

Literary League Holds Contests Here April 16

Friday night, April 16, the Austin Peay Normal was the scene of the final contest in the Intercollegiate Literary League of District 3. The debating team was the first on the program. James C. Cunningham and Reams Farmer of Clarksville were defeated by Brooks Harris and Pauline Corbin of Dickson. The judges' decision over Sarah Cooke of Clarksville in dramatic readings, Adam Strasser of Central High, Nashville, was the original orator victory over Paul Tucker of Dickson. The extemporaneous speaking event, Agnes Nicholson of Clarksville defeated Winney West of Central High, Nashville. Clarksville, represented by Irene Bourne, received the judges' decision over Winnet Beaudin of Dickson in the humorous readings. Beautiful silver loving cups were donated by American Legion, Civilian club, Rotary club, Kiwanis club and the Chamber of Commerce, and then awarded the winners. These cups however, become the property of the school only after it has won the same event three times in succession. The final judges for these various events were: Dr. R. O. Buggs and Miss Ora Crumtree of David Lipscomb, Nashville; Miss Annie Mary Speed of Vanderbilt, Miss Gladys College, and Mrs. Byron Johnson of Springfield.

Many high school students attended the Intercollegiate Literary League at the Austin Peay Normal, Friday, to compete in the three district preliminaries and finals. Mr. V. C. Moffitt was the third district director of the contest.

Many of the schools sent coaches. With these and the reporters, both male and female, were present here. Meals were furnished by the Normal Cafeteria and lodgings for the night were furnished by the Normal and the city residents.

The entrants that were listed Thursday night were:
Debate: Affirmative side; Pauline Corbin and Brooks Harris of Clarksville; Donald Anderson and Marie Turpin, White House; Reams Farmer and James C. Cunningham of Clarksville; and Marie Engles and Walter Paul Central High, Nashville.
Debate: Negative side; Wood-

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Montgomery Co. Peace Council Holds Meeting

The Montgomery County Peace Council, presided over by its president, Dr. Claxton, met in the cafeteria dinner room Monday evening, April 18.

Following the dinner, which was well prepared and served by Mrs. Johnson and some of the college girls, a splendid program was given. Mrs. Robert O'Neal read a paper on "The Accomplishments of the Disarmament Conference." She gave a clear and succinct summary of the work of the conference.

Mr. Josiah Fort read a splendid paper on "The World Court," which he termed the Permanent Court of International Justice. He gave a brief history of the organization and development of the court, and which he did not include. At the close of his speech a great many questions were asked, all of which he answered in a clear and forceful manner, characteristic of Mr. Fort.

Soph's Delight Students With Unique Program

We never thought that you could accomplish it, Sophia, did you? But that was a swell program you gave in Chapel Friday, the eighth. Miss Byers surely is a whiz as a playwright, and the originality and talent in the Sophomore class isn't anything to sneeze at.

Who would have ever thought that we have some Dixie song birds right in our midst? The numbers you sang were beautiful. No wonder we concurred when Markete, Louise, Nancy, Katherine, Malloy, Webb, Buck, Jenny and Lucy harmonized with Louise Louie's tickled the piano keys. We just loved "Paradise," "Home," "O'ppay Love Song" and "Sing Your Troubles Out in Dreams." We don't know whether we got as big a thrill as Ed did, but Malloy surely did create a palpitation when he sang, "Somebody Loves You," accompanying himself on the guitar.

The play was great. Katharine Taylor read while the others performed. Lucy Paupha was transformed to fairyland Elizabeth and Jennie were beautiful. The play was a splendid success. The rabble was Marjorie Court, Nancy Duke, and Louise Kerr. Tony and Louise made a splendid coachman while Shorty was a stiff footman. Webb sounded the trumpet (thanks to Louise's assistance).

It seems that the royal Elizabeth was about to alight from her regal carriage, when Joe and he, who she discovered a mud hole. Dashing Sir Walter made his appearance and gallantly sacrificed his lovely coat to the mud hole. But wait! What's all this? Well upon my soul, it's Douglas and Gardner all tangled up and rolling over and over. Now it couldn't be Doug. What business he be in Queen Elizabeth's presence? You say he's a commoner and Gardner, a merchant? Be careful merchant! Are you sure he stole that coat? Yes I thought that shy Raleigh boy was guilty. But that's the play, and I had this much as well as coats. Of course it is or why would Elizabeth wink at him? But he stole that coat! Well here's to you! Congratulations and all that. We surely did enjoy it.

Who's Who of Profile Column

Here, Here, What's
This Fuss About?

I don't believe I ever heard such a babble and clamor as all my little neighbor visited the great cattle country in the West. It sounded like the tongues around the Tower of Babel. You're right—the All State Fair is around an article. I'm several minutes before I could disintegrate one of the participants from the mad time and pressure. I was sure who was shot or had got married. But neither of my questions was answered. My informant (it was a lady) blurted: "I pointed out that terrible old man called 'Profile.'" Now all the people were asking one another who this was and who that was. But this lady put her finger on Profile number two and said, "That's me." Now I'm of a different nature and was so taken back that it must have been several minutes before I could get my wits. But that was as far as I got.

