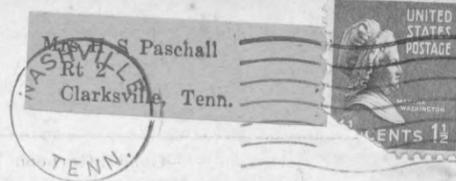


TREV-ECHOES



TREVECCA COLLEGE ARCHIVES

VOLUME 4 NO. 6

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

APRIL 7, 1947

R.L. Murphy, Trevecca's Dietician, Succumbs

Freshmen Fail To Solve Code

"Are you witty enough to follow directions? A rock due east under the tips of the twigs of the big oak in the ball field by the fence southeast of the new building site covers the cake."

Yes, that is what the code says. At six-thirty o'clock A.M., Wednesday, April 2, 1943, the freshmen and sophomores went to the correct spot and the sophomores dug up the cake. Inside the metal box was a "Frosh" sign (used during freshman week) and a note saying, "I have waited through rain, snow, and dark nights, and you didn't come." As a forfeit for not solving the code the freshmen will entertain the sophomores soon. Both classes are looking forward to an evening of fun.

It was quite a surprise to everyone that the largest class ever to enroll at Trevecca failed to break the code. After all, last year's class broke it in record time and this class had the same chances. They were at a slight disadvantage because they changed presidents in the middle of the year. Herb had a few Sophs worried the last week by acting confident. They would have had the key to it if they had looked in last year's Trev-Echoes. Maybe there was not enough cooperation—remember who solved it last year?

Clayton and Becky Langford and Joyce Merchant made up an alphabet of symbols. "A's" and "and's" were in shorthand, a few French words were used and meaningless symbols were put in for confusion. (They really served their purpose.) About eight o'clock one night the trio borrowed a shovel from Mr. Jones, a freshman, drove by Saxon's house and crept along the white fence to the big oak. The fact that a mysterious man was sitting on the fence had them worried a little bit. They buried the cake and camouflaged the ground so that it would look undisturbed. They enjoyed it even if they did get burrs on their clothes.

In the new handbook detailed rules for this traditional feature of school life will be given. The cake must be buried on the campus. The freshmen will not be allowed to keep the code but must return it to the sophomores. It is our desire that in the future the school will keep the codes on file as a memorial to each class.

Many Trevecca students attended the Tenn. District Preacher's Meeting which was held at the First Church of the Nazarene recently. There were inspirational messages given. Our own Ray Dunning was one of the special speakers.

OUR CHRISTIAN WORKERS PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Hear the Lord of harvest sweetly calling
Who will go and work for me today
Who will bring to me the lost and dying
Who will point them to the narrow way.

Has the Lord called you to fulfill that call?? You reply, "I am trying to do my best. Of course, I never go to Christian Worker's prayermeeting; there are so many things to do, I just don't have time for it. I find so many other ways to spend that hour on Monday evening from six until seven."

"No, I neglect to pray for those who go on Christian work every Sunday. Oh, sure I always pray when I go myself. Guess I will try to think to pray the next time, that is if I think of it."

"Yes, I go on Christian work, once in a while when I don't have anything to do or they can't get anyone else. I usually have to rest on Sunday, for I work so hard during the week."

These are the ideas and impressions received from some Trevecca students. Are you guilty? If so, do something about it. There are two requirements for successful Christian work. First, the help of the Lord and second, a willingness to work.

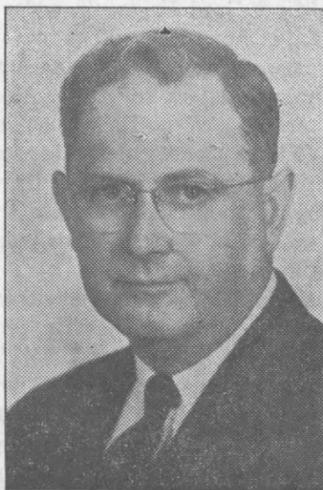
However, we have much to thank the Lord for concerning our different departments of Christian work. The reports have been encouraging and the Lord has helped and blessed greatly. We don't always see visible results but it seems the Lord is working in an unusual way. Our workers have been faithful and we appreciate their efforts.

