remark. A few minutes later another of the plotters came by and asked, "Professor Redford, what did you mean by 'See you later, alligator'?" The professor was shaken. After others approached him in similar fashion, he started saying, "I didn't mean to say that." I doubt if the plotters ever told him the real story; however, they are good men and probably atoned for disturbing his tranquillity.

### *The Soaked Theologian*

FACULTY MEMBERS SOMETIMES PLAY PRANKS ON OTHER FACULTY, inadvertently. At a faculty retreat in the 1950s, Neil Richardson, TNC business manager, and I, academic dean, went fishing in our spare time. Professor Redford, the formal and precise religion professor, expressed a desire to go with us. There we were, three in a boat: Neil in front, me on the middle seat, and Brother Redford in blue serge suit, tie, and Panama hat, seated at the rear. We caught and strung some fish and then headed to the shore. No one thought to tell Redford to sit still until the craft was secured. The boat touched the sloping bank, Redford stood up and leaned over to pull the stringer of fish out of the water, and Richardson stepped out. The front of the boat flew up, throwing Redford off balance. Oblivious to the activity behind, Richardson gave the bow rope a strong pull to get the boat farther up the bank. Redford went into the water, head first, his hat floating away on the waves. Strangely, his feet remained in the boat. I helped him aboard; water ran down, and then his shoes were wet as well. When he finally got ashore, the possibility of a cold occurred to him and he struck out, in a trot, for his cabin.

Faculty children, including Loren Gresham, now president of Southern Nazarene University, were on the shore, watching in wide-eyed wonder. The scene was somber, but when Brother Redford dis-



appeared over the hill we practically rolled on the ground in merriment. One should not laugh at someone else's misfortune, but I expect my friends to laugh at me in similar circumstances.

## *Teachers As Pranksters*

IT IS A RARE THING FOR TEACHERS TO PLAY TRICKS ON STUDENTS. AS a history teacher I had good rapport with students and kidded with them a lot. A favorite practice was to notice who was absent from my class, watch for the student on the campus, fall in step with him and say, "We have a nice little history class that meets at 9:00. Drop in sometime." The rueful expression was rewarding, and the student was a little more careful about skipping class after that.

An alumna told me a few years ago about a trick I played on a class long ago, something I had forgotten. Prone to give "pop" quizzes, I said to the class, on an April first, "Take paper and pencil and define this term." I wrote on the board LIRPA LOOF. After a minute of their puzzlement and frustration I suggested that they spell it backwards and remember what day it was. They took my joke with good nature. The alumna, an elementary teacher, confessed that she had used this technique in her teaching career. A good laugh helps everyone relax.

In this matter of teasing and engaging in repartee with students, the faculty member often loses. It became clear to me in the 1980s that students no longer stand in awe of professors or even of college presidents. I was walking with Dr. Harold Daniels, guest speaker, in front of the dining hall. I said, partly for the benefit of students nearby, "You have had so many invitations out that you haven't been able to sample the fine Trevecca cuisine." Immediately one of the students began singing "Count Your Blessings."

At another time Beatrice and I were invited to the junior-senior banquet at a hotel downtown. I had left our tickets on my desk, and I approached the two young men at the table in the lobby asking, "Will an honest face get one in?" Greg Page's response was, "No, and neither will a face like yours." The student won that exchange. I got even,

though; at his wedding reception I shook his hand and said, "You really out-married yourself, Boy."

## *Humor in the Lab*

JOHN DIX, LONG-TIME BIOLOGY PROFESSOR, TOLD ME A FEW YEARS ago about an earlier incident that took place during cat-dissection time in the biology lab. The sight and smell of the open carcasses taxes one's stomach, but not that of the teacher; he is accustomed to it. Professor Dix was eating a sandwich for lunch while the students worked. He saved a piece of ham, approached two girls at work on a cat, showed them the piece of meat, and asked, "What part of the carcass did this tissue come from?" They examined it carefully and could not say. He took it back and said, "Sometimes a sense of taste is the only way to tell," and then he popped it into his mouth and ate it. The girls' screams could be heard all over the lab.

I have hardly scratched the surface in discussing pranks and high jinks at Trevecca across a sixty-year period. Some need to be left forever untold, and others need the passing of more years before being ventilated.

## *Discipline with Humor*

AS HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, DEAN, AND FOR YEARS CHAIRMAN OF the Social Life and Discipline Committee, I have dealt with many and varied cases. Discipline is an unrewarding but necessary exercise. There is no good way to deal with the violation of a rule. The solution is for the student not to break the rule in the first place. Except in the really grim cases, I found that a little humor helps.

I used humor to handle some errant flower-pickers. I helped set out the daffodils along the front walks and watched them carefully when they were in bloom. It became evident that they were being picked, probably by co-eds. I could have given a warning in chapel but chose to give a gentle reminder in the Announcer as follows:

Ode to a Plucked Flower

Trevecca students love the spring.



Words are spoke and flowers are seen.  
 Buttercups and golden bells  
 Are plants of beauty we love so well.

If you pick them to adorn your room,  
 They'll all be gone and that right soon.

So look at them, admire them, smell'em,  
 lick'em,  
 But for *beauty's* sake, *please* don't pick 'em.

Sometimes the humor took a different form. A high-spirited high school student in the 1950s got a Mohawk haircut, with a narrow band of hair left in the middle and his head shaved on both sides. The haircut looked awful and was a disturbing factor on campus. My message to him was clear: Get the rest of it cut off or drop out of school. He chose the first option and visited the barber again, who did not charge him for the second visit. With his head shaved, he looked like one newly released from prison.

With good nature, he suspended a placard around his neck with large numbers on it. When he met me he would doff his old corduroy hat and bow from the waist. He seemed to bear no grudge over the punishment.

Here are some other pranks that are now safe to discuss.

## The Beanie Escapade

In the early '80s a student climbed to the roof of the science building and painted the observatory dome in purple, white, and gold to resemble an oversized freshman beanie. The struts down the metal sides helped mark out the sections of color. The crowning touch was a propeller on top. In discussing this accomplishment with the dean, he proudly pointed out that he had used water paint that would wash off at the first heavy rain. Actually, the maintenance crew removed the paint. Because there was no precise rule against this activity in the student handbook, the dean assigned a penalty on the basis of a rule that was in the handbook—"unlawful entry into a building."

## The Case of the Dangling Ducks

In the early 1980s students devised a plan to suspend stuffed ducks behind the curtain on the chapel platform. As the speaker would begin his message, the students released the strings and the ducks swooped down and swung back and forth behind the pulpit. The perpetrators expected hilarity to set in at this point; however, there was a delay because of special prayer for a student in the hospital. The ducks had dropped down while the College president was praying, and nobody laughed. The perpetrators must have been heartbroken.

This prank had an interesting outcome. Dean Harris told me, "I later discovered who had pulled the prank and called him in to meet with me. When he opened my door he asked why I needed to see him. I simply said, 'Quack, quack.' The red started in his neck and quickly covered his face."

## A Pig for a Roommate

After World War II, a former student, a veteran, enrolled at Trevecca. He was even more eccentric than he had been before the war. He moved into a ground-floor room on the northwest corner of McKay Hall, space that formerly had been used for storage. He was not a tidy person. He acquired a pet pig and kept the animal in the room with him. Some of us were puzzled by this arrangement, wondering how the pig stood the mess! Efforts to get him to mend his ways failed, and he was encouraged to become an alumnus. The pig departed from the scene at the same time.

## What Would Jesus Do?

Even when I was College president I was not separated from student disciplinary problems because cases came to me on appeal. One involved a male student who talked with a female student in the snack shop. He said she was emotionally upset and was going off campus alone. He signed out to go to a friend's house but did not go; instead, he and another student went with her to Opryland Hotel where they stayed in the arboretum until 6:00 a.m. talking with her about her emotional distress. She later denied being as upset as the

young man had said she was. The dean gave him seven weeks' probation, a punishment which he thought unfair when he was just trying to help someone. When he made his appeal case to me, he said he was simply imitating what Jesus would do and asked if I didn't think Jesus would have gone with the girl to help her. I said, "Yes, but he would have signed out truthfully. He believed in keeping the rules." The young man grinned ruefully and took his departure. The penalty was enforced.

## The Year of the Jinx

The fall quarter of 1940 was characterized by a series of accidents—some bizarre, some tragic, and some humorous. One incident involved the College truck, used for a variety of purposes, when it was loaded with students going on a picnic. It came down the drive in front of McKay Hall and rounded the corner near a great pile of bricks to be used in the construction of the McClurkan building. Excitement was in the air; students squealed as they went around the corner and swayed to the left. The stake-bed side gave way and spilled them out, some onto the bricks. Maxine Moore fell under the truck and suffered a broken ankle. An alert student prevented the truck's wheel from rolling over Maxine's ankle. There were many bruises and abrasions.

After this one the incidents or accidents multiplied.

- Les Jeter went to Grace Church with friends, put his arm behind one of his friends, and broke his thumb as it came down on the back of the pew.
- Six students borrowed a car, loaded up, and drove north to meet a motorcade from West Virginia at Glasgow, Kentucky. The car failed to round a curve and hit a large tree. The car was totaled, and students went to the hospital. I was there when the accident happened, and I ought to know! (Three of us were quartet members and a few days later went to sing in a church—one of us with an arm in a cast and all with bruises. We must have been a ludicrous sight as we limped to the platform and sang "O Happy Day!")
- A girl jumped from the corner, second-story, McKay Hall

window to land in a small pile of hay—a two-and-a-half-story fall. It was a misguided action, for the hay didn't help much and she suffered a horribly broken ankle. She explained that others were getting so much attention from injuries that she wanted a share. I fear that student sympathy was tinged with ridicule.

Other freak accidents occurred during the quarter and students began to use the word "jinx." Miss Bessie Seay, school nurse and arbiter of social affairs, one with a heart of gold accompanied by a sort of top sergeant thrust learned on the mission fields of Africa and India, was incensed. Intending to put an end to the accidents, she arose in chapel, refuted the idea of a jinx, and exhorted students to stop being careless. After chapel, she walked to the Administration Building, slipped on the ice near the bell tower and broke her arm. Do you see what I mean by "bizarre"?

The ill-fated quarter finally ended and with it the string of accidents. There has never been another one like it.

## *Memories of Pranks*

WHEN I MENTION TO FORMER STUDENTS THAT I AM WRITING A social history of Trevecca that includes a chapter on student pranks and escapades, some fascinating conversation occurs. Pranks emerge that I never heard of, and perpetrators of mischief come forward unraveling mysteries existent for many years. Interestingly, some reveal a sense of shame for a small misdeed long past. I usually assure them I had forgotten all about the troubling incidents.

An eminently respectable lady recently told me of a time over forty years ago when she made her escape from a chapel service by sliding under the pews all the way back to the very last pew. It was her tough luck that she came face to face with the high school principal as she emerged from under the last pew. Memory of this incident has long since disappeared in the welter of pranks more colorful. It is curious that old-time alumni will spend more time discussing fun and fellowship in the good old days instead of the math and English they learned.

CHAPTER FIVE

# The Work Ethic at Trevecca: All Kinds of Jobs

IN THE 1930S AND 1940S STUDENTS WORKED AT MANY TASKS:

- In maintenance on campus (There was no full-time maintenance staff.)
- At firing furnaces and ringing the bell
- In the kitchen, dining room, library, and office
- In the garden or tending chickens and pigs
- At American Bread Company (The business manager secured the job, collected the pay, and applied it to one's account.)
- At H. G. Hill grocery stores and later at A & P, Cooper & Martin, and Kroger
- In sales—selling things to other students (for example, shirts)
- At various business ventures (One married student manufactured door mats out of strips cut from old tires.)

A laundry and dry-cleaning business operated out of a dormitory



room for many years. When I came to TNC, Claude and “Jimmer” Jamison were conducting it from a room on the ground floor of Hardy Hall. They took in clothing to be laundered and dry-cleaned, turned it over to the laundry truck, and three days later received the clean clothes for distribution to the students. Since males wore ties and coats to class, chapel, and the dining room, a rushing business was done in dress shirts. I think it cost a dime to have a shirt washed, starched, ironed, wrapped in gleaming cellophane, and delivered to the campus. This business, which started with a gentleman’s agreement with a laundry, was sold again and again at an ever-increasing price. It is difficult to understand just what was bought and sold. Management of the laundry passed to Ewing White in the 1940s, and *credit* was an alien word to Ewing. Cash on the barrel head, please!

Some boys would pack laundry in a pillow case, squeezing it into the smallest possible bundle, go down to Trimble Bottom, and negotiate laundry with one of the black women in that neighborhood.

One student wore the back out of his shirt but continued to send it to the laundry. The collar and front were intact, and as long as he kept his coat on, he was well-dressed.

Other students in the ’30s and ’40s rendered barber services, Al Hadden and his wife, and later Adrian Rosa, did barber work.

In the late 1930s the majority of male students worked at H. G. Hill’s groceries all over town on Saturdays. Breakfast was served at 5:30, and by 6:00 we students picked up sack lunches (mostly peanut butter and jelly on stale bread) and strung out down the hill to catch the street car, or “the galloping showcase,” as we called it, three blocks away. The motorman would usually wait for the latecomers.

In my first year, I tried working at Hill’s where I negotiated \$2.50 per day instead of the customary \$2.00 because of my experience at A&P in high school. After a few months, they started sending out checks from the central office, and I was cut to \$2.00 like everyone else. This pay reduction posed a major problem. I went across the street to A&P for \$3.60 and a shorter workday. Soon a couple of my friends joined me. This exodus touched off a major movement. Within a short time, six or eight Trevecca boys, and later girls, were working in one A&P store. We were all over town. We saw “across-the-counter” stores replaced by supermarkets with six or eight checkout lines. One of the

married students, Archie Madison, was the fastest checker I ever saw. His cash register had a certain rhythm, and customers moved through rapidly. If he didn't know the price, he estimated. Most of the grocery jobs were part time; however, both my brother and I worked a full night shift for a time stocking the shelves after the supermarket closed.

## *Married Students and Their Work*

TREVECCA STUDENTS HAVE ALWAYS WORKED, AND THIS STATEMENT was true of the majority of them during my college days. A surprising number worked a full shift, usually evenings or nights, and attended classes in the morning.

At the end of World War II veterans came back to college in great numbers. Most were married and worked to supplement their veterans' stipend. Many of these had children and economic pressure accompanied that of the academic area. One marvels at their fortitude and sacrifice. Here are some examples:

### Donald Jernigan

Don came to Trevecca in 1947, married, with two children. He and his family lived in a trailer parked in R. C. Petrowski's yard. Partially constructed of canvas, the trailer was never warm. Don tells of his shoes' being frozen to the floor and of the radio announcer saying, "And now for the temperature—there ain't none." He meant that the thermometer stood at zero.

Don would leave after classes and go to work at an architect's office where he worked as a draftsman. On weekends he served as pastor of a home mission church. In spite of the pressure to keep the wolf from the door, he made good grades and graduated at the head of his class in 1951. He went on to be a successful businessman, architect, and developer of nursing homes. The wolf is now far from the door. His sacrifice paid off, and in the 1980s he made a million-dollar gift to Trevecca. He later became a district superintendent. Trevecca's student center is named for him.



## Eugene Adams

Eugene graduated from Trevecca High School in 1942, served five years in the Air Force, and returned to Trevecca in 1949. With a wife and two children, he had to work while he was a Trevecca student and later when he attended Peabody. Like Jernigan, Gene and his family lived in a trailer, at least in the early years. A third son was born during his junior year. Gene says he would attend classes and then put in long hours at the A&P supermarket. Some nights he would leave this store, go to a Cooper and Martin supermarket, and work the rest of the night stocking shelves. At 7:30 the next morning he would clean up, shave, and go to his first class.