Read there, the person continued. I guess I had better waddle on up to my room, but I

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Students Judge At County Field Meet in Ashland

On April 1, two members of the faculty and several students of the Austin Peay Normal served as Judges at the annual Cheatham county Field Day held at Ashland City. That this event is looked forward to with great enthusiasm by every school in the county was evidenced by the careful preparation and keen competition in both the literary and athletic events.

The judges from the Normal were: Athletic events—Scott Allen, Birk Hart, Herman Hudspeth, Barker and long Katherine Taylor; Literary events—Miss Louise Jackson, Lucy Brewer and James Mann.

An Interview of Our "Miss Lou"

Says I to myself, "Where can she be? A flash of white, oh, there she is at last. But the prize I sought was not as nearly won I thought it was. For the white robe figure hopped, skipped or jumped away and I, after picking hard and long, Katherine Taylor, Literary events—Miss Louise Jackson, Lucy Brewer and James Mann.

"Dear, dear, this is so sudden. What are you doing, making me a criminal character in a short story?" "No," I exploded. "I'm obeying orders. For Mr. Wood—"

He you, Please 35
Interview
Miss Lou."

"Well," she said slowly, "question and I will answer your questions quite truthfully. But you know me almost too well, so please, oh, please—be careful what you ask."

Here is what was asked and also here is what she answered. The true truth, not only Questions and Answers:

1. When, where, and why? "I was at Spangham's time night of long ago, that my father, at 12:30 a. m. shook his head, and said, 'Friday the 13th—and a girl baby at that!—Even then they wondered why, but that is one secret mystery of life which paid experience, my horoscope, or Miss Buchanan, rather by her knowledge of palmistry, was not yet satisfied. I was plain. Time alone will help."

What kind of child were you?

"I was very skinny and unattractive child, cursed with stringy hair and teeth and eyes out of proportion to every, thing except my feet, about which I was very sensitive. I was given to emotional tantrums and wild out-

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ENROLLMENT FOR SPRING QUARTER REACHES 215

One of the largest Spring Quarter Enrollments in the history of the institution was on record when registration closed last Friday. Teachers from many counties, whose schools closed early have taken up their work which they left off last spring or equal quarter. Dean Harvill said he thought about 200 students would register for the special quarter, Saturday, April 23.

Many new courses will be offered to students hereafter at that time. The rural teacher will be able to select from a larger number of offerings such courses as will serve her needs.

Normal Debating Team Defeats Bethel On Russian Question

Pickering and Drane Show Great Style in Proving to the Audience That the United States Should Recognize Soviet Russia.

Recent Chapel Programs

The recent chapels have been a series of very interesting and beneficial presentations to which students, teachers, and prominent visitors have contributed.

On April 4, Mrs. Moffitt, Orville Lee Moffitt, and Mr. Wheeler and Orval Lee Moffitt.

Baritone Solo "Loves Old Sweet Song" (Moffitt)—Mr. Wheeler.

On Friday morning, April 15, Wilbur Young, Superintendent of Schools of Springfield, Tennessee, spoke to the students on "Distinguishing qualities of a good teacher."

The qualities he listed according to his idea of importance. "The ability to create interest and bring a child from sense of drudgery to one of interest is of prime importance. Education is three-fourths encouragement. The child who is adept in mathematics is not so because of his ability, but because some teacher has sold him the subject and given him an inspiration to work at it."

"The second quality is the ability to maintain discipline. Difficulties of the teacher often arise from her own condition. When she teaches 'the morning of the world' she is not a teacher. A respect for law and constitutionality should be the aim; yet the teacher can be sweetly sarcastic."

"Third in importance is the quality which requires a definite knowledge of subject matter. Knowledge creates respect. No teacher has the right to go before her class without making preparation."

"Fourth, the teacher must love her work. She must learn to love her pupils. If her aim is to be taught to quit teaching school."

"Lastly, the teacher must learn to grow. Those teachers succeed who see that they are on holy ground."

Claxtons Give Tea For Guests

Among the many delightful parties given to Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Lewis of Washington, D. C., daughters of Dr. and Mrs. P. C. Claxton was an informal tea on Sunday afternoon, April 19, at the Claxton home. Dr. and Mrs. Claxton in their charming manner received their guests in the living room which was filled with the best of flowers and other spring flowers.

The charm of the afternoon was emphasized by the interesting group of people who called and had tea in the best appointed dining room. It was the climax of the courtesies extended to these delightful visitors during their stay in Clarksville.

"Bill has a new steno for his car. What happened to the blonde."

On Monday night, April 18, the Austin Peay Normal debating team defeated the representatives from Bethel College, McKenzie, Tennessee, in debate on the question "Resolved: That the United States should Recognize Soviet Government in Russia." Mr. Gavett presided.