"Millions now in sin and shame are dying"—Yes, even in Nashville, Tennessee, there are millions who need the Lord. The responsibility lies on us as Christian young people. Preachers, singers, people to testify and people to pray are needed. If you are willing to do your part, then we are looking for you. Wake up, Trevecca students!! Don't wait until you are out of school to do Christian work, now is the time to do it. Can we depend on you??

CANTATA POSTPONED

Due to the illness of Mr. Murphy and others the Easter Cantata will be presented later. The Trevecca Chorus has been working hard and we know that when it is possible for the cantata to be presented that it will be very good. The date will be given at a later time.

Returned Missionary Visits Trevecca



We were privileged to have Rev. L. C. Osborn speak to the student body, faculty and friends on Friday evening, March 28, 1947. Rev. and Mrs. Osborn went to China in 1916 and spent twenty-three years out of the last thirty-three in the missionary work in China. They have been back in the homeland since 1942. They have traveled all over the United States relating their story of the treatment given them by the Japanese officials.

One of the things we learned from Rev. Osborn's message was that China is very crowded and that it holds within its borders one-fourth of the population of the world.

On Monday, December 8, 1941, five of our missionaries, Authur Moses, Mary Scott, John W. Pattee, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn were taken prisoners by a group of Japanese officers. They had to pack and leave home for good. They were taken to a Japanese chauffeured American truck which took them to the Military Police headquarters. Mr. Osborn was separated from the other missionaries and was questioned alone. He stayed in a small room thirty-six days.

There were many interesting things which he told us. On June 29, 1942, they sailed from Shanghai, China and arrived at Singapore on July 5. They set sail again on July 9 and arrived at Lorencio Marques on July 23. They sailed for Rio de Janeiro on July 29 and arrived on August 10. Then on August 11 they set sail for New York City and arrived August 25.

We appreciate the way that Rev. Osborn has given God all the glory for bringing all of the missionaries alive and back to the United States.

He spoke at the First Church of the Nazarene on Sunday on the (continued on page 4)

INSPIRATIONAL CHAPEL SERVICES

Trevecca's spiritual life seems to revolve around the wonderful chapel services that are always presented. Some have expressed the thrill and joy that the wholehearted singing of the students brings.

Special singing arranged by Professor Irwin is always greatly enjoyed.

Lately the chapel talks have been especially good.

Monday and Tuesday of last week Dr. Mackey brought the messages.

On Tuesday Brother Tidwell, pastor of First Church in Chattanooga spoke. He took his scripture from John 4 and delivered a stirring message about winning souls through personal work.

Brother Beckbum, pastor of Southside Church in Memphis, spoke on "Keeping the Joy of the Lord in Our Hearts." The Scripture was taken from Philipians 4:4.

Brother Osborne, who spent twenty years in China as a Nazarene missionary and who was returned on the warship, Griswold, as an exchange prisoner some time ago, spoke to us in chapel Friday. He plans to return to China soon.

He told of his experiences in China. He related how their customs seem to be backwards to ours. The Chinese eat their dessert first, shake their own hands, read up and down the page and pull the wood across the saw. They have a great desire to hear the gospel expressed by the fact that they walk many miles pushing a wheelbarrow in which the wife rides part of the way.

This week we have enjoyed a series of pre-Easter services under the direction of Dr. Bracken.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST John Browning

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers 'round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
When the sun of lilies is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross, the radiance
streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

Bone and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified
Peace is there that knows no measure;
Joys that through all time abide.

Russell L. Murphy, 48, Dietician at Trevecca College since September 1946, died Thursday evening, 8 p.m., at Vanderbilt Hospital. He had been seriously ill for two weeks.

Mr. Murphy was a native of West Virginia, having been born in Clay County, the son of Henry and Sarah Jane Murphy. He received his early educational training in the public schools of his home state, and professional training in dietetics at Lewis Training Institute, Washington, D. C. He early became interested in the restaurant business and the greater part of his mature life was spent in dietetical work in connection with educational institutions. He has also given considerable time in his profession to religious camps and institutes. In recent years he has held positions at God's Bible School, Cincinnati, Ohio, at Asbury College, Wilmore, Kentucky, at Olivet Nazarene College, Kankakee, Illinois, and at Trevecca Nazarene College. At the time of his death he was a member of College Hill Church, Nashville.

