

The ALL STATE

Grow with Austin Peay State College

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE, MARCH 30, 1957

NUMBER 13

VOLUME 27

'South Pacific' Runs April 9, 10, 11

Religious Emphasis Week Scheduled April 29 - May 2; Varied Plans Set

The annual Religious Emphasis Week on the Austin Peay State College campus is scheduled for the week of April 29 through May 2.

A program of varied activities has been planned which should be very valuable to the entire student body. There will be breakfasts in the college cafeteria every morning at 7 a.m. for all committee workers and speakers. Conventions are scheduled for 10 a.m. each day, and small-group seminars and personal counseling will be conducted during the day. There will be evening meetings at 7 p.m. and dormitory discussions at 8:30 p.m. each night.

So far, two speakers have been named for the week. They are Dr. Howard A. White, chairman of the history department at David Lipscomb College; and Dr. Roy Helton, chairman of Bible and philosophy department at Belmont College. Another speaker will be announced at a later date.

Several committee chairmen have been appointed. They are: Breakfast - Sara Claire Greer and Miss George Chapman; Hospitality - Miss Mabel Mescham, Peggy Berry; Personal Conference - Frances Gillock Publicity - Jack Smith, Marjorie Hawkins, Charles Waters; Evening programs - John Lohr; Music - Eddie Francis; Seminars - Martha Parker; Class Participation - Mary Hill Brewer; Morning Programs - Leon Goodley; Dormitory Dis-

sions, Boys - Robert Patton, Girls - Kate Ann Murphy.

The Executive Committee consists of Isham Harris, Chairman; Skay Crockrell, Vice Chairman; and Pat Berry, Secretary.

Faculty Catch Galloping Fever

Just as spring fever and romance hit the students in the spring, the galloping fever hits the faculty. It seems that they are no longer content to stay home and teach their classes. They must go wandering off to this or that conference.

Dr. George C. Grise of AP aided as recorded of a panel discussion on "The Psychology of Communication" at the 1957 Annual Spring Meeting of the Conference on College Composition and Communication in Chicago on Mar. 23. This conference (CCCC) is a permanent group within the National Council of Teachers of English, and is the only professional society in the United States that addresses itself primarily to problems of composition and communication. About 600 English teachers from all parts of the country attended the three-day conference in the Morrison Hotel, March 21, 22, and 23.

Highlights of the convention were the 18 workshops on various phases of composition and communication, two general sessions, eight panel discussions and the annual luncheon on Saturday.

Miss Johnnie Givens, assistant librarian, and Miss Mary Fox Clardy, assistant professor of library science, attended the meeting of the Tennessee Library Association in Nashville, March 21 and 22.

Miss Givens is chairman of the College and University Division of the association and will be in charge of the program of that division.

Miss Olive Brame, assistant librarian, the weekend before attended the conference on Audio-Visual Aids which was held in Washington, D. C.

J. T. Stack and W. G. Stokes of the Mathematics Department were present at the annual meeting of the Southeastern Section of the Mathematical Association of America.

The meeting was held on the campus of Emory University with 160 members of the association in attendance. Forty-two papers were presented, the principal speaker being P. R. Halmos of the University of Chicago. Trevor Evans of Emory was elected Chairman for 1957-58 and the University of Florida was selected for the site of the 1958 meeting with East Tennessee State College the host college for 1959.

Mr. Stokes was appointed to a committee to study the question of competitive mathematical examinations for high school students.

'South Pacific' Cast Relaxes



Speech Contest Held March 29, 30

The annual highschool speech contest will be held on the Austin Peay campus Friday and Saturday. Two hundred students will take part from 25 different Middle Tennessee high schools.

Known formerly as the Tennessee Intercollegiate Literary League, the Tennessee High School Speech and Drama League will have its 21st contest on this campus.

Contests are held in debate, extemporaneous speaking, dramatics, original oratory for boys and for girls, declamation, humorous reading, oral poetry interpretation, and one-act plays.

The following high schools will have contestants here: Howard, Peabody, Hickman County, Stewart County, Cumberland-Nashotte, Clarksville, Antioch, Du Pont, Gallatin, Father Ryan-Nashville, Cohn-Nashville, East Nashville Montgomery Bell Academy, Donelson, Madison, Springfield, Hillboro, Nashville Central, Jo Byrns, White House, Isaac Litton Nashville, and Tennessee School for the Blind.

