



# AL STATE BOOK CHAT

Published Every Two Weeks By  
Student Body of  
AUSTIN PEAY NORMAL  
SCHOOL  
Clarksville, Tennessee

Entered at the postoffice at  
Clarksville as mail matter of the  
second class.

25c Per Quarter

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## Students, Teachers, Friends!

A startling thing happened in Austin Peay Normal. I wanted my way to the library the other day to study (an unusual occurrence, I grant you), but nevertheless I felt an ardent desire to study. I entered casually, "when what to my wandering eye should appear." The library was empty. There was a student in every chair, apparently absorbed by these leather-bound nuggets from the land of print. My urge to study was postponed and I stumbled down the stairs, to find employment elsewhere. But all the people I passed in the hall were strangers, and I recalled that I had recognized only a few faces in the library. At the cafeteria I was the same. I considered making an inquiry as to the nature of the place I was in, or perhaps it was to be a new place of my mind. However, I banished the idea as a foolish one. Perhaps—could all these people be new students? I have found out that they were. Our enrollment has been increased by one-half its former number. Teachers who have been gaining an education in the school, and experience and have been faced with the facts of their deficiencies were there. These students seem to be earnest in their work. We welcome such a wholesome addition into our midst. As well as deriving a benefit from the contact with teachers and text books, we hope that these new members will be a part of our school and give us lessons they have learned.

There are many organizations in the school doing most interesting work. Clubs, activated by many students, are the students, participating in various opportunities: a school paper, and activities directed by students of the teachers outside of class work. We would urge that the new students make themselves a part of these organizations and lend their best and originality to be a part of our school and give us lessons they have learned.

Let us, as established parts of Austin Peay Normal, join in welcoming the new students to our school—to take and give and make a better place.

"Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbors creed  
has lent  
All needed by each one  
Nothing is fair or good alone."  
—Emerson.

## Items of Interest

Mr. Dudley Tenner was a visitor at Normal recently.  
Mrs. Bell went to Nashville Friday, April 22, to judge the Old Club singing at Park University.  
Dr. and Mrs. Reuben Gordon, and their two children, visited Mr. and Mrs. Gayden at Normal, April 20.  
Miss Gertrude Bartlett, a graduate of education at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, stopped for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, and her former teacher, Dr. Cassman.

You know I think that at this sparkling vital time of the year it's awfully hard to sit down and read volumes and volumes of what English teachers call literature. Now short things that read well and whose of tales, seem so much more in keeping with the brief and sunny spring time. Oh, well, you may call it spring fever if you like, but I still insist that its merrily in keeping with the season.

Speaking of poetry, don't you like that of Edna St. Vincent Millay? You know, she has the ability to put into the simplest and most appropriate language your own inexpressible thoughts. Every time I read one of her poems, I think, "Why, that's exactly what I thought! I just couldn't say it." Her little collection of poems called "April Rain" is chock full of the most fascinating bits of poetry that seem a living part of spring. One poem called "Walrus" is especially lovely. After one reads of the "Then haunting rain" which "my door," every April rain drops taps with inquisitive fingers and seems to inquire as to the within. Then comes another poem about the little hill "they took for Christ to die in." It is exceptionally lovely with its simple words and tender meaning. Millay's "Ode to Silence" is one of the most musical pieces of poetry in the book. Each line seems a graceful flow.

Millay has another collection of poems called "Renaissance and Other Poems" which contains poems as lovely as those of the other collection. You who sigh over "Why is life so short?" seem so utterly futile! I much prefer the quiet solitude of the grave. Just "thine—nothing to beget" "Well, you read "Renaissance," and I think you'll change your mind. It is about one who lived, grew bored, died, and was granted the much desired privilege to live again.