Funeral services were conducted at 2 P. M., Saturday, at the Alumni Auditorium, Trevecca Nazarene College. Interment was made in Springhill Cemetery. Honorary pallbearers were G. Lewis Pennington, Pierce D. Reid, Ford Boone, Avory C. Cook, Marvin Appleby, W. M. Greathouse, Ervin Bardwell, D. H. Spencer, Charles Davidson; active pallbearers, Robert H. Gray, David F. Hail, Leon D. Barnes, Kenneth Slifer, Daniel S. McNutt, Paul Stanley, J. Dennis Peacock, J. Oliver McCaskell.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Emma Beaugard Murphy, dean of women at Trevecca College, and one daughter, Luvanna Ruth, age 7; also, by six brothers, Ben and Eustice of Clay, West Virginia, Marion of Hugo, Colorado, Oscar of Chelyan, West Virginia, Edison of Logan, West Virginia, and Robert of Louisville, Kentucky; by two sisters, Mrs. Dora Walker of Charleston, West Virginia and Mrs. Virginia Holcomb of Alamogordo, New Mexico.

Below is a personal testimony given by Brother Murphy on Sunday afternoon, December 27, 1936. It was during this campmeeting that he had prayed through to victory under the preaching of Bona Fleming at God's Bible School.

We that know him best find this testimony to be true and more than that, we find a life that backed it.

(continued on page 3, col. 4)



Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen:

This is the office of Dr. I. C. U. (Optometrist) which is located on the fourth floor of the M. M. Buliding, the world's finest for college students. There is a famous flight of wooden stairs which leads to this office and the door is carved "TOWER". This office can be seen for miles and is viewed by thousands daily.

My nurse has been off duty for the past few days. She has been in Mississippi, but arrived in Nashville with a bang Friday morning. I hope Miss Heflin had a nice trip.

Excuse me a minute—my janitor, Bob Allen, knocked on my door, clad in blue overalls and white shirt. He dresses like this to make me think he works, but I have found him loafing.

My goodwill secretary, Mr. Clarence Barrows, has been holding a current correspondence with Shaw University at Raleigh, N. C. As yet he hasn't received a reply. He has been dead set on going to a University. Wonder if he has chosen SHAW? ? Incidentally, this is a negro university! ! ! !

We have all heard that a dog is man's best friend. Evidently, our secretary lost his best friend for he carried his dog out of the dining hall Monday evening.

Our first patient today is Mabel Carr. Her eyes were extremely in bad shape. This was due to worrying over the Freshmen deciphering their code. She wanted some "specks" for far-sightedness. She needs to look far into the future concerning the Freshmen and Sophomores.

Jean Love was in today and wanted some glasses to help her learn how to drive a car. While driving recently she tooted the horn at a mail box and turned clear around to see who was behind her.

Eugene Cain was bothered, he thought with "stigmatism", but really it was "stigmatism". He was called to the store the other night to walk back up the hill with Laura Nell Williams, but he walked back "stag."

We all need glasses to see if "To be, or not to Be" is the question. (Bernie and Eldo). By the reaction Friday night it appears to "BE".

I think Gladys Lane's glasses need changing or maybe just cleaned. She is to date the "Romeo" of the campus soon. (Bill Elkins).

Rosa Nell Spear dropped in the office the other day not to have her glasses changed, but to let us know she sees all right. She is not a student, but says she enjoys "FROM THE TOWER" immensely.

I gave Miss Hooper an eye X-Ray recently. She wanted to be sure she wasn't dreaming while her boyfriend visited here.

Did anyone see any loose planks lying around over the week-end? Was just wondering—one of the nails went home, to be exact Florence Nail, better known as Gerrie.

Joyce Merchant is unable to see far enough to make passageways. Her mother, who visited her the other day, started between two chairs and was called to a halt by Joyce. Joyce said she was too pleasingly plump to pass through that passageway.

Polly Bumpus is seeing "Brown" these days. I haven't found a solution to cease this. Her parents visited her recently and do you suppose they were alarmed over her eyesight. I wonder!!!

Goodness—my office hours are up and if I don't run down the stairway, I'll miss my bus. You are welcome at my office anytime during office hours. Good day!!! —Ed Phillips.

