

NORMAL CLOSES THURSDAY FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Dramatic Club Presents Christmas Pageant, "Why The Chimes Rang"

Christmas Play Turns Out to Be Great Success—Auditorium Is Filled.

At 8 o'clock on Sunday, Dec. 18, at the Baptist Church, the Dramatic Club of the Austin Peay Normal School presented its Christmas pageant, "Why The Chimes Rang," which occupied in its cast the entire personnel of the Dramatic Club.

The plot of the play centers around Christmas chimes in a great cathedral which ring only when a perfect gift is placed upon the altar. It is Christmas and people both great and small, are coming from far and near to hear the chimes ring. There are two small boys of a very poor family who are anxious to hear the chimes, but cannot go to the cathedral because their parents have been called to the bedside of their grandmother. The children's uncle, Bertel, promises to take them. On the way to town they meet an old woman who needs help. Holger sends his younger brother, and he remains behind to care for the old woman. Holger's amazement is unbounded when the old woman is transformed into a sister of charity and the back of the bus into the altar of the cathedral.

Holger sees the rich gifts laid

upon the altar, yet the chimes do not ring. At last, moved by the spirit of giving, he places upon the altar his two pennies, the only two he has ever possessed. The chimes ring out. The perfect gift is found.

The part of Holger was taken by Miss Sarah Cooke of Clarksville. Miss Cooke has made quite a place for herself in dramatic circles. She has taken the leading parts in several high school plays and has made an enviable record as an actor.

The part of Stoen, Holger's brother, was portrayed by Miss Lucile Moore. Miss Moore is also an outstanding member of the Dramatic Club.

Other leading parts will be played by Miss Frances Childs, who takes the part of the old woman, and Mr. William Bryan, who plays the part of the children's uncle.

This is the first of several pageants and plays which the Dramatic Club plans to present during the year. With the cooperation of the people of Clarksville, the club hopes to make the Christmas pageant an annual affair.

Midnight Christmas Eve

There is snow on the mountains,
Sound-muffled and deep;
In beds of soft emerald
The still valleys sleep.

There is silence in heaven,
There's silence on earth,
No sound of rejoicing,
No whisper of mirth.

The night is star-spangled,
God's altars aflame,
A high priest is serving,
A heavenly choir.

The harsh winds are muted,
There's mystery here;
Tis Christmas! Keep silence!
The earth is at prayer.

—W. A. D.



Sophomores Awarded "Stunt Night" Prize as Program Receives Praise

Contributions of All Classes and Clubs Great—Judges Complimentary.

On Thursday evening, December 15, stunt night, sponsored by the Dramatic Club, scored a big hit with its audience. The contributions of all the societies and organizations were excellent, but of course, the sophomores being more experienced and most interesting, judged the judges' decision along with the prize of five dollars.

The basketball girls started the ball rolling with the wedding of Miss Tennis Court (Stella Schnupp) and Mr. Gyn Nunn (Frances Morton), impressively performed by the official (Frances Strong). Attendees were girls dressed in the garb of equestrian, American Longears and tennis racquet wielders.

For the first time in the history of All State that night, singing, smooching, sneering, "So They Say," was edited before the eyes of the public. This was done by the student columnists and the official (Frances Strong). Attendees were girls dressed in the garb of equestrian, American Longears and tennis racquet wielders.

The third is the charm. That is a trifle expensive, but it seems to fit this situation, for the Sophs coming third seemed to charm the judges with their scene in Heaven. Lathan Gettle as St. Peter has a trying day when the faculty of A. P. N. formed the party gate, fresh from the little hell which they had created on earth.

Displaying the brown as well as their melodious notes, the basketball boys presented a "rough house" opera. The selection so ably rendered was "Old MacDonald."

A scene in the senate in which the bill proposing the addition of go-luker to the eighth amendment was enacted, formed the contribution of the Debating Club. The Dramatic Club presented a scene in a court room in which the star witness, the man of all jobs on the P. & Q. railroad, won the case by stating that he was a red lantern, white ties, failing to admit that the lantern wasn't lighted.

