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treve-echoes

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COLLEGE REPUBLICANS ORGANIZE

Trevecca club signals renewed political interest

by Scott Adkins
Staff Writer

In past years, Trevecca has been very politically active off-campus and throughout the state. At one time, many students effectively campaigned for the election of Congressman Bill Boner. However, in recent years the concern for getting involved in politics has died. Seniors Terry Williams,

J.C. Miller and junior Paul Frank saw this need for political activity and organized a group called the College Republicans at the beginning of this quarter. Forty-four people expressed and interest in College Republicans by signing up for the organization on Club Rush Night.

College Republicans is an auxiliary organization of the National Republican Party with an estimated 15,000 students registered. The difference between this group and Young Republicans is that Young Republicans is made up of

young business persons as well as college students. Both groups hold up the Republican philosophy and platform.

The group's main goal for the school year is to organize a group strong enough to effectively campaign to re-elect Ronald Reagan in the 1984 presidential election, as well as to campaign in state and local elections.

College Republicans is also supporting Tennesseans for Better Schools. This is a bipartisan lobbying organization that upholds Governor Lamar Alexander's Master Teacher Plan. College Republicans is circulating petitions in support of this plan on campus and in the surrounding communities.

In the future, College Republicans hopes to bring influential speakers to the campus, such as persons from the Governor's office or the state Republican party. Another idea the group hopes to bring about is a series of debates to advance the

students' understanding of political issues.

Anyone interested in College Republicans should contact Terry Williams, President.

Computer printouts premiere in class elections

by Lorenzo Cooley
Staff Writer

The computer has done it again . . . computer printouts made their debut in class elections in late September and are being used for Homecoming elections.

In the new election system, workers mark students' names off the list as they vote. This assures that each person votes only once.

Before using printouts, the ASB secretary had to type every student's name for each election, which took a very long time.



Jay Winkle and Brian White relax at the refreshment table after participating in the recent Bloodmobile. Photo by Bryan Huise

tions are simply continued until a quorum is reached.

Also, Paul said that in this election, the votes were so close that one or two votes would have swayed the elections.

Although the system is somewhat slower, Paul says it is becoming speedier as workers and students become accustomed to it. He expects to have all the flaws worked out by spring elections.

"This year we had the largest turnout ever for a freshman election. Having printouts makes it much easier. We had a master list to check off each person's name. Also, with this list, we could see who had voted already. Last year, we didn't use printouts because they were not available," commented Paul. "Thanks to Mr. Don Irwin and Mr. Rick Egnor for obtaining them for us."

Then ASB started punching students' ID cards. After a while, the ID's were full of holes.

"With a small number of students at Trevecca, one or two votes that shouldn't have been counted because of people voting more than once could easily sway the election," stated Paul David Frank, ASB Attorney General. "Trevecca really doesn't have a major problem with this, but sometimes it could happen."

Runoffs ran for two days this year due to the initial inability to get a quorum. Votes from 50% of the student body are required to make the election legal.

The printouts also help out with this problem, since they make it unnecessary to hold a whole new election. The elec-

Reformation Day Chapel to honor Luther's 500th birthday

by Lorenzo Cooley
Staff Writer

Reformation Day Chapel will be held Monday, October 31. That day, the entire chapel program will relate to Martin Luther, who symbolizes the splitting of the Protestants and Roman Catholics.

On October 31, 1517, Luther nailed his famous Ninety-Five Thesis on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg. Although Reformation Day Chapel is not held every year,

this year it is special since it marks the 500th birthday of Martin Luther.

Rick Harvey, chapel chairperson, will be the speaker for this special chapel service. He will be giving the student body some historical information pertaining to the Reformation. He will also deliver a message on "justification by faith."

"Hopefully, the students will realize how much this (reformation) means to us and what a change it has made in today's theology," stated Rick.



Donor Mark Lampe waits patiently during his turn at the Red Cross Bloodmobile sponsored by Circle K last week.

Photo by Bryan Huise

features

P.A. programs offer new challenges in medical profession

by Dave Maynard
Staff Writer

You're sitting in the waiting room of the clinic, waiting to see a doctor in the hope that he will relieve your misery. Then, out walks the receptionist who announces:

"The P.A. will see you now."

Suddenly, all kinds of thoughts run through your mind. What in the world is a P.A.? What are they going to subject me to now? I want to see a doctor!

This reaction is not all that uncommon. Because the Physician's Assistant program is relatively new on the medical scene, many people still don't know what a Physician's Assistant is or what he does.

There are many routine tasks that a physician does which take time away from his more critical patients. To relieve the physician of these routine tasks, the position of Physician's Assistant was developed.

The first P.A. program was developed at Duke University in 1968. The majority of the students were medics coming out of the Vietnam war. Today, there are fifty-three P.A. programs in the United States which are fully accredited by

the Committee on Allied Health Education and Accreditation. Trevecca has one of those programs. In fact, Trevecca has the only fully accredited P.A. program in the state of Tennessee. Trevecca's program began in 1976 under the direction of Dr. Vastbinder and is presently directed by Mr. Gary Johnson.

Mr. Johnson stresses that a P.A. is not a doctor. He is "an individual who is qualified by training and experience to provide patient services under the supervision of a licensed physician." He is trained to take care of many of the routine problems that physicians attend to, such as medical histories and physical examinations. He then organizes this data, along with lab studies, and interprets it in order to assess the problem and recommend management of it. He works mainly with the more common problems, such as upper respiratory infections, headaches, earaches, and muscular-skeletal strains and sprains. All work is done under supervision of a licensed physician.

The main difference between a Physician's Assistant and a Registered Nurse is that the P.A. receives more intense training, especially in the areas

of pathophysiology and clinical medicine.

The Physician's Assistant profession is a challenging new field which is becoming more recognized with time. Because a P.A. doesn't have the great amount of demands on his time that a physician has, the amount of the patient's waiting time is greatly decreased. The P.A. is also able to spend time in consultation with the patient's family as well. This not only pleases the patient and his family, but the extra attention also decreases the chance of malpractice for the physician.

As the program becomes more accepted, there will be plenty of job openings. There are a considerable number throughout the county now; however, the number in Tennessee is moving up rather slowly. If a person is willing to relocate to another state, he should have little problem in finding an available position. Also, if one wishes to remain in Tennessee and is interested in working in the prison system, he may find ample openings. This could be especially good for those people interested in Christian service.