On the affirmative side were Hardy Drane and Henry Pickering of Austin Peay Normal. Samuel Gam and James Dancer of McKenzie upheld the negative side. Twelve minutes were allowed each speaker for the main speech and five minutes for the rebuttal.

Hardy Drane, first speaker for the affirmative, stated first the fundamental points upon which he based his argument.

1. Recognition of Russia by the U. S. does not necessitate but rather encourages the communistic form of government.

2. The Russian people have been used by the Soviet Movement. He gave the vast area of Russia, one-sixth of earth's surface, is encircled by hostile nations; and extensive timber, wheat and cotton lands, to show the nature of the Russian regime which the U. S. does not recognize.

We are not morally in a position to intervene in Russia's internal life or pass judgment upon the facts of her rulers. We are not in a position to force the American people and the press, if France or Italy should propose such a policy, to change trade relations with us merely because of our kidnappings, our gangsters, or our criminals.

The developments of Russia in religion, education and social life are the result of a result of the Soviet movement.

"Literacy has been reduced by per cent. The Russian people has been made to feel he has a right to exist. The whole people of Russia entertain a new hope and are inspired by a new faith in the future."

Samuel King Gam, the first speaker for the negative, based his arguments on these points.

1. The government does not represent the people.

2. It is a militaristic government.

Trade with Russia would not increase if Russia were recognized.

Henry Pickering, second speaker of the affirmative argued the question from the point

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Ussury-Minor Marry April 9

The announcement of the marriage of Ida Steele Ussury and James Minor was made on Saturday, April 9, they motored to Murray, Kentucky, where they were married in the presence of Mrs. John Westberry and Elizabeth Washburn, friends of the bride.

As the school laws do not give leave of absence to newweds, the minors were present at Austin Peay Normal, Monday, April 11, and began classes as if nothing had happened.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Minor graduated from the Clarksville High School in the spring of 1929. They were recognized as excellent students at High school and have been in the top grades of excellence here. They are, at present, making their home in Clarksville.

Many parties and entertainments are being planned for the bride and groom. The A. P. N. students want to congratulate them and wish them a lot of happiness.

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I Contend, Ladies and Gentlemen—

At a nearby restaurant the other day the writer of this article witnessed the most heated argument on the Bible that he has ever witnessed anywhere, not excepting like discussions that frequently arise in sermons and bridge parlors, or modern Y. M. C. A. conferences. There were present Austin Peay Normal students, lined around the service tables, expounding and exploiting theories on the technicalities of Holy Scriptures. Everybody had the floor, so to speak; it was a case of who could talk the loudest and the longest. Some were content to abhor only; others preferred to rebut only, constantly asking proof of the validity of their claims. "In what part of the Bible do you find such and such a quotation?" they would ask. The speaker, stammering, would say, "In the old Testament, or—I mean the New, or maybe—well it is there somewhere." Well, folks the discussion continued far into the afternoon and the decision was finally given to—; we are not sure but the judge has not made his decision. The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, the judge forgot what the question was about and would not suffer the embarrassment to find out.

This little argument points out two things to us. First, that the Normal Debating club has overlooked most excellent material for an outstanding class; and these gentlemen. Great possibilities are lying latent in these eight Normal students. Orator is suffering greatly from the lack of their eloquence and style. Gentlemen, the Normal Debating Club extends you a cordial invitation to join them.

This argument on the Bible also illustrates to the belief that the course in Bible study should not be snubbed at Austin Peay Normal. We are of the opinion that it would be accepted in a big way by the student body. It not only would benefit the students in their Bible studies, but it would make such arguments as the above profitable when under proper direction. Students would get a larger perspective or viewpoint of the Bible, instead of the dry, orderly conception which Freshmen and Sophomores usually have. Lastly, teachers from Austin Peay Normal, having had this Bible course, would be better fitted to teach the Bible in rural schools.

BOOK CHAT

Now when the trees with their delicate green leaves are moving in the spring breeze and the birds are learning how to sing all over again, you'll really like to believe in fairies and nymphs and wood sprites, wouldn't you? It seems that every little child and blade of grass has a soul all its own. It's the time of the year when one likes to read all the old myths about the immortal gods and goddesses of yore. Even the noxious laurel tree becomes a graceful Daedalus to the myth

readers; every pure white flower-bell, a vain Narcissus.

There is a long, long tale of the wanderings of Odysseus, the Greek, who fought in the Trojan war, and was fated to wander for years before returning to his own hearthstone. One grieves with him over his ill-luck with the winds of Aëolus, and exults with him in his triumph over the Sirens.

Then there are the numerous love stories or legends of the gods, Olympus and Olympus, and their useful separation, fill us with pity, while the faithfulness of Philomena and Boreas is worthy of admiration and envy. Poor Juno, who had no Reno in which to seek solace, was comforted by turning Jupiter's many loves into beasts of the field and fowls of the air. Think of the agonies poor I suffered when the jealous queen of the gods changed the poor maiden into a heifer! Perhaps happiness for one is afflicted with the gods is impossible, for these love affairs are usually tragic.