NOW FOR A SMILE

He: Want me to call you a taxi?
She: Yes.
He: O. K., you're a taxi.

On a little service station away out on the edge of the desert there hangs a shingle bearing this notice: "Don't ask us for information. If we knew anything, we wouldn't be here."

"Your leg is swollen," admitted the doctor, "But I wouldn't worry about it."

"Well, if your leg was swollen, I wouldn't worry about it either."

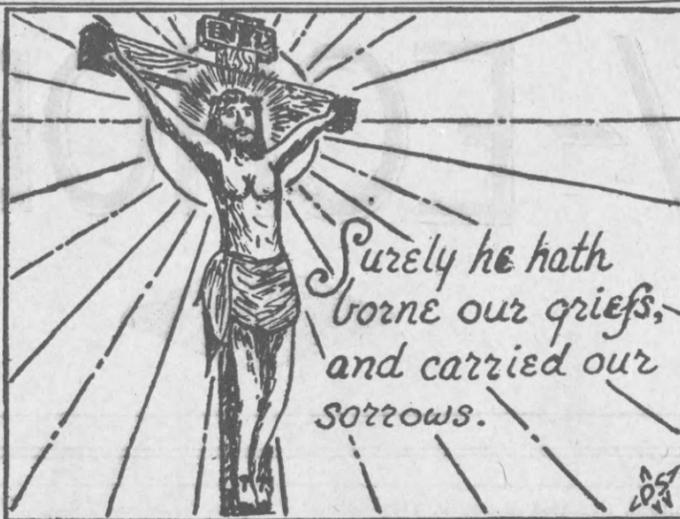
Once there was a little boy
But now he is no more
For what he thought was H2O
Was H2SO4

Did you hear about the ghost who got a knot on his head? He was going through the keyhole and someone put a key in it.

"While we're sitting here in the moonlight, Darling, I'd like to ask you—"

"Yes, dear."

"If you won't move over; I'm sitting on a nail."



Editorials

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Isaiah 53:5.



Christ suffered, bled, and died on that first Good Friday in order that we might have eternal life, yet how many of us are willing to suffer for Him? He was wounded for our sins, but do we do our part toward winning sinners for Him? Most of us do not know the real meaning of suffering, at least not as our Lord knew it. We have clear, ringing testimonies on sunny days but it is harder to stand up for Christ when storm clouds are closing in about us. He made the supreme sacrifice for us; I wonder how many of us would be willing to suffer as much for Him?

Let us pause during this Easter season and check-up on ourselves. Are we doing our best in everything? Right now our most important interest is school. We are in school to prepare to be better servants of God, whether ministers or laymen. It is our duty to study and be prepared to serve Him to the best of our ability. If we are negligent with our school work, we will be negligent with our real work in the future. If we do our best here we will, in some small measure, be able to repay Christ for the great price that He paid for us on that first Easter.

At this Easter season, let us forget material things and think on spiritual things. Let us strive always to do our best for Him and remember that "with His stripes we are healed."—Thelma Street.



A NOTE OF SYMPATHY

Born about ten weeks ago on Trevecca College Campus a child by the name of "Mr. Observer". He appeared to be a healthy child at first but suddenly became ill and died unexpectedly with the fatal disease of "anonymositis". The Faculty and Student Body extend their deepest sympathy at such sad hours.

Signed
Faculty and Student Body



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As the Faculty Sees It

"I love you, Mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said little Nell;
I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother was glad when she went to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little Nan,
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she took the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

The answer to the poet's question is, of course, obvious. We show our love for others by doing those things which will please them. We especially enjoy surprising our friends with some unexpected act of kindness. Yet how like little John and little Nell we are in our attitude toward God and His work.



Often we testify that we love the Lord with all our hearts and are willing to do anything He calls upon us to do. After making such an unselfish assertion we can sit back and "take it easy" until the Lord calls upon us to do some great task for Him. But we'll probably keep sitting. God calls upon, for those great tasks, the persons who have been faithful to a smaller task.

While in school let's study hard; let's develop strong Christian characters; let's take advantage of our many opportunities for self-improvement. Too, let's take advantage of those opportunities for service to others; if opportunities seem not to come, let's make the opportunities. We can, with God's help, make our lives "Good for something." Let's show to Christ our love for Him by giving of our best in loving, cheerful, unselfish service.