Once established in a job, a
Continued on page 6

Glamour searching for outstanding women

Trevecca students are invited to participate in *Glamour* Magazine's 1984 Top Ten College Women Competition. Young women from colleges and universities throughout the country will compete in *Glamour's* search for ten outstanding students. A panel of *Glamour* editors will select the winners on the basis of their solid records of achievement in academic studies and/or in extracurricular activities on campus or in the community. The 1984 Top Ten College

Women will be featured in *Glamour's* August college issue. During May, June or July, the ten winners will receive an all-expenses-paid trip to New York City and will participate in meetings with professionals in their area of interest.

Anyone who is interested in entering the search should contact the *Trev-Echoes* office for more information. The deadline for submitting an application to *Glamour* is December 9, 1983.

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE OR ANYWHERE ELSE,

Our Town is about life

by Rebecca Layman
Staff Writer

The Janusian's production of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* is scheduled for November 3-5 in McClurkan auditorium. Cast members, director, and crew are all hard at work to make this production a success.

There is a cast of twenty-one members. Main characters are played by Greg Hall, Dean

Sparks, Karen Ragsdale, Paul Jones, Rebecca Layman, Wayne Sharpe, Debbie Moore, and Amy Joyner.

According to director Jim Warren, each cast member fits his or her part perfectly. Warren expressed that he is astonished and pleased at how well the cast took on their roles.

Our Town concerns itself with the daily life of people and their life in an ordinary small town in New Hampshire.

One reason that *Our Town* is so moving is that the characters are prototypes rather than just "localized" people. The characters represent characters of reality and daily life. George and Emily (major characters) are not only "George and Emily" but also symbols of all young people in love. It is no wonder that *Our Town* was a Pulitzer prize-winner.

"It is a realistic play done in an unrealistic way; a very exciting drama full of humor, warmth; deep, wonderful moments as to what life is about," said Mr. Warren.

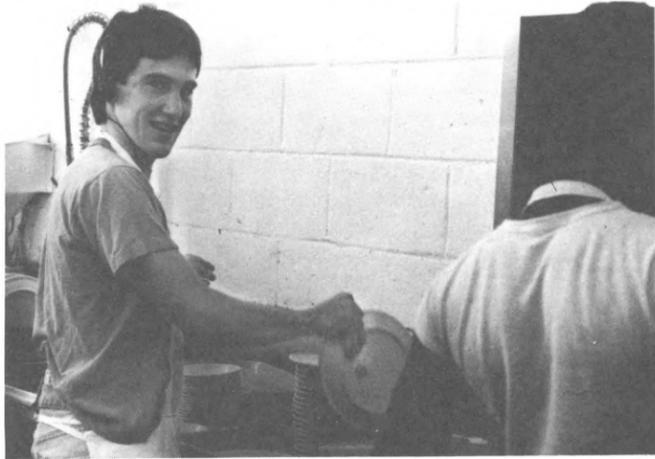
The most unique factor of this production is that it constantly reminds the audience that it is in the theater.

Our Town has been described by theatre-goers as "a warm, human drama that celebrates the joy and pain of life, evokes the mystery of existence, heightens an awareness of God, and deals with the eternal in creation." . . . "A joyous drama that celebrates the ordinary activities of life in all of their fullness, elevates love and marriage, probes the pain and meaning of death, and affirms the necessity of growth and change."

But if there could possibly be a shorter way to describe the meaning of *Our Town*, it would simply be "the mystery of life."

At work...

Randy Hulse's Walkman keeps him company in the café dishroom.



At play...

Greg Kenerly snatches a frisbee in midair at Fall Retreat.



Or just 'gone fishin'...

Good olé boys Tim Smith and Geron Rogers go angling for carp in the deep waters of the Cascades.

features

Fiction File



by Dave Privett
Staff Writer

The Ghost of BS 501

I guess the whole thing started about a year ago. You see, I never was much of a history buff, so when Stan started telling all this stuff about Trevecca, I wasn't very interested.

Stan was this guy who graduated from here in '76, and I was visiting him last October. The night I slept over at his place, we got started telling each other about weird things that happen, being that it was Halloween and all. We swapped a few stupid stories, then Stan began talking about how BS 501 was haunted. You know, BS 501, the "dome." I got a good laugh out of that, but he seemed half serious. He said that when he was here, guys would hear noises and stuff coming out of the dome at night, and that once he even saw something moving around up there. He said that was the reason nobody used the dome anymore.

I told him he had rocks in his head, and we wound up in a big pillow fight, so I didn't get to hear any more. Well, like I said, I guess that's where it all started. By spring, though, I had forgotten about our conversation.

One particularly nice afternoon, my roommate Jeff and I decided to throw our usual 19 holes of frisbee golf. We were doing okay until we got to the picnic pavillion. The object is to launch your frisbee from the tree behind the cafeteria and hit the pavillion fireplace in three shots or less. I made par, and Jeff had an easy shot, but he got wild, and threw the thing right past the pavillion and into the woods beyond. While I ridiculed him soundly for making such a dopey shot, it became very clear that the frisbee didn't want to be found. We looked and looked, but finally gave up and headed back to Benson. That would have probably been the end of this story, but the next night, about 9:30, we were walking along down there and Jeff saw what looked like a frisbee in the brush. He took off into the bushes, and the next thing I know, I hear him yelling his head off. It seemed he had fallen through a loose spot in the ground, right into some sort of cavern. I told him to look around, but it was too dark to see anything. Jeff did find the frisbee; it had landed near where he was standing. I thought that was kinda' funny — we had never made a hole-in-one before.

To try and shorten this story a little, we ended up in that cave that night. Jeff and I, our old clothes, two flashlights, one compass, and Frank. Frank didn't return this year; he developed a bleeding ulcer and now works at a supermarket back home. Frank was a good guy, but a little paranoid. He couldn't stand the thought of

being left out of anything, and that's how he teamed up with us. We didn't mind too much; besides, he had a nice lantern. We all explored for what seemed like an eternity, and finally found ourselves in a narrow chamber at the end of the cave. The chamber was about 25 yards long, and at the far end was a rocky incline that had water dripping down into a small pool. By this time, I was getting pretty tired.

The cave had definite draft, which kept the whole place kind of cold. While Frank and I took a breather, Jeff clambered up to the source of the water, a small crack in the rock ceiling. It was up there that he first heard the noise. It was a low, constant 'thrum,' coming from above the crack. Frank seemed to think that we were under one of the trucking companies, and that the sound was a big diesel engine. The compass, however, showed that we had traveled east, not south, and that we were still on campus. Looking back, it was Jeff who had the right idea. He thought that the hum was from the big air conditioning units outside the BS building. That would account for the water also. Seems pretty reasonable to me, I said, but before I could finish the thought, Frank went into some kind of hysteria. At the time it wasn't funny, but I remember how it looked like some ritual off of a National Geographic special. He was hopping and pointing, and it wasn't until I took my eyes off of him that I realized what all the fuss was about; part of the rock he had been sitting on wasn't a rock at

all — it was a skull.