On weekends Gene served as minister of music, first at Jernigan's church in Madison and later at Bethel Church of the Nazarene, working with Rev. A. C. Rowland. Year after year this dual schedule left him worn out, but he still made good grades and graduated in 1953. He said that when he started public school teaching the strain was so much less that he felt as if he was on vacation. Gene went on to serve part time as minister of music at little or no pay during most of his long teaching career.

## Troy Slay

Troy came to Trevecca in 1953 and graduated in 1960. He was one of the few students who entered the Junior Theological Program, moved from that to high school, and on to college. He was enrolled, non-stop, for seven years before he completed his bachelor's degree. Slay was married, had two daughters, and had to work while attending college. He got a job with the L&N Railroad and worked at night in the Radnor switching yards. Attending class is one thing, but how does one study when one is switching boxcars? Troy had the answer. He could store a textbook inside the bib of his overalls, and during the frequent intermissions between activities involving the boxcars he would pull out his book and read by lantern light. He must have found it an effective plan because he certainly made good grades in my classes where A's and B's did not come easily.

Troy went on to become a pastor, serving a total of twenty-five

years on the Tennessee District and five years in Florida. He also earned a master's degree and served as the dean of a Bible college.

There are probably hundreds of other examples like these, but space does not allow their inclusion. I do believe they are typical of students "working their way through college."

## *Trends in Student Work*

THE TREND OF TNC STUDENTS' GRAVITATING TO CERTAIN BUSINESSES has continued across the years. In the '50s, '60s, and '70s, male students served as desk clerks at various motels along Murfreesboro Road. They worked an evening shift and were able to study more than they would have in the dorm. In recent years TNC students have flocked to UPS, working half a load in the evening or early morning hours for good wages. In the 1980s and '90s Trevecca students have worked in banks doing computer work at night.

In recent decades Trevecca students have hired on as servers in some of the better restaurants in the community. One student made such good money in the evening that he continued to do this work after he graduated and took full-time employment.

Across many years there has been the occasional student who would work a full shift at night, often supporting a family, and go to school by day. There were probably more of these than administrators care to admit. Factory jobs, including work at Vultee Aircraft during World War II, work at trucking companies, clerking at motels, and operating service stations, constituted employment for many such students.

Some worked their way through college by preaching or singing. One would serve as pastor, another as a weekend evangelist, and so on. Trevecca boys would hitchhike a hundred miles or more to preach, with little thought of financial rewards. I remember that Russell Bredholt was kept busy on most weekends riding the Greyhound bus to and from the churches. He dressed better and seemed to have more money than other students did.

Some of us students helped pay our way through college singing in a quartet. When we went with Pastor Harry Wise to sing at a

funeral, there was usually no pay, nor for him, I'm sure. On occasion he would take us by Peach's Restaurant on lower Broadway for lunch. He would usually give a couple hours' notice that the quartet was needed for a funeral. His preferences were well known: "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me" and "Oh, Come, Angel Band." The latter had a lonesome sound that appealed to his melancholy nature.

Working on the campus meant that students learned skills that stood them in good stead in later years—electrical, plumbing, painting, and even rock laying. TNC students did the rock veneer on the president's home (now Smith Hall) and Gibbs Apartment Building constructed in 1939 and demolished in 1963 to make way for Johnson Hall.

Lacking masonry skills, several of us students were assigned the task of digging the rock out of the hillside just North of Benson Hall. This task involved a pick, shovel, chisel, snerling bar (long steel bar with a chisel head) and a twelve-pound sledge hammer. Hitting the chisel slightly off center sent it flying through the air. My shins still bear some scars. If one got up early enough, he could get in three hours' work before the first class. One morning, we stood around and waited for it to get light enough to see how to work. At another time, we found the ground frozen solid and so had to retreat to the dorm. Our pay was fifteen cents per hour.

Nearly all Trevecca students worked their way through school in the 1930s and early 1940s, though some got a little help from home. One student had her expenses paid in cash, and her father received a discount for doing so. There was a strong work ethic, and no humble job was scorned, including janitorial tasks. One student, who later became a district superintendent, set up a footrest on the front campus and shined shoes at five cents per shine. He still reminds me that I threw business his way and gave him a five-cent tip.

Summertime employment on campus included canning fruits and vegetables in gallon and half-gallon glass jars. Such produce was grown in the Trevecca garden west of the McClurkan Building or taken as payment on student tuition. In the summer of 1940 I was assisting in canning tomatoes. We opened the lid of the pressure cooker, and Nelly Curtis was lifting out the jars. One exploded, sending the scalding contents into her face. She was severely burned and

did not return to school that fall. There were hazards in all kinds of jobs, and I don't suppose anyone had insurance.

For nearly a hundred years TNC students have been working in various businesses around Nashville and have built a reputation for honest, responsible work. Dr. Mackey used to tell how there would be a room full of job applicants at the personnel office of one company, and if Trevecca students were present, they would be hired first.

In the 1980s the manager of a Sears store which employed half a dozen of our students told me that they were the best. He said that he had never hired one who proved unsatisfactory. May it ever be so.

### *Spiritual Outreach on the Job*

MOST STUDENTS, PARTICULARLY IN THE '30S AND '40S, ENGAGED IN some sort of evangelistic outreach. We had an active Christian Workers Association, and we held services each week—in the jails, in hospitals, and on the street. Most important, perhaps, was the unceasing influence of TNC students, often overt and mostly quiet, to point those around them to Jesus Christ. The Christian influence of Trevecca students permeated the workplace of Nashville, and the leaven is still at work. Here are some examples.

#### Louis Weaver

Louis was assistant manager of the A&P store at Fourth and Mulberry in South Nashville where a number of Trevecca students worked. My wife was one of them, and he still slips up and calls her by her maiden name. Later on Louis became manager. When I started working there in 1946, Trevecca students made up the part-time staff, totaling eight or so.

Louis told me that the lives of Trevecca students profoundly affected him. The quality of their spirit made them seem different from other young people. He started attending Nashville First Church and discovered his crowd. He and his wife have been faithful members of that church for some twenty-five years. Louis Weaver says that he owes much to Trevecca and the students whose quiet Christian witness had such an impact on him.

## James Craig

Jim was a supervisor for General Shoe Corporation where Trevecca students worked in the 1950s. These included Ralph Dunmire, Verbon Murphree, Earl Pierce, and Bobby Turner. Craig had no religious background, but he was impressed with the quality and spirit of these young men. They quoted Scriptures and asked God's blessing at lunch. Their lives created a hunger in his heart. Then Turner invited Craig to go to Waverly Place Church of the Nazarene with him. Pastor Bill Hill, another Trevecca student, preached and gave an invitation. Jim responded and was saved.

Then he decided to enter Trevecca to prepare to preach; however, he had a problem. He had been taking shoes and socks at work without paying for them, and he had to make restitution. He figured he owed \$300.00 so he took a check, called on the president of the company, explained that he had been saved, confessed his guilt and gave him the money. The president appreciated Jim's action and asked a number of questions about his conversion, but didn't seem to know what to do with the check.

A few days later, on campus, Dr. Mackey stopped Craig and reported that the president of General Shoe had sent the \$300.00 to Trevecca to apply on Craig's tuition. It pays to be obedient to God's command.

Jim finished high school at Trevecca, did three years of college work, and then transferred to another institution to finish work on his bachelor's degree. He has served all these years as a pastor on the Tennessee District; currently he is pastor at Joelton.

Students who work their way through school have been a part of Trevecca life for nearly all of the school's existence. In my view students were better for the experience. Discipline and responsibility were learned and skills that lasted a lifetime were developed.



## CHAPTER SIX

# Trevecca Students— the Creative, the Colorful, and the Eccentric

I TAUGHT SIX YEARS IN TREVECCA HIGH SCHOOL AND TWELVE YEARS in the College. The teaching comprised a full load though I had administrative responsibilities most of those years. My students numbered in the thousands. I loved them all. Some stand out in my memory more than others.

One easy-to-remember category is composed of those students who made A's in tough history courses as they did in other courses. Examples are Bill Strickland, Dwayne Little, Ed LeJeune, John Chilton, Toby Williams, Grant Browning, and Jerry Costa.

Another category of excellent students are housewives in their thirties or forties who return to college to complete their degrees. I have watched them across the years with interest and admiration. Typically, they arrive fearful that they cannot compete with the bright, young freshmen and sophomores with whom they will share classes. They don't realize how much information and practical wisdom they bring with them. Moreover, they are highly motivated and willing to work. They usually get the highest grades, worrying all the time. Back in the 1960s Martha Strickland and Earnestine Richardson were in my



American history class. They exhibited the characteristics described above. On a major test they would usually get all the objective questions correct and make twenty-eight or twenty-nine points out of thirty on the essay question. (I almost never gave a perfect score on a discussion question.) They would usually reveal their distress and ask, "Where did I go wrong? What can I do to pull up my grades?" I would just laugh. In graduation ceremonies in several different colleges over many years I have noticed that recipients of various levels of honors have a disproportionate number of women in their thirties and forties. They are a pleasure to teach.

Let me give you some specific examples of students who were unusual in some way.

## Bill Calkin

In the 1950s, historic events were unfolding in Arkansas when schools were being integrated in Little Rock, a change that was accompanied by tension and violence. Governor Faubus was confronting Federal troops. These events were a major point of discussion in my classes. Constitutional issues were at stake.

Calkin was absent from a class or two and then I received a card from him. The message went like this, "I came here to Little Rock to observe history in the making." He then described the situation. Now that is creativity.

## Danny Maxwell

A skilled artist, Maxwell illustrated term papers and tests. Part of the paper would be written answers and the rest sketches or cartoons answering the question. I think there is still some of his work among my souvenirs.

## Jack Farish

Jack was an example of the "workhorse student." For a one-hour history course, he turned in a paper of one hundred typed pages. Jack's paper reminds me of Jesse Stuart who, in a Vanderbilt literature course,

turned in a paper of over three hundred pages. The work was not acceptable to the professor, but Stuart published it as a book. He gave a copy of this book to a friend who gave it to me. It is a treasure.

Jack was one of the few persons I knew who spoke against the Vietnam War as we were getting into it. This position was not popular, but it needed to be voiced.

## Max Gore

Max was a student with one arm off at the shoulder. Amazingly strong with the other arm, he could push a loaded wheelbarrow with ease. Students wanted to put his picture in the *Darda* with the wheelbarrow. President Mackey advised against their plan, saying, "Some of our students have little self-confidence, and seeing this photo would damage what they have."

And then there were the students who shall go nameless. Some are dead and some have turned out better than these stories indicate.

- The student who told my brother, "When I pick up that geometry book to do my lesson a mean spirit rises up in me. I have to put it down to keep my spirit sweet."
- The student who transferred from ENC. When she sent his transcript, Dean Bertha Munro wrote Miss Amy Person, Trevecca's registrar, "He is a saint but no scholar."
- The mystical student who thought his house was inhabited by demons. My secretary and her husband lived next door to him and were concerned about his practice of stopping at his front door and commanding the demons to depart. I said, "That seems harmless. I wouldn't worry about that." She said, "Yes, but he stands there and counts them as they leave—one, two, three, and so forth."
- The student who did not do well on a test but retained his sense of humor. He wrote on the bottom of the test paper with arrows pointing appropriately, "Ten juicy, challenging questions; six

weaselly, dried-up answers.” I laughed heartily and gave him a low grade.

- The student who brought a ruler to class and underlined every item in his text that was mentioned in the discussion. One wonders what is emphasized if most of it is underlined. He went on to be a lawyer.
- The student who came before the discipline committee for smiting his roommate on the jaw. His explanation was that the other person refused to accept the doctrine of sanctification. He struck a blow for perfect love.
- The student who had guessed that the major question on a Bible test would concern the missionary journeys of Paul and had concentrated his review on that topic. He was ready, but to his chagrin the question was “Discuss the differences between the apostles.” This creative student wrote, “Far be it from me to discuss any differences these men of God may have had. Now as to the missionary journeys of Paul. . . .” A Trevecca student told me this story, but it may be apocryphal.
- The student who waited to be checked present in chapel and then started to sneak out during the prayer. Little did he know that Ed Irwin had arrived late, got a chair, and was sitting in the foyer, close to the door, listening through the crack. The errant student pushed gently against the door. It would not budge. He tried again and again, but Irwin was a large man and continued to act out the song “I Shall Not Be Moved.” Inside, the crestfallen student gave up and staged a retreat. A number of us who were watching and praying enjoyed a quiet laugh.

One creative student, Marlene, prepared to teach, married, and moved to Nebraska in the early 1960s. Her application for a teaching certificate was denied because Trevecca was not regionally accredited. She pointed out that Georgia had granted her a certificate. That information made no difference. Then she remembered having taken a course at George Peabody College, a start on a master’s degree. She wrote her professor, explained her problem and asked his counsel. He swung into action, had her transcript sent from Peabody, and reported

that she had been accepted into a graduate program. Two weeks later she had her certificate. Peabody has stood by Trevecca for over seven decades. It has been a two-way street, as we have sent them hundreds of fine students. The same is true of Vanderbilt, though I think the number may be dozens in this case. The two institutions are now one. One contribution Trevecca students have made to Vanderbilt across the decades is to provide musicians to play in their marching band.

## *Preacher Boys*

IN MY EARLY YEARS AT TREVECCA IT SEEMED THAT THE MAJORITY OF male students were called to preach. Many of the girls wound up being preachers' wives. The number of students preparing for the ministry hasn't changed much, but other majors have grown considerably.

Student preachers had many opportunities to preach the Word in the comprehensive Christian Work program. Others held revivals on weekends, and a few served as pastors of churches. Some of the Nazarene churches in Middle Tennessee were established by Trevecca students.

Preacher boys would usually report triumphs and tragedies from their weekend preaching assignments in chapel on Monday, a service set aside for reports on Christian work. The humorous incidents usually were discussed in private.

One student found a piece of canvas and some poles and erected a tent on a vacant lot. He announced revival services and gathered a small crowd. In the middle of the service the tent collapsed on the people inside, and they had to struggle free. The revival went downhill after that.

One student pastor (we will call him Ted since that was his name) went to his small church in East Tennessee one Sunday. Attendance was low. There were five in Sunday school, but two left when it was over. The young pastor planned to bring his message to the remaining three. He stood behind the pulpit, embarked on the morning prayer, and prayed long and fervently. When he opened his eyes, lo, those three people were gone. He performed a strategic withdrawal.

Toby Ryall attended Trevecca, supported a family, and served as



pastor at a church in the Tennessee mountains. A church member gave him a country ham which was a godsend; however, that ham finally went the way of all hams. He later said that he referred to that ham in his sermon by saying it *was* a good ham. After the second time the ham was mentioned in the past tense, one old-timer whispered to a friend in strong tones heard by all, "I jedge that ham must be all gone." No doubt that message was the one that the preacher meant to convey.

I believe this was the church where a member signified agreement with the preacher, not with an "Amen" but by saying, "There you air." This expression is still heard in rural areas in Tennessee. A dear, old lady in Houston County indicated support for the preacher's statement by saying, "Ay, Lordy."

Calvin Privett told of serving as pastor of a church in the mountains. He and his wife were out calling and came to a cabin where an old man lived alone. Unfortunately he chewed tobacco. After he visited with him, Calvin planned to kneel and have prayer before leaving. He said to his wife, "Let's . . ." and started to kneel. Glancing at the floor, he finished by saying, "Let's just squat and pray."

For preacher boys to make a blunder in the pulpit was a cause for merriment. I'm afraid we never let them forget it.