Poor Adonis who was loved by Venus was slashed to death by a Pegasus while Hyacinthus died at the hand of his friend Apollo. One joyful friend, Cupid and his bow, and Perseus, are two of the very few mythological characters to ever gain eternal happiness. The story of Cupid and Psyche is the most charming of all the old legends of the Grecian and Roman gods.

Perhaps the gods, as well, in this day of financial depression to read the story of King Midas and console themselves with this thought, "Why not get away from here? Remember Midas who wanted for gold, gold, and gold, and now more gold than he can handle? Aw, what's the need of money now?"

While you confirmed puzzle-solvers are solving these problems, try to solve the wanderings of Dedalus labyrinth. You may never get out of it, but you will be sure to have a very good time while you are experimenting with auto giro and so forth.

You will find Myths not so ancient as they seemed, and they certainly are most fascinating.

Cleanings From Creative Writing

A Problem

He gave them one sullen reproachful look and retired into his room and closed the door on the subject. His moaning seemed entirely too inactive. He tore his hair, clenched his hands, ground his teeth, stamped his feet and moaned. Should he kill the two boys?

Night Had Come

One could almost feel the night coming. The birds chirped sleepily in the new leaves and buds. The wind, gently moving, the branches, seemed to whisper, "Good Night," while the young moon shone brightly in the dusky light of the hour of the fruit trees grew dark. Alone the grass, the house threw its lengthening shadows. Even while one tried to catch the glimmers of the hour, it was gone. Night had come.

The Stranger

He was a tall, coarse-spoken person, with a narrow dark face and a pair of eyes that were deep-set and were dreadful in their effect when he frowned. One could not help noticing the peculiar gesture made by his hand with which he swept back a curly fringe of jet-black hair that had the appearance of a crater, about to speak.

Singleness of Purpose

It is close to the end of the game. The weary looking pitcher turns his head to look, first at the third baseman, then the runner on first. At the moment he turned the ball, an airplane which had been hovering high above the field, came down and crashed into a nearby field. It takes one more strike to win the game. He puts it over.

"Do you want gas?" asked the convict as he placed the patient in the chair.

"Yes," said the absent-minded professor. "About five gallons," and take a look at the oil!

The Man Who Struggled

(Continued)

A decidedly handsome young man stood in the doorway. It was quite evident that the newcomer, Mr. Frank Robertson, was not embarrassed by the scene before him, but he was speechless. He fumbled his hands in his pockets, opened and closed his mouth, but no satisfactory sound issued forth.

The two late gentlemen started at each other—then the wrath there was bewilderment written on their faces. Was this fellow a murderer? At last Robertson recovered himself, and began speaking.

"Is something wrong?" he asked, glancing around Robertson into the room.

"Er, yes, there is," stammered Robertson, "some fellow just staggered in the door and stumbled down in the middle of the floor. I think he's drunk."

He glanced about himself uneasily and a sort of half-smile came crept over his face as he continued.

"I would like to get him out before my wife comes in."

"Sure," agreed Goodlett, "come on, Harry, let's help our friend out of his difficulties."

The three men entered Robertson's room. There sprawled in the middle of the floor was a man who had been gloriously drunk. But evidently the fellow served some purpose, for his liquor was no longer with him. It was spread over a considerable part of the room. He slowly got up and staggered forth, steadily by catching hold of a chair. Then shaking his head as if to get something out of it, he gazed from one man to the other—silently with an expression of intense interest.

"I beg your pardon, General," he muttered aimlessly, "must be the wrong camp." And he realized that he had stepped from the room to the utter astonishment of his would-be helpers.

The drunken fellow, sighing heavily, dropped down into a chair and began to industriously mop his brow.

Robertson shifted about impatiently.

"Well call the steward up and have this room cleaned," he said. "I don't agree Robertson, but that and I want to thank you gentlemen very much—I believe we are traveling in the same party—Mr. Richards. My name is Robertson," he offered his hand.

Mr. Goodlett stepped forward and took his hand.

"Mrs. is Goodlett," he volunteered, and turning to his companions, "and this is Mr. Robertson."

The formalities of the introduction were hardly completed when the group suddenly realized that they had an audience.

No one could have mistaken this astute haired young woman as she stepped into the room very briefly, with a very discernible look of authority. Then she looked the covering group, her blue eyes fairly blazing.

"So you let some of your uncalled friends get you drunk again," she snapped, her voice cutting like a thin needle.

"I thought perhaps this trip would help you but it does not look like it. Look at yourself, you look like a complete wreck."

"I don't know," protested Mr. Goodlett, "you don't understand. I can explain this."

"Oh yes I do," cut in Mrs. Robertson.

"You want gas?" asked the convict as he placed the patient in the chair.

"Yes," said the absent-minded professor. "About five gallons," and take a look at the oil!

erton, "and as for explanation—I've had plenty of them, and I'll thank you not to bore yourself with my husband's company any longer."