I guess if we had been smart, we would have packed it in right there, but we weren't, so after settling Frank down, we proceeded to locate more and more of our newly-found friend. Needless to say, we were all sort of scared, but after a while, things began to make sense. Jeff found the butt of an old rifle; Frank, a worn leather pack, and I noticed some threadbare bits of cloth that could have once been a coat. It was right about then that Frank found the journal.

It was a small leather bound book that had eroded almost beyond recognition. It sure did answer a lot of questions. In it we read how one soldier, a sentry in the Union army, stumbled and fell into this cavern on a blustery night in November of 1864. He had been on guard duty for the Catholic orphanage that occupied this hill at that time. With a broken leg from the fall and a rifle for a crutch, he tried to find his way back out, but succeeded only in getting lost. The final entry was dated December 13, 1864. It had only two words: "I'm cold."

After that, we didn't do much talking. We dug a makeshift grave, and Jeff said a little prayer, and we started to leave. The rest of what happened is kind of like a dream, even though I know it was real. I really have a hard time explaining it. Have you ever driven down a deserted road at night, and the mist is sitting on the highway, and the heater is keeping you warm, and the dashboard lights are the only ones you see? It's almost like that — that strange feeling of being the only one alive, like you're the last person on earth. That was the feeling I had when I turned that corner to leave.

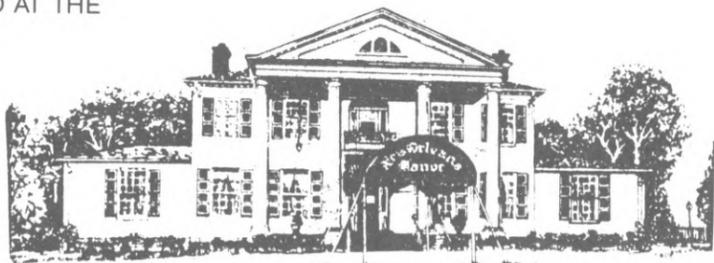
All I remember seeing was *his face*. A sad face, with sad eyes, like the starving people you see on T.V. And he was lit by the dim reflection of our lantern off the cavern wall, but I suppose we would have seen him all the same, even if it had been pitch black.

Later, Jeff said that he remembered how tired he looked, bent over on his rifle, almost like he was looking for something, but couldn't find it. Really, that's all I can tell you, because the next thing that happened, Frank came around, took one long look, then knocked Jeff and me both on our cans on his way out of there. He also knocked the lantern out in the process. The last thing I remember is seeing Frank hurdle a four-foot boulder without breaking stride. When we finally found our flashlights, he, or it, was gone. We never found a trace, and we never found the journal, but we did find our way out. It was easy. All we had to do was follow all the stuff Frank had displaced on his rapid journey outward.

We never found the cave again. When we finally got up the nerve to try, the bulldozers had already started the new road, and I guess they destroyed any entrance that might have been there. Frank didn't speak to us the entire remainder of the year. In fact, whenever he saw us, he made sure to go the other direction. I believe he thinks we pulled some kind of prank on him. And the ghost of BS 501? See for yourself. The dome is still there. I imagine it's a fitting place for him, anyway. Maybe it's closer to all the friends and companions he lost in the war. As for me? I gave up frisbee golf. Gives me a sore elbow. Besides, they're too easy to lose in the woods.

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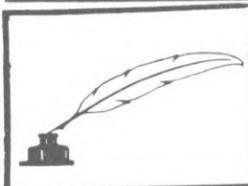
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editorial



Editor's Point

with Linda Dickens
Editor-in-Chief

They walked in late to my 7:30 economics class, both of them. I might have been too sleepy to notice them, but I had been to breakfast that morning and had had some good, strong cafeteria coffee. Now, it's not so unusual for two girls to come in late for a 7:30 class, but as they marched up to the front of the room, we all saw they had on identical bold orange and black Harley Davidson shirts. There was a slight stir in the room as some people exchanged smirks and puzzled looks. As they sat down together in front, the girls didn't see the guy behind them grin and put his hands out to make the motion of "revving" the engine on a motorcycle.

Class went on as usual. Then came chapel. Although I wasn't in chapel that day, I heard about it, and you may have seen them — a whole pack of girls in Harley shirts — lined up together on the pew. I probably would have thought, "What are these weird girls doing, anyway?" I suppose many of you thought that.

It wasn't till days later, while speaking to one of those girls, that I learned what all this had been about. It had been an experiment. Twelve girls on third floor Tennessee had purchased Harley shirts to wear that day. The object: to monitor reactions from students and see to what extent they were "judged" by others for their action. Their point was to make everyone stop for at least a minute and realize something that we all do, something that is warned about in Romans 15:7 "Accept one another, then, just as Christ accepted you in order to bring praise to God."

And I was caught in the act. I didn't know those two girls in my economics class very well. But as soon as I saw those shirts one word flashed in my mind: *wild*. In my subconscious, those girls already had one strike against them and I had never even spoken to them. That's certainly not very fair.

This type of stereotyping or discrimination works in other ways also. We judge people by their profession, the way they dress, the people they associate with, what club they belong to, or even what they are majoring in.

I hope that this experiment has driven home the Romans 15:7 lesson in all of us at Trevecca. It should have at least made us stop for a moment and evaluate the ways in which we do or do not follow Christ's example.

Linda

Fullness

with
Julie Smith

Please, if you don't do anything else today, please read this article. I need your help, and only if you read this can you help me.

I've heard one particular word mentioned or hinted about several times this quarter. One of the first times was when several students stood in chapel and declared, "I will help disciple others." During a floor chaplain's meeting, Todd Wiseman spoke of this very word. Those of you who were at the All-School Retreat heard several students refer to the action of this word. Speaker Jeff Bambling actually said, "If it weren't for the encouragement of others, I wouldn't be the Christian I am today." That's it — ENCOURAGEMENT.

Sometimes I let so many negative and disappointing thoughts get my attention that I don't have time or the mental ability to encourage others as they need it. It says in Matthew 12:34, "For out of the overflow of the heart the mouth speaks." I must continually be feeding good things in, so that good and encouraging actions and words can come out. God's love

is able to encourage us in this direction.

I have even become so busy with "off-campus" ministries that I have neglected the "on-campus" ministry of encouragement. Have any of you ever had these problems? Now is the time to re-evaluate where we are at; it's time to pray and seek out those people we need to encourage as they find their way to God.

Let me encourage you that many are finding God's way as best, but still, there are many who need to be encouraged just to consider His loving way.

