

English Placement Test Given Freshmen; Results Announced

"Girls know their English. Freshmen are especially weak in spelling and vocabulary. Fresh rank below national average." These are the facts brought out by a nationally scored placement test in English usage given to all A.P.N.S. freshmen this fall in cooperation with the Tennessee Council of Teachers of English.

Results issued by the Department of English indicate that the achievements of the eighty-three freshmen taking this test were far from uniform. With a possible raw score of 30, the range was from 26 to 208. Against a national expectancy of 148, the median score of A.P.N.S. freshmen was 129, ten points below the national average. Even so, the average for A.P.N.S. is considerably higher than the average of some eight hundred University of Tennessee freshmen, who took the same placement test two days ago.

C.H.S. GRADUATE SCORES 208
A Clarksville High School graduate, Margaret Paschall, made the highest score of 208. Students in the upper quartile (that is, students making a score of 163.5) are listed according to their rank as follows: Margaret Paschall, Clarksville; Grace Gibbs, Ashland City; Sara Alderman, Wartrace; Jo Ann Cooper, Clarksville; Mary Leann

Dickson, Clarksville; Mollie Bailey, St. Mary's, Memphis; Lucy Harrison, Clarksville; Mary Thomas Sherriff, Eric, Moline, Givens, Springfield; John Marable, Clarksville; Helen Nicholson, Clarksville; Lorette Lax, Buchanan; Elizabeth Edwards, Charlotte; Claudel Boone, Clarksville; Robbie Owen, Cumberland; Hilda E. Smith, Clarksville; Charlene H. Albright, Cheatham County; Sylvia Binkley, Joelton; Hope Harris, Dandridge; Eleanor Choate, Greenbrier.

ABOVE MEDIAN
The following students scored above the median: Dorothy Barfield, Henry; Katherine Paschall, Clarksville; Mary Virginia, Carroll, Clarksville; Angeyn Edmondson, Clarksville; Mrs. Viro Roberts, Cumberland City; Bea Bruce, White House, Rye, Clarksville; Johnnie Harris, Springfield; William Young, Clarksville; Dorothy Deane, Clarksville; James Langford, Clarksville; Ralph Page, Clarksville; Evans Harvill, Clarksville; Landis Wall, Cornersville; Carl Belle, Dandridge; Virginia Lee Justice, Cedar Hill; J. W. Eleazer, Clarksville; Charles Wilson, Springfield; Lucille Lipson, Clarksville.

(Continued on Page 2)

We Jived Joyfully—There's A Reason

EXTENSION OF CUREFEST TO 11:30 MAKES SCHOOL HISTORY AND STUDENTS HAPPY

Dim lights, sweet music and swirling skirts made a perfect atmosphere for the first formal of the year. In the flower-decked foyer of the Myra McKay Harned Hall, the lucky lads and lassies of Austin Peay jived and walked from eight to eleven-thirty, Saturday evening, last.

The newest song-licks, both sweet and hot were played by world famous dance bands VIA juke box. That "let-down, mid-dance feeling" was eliminated by the serving of punch and cookies, which gave the dancers a quick and welcome pick-up. Five no-breaks were featured.

The whole-hearted thanks of the entire student body is due the faculty entertainment committee who made this occasion possible. They include: Miss Howard, Mrs. McWhorter, Miss Tanner, Mrs. Keeling, Miss Smith, Miss Lacy, Dr. Gilmore and Mr. Hague.

Campus Glamor-Boys Are Flying Cadets

After chasing him for two days I finally caught Dr. Gilmore ("Snaps" to the fliers) and got a little information from him concerning the aviators.

Although he would never tell it himself, Dr. Gilmore has made an enviable reputation in the state as director of the C.A.A. program at Austin Peay Normal School. A confidential report of the state director rates the A.P.N.S. program as one of the best in the entire state.

The second C.A.A. program for the training of Army and Navy fliers began on September 8. To be eligible for this program a young man must either be in the Army Air Corps Reserve or be a Navy cadet.

Thirty men are enrolled in this program; ten Navy men in the elementary course, and ten Army men in the secondary course.

