

Thanksgiving Formal Tomorrow Night!

A STATE

Section
582
P. L. & R.

VOLUME 12

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 21, 1941

NUMBER 4

Noted Singer To Appear In Concert This Evening

This evening at 7:30 Mary McCormick, soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, Monte Carlo and Paris Grand Opera Companies, will appear in a song recital here at the college.

Miss McCormick, the former Princess Midvian, has the distinction of being the only American singer since Lillian Nordka to have a contract with the Paris Grand Opera.

Mrs. Claxton will honor the singer with a reception afterwards at Myra McKay Harned Hall.

Student - Faculty Doings

Around the campus are many familiar sights such as "Dean" standing in the door of the Stewart Building on Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays at approximately 5 till 10 giving a cordial invitation for all students to attend chapel—or else!

There was the group of girls that went to the Armistice Day parade and getting there late decided it wouldn't hurt them any if they just sorta got out of sight of the faculty when it marched by, only to find Miss Macy standing behind them watching their every move.

A very familiar sight that can be seen at almost anytime of the day is Mr. Spafford and Mr. Shanks with their heads close together discussing Biology, Botany, or something.

Of course, there is always the gang of football boys (he-men) standing around gabbing with their chief spokesman, and captain, Lucky Knox, mainly hoping they'll never meet up with another colored brother to play against or threatening mayhem to their next football rivals.

Students, did you know that we have a famous radio personality in our midst. His name? Why, none other than F. G. Woodward, our English instructor. Mr. Woodward spoke over that great radio station WJZM during Education Week. All of his English classes listened actively, just hoping he would make one teeny little error (knowing well he wouldn't), so we could roach about it. Speaking of station WJZM, we mustn't forget of station and joy, William Harris, the station's radio announcer.

A lot of small groups are also 'round discussing things in general but the main topic this time of the year is what to do all those long Thanksgiving holidays. Buns, Annie Lee, Martha Hunter, Peggy Jo, Nancy Brown and Virginia Wray all have their heads together trying to figure how on earth they are going to get up to the University of Tennessee for the U. T.-Varsity game Thanksgiving Day. Two other little Southern gals are going to be gone Southern bound on Turkey Day. These girls are Ann Harris, who will go to Atlanta, Georgia, and Betty Lou, who will go to Birmingham.

Did you notice—Miss Langmeck being sure that you "put your little foot right there" in rehearsals for a program soon to be presented by her students. . . Dr. Claxton restlessly peering the halls, wondering whether she is or isn't—she is wondering if the great singer Mary McCormick will or will not be present for a performance at A.P.N.

The Herefords Are Coming -- All Hail The King And His Court

Moo! Moo! Moo! Guess who is coming to our fair city? King Hereford, all his kin will reign supreme from November 21 to 27. The occasion will put Clarksville on the map as one of the top country centers of diversified farming.

Let Columbia bray, and Shelbyville neigh, and we will jitterbug to the melodious mooring of the Hereford ensemble during the Southern National Livestock celebration.

Great was the enthusiasm of the following Austin Peay Normal School girls, Billie Jo Seagraves, Mary Harrison, Connie Phillips, Ann Harris, Lily Terry, La Rue Vaughan, Aleese Thomas, Virginia Harris, Evelyn Dertty, and Julia Mason, who had been summoned by the good dean to report to his office without fail where they found it was for no infraction of rules, but just his selection of hostesses for the visiting princesses and their courts for the big event.

The festivities will begin with a colorful parade Saturday afternoon.

"Goodbye To Gray" Theme Of Musicians' Gay Get-Together

A-sweeping and a-wailing and a-gnashing of teeth would seem proper and fitting for a farewell party—no? Not! Not the party the band and choir gave for Howard Gray Wednesday evening!

Well, maybe there was a gnashing of teeth, but what could you expect when sixty hungry musicians are confronted by a turkey dinner with all the fixings. Every crumb of Miss Henderson's marvelous food at last gone, the group adjourned to Harned Hall for an endless dancing. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed himself—especially Gray with all the co-ed giving him an extra special good-bye whirl. (It was a girl break.)

