



## ALL STATE

## BOOK CHAT

## As Sam Sees It

## Hofbergs of Pegasus

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Look Not Upon the  
Wine When It  
Is Red

Pa Whortle had one outstanding weakness. He was a customer of extraordinary Bacchus and his wares of sparkling liquors. The mere thought of the fiery reddest compounded in the vale of the tiny yeast kingdom would urge his weary old heart into restless activity and fill his soul with parched yearning.

Ma Whortle objected emphatically to Pa's method of getting happiness and did not hesitate to make him aware of the fact by bounding puns, platitudes, and other articles off his bony head. Pa had learned the value of guilt.

When he felt the undeniable urge stealing upon him, he would sit up, with felicitous smile while he and his Utopian jug would take a little trip all by themselves. Of course, Ma was far from pleased with him and would invariably make his homecoming a thing to dread. After weathering the storm however, Pa would make a few repairs and go serenely on till his next trip.

On this particular time Pa had been away on an especially long spree. During his absence a long forgotten uncle came to live with him. Ma Whortle managed to give an impression of welcome and treated the old man with dutifully. Days passed and Ma smiled with compassion upon Ma, however, and so it came that that noon after a long and rival, the old man was awakened one fine sunny morning by St. Peter dangling his key ring. Ma was very sorry about the dear's death, but the admitted to herself that it was a relief to be rid of him.

In due time, the men in black came and dolled the old fellow up for his last journey to parts unknown. They laid him away for the time being in an upstairs room. This room happened to be Pa Whortle's.

That night, when all the lights were low, Pa Whortle, tired and empty, and back again in the wheel world of reality, came slipping into his home. He wasn't too happy in the mood to explain to Ma, and so he managed to make his way upstairs unperceived.

When entering his cold, dark room, he dropped his aching old frame upon the white bed, without even undressing and was immediately whisked off into the realm of dreams.

Sometimes later on in the night Pa was awakened in the midst of a bad dream to see Ma's female and a female companion entering his room with lighted candles in their hands. He couldn't understand their soft, even, silent mein and he cast his eyes about in perplexity.

What was that he saw? The dim flickering light of the candle showed full upon the cold waned features of the corpse lying in disquieted slippers beside him. Pa felt the hair rising along his head, and with a groan of sheer terror he staggered from the bed with the white bedclothes clinging about his shoulders.

To us Southerners who hear our negro Mammys singing in the morning while they "dish up a few waffles and aigs" to you home folks, it seems odd to think of these darkies of ours writing poetry. Yet they do. Some of our most talented poets of the day are written by negroes. Perhaps you—certainly, I never had—read quite a bit of negro poetry. If you haven't, so up to the library and read some. I find it very interesting and certainly thought-provoking.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar is probably the most well known of negro poets. I think you'll like his poetry. Some of it is very lovely. His two poems by the same title Dreams appealed to me for their very beauty of thought and expression. After you read his Ode To Ethiopia, perhaps you will have a new insight into the life of the negro. It seems to glorify something of which we younger people with no memories of slave days, have no knowledge. Then there is Charles R. Dickson's poem on "The Black and White Man." It is a stirring read in this day of proposed equality of man, which we negroes, nevertheless, Southerners cannot ignore.

J. Mood Allen's poem is written mostly in negro dialect. It is exceedingly musical, and for most of it is written in a humorous strain. He has written a poem called "The Fish Begin to Bite" that is well worth reading. I think you will find it very interesting. It is one of the most typically negro poems you have ever read.

The poem De Cunjah Man by James S. Campbell, reviews memories of old negro women who used to tell us, when we were children, of the evil deeds of the witches and of the men with evil charms. Don't you remember? My old nurse used to tell about an old grandmother, who was an instrument of Satan with his magic. You read Cunjah Man and shake again with the shivers. "You little fannell clad babies when mammy blew out the light after a bad bedtime tale of magic."

Read some negro poetry. It may not be as immortal as the poems of Shakespeare and Shakespeare, but let me assure you that it is interesting.