Arguing was useless. And now Mr. Robertson not only looked like he had been drunk, but he looked the part of a man who had been drunk at the time for departing into that unknown world had come.

There were more vainly offering apologies and explanations. Mr. Goodlett and Brentwood slowly returned to their room and closed the door.

Brentwood stretched out comfortably in a chair, looked up at Goodlett, and said:

"Now there you are," he began, "just like all women. You can't tell them one thing I can't figure them out. One minute they are alright and the next they're all wrong or rather you are all wrong."

"That's right," commented Goodlett, "I think most women are like that."

"Just a minute there, boys," it was Mr. Richards. Mrs. Miller had recovered quickly and they were listening to the drama.

But Mr. Goodlett was not to be caught off guard and he continued talking and commenting.

"—Er—are exactly of the oppo-

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Let's Wander Through Clarksville's Most Interesting Garden

It's surprising how many curious interesting people are found all around us. May I tell you of my experiences in visiting two well-known characters of Clarksville?

The first time I visited "Dan's Garden" was in the early spring. An old negro met me at the rickety gate and greeted me smilingly. This was Dan, who told me he had worked in this garden for about twenty-five years.

I followed the old man down the crooked paths, listening to his explanations of how he happened to have the various plants. I found that most of them had been given to him by his patrons. Dan was so proud of his work and well he should be. The outstanding features of this garden were the many colored, burnt out, electric light bulbs, old bottles and curios (mostly from the junk pile) that Dan had strung up on wires. These wires were hung from tree to another and the sun's rays were brilliantly reflected in the glass hangings.

Although Dan's ideas of decorating were somewhat crude, and merely an old negro's expression of his love for his garden, it gave the same effect as a Japanese garden. If one were a close observer, you would have noticed tiny specks of vivid color dabbed on the trunks of the trees, the weathered, peeling bark hung on a limb of an old tree, and I would have sworn it was old silver.

The flowers grew in profusion, and were exquisite. Dan had built the framework for a rose arbor, and nature had crowned it with gold.

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GRUEN AND ELGIN
WATCHES

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it with full bloomed roses. A tall, foreign bush waved its arms in the air, and left a touch of magic to the scene. This garden was so quaint and different from anything I had ever seen, that I was deeply impressed.

The narrow, winding path flanked by the flowers, was a real shelter from the sun. Tiny rock beds of flowers were found here, and you could hardly step on any of them without stepping on a flower. I don't know exactly why it is, but every time I visited Dan's garden, I felt a serene mood seemed to completely banish all cares and loneliness.

Dan's garden, whom I know only by the name of "Auntie," was the most cordial old soul I've ever met. She insists that you just "help yourself" to all the flowers you want. Dan, who does most of the work, is not quite so generous. But he is normally generous.

These old-fashioned dainties like the ones in Dan's garden, you will be well repaid by visiting Dan's garden, which is in Glenwood, of Clarksville, Tenn.

Have you ever heard tell of "Blind Mary"? One of the first things I did, when beginning this "Normal" life, was to have "Blind Mary" come to see me.

This old negro is totally blind, and makes her living by prophesying the future. "Blind Mary" is a very old negro of humors. The first trip I made to her simple home was eventually so interesting that I engaged a bill collector was just leaving. I have always believed my fortune told after that, after a "possum" instead of devouring a bill collector.

I waited for several minutes in a rickety old parlor. Have you ever seen a good negro portrait? I found that most of them had been given to him by his patrons. Dan was so proud of his work and well he should be. The outstanding features of this garden were the many colored, burnt out, electric light bulbs, old bottles and curios (mostly from the junk pile) that Dan had strung up on wires. These wires were hung from tree to another and the sun's rays were brilliantly reflected in the glass hangings.

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SKIDDIGGS

Ain't it just too bad? Earl Clark, who has remained untarnished by the ravages of some member of the weaker sex for many years, has at last bitten and swallowed line pole and all. A certain little name "Pinky" has him that way.

And we caught Pat Galtbreath reading an article "Wife every woman wants" just to see if they spelled his name correctly.

Jennie Cooke, (What a woman!) She's a regular Solomon (or maybe a Solovoman). First, there was poor old Ulfrey; then came Bartlett, Hudson and Mann in quick succession. At present E. M. Pitt Esq. seems to be the lucky boy. Better watch her.

Pitt. She's never been salted yet. Wouldn't it be funny and strange to see Kemp or Billy without Kemp?

There was the man without a country. There was the dog without a master. Now we have the man without a woman. The same being James Mann. Lucy. It seems like looking into new fields.

We wonder when Amanda Dean intends to stop acting silly.

Who did I see the other day but Miss Lou. She was in the company of a mighty handsome young man driving slowly in a new Buick. They both seemed to be very interested in something else they were saying to each other. Their heads were so close, I couldn't hear what it was they were saying.

Who are the two young girls who call for Ewell and Lillian at the lower Dorm every Friday night?

We wonder who the beautiful young lady was we saw Mr. Galtbreath escorting to the picture show the other night.