Harry Welch was preaching away and got to thinking of his girl friend. In the middle of the sermon he said, "Oh, baby doll."

John Maurice made a strong point in a sermon which came out this way: "No chain is stronger than its leakest wink." He is also the one who, when preaching about Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, said, "There He stood, looking up at those red-eyed olives."

Dave Wofford was in one of my classes and told the history students about his first sermon. It was on the three Hebrew children. He referred to them as the three "Hobree children, Shadrach, Meshach, and . . . and the other one." Noting his error, he tried to correct it but said the very same thing again. He told us that as a result of this experience he decided he was not called to preach and changed his major to history and education. As I remember, he came back later, worked off a religion major, and had a career of both teaching and preaching.

Calvin Privett told me that he and Danny Maxwell went forth to hold a revival in a country church. It was not going very well. One night Danny preached his heart out but had no response. After ser-

vice he disappeared and Calvin went looking. A cornfield grew next to the church, and he found Danny lying face down between the corn rows, softly sobbing. Calvin tried to encourage him to look up, to no avail. Then Calvin used reverse psychology. He said, "I don't blame you. We're not doing any good. Let's forget the revival. I wouldn't blame you if you gave up your call to preach. You can find something else to do."

Danny slowly lifted his head and said, "It's not that bad." Then they both started laughing, arose, and got over the time of defeat.

The only time I heard Danny preach was when his topic was "The bed was too short and cover too narrow" (Isaiah 28:20). He worked out the passage thoroughly.

We have had some "radical" preacher boys now and then. They marched to the beat of a different drummer than did the rest of us. It seemed to me that they clustered at Trevecca in the early 1950s; however, some of these rough-hewn characters were found in an earlier period as well. One went out to preach and exhibited erratic behavior. Dr. Mackey heard about it and rebuked him for it. He answered, "You didn't call me to preach; God did." The College president answered, "And God called me to interfere with your kind of preaching." He meant it, too.

In the early '50s David Patton returned to Trevecca to finish his education. He missed the pastorate and came to me with a proposition. He said, "You have a boat. Let's get a P.A. system and go out to the lake on Sunday and hold services for fishermen missing church. You sing and I will preach." For some reason I did not feel led to pursue crappie fishermen in their favorite cove on Old Hickory Lake. Perhaps a great opportunity was missed.

Student preachers at Trevecca gained valuable experience, fulfilled their call to preach, and did a great deal to advance God's kingdom. They started preaching while they still had the enthusiasm of youth. I think beginning early is much better than waiting until one has completed four years of college and three years of seminary and then starting to preach. There are usually opportunities to preach while pursuing one's necessary education.





## CHAPTER SEVEN

# Folklore Stories across the Years

ALL SORTS OF HUMOROUS INCIDENTS HAVE HAPPENED AT TREVECCA that brought a laugh, and sometimes merriment erupts years later when friends remind one another about those events. Some may bring tears. Here are a few:

## *Don't Knock It*

TREVECCA HIGH SCHOOL WAS A THRIVING OPERATION IN THE EARLY '50s with over a hundred students. The classes met in the second and third floors of the Administration Building. I was teaching American history to a large class, forty or more, in room 204. High school juniors and seniors are a lively bunch, and I worked hard to hold their attention and make history interesting. In the middle of an important explanation there came a knock at the door. To keep their interest I continued talking and taught my way to the door. Engrossed in the topic, I got to the door, forgot why I was there, and realized that it had something to do with a knock, so I knocked on the door—rap-rap-rap. Immediately I realized that was a dumb thing to do. Believing that it is never wise for students to see a professor sweat, I taught my way back to the desk without missing a beat and continued the lecture. The

students knew something had happened but didn't know what. They were mystified and apparently so was the unknown person on the other side of the door.

### *The Arrow That Flieth by Night*

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING EVENTS I CAN REMEMBER HAPPENED in the early 1960s. I title it "The Arrow That Flieth by Night." It goes like this. Mrs. Redford, mathematics teacher, came to my office one Monday morning when I was dean. She was quite upset and said, "Someone is trying to kill me." My response was, "Oh, surely not." In somber tones she said, "Come with me." We went to her office which was at ground level on the south side of the McClurkan Building. She pointed to the wall next to the door and there was an arrow, the sharp-bladed head half buried in the paneling. One almost expected to see a note rolled around the shaft. I took the arrow and assured her that I would investigate and asked her to say nothing about it.

I floated a question on the campus, "Who hunts with a bow and arrow?" The answer soon came back, and I asked the young man to stop by my office. He came, we chatted a few minutes, and I said, "David, I hear you like to hunt with bow and arrow. Is that right?" He said, "Yes." I then asked, "Have you shot an arrow on campus lately?" He answered, "That's interesting that you should ask. Late Saturday as I drove past McKay Hall, my lights shined a rabbit at the lower end of the sidewalk. I fired an arrow at him but missed. You know, I never did find that arrow." I asked, "David, do you want to know where it went?" and then explained what happened. He was shocked. I admonished him not to shoot the bow again on campus. The incident was closed, and I reported to Mrs. Redford that it was accidental.

### *Healing in the Dorm*

A HEALING SERVICE IN THE 1940S IN HARDY HALL HAD ITS HUMOROUS side. Calvin Privett, Hilton Gillespie, and others agreed to pray for Daniel Maxwell's healing for a sore throat and other symptoms. Hilton, who was pastor of a church while he attended Trevecca, agreed

to take charge of the service. He suggested that they anoint David and asked for oil. None was available. He spied some cherry-flavored cough syrup and read that it contained oil of cloves. He decided it would do. When questioned about its use he said, "Surely the Lord will understand."

Hilton began to pray and, typically, became blessed and began to shout. In his exuberance, he turned the bottle upside down on Daniel's head. With red stuff streaming down, Daniel began to smile and said, "Praise the Lord, boys. He healed me." And sure enough, He had.<sup>1</sup>

### *Turn the Plate*

V. NEIL AND EARNESTINE RICHARDSON TOLD OF MEETING IN THE dining room at Trevecca when they were students. The table host introduced them and they were seated. Plates were turned upside down in those days to protect them from soot in the air. (Buildings in Nashville were heated with coal at the time, and there was pollution.) Students turned their plates over when the food was served. Neil was so smitten by the little blonde with the deep-South accent that he forgot to turn his plate. He started spooning peas onto the bottom of his plate. She giggled merrily, reached over, and turned his plate up. Thus began a lifelong relationship.

### *No Hiding Place down Here*

DEAN OF MEN DURELL SHELTON WOULD SOMETIMES CHECK ROOMS to see who was skipping chapel. He unlocked a certain door and entered what apparently was an empty room. The occupant had taken refuge under the bed and was on his back.

The dean lifted the mattress and looked down through the springs into the face of the student, staring up at him. "No hiding place down here."

### *Going Native*

ONE OF OUR ILLUSTRIOUS ALUMNI, DALE MELTON, EARNED A

doctorate and taught in a community college in Florida. A federal grant came along and he left his regular teaching assignment to coordinate it. After about three years it ran out, and he approached the college administration about resuming teaching. They said, "We would love to have you back, but we are under mandate to save the position for a minority person, preferably Native American."

He asked for the definition of *Native American*. The answer was "One who can prove with documents Indian blood or whose physical characteristics resemble Native Americans or who considers himself one." Dale thought and then said, "I've been told by my family that we have Indian blood, and I have black hair and olive complexion. I declare myself to be a Native American." They restored him to his teaching position.

### *Humor in Chapel*

ROBERT GRAY WAS PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT BODY IN THE 1940S and was called upon to lead in prayer in chapel. He began to pray for the faculty. Listeners could tell that his heart went out to them. He said, "Lord, bless the faculty. If we were in their places, we'd probably make a bigger mess of things than they do."

### *Manna from Heaven*

LEONARD DAWS WAS A MARRIED STUDENT WITH A CHILD WHEN HE attended Trevecca in the early 1950s. He told of going off to classes one morning when his finances were at a low ebb. Betty, his wife, said, "Don't come back without milk for the baby." He went to chapel and heard a strong appeal for a missionary offering. He had only three cents and asked himself whether to put it in the offering plate or buy a stamp with it and write home for money. He put it in.

After chapel he went to check his mail. In the box was an envelope that he assumed was addressed to the student with whom he shared the box, but the letter turned out to be his. Inside was ten dollars from an anonymous donor. He went home with joy in his step. Ever practical, Betty handed him a grocery list. He went down to

Lehman's Market and filled the buggy with grocery items.<sup>2</sup> As his groceries were checked he wondered if the \$10 would be sufficient. The total turned out to be \$9.97. He had his three cents back and a song of praise to the Lord.

### *You Won't Believe This*

SAM PICKENPAUGH AND GRANT BROWNING LOVED TO HUNT AND fish. They went squirrel hunting one day on Dr. Mackey's Nolensville farm after classes were over or as an alternative to class attendance. They hunted for hours to no avail. It was hot in the early fall and they sat down under a shady hickory tree to rest. Finally one said, "I'm not going to leave here without firing my gun." He pointed it straight up, pulled the trigger, and—believe it or not—a squirrel tumbled down from the leafy branches above.

### *A Tragic, Narrow Escape*

IN THE EARLY 1950S A MILITARY PLANE PLUNGED INTO THE GROUND near the campus on a Saturday morning. The pilot was a reservist flying a fighter plane. He must have had time for conversation about the loss of an engine because the officer who came out representing the military told me that the officer tried, successfully, to miss a Trevecca dormitory and went into an open space on Woodard near the former trucking company property. The pilot was killed, of course.

There was an interesting sidelight to this event. My wife and I lived nearby in the two-story white house at 80 Nance Lane. We planned to get up very early that morning to drive to Birmingham. In the middle of the night I had a dream—or a nightmare. I saw the roof of our house ablaze from something falling out of the skies. I woke up troubled and thought about my dream for a while. Finally persuaded that being struck by a meteor was unlikely, I went back to sleep. We left as planned. Only later did we learn that shortly after our departure something had fallen out of the skies in a fiery crash about 200 yards away from the house. Don't ask me to explain the foreshadowing dream.



## *The Perfect Squelch*

AT A FACULTY SOCIAL EVENT MRS. A. K. BRACKEN WAS POURING coffee. She asked Dean Gresham if he would care for a cup. With a straight face he responded, "I don't drink coffee; I'm a Christian." With a straight face she answered, "Why, I declare. I never would have suspected it."

## *God Will Provide*

ARDEN HADDIX WAS WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH TREVECCA ABOUT 1950. When his eyes gave him trouble, he went to an optometrist and learned that all he needed was new glasses which would cost forty dollars. He did not have the money. He returned to campus and found a letter in his mailbox. The letter was from a friend of the family, who wrote, "I couldn't sleep last night thinking that you might be in need." A student nudged Arden and said, "Something dropped from your envelope." It was a \$20 bill.

Two days later a letter came from his mother who wrote that a neighbor lady had earlier asked if they were sending Arden any money. His mother had answered, "No, we just don't have it." Whereupon the lady gave her \$20 to send him, and it was enclosed. Within three days' time his prayers were answered and he had new glasses. Forty dollars then was probably worth ten times what it would be now. Dozens of Trevecca students could give testimonies like this one.

## *The Cadillac Hearse*

DON DUNLAP TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY OF JOINT OWNERSHIP of an unusual vehicle. In 1965 Don, Mark Greathouse, Paul Johnson, and Kenneth Channell bought for \$150 a 1947 Cadillac hearse in excellent condition. They called themselves "The Good Newsmen" and had in mind to engage in a sort of beach ministry. This plan didn't work out, though they did hold some revivals and used it for transportation.

It was quite an object of interest among the students, especially

when the four owners tried to hide it. They had been forbidden to park it on campus because they did not have insurance on it. Perhaps following the example of students on other campuses who competed to see how many can be packed into a VW, TNC students (some fifteen or so) would load up in this stately vehicle and head to Shoney's. In connection with Halloween activities, the "Newsmen" would provide rides to the cemetery in the hearse at twenty-five cents a head.

Nancy Carter was chosen as secretary to the hearse owners. Though she and Don were not dating at the time, they later got married. Did a Cadillac draw them together? What did they think of when it was time to "re-hearse" for their wedding?

After one quarter the "Good Newsmen" had to sell the hearse to pay their tuition. They got their money's worth, for they used it three months and got \$125 for it. Thus an interesting chapter in the history of student transportation came to an end.

## *The Apocrypha*

THERE ARE STORIES ABOUT TREVECCA TOLD BY INSIDERS AND OUTSIDERS that can not be authenticated. They could be true, but somehow I doubt it. A few of these apocryphal stories are the following:

- A girl was asked why she came to college. She answered, "I came to be went with but I ain't yet." She hadn't passed English 101 either.
- A student was disciplined severely because she had a hole in the knee of her bathing suit.
- For many years the slogan was "The sun never sets on Trevecca students." The girls had to be in the dorm before dark.
- For an answer on a test, a student wrote, "God knows; I don't." The teacher wrote back "God gets an A. You get an F."
- Dr. L. P. Gresham told of a student who enrolled in a course, attended two days, and was seen no more until the end of the term. He showed up on the last day, took the final exam, and made the highest grade. The teacher said, "You got all the

answers right but one, yet you haven't been here all semester. How do you explain your performance?" The student replied, "On that second day of class you said something that confused me or I would have made a perfect score."

## *Reciprocity*

OCCASIONALLY AN OUTSTANDING FOOTBALL PLAYER WOULD EXPRESS interest in TNC but would mention scholarship offers from other colleges and universities. I understand a young man's desire to play football and the appeal of a "full ride"; however, I'd rather see one of our young people go to a Nazarene college than to a state university. Thus I would usually recommend Olivet to the prospective student and his parents. I mentioned this practice to the Olivet president and said, "I hope you will refer to Trevecca students in your region, who want to become physician assistants." Without hesitation he responded, "Not me. I'll never send a student to another college." So much for reciprocity.

## *A Mixed-up Prayer*

AFTER THE ANNUAL "CLEAN-UP DAY," A TRADITION IN THE 1930S AND 1940s, students and faculty would gather in the dining hall for lunch. On one occasion, Miss Person, registrar and English teacher, was asked to pray the blessing. With the cleanup on her mind she said, "Lord, you know you said in your word, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'" Following a pause, she continued, "No, Lord, that's not in the Bible. I believe Shakespeare said that."

## *J. O. McClurkan and the Employment of Teachers*

TEACHERS USUALLY JOINED THE TREVECCA FACULTY AS THE RESULT of an invitation, but some came because of another "invitation." Gene Williams tells an interesting story about the arrival of one faculty

member; he learned this story in an interview with Mrs. J. O. McClurkan in 1955:<sup>3</sup>

Quite naturally, as the curriculum expanded, so did the staff of teachers. Brother McClurkan sent out a call for consecrated teachers. He was a bit taken aback one morning when he received a phone call. It was a Miss Fannie Claypool who was at Union Station in Nashville. She informed him that she had come to teach in the Bible School. Having no alternative, Brother McClurkan very nervously went to get the new staff member. Though he was very disturbed at the manner of her coming, in later years Brother McClurkan was thankful for her as she proved a very efficient missions teacher and dean.

### *A Kiss Is Just a Kiss*

JOHN POOLE, A STUDENT IN THE 1930S, TOLD ME ABOUT THE TROUBLE he got into for kissing the girl he planned to marry. He was informed that he was being dismissed for this serious infraction of the rules. He went to Dr. Hardy's house to plead his case with the president. He admitted his action but went on to explain that he loved this girl and that they planned to get married in the summer. Then he said, "Doctor, did you ever kiss your wife before you got married?" At this point Dr. Hardy said, "Oh, John, Oh, John, get out of here." John did and remained in school.