Even though one feels the urge to "moving on the wings of spring constantly now, I promise you that if you read "Mother of Kings" by Norval Richardson that you will become so engrossed that the bluebirds could build nests in your hair. The mother of kings, is Lúzia Bonaparte, the mother of Napoleon. You see her first, a simple maid of the village, the bride of Carle Bonaparte who bestowed upon her children the crown of kings. The story of her life, which she could never curb. You see her last, a silent figure in the Empire of the East. Following the trail her illustrious son had followed so long before her. Through her eyes you see the Emperor of the East, the adamant Napoleon we know, but the dreaming, yearning son of Lúzia—her Napoleon, the ex-quisitely Pauline, and even the cruel, Josephine, become as real as your next-door neighbor. Richardson has insured and held for us between the covers of this book, the crown of kings, the proud unbending spirit of the Bonapartes! Especially has he captured the loyalty of the woman, who, when every other privilege except death had been denied, said, "I bequeath my heart to Corica."

## A MEMORY

Against the cool glass of the window a small indentation was pressed. Its ruddy cheeks and greckled nose were streaked by the smoky drops of rain, and through the cool snot acquired that morning in an unhappy escapade in the furnace room. It was nothing unusual for Tommy to be ordered not to leave the room for a whole day, but this was such a fine day to play baseball or go swimming or slip through the fence into Mr. Simmon's watermelon patch, anyway, there wasn't anything wrong in merely letting the big collar in the coal cellar with the kittens to have a little fun. Suddenly the straying mind was jerked back into reality by a her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, the week-end of April 22nd. Everyone was glad to see Miss Margaret Lucy back after a brief

family whistle across the street.  
"Oh, Mother, Jack is going to play!" Tommy began in a teasing voice.

"No, no, you're to stay in to-day, a kind but firm voice replied.

"But Mother, you see I left my best baseball at Mr. House and if I don't get it Jack'll lose it sure."

The firm note finally yielded to the kindness in the maternal voice and Tommy's scantly clad figure dashed out to rescue his treasured ball. Just a few good "frys" and a minute to "warm up" in the pitchers base some-how required nearly an hour and the belated urbin was only returned to his former place by loud and numerous calls from a distracted parent. With his little slender body rolled up in a big chair, the boy remained for a moment, tentatively engaged in studying the pictures of a story book. Soon his little hand pushed back a tangled mass of disheveled, sandy hair, and lifting his big blue eyes to his mother's face, he formed a question.

Yes, she admitted she had needed a good wash and the cook could manage until tomorrow.

It required several minutes of impatient offers to perform a duty habitually shunned by the exasperated mother would carry out such a task. Tommy, sitting with miscellaneous articles and his bare feet burying themselves in the floor, had strolled toward the village store.

Good intentions are not always firmly connected with the sense of will power, and Tommy's short legs urged on by Jack's excited entreaties soon carried out her feet away from his solemnly taken mission. The funny old naked rooster was hung in a fence and the potter's bent forth were enough to entice any curious boy and send him into fits of delight. Although the middle-aged creak on all the enchanting creaks and squeaks of the fowl, the two boys found that they were devoid of entertaining occurrences.

A new load of hay had been hauled to the barn and for several hours they forgot the cares of the day in performing such simple duties. The time passed quickly and a certain empty feeling finally warned the little run-away's that this was dinner time.

Sitting calmly in the living-room with a very nonchalant look on his face, Tommy was found vigorously working on a tangled mass of twine and thread. To the repeated inquiries of an anxious mother, he replied that he'd been home ever so long.

But the soda! Well, ever simply wasn't any little white le available; so the truth had to await. A sound scolding, then pointed complaints, and finally plaintive sob.

Tommy sat at the window looking out at the trees and the smudged face. Through his mind there throbbed a persistent unframed question, "What question that as yet was all fitting."

## DEFINITIONS

Home is a place where if you have to go there, they have to take you in.  
A clock is something you forget to wind up at night but remember to think when it's quitting time.  
A corner grocery is the place where if you sit down and wait, they don't have it, but will have it.

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## Hoofbeats of Pegasus

I see the hills of Tennessee  
Fair rolling hills of green.  
I tramp the woods of Tennessee  
The fairest ever seen.