Ann Hewitt has been "out" round singing love songs. "Why wonder if the visit from Pete the other day has anything to do with it?"

Did Dabbs (Prest) "What would I have to give you for one little kiss?"

Sa-laa—"Chloroform." We have just found out Dr. Claxton's theme song. Here it is: I would like to be a farmer bold To plow the corn and cut the hay

And when the winter winds blow cold To wear red flannel liners old. It has been decided that Mildred Bringham is the most skilled vamped on the campus. She learned about men, she says, from observing Scott Allen.

He?—Do you know who girls walk home?

She—"No, I don't."

He—"Come on, let's go riding." Dr. Claxton says no more aiming the girls about the campus and no more exciting of girls to the dormitory after library hours. This is just too bad in some cases. Boys, you will have to do like they did forty years ago. You'll have to marry the girl.

We have a piece of poetry compounded by Mr. Gayden. Here it is:

Out where the buttons seem
A little tighter;
Out where the buckles shine
A little brighter;
Out where the girls become
A little longer;
Out where the light seems
A little stronger—
That's where the vest begins.
Speaking of poetry, how are these?

Of all sap surprises
With nothing to compare
With trading in the darkness
On a step that isn't there.
Maud Miller on a summer day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
You'd hardly expect a girl you know
In the summer time to be shoveling snow.

Thousands of years it took
To make a monkey into a man,
And here's a woman in minutes,
And he's back where he began.
Girls if you will eat onions,
Your stomach will not come off.
When Angus arms her day
Imprison.
Oh, how I wish my neck was
nice.
How often I would stop and
turn
To get a pat from hands like
hers.

Just A Little Nonsense

Things We Had Rather Hear No More About

1. You will have to leave the library if you are not quiet.

2. "Who wrote those Profiles in the 218?"

3. Girls, you must get off the court, for I don't want to be responsible for you if you are late.

4. It will be glad when this play is over.

5. Shorten it up, say I haven't any criticism to offer.

6. I had to buy two baskets to keep the letters that my pupil in 103 write.

7. You should all sing in chapel.

8. The girls in school are not weak, and they do not need a young gentleman's arm for support.

9. Pardon the reference to myself, but when I was in Holland—

10. Things We Are Tired of Seeing

11. Miscellaneous sheets of paper with "Test for Math 101."

12. Announcement on the board, "English 212. Read and copy of Cooper's stories for Friday."

13. Time for chapel to roll around.

14. Mr. Bond working his poor chemistry students to death.

15. Biology and Nature study paper, entering classes out of doors.

16. Miss Lou with her tap dancing.

17. Root, Devey, Gardner and Bartlett working on the tennis courts. (We want to play!)

18. Onion beads.

ANSWER THESE, PLEASE

1. Why does Earl Clark need the most of his time at night in the library?

2. Why does the picture show "Cumberland," why does Lavelle get excited?

3. Whose basketball sweater is Elsie Elliott wearing?

4. Why does Huddle spend so much of his time borrowing a ladder?

5. Does work on the All-State require Nancy and Tommy to be together at all times?

6. Why the following were nicknamed: "Tillie," "Pops," "Doc," "Shorty," "Thing and Red?"

7. Who on the campus will get married next?

8. What girl (keeping in mind it is leap year) will propose first?

Literary League Holds Contests Here April 16

Continued From Page 1.

and Woodall and Clara Walker, White House; John D. Butler and Buford Wynn of Clarksville; P. Dickson and Webb Porter, Central High, Nashville.

Original stations: Paul Tucker, Russell Starks, White House; Alice Allen, Clarksville, and Adam Strasser, Central High, Nashville.

Extemporaneous Speaking: H. S. Williams, Dickson; Carl Hollis, White House; Agnes Nicholson, Clarksville, and William West, Nashville.

Dramatic Reading: Catherine Weems, Dickson; Grady Ewin, White House; Cynthia Pickard, Hickmanville; Sarah Cooke, Clarksville, and Rebecca Strick, Nashville.

Humorous Reading: Wilmet Bouldin, Dickson; Mildred Keller, White House; Martha Plummer, Hickmanville; Irene Bourne, Clarksville, and Billy Sparks, Nashville.

Friday morning in the eliminations, Catherine Weems of Dickson and Sarah Cooke of Clarksville were chosen to enter

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the dramatic reading finals. In the humorous reading, Irene Bourne and Wilmet Bouldin of Dickson were selected for the finals. Agnes Nicholson of Clarksville and Wilson West of Central High, Nashville, entered the finals of the extemporaneous speaking event. The finalist in the original oration contest were Adam Strasser, Central High, and Paul Tucker of Dickson.

The Clarksville affirmative and Dickson negative teams entered the finals in debating. The Clarksville team included Reams Farmer and James C. Cunningham with Orville Price as alternate. Those composing the Dickson team were Brooks Harris and Paul Corbin. The subject was "Resolved, That the several states should enact legislation providing for a compulsory unemployment insurance."

The Man Who Struggled

(Continued From Page Two)

able nature, you know that there is some good even in the worst of us."