### *Teaching by Rhyme*

WE HAD SOME INTERESTING TEACHERS WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE, AND years later some memories of them persist. Dr. L. P. Gresham taught chemistry along with his history courses. He quoted this rhyme:

Thompson was a chemist.  
Thompson is no more.  
What he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>!

Mrs. A. K. Bracken recited a rhyme which went like this:

I eat my peas with honey.  
I've done it all my life.  
It makes the peas taste funny,  
But it keeps them on the knife.

## *Romance Explained*

THERE WAS A STUDENT AT TREVECCA A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO WHO was personable and well-liked and a bit older than the other students. The boys weren't asking her out. She was speaking in chapel one day and broached the subject. As I remember, she said something like this: "You may wonder why I have no prospects for matrimony. Well, I've had my chances, but I say, with the Apostle Paul, 'I would not have ye, ignorant brethren.'"

She is the same person who made the sage observation, "Halitosis is better than no breath at all." We have had a few creative students who are easy to remember, and she is one of them.

## *Students and Their Grades*

MANY TREVECCA STUDENTS, CONTENT WITH B's AND C's, WENT OFF to war in the early 1940s, and returned with a different attitude. The naval midshipman's school I attended required me to work twice as hard on my studies, and I returned to TNC intent on good grades. My comrades had similar ideas.

There was a problem here. Some teachers, one in particular, remembered us as we used to be. My friend Jimmy Thrasher, having been recently a captain in the Air Force, was making A's in everything else but could get no higher than a B in English. He told me that the teacher had him categorized at this grade level, and, in spite of all he could do, she would never give him an A.

To test his theory he copied an essay written by a Ph.D. in literature, word for word, turned it in as a term paper, and, you guessed it, got a B on it! He should have reported doing this to her, but I'm not sure he did.



## *The Dean and Self-discipline*

YEARS AGO WE HAD A DEAN OF STUDENTS WHO WAS FAITHFUL TO enforce the rules and prone to assign fines when appropriate. One day a request came to call a student, in chapel at the time, to the telephone. It seemed like an emergency. The dean took a uniformed security officer with him to locate the student, entering through the side balcony door. He was trying to be unobtrusive but failed. Students were in charge of the chapel service that day, and the sudden presence of the two officials virtually stopped chapel. Student leaders later protested the disturbance and the administrator apologized for poor judgment. Then to clear his own conscience he fined himself \$25, reasoning that he would have fined a student who had committed a similar offense. Each of us would do well to admit it when a dumb thing is done and to learn from it.

When I was a student at Trevecca we had no parking lots. None was needed because there was room along the driveway, that ran in front of the Administration Building and Hardy Hall, for the few automobiles owned by faculty. Ms. Sadie Agnew Johnson sold her 1927 Chevrolet, a classy, vintage vehicle, in 1940, to Harvey Hendershot and Oliver Huff. It was the talk of the campus and students gathered at noon for a christening ceremony. There the ancient vehicle was named "Shasta" (Sh'as ta have gas, Sh'as ta have oil, and sometimes Sh' as ta be pushed off). When I had a broken bone and Huff volunteered to take me to the hospital, we had to push it off. Fortunately it was left parked on a hillside. We're talking about the good old days, folks!

## *Willingham to the Rescue*

IN 1979 TREVECCA OWED ABOUT \$1 MILLION IN SHORT-TERM DEBT, incurred for good reason, such as to help build Benson Hall. The College was in a tight spot, interest was at 12% and the institution was having difficulty meeting payments on interest alone. Creditors were pressing and our accreditation was in peril.

A campaign to raise a million dollars in one year was launched in



March and because of the leadership of pastors and superintendents it was a success. The campaign had a surprising start.

Dr. Mark Moore asked me, the president-elect, to represent Trevecca at the South Carolina Preachers' Meeting in February 1979. T. W. Willingham was the main speaker. Called upon to speak for the College, I outlined the problem, spread a little hope, and said we could raise the money if each church would make a gift equal to one year's educational budget and still meet the budget assessment.

Then Dr. Willingham got up to speak. He turned and asked the district superintendent, Moody Gunter, "How much are you going to pay me for being here?" Moody hesitated and Willingham said, "Come on, it ought to be a lot; you've got me speaking about eleven times!" At this point Moody said, "A thousand dollars," and Willingham responded, "Make the check out to Trevecca!" The atmosphere was electric. Then Gunter arose, overcome with emotion, and said, "Nina and I have set aside a thousand dollars for a vacation—a cruise, but instead, this money is going to Trevecca."

A pastor got up and pledged one week's salary. Others followed. Amidst shouts and tears \$14,000 was pledged within a few minutes. This amount was about one-third of the goal for the district. South Carolina went on to be the first district to meet its goal.

The "Wipe out the Debt" campaign had started spontaneously and the momentum carried forward. Later when I thanked T. W. Willingham for what he had done he said very simply, "God was in it."

By September Trevecca had received about half a million dollars and had paid off its biggest creditor, First American Bank, to the astonishment of the bank management. The rest of the money came in during the next year. The people at SACS were delighted and cleared our accreditation. Thank you, T. W., for your vision and generosity, and Nazarenes in the Southeast who rose to the challenge.

### *This Is the Big One*

A GREAT DRIVE TO RAISE \$1,000,000 TO "WIPE OUT THE DEBT" DOMINATED the life of the College in 1979 and 1980. The load we placed on

ourselves and on the Trevecca Zone was tremendous, and the response was outstanding.

Maintenance had been deferred for years, and the McClurkan Building, especially, needed renovation. Full of joy and confidence stemming from the successful campaign, in 1980 I blithely stated to the Executive Committee of the Board, "I recommend that the day after the campaign to "wipe out the debt" ends we start a campaign to rebuild the McClurkan Building" (a project which ultimately cost over \$600,000 when other renovation was added). This announcement must have been a shock!

A district superintendent who had been pushing himself to the limit for TNC staggered to his feet, fumbled with his chest, and said, "I can't stand it. This is the big one! I'm coming home, Elizabeth." You could tell he had been watching "Sanford and Son." In spite of his antic, the campus-wide renovation did start and lasted for two years. By the hardest, the money came in and the district superintendent survived.

## *Ambush*

ONE DECEMBER IN THE EARLY 1980S, BEATRICE AND I WERE ON OUR way to represent Trevecca at a meeting in Florida. As we often did, we left in the late afternoon planning to drive to central Georgia to spend the night at the Hampton Inn at Forsyth, our usual stop.

About 9:00 in the evening in rain, we were between Chattanooga and Atlanta on I-75. Beatrice was driving, and I was in the passenger seat, dozing a little. We heard a sudden explosion, smelled gun smoke, and felt a cold wind rush in. To say that we were "shocked" or "amazed" is a mild description of our response. Thinking that there may have been more explosions to follow, I asked her to keep driving.

A bullet, from a heavy rifle, I think, had come through the small panel of glass on each of the doors behind us. It made a small hole on the left side but shattered the whole panel of glass on the right. This stretch of the interstate was rather deserted, and someone must have fired from a bank beside the highway on the far side.

The bullet could have gone through both of us, as it was about

shoulder high, but it missed us by three feet. My wife drives, shall we say, briskly. Had she been driving five miles an hour slower, I believe we would have been hit. God's intervening grace was at work.

We stopped at the next exit, called the highway patrol, and gave them a description of the incident and location. We felt that the shooter could have been some madman settled in for a series of shots. To make sure, we stopped in Atlanta and called the Georgia Bureau of Investigation and reported the incident.

This was the end of the matter except that when we occasionally think of it our hearts well up in gratitude for God's protection.

### *A Tragic Loss*

MORE THAN ONE STUDENT HAS DIED WHILE BEING PART OF THE Trevecca family. The campus always reacts with shock and grief from such loss.

Donnie Smith, from Mayfield, Kentucky, was one of the finest students ever to attend Trevecca. He loved basketball and must have been an excellent player; however, he refused to play, saying he loved the game so much that it interfered with his studies and spiritual life. He was a leader all the way through college and was president of the student council and recipient of the Citizenship Award in his senior year. He and I had talked about closing activities, and before going to play golf, the day before graduation in 1959, he stopped by my office to see if there was anything else he needed to do.

A little later he was struck by lightning on the golf course and died instantly. The next day when his name was read during the graduation ceremony, President Mackey paused and said to the graduates, "You are receiving diplomas, but Donnie is receiving a crown." Nearly forty years have passed, and I haven't gotten over Donnie's death yet. Smith Hall was named for Donnie Smith.

### *Trevecca Alumnus Witness*

MARK HENDON, CLASS OF 1976, TELLS OF HIS EFFORTS TO GAIN admission to the College of Veterinary Medicine at Auburn

University. Competition was fierce, and about thirty applicants were turned away for each one admitted. The committee was interested in more than academic achievement. When Mark appeared for his interview, the tension in the room was obvious. He was naturally nervous, not knowing what kind of questions he would be asked. After a few preliminary comments were made, he was asked, "What person's life has been the most influence on you?" He answered, "Jesus Christ." There was a poignant pause, as he could tell this answer was not one that they were expecting. They then asked, "What other people or things have impacted your life?" He answered, "My father and being reared in a pastor's home where I was taught Christian principles." He said the atmosphere immediately changed. He was admitted to the medical program, graduated, and practices in Ocala, Florida.

Folklore stories abound, and I have done no more than to scratch the surface with these.

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<sup>1</sup> Calvin Privett, Letter to Dr. Wynkoop, *The Trevecca Story*, 182.

<sup>2</sup> Lehman's was a grocery on Murfreesboro Road across from Purity Dairy.

<sup>3</sup> Eugene Williams, "History of Trevecca Nazarene College," B.D. thesis, Nazarene Theological Seminary, 1956, 27.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

# Trevecca Quartets and Traveling Groups

TREVECCA HAS USED MALE QUARTETS AND, TO SOME EXTENT, LADIES' trios to represent the College in churches and at district assemblies. Fund raising, church relations, and encouragement of educational budget payment seemed to be the purpose. In Nashville the groups would sing in chapel and at funerals.

There have been some great quartets from the 1920s on. I haven't run across references to quartets in the first twenty years of the institution's history. Undoubtedly, one in the '20s comprised of Frank Wiggs, Durrell Shelton, John McKay, and Will Huff was one of the outstanding groups. In the middle 1930s several combinations in which Leon Cook sang the tenor part were popular. At the end of the decade a quartet comprised of Jim Simpson, Neil Richardson, Harvey Hendershot, and Koy Phillips had an unusually good sound. These were such outstanding young men that students almost ranked them with faculty.

I sang in a quartet in the early 1940s with Jimmy Thrasher, Marion Hawkins, and James Boshell. It was unofficial because we sang songs that the head of the music department didn't approve, such as the Vaughn arrangement of "O Happy Day." The people in the churches loved these lively gospel songs, and we had many invitations.



In fact, we dropped out of school one quarter, bought a car, and traveled full time. Dropping out was an immature thing to do but we enjoyed the experience. It came to a sudden halt when Thrasher received a letter from the draft board in the summer of 1941. He went on to become a major in the Army Air Corps.

A quartet in which Marion Hawkins sang was in a church where the singers were well known. Prayer was announced and Marion slipped out to get a songbook. The man leading in prayer prayed for each member of the quartet. As he worked his way down the list he came to the baritone, paused and said, "Now where did Marion go?" He must have been watching as he prayed.

In 1943 a quartet comprised of Ken Hawkins, Arnold Price, C. B. Smith and Jack Harrison was invited to sing at the Georgia District Assembly in Thomasville. Because transportation was difficult to get in wartime, the quartet broke up to hitchhike to the destination. Price and Hawkins rode in a chicken truck and slept in a car in a used-car lot. They all made the trip, sang at the assembly, and were well received. Ray Hance was the speaker and invited the boys to come and sing at his church in Birmingham, Alabama. They accepted and prepared to catch a Greyhound bus in Nashville on a Saturday to make the trip. They bought tickets and three got on board. Then the driver declared the bus full and refused to let Hawkins aboard. The three members went on to Birmingham, secured a local substitute, and stood up to sing on Sunday morning. At that point Hawkins, who had hitchhiked down, walked in and joined them on the platform. The quartet was reunited.

A quartet in the 1930s sang in a revival in Paris, Tennessee. Mrs. Apple in the church especially liked their rendition of "The Homecoming Week." She ran a boarding house and the food was great. (I know, having eaten there.) She said, "Every time you sing that song I will feed you a chicken dinner." Never was one song sung so many times in one week.

Barney Baggott tells of quartet travel in the 1960s. Rev. Asa Sparks accompanied the group. He allowed them forty cents for breakfast and sixty cents for lunch, and they hoped to be invited out for dinner. Sometimes they would go into a restaurant in a small town and he would give this instruction: "Stand up, get the attention of the crowd,

give your testimony, and then start singing.” They would follow his instruction and the people loved their performance. Usually the meal would turn out to be free, just as Sparks expected. Some restaurant owners would urge them to come back and do it again. Jerry Appleby verifies this account. Myron Wise was a third member of this group, but I do not know the name of the fourth.

In the old days, quartets sang a capella and a pitch pipe was necessary. For some reason one of the tenors always had charge of this instrument. The quartet would step to the platform, the pitch would be sounded, and the group would hum softly and then launch into the song. On one occasion, Richardson extracted the pitch pipe from his coat pocket and blew but in vain. Lint had clogged the opening and no sound was heard. Nonetheless, the bass singer hummed a note. The song was postponed until things could be sorted out.

On another occasion, this same quartet sang at a funeral. The first tenor ripped his trousers just before the service began and there was neither spare pair nor time for repair. The audience must have been surprised to see three men singing properly clad in pinstriped suits with one wearing a topcoat over his. Later the quartet received a letter criticizing the quartet for their appearance. It was later revealed that Richardson had written the letter.

Old-time quartet members love to get together and harmonize again on the songs of the past. I was speaking at the youth camp in West Virginia in 1960, and several preachers who were former quartet singers were on the grounds. We pieced out a quartet and did some singing for our own amusement or, perhaps, our amazement. Then we were invited to sing in an evening service; however, word came that the official Trevecca quartet was coming in that evening to sing the next day. When they arrived, they were smuggled into a room just off the platform, and we all agreed on a song. Microphones were installed in the room near the platform. We old-timers got up and sang a verse. Then the real quartet sang with their fresh, trained voices the second verse while we stood there mouthing the words. There were puzzled looks on the faces of the teenagers. They knew something happened, but they didn't know what. The Trevedores came out, and we all sang the last verse. There's nothing like a little fun.

When I came back to Trevecca in 1979 after serving twelve years

in public colleges, I found three members of the famous quartet of the late '30s in Nashville, namely Richardson, Hendershot, and Phillips. I had sung in other groups, but they allowed me to join them. Thus, "The Old-timers" was formed. We sang a lot in the '80s and early '90s mostly in small alumni groups and occasionally in church. We even made two tapes, which anyone could have for a ten-dollar donation to Trevecca. Our last time to sing was at Trevecca Towers on March 16, 1995. Besides singing several songs including our favorite, "The Homecoming Week," we each gave an account of our conversion and told how we came to Trevecca. The next week Koy Phillips died. The next year Neil Richardson also went home to heaven. Harvey and I treasure the memory of our last time to sing.

In 1940 the male quartet comprised of Settle Shaw, John Lawwill, Homer Adams, and Wendell Davidson was touring the Alabama District with the superintendent, Paul Pitts, and J. W. Montgomery, who was reporting on a recent missionary trip to South America. Pitts was always late and, since we were riding with him, so were we. He seemed to confuse the proposed arrival time with the time of departure. This error meant that he drove fast but still arrived late.