The course they follow is very intensive. The boys get up at 6:00 in the morning, report for drill at 6:30, go either to class or to the airport at 7:30, and continue until 9:30 p.m. with class work and flying. Surely, they stop sometime to eat! Or do they?

These thirty men hail from Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Mississippi. Their names and homes are:

Navy Elementary: Robert Crabtree, Paul, Tenn.; Andrew Egan, Richard Rose, Edwin Davis, Warren Hughes, Chattanooga; M. G. Parker, Signal Mountain, Tenn.; William Eldridge, Dickson, Tenn.; Alton Lawrence Petty, Larkinsville, Ala.; Gayle Geron, Huntsville, Ala.

Navy Secondary: Gerald Green, George Darrall, Nashville; Fred Williamson, Nashville; Charles Riley, Overton, Nashville; Charles Riley, Ed Matthews, Memphis; Bill Carroll, Chattanooga; James Shofner, Shelbyville, Tenn.; Ben Hester, Lawrence Petty, Tenn.; Glen Stovall, Highway, Ky.

Army Secondary: Stephen Zeek, George Darrall, Nashville; C. E. Williams, Olney, Tenn.; William Holley, Olney, Tenn.; Booneville, Miss.; Jack Bailey, Knoxville; William Simpson, Ashland City; Casey Jones, Louisville, Ky.; Leroy Raines, Gadsden, Tenn.; Ernest Churchwell, Savannah, Tenn.; Fred Davidson, Jr., Clarksville.

The first program under the new setup was very successful. Twenty-eight aviators completed this course on September 4.

Austin Peay's men in the service of their country include: Ensign: **LEUT. HALBERT HARVILL**, Battalion Adjutant, 725 M.P. Co., Camp Jackson, S. C.; **WILLIAM E. ALBRIGHT**, AAFITD; **LEUT. FRANK ADKINS**, Army Air Corps; **Richard Bailey**, Seaman First Class; **Pvt. William Barrett**, Marine Corps; **Sgt. Davenport Beasley**, Army; **William Gabriel Boyd**, Army Air Corps; **Roy Broder**, Army Corps; **LEUT. FLETCHER CHILDS**, Army; **Carl Culson**, Army Air Corps; **Pvt. William Warren Collier**, Army; **Caruthers Othman**, Air Corps; **Harry Council**, Marine Corps; **William Madison Daniel, Jr.**, Army Air Corps; **Fred Derington**, Navy; **Lewis Harper Dickson**, Army Air Corps; **Henry Reiland Dougherty**, Naval Reserve; **Jack Durham**, Army Air Corps; **Deery Eakin**, Army Air Corps; **Edgar Edge**, Army; **Pvt. Carl Fowler**, Army; **Henry Eugene Goelard**, Army Air Corps; **Sgt. Fred Goodman**, Army; **Fred Greck**, Navy Air Corps; **Pvt. Fred Gupion**, Army; **Pvt. V. W. Gupion**, Army; **LEUT. CLIFTON HASEWOOD**, Air Corps; **LEUT. BILL HALLUM**, Air Corps; **Cadet J. B. Hatley**, Navy Air Corps; **James Marvin Hayes, Jr.**, Air Corps; **W. D. Hudson, Jr.**, Naval Reserve; **Smith Keel**, Jr., Naval Reserve; **Bob Keeling**, Navy; **LEUT. JOE KILLEBREW**, Air Corps; **LEUT. WILLIAM KIMBREL**, Air Corps; **JOE LAW**, Navy; **Everette Link**, Navy Air Corps, (waiting call); **Jesse D. Mallory**, Navy; **William McLean**, Air Corps; **Nevin Lathrop McKinnon**, Canadian R.A.F.; **Sgt. Pete McNew**, Air Corps; **Pvt. Jack Nicholson**, Army; **V. M. Nicholson**, Army; **William Michael Roland**, Army; **Army Pvt. Grayford Nutt**, Army; **George Wilson Parchman**, Navy Air Corps; **Walker Kelly Pinkerton**, Army Air Corps; **Cadet Eugene Hendrix Putnam**, Army Air Corps; **Willis Reding**, Navy Air Corps; **William Adams Reese**, Instructor, C.P.T.; **Ensign John Franklin Rubel, Jr.**, Navy; **LEUT. HOLIS RUSSELL**, Air Force; **LEUT. CARLTON P. RYE**, LEUT. LEON SANDIFER, Army; **Sgt. Cecil Smith**, Army. (To Be Continued In Next Issue)