Registration is set for 8:15 and all contests begin at 9:00. Debates will be held Friday. All other contests will be held Saturday. The one-act plays will be held in Wadell auditorium. The public is invited to attend these plays. There will be either eight or ten plays.

Make plans now to attend 'South Pacific'

Rodgers' and Hammerstein's Musical Ran 1925 Performances on Broadway

"Some enchanted evening
You may see a stranger
Across the crowded room"

Three enchanted evenings are promised when Austin Peay State College's production of South Pacific hits the Wadell stage April 9, 10, 11.

One of the most popular productions of all time South Pacific has such numbers as "Some Enchanted Evening," "Younger Than Springtime," "There Is Nothing Like a Dame," "Ball of Fire," "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair," "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy," "Happy Talk," and "Honey Bird."

Nellie Forbush, a nurse in the armed services, has fallen in love with Emile de Becque, a French planter in the South Pacific, who is a good many years older than she. Beside he has two Tokinese children. Cable a young officer, has hopes of securing Emile's help in spying on some Japanese held islands. At first Emile refuses because of his love for Nellie. Realizing that Nellie is avoiding him, however, he agrees to help Cable. While on their mission, Cable is killed and Nellie realizes that she really loves Emile. Bloody Mary is the local business genius who sells everything from human heads to grass skirts and what comes in the green skirts. Billy, the marine who goes gray, tries to outdo her, but runs a humorous second.

The cast for South Pacific is a

huge one and includes: Norma Benz as Nellie; Raoul Johnson as Emile; Joan Crockrell as Bloody Mary; Larry Womack as Billy; Glenn Logan as Cable; Sherry Hallums as Stewpot; Jim Spencer as Capt. Brackett; and Charles Holt as Harbison; Martha Gates as Lisa.

The chorus is Nancy Killereau, Ann Finley, Freida Moorehead, Pat Trammell, Marie Lane, Annette Taylor, Barbara Bolton, David Hall, George Milam, Dan Dill, Terry Turney, and Harold Black. To AP audiences Raoul Johnson is "no stranger across a crowded room". He is quite familiar. From Waverly, Tennessee Raoul is an English major. He has been seen in "Hasty Heart," "Oklahoma," "A Sleep of Prisoners," and "Bell, Book and Candle."

New to Wadell stage is blonde Norma Benz. She now lives in Clarksville and is a music major. She originally came from Edzell Springs, Tennessee.

Joan Crockrell is also new. She comes from Dover and is a major music. She is a freshman. Last seen in "A Sleep of Prisoners" is Larry Womack. He is from Nashville and is a music major.

Glenn Logan is an English major from Hopkville. This will be the first time that he has been seen on Wadell stage.

All seats will be reserved for all three performances. Tickets will go on sale the first week in April.

Library Meet Held Tuesday

Approximately 375 high school student librarians met at Austin Peay for the annual Middle Tennessee Association of Student Librarians conference.

A total of 43 high schools throughout the Midstate area were represented.

Registration was at 9 a.m. in the Stewart Building, followed by a welcoming address by Austin Peay President Halbert Brunk. The students then broke up into discussion groups under the supervision of Miss Mary Fox Clardy, assistant professor of library science and the college.

At 11:30 a.m. Dr. A. L. Craib, noted writer, spoke following lunch the Austin Peay film "Happy Is The Man" was shown. The Middle Tennessee part of the library association was formed at Austin Peay in 1961. The group rotates its meetings between Austin Peay, Middle Tennessee State College, and Tennessee Polytechnic Institute.

THE ALL STATE

Published semi-monthly by the students of
Austin Peay State College, Clarksville, Tennessee.
Members of the Intercollegiate Press and the
Tennessee College Press Association.
Represented for National Advertising by N.A.S.
Subscription by the year \$1.50

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

By Dick Bibler



"DO YOU BEGIN ANOTHER DICTATING AND STIMULATING UNIT IN LATE MEDIOVAL HISTORY."