## Items of Interest

Miss Christine Baker and Billie Thaxton spent the Easter holidays with Mrs. Anne Hewitt at her home in Chambersboro, Tenn.

Miss Dorothy Gordon visited her mother, Mrs. Edgar Hoff, in Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Caroline Ridgway went to Dayton, Ohio, last week-end to visit her son, Jack.

Dr. Frank Grammis drove through to North Carolina, where he spent the Easter with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayden had a glorious time in Texas during the Easter holiday.

Miss Jennie Cooke, Elizabeth Lemmon, Adelle Steele, Mary Matlock, Zelma Matlock, Mrs. Douglas, Lavella Welker and Amanda Dean have joined the senior club.

Mrs. Rowena Pendergast spent her Easter holidays at her home in Chattanooga.

The two women thought that they were witnessing the return of the dead, and with screams of horror steamed over each other in their hurry to get down the stairs and away from the room. Pa Whortle was not to be deterred to entertain the dead man all by himself, and with velvet arms, they went to start, started in pursuit.

The night, however, was far into the night the women fled, leaving the puffing Pa Whortle to his fate. Some neighbors who peeped out their homes to see what the commotion was about, next morning that two specters, driven by their homes during the night, were going faster than the wind. And maybe they were right.

(With apologies to Mr. Barrett)  
This world is so full of such things as war, radios, depression and automobiles that it's a wonder just don't know where he's at.

It seems to me that if folks wouldn't all the time breakin' their necks to have as good a radio or car as the Smiths' or the Joneses' there wouldn't be no depression, and if there wasn't no depression, the politicians wouldn't have to go out and stir up no war to take the minds of the folks off the depression so they could get re-elected.

Just between me and you, the gate post if there wasn't no installment, extortion plan I calls it to tempt folks to all the time keep own' somebody's thin things would so be different. Franchise take Paw's aim was to own a little mile o' land. He saved up for forty years and then he bought it, and it was him's from the start, every stick o' it. He took a heap o' pride in ownin' things, for in those days folks didn't go around like a big tick April Fool cake, all green 'n' trimmin' on the outside and outthin' but sawdust for innards.

In the good ole days ole Beek could pull a poke all week an' then make the trip to Meesdin on Sunday. Folks didn't need no cars to get around all week and have a flat tire on Sunday, just to get a fellow clean out of a religious notion. If you don't believe it, I jest try jacking up a Ford some nice hot or cold Sunday mornin' and wrastlin' an' wrastlin' an' wrastlin' how saintly you feels when you get through.

Don't make no difference what the folks says they never do. Never does as sweet to me as the ole fiddlers at the brandance we usta have. An my land how the young folks cavort around like two wild horses tied together! If Pa'd ever caught me carryin' on like that he'd give me a cow-hind! I wouldn't do it.

An' the wars is a lot different too. Time was when if a fellow felt like fightin' he signed up, he took a gun, he went to practice. Now they get big guns and get so far off that they can't see who they're shootin' at, they jest tear up the country in general. They gets up in the air in the planes and they drop a lot of ammunition down on folks. Well it jest years to me like it ain't myself in a reminiscent mood, you know the fellows with us at the Academy and even further back. Maybe it's because I'm gettin' old.

Mechanically removing the pipe, he leaned backward. "Yes," he launily replied, "just like people I see, lots of them come and go, but I never had thought of it very seriously. I remember, about twenty years ago, that Richards started conducting parties on round the world tours. Yes, sir, it was a novel affair, we watched it close."

One by them salesmen said Ma a new-tangled washin' machine. "It ain't no't it paid for yet and what's more, she don't know how to run it, but the Swede, gawd got one on the sags we got to look at as precious as the All I say is I'd a jest rather BE prosperous than to jest look at the sags an' one everybody in creation."

FREDIA DODGE

A trained nurse had orders to bathe an Italian patient three times a day. He was in a pretty bad way. She did his bath the third time he protested wearily. "Lady, that's not dirt; that's the color of my skin."