The last stunt of the night was a "rough house" opera, presented by the Freshies. Mama

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Irene Bewley Gives Pleasing Entertainment

Irene Bewley, character artist with an international reputation, presented a dramatic program in the college auditorium Thursday night, Dec. 8, to a large and appreciative audience.

Miss Bewley was introduced by Dr. Claxton, who pointed out that she was indeed a rare treat to hear a real artist who has caught the spirit of the Southern Highlands, whose distance is graced by man of mountain and time by man of sun.

The spirit of the highlands is in the very tone and manner of Miss Bewley. Born and reared in Greene County and constantly in the Ultras she knows the hillfolk and has sympathetically been able to translate their feelings with dramatic ability.

Miss Bewley gives her hearers a new insight into the character of the real mountaineer. She interprets these kindly but quaint characters in a finely dramatic and interesting way.

With the aid of only a shawl and a cob-pipe she reveals the life, philosophy, and inherent sacrifice of the mountaineer, who holds the hearts of her hearers in the hollow of her hand.

Claxton believed that the world was "hanging on the wind" and sighed deep sighs for the future welfare of humanity.

Oranny was "a-fearin'" for her grandson who went to New York and the interlocking wires, New York against the Tennessee mountains, furnished rare entertainment.

The artist revealed that friends had just about died out on the mountain, traveled roads like Big Grassy Creek, but in the more recent places like Little Grassy Creek there was an occasional firm of rifle-men when the law-breakers.

The bitter-sweet of blue content in the smoke hills under the highlands brought out by Miss Bewley is something not easily forgotten.

Special music for the occasion

(Please Turn to Page Four)

Faculty Is Given Break by Students

Did anybody ever tell you that all teachers hate all holidays, those preceding Christmas especially? Well, it seems that both the faculty and the student body of this school for white rural teachers, has been into such unusual and unexpected things. To even the stubborn student body, who is so much against the idea of a summer vacation, and released them from their trying duties one day earlier than has been previously planned. Now all the dear little professors and "professors" may hurry home on Thursday, December 22. Then they may reach their fireplaces in time to hang a green stocking in hope of getting only old St. Nick out of at least one month's salary. Even the student body will probably give a voice of "hanks for the gift," considering it will do much toward giving their "prof" a summer disposition. All of which means anything in the eyes of the teachers, even if it be a holiday.

Miss Cunningham Delights Audience

On December 2, at the chapel hour, the Dramatic Club presented Miss Sara White Cunningham, who entertained her audience with a group of dramatic readings. Miss Cunningham was aided by Miss Loped Coulter, who sang two numbers, Lullaby of the Leaves and A Shanty in Old Shanty Town.

Miss Cunningham's program consisted of two numbers, "The Minister" and "Dean of Arc." "The Minister" is a dramatic incident during the French Revolution in which a marquis who has been sentenced to die is visited by his wife, who is also a prisoner of the people. The scene is exceedingly touching and the characters were well

New Dormitory Is Now Open

At long last the new Woman's Dormitory, presided over by Miss Sara Nelson Brown, is practically furnished and will be opened to student women returning after Christmas for the winter quarter. The "rush" which Mr. Massey received the other day was not (as this reporter found out later) pre-Christmas pressure, but merely an early-bird-get-the-worm affair. While virgins were only reserving much desired corner rooms and rooms which would not feed old St. Nick's legs on late spring afternoons next year.

The long, stately building which crowns a "bowl" at the northeastern end of the campus, is seen these days, from the street, through bare boughs and presents indeed an architectural vista of distinction. But one must approach near and enter the building to discover the wealth of detail which careful planning has achieved to assure the utmost of comfort, convenience and beauty.

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Music Department Gives Program

The Music Department is offering on Tuesday evening, December 10, a group of miscellaneous numbers by the instrumental ensemble, chorus club and soloists of the school organizations in music.

Program.

- I. Pilgrim Chorus (from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde")
- Sweet Melody (from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde")
- Instrumental Ensemble
- II. Shepherd's Morning Song (from Zamecni's "Desert Caravan")
- Instrumental Ensemble

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Virginia Gardens Are Pictured At Austin P. Normal

A delightful and instructive evening was spent by the audience who saw the wonderfully clear pictures of the exquisite Virginia homes and gardens shown by Mrs. Harrison Wellford, a member of the Virginia Garden Club, in the auditorium of the Austin Peay Normal School on Monday. The homes, lawns, evergreen formal gardens and flower gardens with trees and expressive colors were presented in a most charming Virginia-like way.

