

Act Your Age (Mental) At Junior Kid Party Tonight

Dr. John F. Baggett, pastor of the Madison-Street Methodist Church of which Miss Buchanan was long a member, emphasized the deep loyalty which was one of her outstanding

(Please turn to page two.)

ALL STATE

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By Students of
AUSTIN PEAY NORMAL SCHOOL
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RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARTHA BUCHANAN BY THE FACULTY OF THE AUSTIN PEAY NORMAL SCHOOL, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Aside from our individual expressions of sorrow it is our desire as members of the Faculty of the Austin Peay Normal School to express in a more formal and representative way our grief at the passing of our friend and co-worker, Martha Buchanan, who, first as Head of the Geography Department and later as Head of the Department of History, has been, since the opening of the Normal School in 1923 until her death on March 9, 1941, a notable member of the Faculty.

Coming to the Austin Peay Normal School from Bryson College, Fayetteville, Tennessee, Miss Buchanan brought with her sound scholarship and training acquired at Peabody College and Columbia University, and a record of successful teaching and administration made in the public and private schools, and of three Southern States. As Professor of Geography in the Austin Peay Normal School, Miss Buchanan did pioneer work in her field, organizing and initiating courses in Home Geography and the Geography of Tennessee, and thus so enriching the training of teachers for the rural schools that her work was recognized by the Section of Social Sciences of the Tennessee Teachers Association, of which she was a member of long standing and sometimes official in varying capacities.

But her contributions to the life and learning of the School were not confined to the classroom, they were widely spread on the campus and in the community, where as a speaker she was many times called upon for lectures and book reviews. At the time of her death Miss Buchanan was serving for the second time as the president of the College Woman's Club, of which she was a charter member. Indefatigably sociable, Miss Buchanan loved people, and as a resident member of the Faculty in the Woman's Dormitory, she was never too tired to talk with students about their work, about the conduct of life, and about the world of books in which she was so much at home.

Energy, forthrightness, and courage were writ large in her life. In an age when the tyranny of convention would stifle both thought and behavior, her strong individualism was so stimulating. In a time when the world of culture, as the old South had bred it, was challenged by the spirit of a machine age, her rich heritage was of incalculable worth to the faculty and students of a new school struggling through the first years of its establishment.

Therefore, be it resolved by the assembled Faculty of the Austin Peay Normal School that it is our considered opinion that while she was with us, the life and work of Miss Buchanan has been of great worth to the School and that because of the special powers which were hers the place she made for herself can be supplied but not filled, and be it further resolved that these resolutions be written in the minutes of the Faculty, and copies sent to a representative member of her family, and to the CLARKSVILLE LEAF-CHRONICLE, and to THE TENNESSEE TEACHER.

Done by Order of the Faculty

March 12, 1941

F. G. WOODWARD
Committee on Memorials

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARTHA BUCHANAN BY THE STUDENT BODY OF THE AUSTIN PEAY NORMAL SCHOOL, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

Because of the passing of Miss Martha Buchanan, who has been to all of us a respected member of our school community and to many of us teacher, friend, and counselor, we recognize an irreparable loss, we, the students of the Austin Peay Normal School of the year 1940-1941, wish to express both for ourselves and for all her former students of this School our appreciation for her life and work among us. It is our wish that this expression of our sense of loss be transmitted to a representative member of her family and to the Press.

Done by Order of the Student Body

March 12, 1941

Harvey-Moore

Miss Ira Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Moore of London, Tennessee, became the bride of Mr. Allan Harvey, Friday afternoon, March 7th at three o'clock, with the Rev. T. W. Flowers, pastor of the Church of Christ, officiating. The only attendants were Miss Margaret Pardue and Harry Bracy.

For her wedding the bride was attired in an early Spring model of Romance blue with white accessories.

The couple are making their home at 328 College Street. Mrs. Harvey is employed at Dickson-Sadler Drug Co. Mr. Harvey is attending Austin Peay Normal School.

MEMORIAL PROGRAM

characteristics.

A hymn, St. Agnes E. M., one of Miss Buchanan's favorite songs was sung at this point in the program.

Mrs. P. P. Claxton speaking on behalf of the Faculty Women's Club recalled many of Miss Buchanan's outstanding characteristics.

Representing the faculty, Dean Halbert Harvill told of the high respect and admiration in which all held Miss Buchanan. He spoke of her handicaps in early life and of her deep love for the South.

Resolutions were read for the faculty and student body by Mr. Felix Woodward and Bob Buchanan, respectively. A prayer by Dr. Lacy and the singing of the Doxology closed the memorial program.