-Mugwump-

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PENNEBAKER'S

When God created woman, He had reached the limit and in His progress of creating  
A wily foe or friend.  
He used His first material  
On diamond or yak.  
That could not keep the upward  
pace.  
So left a molten track.

The sun and moon and stars appear  
A light for us, we say,  
But how concealed man must be,  
To think 'twas meant this way.  
The earth is God's, and so are

The Man  
Who Struggled

The captain was seated very comfortably in his luxurious cabin, slowly puffing his large pipe. Now I must know that Jones many years, having been a fellow cadet of his at Annapolis, and after the exchange of the courtesies of one officer to another, we ceased to be formal and became two very ordinary human beings.

I silently watched the little stream of smoke from the Captain's pipe float lazily upward and gradually became invisible to the naked eye. Suddenly, I noticed that the smoke was coming, but there was something behind that—something about that every-day occurrence of smoke making it interesting to the atmosphere that struck in me.

"Don't you mumbled, half lost in reverie."

"That's funny, isn't it, Captain?"  
Jones straightened up. "What's funny? I don't know whether you mean the eighteenth Amendment or one of the Marx brothers, or what not."

"I mean the way those little rings of smoke disappear. Somehow it reminds me of people one meets. You remember them for a while, and then they creep into your memory a little break which gradually widens into a black bottomless gulch, you just forget they ever existed. Several times, lately, I've caught myself in a reminiscent mood, you know the fellows with us at the Academy and even further back. Maybe it's because I'm getting old."

Mechanically removing the pipe, he leaned backward. "Yes," he launily replied, "just like people I see, lots of them come and go, but I never had thought of it very seriously. I remember, about twenty years ago, that Richards started conducting parties on round the world tours. Yes, sir, it was a novel affair, we watched it close."

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To grace the place we're sent  
And if we know which stars are  
like  
The one we live upon,  
His cone of his favorite rays  
by  
thoughts  
That more are just begun  
So the ecstasy of gambling on  
An unknown planet's face,  
Is all the profit ever gained  
By delving into space.  
Elizabeth Donelson Dabney.

ly, especially the members of the party.  
He slowly fondled his old pipe. After drawing heavily upon it, he knocked the ashes out and put it away in that certain methodical manner that military men have of accomplishing things. I knew this to be the preface to one of his favorite yarns. I knew that he was about to begin. A bunch of sailors on an old oil ship were rowdy and belligerent, and after the exchange of the courtesies of one officer to another, we ceased to be formal and became two very ordinary human beings.

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## SCRAP BAG

Dearest Diary:

Or all the blinky-blink days—this one is the worst yet. It has done nothing to comfort me. I have been blue; no one could—or would comfort me; so hear me with an unlimited amount of patience.

**Skinned Onions!** Like 'em, diary? Well, a tiny bit of change in subject matter, do you like men who are ladies' men? Now, let's work some kind of myth, 'ask Miss Alice, which class this belongs to' skinned onions PLUS ladies men equal (nothing in my 'scab' but enough for it) so it equals Pat Galbreath, Dog Meadows and Red Holt and that Patterson kid. These fresh young gentlemen have neither head scalps, or Crows Nest Head hair or they are just crazy to start a new feud so they will be front page news again.

Old 'Tillie' Welker is seen around the campus late. Always she is heard to say, "When we go to Murray, next year." Hal Ha! Do you reckon they have room enough on the bench for her? Also she will say, "Just take it from me—don't fall for any old boy. Just be a friend. Treat them all alike!" Now, diary—I would like to know why she looks 'all sense' and dignified sophistication when someone hands her a letter with the postmark, Lebanon, Tennessee.

Some great poet. If I have not got my history and literature mixed, said something to this effect, "We break up to make up." It seems that Martha Alice and Bunny Hart are followers of this man. It must be fun.