The Two Crutches

"A college education is supposed to teach a student to think, but does the U. S. college succeed in teaching him to think for himself? Not nearly enough, says Dartmouth's Dean of Faculty Arthur E. Jensen. Normally, the student goes through college with two crutches: the professor and the textbook. When he graduates, he sometimes stops his education because he no longer has those crutches." Last week, after two years of study, the Dartmouth faculty approved a series of reforms that it hopes will change all that. Chief proposals:

"Beginning in the fall of 1958 Dartmouth College will switch from two 16-week semesters to three eleven-week terms. Instead of taking five courses at a time and thus scattering their attention five different ways, students will be able to dig deeper into each subject by concentrating on only three.

"Through studies will take the same required courses as now, the nature of the courses will be changed. There still will be large lectures, but these will be supplemented by more and more seminars, tutorials and term papers involving original research.

"Instead of textbooks, syllabuses, and spoon-fed lectures, students will rely much more on their own wide (and required) reading of pertinent books and primary sources in the library. The whole idea, sums up President John Sloan Dickey, is to end the student's dependence on teaching," and declare his "independence in learning."

Time, March 25, 1957, P.M.

Are we as students depriving ourselves of the basic tenet of college education: to learn how to think for ourselves; to learn how to assimilate knowledge? Isn't the first thing we ask: Does the teacher teach from the textbook? Does he lecture? Do his tests come from the book or from the lectures? Do his lectures follow the book? How many notes do we have to take?

If the answers come out the wrong way (according to student thinking), isn't that the course that is avoided. Don't we take courses that all we have to do is regurgitate the material when test times come. If a test is given which makes us think, then we scream that the teacher is unfair; that he didn't teach that in class and/or whatever other good excuses we can think up.

The student is not always to blame. If that is what has become expected of college and the faculty of a college or of a particular teacher, then it is not the teacher's fault. No student is going around putting his head under the axe and say "Chop it off." For that is exactly what would happen if the teachers started teaching and giving tests which require thinking. Most students would find their heads lying in the aisles.

Just because a teacher wants to be popular with students or wants his record to look good with the administrations, he has no right to shirk away from his main duty of college teaching: to teach the student how to think for himself.

Ruby's Blocks

Spring with all its glory is finally arriving at Austin Peay. Most of the girls on campus are hoping that spring and the thoughts that come because of spring will bring the boys springing to their apron strings. (Or to modernize it, their bathing suits.)

But honestly girls, you've just got to put work hard and not give up. All is never hopeless as long as there is a squirt of mascara left or a drop of "intimate" still in the bottle. And always remember to be conservative with your charm. Too many girls are flirting when there is not one male around to pant. Just remember the battle cry of a famous general: "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes."

Now, no one actually believes that spring will bring out the romance in men, only women can do it. Just try to do it with a nice, clean cut girl, we can be sure. Being an authority on the subject or men, I feel quite qualified to give some heartless-to-heartless advice. I'm not recommending that anyone follow this advice because if I thought it would work, I would try it myself.

First, if a girl is going to catch a man she must be where the men are. So, since it is not exactly cricket for a girl to live in the Boys Dorm, the next best places are the student center and "Baby Brothers." Be there when they arrive and stay until they leave, and if you're lucky, you should have at least one date if you use the following tricks.

As a dog is man's best friend, make-up is a woman's best friend. Don't be afraid to go "Whole Hog." Why, you don't have to have eyes to look dazzling with all the new eye make-up. These foundations creams, mask creams, rouges, eye shadow, eye brow pencils, lip pencils and lip stick that is "living," and by the way, this non-scent "living" lipstick lives just as well after it has been transplanted, regardless of what the ads say and everything else needed to make your face unrecognizable. You can have your hair dyed to match your nose, or buy your nose to match your hair. And next, to a face there is your figure to consider. And here's exactly what you want the boy to do: consider your figure. Most figures are like old houses, they need something to sort of boost them

our around the top and something to hold the foundation together and keep it from spreading.

Well, that settles the appearance. Next, I will work on the personality. (No one needs it worse!) Even though this is the twentieth century, you must remember that it is the boy's place to take the lead at all times. (Of course, always watch where he's leading.) So all a girl can do is hint for a boy to ask her and then when he even comes close to asking for a date, the girl must say she would love to go before he can change his mind or deny that he asked her for a date.

