



## ALL STATE



Published, generally semi-monthly, in fourteen issues from October through May by students of the Austin Peay Normal. Subscription by the year—75 cents.

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1932-33

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## The Purpose and Task of the Austin Peay Normal School

The Austin Peay Normal School, established and maintained for the definite purpose of preparing white teachers for the rural schools of Tennessee, is in no sense a local or sectional school. Its field is the whole state. It is an all-state school for the purpose for which it was established. Yet, like all schools, it naturally draws a large portion of its students from territory relatively nearby. As its work is better known, it will draw from a larger territory and finally from all the state.

The twenty-five counties from which most students come now are all predominantly rural except one, Davidson. Of these counties 85% of all the population is rural. Of the rural population 75% are farmers.

These figures indicate the task of this school. Very clearly and definitely it is to prepare teachers to teach the children of rural farmers; children whose first-hand experiences are of the farm, whose home life is on the farm, most of whom will become farmers and farmers' wives and will continue to live on the farm.

Their culture should finally be broad and deep and full as that of any people; but the roots of this culture must be in the soil of the farm. It will and should have a rural flavor. Their imaginations should be filled with the forms of country life. They should have their eyes opened to the beauties of earth and sky, field and forest, and the ever-changing beauty of the succession of seasons. They should be taught to understand and appreciate rural virtues. They should learn to cooperate with their rural neighbors in and for all the finer things of life as well as for the betterment of their economic condition.

Their citizenship with all its duties and responsibilities must be understood from the standpoint of rural life, conditions, and interests; not in a narrow, selfish sense, but with a comprehensive understanding of the relation of the country to the city and of the relation of farm life, farm occupations, and farm interests to the life, the work, and the interests of the country as a whole and of the whole world.

They must learn to vote intelligently for the protection of their own interests without fostering policies inimicable to the interests and welfare of other parts of our population. They must be imbued with a sound patriotism that will cause them ever to give their support to the best constructive policies which make for permanent prosperity and international peace. They should be taught to "love their land with a love far brought from out the storied past," but chiefly from out the storied past of constructive development of rural life and the simple virtues of living in the country.

For making a living for improving their economic condition, and to enable them to acquire the means and the leisure necessary for the finer things of culture and citizenship these people must know the soil, plant and animal life, and all the thousand and one things pertaining to agriculture and to the farm home. No other occupation requires such varied, comprehensive, and fundamental knowledge as that of farming. This knowledge will not, can not, be gained merely from farm experience. This school must help—like the college, the state school, but above all, the elementary school, which is still the only school for most country children.

Teachers must know the things the school should teach. A most miserable skill is a teacher's trying to teach that which he does not know; and to teach under rural school conditions requires mastery of subject matter and purpose and method far beyond the mastery needed for fair success, at least, under city school conditions.

To prepare such teachers with such understanding, knowledge, and skill, is the high purpose and task of the Austin Peay Normal School, to which it must direct all its energies and move

## Campus Celebrities

With the April showers of 1916, Isabel Rose Coulter arrived in Clarksville, Tenn., to delight the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Coulter. From her earliest childhood she has voiced the charm which has won admiration for her among friends and acquaintances. Her schooling began at the Erwin Pickering kindergarten and has not yet taken her away from her home. Very early Mrs. Coulter gave evidence of musical talent. Her voice is a delightful soprano, and she is most graceful with it both in her church and social circles. At the conclusion of her present school term she will specialize in voice culture.

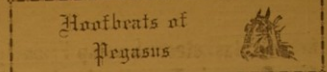
In high school Miss Isabel had a leading part in the senior play and also won the Keweenaw medal which carried with it the honor of representing her school in the "Little Tens" contest. She has continued her interest in drama at A. P. N., and is a member of the Dramatic Club.

When asked concerning her earliest recollection, she replied it was a painful one. The tender age of four she copied the example of Jack in the famous Mother Goose lesson. Jack and Jill by falling down and breaking—not her crown—but her nose. The experiment has in no way left a disfiguring mark for in the recent "Merchants' Beauty Contest" she was the winner from the Girls' Colling Club and will be "Miss Clarksville" in the movie which she will sponsor.

Her earliest public appearance before the footlights was at a very tender age when she played the prominent part in a Tom Thumb wedding. She has always been popular with the boys. She is a member of the "Excellence" in these lesser weddings are grooming her for a future one in which we anticipate she will play the stellar role.

