

ALL STATE

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By Students of
AUSTIN PEAY NORMAL SCHOOL
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MOFFITT ASTOUNDED

(Continued from Page 1)

behind in private padded cells. On entering we were conducted to the large auditorium, where the superintendent, Dr. Hawk, and his assistant, Dr. McCabe held a clinic. After being shown many cases and inspecting the wards (not "Country's" home, but the hospital ward) our visit was finished we hoped. As assembly as possible we crept out—ducking into doors, around corners, hiding behind trees and bushes—anything to keep the guards from seeing us. Followed by a great shout from the guards as they discovered our escape, we sped toward Nashville.

It was a hungry group that headed toward Clarksville that evening. Despite our frantic pleas and supplications, the hard-hearted bus driver refused to stop for refreshments. From Eagle Court on, the air was rent by moans, screams, and groans issuing from the lips of those suffering the fearful pangs of hunger. Mary "Stumpy" Winters suffered most of all; even seeing three-foot bottles of Coca-Cola with hose-pipe straws, floating about the interior of the bus. Mr. Moffitt, getting worried about her, asked Billie Jo and Priscilla to comfort her. When he received no answer, he investigated and discovered both had "passed out" for lack of food. Despite this incident, the trip was successful with everyone gaining much knowledge (?) of the causes and characteristics of insanity.

A SHORT STORY

Elizabeth Ann Hensley.

He was fair with blue eyes, an honest chin, and wide straight shoulders. The incandescent glow of bombs accentuated his blondness against the darkness of his surroundings. As they leaned over him, his eyes slowly opened and an expression of unbearable pain distorted his features. Then a terrific explosion near at hand booted out reality.

He was a beautiful child and his

ALUMNI CREATES NEW MT. ZION SCHOOL

In a Cheatham County community, a new school has been born. Mt. Zion is called, and its name, given it a long time ago, when the original building was a crude school house, has proved prophetic. Mt. Zion — that ancient name so rich in Hebrew religious associations — has been reborn a "hill of hope" in the far-flung program of rural rehabilitation of school and community in Tennessee and her sister states.

The Mt. Zion School as it now stands—the fruit of the cooperative labor of the state, the county superintendent, the principal of the school, and the community—is proof that rural education is not the predestined, under-privileged child of the American educational system.

And at the heart of this achievement are Mrs. Gladys Jackson, principal of this four-teacher school, and James Gibbs, superintendent of Cheatham County, both former students of Austin Peay Normal School. These two have furnished the leadership, and the greater part of it, of necessity, has been Mrs. Jackson's. This is what the Austin Peay Normal School Chapter of Future Teachers of America saw Saturday, October 12:

A four-teacher school, housing 150 students, who in large measure were engaged in a progressive program of education based upon life needs in the community.

A new school house, built last year to replace the old one; Two thousand dollars raised in the community to match or supplement board of education money, translated into a central heating system, electric lights, a concrete basement, which houses over 2,000 quarts of vegetables, enough dried beans and potatoes to supply the hot lunch program during the winter; a messagerie equipped shop where students have made chairs, desks, cabinets and book cases, an adequate pressure system, a washing machine, and a canner all above.

A four-acre tract of land was planted and tended and the products canned by two women in the community followed under the Federal Hot Lunch Program.

Initial beautification of grounds was being done by students. A vested school choir was trained by Mrs. Jackson. And best of all—a school which not only teaches reading, writing, and arithmetic, but translates as well the latent power for better living in the whole community, into the only kind of education which will stand up under life testing.

mother tenderly put away his first tiny shoes. His toddling steps became sturdier and onward he went to school. By that time his soft yellow ringlets were safe in the drawer and he was learning to spell cat. The day he had his first fight his mother knew that she had lost her baby and went in to cry a little over the baby shoes. And then there was his first love. Every day he carried her books home from school and he put her first valentine in his top drawer along with his agates and his beebies.

He grew up during his high school years. When he walked up the steps as a senior, he walked as a man—honest and upright—asking only to be let alone and given a chance to live and let live. The somewhere a gun was fired and the sound to arms floated

NO REGRETS

He loved me
Or so he said,
And some fine day
That we would wed.