The other day, in fact several days ago! Mr. Woodward asked his Sophomore class which was studying Browning's "Sumner Broom" "What is the greatest thing in the world?" He asked according to Browning? Bashful Jack Mayes spoke up and said, "The kiss of one's friend." Whereas Mr. Woodward replies, "Class, Jack knows. Yes, that is right. The greatest thing in the world is the kiss of one girl. Don't miss it."

Some folk do have all the lucky breaks! Last Monday night (Dean and the President) assigned parking places in chapel. For some reason or other unknown to many, Nancy Duke was not present at the beginning of chapel. But as Mr. Maxwell called "Miss Duke," something in the form of Panty switched by and took her seat. For five minutes she sat still and tried to regain her breath which she lost when someone gave her the S. O. S. They are signifying that in Chapel. On the B's now, you had better hurry."

Geel! It's a mighty good feeling, diary, to look about the campus and see new faces. New to me—but to the Sophs, Everyone is awfully happy to see Yon! Pat Ears, Alice Blisco, McClaren, Daddy, Bishop, and others.

Must stop am so— (10); tired and I've got all that old history to read.

## Things We Are Tired Of Seeing

1. Miss Lou rushing up and down the street at ninety miles low looking as if they were going somewhere.

2. Dean Harvill standing on the front steps of the Stewart building at 10:50 every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

3. Mr. Nicholson getting to classes on time.

4. Mr. Butler as a driving force (It takes some driving for Yon's face and Debbio and Durnett).

5. Some clever two-somes of note: Bessil-Bill, Don-Tillie, Mandy-Ears, Bunny-M, and Alice, Red-Drake, Lucy-Dee, Anna Belle-Bryna, Ed-Shorty, Mont-Striving and thousands of others but I think that bunch.

6. Mr. Woodward putting on his glasses, taking them off, scratching his head, and then reading poetry.

7. Coach Scott in that outlandish red warm-up suit.

8. Mrs. Morrow tacking up on the bulletin board "The winning one the library 50 or more cents."

9. Alice Leyle pinning on that conspicuous badge. "The follow-

## ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR IS INTERVIEWED

Continued From Page 1.

stocking? Why? A. If my memory is not faulty, I stopped hanging up my stocking at Christmas time. It was eight years ago. The reason I found that it was no longer necessary for me to keep my younger brother, my mother, that Father, Easter Rabbit, and Santa Claus were one and the same."

Q. Have you a hobby? What is it?

A. "Collecting Tennessee Almanacs before 1840."

Q. What Shakespearean play do you enjoy the most when acted?

A. "King Lear."

Q. If you were given only one hour to live, how would you spend it?

Q. What impressionistic view of your childhood stands foremost in your memory?

A. "Seeing an angel in the shrubbery and rushing into the bushes and home the fact."

Q. What would you do if you were suddenly challenged to a duel?

A. "I hardly know. From previous experience with people who have threatened my life, I would like to 'talk out' of it. At least that was my experience withirate parents when I taught school in the wild country of Lincoln county."

Q. What is your opinion of free radicals?

A. "My opinion of fraternalism is still in the embryonic stage."

Q. What do you think would help the "All State" more than anything?

A. "The lack of new sponsors next year would help greatly. After that, the "All State" needs a new system of grading, less reading, less material from which to select a staff, wider coverage of the student body, and a more adequate conception of what a school paper at Austin Peay Normal ought to be."

Q. What would you do if you were marooned on a desert island, with the only surviving protector of a howling infant?

A. "Teach it to drink coconut milk and suck a banana nipple."

Q. What piece of literature has inspired you more than any other?

A. "It all depends on the meaning you have of 'inspired.' If you mean 'in a moment of insight,' then the last chapter of 'The Lantern on the Plover' by George Agnes Chamberlain.

That is the only book, I believe, that ever took me out of my chair and set me walking on floor, unconsciously crying out, 'No! No! I won't have it that way.' If you mean 'inspired by influence over my life, I should say the 'Book of John.'"