The birds sing ever sweetly here,  
Brooks whisper to the sky.  
(Land to me forever dear.)  
Tall trees that bow and sigh.

The dogwood decks the hills in  
spring.  
The red leaves in the fall,  
And if of beauty you would sing,  
You then must see them all.

Life Savers' tomorrow.  
Chewing gum is a substance  
used by a class of people to prevent  
stiffening of the jaw muscles  
while someone else is making  
chewing gum.

Nausea is an ailment, the chief  
cause of which is seeing a college  
girl trying to look like a killing  
machine and talk like a baby.

An umbrella is an instrument  
of protection that is well pre-  
sented on rainy days but is taken  
out and left a scrap when the  
weather is fine.

A letter is a piece of paper  
addressed to a friend or someone  
in care of "Uncle Sam," which  
embarrasses you later or gets  
you into trouble.

## CLUB NEWS

The Dramatic Club  
The Dramatic club met Wed-  
nesday, April 20, at the cafeteria  
for its usual semi-monthly  
meeting. Miss Sara Cooke, a  
representative from the Clarksville  
high school in the District  
Contest recently held here, read  
"The RePrisal," with which she  
won second place in the contest.

Kodak Club  
At the last meeting of the Kodak  
Club, Mr. Bond took the  
members to some of the picture  
portions of Clarksville and  
vicinity and took pictures of  
them. The members will develop  
these.

The Debating Club  
The Debating Club has been  
devoting all its time to the de-  
bate, the second part of which  
was held in McKenna, Tennessee,  
May 2.

The Choral Club  
The Choral club is still work-  
ing on the opera, "Rosamond,"  
which will be given soon, and  
several selections for the  
concerts in the near future.  
The Official Enrollment up-to-  
date, 38.

The Enrollment for the Special  
Quarter up to date, May 2, 1932,  
is 372. The special and Spring  
Quarters together hold 387 stu-  
dents and many more are ex-  
pected to register yet.

This is one of the largest en-  
rollments in the history of the

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way;  
Nearby are grave stones white  
Of those who journeyed yesterday.

In these same fields to bright.  
The children laugh and shout  
With gleeful voices.

In yards where flowers grow,  
The old folks stop and smile at  
me  
No matter where I go.

FREIDA DODGE.

The teachers who  
were here last year are able to  
take up their work where they  
left off as well as select other  
desired courses.

## CLEANINGS FROM ENGLISH THEMES

The Plautine Cry  
The story still runs with  
dusty shadings that lurked  
behind massive pieces of furniture  
and faded floors. The  
corner, I sat staring into the  
dying embers of the fire, whose  
changing glow seemed to move  
about the room, in the recesses of the room. Pan-  
tastic images creeping toward my  
head seemed to threaten to over-  
whelm me. But all was still so  
noiseless that the very intensity of  
it was maddening. From the  
depths of unknown shadows,  
somewhere behind the swaying  
door, there rose a mournful,  
low, wailing cry. The wailing  
notes rose and fell in unbroken  
series—the call of a soul, lost  
and pleading in the night.  
The muffled flutter of  
wings broke the nerve-straining  
silence of the night as a dove  
sought comfort in the darkness.

Ostentation  
He raunted into the class at  
ten minutes past the hour, but  
before seating himself, he paused  
to run his hands through his  
hair, and to make sure that the  
unruly sandy locks were in  
place for the time being. He  
smoothed his brilliant striped tie,  
set his dark gear suit coat  
straight with a deft jerk, and  
glanced his one and only look  
on the high but somewhat battered  
desk. At length he sat down,  
glanced his trousers at the knees,  
smiled at the teacher, the class,  
and a certain young man with  
light autumn hair, gray eyes and  
rosy white skin. He delicately  
tipped his nose, took immense  
tortoise shell glasses from his  
pocket, and he polished them with  
a flimsy handkerchief, put them  
on, arranged his black and yellow  
fountain pen, and borrowed  
a sheet of clean note-book paper  
from a feminine neighbor.  
Ah! at last he was ready to  
begin.