We would live
Upon a farm,
I'd learn to cook
And how to darn.

We would raise
Some children small
Just nine or ten
To hear them bawl.

I thanked him no,
That I must not wed,
But gladly then
A school instead.

—Elizabeth Ann Hensley.

CONQUEST

One day I came upon by chance
A field of living gold,
And gathered in with every glance
It's mass of wealth untold.

The beauty seized my very heart
And brought me to a halt;
I lingered there for hours apart
And filled my memory's vault.

Long years have passed—yet still I find,
Though wearily I plod,
That I am rich and hold as mine
A field of golden-rod.

—Fleming Montgomery.

Typical Types
By
Callie Coed

My saddle shoes are dirty,
There's no powder on my nose;
My permanent's gone with summer,
And my ruffled untold shoes.

My skirt's a bunchy pleated plaid;
My sweater's long and baggy;
I'm hollow-eyed from loss of sleep—
Who said that I look haggard?

I pop my chewing gum in class;
I have a cowboy walk;
I turn handspins on the campus.
Oh, boy! Do people talk?

There's just one blot upon this life
Of comfort, rest and ease—
Why don't I date like other girls?
Are boys just hard to please?

ed over a wide blue sea to rob him of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

His mother stood in the doorway and waved goodbye. Her heart went with him, but she promised she'd be waiting, and sent him away with her

COMPLIMENTS

SPEIGHT & HIBBS

ARCHITECTS

bleasing—
The noise of the bomb slowly died away and everything was strangely quiet. In that second a whole life had been relived—hopes and fears, loves and hates, joys and sorrows—and in that second all had been snuffed out. He was dead.

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THE ALL STATE

MY DAY

(Continued from Page 1)
ward, too, for he repeats it several times during his morning stroll back and forth across the room. I have a theory about that stroll. By the law of averages, some day somebody on the front row will not move his feet. Mr. Woodward will not see the feet. I only hope I'll be there. Mr. Woodward seems to sense my malicious anticipation, for he stops walking and sits himself with his feet on the desk. I am lost in a dream of "Dark Romantic," Tyrone Power in particular, when the feet come down with a bang, the forefinger is leveled at me and Mr. Woodward is asking.

"Miss ———, what is a blood-pudding plot?" Blood-pudding? How the man wanders! I meekly venture the opinion that it must be pretty gory and gruesome, which answer seems to satisfy him, although he supplements it in a lengthy and detailed discourse. My stomach is naturally weak, so the bell is sweet music to my ears, and I literally fly for the fresh air.

On the campus a goody group of girls is gathered talking of men and clothes at top speed. I join the discussion of clothes with spirit. Scarcely have I begun, when Dean, the dampest blanket of them all, calls from the steps that we young ladies must come to chapel. So we straggle in. (We bear no malice, Dean. Why is that?)

Nuts. The light in the auditorium is too dim for me to read. After prolonged squinting I doze. Ann tells me later that the speaker was very interesting. I wonder how she knew. Probably heard Dr. Claxton say it.

And now to Spanish. I should feel that or well? I have no sentences. "Good morning, Miss Tanner." What's good about it, I wonder as I suddenly realize I haven't looked at my translation. Practically looking up words, I manage to keep one sentence ahead of the class until she finally calls on me. Luck is with me. I read it correctly and relax amidst the rest of the period.

This is my favorite period of the day. Lunch. I rush home, turn on the radio, grab my shorthand book and sit down at the table. "V-A-K-Sun—vacation ——— Goody, soup!" Will be hit by an egg — yes, Mother. I'll be home early— And so the Eternal Candor minutes devour my lunch period even as I, in contented glee, have devoured my lunch. Time to get back to APN and shorthand.

For the second time today I am walking up that long and dreaded walk. Walks make me self-conscious. My mind is constantly inhibited by the feeling that my slip shoes or I have a hole in my socks and wondering if my girlish gait is more like the Tin Man or Mae West.