"Do not let any unwholesome talk come out of your mouths, but only what is helpful for building others up according to their needs, that it may benefit those who listen." — Ephesians 4:29.

"And we urge you brothers, warn those who are idle, encourage the timid, help the weak, be patient with everyone." I Thessalonians 5:14

By the way, thanks for reading the article this week. Maybe you can encourage someone else to read it, too.

Julie

Letters to the Editor

To all the people I'll never see again:

To the little boy in the park that threw a rock at me. I'm sorry that when you came over later to ask me to play I told you to go away. I'm sorry because I didn't tell you about Jesus; I didn't love you. I'm sorry because every day the door to your heart closes tighter, and someday it may close so tight that you won't hear Jesus wanting to come in, even when he knocks.

To the hooker on the corner who wanted me to buy her a drink. I'm sorry that I didn't tell you about the living water. It may sound ridiculous, but a friend of mine did it a long time ago, and a woman just like you believed him. I'm sorry because you may never ask another Christian for a drink.

Continued on page 5

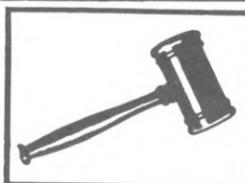
I'm not exactly an old man, and yet I can look back at 1967, 1968 and 1969 and smile, or even occasionally laugh, at the (more or less) harmless pranks which some friends of mine and I pulled my freshman and sophomore years at college. And I must say that those pranks (even the ones that weren't more or less harmless) are the things I remember best from those years. But, of course, "best" is a relative term. It so happens that in my case the main reason I remember those pranks, that "mischief," so well is that I did very little else in 1967, 1968, and 1969, besides pranks and mischief. Consequently, even when I laugh about those years, I can't help feeling a certain regret.

Please, don't think that I consider those years a waste. I actually learned some things then about human beings, myself included. But I'm not so sure that what I learned then could only have been learned in that way. It could have been that what I learned about human beings, myself included,

Editorial Policy

Opinions expressed in editorials and letters are not necessarily those of *Trev-Echoes*, nor the students, faculty or administration of Trevecca Nazarene College, but rather of the author.

Letters are welcomed, but must not exceed 300 words. Unsigned letters will not be accepted, but names will be withheld upon request.



ASBeat

with Rocky Jenkins
ASB President

*"Jesus loves the little children,
all the children of the world;
Red and yellow, black and white,
they are precious in His sight;
Jesus loves the little children of the world."*

They have been written about in *Trev-Echoes*, *One Magazine*, SGA minutes, the *Announcer* and talked about in SGA meetings, RLC meetings, chapel, and among many of you. In a recent outing, approximately 150 children who showed up to participate in a program. We refer to the program and these children as "King's Kids," and that's exactly what they are.

It was the unanimous decision of the Nazarene Student Leadership Conference convening in San Diego this past April for each Nazarene College student body to launch and develop this year an urban ministry of some type. After presenting the NSLC decision to SGA here, it was decided not to start any new ministries, but to focus on and expand one of our three present ministries, namely, King's Kids, Community Care Corps (CCC), and Ministry Outreach Teams (MOT). My biggest fear was that if we emphasized one of three, would the other two survive? I can now see that God was working these problems out, especially when he brought Jenny Fisher (King's Kids coordinator), Jolene Helmer (CCC coordinator), and Mark East (MOT coordinator) into the various programs. King's Kids was chosen primarily because of the summer ministry potential and development possibilities there, but it's been great to see all these programs progress and develop over a short period of time. I wish I had the space in this column to give recognition to the many students who have been sharing the Good News of the Gospel through these programs.

I believe that King's Kids has tremendous potential to win souls to Christ. Keep in mind, though, that the program itself will not win anyone until there are committed students involved in it, but I do feel a responsibility to communicate the opportunities available.

You're a fantastic student body. Let's continue to practice Jesus Others Yourself in our daily lives.

Rocky

could have been learned in the classroom and in dialogue with other students about literature and history and religion. (I know, you're groaning, but I would appreciate it if you would at least groan quietly.)

I think it's probably true that I would not have learned much in the classroom, or perhaps even in dialogue with others, if I had been less serious about them than I was about my pranks and mischief. But if I had been a serious student, if work in the classroom and dialogue with other students had been as important to me my first two years in college as they were my last two, then perhaps 1967, 1968, and 1969 would contribute more to my life now, and my life when I am

(exactly) an old man, than a smile or a laugh. In other words, I can laugh at my early years at college because they constitute a big joke.

I think that it may be that the epitome of a meaningless life is a group of old men or old women sitting around thinking longingly of the way it used to be. If we are a college centered around the student, then let us, please, see to it that we turn out people with a solid understanding of what it is to be a human being. It has been my experience that human solidarity is more likely to come out of aggressive thought and learning than it is from pranks and mischief.

Craig Keen

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editorial



The World

with
Garry
Marshall

and
Brian
Speer

In my last few articles, the issue of the world's nuclear predicament has been prominent in my choice of topics. This is true because not only is it important to me as an individual, but this issue is the most crucial of issues facing our world today. The vast majority of people are taking an indifferent attitude toward our nuclear situation. They choose not to think about it in hopes that it will go away. At the risk of being melodramatic, let me make it quite clear to you that the possibility of nuclear warfare will not go away. We can, as responsible, concerned beings, seek to control this tremendous power. We must accept the fact that we can at best limit the amount of nuclear weapons being produced. It is my purpose in this article to urge you to become familiar with this issue of nuclear arms. Also, I wish to offer my views on reducing the likelihood of an all-out, full-scale nuclear war.

Mr. Speer and I are both attempting in this issue to offer solutions to you that may be of help in formulating your own opinions. We both take this issue seriously and both want to see the same results: the reduction of the possibility of destruction of our planet. How may this be accomplished? First, we realize that we must not continue to produce nuclear weapons at the same rate as we have in the past. We already produce enough to destroy our world many times over. Second, we must accept the fact that the idea of a nuclear freeze is virtually impossible because of the aggressive attitudes of the Soviet Union. Third, we should not necessarily advocate peace through strength. After exploring the alternatives, I

advocate the idea that Washington is beginning to give the most attention at this point—a nuclear arms build-down. Under this recent proposal by Congress, the Soviet Union and the United States will have to reduce their overall nuclear arsenals by 45% by 1996. The idea has been accepted by President Reagan. The key to this plan is a new way of measuring destructive power. The unit of measurement was developed by a retired Air Force Lieutenant General Glenn Kent and is called Standard Weapons Stations, or SWS. Employing this new unit, we can come to a more accurate measure of the nuclear strength that U.S. and Soviet Union have. Using this formula, we come to the conclusion that the U.S. and USSR have about 16,000 SWS's. Using the nuclear build-down plan, by 1996, the figure would be about 8,500 SWS's.