A couple in love were perched beneath a tree and the bashful male said, "Darling, before we get married there's something I want you to know; some people say I am color-blind." And the bashful maiden answered "Yas suh, ah knows dat."

Athletic Association

Plans Variety Show

A new type of entertainment in the form of a stage-show will be given at the Capitol Theatre early in April, under the sponsorship of the Austin Peay Athletic Association.

"Spring Pulley" is the name of this production and its cast is composed of talented individuals and groups from Austin Peay, Clarksville High School, and others from the City of Clarksville and surrounding localities.

The setting will be modeled after a scene in front of the Castle Building and a local orchestra will cue the show with music.

ALL-STATE PROGRAM

(Continued from page one)

certain readers to keep certain items OUT of "Dope on the Dopes." Marshall Toombs, Sara Hunter, Trye Overall, Katherine Harrison, Fleming Montgomery, Troyce Hutchison, and Miss Margaret Lacy were the foremost contributors.

Expenditures proved to be rather large, however, with two bottles of red ink for sponsors, a gas for Editor Porter's car on trip to Cumberland, replacement of silver mounting at Calfeira after last year's All-State banquet, briar pipe for faculty sponsor, corsage bought by editor-in-chief, and refreshments bought by production department, leading the list.

The meeting went on with members dropping in late, flash news being read from the teletype (Harned Hall girls rebelling at staying out till 10:00 on Friday nights. Big game hunter De Priest traps largest rat known to civilized world in wilds of Hobo Hall, Health Commissioner Gray cleaning up the minds of the Annex boys, Perry Chaffin running away with Ann's picture, and finally a near riot as Porter refused to let the staff leave the meeting until some work is done. All this is climaxed by Buchanan's declaiming "Poetical Questions" and Selp's dramatic suicide.

Those taking part in this play were: Porter, Margaret Hatcher, Mary Win-

ters, Robert Fort, Jimmy Matthews, Seagraves, Armstrong, Ann Harris, Buchanan, Margaret Vickers, Natalie Nicholson, Priscilla Pickering, Marcelite Farris, William Clifton, Christine Mann, Elizabeth Ann Hensley, Perry Chaffin, Bobbie Haneline, Anna Sue Byrnes, John Cunningham, Selp, and Fleming Montgomery.

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FIELD SEEDS

SPORTS

ROBERT FORT

The Alpha Club entertained the athletes of APN in grand style at the banquet; but due to no fault of the host, there was one thing conspicuously absent. The boys were praised to the skies, but there were no sweaters or even letters presented. Any deserving athlete works hard and should have some token of appreciation for his work and loyalty to the school.

The average fan sees only the spectacular side of athletics. He never considers that behind that dramatic, exciting moment of the game were hours and hours of toil and practice. Certainly he deserves some recognition for the effort that he puts forth. Austin Peay Normal is now a four yers institution and should be able to afford to give letters to its athletes.

Including post season games, with Cumberland, APN completed the season with 15 wins and 6 losses. In running up this remarkable record, they scored 1193 points for an average of 56 points per game. The opposition scored only 25 points per game for a total of 831 points. U. T. Champions of the Southeastern Conference scored 22 points against the Governors.

Ward led the scoring with a final figure of 277 points. Fifteen more than he scored last year and eleven less than Lorentson's record of 288 in 1927. Toombs followed with 206, seventy-one more than he scored last year. Bracey and Sears came next with 194 and 125 respectively. The team set a record for points scored in one season, topping last year's record by 82 points. The defensive record, however, was 4 points more than last year's 21.

The individual scoring follows:

Ward	277
Toombs	206
Bracey	194
Sears	125
Greek	119
Blackburn	93
Curley	68
Leve	38
McWhirter	18
Rutledge	15

*Out with illness six games.

Frost Greek is due credit for his late season improvement. He didn't hit his stride until the last part of the season.

More credit is due to "Country" Ward who was placed on the Cumberland University All-Oregon team and to Marshall Toombs who made second team. Says the Cumberland Collegian: "... At the other forward position is Ward of Austin Peay. Ward played excellent ball against Cumberland both offensively and defensively. He was the spark of the A. P. N. team, as their whole offense was built around him."

Sports activity around APN will be

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somewhat dull when the birds begin to chirp and the young blades of grass come out. It is then that the thoughts of most American boys "turn seriously to baseball." It is a pity that the good old democratic game cannot be played here this year. It is the one medium of common interest among all the people of the good old U. S. A. It is enjoyed alike by rich man, poorman, women and kids.