I plop down in front of Castle Hall with the rest of the shorthand class, and by a mighty combined effort, we finish the transcription before the bell rings. We troop into class en masse, and Mrs. Ladd gazes at us reprovingly. But she can't restrain a smile at the Back Row Trio, unvirate, Armstrong, Tucker and Watson, whose chief function is to keep the class amused and amazed. Today they feel especially witty. Tucker innocently inquires if Mrs. Ladd wants the lesson written in English or shorthand. Bob Watson proclaims to the world in general: "All characters in this shorthand are for obvious reason fictitious and any similarity to Mr. Grege's is purely coincidental."

And Lamar laughs. If you have heard him, need I say more? After our riotous preliminary, we settle down to struggle with the invincible Grege and all is quiet (comparatively) until the bell rings.

We again congregate in front of Castle Hall for a ten-minute confab.

Sportogs

Buchanan-Fort

Yes, you've gotta be a football hero to get along with the beautiful girls, but Bo Brown says "G-rrr" to the beautiful girls, especially those who cause variety riders to break the suddenly enforced training rules . . .

THIS WEEK'S GUEST STARS: Ann Morgan, Evelyn Davis, and Sara Hunter, who were the three respective reasons why McWhirter, Blackburn, and Toombs did not make the trek to Arkansas.

The A. P. N. Arkansas State brought to light Little Reedy Sears, heretofore a sub-and who had seen very little service due to a weak ankle caused by an injury received in the first quarter of the first game last season. Saturday saw Sears snatching everything that came his way. It was his sterling performance that kept A. P. N. S. in the fray, and he accounted for seven of the Governors' thirteen first downs with his pass-grabbing.

The feud between the Sophomores and the Freshmen has almost reached fever heat. It will culminate in a football game next Friday afternoon. The Sophomores have a decided edge in every department. This includes experience, hustle, reserve strength, and, of course, brains.

DID YOU KNOW:

That the Governors haven't lost a home contest of any kind since the Western Kentucky grid game over a year ago?

That the Governors will beat Martin College by four touchdowns?

That J. B. Hatley and Harry Law, Jr., star basketballers of the Governors last year, are running on the first team at Alabama, now in pre-season practice?

That a basketball game has been scheduled with U. T. in Knoxville for the 31st of December?

And I listen to dizzy dames drool about devastating dates until I am a fit subject for psychology class, which is where I go.

Mr. Moffitt discusses various mental defects while my spirits droop. There are so many different kinds. I wonder if it is possible that I, the lovely me, may escape. When we are told that one person out of every four ends up in the insane asylum, people stare at me and I shrink down in my desk. But why should I be ashamed? I am not ashamed of having hay-fever and being mentally sick is no worse than being physically sick. I am resigned to my fate. I am mentally ill. So what? I am wretched, unhappy, mistreated, and—the bell! Now to home and Mother. Home where I'll be appreciated. So home I go—in the rain. The house is cold. There is no food to be found. I turn on the radio and so help me if I didn't hear "Nobody's Baby."

I go out to the garden, eat some worms, and probably by the time you read this, I will have died.

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With the pre-season practice games out of the way, the Governors opened the season with a bang Friday night, October 18, by overwhelming a vain but valiant U. T. Junior College team 20 to 6. It was evident from the start that the Little Vols were no match for the heavier and superior Governors. They managed to stall off the first tally until the beginning of the second quarter. Then on the first play Elliott took a lateral from Harvey on the eight-yard line and scampered around the left end unopposed for the first score. Caraway kicked for the extra point. The Governors kicked off to U. T. over the goal line and the ball was put into play on the thirty-five. Elliott intercepted a pass on the U. T. forty. The Governors lost five yards, and Harvey kicked out of bounds on the two-yard line. The Vols punted back to their own thirty. Harvey picked up six yards after receiving a lateral from Elliott. He then made four yards and a first down through center. Baggett gained eleven yards through the line for another first down. The Vols then braced up and held for downs but immediately lost the ball to the alert Governors on a fumble. Harvey then went over from the five-yard line for the second touchdown. The try for extra point failed, and the score stood A. P. N. S. 13, U. T. Juniors 6.