Once Pitts started to pass an old Model-T Ford near the crest of a hill. Another car suddenly appeared in that lane. He could not stop, but he could swerve all the way to the right. At high speed on the grassy shoulder, our car passed on the right while the other vehicle went by on the left. The old man in the ancient Ford looked this way and that, apparently in disbelief. From the rear window, we saw him stop the car and walk around it to see if it was still intact.

Due at Fairfax, Alabama, we were running late as usual. Reaching nearby Auburn, the district superintendent said, "They probably won't wait supper on us. Let's stop and eat," and so we did. At the parsonage, they were waiting supper, a bountiful spread. The word was quickly passed: "Don't tell that we just ate. We've got to eat again!" We believed in obeying orders and must have given a realistic performance. Our hosts were unaware of our having dined twice within an hour.

At the church in Hartselle, Alabama, the one built over a spring so that water flowed into certain basement Sunday school rooms, we were seated near the front. The quartet was introduced to sing. As we advanced to the platform, a large dog came through the open rear door



and joined the procession. He took his position on the platform beside us with considerable poise. One of the preachers asked, "What part does he sing?" The answer from the first tenor was "country alto," and the concert proceeded. It is not clear in my mind when the dog left us.

The high point of this tour, or maybe it was the low, occurred at Holten Heights Church in Tuscaloosa where Otto Stucki was pastor. The songs went well until we came to that lively number, "Stilling the Tempest." All four united in a major error. At the chorus, we started singing the last half first. Then, of course, there was nowhere to go. The first part would not fit. We reacted according to our personalities. Overcome with thoughts of the ridiculous situation, Shaw put his head down on the pulpit, his body shaking with laughter. Lawwill threw his head back and gave a great horse laugh. The two tenors tried to continue, going "Tum, tum-te-tum." The congregation thought our souls were blessed and broke into shouts. Hearing this response, Shaw kept his head down but raised one hand triumphantly into the air. He broke up the meeting. A girl in the audience told her mother, "They made a mistake. They are just laughing." Her mother rebuked her for her lack of spiritual perception. When the girl appeared on campus that fall she told us about her reaction, and we confessed that she was correct. God can see that some good comes from even ridiculous situations.

It is difficult to single out a quartet for special attention from the last twenty years. Groups representing Trevecca are not exactly quartets any more, and a quartet may have a fifth member, the pianist. There is usually a mixed ensemble of six to eight musicians, and these have maintained high quality in recent years. When they sing at a regional conference or a general assembly, they are usually acknowledged to be the best. Young people are more talented nowadays. Let's face it; they have advantages in training and experience from an early age that were not possible in the early days.

## *Trios*

LADIES' TRIOS REPRESENTED TREVCCA IN THE CHURCHES, AND there were some very good ones. One group traveling all summer was comprised of Barbara McClain, Rose Merchant, and Mabel Cooner.

In a church in West Virginia one of the singers commented that they had used a pitch pipe until they learned that Miss McClain had perfect pitch, so they gave up its use. A dear old lady didn't know "pitch" but she heard "pipe." After service she greeted them warmly and earnestly told them, "I'm so glad you gave up using the pipe." I'm not sure where the conversation went after that.

An earlier trio—Ida Louise Harris (Digby), Gladys Smith (Marks), and Marian Edwards (Jewell)—always sang a capella. They were singing for a Youth for Christ rally in Clarksville, Tennessee, First Church, where many servicemen from nearby Camp Campbell were in attendance. Marian had such a cold that she could hardly talk but she could still sing. After giving the pitch she realized that it was far too low for her partners. They struggled through the first verse, and then Marian put her hand over the book and moved the pitch up a notch. The trio carried on bravely through the second verse. Again Marian put her hand over the book and gave the third pitch, where it should have been in the first place. After the service an army colonel offered the trio two dollars to buy a pitch pipe. They declined, having more confidence in their "pitchability" than in their ability to use a pitch pipe.

## *The Encounters*

MUSIC AT TREVECCA CHANGED FOREVER IN 1969 WHEN JAMES VAN HOOK formed the Encounters, an ensemble of eight men and eight women with a new dimension—Christian music with a sort of pop sound and close harmony. The group had superb quality. Novel features were the use of sound equipment and a backup group of brass and strings. Because use of microphones was new to Trevecca groups, Van Hook went to the Speer family, long-time professionals, to buy the right kind of equipment.

Van Hook was a very demanding leader, and this elite group spent long hours in practice. It was not uncommon for the group to sing on Sunday morning and Sunday night with several hours of practice in the afternoon. Van Hook expressed concern about the life-style of the

musicians and held them to strict standards regarding diet, exercise, and Christian witness.

The Encounters had a very favorable reception wherever they went and were flown by the denomination to Kansas City for the Evangelism Conference in 1970. Van Hook left Trevecca after two years to become minister of music at First Church of the Nazarene at Bethany, Oklahoma. The group did not fare as well after his departure and was discontinued later. Then Van Hook was brought back as a consultant to re-constitute the Encounters. The size was reduced to eight singers, and once again they became an outstanding group.

Then in the early 1970s the group turned professional, traveling full time, nationwide and doing over 300 concerts a year. They used the bus purchased with trading stamps in a regional campaign led by Mrs. Mark Moore, wife of the president.

The bus was named "The First Lady" and was driven for several years, though used for full-time travel for only one year. In need of repair, this vehicle was sold in 1980.

Van Hook went on to found Brentwood Music Company in 1981 with a \$500 investment. It became one of the largest companies in the Christian music industry. Brentwood was sold later and became Provident Music Group and does sixty million dollars of business a year.





## CHAPTER NINE

# Funny Things Happen at Graduation

HAVING SPENT THIRTY-FOUR YEARS IN COLLEGE ADMINISTRATION, I have had a part in presenting thousands of diplomas to graduates in auditoriums, in arenas, and in a federal prison. The human drama is played out in a Commencement ceremony as nowhere else. Think about it. Graduates are in a strange environment, are dressed in unusual attire, and are keyed up for the big event; thus they are easily rattled and instructions are often forgotten. The behavior of graduates, each the center of attention for a moment, is fascinating to watch. As they hear their names called and march across the platform, some try to look nonchalant, others wear a widening smile, a few chew gum, one young man whistled as though out for a stroll, and a few, whether graduate or undergraduate, giggle as their hands grasp the coveted diploma.

Talk of Commencement brings up another question: How is the transfer of the diploma from college president to eager graduate accomplished? This action has been carefully thought out in academe. The president receives the diploma from the registrar (called in medieval universities the Right Honorable Beadle), extends it with his or her left hand lower and farther back, while stretching out his right for a handshake. The graduate has been informed about this procedure, but as the magic moment arrives, the sheepskin seems more important

to some than the handshake is. The soon-to-be alumnus may mistakenly take the diploma with the right hand or with both, and then an impasse is reached. How can they execute the handshake? The graduate shifts the coveted possession, or the president withdraws his hand, or he shakes both of the graduate's hands, diploma and all. I have seen it happen. Laughter is stifled; the moment is too solemn.

Still another crisis occasionally emerges, more than likely involving an elementary teacher receiving a master's degree. Let's go back to the crystal moment when the graduate takes possession of the diploma. As soon as it leaves his hand, the president reaches to his right and behind him for the next diploma. The show must go on. The recent graduate has started the march off the platform, sees a diploma emerging, surrenders to an acquisitive instinct, and reaches for it as well. Evading the clutch of one who wants a second copy, I have been known to say, "No, no, only one to a customer." At this admonition, the graduate would depart, crushed but still happy.

A cartoon, whose source escapes me, depicts a line of graduates, with two young men left, the president lifts the last diploma from the table and says, "There seems to be only one left." The blank look on their faces is quite funny. In another, the college president extends the diploma, leans forward, and says, "I want you out of town by sundown." I know that feeling concerning a few students in my past. I have said to myself, "I believe I can outlast you." The shocker is that this type often turns out to be the most successful.

Little will be said here about pranks pulled during graduation. I don't want to spread any ideas; however, it doesn't hurt to mention the harmless practice, typical of the 1980s, of the graduate who left a coin or marble in the hand of the president. I used to drop them on the carpeted floor unobtrusively. One year a small boy in the crowd noticed the growing pile of coins and, at the end of the ceremony, made a quick trip to the platform to grasp the treasure. When graduates leave marbles, they open themselves to the charge that losing their marbles is part of graduation.

A few years ago a graduate student (a religion major, no less) stopped mid-platform, knelt at the feet of his professor who was about to confer the academic hood, and kissed his hand. Remembering the graduate's father from a generation earlier, I was not surprised.

An embarrassing incident occurred in 1968 when Chancellor Heard of Vanderbilt was Trevecca's Commencement speaker. The ceremony was held in the McClurkan Auditorium. The processional, honored guest and president in front, with faculty and graduates following, mounted the steps to enter the doors on the left. The doors were locked and the stately procession came to a screeching halt. It didn't seem feasible to bend the lines around and enter the other set of doors. A search for a key was initiated. The two presidents at the front of the line had ample time to converse. Finally the door was unlocked and things went better after that.

There has been a myth floating around the campus, occasionally repeated by anxious seniors, that a graduate was pulled out of line at the last minute and not allowed to participate. To my knowledge, this has never happened but the legend persists. I do remember a case in which a student was told in advance that he was not cleared for graduation and he tried to crash the line. He so wanted his folks to see him march even if he did not get the sheepskin. His plan came to naught.

In a public college graduation I pulled an unshaven student out of line because he wore dirty white sneakers, and his open gown revealed a soiled once-white tee shirt. He looked like a bum and the message he was sending was not acceptable. He left under protest so I told the police officer, "He will try to break into the line right at the last." When he did they were waiting and intercepted him, escorting him away to receive his diploma in private. The commencement speaker, a famous educator, reminded me of it years later, chuckling all the while.

There have been some near misses for graduates. Back in the '80s a young woman was told, right at the last, that she lacked one course and could not graduate. Her close-knit family was up in arms and a delegation came to see me. They complained bitterly about the inefficiency of the college administrators and blamed the president and the institution as well. The complaints began to sound like threats. I counseled them to hold their emotions in abeyance long enough for me to check on the problem. The solution to the problem really was quite simple. The senior had taken a course at a nearby college, and the credits, though expected, had not been received. Only the student can request a transcript and this one had not done so. The problem was quickly solved. Fax messages help a lot in cases like this one.

Graduation ceremonies have been held at several locations on campus—in the McClurkan Auditorium, in College Hill Church, and for years in the Moore Gymnasium. When these ceremonies came near the end of May instead of at the first, heat was a major problem. With 1500 people in a building without air-conditioning, the atmosphere was sweltering. Outdoor ceremonies have both benefits and problems. Comfort is a plus, and setting up platforms and seating for 2,000 people with backup plans for moving indoors in case of rain is a problem.

Another factor in outdoor graduations (you decide if it is a problem) is the informal atmosphere that prevails with some drinking Pepsi's and people talking with friends. Solemnity at Commencement has well-nigh disappeared.

In 1996 a rainstorm rolled in; the speaker, a faculty member, abbreviated his address, and diplomas were dispensed in record time. We beat the rain and all was well. Outdoor sites have been the meadow north of the business/science building, the ridge between Mackey Library and the fine arts building, and the dell in front of the McClurkan Building. The latter seems to be the most satisfactory.

A few years ago the president of the senior class came to my office to announce that the seniors were considering having graduation downtown at the Tennessee Performing Arts Center. I refrained from pointing out that this decision is traditionally made by the College administration but mentioned certain practical problems—several thousand dollars for rental which was not in the College budget, the parking problem with guests' paying high fees and having to walk several blocks, and the consequent decreased attendance. He took the matter under advisement and later swung his support to having graduation on campus. Everyone was happy.

The atmosphere at graduation has changed a lot in the last twenty-five years. Friends and family cheer and chant as their favorite graduate marches across the stage, and friends with cameras swarm around the platform, sometimes hindering the march. In 1997 a graduate made his way with a video camera aimed at himself. He took the diploma but the handshake was a problem. Sometimes a proud father will carry a baby as he marches across the platform. Times have changed, but what can one expect in an era when students call teach-



ers by their first names? This society is a laid-back one, and the informality seems to suit the majority. I favor the pomp and circumstance and cannot help wondering if contemporary music will replace the "Grand March" from *Aida* as prelude to the academic procession! Shall we wear tee shirts instead of caps and gowns? So much for the musings of a traditionalist.





## CHAPTER TEN

# Curious Facts about Trevecca

TREVECCA HAS A FASCINATING HISTORY. SOME ITEMS OF INFORMATION remind one of Ripley's "Believe It or Not." Here are a few examples.

- A graduating senior, Olive D. Graham, gave the valedictory address on May 1, 1912. Either the president or the recipient of the honorary doctorate has preached this sermon in recent years.
- Trevecca College merged with Ruskin Cave College during the school year 1917-18, moved to Ruskin Cave, and stayed until May 1918. Why? The war was on, funds were insufficient, and coal was in short supply.
- In 1918 Trevecca merged with Southeastern Holiness University in Donalsonville, Georgia. Some furniture and equipment were shipped to Nashville and students came as well. Lewis Shingler says that he sat in the same desk at Trevecca that he had used in Donalsonville. Do you suppose students carved their initials back then?
- The fine Physician Assistant Program at Trevecca is not the first medical training the institution has offered. The November 26, 1911, issue of *Zion's Outlook* reported: "There is a two-year

medical course for missionaries. In this course capable physicians of Nashville will give the lectures. A course in nursing will be under the direction of an experienced nurse.”

- One large building on campus could be called a mobile home. The president’s home, built in 1938, mostly with student labor, was moved in 1959 to make room for the construction of the library. Named Smith Hall for Donnie Smith, it was placed behind McKay Hall about where the Jernigan parking lot is located. This building was later moved to make room for the Jernigan Student Center, built in 1983-84. It is now located on the lower circle behind Marks Guest House. Student services administrators have occupied it for a number of years.
- During 1925-1927 there was a basketball team at Trevecca composed of Freeman Spruill, Francis Hemmerly, Paul Martin, C. R. Thrasher, and Hobson Byars. I don’t imagine that they had the blessing of the administration.
- Octagon Soap, one of the most popular laundry soaps, had a part in Trevecca history. A campaign was on to collect coupons all over the Southeast to buy a bus, often called a “truck” in those days. The goal was not reached, but the company agreed to settle for the coupons in hand and sent the College \$516.08. The administration then bought a new 1932 Chevrolet chassis on which was placed a secondhand school bus body. The cost was \$550. Another campaign was launched in 1936, this time for coupons from Octagon Soap, Rumford Baking Powder, Luzianne Coffee and Tea, and Knox Gelatin.

The predecessor to the one described above was a three-horse gospel wagon. The sides were decorated with Bible scenes. It was equipped with an organ and was used to transport students to street meetings.

- A trading-stamp drive is described in the *Trevecca Messenger*, fall 1971:

As of this date Mrs. Mark R. Moore reports we have received over 6,000 books of stamps and redeemed enough of them for cash to deposit

approximately \$9,500 in the bus fund. Two hundred and eighty-five churches of the 750 churches of the educational zone have contributed one or more books to the project.

Reminiscent of the Octagon Soap coupon effort in the early 1930s, the drive continued. *The Messenger*, spring 1972, reports the purchase of the bus—a “dream come true.” It was a large, reconditioned, forty-five-passenger vehicle bought with trading stamps. The wife of the president led the campaign, which produced 11,000 books of stamps. This bus was used by traveling groups, such as The Encounters and by athletic teams. The College sold it in 1980.