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## SCRAP BAG

## Diary Honey.

Know anything—absolutely nothing. Tell me darling, aren't you somewhat of a comedist?

Every one seems to have quite a library case. The place where I have seen most of the people these days is the library. I am not studying, my eyes feel free to rove about the room and do they do. My papers just get so full of sights that I leave almost blinded. Pull! Pull! I say. Pull! Yes, full of books, full of students, loafers and lovers and the funny part of it all is they seem to be studying. Diary, do you see how this could be possible when the one is sitting so near and yet so far away.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is the golden rule. If you would ask the dorm gals they could give some what lengthily discussing on golden rules or copper rules. We are all familiar with Robert's Rules of Order, but the dormitory girls are all versed in Brown's Rules of Order. Diary, some one actually cited Francis M. Pitt as authority. You see, in a recent issue of the All-State there was a sentence in "Things we are Tired of" that Mr. Bond working his Quantitative Analysis class so hard. Mr. Bond asked who was responsible for such a statement. Jessie Young piped up and said, "Evan-der-Pitt" whereas that chemistry professor said "You may say and I will give you that long experiment to work." Mr. Pitt had planned on coming to the banquet. Berry, Pitt, you could not care when the Crowd roared. Now I think you can't want that case in person? Ha! Ha! Dear Old Lafayette!

I just can't tell it! Hudson went to Ashland City this weekend. I just wonder why this week. Does he like the country or is it that he went for his health—you know, he has a weak heart, being he young lady had been cured. He came back Monday entirely cured.

Since Gilbert Webb heard the Peabody Ensemble, the biggest ambition is to go to Peabody if he ever finishes at A. P. N.

Everyone missed the fun in his life when he was present on the football field Monday afternoon. Just think, you didn't get to see Tillie Panty, Corrie Pany, Vencie Nickelski, Joe Jones, Frances Hunt making runs in the saw dust. Most graceful, I do declare.

Yet they seem to be weathering the time and the tests. Welton, McChase—Darden, Kerr, Leggett, Wall-Joe, Miller, Pungu—Deverox, Taylor—Allen, and Kello—Emp.

Most stop.

INTERVIEW WITH  
MR. MOFFITT

Continued From Page 1.

western life. Then, too, the opportunities for success are better where the population is less dense.

6. Ques. If you received all of your back pay tomorrow, what would you do first?

6. Ans. I would not change my way of living. I would only do what is in the ordinary day's run of life.

7. Ques. Which Ford had you rather drive to New Providence, the blue or the black one?

7. Ans. The one that is nearest at hand because I have no idea as to which one I had rather drive.

8. Ques. Why did you become a teacher?

8. Ans. Because teaching is one of the most noble of all professions. It is a profession that you can recommend to any young man or woman.

9. Ans. Yes, very interesting. He knows it. He and I play as well. He uses psychology on me but he is not conscious of it. He tells me his problems, and I tell him a great many of mine and he is ready to under state them.

10. Ques. Have you any certain characters you have been studying for a long time? What are your conclusions about him?

10. Ans. My conclusions have

not been drawn because he is still living. Information is still being gathered. Some characters whom I have studied have passed on and this leads me to believe that all of Hell is not in the hereafter; that we suffer our ill deeds in part while here on earth.

11. Ques. Did you use Psychology in your love affairs when you were about to get married? I do not know whether I did or not; if I did I was not conscious of it. I did use the best judgment that I had at the time.

12. Ques. How would you feel if someone left you to care for at least three hours?

Ans. I would be as if I had been paid one of the greatest compliments of my life. I would also have these few hours of very great pleasure.

13. Ques. Do you feel young again when you are in the presence of the young? Do you join the Debating Club?

13. Ans. One is as old as he feels. Youth often thinks that youth life is not so happy life; this is not true. Adult life should be happier than youth life and should be happier than youth life, if the life has been well and comfortably lived.