The Governors started a drive in the last quarter when Elliott returned a punt from his own thirty to the fifty. A pass, Pelley to Toombs, netted ten yards and a first down through the line. The Governors then fumbled and recovered for no gain on the thirty. After an incomplete pass, Baggett picked up five yards through the line. Another Pelley to Toombs pass netted four yards, one short of a first down, and the ball went over to the Baby Vols on their twenty-one yard line.

On the next play, Baggett intercepted a pass on the Vols' twenty-five and raced over for a touchdown. Caraway kicked for the extra point, and the score was A. P. N. S. 20, U. T. Juniors 6. The little Vols received and returned the kickoff to their own twenty-five, and the game ended after three plays failed to gain. Standouts for the Governors were Harvey, Elliott, and Baggett in the back field; and in the line—pick them—all seven.

ARKANSAS OUTPOINTS

A. P. N. S.

On Saturday afternoon, October 26, the Governors out-punted, out-punted, out-charged, and out-rushed Arkansas State at Jonesboro, Arkansas. They failed to do one thing, however, out-score their opponents. Arkansas State won 13 to 6. Elliott and Sears played best for the Governors.

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SCHOOL SUPPLIES

PRESCRIPTIONS

Dear Hezzie-Mae

Dear Hezzie Mae:

Her, honey, it wern't no use for you to send all that taller and coal-oil up here. What I meant by the draft was that Uncle Sam winded us to go down to the Postoffice and sign up. You know how your paw signs up for his share of the crop every year. Well, it's sorta like that. The main difference is that they asked me all kinds of questions like "Have you been vaccinated?" And course I told them "Shucks, naw, I've been vaccinated, vaccinated, vaccinated, designated, and even nominated, but I'm not gonna be vaccinated." I told them that I didn't mind fighting for my country, but he hanged if they were gonna stick needles in my anatomy. I could write more, but I'm so all-fired mad that I can hardly see. Be sure and save at least a dozen pumpkins out of that lower corn patch for me.

Love,

BOB.

Dear Bob:

I just got through readin yer letter to yer maw and me and her is awful worried about us. We didn't never want ye to go off to that there Austin Prey in the first place, and now sure ye've bin away, it seems that ye are always gittin crazy ideas in yer head like that one about you having a Uncle Sam. We just got thru lookin in the family bible and they aint nobody on neither side of yore family named Sam. You had a uncle named Simon, you remember yer Uncle Simon (Pse, donche), but he's bin dead for ten years, so how could he tell ye to go down to the Postoffice? Yes, we're powerfully worried about ye, Bob.

Kinda makes me feel a little sad, too. If ye've done got to thinking that you've got uncles that don't nobody know, thin ye are just libel to ferget that you've got a gal back in Frogbottom named Het.

Bluey yores,
HEZZIE MAE.

Two very embarrassed Frosh date!
He: She:
He: She:
He: "The walls are unusually perpendicular this evening, aren't they?"

For every college girl who purrues learning there are reportedly a dozen who learn purrusing.

Toll bridge gate keeper: (As Joe Vaughn's automobile (?) rattled up): Fifty cents!
Joe: Sold!

They wanted to get married but circumstances were against them. "Well," says he, "we'll get married and not tell anybody." "Oh," says she, "suppose we have a baby!" He: "Oh, we'll tell the baby."

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GLIMPSES

The freckled Freshman glanced frantically down at the book on his knee and then back at the teacher. For a moment there appeared in his eyes a gleam of wisdom like that of a young scholarly Socrates, and then suddenly he realized that, in his haste, he had, of all things,—THE WRONG PAGE!

The look of wisdom quickly changed to one of meek innocence. Simultaneously he shrugged his shoulders and ranned his hands into his pockets, and as if the solution could be found there. He slowly shifted his wad of double-bubble to the other cheek and moistening his lips, said, "Would you please repeat the question?"