Q. How did you escape \_\_\_\_\_?

A. "If you refer to Central Hospital at the Innane on the Murfreesboro Pike, I am hardly capable of making a veracious answer. You had better ask one of the guards. If, on the other hand, you refer to the holy state of matrimony, your question is easily answered. I just did."

Stade: "So your brother has bay fever—pretty bad."

Rube: "I'll say he has it that way. He even sneezes every time he passes a grass weed."

—Utah Humburg.

## THE MAN WHO STRUGGLES

Continued From Page 3.

people are in this party?"

Mr. Richards answered that he did not examine the passengers' hair, and had not the slightest idea.

Well, there are two. I think they were—

A peal of laughter rang out just around the deck. Once more Mr. Richards, taking his fate in hand, the troubled waters, but no sir, Mr. Finicky strode down the deck with his hands locked behind him, and rock throat out like the mighty Napoleon, but looking more like a banian root than has been submitted, but all parades around to show the rest of the on-lookers how important he is.

Richards gazed hopelessly after him, and dropping his arms in despair turned almost into a party coming around the corner.

Mr. Richards faced the merry group—a happy care-free trio it was.

"It was Mrs. Miller, a dashing widow of about thirty, and I don't know of it, who began the conversation."

"My my! Mr. Richards, she is a beauty. You should go to bed, Don't you, Harry?" she turned to the red-haired retort was left gentleman.

Mr. Brentwood, returning very gallantly, the flashing smile that he had on his face, when he appropriately agreed that Mr. Richards did not rather ill.

Mr. Goodlett had now laid aside his glasses, and the two men were approaching each other slowly and cautiously, when suddenly the air rent by a terrifying scream from the stateroom adjoining theirs, which was followed by the dull thud of a falling body.

Slowly, the partition door began to open.

## Jokes

People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw live parties.

Red: "She said she'd be faithful to the end."

Red: "Why that sounds good."

Red: "Yes, but I'm the quarterback."

## FAKE

"I don't mind washing dishes for you," wailed the henpecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping floors, but I ain't gonna run ribbons through my nostrils just to fool the baby."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

Under: "I'll tell you something if you promise to keep your mouth shut."

Wood: "I'll. What is it?"

Under: "You've got halitosis."

—Rice Owl.

Amie Ware: "I don't associate with my inferiors, do you?"

Beaumont: "I don't know; I never met any of your inferiors."

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## Things We Had Rather Hear No More About

1. "Your topic might be as good as mine or maybe better."

2. "May I say just ONE word more?"

3. "Jonathan Edwards and Ben Franklin."

4. "Now, when I was last home in McMinville."

5. "Could you in my room just a moment (Miss or Mr. Whichever the case might be, I want to see you about teaching geography.)"

6. "I'm referring this game as I would like to have one remark out of you out you go."

7. "One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine—is it U-T-UP?"

8. "A good literature book is better for you than a ten-cent sack of chocolate candy."

9. "We are going to have three splendid tennis courts with playing space."

10. "Out at the Demonstration School, the children interpret this music and make themselves up a dance."

A. P. N. FACULTY WELL REPRESENTED

Continued From Page One.

once until the students have been prepared for further work.

In the music section, Mrs. Bell gave an interesting address on "The Rural Schools, Its Present Status, and What Can Be Done to Improve It."

She stated that at present there are only a few rural schools, and that one of the greatest needs is to have more rural schools.

On Friday, March 26, Mr. Nicholson made the "Report of the Committee of Colleges for High School Teachers of History."

Mr. Nicholson reported that the committee assumed, first, that a teacher of history in a four-year high school should have made history a major in college; third, that certain kindred or allied subjects should have been minors in the college preparation.

He also reported that the subjects allied to history are Geography, Government, and Civics, and Economics.

Friday, March 26, Jack Mayes and the Austin Peay Normal shared the science group how an elementary school teacher performed a demonstration of a home-made apparatus in a physics laboratory. Mr. Bond sponsored this program.

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