At the present time, a solution to this predicament seems even more complicated because of strained relations between the U.S. and USSR because of the Korean Airlines incident. The idea of the nuclear build-down has been presented here. I urge you to read and become interested in what is happening concerning this issue. Our very existence on this planet depends upon plans that may substantially lessen the likelihood of nuclear warfare. This is only one solution to the problem that we are confronted with. What would be your solution?

Garry

In 1981, Senators Edward Kennedy and Mark Hatfield introduced a bipartisan bill in the United States Senate calling for a "mutual and verifiable freeze on testing, production and further deployment of nuclear warheads, missiles and other delivery systems." Since that time, millions of people from the world over have joined in the call for a nuclear freeze. Presented here are two different views on the subject.

Letter . . . from page 4

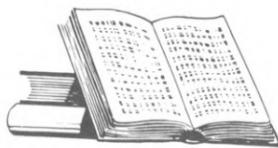
To the gay who asked me what time it was. I told you I didn't know and cringed when you walked away. I'm sorry because I didn't tell you it is never too late for God to make you a new creature. I know you would have laughed and told me you were happy with your lifestyle. But you wouldn't have forgotten what I said because I could see the sadness in your eyes.

To the old drunk in night court. I'm sorry, dear Jesus, I'm sorry for laughing at you because you had wet your pants. I'm sorry for making sport of your misery, and though the policeman took you away so I couldn't witness to you, I saw a man as I left just sitting on a curb. He looked just like you except he was almost sober. He probably could have understood me if I had spoken to him, or held his hand.

To all these people I saw this week. I'm sorry, not only because I didn't enjoy sharing the happiness of my salvation, but also because you may die without responding to the light exposed to you. Maybe it's because the light you were exposed to was under a bushel.

Jesus, I'm sorry for not loving "the least of these, my brethren"—for not loving you.

Name withheld



when he places himself into the hands of God. This action takes total commitment. Again to quote Lloyd Ogilvie, "The consistent, habitual surrender of our wills is the secret to finding the Lord's will for us." A popular Christian contemporary song of a few years past gives a fascinating picture of this type of commitment. Though the diction of "front seat, back seat" grated a bit on my English-teacher ears, the lyrics struck a very responsive chord from my own life's experience.

I was sittin' in the front seat, tryin' really hard to be the

The concept of a nuclear freeze is laudable and commendable. The idea of not testing, producing or deploying thermonuclear weapons is, on the surface, one that seemingly could make great strides towards ultimately stopping the arms race and ending the nightmare of atomic warfare between the superpowers.

But one must look deeper into what a freeze would entail. In the complex and intricate world of nuclear strategy and arms control, things that appear to be simplistic on the surface turn out to be extremely complex. I fear that most proponents of a freeze have taken this concept at face value and failed to delve deeply into just what such a move would mean to the security of the United States.

Militarily, a freeze would place the U.S. at a disadvantage. The present arsenals of the two superpowers are such that the U.S. is outnumbered in counter-force weapons. These are nuclear weapons with enough lethality (accuracy times explosive power) to destroy a hardened target, such as a missile silo or a command bunker. While there are programs underway to build and deploy such U.S. counterforce weapons as the MX and Trident II missiles, a freeze at this time would end their gestation period before they could be deployed.

The Soviets, on the other hand, have invested heavily in large, land-based missiles which are inherently more accurate. It has been said by experts that by

driver.

Thinkin' I was makin' real good time but always windin' up a late arriver.

But now, I been tryin' out the back seat and I find it is a very great relief.

Now, I'm ridin' in the back seat

And I'm leavin' all the drivin' to the Chief.

Climbing into the back seat of your life and turning the wheel over to God takes complete commitment, but with God in the driver's seat, one's life will remain on a smooth course. That decision doesn't guarantee smooth riding all the time, but with God's hand upon the wheel, you are assured that you will safely reach your destination.

Solomon has given us a proverbial basis of complete openness to God's guidance. The Living Bible says, "In everything you do, put God first, and He will direct you and crown your efforts with success."

If you have climbed into the

1985, the Soviets could wipe out the entire land-based missile fleet in a first strike attack. Freezing our arsenals at this spot could only be tempting to the USSR if it felt it held an advantage. The U.S. has let itself fall behind in the arms race during the past two decades and must not jeopardize its efforts to catch up.

An arms control agreement of this type would be extremely hard, if not impossible, to verify. Our spy satellites can count the number of missile launchers, bombers and submarines in port. But they cannot verify whether the Soviets have halted the development, building or even testing of these weapons. Without detection, violations could proceed with impunity until the weapons had been developed or deployed, becoming then *faits accomplis*.

Because this is true, the U.S. is open to be tricked or duped by the Soviets. To think that they would act in a reciprocal manner in this type of an agreement and not take advantage when and wherever they felt it possible is to dangerously misjudge them. Any government that cannot be trusted to properly identify and then ensure the safety of an airliner that had strayed across its borders should not be trusted in a matter of such grave importance as this.

These thoughts are my own opinion and you must make your own. In the years ahead, arms control will grow in importance as a issue on which our very lives depend. As fallible humans, we must pray to God for guidance in this most important problem, and hope that we are given the time to find the answer.

Brian

Faculty Comments

Whom shall I marry? What should my vocation be? What is God's best plan for me? Do I have a call from God? College is a kaleidoscope of experiences ranging from the bright hues of excitement, challenge, and success to the somber shades of discouragement, frustration and despair. Probably more frustration is felt in the decision-making process than in any other area. Lloyd Ogilvie, distinguished Christian writer, calls this area of pressure from searching questions the "midnight muddle."

Do I have a call from God? Some view a call as very mystical and seem to shroud it with an aura of mystery. Webster declares that a call is an invitation to accept a professional appointment. God gives divine appointments, and it is a divine invitation. He doesn't hit you over the head with it, but invites you to seek His will. He will reveal it to

you.

God is in the "calling business." Thousands of years ago He called Abraham to leave his home and go into a far country. He challenged Moses from the burning bush to an overwhelming task. He came to the winepress where Gideon was threshing wheat to transform him from an obscure farmer to a victorious general, and He led Elisha from the plow to gaze upon the chariot of fire where he received Elijah's mantle and became the greatest miracle worker of the Old Testament. These men all had something in common. They were fearful and felt inadequate to the task, but they were also all obedient, and that was the key to their success. They weren't super men, but *super obedient*.