Mrs. Miller came forward. "I'm so glad you are not angry at all about the situation."

For a moment the situation was awkward and then the two men shook hands. Mr. Richards putted each one on the shoulder and everybody laughed as the misses passed on.

The next two days of the journey were unusually rough. The sun was hidden, and the sky was overcast a sort of leaden gray. But the last day at sea was perfect. Every cloud appeared to have left the sky and the sun floated down in a splendid breathless manner. Everybody, I believe was on deck engaged either in conversation, brisk walk, or a solitary meditation.

Mr. Richards was engaged in solitary meditation. Could a man have more troubles than he had? No sooner had he presented Mr. Pinky and healed the break between the two lovers of Mrs. Miller than Mrs. Robertson became infuriated at Goodlett and Brentwood for no good reason at all. He stood there lost in a deep rapture until he was aroused by a tap on his shoulder, turned to face what at first appeared to be a mob—had his time come at last? Should he be cast overboard he thought, but really it was only his travelling party. He looked from one to the other amazed. Well, that was wrong this time he wondered.

But Mr. Pinky up to the front rank rubbing his hands, and addressing Mr. Richards.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he was always so polite, "I have been designated or appointed spokesman of the group—by waving my hand toward the ship."

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er members of the party to express their views and sentiments on this tour."

Well here it was at last an uprising of the masses.

But he continued—"I have asked Mr. Brentwood and Goodlett to express their deepest regrets for having so unnecessarily lost their temper, and he glanced toward the gentlemen he represented. His expression seemed to have pleased very well as for myself I think that maybe I was a bit hasty in expressing myself. But every one should know the English language, for it is the greatest asset that a man can possess."

Richards lawfully felt the greatest sigh of relief escape from him that he had never known, but he smiled and generously accepted the apologies.

"My fellow travellers everyone of you," it was the meek young Mr. Robertson who was supported by his smiling wife, are requested to be our guests at dinner tonight."

Then for a few minutes there were the usual "thank yous" and we shall be delighted" and a mutual dispensing of compliments.

But a sort of mutual bond seemed to at last have been established between them—a bond that alone exists between fellow travellers in a foreign land—a sort of quiet fellowship over the scene—the sun was at last ending its diurnal journey and was slowly descending into the ocean, while at each second it grew redder and the gitting rays became fainter and fainter, finally dying out in the great space.

Everyone was caught in the spell of magic and was only brought back to reality by that sharp, familiar, alternate voice crying—"Mr. Richards, I want to join your party—I'll see you hundred dollars cheaper than V.I. I am saying."

It was Ruckten Dronsky.

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Items of Interest

Miss Huff drove to her home in Parrotville, Tennessee, Friday, April 8 and returned April 11.

The Debating Club went to Nashville April 12, to gather material for the debate against Bethel college.

Thomas Pollard and Bill Adams visited in Nashville, Saturday, April 9.

The lake and outdoor sports of the Y. W. C. A. for Tuesday afternoon, April 12, was postponed on account of the cool weather.

Everyone is sorry to learn that Mrs. Frank Granta is ill of "flu" at her home in North Carolina.

Miss Louise Jackson took one of the leading parts that of Laura, "Children of the Moon" the Little Theatre played given at the Parish House, April 7 and 8.

All are delighted to have James Mann return to the All-State staff.

Misses Amanda Dean and Lollie Welker attended the boys' opening baseball game at Lebanon, April 13.

Rachel! Here, the startling events. Sunday night Rachel answered the phone and a voice said, "Hello, Rachel!"

Do you want a date with a darling little boy? Rachel answered, "Do I? How him come right?"

When that cute date got out there, Rachel's Farmer was sitting in the front room.

It was one of those embarrassing moments, and a four-cornered explanation ensued, with Rachel deciding that this was her chance.

What a woman! To take them two at a time. Finally everything was straightened out. This is the true story.

When the Farmer left Rachel's home that afternoon, he said, "Rachel, I'm going to be down at my house for supper; I am going to hurry and see her."

Well, when Miss Lou called that night, Rachel thought the Farmer was standing near and he and Miss Lou were just playing.

I'm tired of gossiping—anyway. —Hum.

An Interview of

Our "Miss Lou"

Continued From Page One.

bursts of temper which my father cured me of by watching me through the window then sadly saying, "Well, you've got a very strong character than you were five minutes ago!"

Fearing for my own strength, I began to control my temper. Having no playmates, I roamed around by myself, hunting for insects, lying on the banks of the branch, or riding my pony. I was a keen student and a voracious reader.

To the great despair of the family, I tell us a bit about your early education.

They experimented with me, but I was not a very good student. I was ten years old to determine what advantage was gained by an early start.

My father, Mr. Jack Manney, got disgusted, bought me a primer for myself—and, then, a first reader, before I had time to realize it, she had taught me to read, for as she said, her child should grow up in ignorance.