209 Students Can't Be Wrong

We know several people who would like the following poem dedicated to several professors: "After the bell is over; After the class is through, Why must you keep us waiting When there's so much to do? When we've a scant ten minutes, Going from class to class—We are hard pressed for time, Minutes are bound to pass. Even though you keep on talking, Outside the hallway jam, Of us ever leaving the door, All of us want to scam. There is a time for working— There is a time for play; What is that you have to tell us, There'll be another day. We can't help being restless After twenty minutes to wait, Mail boxes must be looked at, Library books are due. O, after the bell is over, After the class is done, Dear Prof. if you keep me waiting, Some day I'll break and run. There would be much more cozy, Life in this college swell, If you would only cease lectures After the bell."

This poem was written by a student at Chico State College in Chico, California. Because it is peculiarly appropriate according to some of our students, we reprint it here.

Magic Makers Clown In Chapel Before An Uneasy Audience

Are you a physical wreck? Do your nerves in an uproar? Do you have blinding spots before your eyes? Are you suffering from corns, indigestion, warts, headaches, seasickness, and skin arches? If you are, DO NOT take Madam LaMonga's Little Wonder Nerve Pills, because they will do you good. The only thing you can do is NOT to see any more programs such as the one given in chapel on Wednesday, October 14, because this was the first time the A.P.N.S. students the rest of the way crazy. For after watching water turn to wine and back to water again, bombs explode, bells ring for no apparent reason, and fire leap up from water, who wouldn't (Continued on Page 2)

Alphas Wolf Hot Dogs At Ye Park Of Merry Courting

Merle Court and winners plus Alpha Club and guests equals plenty of fun for everyone. Lucky enough to be included. Such was the rumor after the Alpha Club winner roast Monday night, October 5.

Everyone met in front of the Stewart Building at 5:30 and hence took their merry way—some riding, some riding. Those who rode prepared the food and had everything in readiness to begin eating when the walkers arrived.

After food came games and then, as the choir was well represented, all the boys and several girls from that organization being present, everyone sang or tried. With all that to look back upon with pleasure, the homeward march was begun.

A vote of thanks is due Miss Huff, sponsor of the club and chaperon of the party.

On The Beauty Of An Orange Peel

(Special Bulletin: Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce)

To open my discussion, giving strength and significance to the content thereof, may I first lay before you several quotations. I quote from various sources, each maintaining its own individual and separate position, depicting the viewpoint of the thinker; thus covering the field for you as nearly as possible.

First, from Mary Leann Dickson, I quote, "Orange, orange!" Next from the aviation club, I quote the instructor, "The longitude is not quite as long as the latitude, which is not as high as the longitude, which is wider than the height of the latitude." From Robert Weiker: "I'm thrilled to a num!" Catherine Pickering, "Hiery, Hiery!"

Thus you see! What magnificent, what unparalleled beauty! What exquisite line, color and texture! Oh Billy Ledbetter, when approached on the subject, swooned. Need I say more? Can there be one among ye who fails to shiver from the sheer delight of reveling on such an all-deeping subject?

Do you know why Dr. Gilmore, while trying for years to bring himself to divorce Mrs. Gilmore, was

never quite able to reach a definite positive decision? You would, had you given the matter serious thought. Consider: Does not the serve him the juice of an orange for breakfast? No! Does she cut dainty and delicious pieces of this soul-stirring fruit into salads? No! Does she revolve dish? No! What does she do? Ah, clever woman, she places before him of mornings for his first nourishment of a new day—an unmutilated, unpolluted, whole, with the caressing protective covering left in place, orange. (Thump, thump). And what is it that warms his heart to the depths?—no!—no!—of course not! That's right, orange peel! What else?