—Madelyn Paschall.



"Tis more brave to live than to die."—Meredith

"You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time: but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."—Attributed to Lincoln

In a recent publication of the "Bergendian," the official student publication of the Bergen Junior College, Teaneck, N. J., appeared this article under the heading of "Collegiate America."

"It is now a custom at Trevecca Nazarene College for the sophomores to hide a fruit cake each year and make a code directing the freshmen to it. The only difficulty is that the freshmen have to be smart enough to decipher the code. The idea originated with the present senior class."

"Dim eyes cannot read fine print. Let your testimony for Christ be written in large letters that the world may see."

Every man should have a cemetery large enough to bury his friend's mistakes.—The Friendly Messenger.

There is no use asking God to do things you can do yourself.—D. L. Moody.

The fingers of your thoughts are molding your face ceaselessly.—Charles Reznikoff.

Nothing spoils friendship so much as an exaggeration of a friend's merits.

The biggest liar in the world is They Say.

"Let's try harder this year to see ourselves as others see us".
(We might all stay at home if we did).

Moments of Meditation

Lou Ouida Carlton
 During this Easter season when a big portion of the world is in turmoil, we as Christians should join together with "A Prayer Song" on our hearts.

Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me,
 All His wondrous compassion and purity.
 Oh, Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature refine
 Till the beauty of Jesus be seen in me.

Let the sweetness of Jesus be seen in me,
 All His tender compassion and sympathy.
 Oh, Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature refine
 Till the sweetness of Jesus be seen in me.

Let the calmness of Jesus be seen in me,
 All His quietness, peace, and tranquility.
 Oh, Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature refine
 Till the calmness of Jesus be seen in me.

Let the love of the Master be seen in me,
 All His wonderful joy and sincerity.
 Oh, Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature refine
 Till the love of the Master be seen in me.

EASTER SERVICE
Eleanor Alletta Chaffe

There were told lilies, carren, creamy-pale,
 Amid the tides of song that swept the heart

Beyond the anchor of the wind, to fail
 At last beyond the splendor that was art.
 But all that I could think of was a boat
 Near to a shore, and His head in the sun;
 Then cripples struggling but to touch his coat;
 And children at His feet who learned to run
 For the first time while He smiled. I thought of Him

Weary at twilight, with no open door
 To light a welcome, and my eyes were dim
 For thinking of the loneliness He wore,
 And of the love that blossomed as a rose
 Again today for us, whom still He knows.

THE GLORY WAY
Grace Noll Crowell

Now that the Christ is risen,
 Now with the darkness gone,
 The road lies out before us,
 Upward, and on and on.

There are His sandal footprints,
 There is His form ahead,
 Straight and strong and compelling,
 The Christ that they left as dead.

Nothing can dim His glory,
 Nothing can stay His feet,
 And countless are they who follow
 Him down each lane and street.

And I would be one among them,
 Along the Glory Way;
 I would arise and follow
 The risen Christ today.

skimp sketch

This lassie was born in St. Albans, W. Virginia on May 6, 1929. She was saved at Second Avenue Mission on November 16, 1947, while attending Trevecca. When she graduates she plans to do Christian work somewhere. Strange thing: she has no boy friend. Do you believe that? Neither do I. Her favorite food is chicken. She likes to play ball, wear red and study (or make) history. Her favorite past-time is reading and she has been at Trevecca for a year and two months.

NRVELTEAWVEZTIF

This young lady was born on August 10, 1928, in Miami, Fla. She was saved about two years ago, sanctified July, 1946 at camp-meeting and became a Nazarene on Easter Sunday of 1945. Her hobbies are eating and collecting souvenirs. Her sports are skating and basketball. She likes anything edible and blue. Her boy friend is 6' 2 1/2" and a Marine in China. Her past-time is writing letters to him. For her life's work she wants to do the Lord's will. **EOHJSED**

TRE-ECHOES EDITED
BY THELMA STREET
THIS WEEK

Thelma Street, one of the news reporters on the staff, with the assistance of Robert Gray, associate editor, has had complete charge of the campus paper this week. Both Thelma and Robert have done excellent work on the staff this year, and we are glad to have them edit this issue of *Trev-Echoes*.