Just as we were wondering what could be done in the way of sports, old reliable Bruce Deutch comes through with the idea that we should have a wide open track meet. It would give a chance for individual accomplishment and competition. Anybody in the crowd would be eligible. It would be better than the halloo for settling an argument as to the celebrity of foot. Watch the weather and the bulletin board for further development.

Again the Governors will encounter some formidable opponents on the gridiron next fall. They will meet the following in this order: Western Kentucky, Murray, Rose Poly, Murfreesboro Teachers, U. T. Jr., Arkansas State, Burlington Iowa, Martin, and Memphis State. The time and place will be announced later. The basketball schedule will include such opposition as Alabama (both here and there) and probably Vanderbilt, Tennessee and Kentucky.

If you saw the picture "Knute Rockne" you may recall that he said to his football squad, "Remember, in ten years the public will have forgotten the best of you." While perusing the old files of the ALL-STATE this fact was brought home rather forcibly. It is surprising how little we hear of our athletic heroes of even three years ago. How many students at Austin Peay are conscious of the fact that Mills, alternate captain at Auburn, is an alumnus of APN? Did you know that Lorentson, captain of the basketball team at Centre this year, played two years with the Governors? It may interest some of you to know that James Craig, the movie actor who was recently seen here in "Kitt Foyle" played football at Austin Peay for two years as Jim Meadows. But now, as the editor is hanging over my shoulder begging me to hurry, I'll sign off by promising more information about former APN athletes in a later issue.

Dopey Definitions

Operetta—The dame who says "Number, please."
Rables—Jewish priests.
Popular—A kind of tree.
Rave—Part of a college yell.
Shore—Reliable, not likely to change.
Tea—The thing that you hit instead of the ball.
Tadderm—The business of hiring an automobile.
Harsh—What's left from Sunday dinner.

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Governors Down Law- yers 56 To 54 In Last Game Of Season

A rabble rousing 56 to 54 victory for APN over the erstwhile (?) Lawyers of Cumberland Thursday night, March 1st, third, marked the conclusion of a very successful season for the Governors. It was the eighteenth win out of twenty-four starts.

The Governors' lead at the third quarter was nine points. Toombs, Sears, and Ward then went out via the foul route. "Droopy" Edwards got hot and Cumberland made a mark for the Governors. With seconds to go, they tied the score at 34-34. "Tich" Curley shot a long looping field goal well back of center as the gun sounded to end the game. He was fouled on the play, and Cumberland claimed that the ball was dead when he shot the basket.

The referee, Cal Curtis, ruled other wise. Field goal or no field goal, Curley had a free shot coming that he never tried. The mood, a dramatic moment of the game (not after the game) was Curley's last second ring. Toombs, Bracey, Greek, and Ward also were outstanding for the victors. For the vanquished, Patrick and Edwards stood out.

The lineups follow:
Peay—APN (54) Cumberland (54)
P—Ward (8) Edwards (6)
F—Sears (6) Bass (3)
G—Bracey (14) Patrick (2)
G—Blackburn Freeman
G—Toombs (13) Fisher
Substitutions: APN—Curley 3; Greek 12; Leve; Cumberland—McMurry 4; Brook 9; Holton 4.

A P Club Illustrates Typical Dorm Life

The AP Club of the Austin Peay Normal School staged a comedy skit in chapel Wednesday, March 6, portraying a ball-session in Calvin Hall. The scene was laid in the room of Marshall Toombs and Cecil Robinson and was gaily decorated with a phonograph, pennants, and photographs. Frost Greek entered, equipped with a mop and pal announcing that he was on his way to clean house for the inspection of Health Commissioner Gray. Then the room was swarmed by a crowd of merry revellers who casually draped themselves over the beds, making themselves at home.

Showing their appreciation for the cultural things of life, the boys of the "Big Red" sang "Coming Around the Mountain," and "You Are My Sunshine" with the chorus soulfully rendered by Duck Price. Pappy Toombs thrilled the audience by singing Roberto Sebastian Lung's symphonic arrangement of "Talking Blues." Terrell McWhirter gave Tommy Dorsey's ver-

sion of "Sweet Sue" on the trombone with Troyce Hutchinson behind the scenes doing the actual blowing.

Resenting Ed Rutledge's spiteful words about Ann Harris, Perry Chaffin went to the dresser and gazed long and longingly at a blank picture frame, remarking on the wonderful resemblance to Ann.