I like the term "emancipation of obedience," for one really becomes free from bonds of sin and guilt and from frustration and anxiety about the future

back seat of your life and are totally open to God's will. He will make it plain to you. Don't just go on impressions or feelings to know God's will. Some may be from God, but they could also be from Satan or of your own making. You need to test your impressions, and you can do so by using four criteria. 1.) Is it scriptural? That involves more than just a random text. Study your Bible and let the Holy Spirit guide you from its words. 2.) Is it right? Every expression of God's will can be expected to conform to God's universal principles of morality and decency. 3.) Is it providential? Are necessary doors opening or closing? Is the Lord speaking through events? 4.) And finally, is it reasonable? Is this impression appropriate and does it make sense to you? There are times when the will of God will not be clear immediately, but we are expected to retain our faith and "wait on the Lord". Jesus said, "I am the light of the

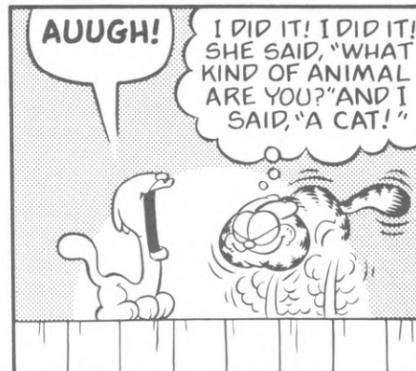
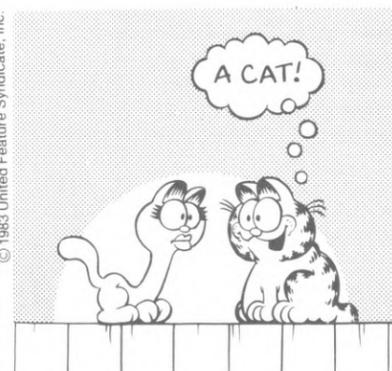
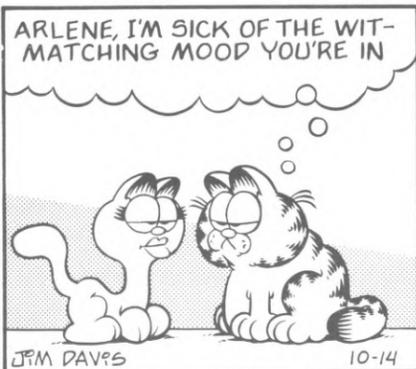
Cont'd on page 8

entertainment

GARFIELD®

by Jim Davis

GARFIELD®



Degarmo and Key introduce pop sound

by Andy Napier and Brad Card
Contributing Writers

If you happen to be a customary listener of WNAZ, you have probably noticed the new music of DeGarmo & Key being played on a regular basis. Before DeGarmo & Key's latest album, *Mission of Mercy*, the closest the group came to radio airplay was on specialized "Christian rock" shows. *Mission of Mercy* is DeGarmo & Key's attempt to obtain a wider variety of airplay.

Mission of Mercy introduces the Christian duo's newborn pop sound. The raw vibrations of Dana Key's guitar have disappeared, while Ed DeGarmo's synthesizers are more prevalent. The percussion is more easily noticed, not that the drums are played with more flair, rather they are simply louder and more rhythmic. The vocals are also emphasized more, and not just Key's voice, by the background vocals also. The songs, in general, are slower on *Mission of Mercy* than on the group's earlier projects, but cuts such as "Ready or Not" and "Let the Whole World Sing," which have received much airplay, are nothing short of upbeat. Slower songs consist of "Everlasting Love" and Billy Preston's "That's the Way God Planned It." Many of the album's songs make use of strings for a full-sounding background. On "Special Kind of Love" the strings are brought forward between the verses in a very classical manner.

Overall, DeGarmo & Key have made a very successful attempt at changing their style to attract a larger audience. The lyrics in no way have been sacrificed. They are as strong as ever. DeGarmo & Key's new combination of sincere lyrics and a pop sound lay the foundation for *Mission of Mercy*, a very impressive album.

Clear Glass

"Garfield may not be in the traditional mold of kittycats, but I think he has texture," Davis says. "He's fat, lazy and rude, and he's lovable."

Are there any similarities between the gentle Davis and the aggressive Garfield?

"We both hate jogging and have a passion for pasta," Davis says. "In the strip, if Garfield is on a diet, I'm on one in real life."

"My wife is allergic to cats," Davis says.

Lasagna-loving cat enjoys success in comic strip world

UFS News

GARFIELD, a feisty feline with an affinity for overeating and oversleeping, has become the fat cat of the comic strip world.

Created by Jim Davis, the cartoon has soared to success since its introduction in 1978. The daily and Sunday strip distributed by United Feature Syndicate (UFS), appears in more than 1,300 newspapers worldwide.

Readers have voted GARFIELD the No. 1 comic strip in some of the largest newspapers in the United States, and *Time* magazine called GARFIELD the most famous feline to express the perplexing relationship between man and pet.

Garfield, the cynical yet

endearing lasagna-loving cat with a dominant personality, lives with his owner, Jon Arbuckle, a quiet cartoonist, Jon's roommate, Lyman and Lyman's dog, Odie. Preoccupied with being ornery, Garfield sprinkles his master's food with cat hair, destroys his plants and furniture and terrorizes Odie.

"After all," Garfield says, "cats are just small people with fangs and fur."

In his short life, the orange-striped rascal — whose image appears on dozens of products including posters, plush toys, postcards, soap, sleeping bags and underwear — has acquired some intensely loyal fans.

In 1979 when *The Chicago Sun Times* dropped the strip because of budget cutbacks, the paper was deluged with 1,300

letters, phone calls and petitions of protest. GARFIELD soon reappeared on the paper's comic pages.

Davis, who has appeared on many TV shows including "Today" and "P.M. Magazine" to discuss his success, credits GARFIELD's appeal to the power of the cat's personality.

"Garfield is an antihero," the cartoonist says. "He says and does things people would never have the nerve to do. He makes us feel better about things we have guilt complexes about like oversleeping, overeating and not exercising."

Born and raised on a Fairmont, Indiana farm with 25 cats, Davis dabbled in cartoons for as long as he can remember but never thought of making a living at it.

After graduating from Ball

State University in Muncie, he worked in advertising until he became an assistant to Tom Ryan, creator of TUMBLEWEEDS.

During his nine years of drawing backgrounds and borders for Ryan, Davis searched for a theme for his own comic strip. The result was a bug strip, GNORM THE GNAT. The strip ran in Davis's hometown newspaper, but didn't create any interest from syndicates.

So Davis took a long look at the comic pages and decided to target his effort toward the 32 million cat lovers in the United States. He created Garfield, a cat you could love or love to hate.