## LEAVES FROM MY LIFE

In the western part of New York state, where the mighty Allegheny mountains divide down to foothills, in the land the Indians called Chautauqua, I was born. I was a disappointment. No, not because I was a girl, for that gave only joy. I took the place of a war daughter who lived by a few months, and I doubt the portion of mother love seems to have always followed me. The disappointment was over the fact that I could not wait three hours and celebrate my father's birthday with my arrival. All my forebears were agricultural people and had you told my mother that September day the feet of their little daughter would tread the city streets rather than the country lanes they would never have believed you. In retrospect, I know that the events of one summer afternoon changed the entire life of my family. It was a hot August day. The men had come to dinner. In the fields the crops were nearly ready for the harvest. Suddenly the sky darkened and the trees bent with the wind and hail fell with such fury on barns and outbuildings that the market was closed. The plainly visible twenty years later. The path of the storm was northward. Half a mile away, at grandfather's home, not a drop of rain had fallen. Next day father carried a bucket of water from the village as proof of the disaster. No proof was needed. "Maple Grove." A ten-acre field, of wheat, golden-brown, heavy was laid so flat that a cat, walking on the farther side was always visible. The corn which was tall enough to hide a man on horseback, was torn to ribbons and crushed to pulp. What a prospect for a young farmer to face. A day's rain would have ruined the crops. Deep, horses' paws and chickens' feet, and no food to carry them through it. The disaster had been the storm to break provided a pathway out of disaster. Father's old friend, a gentleman in the New York custom-house, which called for honesty and integrity value than political pull. He ac-



## SUNDAY FOR MONDAY

'Twas morning and the sun shone  
Within my darkened room.

It peeped around the corners  
Of my shade and broke the gloom  
Of night, but made me groan.

"Alas, too soon the day breaks  
To end my slumbers sweet,"  
I sighed with indignation  
And with scorn, that time's too feet  
For toils a shodday makes.

I heard the mantel clock chime  
And rose in haste to dress.  
The house was strangely silent—  
It was Sunday. I confess  
My thoughts were not sublime.

## SO THEY SAY

In case this column runs short of dirt all it needs is to go down to the basketball game and review the once white suits that our boys wear. We wonder what our opponents, who came out in apik and span new suits, think of our boys. Maybe they are laughing at them. They chased at this time; maybe the school cannot afford to pay for the laundering of the suits, but certainly the boys, themselves, could wash some of the dirt out of them. The school is not so poor financially now when it once arrayed its teams in those brilliant red and white suits. Now this is the first time in the history of the school, walks out on the floor in dirty white suits, mismatched and stained. A miscellaneous array of sweat jerseys. Has the spirit of the school gone down? Let's get together, faculty and student, dress our team in a worthy fashion, and back them up at the gym.

Well, so much for that, and now back to our old job of smoothing around corners. Just heard that Coach Alden is worried considerably because of the strained relations between "Joe Palooka" Charlton and "One R. Pusey. Mr. Alden failed to comment upon the nature of the trouble.

What a night was Friday night, the 27th, that is for two young ladies in the dormitory. It seems that two gentlemen "friends" of Misses Schnupp and Corlie came down to see how ever they were getting along. When they arrived they found that, disregarding the fact that the two gentlemen could not leave the dorm, two Normal men had everything well under control.

Ladies beware! In Penthouse has at last come out to make his debut among the fair sex. Wonder who the lady young girl at the dormitory is?

Of course Kemp was over to see Miss Elliott; and the business of Green-Kirkland and Henton-Clement is getting too regular. We hope not too long.

Wonder what the trouble between Pat and Mary Frances Kirkland. They don't seem to be getting along. However, we saw him walking from the library with Maxine Elliott the other night. Is there any connection?

And by this change he moved to the farm forever.

In February, when I was fourteen months old, my mother, brother, and I joined Pat and Mary Frances from Jersey City to Brooklyn, where we were to live, we were to be for a few years. I should every minute it took to make the trip. This early in my life I vividly remember against the city hubbub.

"It wasn't for sight and sound and smell I'd come any pretty well. But when it comes to getting rest."

Now, the country gets the best of me. My earliest recollection goes back to about my second year. The house in which we lived had a spiral staircase leading to the cellar and what was just about the next step held a fascination for me. Naturally my mother did

John Crunk, alias the great drunk from Tennessee, has sure been hit by Miss Ellen Henry. The boy just goes around "singing sweet love songs" all the time.

Miss Elizabeth Cross has again displayed her charms by pulling down the hair of one of her friends, her thumb, after loosening up on him during the holidays.

It seems contrary to all theories of school and life that there is a fair chance of there being some day a "Mrs. Saint Peter. No, not the one that holds the key to the Peay Gates, but "Saint Peter" Settle of the Austin Peay Normal School.

Our student friend, Lexie Freeman, has at last surrendered to the feminine charms of Miss Nora D. Bumpus.

Someone wants to know if Bill Adams has been going to the new dormitory. For answer please send self-addressed and stamped envelope.

P. S.: Enclose ten cents, also. The woman hater, "Pug Poo" Pollard has been hanging out at last and by none other than that hard playing back-sword, Frances Morton. Good thing there, Frances.