Dr. Claxton wants our campus kept clean and neat; so do we; and that is why we toss aside all paper and food particles in the cans for purpose of same—but carefully with the tenderness of a mother with her child to shiver our campus, and so beauty is with—orange! (Orange)—orange peel! (thump, thump.)

Charles Neighbors, a leading student, wears a certain theater that (Continued on Page 3)

ALL STATE

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"Remember The Trash Can"

Every year we are faced with the same old problem; trash on the campus. There's hardly a spot in sight of school that isn't adorned with paper, candy wrappers, or cigarette butts. We throw these things on the ground unthoughtfully, and pay little or no attention as they lie there. If we would just stop to think, we would realize what a reflection it is on our school, and realizing, would stop.

We have trash cans placed in obvious places on the campus. It would take very little extra energy to put our waste paper in these cans. Let's all take it on ourselves to see that ONE person doesn't throw trash on the campus, and that one person is a YOU. You are the only offender for whom you are responsible. In addition to this personal responsibility, it might not be a bad idea for the different classes to sponsor a "clean campus week."

The ALL STATE would like to see the slogan "A Clean Campus For Austin Peay" made a rallying point around which all the personnel of the College might gather—administrative officers, faculty, students and janitors. The organization to insure the success of the plan is at hand. A faculty committee on buildings and grounds has been appointed by the President; the four classes of the student body are the logical instruments through which the will of the younger members of the campus should operate. Only the actual execution of the projected plan remains.

We challenge you, the students of A. P. N. S. to barrage that trash can and we mean solid!

Correction

Due to faulty proof-reading on the part of those who run the ALL STATE, two mistakes slipped by unnoticed in the article on new teachers in the last issue. First, the name of Mrs. Marvin Lowe, instructor of physical education for girls, was omitted, and second, the building of the N. Y. A. workshop and the Calvin Hall Annex were credited to Mr. Wallace, while Mr. Minor is the one to whom credit is due for the direction of these construction jobs.

This War's Poems

Are Verse . . .

Caught in the Great Migration from Camp Tyson California-ward, a Brooklynite in the service sends back the following poetic gem on his former temporary home:

ODE TO THE ROW IVE HOED
Fare thee well, I bid adieu,
Tennessee and I are finally through.
Now that we are forced to part,
I open can, and will, my heart.
Pleaded protesting from my northern lair

By government hands planted there.
With true Yankee lack of tact,
I'd never heard of the Cumberland Pact.
And the name of Austin Peay
Didn't mean a thing to me.
Did people act as though they ab-

horred me?
Not at all—they just ignored me!
Never once did they look askance—
In fact I never drew a glance.

Summon up the shade of Dan'l Boone

To try to him I chant this tune,
Curses on thee, little Danny—
I should like to boot thy fanny!
Sleeced would be geography,
If there were no Tennessee.

—P. F. C. Cack Kavanagh,
299th Bn. Bn.
The advent of Cack Campbell
Inspired the following:

ODE TO THE BOYS WITH THE**SAME TAILOR**

God bless you, men in khaki
Who pursue your tactics, tacky.
In the lounges of the church or
U.S.O.

Who despise the chaperones,
Wheede numbers of the phones
Of our fairest maidens pure as
driven snow.

God bless you, men in khaki,
Who, with ideals slightly wacky,
Come in to paint the town a crimson color.

Who, if tavern pores are broken,
And nuts to every ancient, grum-
bling hen.
Are confined to places just a little duller.

God bless you, men in khaki,
With a foody—racky—sacky,
And nuts to every ancient, grum-
bling hen.
For we've polled our true confes-
sions.

And despite your slight transgre-
ssions,
What Clarkville needs is (censored)
million men!

—M. W.

MAGIC MAKERS

(Continued from Page 1)
be slightly on the daff side?

But too late to save our nerves,
we found that it all had a rational cause and that these startling phenomena resulted from the use of chemicals and an electric eye.

This thriller of a program was presented by a select few of Mr. Bond's chemistry class, namely, "Lillegood" Darnell, Earl Bradley, Sara Alderman, Grace Gibbs and Jimmy McKnight, master of ceremonies and general supervisor.