Among the pictures were the pre-revolutionary homes "West-Over," of the Byrds; "Strickley," of the Carters; on the James river; "Chatham Hall," the boyhood home of Dr. J. H. Lacy; "Kennon," and "Sabine Hall," on the Appomattox; "Castle Hill," one of the Meriwether homes near Charlottesville, with its really English baroque wall; the familiar historic homes, "Monticello," of Thomas Jefferson; "Montpelier," of the Madisons; and the grounds of the University of Virginia. A number of the gorgeously colored slides were those of the renowned homes of Loudoun and Albemarle counties. Perhaps the most impressive pictures showed the dignity of the architecture, the great lawn fountains, the aged box-wood formal hedges, bows, large trees, and the riot of blooming flowers.

For more than an hour and a half, Mrs. Wellford held the interest and attention of her audience. All present garden lovers and others were entertained and instructed in a delightful way. Mrs. Wellford was accompanied to Clarksville by Mrs. W. H. Hunt and Mrs. Patti Rhodes of Nashville, where she has shown the slides to enthusiastic garden clubs.

"A pessimist is a guy who has loaned money to an optimist."

ALL STATE



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The Christmas Spirit

Somewhat or other, that perfectly splendid motif of the United States mailman—NEITHER SNOW NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS—seems inescapably linked with both the act and spirit of Christmas. The mailman is himself personally linked with Christmas by virtue of the act of delivering greetings and gifts, but the parallel goes deeper than that. The mailman does a great job at an even pace throughout the major portion of the year, only to find himself called upon for almost superhuman efforts in the final weeks of each December. It might easily be pretty much the same thing these days with that spirit of well-being and good will which we call Christmas, but happily it isn't.

Always in the past the spirit of Christmas has remained alive throughout the entire year. There's no mistaking that. The very significance of Christmas tells us that it isn't something which only comes into being at a certain season. Christmas couldn't be like that! We must think of it as something which is in our hearts all of the time, but which we only desire to express on certain days when its significance perhaps is more potent than on other days of the year. But we know that it is in our hearts every second, every minute, every day, and every month.

Lately, humanity has come to realize this fact more strongly. We probably call it by other names—pity, sympathy, compassion, tolerance, or understanding—but withal it is the spirit of Christmas. We need it in our lives as definitely and as overwhelmingly as we need air and love, and needing it, we are, if we are really human at all, impelled to impart it to others.

The Folly of Examinations

"Now, class, for tomorrow we will have an examination on the term's work. Please don't sit up late studying, but go to bed and get some sleep so you can think clearly tomorrow."

How often have I heard that sentence pronounced on a poor defenseless class. Immediately each member is scared out of his wits, and then the agony begins. The admonition not to sit up late studying is scarcely heard, and certainly it isn't heeded. The teacher doesn't know what he is talking about anyway. The idea of not studying for an examination! With that decision students rush home and frantically turn pages until 1:00 a. m. The next morning, nervous, already in full sway in each brain because of the close proximity of the dreaded exam, is intensified by the questions every one is excitedly asking every one else. By the time the gong rings, no one knows anything. Then begins the task of coaxing thoughts to the blank pages of an exam. Is it fair? The pencil point to the blank page is a cruel enemy. The possible good can be derived from such an exam? Is it fair? It is true that exams expose the weak points of both teacher and pupil and suggest means of remedying their faults, but of what use is this knowledge? The term is over, and it is impossible to recall the past. How much better it is to give bi-monthly tests that do not make necessary the expenditure of so much energy and worry. In that way the students have from day to day rather than get a smattering of everything in one night. They are not unnerved at the mere suggestion of a test because they are not afraid of losing the term's work on account of it.