My mother, Mrs. Mary Manney, used to sing for me a monotone. I learned my multiplication table sitting in the green apple tree day after day. When I was ten, I started to a little country school in the fifth grade.

Just what has Savannah, since that word is on your tongue at various intervals of the day.

Savannah has the tang of the sea breeze, the saltiness of aristocracy, the lure of ships setting forth for foreign ports, the radiation of the sun, the glow of endearment, and the spell of enchantment. I love its flower-bordered streets, its green lawns and ever-green weeds, and its parkways in the middle of the streets. Its charm, once you leave it, always beckons you.

N. Think a bit. Tell us about the most embarrassing situations I was ever in was attempted to give a plausible and satisfactory answer, without incriminating myself, to question No. 13 of this interview.

6. Why did you become a Physical Education teacher?

I had read somewhere that I needed like hundreds of Freshmen English themes, and the rain-battered door of the Spargan left them for a few minutes recreation and relaxation. As I passed my mail box, I found a letter offering me a position as Director of P. E. in Pale School, Savannah, Ga. Commencing with sentences, new paragraphs, and misspelled words whirled madly through my brain, and with un-

bounded joy I saw a way to escape them. I had always wanted to teach P. E. and my opportunity had knocked. I immediately wired my acceptance.

7. If you have a hobby what is it, and why is it to your hobby?

Collecting poetry and other choice bits of literature which suit my fancy, or fit my mood. My scrapbook contains gems ranging from Hamble's philosophy to Browning's selection of those which for some particular reason appeal to me. My moods are, of course, in constant flux.

8. Have you shown interesting developments and changes in your character, and I enjoy turning back the pages to see what I was.

8. If you were not always so down about because you have so much to do what would you do with your leisure time?

Read, ride, relax, and grow fat.

9. This is all theory. I've never seen a simple check and wide blue eyes. I must have gone to sleep in the warm spring sun.

10. Why do you like dramas and all of the few roles you have played in various plays, which character did you enjoy the most?

11. How do you like the make-believe, and enjoy losing myself in any book or drama in which I am given a character, and a real personage to me, waiting to be given life and the I am likely to do it very poorly.

12. I read that fourth description over and over again. There was something missing. Did you notice it?

13. I know it was a man of immaculate appearance, dark lustrous hair, a deep musical voice, and a quiet magnetic seem right, but I just somehow didn't seem right.

14. I worried over the situation, asked everybody I knew, but I could not find the answer. I was told that what was wrong, but none could tell me. So as a last resort I went up to the poet and Poast department and presented my problem. Well, sir, you wouldn't believe it, but that fellow read the description and then said these very words, "They didn't say that he rode a bicycle."

15. I picked up my manuscript and walked off completely humiliated. Of course I should have known it was Mr. Wheeler.

Normal Debating Team Defeats Bethel on Russian Question

Continued From Page One.

that such a great industrial state and buying power as Russia, should be recognized by the United States government.

"At the present time United States industries are at a great disadvantage to deal commercially with Russia. While the industries of England, France and Germany are protected by long and complex trade agreements with Russia, American industries must gain a foothold in Russia without governmental protection."

"If we examine the economic structure of Soviet Russia at the present time, we find there is an immense, undeveloped country making an amazing forward step in economic recognition.

The balance of trade for the five years from 1925 to 1929 was unfavorable to Russia."

"When and if I get rich I shall experiment with new plans, new interests, new people. I shall travel or rather rove, wherever my fancy leads me and shall try to cultivate only interesting people."

11. What do you intend to do when you get rich?

12. How and if I get rich I shall experiment with new plans, new interests, new people. I shall travel or rather rove, wherever my fancy leads me and shall try to cultivate only interesting people."

13. How have you escaped getting married?

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11. How do you like the make-believe, and enjoy losing myself in any book or drama in which I am given a character, and a real personage to me, waiting to be given life and the I am likely to do it very poorly.

The first one should be easy for any wide awake, broad-minded student or teacher. It is the custodian of grounds and buildings, Mr. Sullivan. He describes it if you don't believe it.

Now number two is much harder. Very few students of the Austin Peay Normal (Oh yes, there may be a few) will be able to solve this riddle. The fact is that after I read it, it took me several days to decide who it was. Did you say Lou Jackson? No, it wasn't. There is one student who is really thinking. You will amount to something some day. Some day, I am sure, you will be a gentleman by what process he arrived at such an astounding hypothesis.

"I have a 'dumb' observation. Try it some time."

Number three: I sat down and studied: I looked over the campus, but I could see no one that seemed to fit this description—sleazy curls, chubby arms, balding head, and a wide blue eyes. I must have gone to sleep in the warm spring sun.

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"Besides stopping the danger of the disruption of international markets, recognition in Russia enables safe and profitable loans and open up a greater market for American products. That is, the economic side of the question and it spells profit with a capital 'P' for the American people."

James Daner, second speaker for the negative, pointed out that millions of dollars worth of property has been confiscated in Russia. There is a war debt, which remains unpaid, and it is our legitimate right to refuse to recognize a government in such relations to our own.

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