Sublime Suspense! That's what you feel as you wait for the auburn-haired "mail-marm" to dexterously separate the pile of newspapers, envelopes, circulars, and pages before her. You are mashed by the swarm of eager lovers who strain their ears, hoping to hear their name called. And then she starts her chant, "Buckson, Braun, Caleb, Norwood, Doolittle, Pinglass, Russell, and then about half-way through the stack she reaches it. "Michael J. McGillicuddy," she peals, and you shout "Here." The joy of that instant! You grab the fat envelope and dash for the precious parchment unmolested by prying people. You start to tear the end from the parcel when you notice the printed words in the upper left-hand corner—"After 5 days return to—Hasting's Seed Co."

Ah, Mistletoe! It's here again. — That perennial parasite which affords lovers an opportunity to indulge in that delicious luxury called "Postoffice" without being asked why. The one-eyed cars which disciples of the Woo call "Piddlers," the Red Trucks and the clumsy games like "Wink" must all take a back seat now, for majestic mistletoe, high above our heads, sits enthroned.

And yet Mother Nature has nonchalantly arranged it so that all cannot enjoy the blissful blessings of the mighty mistletoe. For example — There she stood 'neath the mistletoe But, heck, he didn't kiss her For, 'tho she looked very purty, —She happened to be his sister!

Questionnaire

Editor's Note: To the first three people who hand in the nearest correct answers to this quiz to Priscilla Pickering, the All State will award three valuable and useful prizes.

1. Who has been appointed assistant librarian?
2. How many states are represented at A. P. N. S.? What are they?
3. Who is Hezzie-Mae?
4. What two drug stores have an ad in the All State?
5. What girl is taking the primary course in aviation?
6. Is there an escort bureau to be set up on the campus?
7. What book was reviewed in the second issue of the All State?
8. What is the official enrollment this quarter?
9. Who writes Sub-Normal Behavior?
10. How do you spell Kryl's first name?
11. Who's president of the Kappa Club?
12. Of what university is Dr. Trimble dean?
13. What is the telephone number at the girls' dorm?

HENRY NEWHOUSE

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PHONE 44

Classified Ads

HELP WANTED, MALE: Brunette preferred; must have automobile; appearance must be neat and the sooner the better. A. P. N. S. FEMALES.

NOTICE: One-act play, "Faith, Hope and Charity" Producer, Billy Reese. Characters: Faith, "Paith" Hickerson; Hope, "Hope" McFeynolds; Charity, "Charity" Adkins Moral: The greatest of these is Hope.

FOUND: One blue-eyed, baby-faced blonde. F. DERRINGTON.

WANTED: The administration to please give the classes time to organize. THE STUDENT BODY.

FOUND: A figure resembling Mike Northington frozen to a bench. Owner may have by identifying and paying for ad.

NOTICE: Will write love letters to anybody from anybody at 10c per page. Rates on poetry slightly higher. Please make engagements one day in advance. B. BUCHANAN.

WANTED: One harem of men. Blondes, brunettes and redheads preferred. M. ADKINS.

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ENGAGED: Ann Warden.

WANTED: Better lights in chapel. THOSE WHO READ.

FOUND: A Broomie that sweeps me off my feet. M. HARRISON.

WANTED: Student government. EVERYBODY.

NOTICE—

Mary had a bicycle,
I've heard it in the rumors;
She ran into a barb-wire fence
And tore her black silk stockings.

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Here's November dressed in her bright fall colors and also exchanges who want to greet their friends in the many different schools.

We were glad to see in the St. Bernard News from Saint Bernard, Alabama, that Smith Keel, former All State member from Clarksville, has been made editor-in-chief of that paper.

"Peel the peach, water the melon, preserve the persimmon, pickle the dill, because it a-pears that the boys' fruit basket has turned over," they've declared that they CANTALOUPE and beat the inscription. —The Vanderbilt Hustler.

Orchids to you, College News, for that grand editorial, "Can You Vote?" How much better our government would be if people took voting more seriously.

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Orchids cost \$3.50;
I wonder would dandelions
Look nice on you."

—Tiger Rag.

Father—Did you hear the clock strike three last night when you came in?

Junior—Yes, Dad. It was going to strike eleven, but I stopped it so it wouldn't wake you.

—Ward Belmont Hyphen.

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