If oral discussions of past lessons help the teachers evaluate students and give the students drill and a chance to express themselves. Often a student may get a whole term without saying a word in class or being given any means of expression other than written notes when they have to tell what they are asked. By this method they learn also the ideas and opinions of others and assimilate a far greater amount of knowledge than they can by means of examinations.

Psychology Class Makes Pilgrimage

At break of dawn Friday, December 2, Mr. McGuff's General Psychology Class was taking off for Nashville with the School for the Feeble-Minded, the Parthenon, the State Penitentiary and the Park Library as the itinerary. The chief objective of the trip was to do laboratory work parallel to that work which had been done previously in the classroom.

Traveling in five cars, private and state owned, the group reached the school for the Feeble-Minded at approximately 8:15 not, however, without great difficulty. They had never been there and their inquiries as to its whereabouts were invariably met with loud guffaws and horse laughs. To be sure, that one nerry had added hopefully to his accurate directions, "I hope they don't keep you."

The school proved to hold many interesting cases. Outstanding were some very good examples of glandular disorder, dysphasia, and a few cases of epilepsy, negro and mongolian. Most exquisite needlework made there by creatures of habit would even the best needle woman to shame. And don't think they didn't show up some of the visitors from the states. The inmates were named all the counties and county seats of Tennessee after finishing their tour of inspection, that not one of the visitors was able to name scarcely any of them. And did one little girl give feminine traits and femininity when she spit in the face of a young man who imperiously snatched her eye!

The thirty minute lecture at the Parthenon was a most interesting one. Because of its direct contrast to the first stop, it was doubly appreciated. From the sordid, sad reality of life to the most beautiful production of the culture of the age, the Pericles and of the master workmanship of Roman Phidias. The lecture over, the whole group stormed a small lunch-room where hamburgers with onions were the main objects of attention.

Before getting to say the two undoubted members of the group, Haley and Tarpley, were behind schedule in reaching the next destination, the penitentiary. Highlights on the trip through the electric were the death cell, the pensive chair, and the kitchen where the coffee pot is as big as a large boiler.

After circling round the new Park library in order to view the example of modern architecture, the students were free to go home or stay in Nashville, as they chose.

Some of the girls, anxious to return to the dormitory it was date night hurried home, but others, less interested, along those lines, prolonged the vacation as long as possible.

From A Window

It was from my window that I saw them and overheard her trip, leaving tone and his basso profundo responses.

Doubtless you will think I am no gentleman, for having remained to watch the drama, for certainly it was tender, very personal and very "woozy." Yet I have this to say in extenuation of my seeming lack of manners. They were sitting in front of the concrete steps, open, on the concrete steps, with no hope of concealment. And what went on between them had about the frank, unconscious coarseness of the healthy, normal animal. No manly man, married man, or performance. Had they known I looked down upon them and wondered, I do not think they would have minded, certainly she wouldn't, (though the girl's look upon my face "had they seen it might have mortified them. For them, at least, there was no humor in the situation. The last bell had sounded, calling the laggards to after-chapel classes. These two were

Footprints of Angels

TIS CHRISTMAS

Tis Christmas;
 In the distance bells are chiming softly,
 Calling those to worship who perchance forget
 Tis Christmas.

A mother
 Sits with suckling babe upon her bosom,
 Watching from the window stars that recognize
 A mother.

They whisper
 With the chiming bells a tender message,
 Sympathizing—cheering with their twinkling rays,
 They whisper.

Tis Christmas;
 Yet no gifts for Baby, sighs the mother.
 Then a voice reminds her, "God has given Christ;
 Tis Christmas."

SO THEY SAY

It still paralleled the campus with

To the lady who wanted her name in the paper—you will get your name in before long. Hold your breath.

Wonder why Miss Cooke was not able to attend school Saturday after Friday night?

Why did Miss Sugg's face turn red while standing near a radiator right recently?

Seems that Miss Lucile Kirkland is giving Billie Elliott plenty of competition as to who shall be head lady with that good-looking Kemp boy. May the best man win.

What strange girl is this that writes Billy Daniel long letters from way down at Huntsville, Alabama?

Frances Strong says that the only stain on her character was put there by Martha. Will the lady kindly explain?