Next, Deery Eakin, newly recruited national guardman, came in to bid the boys good-bye, whereupon John Chaffin, moved by a patriotic urge, followed and little brother Perry, pausing only to grab the picture of Ann, frantically rushed after the two.

The climax of the program came with the sentimental words of Joe Spirkals concerning leaving the dear old Normal for the army. The program closed with the entire assembly singing, "God Bless America."

Joe Vaughan: "You look sweet enough to eat."
Martina Hunter: "I do eat, where'll we go?"

—The Yellow Jacket.

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You shudder, involuntarily. One eye opens sleepily as roommate beams a cheerful "Good Morning"; you close it again and semi-consciously make a grope in the region where the window should be. After fumbling you yank it down giving the innocent window a quite unnecessary bang. You snuggle back among the warm covers hoping for another blissful moment of uninterrupted slumber.

Time marches on and R. M. again announces with a snore at 7:15 fire seven—your'll have to hurry! Morosely dragging yourself from astounded drowsy couch you make a plunge for the closet. The key, hanging inside to grab for nearest shirt you step on the broken bottle that RM swept inside door last week when somebody whistled down hall that Mrs. Keeling was on an inspection rampage. Grabbing injured foot you plow on RM's bed while she solicitously asks, "Oh, hurt yourself?"

Answering that with only the glare it deserves, you discover much to your disgust that there is not gushing forth a stream of blood large enough to warrant your staying in bed—in fact there is scarcely a scratch. Returning to the closet you make a mental note to see that RM moves the twenty-eight bottles that have collected on your side of the closet—of course, four of them are from pickles had on various of your own feasts and two are from hair-rinsing-vinegar—but that's no excuse for their all being on your side of the closet.

You grab the most convenient skirt and sweater hoping not only that they would wear them yesterday but also that they are somewhat resistant as to color. Fumbling in the laundry bag for a dirty pair of socks you toy with the idea of taking a shower and immediately reject it for lack of time, to say nothing of lack of actual desire.

Gloating at the clock you gulp and start dressing madly. Completely—or so you frantically hope—dressed you dash to dresser where RM has long since considerably turned out and left for breakfast. There is time for such minor details as hair-combing, and trying a kerchief over your head to cover a multitude of sins, you make a few frantic dashes at the approximate place where lipstick should be.

Rushing out door and in the middle of the hall you realize that this is the day you have Biology Lab, period, and hearing door slam behind you, you realize with a sinking heart that you have no key. Going back you find the night-datch was on, just as RM always thoughtfully leaves it. Well, there's no hope for it now—Mr. Spafford will just have to give you some more sheets and maybe somebody will have two pencils.

Taking a flying rush at the approximate direction of the steps, you descend them three at a time and reach cafeteria just in time to see drowsy swing shut. With a feeling of compassion for your disgruntled face, and panting breath, they let you in and you fall against wall at the foot of the line with a sigh of relief, ignoring the smug smile of RM who is already seated at a table munching bacon and eggs. Well, anyway you're here!

Classified Ads

WANTED: For my big production—actors, actresses, singers, acrobats, clowns, tight-rope walkers, swimmers, dancers, etc.

FOR RALE—My automobile—Cash or terms. BILL SPAFFORD. WANTED—An extension of time on our party for the student—JOE SPIRAKIS, President of Juniors.

NOTICE—To Squirrels on Campus—You may come out and enjoy yourselves. Buddy has moved me to the country. CHUCK CHADWICK. WANTED—Being musically inclined an "ORGAN", not any old one, but a special model from Dickson.

CATHERINE CORNELL. WANTED—A specially constructed mouse trap to keep those little animals from sampling our candy at night. SUPPLY STORE.

NOTICE—Until further notice we will use "We Three" as our theme song. CUNNINGHAM, NICHOLSON, & CHAFFIN, INC.

WANTED—The money the Soph Class owes me. MANCELTEE.

NOTICE—In marking apples off my diet 'cause an apple a day keeps the "Doc" away. —ANN HARRIS.

WANTED—Sure-fire advice on how to get your man. —ALL A. P. N. CO-EDS.

NOTICE—The Lend-Receiv Bill will never get by Frances.

WANTED: A gal like the one that married dear, old Dad. —PERRY.

WANTED TO RENT—Table-space in the library. JOHN C. and EDNA LOU.

NOTICE—It's not because my ideals are shattered that I want a "Love" man. THE ELDER HARRISON.

WANTED—A man and a STOUT one. —ALEXIS THOMAS.

WANTED—No new lines but MARKS.

WANTED—More fruit, "LEMMING" in particular. —CONNIE.