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The Biz Kids

While the social life of part of the world is changing for the worse, the faculty of A.P.N. has endorsed the social life of our campus. For the first time in the history of the school, due to the interest of the entertainment committee and several of our students, Dr. Claxton has given his consent to hold dances later than 10:30 p.m. in the girls' dormitory. Heretofore social activities of this type have been limited to a certain extent. Austin Peay has become a four-year college in its social prestige as well as its scholastic curriculum. Remember, progress is best made through cooperation!

Some of our students have expressed the opinion that fundamental military training such as the manual of arms and drilling, would be helpful to every college man. Many of the high ranking military officials have said that if every young man who enters the armed forces were trained by three fundamentals, it would be advantageous to him as well as to the war effort. What is your opinion on this matter? Do you think we should have this type of training at Austin Peay? If so, under what conditions and to what extent? Express your opinion on this matter by submitting a written statement to the ALL-STATE. It is not necessary to sign your name.

ENGLISH PLACEMENT

(Continued from Page 1)
scomb, Clarksville; Furman Parker, Clarksville; John Dority, Clarksville; Frank Nelson, Callinwood.

Twenty-three Tennessee colleges and universities have been asked by the English Council to cooperate in this state-wide testing program. Results will be compiled under auspices of the Council and re-

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Vesper Services

Held Weekly

The Vesper services which are held in Myra McKay Harned Hall every Sunday evening from 6:45 to 7:15, have been unusually good and well attended. True to custom, Dr. Claxton, president of the college, spoke at the opening meeting, September 13, making a most impressive talk.

Programs since that time have included: a talk by Dr. Pite; outlines of the three religions of the modern world presented by Marguerite Davis; Thelma Farmer, and Gilliam Hawkins; a talk by Mr. Moffitt; the topic "Know Thyself," discussed by the Alpha Club.

The programs are presided over by students and are planned for the quarter by a committee made up of the following members:

Marguerite Davis, La Rue Vaughn, Harold Pryor, Mary Jo Harris, Thelma Farmer, Gilliam Hawkins, Clarence Pryor, Sara Allen, Margaret Evans, Jack Price, Robbie Flowers, Helen Reed, Marie Horton and Morgan Moore.

ports will be made to the Commission of Education, the High School Visitor, and the high schools involved. Upon the statistics gathered it is planned to base a program for the improvement of instruction in English in the high schools of the state.

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REPLACES MISS LANGMACK
WHO IS ON A YEAR'S
LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Taking the place of Miss Clara J. Langmack, who for the duration of her year's leave of absence, has accepted a position in connection with the Brazilian Aeronautics Commission in Washington, D. C., is Mrs. Marvin Lowe. Mrs. Lowe, wife of the head of the History department, is a graduate of Colorado State College, Greeley, Colorado, where she majored in Physical Education. She has taught at Shortleiff College, Alton Ill., and in the public schools at Charleston, Pa.

Mrs. Lowe's official title is "Instructor of Physical Education for Girls" and she teaches classes in Danish gymnastics, folk lore and dancing, and personal hygiene and intramural activities.

Mrs. Lowe is continuing most efficiently with the successful physical education program inaugurated last year by Miss Langmack. Besides all this, she is meeting an emergency with fortitude and is planning an extensive program of inter-class activity, because with all hopes of inter college football drowned, the thousands of Austin Peay are now turned to intramural work. This has to do with the better known (as it says in books) weaker sex, the ladies as well as the lads.

In the Freshman class, four volleyball teams have been organized. There will be a tournament staged between these teams and the winners will play the teams of the Sophomore class which are just now on the road to organization. They will also play each other, making it a "round robin" affair.

An "invitation" tournament will be staged after this and captains will be chosen from all the classes. They will invite anyone, regardless of the class to which they belong, to be on their team. They will make a regular varsity team.

These activities are being underwritten slowly at first to get the idea. After this is attained, the enthusiasm will be aroused and all the players will be interested enough to "stick it out."