14. Ques. If you had your car, would you live again would you change your profession?

14. Ans. No. I would have begun the preparation of a book for such a student in my youth and have taken it more seriously. No young man can afford to choose his profession; he cannot, after he has lived it, heartily recommend that profession to someone else.

An example of this is found in the "Life of Shumenhach." Another example of this ideal will be found in the "Psalms." The great men of the Bible, men who devoted their lives to the service of humanity, they always concern themselves the latter part of their lives in an attempt to find out who will take this responsibility. This is not so in lives which have been squandered in merely amassing fortune. Ques. Is it I had told you that this interview was to be published in the All State, would you have answered these questions so freely.

15. Ans. I would have had no difference in what manner those questions have been answered. They merely set forth my ideals of living and of life.

PEABODY ENSEMBLE  
SINGERS ENTERTAIN

Continued From Page One.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Vincenzi, Mrs. Gebhart.

In This Hour (Psalms), The Ensemble Singers.

Lo, Here is the Lark—Betsy Gebhart Turner, Vincent, Sextette from Lucia (Donizetti)—Betsy Gebhart Turner, Elizabeth Bell, W. R. Nicholson, W. W. Closs, J. F. Gebhart, E. B. Baldwin.

Out of the Blue—J. W. Nicholson, Group Choruses by Victor Herbert.

The Ensemble Singers. Love is the Best of All—Miss O'Callahan, Dreams.

Mr. Baldwin, Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life, Moonbeams, Alhambra Street Song.

Betsy Gebhart Turner, Banquet For Peabody Ensemble Singers.

Last Friday night, April 29, the Austin Peay Normal was the scene of a banquet given for the Peabody Ensemble Singers of the George Peabody College under

the direction of D. R. Gebhart. Those receiving the guests were: Mr. Bell, Durwood Tarpley, Dr. Claxton, Miss Buchanan, Kenneth Hales, Louise Hays, and Jennie Cooke. The cafeteria was beautifully decorated in spring colors and a lovely dinner was served by Misses Edna Gibbs, Eleanor Caldwell, Novella Walker, Maxine Elliott and Elizabeth Goeche, (members of the choral group) and extended to the guests to await the time of their appearance.

Mrs. Bell was the toastmaster and extended to the visitors a hearty invitation to be the guests of Austin Peay Normal again.

BIOLOGY CLASSES  
MAKE FIELD TRIP

Continued From Page One.

then nature does a lot of funny things when one least expects it. That reminds me of one day.

Sterling was wading around camp, poor innocent took frogs and ran like a deer.

And Nature decided she'd help him find his feet with one of those sudden showers. The rain filled his shoes and soaking them so badly that he was compelled to walk home with his feet in shoes. Shame none couldn't have seen him that day, but then maybe his better the way it was.

Well, Mildred's gondola was her safety of the shore and away we went, back to civilization. The rain was a little better. Some contained frogs, others fish, others frog eggs, others had tadpoles, others butterflies, others worms and spiders, and still others just muddy water, each to be given a suitable name for the day on arriving at the laboratory.

There are many other things of interest to be seen on field trips, but if you are interested in knowing them you might inquire about them. Better luck to you who are not taking biology—maybe you'll get to like it next year as I did. We are now having, thanks to Dr. Grannish.

NORMAL CLAIMS SECOND  
VICTORY OVER BETHEL  
COLLEGE DEBATEES

Continued From Page One.

with his banishment the movement ended. One third of the peasants vote for the soviet government.

Russia has reduced the illiteracy in that country fifty per cent. The United States cannot refuse to recognize her because of the recognition of church property when she recognizes the rights of military and naval conditions in other countries.

Thomas Pollard, first speaker for the negative team, took the stand that Russia has not yet proved herself internationally responsible.

..... If Russia wishes to be recognized by the United States, she must conform to three conditions: first, she must stop [Vopgan] activities in the United States; second, she must pay to the confederation of American property during a Russian revolution; third, she must pay her debt to the United States.