Two new members have recently been added to the staff. They are: Richard Steele, exchange manager and assistant to the circulation manager; and Genevieve McMackin, proofreader.—The Editor.

December 27, 1936
 Sunday afternoon service reported by (R.L.W.)
Brother Russell L. Murphy
 I am certainly glad for this privilege to testify. If someone had told me four years ago that I would have been up here before an audience speaking for Jesus, I would have told them that they were crazy.

Back in the hills of West Virginia, several years ago, (I won't say just how long, I would be telling how old I am) Father and Mother erected an altar and prayed with us children. I was the youngest of twelve in the family. Ever since I can remember they had a family altar and prayer. When the older children were away from home and Father would be gone, my mother would get me down and pray at night before we would retire.

At seventeen years of age I went west. I had never gone out in sin, but out there with my brother and sister-in-law, they said, "If you don't dance and associate with the others, you will not be happy." I went out in sin—many a night I danced all night, followed the crowd but that happiness didn't last. I was only out there nine months, but I got very homesick. When I came back home, I went to my brother in Logan County, West Virginia. I tended a bar and worked in a pool room and restaurant. I didn't see the Christianity that I see now; I couldn't see happiness in men's faces. They would come in and appear happy for the time. They would lay their guns upon the bar and call for beer and this thing and that, but I couldn't understand. There was a lacking in my heart that isn't lacking there today. I have a sweet peace in my heart, but at that time that lacking wasn't fulfilled.

One day they called me and I went to the bedside of my father. I sat there by him and held his hand until he went on to the other world. Eighteen days later they called me and said that Mother wouldn't take medicine unless I came and gave it to her. One evening she shouted the victory; they had a wonderful prayer meeting. That night she passed on. There came a longing in my heart. I knew if I went on the way I was going (operating a pool room and bar room at Madison, West Virginia), I could bid people into my business for they thought I was living a moral life, many times they wondered how I could get the young people into my business. Then the Lord showed me that I was teaching them to live that kind of life and that I could influence those young people to live for Him.

One day my sister and my cousin came to my place of business. Both of them were Christians and lived godly lives, and I couldn't understand why they came to take dinner there with me. I told them I wouldn't take my bar sign down for they knew what I was doing. Later they went with me upstairs to my parlor and prayed with me, but it seemed to have no effect on my life then; the devil said that

I couldn't live this life. He pictured to me a prosperous life, a little home somewhere, and a nice business with worldly gain. It all sounded very good to me and he even had my wife almost picked out for me; probably the devil did have her picked out. My cousin and my sister invited me to go with them to God's Bible School Camp Meeting. I could leave my business and so I agreed to go. I remember well that morning, getting up early and telling the folks that I wouldn't go there and be saved; I couldn't live the life of Christianity because there was too much sacrifice in it for me, but I was going out and have a big time, going to the zoo and Coney Island. The minute we came on the Mount of Blessings a spirit came over me—that spirit of God. I thank the Lord for the presence of the Holy Spirit and that it deals with people today. That night I went up and stayed in one of the class rooms. There were about nineteen or twenty preachers that prayed for me. I thought they wouldn't know but what I was a Christian. At the altar the next night I was told by some of the preachers that they thought by my outward life that I was. I could make people think that I had what they had, but there was still an agony in my heart. The next night Bona Fleming preached one of those messages that was meant just for me. Some lady saw that I was under conviction and came to speak to me. I thought that I could hold out by not going to the altar but there came over me a spirit that I didn't get away from. I came down and knelt telling the Lord that I would follow Him. What happiness, and what peace I received. I wouldn't give all the business I ever operated, or any worldly stuff and trash for the joy that I now had. I had some cigars in my pocket, but that appetite for the cigars was gone. I didn't smoke them. The devil wanted me to give them to someone, but I tore them up and threw them in the waste basket.