ON BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 1)
is more than lovely in tint. Some are shallow enough and short-sighted enough to think he wears it for reasons too ridiculous to mention here; but we of the deeper-rooted deductive powers, realize that in his own simple way (whether consciously or unconsciously) Charles is copying, reflecting, the majestic elegance of the (sigh) —(breath)—orange peel.

You'll find even the sun in his final bow to the flickle day, smiles in orange smile as irregular and lovely as an orange peel—or as nearly as an imitation could be.

We all remember how the great queen of Nostropin reacted when her husband presented her with the first orange allowed mortals from the orchards of Olympus. How she hung the skinned and dripping morsel at the king to pick up the captivating peels for her necklace; consequently losing her head on the dead. (Permanently.)

As the said—sigh—breath—orange peel said—I guess I'll dry up now.

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Saturday Saga Of Yearnin' For Learnin'

Saturday morning is, in the revered annals of collegiate tradition, the most popular time, excluding classes, to catch up on lost sleep. But have a couple of tradition-breakers right here in our midst every Saturday, Mrs. Augusta Porch and Miss Mattie Pearl Ridings of Waverly, Tennessee. Both are teachers in service and hope to receive their B. S. degrees in August, 1943, by taking Saturday classes through the regular school year, and additional work in the special and summer quarters.

...But back to the tradition-breaking! Every Saturday morning, 3:30, finds these two trudging on extremely eerie half-mile to the depot, in rain, snow or sleet, just like the U. S. postman.

The depot, long since deserted, offers but scant shelter to these women, who must sit outside and await the advent of an inevitably tardy train. Sometimes it's minutes late, but more often it's hours!

Aboard at last, they proceed in comparative comfort to Dickson where they are confronted with the confusing combination of going to a CLOSED bus terminal to catch a bus that's not there. Of course, it usually gets there, ultimately, only a few hours late. When at last they are established in this glorified horseless carriage, they breathe easier and settle back to enjoy the journey.

After manifold meanderings around by Vanleer and adjacent communities, the city of Clarksville is approached, with the shining towers of knowledge looming on the horizon. And if you don't think they're shining, just ask Mrs. Porch or Miss Ridings!

When the school day is over, this dauntless duo, in their own words "manage for any kind of a ride home." If they, per chance, meet a friend who is driving back to Waverly, oh happy day! If forced to catch the bus, they fast until some ungodly hour of the night when they get home, because they didn't have time to eat! Even if they must resort to return by pony express, changing to parcel post at Padunk, you can get your bottom dollar they'll be back next Saturday plying us pore non-commuters!

Quiz Dizzy Dames Investigate I. Q.'s Of Chapel-Goers

On Wednesday, October 7, the first student chapel program was placed in the rubric hands of Marcelle Parria, who being a civic (if any) minded soul, decided to attempt to familiarize the foolish frosh and other newcomers, with things, stuff, and people around the campus. Anyone in his rightfully dull state of rationality would have proceeded with a half-hour lecture, but not Marcelle! Recruiting three equally "off" contemporaries, she conducted a cute little guessing game.

When every member of the studio audience had received his clean, white tally card, the Dr. I. Cuties each presented a series of thumb nail sketches of the aforementioned things, stuff and people. Mary Winters and Betty Lou Hassell read their original sketches from the stage, Marcelle read those written by Claudette Boone.

Besides being entertaining with a zip, the program quite definitely helped the newcomers with knowledge necessary to life at A. P. N. S.

Critics proclaimed that although the performance was before a packed house, which was torn down and rolled in the aisles, and although originality ran rampant, historic qualifications were lacking.

One never knows what premier

F.T.A. Commandos Lose Elusive 'Possum

Deciding by their almanacs that 'possum hunting time was just about nigh, "Daniel Boone" Gilmore, "Wild Bill" Fife and "Dead-eye Dick" Fleming assayed about thirty members of the Future Teachers' Association and on Monday, October 12 at 7:00 p.m., they left for the woods.

The food for the hunt was really slightly and politely sending. Even though the little charm marmos of the F.T.A. felt they had taken a course in Jr. Commando training under Little Orphan Annie after they had finished for the night, and even though no little gleeful 'possums were treed, a really solid time was had by all.

might be missed when one cuts chapel—Does one?