Who were the young ladies with whom two gentlemen of the Normal were braving the sleet and ice about 8 o'clock along in front of the Normal campus?

"Goo!" Fiedlerling wants a three-place ship—whatever that is. Maybe he wants more arm room. Is it, Miss Coulter?

Many young men cast admiring glances at Nancy, but we notice that Bethurum is always there on Sunday night.

Does a certain old grad really make the many trips that he is reported making to the Normal for the purpose of consulting a faculty? Now you know that young lady who is aspiring to be a "country school teacher?"

Did you ever hear of a man who was going with one woman and thought that he was going with a faculty? Now you know that Mr. Green does not drink. It was merely a case of two people having a marked similarity and a slight mixture of names.

Have you all seen the big crack in the pavement in front of the school? It was made when Durwood Tarpley lost his equilibrium—whatever that is.

We all know that all a merry Christmas.

Our good friend, Mr. Burnet,

left alone, separated by a yard of concrete warmed by the winter sun.

With the air of a spendthrift and a toss of her curls, toweling her hair, she came in a comely, lather. Her body assumed its whole potentiality of sensuous curves as she with a glance glided into a long, warm lock which was indicated to me only by the curve of her neck and the position of her head. Her effect ought to have been tremendous. But it wasn't. The snare blond male merely lifted his head and crooned. And a little she socked and scratched his bare, hairy leg. She tried again, bringing up her hairy forearm.

"Come over, darling," she pleaded, caressing the endearment with her soft mouth. "Keep me warm!" And a little she socked up her arched back.

She shook off that wave-length was perceptible even to the observer, some 30 feet above her, but not to the asbestos-plated man. He was adamant.

There was nothing left for her

to do, but to compromise. So she moved over to him, and she groined close. He did not appear especially pleased. She wrapped her two arms about his left; her knees, held closely together, swayed in his direction. Then in a final, desperate effort to collect from the grudging male some small dividend on her investment, she struck his face and test the mettle of the stubble on his chin. She cooed, gurgled, and lay there, arms and white hair, stroking his face and test the mettle of the stubble on his chin. She cooed, gurgled, and lay there, arms and white hair, stroking his face and test the mettle of the stubble on his chin. She cooed, gurgled, and lay there, arms and white hair, stroking his face and test the mettle of the stubble on his chin.

The blond male grew restive. He looked before and aft. Then he arose and walked toward her and said in an indignant tone, "Come on. If you're going to let me, let's go to the Cabin." When last we saw him, they were walking down the drive in true pioneer style, he in front, she in back, and his hair. Any he still appeared to be hopeful.

Stanley Jones Will Captain Normal Gridders Next Year

Annual Football Banquet Held For Normal Team and Guests

Normal Cagers Tounce Joelton

Stanley Jones, plucky little lineman from Hohenwald, will captain the 1933 boys who wear the red and white for A. P. N. C. (Flop) McClocklin, former B. G. A. star, is alternate captain.

Seated at a table replete with Christmas decorations and lights, some 35 members of the Austin Peay Normal School's gridders and friends enjoyed a banquet Tuesday night at which the highest brand of oratory flowed freely, with every person present being given a chance to make a speech. Everyone responded.

Coch Scott McDaniel of the Clarksville High School was the principal speaker and brought a message on the value of athletics to a student body. His subject was: "The American Philosophy of Life as Exemplified on the Football Field." He quoted from a number of scholars various interpretations of what education really is, concluding with that which by Robert M. Coates of Yale, who said education is to teach one to live longer, healthier, and more richly.

President Claxton, acting as toastmaster, made a short talk at the beginning of the program and later introduced the guests with sparkling humor. Dr. Claxton said that he was delighted to bring the boys together and pledge the loyalty of the school to the team.

Coch Scott Alden stated that the team had played good, intelligent football. The gridders' games against Vandy, Fresh, Lambuth, T. P. I. Frosh and Tennessee Juniors were good, while the game with Cumberland College was the best.

The team captain, Billy Overby, was next presented. Overby made a short talk and then introduced the other players, most of whom were short and fat. These were: Galbreath, Pusey, Dabbs, Bryan, Charlton, Baggett, Edson, Cunningham, Jones, McClocklin, Webb, Atkins, Cotten, Short, Austin, Holt, and the Normal and Manager Montgomery.