A question now arises: Whom do you aim your perfume bottle at? Well, the first observation should be does he wear pants? If he wears pants and bears just a little resemblance to the human race you are all right. Then, if you are choicy, you can see if he is unattached, cute, and worth the trouble. (Is anything that is any fun, worth the trouble?)

When you get the first date, and you go to a movie, you can start working on a second date. At the first good preview, remark that that really looks like a good show, when he says he thinks so too then surprise the rat by saying, "oh, I'd love to see it, when will you pick me up, at 7:00?" After that you're really rolling, girl!

BE CAREFUL

Down the beach the searching waves rushed upon the level sand and faster and faster with each surge. The dry crumples of earth were soon leveled into the spongy earth as the waves retreated. Finally they climbed far enough up on the beach to grasp a piece of the torn cloth that was sprawled awkwardly in a flat heap. They have grabbed the wind of cloth and slid it out into the beckoning darkness. It floated until it reached a small bed of kelp where it slowly began to sink below the surface of moonlit bath.

Clearly the waves at the dry sand from under the man who lay on the beach. As the sea slowly climbed around the man, his body began the spasmodic tremors. Concentric ripples appeared in the receding waves as the low-glistering light was slowly winning the beach. His screams now began to rise above the roar of the sea. It was muffled only when he bit savagely into the gritty flesh of his forearms. He bit harder and harder as he rolled into the water, water about him. He bit until blood flowed from his arm. As he tasted the blood he began to vomit and the madly retreating waves carried the blood and the vomit into the blackness of the sea.

WITH EVERY FIRE!

Remember - only you can PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

- space filler -

BY RAUL JOHNSON

The dark water slowly advanced upon the spongy beach in a futile endeavor to exceed the point that the proceeding wave had reached. Slowly it approached the dim line where the wet sand met the dry sand. Almost... then it was pulled back again. Some of the water dilatorily sank into the spongy plain of sand in to fortify the aggressive move of the next wave as it onslaughted the reluctant dryness of the prostrated earth. A few tiny shells sank into the beach as the receding blackness carried from under them the foundations of sandy particles. One large wave took one side of the foundation of a tiny white cockleshell and the shell slowly stood on its edge then toppled on its back as a helpless turtle topples on its back. The next wave filled the tiny, cupped shell with liquid darkness.

Finally the line of wet sand reached the, naked feet of the naked man who convulsed upon the beach. He had torn his clothes from his body. Tiny welts had appeared at his throat where he had ripped at his once-tight collar. The disturbed sand around him was mute evidence of the terrible struggle he had had with his inanimate enemy of cloth. His body became rigid as the cold blackness touched his feet. His head jerked around to face his new enemy of liquidness. His swollen eyes stared wildly at the covert aggressor. The bedouined light of the night glistered in his wide, unblinking eyes making the white seem a savage purple. He stared angrily until his body began to tremble and he could no longer comprehend the sea. He turned from the sea and crashed his head into the sand again and again and again. The sand clung to his forehead and was mixed with his hair with each blow he delivered to the beach. With one last violent surge he cranked his head into his head-dog grave and pressed it there. Quietly at first he began to rock from side to side in the unsure sand. His low spasmodic whine pushed itself down the beach and returned again to his unhearing ears. The sand began to pile up in a placid cry of obscurity as he dug his fingers into the willing sand. Each human claw left a gash in the innocent beach. Yet each animal advantage it fill again from his other animal movements.

The clouds passed away from the face of the moon and the beach was freed from a lurid blue. The wide expanse was unbroken with the exception of the tall, naked man who now lay upon his back, arms outstretched, fists clinched. The heaving chest was slowly winning the battle for breath. The glazed eyes stared blankly at the round light of the night. With each heave of the man's chest tiny granules of sand that clung to the moist skin loosed their hold and cascaded down the human mountain only to be lost in the mass of plying sand below.

The man wasn't old. Only a few gray hairs at his temples gave any indication that he wasn't a young boy. His sand-covered body that he had worn for so long was well-defined in his tense arms and legs.