UFS loved GARFIELD and syndicated the strip, which was a success soon after it appeared.

features



Circle K alumni Finley Knowles and Don Garrison made a recent appearance as emcees of the Annual Circle K Variety Show. Photo by Scott Wiseman

Halloween '83 set at Smyrna Airport hangar

by Dorcas Smith
Staff Writer

Halloween is that time of year when we all look ugly. That didn't come out right; maybe I'd better rephrase that. Halloween is that time of year when we all dress up like witches, gargoyles, and ghosts just to really impress our friends.

We know that we've got to turn the head of that special guy or girl we've had our eye (and mind) on since the beginning of the quarter somehow. But as far as I know, there's going to be some changes this year.

The American Wildlife Association has insisted on letting bats roam the campus this year on Halloween weekend. No,

I'm just kidding, but you do have to admit that that would be a change.

We're going to have a party on Saturday, October 29th at the Smyrna Airport Hangar from 7:00 in the P.M. until 11:00 in the P.M. Want to know how I know?

Well, I ain't gonna tell ya. But if you're good . . . maybe I'll tell you later. Anyway, the cost is \$3.49 per person odd price, but that includes the movie *The Ghost and Mr. Chicken*.

But that's not all! There are going to be games and prizes, lots of good food and the, and I mean THE, best time of

fellowship you could find anywhere. At least that's what the Senior Class President, Rob Eicholtz, told me.

Gracious! I didn't mean to tell you that yet. It appears to me that my hand is a little sharper than my brain — no comments! Shucks, I wanted to make you suffer. But I guess I

can't now. Then again, I can, I surely can! There will be a guest speaker with some great words of wisdom at the party whom I know you'll just love. And I'm not going to tell you who he is, either. Neh, neh.

We're going to have some fun, a ball, a blast, a shoot-out . . . a shoot-out? Anyway, it should be a riot (not literally). Friday night "Trick-or-Treat" is also going to be just as good as Saturday from what I hear.

From the information I've already given you, can you not wait? I can't. I mean it's really going to be fun, y'all. You'll just have to come and see for yourself!

Dorcas

Symphony offers 'Student Rush' rates

Nashville area students enjoy a golden opportunity to attend Nashville Symphony concerts at bargain rates, by taking advantage of the "Student Rush." At all regular series concerts (other than opera performances) tickets that have not been sold by 30 minutes before concert time may be purchased for only \$5.00 by any student with an ID card.

Students who prefer to have season tickets may purchase a student subscription series at the Symphony House for just \$30.00 for the entire season. Faculty members also enjoy a ten percent discount on Symphony subscriptions.

For more information regarding special student rates, call the Nashville Symphony, 329-3033.

Faculty . . . from page 5

world", and He brings light into the confused darkness of our situation and enlightens us

to our choices and decisions.

Everett Howard, outstanding retired missionary for the Church of the Nazarene, was very confused as a young man about the direction of his life. One day he entered the church sanctuary alone to find God's perfect will for his life. He knelt down, took a piece of paper and wrote down all the things that he wanted to do for God, signed it and sat back waiting for God to reveal His perfect will. After hours of waiting, the Lord spoke in Everett's inner heart. "You're going about this all wrong. I don't want a consecration like that. Tear it up. Son, I want you to take a blank piece of paper, sign your name at the bottom and let me fill it in." Years later, Mr. Howard said, "It was just a secret between God and me as I signed the page. And God has been filling it in for the past twenty-six years."

God never leaves us in a quandary. If you will submit a blank sheet to Him, sign it and leave the results up to Him, you will know the joy of God's unfolding perfect will for your life.

Carol Anne Eby
Professor of English

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AOS

RAINY AND COLD ...

Gamma, Beta win in O.T.

by Steve Bargatze
and Gregg Tulowitzky

TIA Football cranked back into action this past Saturday with Gamma and Beta winning in overtime. The weather played a major part in both games. With occasional rain and constant cold, both teams relied on the running attack to move the ball.

In the first game, Beta and Alpha met for a rematch. It didn't take long for the weather to take its effect on the game. Both teams have strong running backs, with Richard Driggers for Alpha and Ole Blomberg for Beta. Beta threatened first with a blocked punt, but failed to score. The game ended in a 0-0 tie. Under TSHSAA rules each team would receive the football on the ten-yard line with four downs to score. In the third and final overtime, Beta's quarterback Alan Foster went to their strength. Ole Blomberg scored behind the blocking of the offensive line (Dean Bushnell, Marty Thompson, Jeff Bampling, Darryl Murray and Bob Allen).

Bill Sharpe had two interceptions, along with the strong defensive play of Darryl Murray. Alpha quarterback Danny Parmer and Kevin Kidd also had big games.

The second game was played much like the first, with defensive play becoming a major factor. Gamma's Green Wave broke a losing streak which has haunted them for four seasons

by beating Delta 6-0, also in overtime. "It has been a long time since this team has won, and boy, does it feel good," exclaimed Gamma player Randall Campbell. Gamma scored in overtime, with Steve Davidson sneaking in from one yard out.

Gamma had the powerful running of Dennis Moody be-

hind the offensive line to move the ball. Delta utilized the running of Steve Bargatze, Robin Starr, and Rob Eicholtz. Billy Yon played a major part in offensive play, as well as John Houser in defensive play. For Gamma, Randall Campbell (playing with a broken finger) as well as Mike Toomey, played well.



Photo by Bryan Hulse

Lady Trojan Michelle Dufresne prepares to serve in a recent home match.