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Dope On The Dopes

If I do it . . . Red Skelton'll sue me for plagiarizing . . . If I don't do it I'll get all battered up by my editor. . . Oh nuts—Heads, I lose, tails I lose. . . I knew I'd meet situations like this, 'cause as one little bell said to the other little bell—"My mamma does told me."

Fashion (please) Note: The day of the mess dress with the drip sail is definitely gone.

Sherman-Was-Right-Dept.

We quote an excerpt from one of ERNESTINE'S letters—"Honey, my Navy Air Corps is really tough. Why, sometimes they work me so hard, I don't think of you for three and four minutes at a time." . . . STATION adds in that A.W.O.I. means **A Wall on the Loose**. . . How do you know, Lambie?

Our heroine, Betty Lou Boop, by a soldier was knocked for a loop—

When she said in a scramble, "What's cookin' at Campbell?" He answered her feelingly, "Soup!"

(This is not a paid advertisement, nor does it constitute an endorsement of the product by the Dope columnist). . . Wonder if that was the same soldier that got his tank all beat-up backing out of a barracks.

Date Data: "Twas a rag-cuttin' hamburger fryin' out at the Oliver's (CHARLOTTE and WOODSON) in' other night. Those in the grove were MARCEL, BILLY, ROBERT and the MARVEL, LEWIS and WINTERS. (P. H. I. please note: None of the above mentioned parties has his Jiver's License!)" . . . Seen at the C. H. S. game last Friday night were CHARLIE "Cradle Robber" RUNYON with Colonel Donelson's cute lil' glammer-child, SARA. . . EVANS HARVILL and SUSAN DORRETT waving their eyelashes each otherward and glancing at the every quarter or so. . . "EMBRACEABLE" P. and a handsome man in uniform. . . JOHN C. and JUNE "I want to be a Christian in my Heart" HARRISON. . . (Say, is that a regular Friday night occurrence?) . . . Clean-Shaven LEDBETTER and several hundred CAMPBELLITES lone-wolfing it. . .

Impregganda: The pond near the airport is to be christened Aroka Lake. . . DR. GILMORE burned an electric light bulb in his backyard, giving him an excuse to sing "MAZDA's in the Cold, Cold Ground". . .

Stegans on the Campus: Music Students: "Swing and away with Hagney-hay."

Coach Brown's Classes: "Aw, go to health!"

Co-eds: "We play hard to get. . . away from!"

Cafeteria: "We guarantee satisfaction or double your meal-tickets back."

Dr. Lowe's Classes: "We demand

time and a half for over time."

In-deed, at the Dickson's were "MADNESSWOOD" MCKNIGHT and JEANNE "Dopey" DRAPER. . . OSCAR, trying to be the good-soul or of all the doats. . . FRAZIER and cute CATES. . . TOM BARTON and attractive hostess, DOROTHY D. . . J. WOODCOTT presiding over the bootleg cokes. . . and outstanding among a super-selection of staid-sentin' stags were "TOADY" and "TUCKER."

Defense Stamps can be bought at the Supply Store. (If it's a Bond you want, inquire at the chemistry lab.)

Further Your Education: Join the band. See strange sights. Hear everything about everybody. . . Among the visual adventures is the pageant of CHOCATE and RANKIN casting eyes from drum to drum. . . And what'll you hear? Why, NICHOLSON and BRADLEY were humming power and words per minute have MR. HAGUE suffering currently with dazed science. . .

HORROR—SCIENCE
October will both begin and end this month. So will many Hollywood marriages. During this period young men should be careful about drinking large quantities of carbohic acid. Avoid testing light sockets with your finger or making faces at Joe Louis.

MADAME ZOMBIE, "medium" rates.