Next the officials were presented, including Ed Thumma, referee; Selbert Morrow, umpire; and John Mason, headlinesman. The sponsor, association, Jack Miller, president of the Chamber of Commerce; L. O. Derricks, coach of the Clarksville High School; and C. H. Moore, superintendent of city schools, were introduced. A. N. McClocklin, a local representative, was introduced by the toastmaster as one who "must have time and money to handle the ball," and responded briefly.

A splendid three-course banquet was served by Mrs. Lewis T. Johnson, dietician of the cafeteria, and four young ladies, who were students at the Normal. These were: Misses Faustine Clement, Mary Frances and Lucille Kirkland and Bernice Nutt.

The Normal hardwood schedule raised its curtains for the 1932-33 season Wednesday night on the local floor, giving the red and white their first triumph of the year. The final score ending 36 to 25.

Coch Scott Alden seemed to be much pleased with his group of basketballers, even though their pass attacks was a bit ragged and the offense working slowly against the Red Taps.

The Normal lads tallied in the first quarter, via foul shot by Pentress, and kept a wide margin over the opposition through three quarters. In the fourth period the Red Toppers began to ring the net from all angles and placed the score with them trailing 24 to 20. At that point of the game Harold Starnes, who had staged a volley of shots, which cut the nets and ran roughshod over the opponents throughout the remainder of the game.

Earl Pentress, who savors on the left wing of the forward position, played a most excellent game. Five times did he miss the hoop when he shot and his defensive work was outstanding. In fact, the little midget was taken from the game in the third period with four personal fouls on his arms. Earl Ewell looked great on defense, as did Hudson, who chalked up nine points.

Baker, with 13 points, and Gunn, with seven, led the attack for the visitors. Glasgow was the outstanding defensive star.

A. P. N. (36) Joelton (25)
 Settle (4) Tucker (13)
 Forward
 Penypse (13) Heathman (2)
 Forward
 Charlton (5) Hagewood
 Center
 Hudson (8) Gunn (7)
 Guard
 Ewell (2) Glasgow (3)
 Guard
 Substitutions: Normal - Polard 2; Harris (2) Gearheart.
 Referee, Jack Thumma.

SPORTS

Basketball is the prevailing sport in school now (regardless of what the bridge and heart fanatics have to say).

The boys looked good the other night in their preliminary skirmish against the Home Brew boys from Schnupp's home town (Joelton). Hudson played a good game at guard and seems to be getting more distance and height into his kangaroo leaps than ever before. "Benny" Pentress, more rabbit-like than ever, had his eye on the goal long enough to be high scorer.

Joe Palooka as long as he was awake, demonstrated that he had at least seen a basketball game somewhere, sometime.

"Saint Peter" Settle can handle a basketball as well as he can heavenly verdicts.

Ewell looked mighty good at guard, especially to a certain fair damsel.

Gearheart broke into the limelight by strolling on to the floor with that graceful Pason wobble, without official sanction.

The ladies have not demonstrated their wares yet but we

that a juicy lecture by Dr. Granis on "The Culture of Prunes."

Isabel Taylor: "Is surely was. He was so full of his subject."

Mrs. Granis: "Hurry up, dear, we're late. What on earth detained you?"

Dr. Granis: "Dart it all, why can't you put things back where you find them? It took me 20 minutes rummaging about the garage to find your Austin."

Martha Drake: "But, Dad, don't you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?"

Father: "Yeah, your mother and I are living as cheaply as you."

will get a slant at them in a practice game against Portland Tuesday night. This will be a doubleheader with both boys and girls in action. It will be the last chance to see the team in action before the holidays, so turn out and look them over.

No one ever suspected that we had the embryo Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster on the football squad until the banquet the other night.

Gravy Edson went into detail about his "Castle of Dreams." Burpo Pusey raved about some of his (men) friends down town. Brother Wilkes Green gave us the benefit of his silver tongue oratory. Stanley Jones (captain-elect) can't wag a mean jaw as well as a saxophone. H. (for Headache) Kirby Holt, who gave his philosophy about life in general. The good "Doctor" Austin expressed his faith in what is to be may be. "H. Turner Cotten was indisposed and we did not get the benefit of any of his brain children." We also heard from Coach (Happy Warrior) Alden.