- Olivet and Trevecca have been closely linked in the last seventy years. A. L. Parrott, who attended Trevecca, and Les Parrott, his son, both O.N.U. presidents, taught here. Both President A. B. Mackey and President Millard Reed were Olivet alumni. Each institution has employed teachers and administrators from the other.
- Tennessee celebrated its 200th birthday in 1996, and soil was brought in from each county, in some cases just a spoonful, and dumped on the site of the Capitol Mall. Trevecca was ahead of this activity since the school supplied soil and sod to dress off the north side of the Capitol in the 1940s.
- In 1934 the College was in transition and did not publish a *Darda*. According to Earnestine Richardson, students went to the arcade in downtown Nashville, had pictures made (twenty for twenty-five cents) and shared them with friends. Students would place them in albums with space left for students to write comments. In effect, each one created his own yearbook. An “all-school” picture of faculty and students was also made. A copy of this picture is in the library and is about three feet wide. It has remarkable clarity, and all of the 100-150 people can be recognized.
- Trevecca and Lipscomb have been friendly rivals for years. Feelings run high during basketball season. Lipscomb is a

basketball power and usually defeats us. A critical game was played in 1983 on their court. Seven seconds remained and they had the ball for a one-and-one free throw. They missed the shot, and we recovered the ball and passed it to Tim Bell who started for the far end of the court. At mid-court, with one second left, he launched the ball. It was high in the air when the buzzer sounded. It went in! Pandemonium resulted! Rejoicing at Trevecca lasted for days.

Speaking in their chapel the next day, the Lipscomb president said, "You may wonder why I'm reading from this version of the Bible. It is the only one that does not refer to Jesus as a Nazarene."

- It is interesting to note those who have gone before on the site of TNU. During the Civil War a Catholic orphanage was in operation here. The major building, later the Trevecca Administration Building, was partly destroyed but was later restored. St. Mary's Orphanage remained here until 1903 and then was followed by the Little Sisters of the Poor, who remained for two years. After this time it became the Stevens Sanitarium. Walden University, connected to Meharry Medical College and predominantly black, used the campus from 1922 to 1925. The property was vacant and fell into disrepair until Trevecca came here in 1935. Oh, what a difference.
- Booker T. Washington, world-famous Negro educator, was a good friend of President J. O. McClurkan, according to his grandson, Jim Lantrip. He would often stay at Trevecca when he was in Nashville.
- Women's organizations related to Trevecca have been around a long time. In the July 1921 issue of the *Trevecca Messenger*, the oldest issue on the campus, there is a report of the "Trevecca Improvement League" headed by the wife of the president, Mrs. C. E. Hardy. The league's purpose was "the development of the aesthetic and ornamental, as well as the literary, musical and religious part of the school program." In one year they raised \$340 (worth twenty times that much today), part of which was

used to repair and furnish a classroom, and another portion went to the student loan fund.

- In the early decades, one could get a classical education at Trevecca. The 1922 Catalog listed four Latin courses. At the same time, Trevecca offered four medical courses, including one in obstetrics. The 1925-26 Catalog refers to “Trevecca Theological Seminary.” Nevitt Sanford said, “Modesty in nomenclature has not been an American virtue.” Trevecca was very American in this regard.
- Trevecca archives reveal that the school once had a program of correspondence courses with a catalog (published in 1931) to describe them. Norman N. Bloore was the director. Courses included preparation for ordination and a course in prophecy. Teachers were Bloore, Hardy, Hawkins, Agnew, Floyd, and Redford.
- Trevecca students love worthy causes. With the idealism of youth, they promote good works in the community. One activity, sponsored for many years by Circle-K, has been the annual Red Cross blood drive. The students promoted the donation, and the Red Cross provided the bloodmobile and medical personnel. Students, staff, and faculty responded. When Wayne Gallup was assistant dean of students, he established a record that is not soon to be broken: he donated more than sixteen gallons of blood. What a hero!
- The University of Northern Colorado operated a branch on the Trevecca campus in the 1970s offering a master’s degree. Dr. Lewis Pennington, a Trevecca administrator, served as the director. Classes began in 1975 and continued for three years. More than one hundred master’s degrees were awarded.
- Trevecca operated an elementary school as well as a high school for over half a century. In 1981 something different was undertaken. Kinderhaus, later called Trevecca Early Learning Lab School (TELLS), was started. Under the supervision of the College education department and directed by Susie Johnson-Miller, it provided training for early childhood education majors



and was a boon to faculty, students, and staff who enrolled their children there. Two of my grandsons attended from ages three to five and had a wonderful learning experience. TELLS was housed in the building on Hart Street where Audio-visual Services is now located. After about eight years this early childhood program was phased out.

- The semester system was in vogue during Trevecca's early years. The College changed to the quarter system in 1923, and then in 1987, after heated faculty debate, it changed back to the semester plan. Colleges often follow the trends of the times in such decisions, including the practice of public universities. The tendency is to shorten the academic year when the change is made from quarters to semesters.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

# Potpourri

SOME FASCINATING ACCOUNTS OF TREVECCA FOLKLORE AND HISTORY don't seem to fit in other chapters. Thus they are included here in a sort of all-purpose group. Is there a better title? Bits and Pieces? Drippings from Life's Bucket? Disa and Data? Maybe so. However, it is the content, not the caption that is important. Here are some interesting facts of life in our beloved institution during the last ninety years.

## *Family in Need*

IN THE EARLY DECADES TREVECCA STUDENTS AND TEACHERS WERE like one big family, and a needy one at that. There was no definite tuition charge, and room and board was \$2.50 a week. Some faculty ate in the dining room. The institution operated by faith, and there were times when faith was not enough. The budget system of regular financial support for the College was not a reality for thirty or forty years. As late as 1938 the total budget paid for the year by the churches of the Southeast was \$3,639.37. One of the larger districts supported the College with \$96.20 that year. Thus faith was exercised for the meeting of daily needs.

## *Donations to Trevecca*

IN THE EARLY DAYS BEFORE STUDENTS FULLY PAID THEIR WAY, FOOD and other necessities were gathered by local churches and districts and sent to Trevecca. In 1921 the Kentucky District, under the leadership of Mrs. L. T. Wells, made such an effort. The letter that she wrote the business manager is recorded in the July 1921 *Trevecca Messenger*:

I sent a coop of ten hens by express this morning and will send two barrels of fruit, about seven bushels of potatoes, six pumpkins and a bushel of meal. You will be receiving another box of things such as sheets, pillowcases, bedspreads, soap, Jello, blankets, etc. Real soon. We request that you send the jars and barrels back at our own expense, and we will have a Trevecca canning day in the summer and send them back to you full next fall.

What a remarkable example of love and support for Trevecca, especially since it had been the official Nazarene college for the region for only four years.

In the September 1936 *Messenger* there is an appeal for people to can vegetables and fruit and send them to Trevecca.

Efforts were made locally as well. One of the highlights of the fall quarter 1938 was the bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey and all the trimmings, provided by the Nazarene churches of Nashville. There was a closeness between Nazarenes and their College in those days, not as evident now with the University much larger and supported regularly with two million dollars a year paid on education budget. This latter situation is much better, of course, but a nostalgic mood impels me to say that there were some "good old days" even in hard times.

As one would expect, the Tennessee District took the lead in supplying food for Trevecca's table, as well as supporting through payment of the education budget. The *Messenger* of March 1940 reported a long list of provisions donated to the College which included these items: flour—1250 pounds, sugar—790 pounds, bacon—144 pounds, tomatoes—30 gallons, and blackberries—40 gallons. The list went on for forty-seven lines and included linens and quilts.

In a bartering era when money was scarce, people gave food

generously. Readers must remember that giving food was a part of the Nazarene tradition, for church members gave "poundings" (pounds of food) to a pastor or family in need. The custom is kept alive, perhaps more so in smaller churches, especially when a new pastor moves into the parsonage. I know of cases in the Northwest where farmers keep their pastor's freezer well supplied with beef, a sort of continual pounding.

The administration at Trevecca certainly encouraged the donations. Once, in response to inquiries, the business manager printed in great detail in the *Messenger* (May 1940) the list of provisions needed to feed the students for a month. Would you believe it included 6,000 pounds of sugar and 4,000 pounds of cabbage? Students from farms paid their tuition, or at least part of it, in produce. Sweet potatoes, apples, and sorghum molasses were items delivered to the storeroom adjacent to the kitchen by students and their parents.

## *Motorcades*

MOTORCADES TO TREVECCA FROM HER SUPPORTING DISTRICTS constituted a phenomenon of the late 1930s and early 1940s. I suppose the coming of war with its shortage of tires and gasoline ended these caravans.

This fascinating account is given in the *Nazarene Weekly* (March 1939):

Motorcade for Trevecca. March 14 or 15. You can come either day. The Preachers' Meeting will be in session there; every church on the Tennessee District is asked to bring the budget paid up in full and bring a pounding for Trevecca. So far, we have had responses from the following churches . . . [listed are forty churches and one circuit, Erin]. Nearly every church on the district has responded and will be on hand with a good pounding for Trevecca. Thanks for this response. Bring anything and everything of value. The school needs all they can get.

A notable motorcade came from the Kentucky-West Virginia District on October 2, 1939. One hundred forty Nazarenes came, bringing \$700 in cash (perhaps \$20,000 in today's value) and about ten

tons of food for hungry Trevecca students. The *Messenger* printed the entire list, including 3,040 pounds of potatoes, 1,365 pounds of flour, 1,121 pounds of sugar, and 167 gallons of fruit and vegetables. They even included a barrel of washing powder. It seems that I remember two of my friends' liberating a three-pound bag of coffee, as we students helped unload groceries. I believe it wound up in the dormitory.

The cars and trucks met in Madison and came through the city with horns blowing, escorted by police. Students gave up their beds and slept in the hall. Visitors, faculty, and students gathered the next morning for a great chapel service before the guests departed.

A similar motorcade came in the fall of 1940. Nazarenes from Kentucky and West Virginia brought an impressive assortment of food, including 8,875 pounds of Irish potatoes and 530 pounds of sweet potatoes. The item lingering in my memory is the many gallons of the wonderful apple butter brought by people from West Virginia. They tell me they make it outdoors in huge kettles.

Other motorcades in 1940 came from the Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi Districts. An interesting feature of the Tennessee gifts was \$1,674.01 in cash, of which \$1,026 was for the new building (McClurkan). The groups from Alabama and Mississippi met in Florence, Alabama, and came in style with placards proclaiming their purpose.

Perhaps the biggest of all motorcades was the one representing Tennessee in February 1941. One hundred eighty-three people came bringing 28,900 pounds of provisions and \$1,800 in cash.

Other motorcades in 1941 were those from Alabama in April and from Kentucky in October. An interesting feature of the Alabama group was that they brought a number of young people interested in attending Trevecca.

The last of these motorcades of Trevecca constituents I have record of was the Tennessee District motorcade of February 1942. One hundred fourteen people came bringing 284 cans, 143½ gallons, and 1,980 pounds of foodstuffs. Some readers may wonder about canning by the gallon. A half-century ago, one-gallon glass jars with standard fruit jar lids were commonplace. I suppose they are collectors' items now.

The brief practice of motorcades was a positive, folksy influence



in the life of the College. They demonstrated support, brought needed food, promoted budget payments, served to recruit students, and gave opportunity for many to visit Trevecca for the first time. On a motorcade I met the Alabama girl who became my wife. Long live the memory.

## *Gardening at Trevecca*

THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY TO PUT FOOD ON THE TREVECCA TABLE over half a century ago—growing our own fruit and vegetables.

In the early 1930s Nathan Hardy was in charge of the farm and garden. In the late '30s various ones had charge.

The October 1938 *Messenger* includes this impressive report:

Trevecca this year has had the largest and finest garden in her history. Besides the vegetables that have bountifully supplied the tables since the garden matured, the following amounts have been canned from the surplus of the garden: 400 gallons of string beans, 500 gallons of tomatoes, 50 gallons of beets, 25 gallons of chili sauce, 30 gallons of sauerkraut, 10 gallons of mock mince-meat, 200 gallons of peaches, 25 gallons of apple preserves, 25 gallons of pears, 10 gallons of jelly. Besides 300 bushels of sweet potatoes were dug for winter use. Sixty young people worked during the summer, some of them in this garden.

Trevecca has been out of the gardening business for many years now. Benson Hall and its parking lot occupy the former garden and apple orchard. While the gardening operation lasted, the College garden provided fresh, nourishing fruits and vegetables for the table and work opportunities for TNC students.

A final note is in order, about the willingness of the College to accept gifts. Trevecca was in a lean period. During World War II, with most of the male students gone, the College was short of funds. Arnold Price tells of going with another student and Dr. Mackey in 1943 to pick apples. A farmer had offered to donate the fruit to the College. They filled the capacious trunk of the president's '40 Dodge Coupe, then the space behind the seats and, finally, the floor of the passenger side. One student rode with feet atop the apples, and Arnold stood on



the running board. When they unloaded the fruit at the kitchen, it must have equaled a pick-up truckload. Students in those days ate a lot of fried apples, especially at breakfast. Actually the apples were browned in big skillets and then steamed. Students didn't realize how well off they were with this dish so rich in vitamin C. A few months later Arnold was fighting the Germans in France.

### *The University Impulse at Trevecca*

TREVECCA STARTED AS A BIBLE SCHOOL IN 1901 AND DECLARED itself to be a college in 1910 and began offering the bachelor of arts degree. The Th.B. degree was awarded in the '20s and '30s, though the institution was officially a junior college. For a short time in the early 1920s the College claimed to be a seminary and actually conferred a B.D. degree in 1923.

Sister Nazarene colleges, like Trevecca, were essentially Bible schools at the outset, and some chose to use the name "university" in their early days. The school at Donalsonville, Georgia, that merged with Trevecca in 1918 was named Southeastern Nazarene College.

In a quest for acceptance long before the song "Be All You Can Be" was written, Trevecca began to act like a university without actually claiming that status. This effort came to full flower in the 1920s. Treveccans did not mean to boast or deceive but only to put their best foot forward. Besides grade school and high school there was listed in the 1925 Catalog a school of theology, a junior college, and a school of fine arts. The administration really got carried away the next year and listed the following: Trevecca School of Religion, Trevecca Junior College of Liberal Arts, Trevecca School of Expression, Trevecca School of Piano and Violin, and Trevecca School of Voice. It would have comported better with the doctrine of holiness with its emphasis on humility if these had been called "departments."

Deans abounded. The 1924 *Darda* listed S. W. Strickland as dean of the School of Theology. In 1927 A. L. Snell was listed as dean of the Junior College. The next year Maude Carter bore the title dean of the fine arts department. That same year Z. T. Johnson, later president

of Asbury College, was called dean of the College. In the early 1930s A. B. Mackey held the title of both dean and vice president.

Trevecca became less pretentious in the 1940s after achieving senior college status and while seriously pursuing accreditation. The various schools became departments, which were later organized into divisions. I see the influence of Dean L. P. Gresham at work here.

By the mid-1980s an interesting condition emerged. The College bore the earmarks of a university, having professional departments similar to schools and two graduate programs with over a thousand students. In the late 1980s Trevecca was producing more master's degree graduates in education than did any two state universities in Tennessee put together. Yet the College did not claim university status though it was a fad of colleges of our type in those days. The time did not seem ripe. The change was timely by the mid-1990s after two more master's programs were added and with the encouragement of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. Under Dr. Millard Reed's leadership, our Alma Mater became Trevecca Nazarene University in October 1995.