After a thorough discussion of these topics, Mr. Pollard closed his argument with the challenge: "We simply ask the gentlemen

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of the affirmative to do one of two things, to show either that the present principles set up by the State Department are invalid or that the Russian government has met these prerequisites of the United States."

Just before second speaker for the affirmative, stated that "Russia is in need of world trade."

"To a nation that has led its people on to progress, can we say in a few days of debate that that government has no claim to recognition. The debts that were made by the foreign and domestic debts are no longer existing. The United States could be said to owe Russia for people's freedom during the World War. Russia has a government that is firm and stable. The America nation needs to give her the trade she deserves and deserves."

"A multitude of Russians are not recognized as human beings with a government of their own. To have world peace we must recognize this government."

Miss Adams gave the concluding speech in which she stated:

"To recognize the present form of Russian government is to recognize the government in all Europe) is to recognize the Committee of the Third International and render aid to the Communists who seek by all possible means to overthrow our government and our American institutions."

"The intention of Russia is to provoke and wage a world revolution, and the various unscrupulous methods have been employed for that purpose. Russia is at all times at war with the world."

She is using the implements of propaganda and Sabotage and is trying to undermine our American industries and institutions.

"The United States demands recognition by Russia of the validity of her debt to us. Nor do we ask that Russia pay that debt immediately. We realize that it is impossible for the amount is \$604,000,000."

"The United States has said first that Russia must, as far as possible, stop spreading propaganda because we object to it and we refuse to subscribe to so many of its principles. The United States has said again that Russia must make an attempt to compensate for confiscated property and must recognize the validity of her legal debts."

After the form, very forceful and well stated rebuttals in which the Normal team put Bethel on the defense, the decision was made, two to one in favor of the Normal team.

DEAN HARVILLE'S CLASS  
GIVES HISTORY PROGRAM

Continued From Page 1.

with the accompaniment of Miss Kerr and Mr. Wheeler. Another obscure river has been celebrated in song by Robert Burns, that song "Bonnie Doon" was sung by the class.

The Shazron is inseparably connected with old Ireland in

the minds of all the people in the world in America the song most associated with the Shazron is "Where the River Shannon Flows." A class quartette composed of Lucy Pears, Edna Gibbs, Bill Adams, and Kenneth Hales gave this song.

"The Watch on the Rhine" was sung by the class ensemble. This song expresses the sentiment of German nationalism and loyal patriotism. In great contrast was the next selection "The Volga Boat Song," Russian oppression and sympathy labor. It is theme, while before the publication of this song, Volga was just a fire letter word meaning fire. The delightful program was brought to an end when Miss Kerr and Mr. Wheeler played the tipping melody of Strauss' famous "Blue Danube Waltz."

## JOKES

"What that odor in the library?"

"It must be the Dead Silence they keep there."

Father (at 3 a. m., to restless son): "Now what are you crying about?"

Infant: "I wanta drink." Father: "So, go to sleep."

"Utah Humberg."

He rushed up to her: "This is my dance, you know."

She gave him a haughty stare: "Oh, no really. I thought it was the 'Junior Prom'."

—Mugwump.

Mr. Nicholson: "Don't you think this is a duck of a hat, dear?"

Mr. Nicholson: "Yes, but I'd prefer a duck with a smaller bill."

—Volunteer.

Mr. Harvill: "Mr. Drane, tell me what do you know about 'W. G. and E. B. B.?'"

Mr. Drane: "He'll be seventeen next week."

—Selected.

Ysimyth: "Are you going to the show?"

Butsy: "No, I'm afraid the seats will collapse."

Ysimyth: "Never fear, they will be full of supporters."

—Purple Cow.

And it came to pass that Adam had noiled his leaf on the verge of deterioration, for winter was upon him, and his eyes: "Eve, dear, what shall we do this winter?"

"I'm through with Freddy."

"How come, dear?"

"I heard that Fred had Jack that he tried out right in his Studebaker last night."

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