WANTED, BUT DESPERATELY — Someone to take Overall place.

THE WOMEN.

WANTED: Another female to square up that familiar triangle of HUBBARD, BENNETT and DEPRIEST.

WANTED: More Chewing Gum Samples. —NYA REVITA GIRLS.

WANTED—A shorter route to Nashville. —Several A. P. N. Students (including BILLY REECE, JOE VAUGHAN and CHRISTINE MANN).

DESIRED—That Burnet discard her girl friends on Saturday nights.

—TERRELL MCWHIRTER.

NOTICE—Bobbie is all right in her place but they haven't "Doug" it yet.

WANTED—Choir Practice every afternoon in the week—TROYCE and MARTHA SUE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: — I am now pursuing two courses of study at the Austin Peay Normal School—one of MANN and the other MADGE-IC.

FRED D. WISHED, WANTED AND PRAYED FOR: To discard my scarf in favor of Jean. HITE.

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A DATE

(Continued from Page 1)

situation? Who, me? Oh, I don't think of it at all. That is, I don't think it can help. It's too awful. . . Oh, you feel that way about it? We have so much in common, haven't we?"

Now that was stupid. Why can't I say something that doesn't sound so repulsively asinine? Oh dear, if I'm not careful he'll think I'm as dumb as I am. . .

"Do you REALLY like my hair this way? . . . Oh, you don't, either! You're just saying it. . . Well, that's sweet. I wanted to look nice for you."

That's a lie I dressed up for the women I'll see. But after all, he's not as bad as I thought. In fact, he's quite nice, in spite of his being late. . .

"Why, there's Eagle Court? You must have driven awfully fast. . . Oh, you were only doing forty. Time simply takes wings when I'm with you. —Shall we go in?"

Now why did I say that? But it was the quickest thirty minutes I ever spent. I didn't have to tell him, though.

Sirring 'em along and keep 'em guessing the Book says. Darn the book. . .

"Hey, Suzi! . . . Lo, Tom. . . Why, Ann, you here, too! . . . Oh, I'll have a coke—What else? You DID say 'What else'? . . . Oh, or a hamburger. I guess."

Well, bleech my hair and call me Jeanie! A sandwich? Th' boy must be gettin' serious! Maybe he's like this all the time. Oh happy day! He's the man for me!

"Yes, let's do dance, FRENESI! My very favorite. How did you know? . . . You don't like to jitterbug? What a coincidence. . . So don't I!"

Oh, I could dance with you forever like this—you smell like Yardley's and I love the way you sit in my car. . .

"Our food's come. We'd better eat it before somebody else does. . . Oh, this tastes wonderful. . . Why, don't you know now what I'm doing with my straw? I'm playing 'Lovers me, loves me not' . . . Oh, LOVES ME!"

Of course I had to cheat—but you always have to cheat a little to get your man. If you play fair, you'll get left. I ought to know. But never again!

"I hate to, but really, we'd better go. You know I'm still under-age and I have a curfew. . . It's sweet of you to say you don't mind, even if you do."

If we go now I'll have a few more minutes to turn on the old charm, and he's acting pretty susceptible, too. . .

"Don't drive too fast. It wouldn't even be a novelty to get killed on this road. . . Oh, yes—I—uh, really hadn't thought about it—but I—"

And I was gonna turn the charm

Choir Sings

On Sunday, March 9, 1941 the Austin Peay Normal A Capella Choir gave a concert at the Madison Street Methodist Church. Mr. Hague presented the Choir at the evening service, which began at 7:30.

The concert consisted of seven arrangements, four of which preceded the Responsive Reading and three followed. The program was as follows:

"Go Down, Moses" . . . spiritual
"Were You There?" . . . spiritual
"Thou Knowest, Lord" . . . Purcell
"Christ When a Child" . . . Tchaikovsky
Responsive Reading
"O Thou From Whom All Blessings Flow" . . . Tchaikovsky
"Cherubim Song" . . . Tchaikovsky
"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" . . . Noble Cain

on you!

Please God, don't let me fall in love with him. He was late tonight and he made me come to Eagle Court and he's egotistical like all men. . . But he did feed me; he smells like Yardley, he dances divinely; I like the way he sings and he likes my hair and oh, those eyes! Please God make him fall in love with me. . .

"Why yes, I am a little cold. . . Mmmmm—Yes, much better. Do you really? . . . Me! Oh-uh-yes, I—do."

I hope it's love! I'd hate like the dickens to feel like this and then find out I was just taking the flut!

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