The next night while sitting in the service I heard the Fleming brothers relate their life story. They told about "the old stump" that was left in the human heart, how that sprouts would arise, and carnality would over-rule. They pictured it clearly to me. I could see—my business and all the hopes that it held for me. The question came to me, how could I face it? No one asked me that day to go to the altar. I came up somehow and knelt there. As I began to pray, I said, "Yes, Lord, I will give up, everything." I could tell you many things that came to my mind there at the altar. There were my friends lused to have big times with, the different ones I had faith in. If I gave this up, the devil pictured me going through life ragged and hungry. I'll admit the situation looked very bad. I said, "Yes, Lord, if I starve to death, I will follow Thee." That sweet peace, that ever abiding presence of the Holy Spirit came into my life and has been there ever since. There hasn't been any doubt in my life of this peace and happiness. I want to tell you again there isn't anything to the world's biddings. If you will give God your life, you will have happiness.

R. L. Murphy

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Current News



By Clayton Langford

MOSCOW CONFERENCE TOTTERING

Leading members of the Western delegation expressed the belief that the Moscow Conference is foundering on economic issues. The lines of the East-West controversy began hardening on the German frontier problem.

Silesia, the German territory which the Russians granted Poland in compensation for loss of areas last of the Curyon line, already is heavily populated by Poles.

Marshall intends to demand its international control as a counterplay to the Soviet's demand for international control of the Rhine.

Since both areas produce strategic war materials, the American delegation contends that both should come under four-power control.

It was learned Sunday night that a document in Silesia has been prepared by American experts and now lies on Marshall's desk.

He is expected to present it to the council of foreign ministers before this week is over.

Leading members of the Western delegation said last Sunday night that a personal approach between Marshall and Premier Stalin offers the only hope of saving the Big-Four Conference.

Leaders say that if the meeting between the "Big-Two" fail the entire foreign ministers conference is doomed.

The general impression that the conference would end within ten days from last Monday gained momentum when the secretariat of the American delegation began picking up passports of delegation members and correspondents. They will be submitted to the Soviet foreign office for exit permits.

Don't Push

A small boy was hurrying to school and as he hurried, he prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late—Please, God, don't let me be late". Then he happened to stumble and said, "You don't have to shove."

GRACE CHURCH



S. W. STRICKLAND, Pastor

Time of Service

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

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

Moon River

By Florence E. Morris
(continued from last issue)

PART III

"I asked Him to forgive me for all my wrong doings and—" recalled Rommel Martin as he watched the stranger disappear into the shadows.

"I wish he had finished that last sentence," he said aloud. "After a few minutes more of this brooding I won't be able to think clearly." Rommel went home and tried to rest. Over and over again he thought of the words that he had heard, "The world used to get on me—the social and business world."

After closing hours Rommel found himself strolling toward the banks of Moon River again. As he kicked small pebbles into the water he felt like a child watching the ripples spread larger and larger and disappear into the blackness of the river. Suddenly he heard a voice. He moved in the direction of the sound and stopped. A man was speaking in a conversational tone but apparently he received no answer to his questions—or at least, Rommel heard no answer. Then there were steps and at his side stood the "stranger" of the night before. His face was radiant in the moonlight. His smile was beaming as he held out his hand to Rommel.

"I hoped that you would come, Mr.—"

"Martin, Rommel Martin."

"I hated to rush off like I did last night without ever telling you my name. My name is John McGrall. We don't have long to talk tonight—that is, here. Our signal will be just any time now and Mr. Martin you are welcome to come with me."

Rommel was curious but cautious. He didn't want to be led into any trap set for him. They walked for some time before they came to the road. The flash light stopped blinking and a voice called out, "John?"

"Yes, here we are."

So I am expected, thought Rommel. The voice speaking was that of a girl.

"Rommel Martin, I would like for you to meet my sister, Jolien McGrall."

Soon they were speeding away in a little coupe while John solved part of the mystery for Rommel Martin.

To be continued.

Easy to Keep

The school teacher was giving her class of young pupils a test on a natural history lesson.

Teacher—"Now, Junior, tell me where the elephant is found?"

Junior (after hesitating)—"The elephant, teacher, is such a big animal it is scarcely ever lost."

BETHEL CHURCH



Rev. M. E. Perkins, Pastor

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

Lishey Ave. - Trinity Lane
Reached by Meridian bus

Introducing Our Seniors

Paul M. Hocutt Jr., college senior, was born September 5, 1924. Paul, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Hocutt Sr., has three



brothers and three sisters. His home is at Mitchelldom, Chilton County, Alabama.