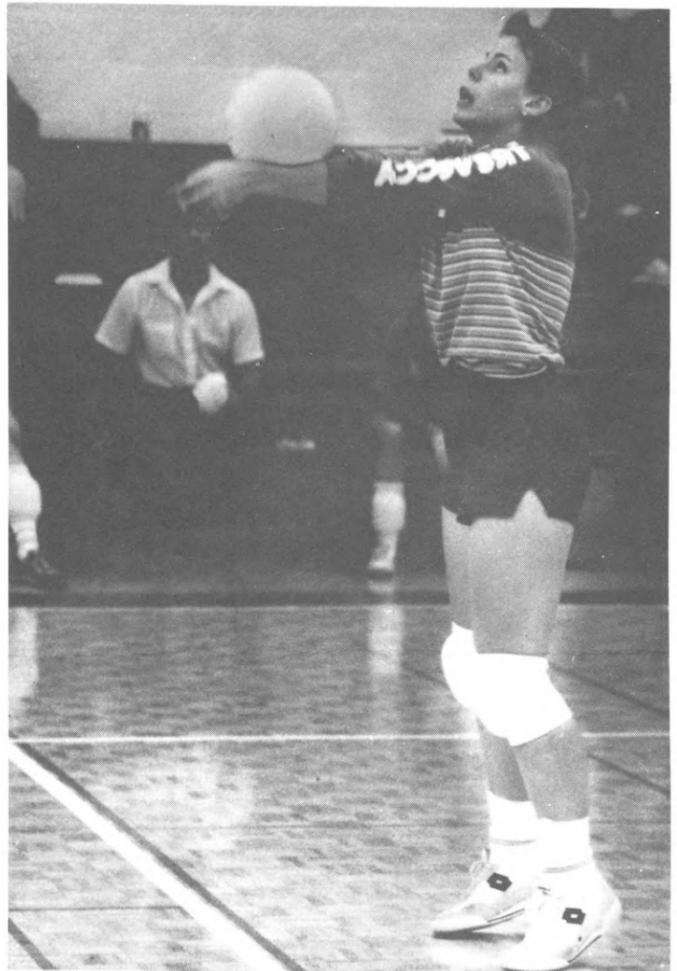


Photo by Bryan Hulse

The next women's volleyball match will be at Austin Peay on October 31.

Tulowitzky Talks

with
Gregg
Tulowitzky

This past Saturday I saw something happen that I have never seen at Trevecca. It wasn't having good food in the cafeteria or having mail in my box every day. For many guys it has been a struggle. For others it was a cause not worth fighting for. But thanks to some devoted players, Gamma has finally won a football game. Their losing streak had extended over four seasons, and Gamma had been the object of many jokes. Some of the games they had lost by only a touchdown. Many players had tried to break the losing streak (including this writer). Yes, even I contributed to the losing streak. My freshman year I knew we were good. We had a good offensive line with good receivers and runners. To make a long story short, we scored only one touchdown all season (a 78 yard run on a broken play). Included in the 0-6 season was a 56-0 devastation of Gamma by Delta, but revenge is sweet.

As I was walking back to Wise on Saturday after lunch, I noticed through my umbrella that some green jerseys were on the field jumping up and down. I really didn't think much of it until I got closer to the field. I saw the green jerseys crouch down and swarm all over these blue shirts; then all of heaven broke loose. All of these green jerseys were on the ground, in the air, and floating into the sky. Gamma had won. I couldn't believe it. For the first time in over four years, Gamma had won. It made me feel good, and I haven't played in two years. After the game I saw some green shirts floating toward me (two feet off the ground) and all I heard was "WE WON!" Another green shirt said, "Ain't no big thing," and slapped hands with his teammate. Even the opposing team was sort of happy for them. Nobody likes to see a team have continuously bad seasons. Not even their opponents.

Even though I have been critical of football in the past, it was good to see 22 guys play in very bad weather conditions and see a decently-played ball game. Except for a few bad hits by one player in the first game, all was injury-free. I believe if there was pain, it was caused by frost-bite or a too-hot shower after the game. All I can say is WAY TO GO, GAMMA!

Gregg

P.S. I want to thank all of those who responded to me concerning my last column. Unfortunately, no one wrote; they just told me how they felt. If you want your opinion to be noticed, write to me and I'll print your letter.

\$20,000 Scholarships: The Fast Track To Responsibility.

Two-year NROTC scholarships are one way to get early responsibility as a Navy officer. This highly competitive program offers tuition and other financial benefits worth as much as \$20,000 to qualified sophomores.

All of these benefits are provided for one purpose: to educate and train qualified young men and women to serve as commissioned officers in the Navy. In fact, NROTC Scholarships are the largest source of regular Navy officers.

During college, the Navy pays tuition, cost of textbooks, instructional fees, and an allowance of \$100 a month for up to 20 months during your last two years of college. Upon graduation and completion of requirements, you become a Navy officer, with important decision-making responsibilities.

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LT. RON STITES, USN

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sports



TIA Spotlight

with
Bill
Sharpe

To anyone who thinks that TIA contact football should be abolished: I wish you could have seen the games between Alpha and Beta, and Gamma vs. Delta. I know not many people watched the games because of the slight rain we had Saturday morning. But if you were there, you would have seen many constructive things.

1. You would have seen eleven men on a team who put their trust in each other to strive for a common goal — what a way to develop fellowship.

2. You would have seen the players display a Christian attitude. It is great to be able to play hard, clean, competitive football, the kind a player loves. It is different from high school football. When you get tackled, the opposing player does not get up and call your mom a *\$#x%!&)c.

3. You would have realized that football has a positive side. For example, if you have a rough day you can always look forward to going to practice and working off your tensions. All I can say is last Saturday was the best football Saturday TIA has had in a few years. Both Beta and Delta won 6-0 in overtime, but complements go out to all of the teams.

To Gregg Tulowitzky:

The points you made in your last column were valid. However, after last year, TIA got a good look at the majority of problems it would face this year. One problem was equipment. Therefore, this summer we bought shoulder pads and hip pads. Next year we hope to buy new helmets. Another problem was lack of participation in practice. While the players don't have time to practice every day, they are making it to the required two a week. Coach Smith has been helping to monitor this. Another problem was injuries. During football some injuries will occur; there is no way to deny that. But we have had only two bad injuries this fall. That is a great improvement over the dozen we had this time last year.

To the girls:

Sorry about the rain, but we will try again next week. Until then...

Bill

SAVE A LIFE
GIVE BLOOD

TIA football standings

TIA Football
Standings through 10/22/83

Beta	2-1
Alpha	2-1
Gamma	1-2
Delta	0-3

Schedule for 10/29/83
Alpha vs. Delta
Beta vs. Gamma

Schedule for 11/5/83
Beta vs. Delta
Alpha vs. Gamma

HOMECOMING FOR TWO

This is your chance... for a super homecoming! Enter **Trev-Echoes Homecoming Trivia Give-Away** and win one of the following prizes:

1st Prize
Dinner for two at
New Orleans Manor

Two Tickets to the
basketball game.
Two Tickets to the
Homecoming Concert

2nd Prize
Dinner for two
at
Michael's Restaurant

3rd Prize
Dinner for two
at
McDonald's

Rules: Only one entry per person. A drawing will be held from correct responses to determine the winners. Answers must be in Box 1646 by 4:00 p.m., Wednesday, November 2. Please print your answers plainly; list your name, complete address and telephone number. Winners will be notified by mail Thursday, Nov. 3. Staff members of **Trev-Echoes** are ineligible for the drawing.

To be eligible for the drawing, you must answer these questions correctly:

Who was the second wife of King Henry VIII?
Who won the 1983 Nobel Peace Prize?

Good luck, and Happy Homecoming!

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UN-HALLOWEEN '83

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