Short-Shavings and queer haircuts.

"Joe Palooka" has the biggest feet in school and is the only rival of "Big Boy" Pusey when it comes to eating. Martha Alice Dickson wanting the "very young act" of one of her friends or else of her own. Mann in the debate club telling Margaret Blair that they could not live without each other. Dean Harrell herding young undergraduates in a building named with the name of a famous American history. Mr. Woodward not hugging himself and riding upon his toes while lecturing. Twerly spending one weekend in the dormitory. Parker knocking out his room-mate, Woodell. Crank Alden not mailing a letter to Goodietville till Bryan and his Max not going to the beach. Mr. Gayden opening of the big state of Tennessee and the little state of Texas. Mr. Woodard not saying to everybody "Hello, young fellow. What can I do for you?" Several students are not saying to everybody "Hello, young fellow. What can I do for you?" Louis Gauchet answering a question in chemistry.

pot, trust me to explode when her wishes were not what I remember. Our maid was an Irish woman named Bridget. My mother and I had Irish were servants in New York. Before they ran the government. One day Bridget was very nervous. "Sure—the BOOGIE MAN is down there." From then on the girls were very nervous. I was not going down to put him out. I did not know what he was, but it was very evident that he was a bad man. He was always there.

To a mother who had pretty tried where them were broad and boys were played here, the streets were not a life playground for children. To my mother, and I knew, and her now. These were happy days.

(Please Turn to Page 4)





# HEARING BEFORE RECESS COMMITTEE

(Continued from Page 1.)

petent teachers the money paid for schools is largely wasted. He emphasized particularly the fact that the Austin Peay Normal School was established for the great task of preparing teachers for the rural schools. He called attention to the fact that this is an all-state school not in local competition with any other school. Like all new schools it is drawing a large part of its enrollment from nearby counties. With the exception of Davidson county these are all pre-eminently rural counties contributing 87 per cent of their population living in the country.

President W. J. Hale presented briefly the cause of the Agricultural and Industrial College, showing how it is, in the opinion of the state, state university, agricultural college, normal school, and to a large extent high school.

Senator Harris, of Weakley county, spoke briefly for the Junior College at Martin.

The committee gave a very courteous hearing and asked such questions as would bring wanted information not given by any speaker.

At the close, the committee stated that they would have the last of the open hearings. On the basis of such information as they have gathered and can get in other ways they will make their report to the legislature.

A committee from the Chamber of Commerce of Clarksville were present in the interest of the Normal School. The committee included Charles Runyon, chairman, Norman Smith, C. H. Moore, Ray King, Representative J. N. McCulloch, and Robert McJannet.

## MISS WALLACE VISITS MADISON

(Continued from Page 1.)

by of Japanese.

In the cafeteria the students wash their own dishes and have an assigned place to keep them.

College students work from five o'clock in the morning until noon and have classes in the afternoon. High school students go to school in the morning and work in the afternoon. No time is lost here and every moment is beneficial. Much time is also

compulsory to promote education and many have been greatly benefited by sanitation, where a systematic, scientific course of treatment is prescribed and conscientiously carried out.

## LEAVES FROM MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 2.)

eventful days which helped to mold my life, but which left no vivid memories.

The first day of school. Does yours stand out in your memory? Father reported for work at 9 a. m. So did I. For that first winter he was my daily escort and how I did enjoy his company, but even a pleasant winter does not erase from my memory the horror of that first day. Probably the teacher was very young. I thought she was Matuselsh. She may have been very efficient, but she asked me the name of the dog whose picture was in the primer and I considered her pretty ignorant not to know that the book just called him "The Dog." (She did not know I could read the story and I did not tell her.) But her voice! She did not have my mother's tones and when twelve o'clock came I flew home, threw myself into my mother's arms and sobbed, "I never, never want to go again. She scolded me so long." But she didn't. I just did not understand. Instead of never going again, the school room has been my home for half my life. Now after forty years I am back at school and this time from choice.

Big events came fast that fall. School started in September and in November I came home from church one Sunday to find a little black-eyed sister there. Did you ever see a black-eyed baby? They tell me babies eyes are always blue. When I look into her eyes today, so big and dark, I see again her round white head and her eyes like bits of jet black velvet blinking up at me. I loved her then as I love her

now and two years later we both loved the other little sister who came to live with us.