Girls' Basketball

Coch Lou Jackson reduced her squad to 18 members to make practice easier. There will be no further cuts in the size of the squad until after the holidays.

Those on the list now are: Morton, Towery, Brinkley, Schupp, Childs, Noebelt, Kirklands (two of them), Strong, Baker, Blisky, Harvill, Gootee, Westphaler, Dean, Miller, Clements and Haseline.

This group has shown up pretty good so far and has possibilities of becoming a real basketball team.

Squad Makes Whoopee At The Cafeteria

On Nov. 24, Mrs. Lewis Johnson entertained the waitresses and their escorts with a Thanksgiving dinner at the cafeteria. The guests, Miss Faustine Clement and Billy Bethum, Miss Gladys Weems and Thomas Warder, Miss Lucille Moore and Robert Fields and Miss Pauline Nicholson and Riley Baker, were served a delightful menu. The chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. James Crookston, were not present. Two of the guests, Mr. Billy Bethum and Mr. Robert Fields, expressed their distaste for strong beverages by pleading for blue juice instead of coffee. There, girls! You had better take notice. Their wives won't have to make coffee three times a day. Billy became so attached to his glass that he refused to give it up. In spite of the cook's protestations that it did not go with the second course, it may be noted here also that the conversation made Billy blush. Only one serious accident occurred. Miss Weems had the misfortune of spattering her dress with grapefruit.

After dinner the guests adjourned to the living room, where Billy proceeded to give a lecture on playing poker—wonder what kind? Next they resorted to cards for amusement.

Another amusement for the evening was fortune telling, but some of the girls' fortunes did not suit the male participants in the least. What a pity!

The "hot" radio comic gave Billy Bethum an inspiration to dance, and he made a very unsuccessful attempt to instruct some of the others in the art in which he so excelled. Wonder if his failure was the fault of the instructor or the pupil?

In compliance with Miss Nicholson's earnest pleadings, they stayed until the last light faded.

"If your father knew the life you are living he would turn in his grave."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't."

"You don't mean to infer that he would approve?"

"No, but he was cremated."

Plans Made For New Gynasium

Plans are quickly progressing for the construction of a new gymnasium which will be located west of the south end of the athletic field. According to the present sketches, there will be a standard gym floor, on one side of which will be showers for girls and on the other showers for boys. In order to provide sufficient lighting facilities, the basement itself will be eight feet above ground. Large columns on each side of the front entrance will serve as an aid to the ornamentation of the building. There will also be two side entrances, one for the use of the girls and one for the boys.

On the first floor will be located office rooms for the physical training teachers and storage rooms for the apparatus of the various types of athletic activities. On the second floor will be located rooms for visiting teams which will be fully equipped for the comfort of the visitors.

There will be, of course, basketball courts in the gym floor and there is also a probability of a swimming pool. The plans for such a pool are being drawn up, and later bids will be taken for its construction. The materialization of the plans for the pool will depend largely upon the bids made.

Mr. Harvill: "Men don't broadcast scandal the way you gossip women do."

Mrs. Harvill: "No, you simply furnish the scandal to be broadcast."

Dickson Drug & Music Co.

School Supplies

CLARKVILLE'S FINEST FOUNTAIN

Ragland, Potter & Company

WHOLESALE GROCERS

CLARKVILLE, TENNESSEE

PHONE 46

JOKES

Elizabeth Curlew: "I don't see how football players ever get clean!"

Geneva Stokes: "Billy, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

Kind Old Lady: "What would your mother say if she heard you using such language, little boy?"

Little Boy: "She'd say 'Thank Heaven.'"

Old Lady: "How could she say that, you naughty boy?"

Little Boy: "Cause she's stone deaf."

Pussy: "That new girl doesn't seem to be very intelligent."

Gearheart: "No, she didn't pay any attention to me, either."

Wilmouth Clendenin: "Wasn't you get the best at

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