Paul was saved in August of 1938, sanctified in January 1939, and called to preach in May 1939. Rev. John Manisco influenced him to come to Trevecca in 1942, but he left before finishing then.

His ambition is to become a pastor. At present his hopes are directed toward the Nazarene Theological Seminary. One year ago he joined College Hill Church of the Nazarene having belonged to the Baptist Church before that.

Woodwork is his principal outside interest and he wishes he could devote more time to it than he does.

Mr. Hocutt likes everything about Trevecca. While attending here he has been vice-president of the Christian Workers' Association and vice-president and reporter of the Alabama Club. In June he will receive his Bachelor of Arts Degree with a major in religion and a minor in history.

The Trev-Echoes editor, Bernice Roedel, is a senior from Boonville, Indiana. Bernice was saved in the General Baptist Church, which she later joined, when she was eleven years old. At thirteen, in June 1939, she was sanctified at a holiness campmeeting and answered a call to preach. She preached the first time when she was fifteen.

Bernice attended high school in Boonville where she was editor of her school paper one semester and a member of the National Honor Society. She graduated in 1942.

She attended Trinity Bible School in Evansville for two years. One of her teachers there told her about Trevecca and after answering the call to the mission field in India, God opened the way for her to come to Trevecca. Bernice was already a member of the Boonville Church of the Nazarene.

In the fall of 1944 she enrolled at Trevecca as a sophomore. Since being at Trevecca she has been a member of student council two years, vice-president of the Ramblers' Club, two years president of the missionary prayer meeting, a member of the Trevecca Honor Society, associate editor of the Trev-Echoes in 1945 and 1946 and editor this year. She will graduate this spring with a Th. B. degree.

Bernice said, "Trevecca college has meant more to my life, both educationally and spiritually than I can ever tell."

"Perhaps the most outstanding event of my childhood, except my conversion, is that the Lord miraculously healed me of infantile paralysis after I had been left a cripple at the age of seven.

"The realization that God has a plan for my life, and that the responsibility of finding that plan rests upon me, has enabled me to live a victorious Christian life. All that I am or can ever hope to be I owe to Christ and Christian parents."

Bernice plans to spend the summer supervising vacation Bible schools and conducting revivals. After a year in evangelistic work or other Christian work, she plans to come back to Trevecca to work for an A. B. degree with a major in religion and a minor in psychology. Then she plans to attend the Seminary as further preparation for the mission field.

SPORTS

by
JIMMY THRASHER

Due to bad weather during February and the most of March, there has been very little sports activity around Trevecca; but with the breath of spring in the air, and warm weather not far away, I am sure that the soft ball season will get under way within two weeks time. Although there has been no official athletic association, plans will probably be drawn this week for the largest scale soft ball program in Trevecca's history.

With the increased enrollment, and as a result, a larger number of players, the competition should be fierce this year with each class or division having a number of outstanding players.

Let's greet the soft ball season with enthusiasm and everyone who can play turn out for the team. Team captains will be elected in the future to manage their respective teams.

RETURNED MISSIONARY VISITS TREVECCA

(continued from page 1)

subject "Pray ye, look ye, carry ye, bring ye, go ye, come ye."

Rev. and Mrs. Osborn will have been connected with mission work in China for thirty-one years this coming summer. They were in China at the time of Pearl Harbor and for seven and one-half months were prisoners of the Japanese.

Bro. Osborn has had a wide experience in practically every type of mission work, including the superintending of churches and schools, erection of buildings, supervising accounts, teaching in the Bible Training School, and supervising the hospital. His great interest and success, however, lies in the direct field of evangelism where he has had outstanding results. Before World War II began there were fifty-four organized churches and thirty-eight unorganized groups in China.

There was the Brezee Memorial Hospital and the school composed of one hundred thirty students. There are about thirty-five American missionaries there, over one hundred Chinese workers, and over one thousand church members.

Since his return to the United States in 1942 as an exchange prisoner, Rev. Osborn has traveled in practically every section of the country holding special meetings in the interest of Chinese missions. He and his wife are under appointment from the Department of Foreign Missions, Church of the Nazarene, and are to return to China during 1947, where he will take up his duties of preaching the gospel and supervising the rehabilitation of the mission station.

IMMANUEL CHURCH



W. M. Greathouse, Pastor

TIME OF SERVICES

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

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