## *Mottoes and Slogans*

AN INSTITUTION'S USE OF A MOTTO OR SLOGAN PROVIDES INSIGHT into its purpose and operation. Trevecca's history of mottoes and slogans is interesting but complicated. These terms need to be defined. A motto is a brief sentence, phrase, or single word used to express a principle, goal, or ideal (*American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*). A slogan is the catchword or motto of a political party, fraternity, school or other group, a catch phrase used in advertising or promotion (*American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*). The definitions indicate that there can be some crossover use of these terms, and that's the way it has been at our beloved institution.

## Trevecca Mottoes

For many years the College motto was this verse: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." This Scripture appears in

numerous catalogs in the 1920s and 1930s but not after 1932. It is also identified as the College motto in the *Messenger* of January 1940. A motto is often incorporated into an official college seal, but not this one. It is too long.

Trevecca entered a period in the 1930s when the slogan "The Sun Never Sets on Trevecca Students" served also as a motto. It appeared in catalogs until 1944 and survived after that in the College seal. This statement reflects Trevecca's early and continuing interest in preparing missionaries who went to the far corners of the earth. Thus the sun was always shining on some Trevecca alumni. Had I been asked as a student, in the early 1940s what the motto was, I probably would have said, "The Sun Never Sets on Trevecca Students."

For thirty years the motto has been "Esse Quam Videri" (To Be Rather Than to Seem). This motto and the seal of which it is a part were created by Howard T. Wall Jr. in 1966. They were first used in the 1967-68 Catalog.

One could assume that some slogans are more important than are others in that they survive for years and show up in college catalogs. Trevecca has no declared slogan at the present though "Leadership and Service" may become one.

## *Students Change*

THE QUESTION OCCASIONALLY ARISES, "HOW HAVE STUDENTS changed across the years?" I started teaching at Trevecca in 1948 and last taught a class in 1993. These are some conclusions about change at which I have arrived:

- Attitude toward authority. There is more resistance and questioning of authority than in the earlier days—a reflection of American culture, no doubt.
- Respect for teachers. This change is close kin to the above. Students call teachers, even senior professors, by their first names. This familiarity is encouraged by some younger faculty members who do not consider it a lack of respect.
- Reluctant readers. Students don't read as much or as freely in

recent years. The best student in one of my classes said, “I hate to read,” and he was a history major. I gently explained that if he thought a thousand pages for a semester was intolerable he would need to consider that this much might be expected in a week in graduate school.

- Influence of culture. Today’s students are more influenced by culture. Students in the 1940s did not endure the effect of the television wasteland and shifting societal values as present-day students do.

Now let’s shift to the positive. Present-day students bring many strengths with them.

- Computer literacy. Students today are computer literate; they can sit in their dormitory rooms and call up a vast panorama of information on their personal computers.
- Idealism. A great many students have a keen desire to change the world for the better. They work in many types of ministry while attending school.
- Musical tastes. The songs of the last thirty years differ markedly from that of the previous periods. Readers can decide whether this change is positive or negative. We all can agree that it is louder.
- Variety of talents. Students are more talented in music, sports, and other areas. When I started teaching, students did not come to college having had access to private lessons during their elementary and high school years and coaching in competitive sports from the elementary grades on.
- High expectations for the good life. Some of our graduates start off with a salary of \$40,000 to \$60,000. Young couples in their twenties may buy their first house with a price tag of \$200,000.

Regardless of the changes, college students, especially freshmen, are still caught between adolescence and adulthood, having the same fragile egos as always. They deserve understanding, love, and respect. Every Christian college ought to be a student-centered institution.

## *Pastors' Workshops*

TREVECCA'S EDUCATIONAL VISION REACHES BEYOND THE CAMPUS. The institution has maintained a concern for the continuing education of ministers across the years. In the 1920s an annual "Southeastern Institute" was held on Trevecca campus "to provide an opportunity for our southeastern ministry to increase their usefulness in the service of the church by studying practical church problems under capable leaders."<sup>1</sup> These training sessions lasted about ten days. The College promoted this institute in its publications and one year listed the workers as General Superintendent Reynolds, Sunday school editors Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Ellyson, evangelist E. E. Hardy, and the district superintendents of the Southeast.<sup>2</sup> They called in the big guns.

Such educational opportunities were provided in the 1950s and 1960s as well and were simply called "pastors' workshops." The difference was that college credit could be earned. In 1979 this educational experience was called the "Trevecca's Pastors Conference."

In recent decades the denomination has endeavored to meet this need through its regional PALCON and WILCON meetings.

## *Trevacades*

MOTORCADES, CARAVANS OF CONSTITUENTS COMING TO TREVECCA with gifts of food, were typical of the 1930s and early 1940s. These expressions of goodwill and support took a different turn in the 1950s. Caravans came with considerable numbers (the one from Alabama in 1953 brought 200 visitors), but the emphasis was different. Instead of food, checks paying the educational budget were presented, usually in an enthusiastic chapel service. From 1953 to 1958 motorcades, often called Trevacades, came from Alabama, Tennessee, East Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Georgia. Another purpose of these visits was to bring young people to get acquainted with Trevecca in the hope that they would later enroll.



## *Camp Meetings at Trevecca*

FOR YEARS CAMP MEETINGS WERE HELD ON TREVECCA CAMPUS, beginning with the move to the Gallatin Road site. Usually these meetings were collaborative efforts with the Tennessee District, but sometimes the appeal was zone-wide.

I remember that the one in the summer of 1941 was held in a big tent where the Counseling Center is now located. The quartet of which I was a member came in from the road to help provide the music; however, our first tenor had a letter waiting for him from Uncle Sam, and he departed forthwith to report for military duty. The quartet fell apart.

The camp meeting on the campus in September of 1942 must have been outstanding. The preachers were H. V. Miller, Howard Jarrett, and O. J. Nease. A famous quartet from the 1920s, possibly the best in Trevecca's history, were united after seventeen years and provided the music. Members were Frank Wiggs, Durrell Shelton, John McKay, and Will Huff.

I remember that a camp meeting in the fall of 1947 was held in a tent pitched next to Hardy Hall where the Martin Building is now located. I would usually sing in the choir but had to work late one evening. I was standing at the rear of the tent, no seat readily available. John T. Benson Jr. spied me and, uninhibited character that he was, stopped the music and engaged me in conversation. Over the heads of a thousand people the dialog went like this:

"Is that you Hom-er?" "Yes, Brother John."

"Why aren't you up here in this choir?"

"Had to work, Brother John."

"Are you going to be here tomorrow night?"

"Yes, Brother John, if I don't have to work."

Music continued. John T. was an unusual man and I valued his friendship. In my estimation he was the outstanding Nazarene layman of the Southeast for many years.



## *Outstanding Teachers*

THERE HAVE BEEN SOME TEACHERS OF DISTINCTION AND TALENT across the years, those whom students and alumni talk about when they get together with friends. With no thought of minimizing the quality of all the dedicated teachers at Trevecca throughout her illustrious history, I am listing a few who had a distinct and lasting impact on their students. Choosing these is subjective, of course, but the choice is based on personal observations, interviews with people who knew these professors, and reviews of writings about them.

Not only did these teachers have a grasp of the subject, but they had the capacity to make the course, and learning in general, interesting. They could breathe life into textbooks and other printed materials, and this skill was needed. These lines were found in a college textbook: "If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly, though all the world would be submerged, this book would still be dry!"

These great teachers had the capacity to inspire their students to master information and gain insights in their field, but also to be better persons, more capable of facing life after college. Teachers who live on in student memory also have an interest in students beyond the classroom and take time to talk with them and listen.

Here is a list of Trevecca teachers in my personal hall of fame.

### • J. O. McClurkan

The founder of Trevecca had great faith in adult education, appropriately so, since his school catered to older students. His son, Emmett, said in a Founder's Day Address: "He often found that a man or woman of mature mind could learn in a small fraction of time what it took children and youth many years to learn."<sup>3</sup>

He had the capacity to make biblical truths clear to his students and teach them how to understand theology as well. He never let administrative duties interfere with his teaching to which he was devoted.

### • S. W. Strickland

He came to Trevecca, then Literary and Bible Training School, in 1908 at the high school level. He graduated in 1915 with a B.A.

degree. He served as a faculty member for twelve years and was dean of the School of Religion. The 1928 *Darda* was dedicated to Strickland, and the tribute it contained makes clear the esteem in which he was held: "To one whose thought is original, whose theology is orthodox and whose life manifests the "Fruit of the Spirit."

He went on to become a district superintendent and, for most of his mature years, a pastor.

#### • Ada Carroll

She taught music, particularly voice, at Trevecca in the 1920s, a period when the College placed a strong emphasis on music. In this era there was a close link with Scarritt College with whose personnel Trevecca had joint cantatas and concerts. Mrs. A. B. Mackey had high praise for Miss Carroll, and Hobson Byars, who took voice lessons from her said, "She was tops." She left Trevecca to teach at Asbury.

#### • A. B. Mackey

Dr. Mackey taught at Trevecca from 1925 to 1967. He was president twenty-seven of those years. His fields of greatest training were economics, education, and psychology but he taught courses outside these fields as well. Whatever the course, his wide-ranging interest and intellect took him far beyond the normal boundaries. One of the attributes his former students remember is his requirement to memorize, or "muscularize," as he called it, a passage of literature such as the twelfth chapter of Romans or Kipling's "If." Lewis Shingler, grandson of the founder of Southeastern Nazarene College, which merged with Trevecca, said in an interview in 1982, "Dr. Mackey had the greatest impact on my life of any teacher."

#### • Sadie Agnew Johnson

She taught mathematics at Trevecca from 1928 to 1948. She is the one for whom Johnson Hall is named, a woman of saintly character, a patient and inspiring teacher and a person of prodigious memory, who seemingly could quote Scripture for hours on end. I do not believe she had an enemy in the world.

- Mattie Green Bracken

Mrs. A. K. Bracken came from Bethany in 1942, with her husband who had been president of Bethany-Peniel College. She taught education and biology courses until her death at Christmas in 1954. She had a great interest in students, was a very effective instructor, and had an elaborate grading system that took into account every achievement of the student. During these years she was also a pastor's wife, as Dr. Bracken was pastor of College Hill Church.

- William M. Greathouse

Dr. Greathouse taught Bible and theology during the 1940s-1960s, part time most of those years but full time 1954-1958. He continued to teach while president, 1963-1968. In recent years he has taught in the graduate program in religion. He is an able scholar and an enthusiastic and inspiring professor. He can shift in an instant from teaching to preaching in the classroom and from preaching to teaching in the pulpit. His students have done remarkably well in graduate school as well as in the pastorate.

- L. P. Gresham

Dr. Gresham and his wife, Martha DeWitt Gresham, came to teach at Trevecca in 1936: he, in history; she, in biology. He taught nearly a full load of history (and chemistry) while serving as high school principal and later as dean. He was a brilliant scholar with a retentive memory for the details of history. His grasp of his subject matter impressed and inspired students. He was my major professor and was a strong influence on my career. He left TNC in 1954 to be dean of Honolulu Christian College. Later he served as professor and dean at Point Loma College. He is still active in research at Southern Nazarene University.

- Lewis Pennington

Dr. Pennington started teaching at Trevecca in 1959 and continued until his retirement in 1988. His greatest strength was in planning, advising students, and administration. Any student with a problem knew he or she would find a sympathetic response from Dr. Pennington. A creative administrator, he initiated and supervised

teacher workshops, mostly in the summer. Under his leadership Trevecca offered 133 such workshops during the first nine years and enrolled 4,862 teachers. They earned college credit to gain teacher certification or to qualify for new endorsements. There was nothing like this program in the Southeast. It continues.

- H. Ray Dunning

Dr. Dunning taught philosophy and religion courses at Trevecca from 1964 to 1995, systematic theology being his special interest. He is a prolific writer, and *Grace, Faith and Holiness*, a systematic theology, is his best known work. His students started with an advantage when they enrolled at a seminary. An able scholar and effective speaker, he is in demand for seminars and graduate courses.

- Dr. Orpha Speicher

Dr. Speicher, a returned medical missionary, taught in the Physician Assistant Program for nine years in the 1970s and 1980s. Her greatest strengths were an interest in fresh medical knowledge, a gentle, winsome personality, and a keen interest in her students.

- John Chilton

Dr. Chilton, a Trevecca alumnus, came from a public school system in Virginia to teach history at Trevecca in 1979. He is one of Trevecca's most loved and respected professors. He was one of the brightest students I ever taught. His favorite course is that part of American history that deals with the Civil War. As a staunch Georgian, he teaches it objectively, from the Southern point of view.

There are many others I would like to include, with names like Charles Childers, Leon Chambers, Mildred Chambers, Jim Knear, Barbara McClain, Gerald Skinner, Arthur Williams, William Strickland, Don Dunnington, and others coming to mind. The twelve listed above, however, represent the hundred years of Trevecca history and all the dedicated teachers who have given lives of effective service.

<sup>1</sup>“Minutes,” Alabama District Church of the Nazarene, 1925.

<sup>2</sup>*Trevecca Messenger*, February 1926.

<sup>3</sup>*Trevecca Messenger*, December 1945.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

# Chapel—Great Experience, Lasting Influence

CHAPEL HAS ALWAYS BEEN A CENTRAL FEATURE AT TREVECCA, THE chief illustration of the religious distinctive that any Christian college must have. As a student during the years 1939-1943 and 1946-47, I attended chapel regularly, as required, except when work kept me away. I have forgotten much of what went on in classes, but from chapel I retain some vivid and impressive memories.

From 1949 to 1966 I attended chapel services almost every day, as a faculty member. When I was president, 1979-1991, chapel was held three days a week, as it still is. As a student, teacher, and administrator I estimate attending chapel 3500 times. I don't regret having done so. Hearing messages from faculty, students, local pastors, and visiting dignitaries (including a great number of the strongest preachers of that period within our church and from other denominations) was a great privilege.

During the 1930s and early 1940s chapel came at 8:00 in the morning. Then it was changed to 11:00 a.m., the time slot where it was held during most of the 1940s and 1950s. When dining facilities became crowded in the 1960s, chapel time changed to 10:00 so that cafeteria service could span two periods. In this period, there was chapel every day.



Among my precious memories of over half a century ago are scenes from chapel held in the old dining hall. During tender times of testimony, Durrell Shelton, dean of men, and former tenor in the Trevecca Quartet would often start us singing the old-fashioned gospel song "Jesus the Light of the World." When his clear tenor voice was heard sounding "We'll walk in the light, beautiful light," the congregation joined in with deep devotion. How we rejoiced while praising the name of Jesus.

### *Speakers of Note*

WITH SOME THIRTY NAZARENE CHURCHES IN THE NASHVILLE AREA, a number of them held revivals during the school year, and it was standard practice for pastors to arrange to bring evangelists to speak in chapel. Regional missionary, evangelism, NYPS, and music workshops were often held in Nashville, and workers in these meetings participated in chapel.

At various times visiting dignitaries spoke in chapel. One day, probably in the late 1950s, Congressman Percy Priest was the speaker and also led the congregational singing with quite a flourish, singing-convention style. Dr. Andrew Holt, president of the University of Tennessee, was featured another time. Dr. Haldor Lillenas was the speaker for an entire week, and in one chapel service he asked for song titles, composed a song, and then taught it to the chapel audience. It was something like "He Touched Me." Lucille Jones suggested the title. Many college presidents were chapel speakers, including Dr. Harold Reed of Olivet Nazarene College, Dr. Edward Mann of Eastern Nazarene College, and Dr. Zach Johnson of Asbury. Most general superintendents preached at Trevecca at some time or other.