No sound came from the mouth of the man to rival the lonely roar of the sea as it fought the shore. There was no movement about him except for the heaving chest and the small trickle of salivary foam that ran from the corner of his mouth and streaked his sand-caked jaw.

Down the beach the searching waves rushed upon the level sand and faster and faster with each surge. The dry crumples of earth were soon leveled into the spongy earth as the waves retreated. Finally they climbed far enough up on the beach to grasp a piece of the torn cloth that was sprawled awkwardly in a flat heap. They have grabbed the wind of cloth and slid it out into the beckoning darkness. It floated until it reached a small bed of kelp where it slowly began to sink below the surface of moonlit bath.

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Serious Sandy?



Clarence Sanders

organization is only one of the many offices he holds.

Such clubs as the Veterans Club, the Circle K Club, and the International Relations Club have Sandy's name on their roll. In addition to these, he is on the Men's House Council.

Perhaps the job that claims most of Sandy's attention, other than his books, is that of being Junior Class President. He certainly sparked his classmates to bigger and better things last fall during the homecoming season.

They built the biggest float ever to be constructed on the Austin Peay campus. It had 36,000 napkins in it! Unfortunately, an unkind wind carried away part of them and with them the first place prize, but the juniors did a bang up job of it and deserve a lot of credit for it.

Sandy is an outstanding student - not only in his scholastic and

extra-curricular achievements, but in the enthusiasm that he generates, the school spirit that he arouses, the amiability of his smile. Though we who are left will miss him when he leaves next fall, we send him off - him and his Mrs. to be, June Peihum - with our congratulations and our very best wishes. I'll look you up in four years to fit my 56th pair of spectacles.



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Tom Morgan Leads Governors For 1956-57 Season

Final basketball statistics released Thursday by Austin Peay publicity man, Tommy Crews, show that Tom Morgan paced the Governors scoring attack this year with 543 points.

Morgan's points showed him to be within 601 of tying the all-time Austin Peay scoring record held by James "Bozhead" Stone. Morgan has 1338 points in three years while Stone compiled 1939 in four years.

In 33 games Morgan averaged 16.6 points per contest. In addition to leading the team in these departments he also led the regulars in most field goals, 204 most free throws, 140; highest field goal percentage, 37.7; and most personal fouls, 121.

Kenny Gerald was the second

top scorer with 467 points for an average of 14.6 per game. Other men with 100 or more points included Gene Mason, 319; Chester Garrett, 312; Phillip Brown, 162; Glen Fenneman, 140; Frank Davis, 131; Van Wambler 126; and



All good wishes
to
ALL STATE

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Howard Gorell, 107. Gorell was the leading free throw shooter percentage wise with 792. He hit 57 of 722 charity tosses.

Austin Peay averaged 742.2 points per game while holding its opponents to 69.9 points per contest.

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LUCKY AT
LUNCH TIME?
(SEE PARAGRAPH AT RIGHT)

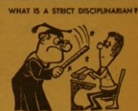
WHAT A MENU! A dank frank, an ol' roll, a pallid salad, and a dry pie. Let's face it, friend—your lunch-time fare needs brightening! Recipe: light up a Lucky! It won't make a filet out of that frank, but it's a *Noon Boon* nevertheless. A Lucky, you see, is all cigarette—all great smoking, all the way through. It's made of fine tobacco—mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. But why wait till noon to try one? Right now, you'll say Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!



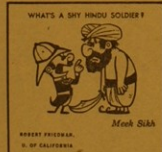
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CHIC GREEK
JOHN PIER,
D. OF PROGRESS



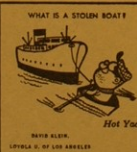
WHAT IS A GREENHOUSE?
BLOOM ROOM
E. NET WILSON,
D. OF PROGRESS



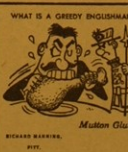
WHAT IS A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN?
MUSH DEAN
CLAUDE GREEN,
GRADIENT



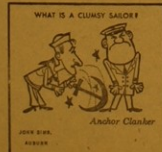
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MOON SIKH
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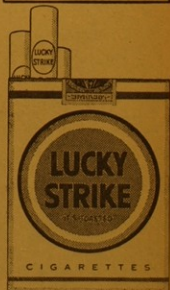


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