There are two memories of those early years that are very vivid. One deals with that much discussed institution—the school, the other, the city fire. My shortest way to school passed three saloons. Nobody had to tell me they were bad. They looked bad, they sounded bad, they smelled bad. The doors were always half doors, swinging outwards, and all a child could see beneath those doors were feet—his feet. There was no clamor of a brass rail. There were feet that shuffled, feet in shoes that needed polish, or maybe patches. If they felt the owner would soon come out, now I would fly Mercury himself could not have caught me. One day someone told me that a drunken man could not run and how'd it get caught me. Sometimes I would see a man with his arm around a lamp post, apparently asleep, so his feet were sitting on the curb, literally as "sick as a dog" and I knew that whatever it was that was making him come out of the saloon, I'd find it when I hear a school child in his teens say he saw a drunkard with his mind gone back to those second and third grade days and those filthy shuffling feet. I am sure that I am getting the family beer—contrary to the law—and I say these days are perfect compared with

The fire engines held a fascination and a fear for me. At that time no gasoline engine left a cloud of smoke. They were all horses pulled a dramatic part in the city's safety. On those days how they would strain at the first sound of the gong and how they would snap and plunge down the streets, getting the family beer—contrary to the law—and I say these days are perfect compared with

When I was in the eighth grade of school our family made another choice. Father had the government and was engaged in business. As the youngest partner he was sent to open a branch office in Chicago, and west we moved. In that town was no co-education in the public schools. The girls and boys were as separate as the proverbial sheep and goats. It was a terrifying experience.

Does your life stand out in your memory? Boys in back of me, boys in front of me, boys on the right, and boys on the left, and the boys know it. But no matter what they did, from putting my braids to the seat to trying a slug in my desk, I tried not to betray how I felt. Years later when I read, "never show an enemy your weak point, for you show him where to hit again," I remembered how scared I was of those boys and concluded that Mother Eve must have been my helper. I finished the grammar school and moved on up to high school, where at the age of thirteen I became Miss Thayer and actually found out that boys could be fun. Chicago may have been a city of gangsters now, but in the '90s the attitude of the boys of the "windy city" to the girls of their crowd—not just one sweetie—had an element of protection and deference very dear to the

## Did You Say This?

1. History for history; Rhythmic for arithmetic; Valuable for valuable; Victory for victory; Handful for handfull.
2. How do you pronounce Gesture, Gigantia?
3. Kol-yum for Column?
4. "I don't know where I'll go" for "Whether?"
5. Substract for subtract?
6. Was he there?
7. "He might can go."
8. "The cat wants to."
9. "One of my brothers" were helping us."
10. "It was dark when he come in."
11. "He feels badly."
12. "We had a Little Small package in her hand."

feminine heart.

Only three years did we stay there. Father was dead, very desperately ill of pneumonia and the sharp lake winds were too severe for him; so, home we came again, minus the boys.

My one great sickness occurred that winter. For seven long weeks I was bed-ridden during my convalescence learned lessons not put down in books. I saw my mind grow back to me. I learned again how to walk. I who had boasted of never being either lame or blind, for seven years was now thankful for strength to do the daily task.

High school days and graduation. Normal school days and graduation. Teaching days and days. Since the New York Board of Education expects its teachers to continue their education after normal school, several of us decided to combine vacation with study and enrolled in the Cornell Summer School.

Again the boys enter into the life. It is THE BOY. Three summers we played and studied together, and my ambition for an advanced teacher's certificate vanished. One glorious December day, the earth white with snow, I changed my teacher's license for that of another, dear to a maiden's heart. How can I write of those next years together? Of our days in Florida, Texas, Tennessee, of pleasures shared, of sorrows borne, of problems solved, and always together. Then life turned another page and now, alone, I am back where I started—back at school—hoping to be allowed to teach to those who are beginning this journey of life the lesson I have learned, that life is seldom dull, that the monotony stretches pave the way for further adventure if we can but learn in whatever state we are therewith to be content.

## PERSONALS

Thelma Towry spent the weekend in White House.

Miss Martha Buchanan went to Athens, Alabama, Saturday.

Katherine Hatcher and Mil-

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Yours to serve,

W. E. BEACH & BUDDY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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## HORIZONTAL

1. Family of a famous school head (P.).
2. As black as some Normal girls' (N.).
3. What A. P. N. students can't say.
4. Poetic for "ole."
5. Girl's name.
6. Home of Abraham.
7. United Daughters. (Abbreviation).
8. Varnish.
9. One of United States.
10. Abbreviation for plural.
11. Symbol for tellurium.
12. Preposition.
13. Late governor of Tennessee. (Initials).
14. Comparative ending.
15. Knock.
16. Rackeater's Lair. (Abbrev.)
17. Railroad. (Abbrev.)
18. Range of Asiatic Mts.
19. English Novelist's initials.
20. Howing implement.

ded. Carl spent the weekend at their home in Trenton, Ky.

Miss Roseanna Marshall spent Saturday and Sunday with Sarah Burnette at her home in Springfield, Tenn.

Miss Nancy Bradley and Helen Gower spent the weekend at their home in Pleasant View.

Miss Frances Morton has mov-

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