Live and Learn that MARY EVELYN really does like a "LOLLIPOP" between classes, and we don't mean from "Lady Lady's Lair," that while LLOYD seemed to be "moon-in" over CLUNAN in the last issue, she's really hitting BURNELL. The Harrier Tradition, my dear. . . that MOLLIIE'S not coming down with the plague when she gets that look. She's thinking about a certain Akronite. . . that NAPIER, the nonchalant, is burning up the U. S. mails to U. T. (Yeah, we mean BETSY, Cain't we never be subtle?) . . . that BOONE, the incendiary blonde, is leading two males around by the nose, namely P. MILLER, who is sportin' one of those popular-with-POOH, CRUDE-OUTS, and ALEX WOODSON, who is sportin' . . . (and I'm sportin' too—a wife and 19 kids by writing this blab). . . that HOPE and CARRIE have ardent East Tenn. swains. . .

Cookin' with gas at the Normal factory: MARY P. MALONE looking lovely, and ROBERT WELKER, who looked abnormally formal and considerably more conservative than he does in his campus clothes—that remote coast with pants that entrance. . . MARTHA JO BUCKNER all done up in gardenia from LOLLIPPO via Metcalf's MARCELITE and DARNELL are standin' over me with clubs! . . . HELEN (no, stupid! Her last name is NOT "HIGHWATER") being squired by EARL and rushed by DICKIE. . . WOODSON doing a new step with MISS LACY, called "Polishing the

Harned Hall-lights

Drips: (from the shower):

That the PHYOR-VAUCHIN rooming is getting to be serious. . . That OPAL WETTON, cafeteria nutrition expert, is doing her bit for defense-taking ELDERIDGE on possum hunts and feedin' 'im sweets.

That WAYNICK and OWNBY are staging an Auction, boom, meg, sink cleaner and dusting rags, for sale. They never use 'em themselves.

That the scare-crows with pig-tails are just new club members being initiated.

That the first dance of the season was a bit of all right, wind with formal out of the mothballs again, and the new later hours in effect.

That the Alpha Club presented to the 'termies' of the "Hen-

Apple" . . . MARY LEWIS and WAYNE having a whooping time. . . CHARLOTTE and BILLY looking like a full page ad for the Stork Club. . . JOY INGRAM basking in the glow of LEDBETTER'S lamps. . . BETTY LOU with the most wonderful looking soldier, and those flowers she was wearing were pretty wonderful, too. . . ALEXLYN and "Bear-clutch" MARTIN fascinating each other. . . STATION and MOOREFIELD, but that's not news. . . THE BOONE-CHILD and ALEX, and that's not either. . . VA JUSTICE, who never looked sweet-enough-to-eat. . . LUCILLE and TOMMY (home from U. T.) reunited temporarily and ooh, so blissful. . . LA RUE graciously receiving guests, and PHYOR hanging around again. . . again, yet! . . . "TOADY" jivin' with HUNT, that effervescent exponent of the terpsichorean art, known to us plebeians as jitterbuggin'. . . Stags, looking very ornamental, but serving no noticeably utilitarian purpose. . . (Zounds! Betcha that K-Oed my camouflage!)

The whole student body hails the faculty entertainment committee with loud shouts of acclaim and grateful thanks for their having been instrumental in moving the immovable to 11:30. . . Cafeteria-crack-of-the-week! "Frane the Lord, I'm getting malnutrition" from the song of the same name. . . S'long—meet me at the trash can with all the dirt, and I do mean literally. It's a date!

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Austin Peay On The Air Each Wednesday, Sunday Evening

The following students have been broadcasting on the Wednesday program of the Austin Peay Normal School, heard over WJZM at 7 p. m.: Marguerite Davis, Marie Horton, Marie Jones, Margaret Read, Mrs. Richardson, Margaret Evans, Iona Whaley, Nell Cherry, LaRue Vaughn, Hope Harris and Mary de Hartis.

The College's regular broadcast is at 6:30 on Sundays and 7 p. m. on Wednesdays. Students of the college and all others interested in the school are invited to tune in at these hours on WJZM. Our several programs have centered about story telling and some programs have been furnished by President Claxton, who has spoken on education and world affairs.

House"—a brand-spanking new sewing machines—no doubt for the benefit of War Widows; and Campaigns that liberate on Friday night.

That, listening to the Grand Old Opry Sat. niles cures home-sick freshmen but recalls too many memories. SYLVIA BINKLEY'S memories come to see her tho' and in bunches—Gosh! And on Tuesday niles three of them.

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