Two unusual alumni speakers come to mind. G. T. Bustin, missionary to New Guinea and other parts of the world, started his sermon by saying, "When I was a Trevecca student back in the 1920s (or perhaps earlier) we gave Christian workers' reports. After being away for some forty years, I am now going to give my report." Homer Cummings, the gospel song writer, gave an impressive address (in 1962, as I remember), and at the close mentioned that his message was

the same valedictory speech he had given fifty years before when he graduated from Trevecca in its early years of existence. I had thought, while listening, that it had an old-fashioned sound.

Dr. A. K. Bracken had a classic sermon, “The Banquet of Consequences.” He used the quotation “Sooner or later we must all sit down at the banquet of consequences.” Though not regarded as a dynamic speaker, this dean of religion presented this message with strong impact. We heard it more than once, and now, more than half a century later, I still hear people refer to it. His simple but powerful proverb was included in it: “The world is a place occupied chiefly by other people.”

Rich insights were gained when some of the grand old warriors of the faith came to chapel. Mother McClurkan, wife of the founder, was present when she was almost one hundred years old. Her son, Emmett McClurkan, was a speaker in the early 1950s. Dr. C. E. Hardy, former TNC president, spoke in chapel, at an advanced age as did Rev. S. W. Strickland and Rev. W. M. Tidwell. Dr. J. B. Chapman was at Trevecca not long before he died. Dr. John L. Brasher, old-time Methodist preacher, spoke to the chapel audience when he was ninety-four years of age. He talked about the rise of the holiness movement at the turn of the century.

In the period from the 1940s to the 1960s, a large percentage of the students were preparing for the ministry. It was the custom for each religion major to preach his senior sermon in chapel. With his classmates in front of him and his teachers behind him, a measure of strain on the part of the young preacher was understandable and sometimes evident. One student preacher launched his presentation with “I say, with Paul, forgetting those things that are behind . . . .” This sort of thing tickled the students, of course.

## *Chapel Credit*

PERHAPS GAINING THE IDEA FROM AUSTIN PEAY STATE COLLEGE IN Clarksville, Tennessee, with its credit for “Public Programs,” TNC gave credit (½ hour) for chapel for a number of years. Attendance was a major criterion for a grade and checking attendance was important.

Students did the checking as one of the part-time work activities. Students were seated alphabetically within the section assigned to their classes. Lasting social relationships sometimes resulted from a boy and girl being seated next to each other. There were some drawbacks to this plan, and after a few years it was discontinued.

## *Unusual Happenings*

A STUDENT PURLOINED THE SONG BOOKS. AN ALERT ADMINISTRATOR noticed the crime just before the service began and gave some instructions to the song leader who said, "Let us sing some familiar choruses today." The same administrator once heard a ticking sound emanating from the curtain near the front of the platform and removed an alarm clock while prayer was going on.

A professor in charge of chapel once said, "And now I will turn the service over to our speaker for the day, my colleague, Dr. - - - ." The look on the face of the one named, clearly visible, as he sat on the front row, changed from mild anticipation to consternation. Before he knew it he said, "That's the first I have heard of it!" The introducer responded with, "That's what it says, right here on this list." The students were delighted. To break the impasse, the chosen one walked slowly to the pulpit and brought a message "from his heart." Some of the students later voiced the opinion that it was one of his better efforts. This incident is clear in my memory because I was the speaker who was put on the spot.

In the 1940s and 1950s we had some exuberant students who would run the aisles and shout during chapel services. The problem of the shouter was to turn the corner at the cross-aisle, two-thirds of the way back. The floors in the McClurkan auditorium were hardwood and were occasionally waxed. As one student approached this spot at good speed and tried to turn, his feet flew out from under him. He slid under the first pew, behind the cross-aisle, occupied by Jim Stocks and other students. Jim looked down at the feet reaching under him, spread his hands, and called out "Safe!" There was laughter.

I have been told of one student in the 1930s, nameless in this account, who would run the backs of the pews, picking his way

through the openings. Remembering individual students prone to express their joy by running the aisles, I must say that their lives matched their testimonies. They walked straight after they jumped.

A visiting speaker trying to make a good impression by using a big word, observed that the occasion was truly “auspicious.” Little did he know that a student back under the balcony was hesitating on the verge of a sneeze. The power of suggestion was too much. The student burst forth with a mighty sneeze and formed it into the word “auspicious.” Laughter rocked the auditorium.

### *Special Spiritual Emphasis*

A MAJOR EMPHASIS AT TREVECCA ACROSS THE YEARS HAS BEEN Christian work. Students and faculty by the dozens, and perhaps hundreds, would go out on weekends to pastor churches, hold revivals, and participate in special services on the streets and in jails, workhouses, hospitals, and nursing homes. Reports of these services would be given in chapel. For a number of years Monday chapel services were set aside for these purposes.

Revivals marked the high points of spiritual tides. Ofttimes these were planned in conjunction with College Hill Church with services at the chapel hour as well as in the evening. At other times a series of special services would be held only during chapel. Sometimes revival would break out spontaneously and services would last for hours, lunch and classes set aside as people prayed, shouted, and testified. One year when a great revival broke out on Asbury campus a delegation came to Trevecca to tell the story and to encourage the fires of revival.

### *Revivals*

PROFESSOR M. E. REDFORD REPORTED IN THE *TREVECCA Messenger* (March 1945) a wonderful revival in that year:

An old-fashioned heaven-sent Holy Ghost revival has swept in upon Trevecca Nazarene College. The spiritual tide began to rise about fifteen days ago. Approximately one hundred students have been definitely and wonderfully blessed since then.

In the first week about twenty-five prayed through in dormitories without any special preaching. During this week it has been our privilege to have Rev. Victor Gray, Tennessee District NYPS president and pastor of Clarksville First Church, as our evangelist. A volume of intercessory prayer has been going up almost continuously day and night. Several more students have prayed through in the dormitories. Many direct and immediate answers to prayer have been reported, spontaneously and victoriously many testify to the saving, sanctifying, and satisfying grace of God. Several have declared their determination to answer God's call to the ministry or mission field.

There was a great revival the last week of March 1950. Dr. T. M. Anderson was the speaker and preached at First Church at night. According to the *Trev-Echoes* writer,

The services were accompanied by no elaborate homiletic devices or high pressure psychology, neither were there any noisy or unseemly demonstrations in pulpit or pew, but rather did a strong sense of God pervade our midst, speaking clearly and unmistakably to every soul, as God granted Trevecca its most gracious revival in several years. Dinner hour and early afternoon classes were put aside while many needy hearts established and mended their relationships with God.<sup>1</sup>

A spontaneous revival broke out on Trevecca campus in late January 1970 and lasted for weeks. Dorm prayer meetings were numerous. On Monday, February 9, there was no preaching in chapel, for the Holy Spirit took charge. Dozens of students filled the altars and the front seats as they sought spiritual help. People came and went, praying, testifying, and rejoicing. Classes did not meet; the chapel was open and was utilized all day Monday and Tuesday, and on both those nights prayer and praise continued without a pause.

The faculty made these statements: "I haven't seen anything like this at Trevecca for twenty-five years." "A sermon at this time would have killed the service." "When God comes like this it is time for man to step aside."

Students said: "The revival meant drastic changes in my life." "God came into my life with a reality which I never dreamed possible." "This 'unslated' revival we have been having is the most unusual thing



I have ever seen in my life.” “I saw Him on the students on this campus.”<sup>2</sup> The best part of the story is that for months students shared the revival spirit in churches throughout the Southeast.

Chapel services constituted a rich experience for faculty and students alike. In chapel biblical truths were learned, inspiration was gained, students prayed their way to victory at an altar always open, and indoctrination in moral and ethical truth was accomplished. The total chapel experience is one of the precious memories I have of my days as a student and faculty member at Trevecca in those early years.

A Christian college is no longer a safe refuge from the major problems of the world, even if one college, in its catalog, claimed to be located twenty miles from the nearest known sin. Rather it is a cross-section of the troubles of the universe.

In the 1980s a girl stood up in chapel and gave her testimony. It went like this: “My father is in prison; my mother committed suicide. I have no one to lean on but you, my friends, and the Lord. His grace is sufficient.”

When Trevecca students are crushed by the burdens of life, it is wonderful to know that there are students and faculty who will stand by them.

Congregational singing in chapel has been a major part of worship. Chapel provides some of the finest of such music as students and faculty give full voice in praise. No group sings “Wonderful, the matchless grace of Jesus” like the chapel crowd.

Across the years, the song leader has usually been a member of the music faculty. Occasionally students were asked to lead and some were so good at it that they outperformed the teachers. As students, Verlin Archer or James Van Hook could get more music out of the congregation than could most professionals.

Consonant with Nazarene folkways, students tend to respond with applause rather than the “amens” of an earlier era. A wonderful revival broke out in the spring of 1982, a result of a student retreat when Bob Hoots was the speaker. Night after night the unscheduled services continued, and during these blessed times students were lifted beyond themselves. But they didn’t know how to express their joy. Then a retired preacher, Bro. Hughes, who had held himself quiet as long as he could, took to the aisles rejoicing. He did the students’



shouting for them. As he waved his cane and laughed and cried, the students applauded.

When I think of great chapel speakers across the years, dozens of names come to mind. When the impact of messages is considered, I can think of none more powerful than the Founder's Day address by Harold Ivan Smith on November 10, 1995. With his permission I am lifting from his message a set of questions he asked which speak of Trevecca's history and destiny:

Is this STILL a place where holiness is a reality—not merely a defended dusty doctrine?

Is this STILL a place where souls are mended and nurtured and encouraged? Where the mind is stretched and shaped on a vigorous academic anvil?

Is this STILL a place where the poor—in spirit, in educational preparation, in material goods—can come and eventually be fully part of a learning and intentional spiritual community?

Is this STILL a place where teachers are servant-models, firmly yet gently challenging those they teach to full stewardship of their academic potential?

Is this STILL a place where the young fall in love, where couples meet and commit to spending their lives together?

Is this STILL a place promoting the spirited exchange of ideas and thoughts?

Is this STILL a place where God himself walks, tapping a shoulder, touching a heart to say, "I have a special destiny for you"?

Is this STILL a place where young strangers begin lifelong friendships?

Is this STILL a place with altars where the burdened and those who have failed themselves, who have failed their God, who have failed Trevecca, can kneel?

Is there STILL laughter, joy, frivolity, and the exuberance of

adolescents evolving into young adulthood? Do good pranks  
STILL get pulled off around here?

Are there STILL time-outs from the academically ordinary to  
remember Him—to gather at His table, to partake of His  
cup?

Do you STILL mourn those who fail and fall? Do you STILL  
rejoice when you hear of the prodigal's return?

Is this STILL a community concerned about what God is doing  
not only on this hill, in this city, not only in this denomina-  
tion but halfway across the world?

Do they STILL create occasions here to remember those folks  
who have given so freely and sacrificially often in little unno-  
ticeable Nazarene churches across the Southland?

Do you STILL remember names like McClurkan, Benson,  
Hardy, Wise, White, Adams, Greathouse, Strickland,  
Moore, Person, Perry, Pennington, Phillips, Dix, Knight,  
Wynkoop, Redford? Not just on ceremonial occasions, but  
in stories and tales and legends?

Is this STILL a place where students fall asleep dreaming dreams  
of making a difference?

Is God STILL taken seriously here?

Are there STILL times when God is so close, you'd swear he was  
wearing "the purple and the white"?

Ah, then, I can breathe easier: This is STILL Trevecca, a com-  
munity on the hill STILL standing proud as a Christian  
university as it has as a Christian college.

TNU is one of a few dozen colleges in the U.S. which takes  
the chapel program and experience very seriously. A great deal of  
time and effort and some expense is applied to chapel at TNU. The  
chaplain, assisted by faculty and student, plans and administers the  
chapel program.

Let me observe about chapel:

- It is the focal point of spiritual emphasis and development of campus.
- It is not an assembly, except with rare exceptions. It is a worship service where all the elements of a good church service occur.
- It is taken seriously by the Trevecca student body. With few exceptions, there is an atmosphere of order, respect, and reverence. Visiting speakers comment on the courtesy and receptiveness of our students.
- It is a place where the congregational singing is spirited and uplifting. Until one hears this crowd sing "And Can It Be" and "Wonderful Grace of Jesus," one has not really heard these hymns as they should be rendered.
- The chapel is a place where a person's soul can catch up with his or her body, a place where one can draw spiritual strength and inspiration from others and from God's Spirit. Students will look back on chapel in later years with appreciation.

A well-planned, vital, required set of chapel experiences is an essential distinctive for a Christian college. If this part of a Christian college is ever discontinued or reduced in importance, that college is on the downward path.

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<sup>1</sup> *Trevecca Messenger*, July 1950, citing *Trev-Echoes* article.

<sup>2</sup> *Trevecca Messenger*, spring 1980.

# Appendix

## Trevecca Athletic Hall of Fame

The following people were inducted into the Trevecca Athletic Hall of Fame. The information about them is lifted from the trophies that are on display in the Hall of Fame.

### **Dwight Ragsdale**

Inducted 1997—Meritorious Service

He founded and directed the Trojan Booster Endowment.

### **Mac Heaberlin**

Inducted 1997—Student Athlete

He scored 1288 points during his four-year basketball career at Trevecca, 1984-1988.

### **Carol Ernest Schneidmiller**

Inducted 1997—Student Athlete

She was MVP in three sports—volleyball, basketball, tennis, 1975-1979.

### **David Suddeth**

Inducted 1997—Student Athlete

He holds the most records of any Trevecca basketball player. He scored 3,004 points in his career, 1988-1992.

### **Todd Welch**

Inducted 1997—Meritorious Service

He has served as manager of Trevecca athletic teams since 1983.

**Allison Hendershot Stark**

Inducted 1996—Student Athlete

She was a volleyball player 1987-1991 and was Academic All-American Athlete in 1990.

**Timothy E. Bell**

Inducted 1995—Student Athlete

He scored 2057 career points in basketball during 1982-1987 and had a successful career in baseball as well.

**Deborah Ann Lore**

Inducted 1995—Meritorious Service

She was pioneer coach of women's tennis, volleyball, and basketball, 1972-1977.

**Ulf Dahlstrom**

Inducted 1994—Student Athlete

His overall singles record in tennis was 58-30 in the years 1986-88. He was NAIA District doubles champion all three years.

**Dr. Arthur "Toby" Williams**

Inducted 1994—Meritorious Service

He contributed greatly to the Trevecca Athletic Program since 1970 and was faculty NAIA representative for many years.

**Avery Patton**

Inducted 1994—Student Athlete

He scored 2424 points in his basketball career, 1983-87. He was NAIA All-American in 1987.

**Melvin Taylor**

Inducted 1993—Student Athlete

He scored 2079 points in his basketball career, 1997-1983. He was NAIA All-American in 1983.

**Dick Johanssen**

Inducted 1993—Student Athlete

His overall singles record in his tennis career at Trevecca, 1982-85, was 126-19. He was NAIA All-American three times.

**Alan Smith**

Inducted 1993—Meritorious Service

He coached tennis at Trevecca from 1972 to 1992. He was NAIA District 24 Coach of the Year in 1976, 1978, 1986, 1989, and 1992. His overall record was 300 wins and 129 losses.

**Mary Lee Fielder**

Inducted 1993—Meritorious Service

She has been a strong supporter of Trevecca athletics since she was a student, was a charter member of the T-Club Boosters, and served as its secretary for 20 years.

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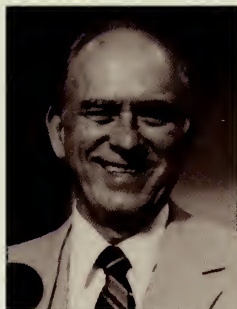








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