In case you've wondered why he should be so honored, Howard, who has been a member of both the band and choir since their foundations left Thursday to begin training in the Naval Air Corps.

"I Got Back" - [A Psychology Student's Amazing Revelation]

The day of our departure was a cold windy morning. November 16. We stood shivering in front of the Stewart Building waiting for transportation that eagerly anticipated the visit to the Home for the Feeble-Minded and Central State Hospital for the Insane.

We were all out of the mood to go when two great big buses showed up. As we rushed toward them in the cold gray dawn a few sleepwalkers were trampled under foot, but they were frozen stiff, so it didn't matter.

Finally we were settled. As we sat there listening to Mr. Moffitt call the roll, there was the same apprehensive expression on every face. The same thought was in every mind. "How many of us will get back?" As we pondered that stark question, another thought came to us—we began to wonder what the boys' staunch courage in making this trip year after year . . . but he had always gotten back (one way or another)—perhaps he would again.

The late comers (yet comers), Vaughan, Leming, and Chaffin, rushed

November 21, in which the hostesses and visitors will ride in open cars.

With Herefords to the right of them and Herefords to the left of them, the Regent of the Court of Southern Belles will be staged in the livestock pavilion Monday night, November 24, and one of the visiting princesses will be crowned. Autumn colors will predominate in the decorations and costumes.

Immediately after the pageant, the visitors will attend the Harvest Ball at the Coca-Cola plant and dance to the music of the nationally famed orchestra of Barney Rapp.

The next three days will be given over to the judging and selling of the cattle. Long live King Hereford!

Watch For The Grand Opening Of The RATHSKELLAR

Calvin Hall society will soon announce the grand opening of THE RATHSKELLAR (rat cellar to you plebeians. . . All joking aside, one of the greatest needs of the young men on the campus is being met in the conversion of the basement of Calvin Hall into a recreation room for club and social activities.

Present plans for equipment include a billiard table, ping-pong table, card tables, magazines, books, tables, chairs and reading lamps. This room is in the process of being renovated now with painters and plasterers holding full sway.

There has long been a demand for a room where the boys could "get together", where they could hold such important meetings as "rat court" and freshman initiations without disturbing their more studious brothers. Also the men's clubs will hold their meetings in the new fraternal atmosphere of the Rathskellar.

The management of the recreation center is up to the boys, themselves, and in their working together to make it a success, a more friendly and companionable spirit will be created and maintained among the men of A. P. N. S.

ed up and we were off.

Now it is Dr. Anderson, faintly curious, at about nine o'clock. Moments, idiots, imbeciles (immates— not students) by the dozens were there and the handsome doctor.

There were slant-eyed, short, stumpy idiots that smiled and gurgled like children. Dr. Andrews said they had to be treated like small children for such is their mental age.

There was a pin-head (Wall was called upon to feel his head) and a very fat little boy. "This type," said Dr. Andrews, "is a roll of fat on his neck"—whereupon Dr. W. W. Walker felt of Darnell's neck and said "Yes, sir, your right!"

Somehow, we got away and turned toward Denison which city sports two restaurants. We thronged in, trapped ourselves around the chairs, pulled Vaughn out from under the table and ordered. An hour later we were served, ate hastily and dashed out to the buses. Mr. Moffitt found two stragglers who were late getting served and dragged them single-handed to the bus. (Please Turn to Page Two)

Annual Thanksgiving Formal To Be Saturday Evening

Hey kids! Do you like it sweet and slow or fast and hot? We'll have some of both tomorrow night when Pete Williams and his band swings out at the annual Thanksgiving formal at Harned Hall.

The dance, which is the big social event of the fall quarter every year will feature eight no-breaks during the evening. The various clubs will have charge of decorations and Harned Hall will take on a festive atmosphere with fall flowers everywhere.

Mrs. Keeling and a committee of students have charge of arrangements for the dance. The members of the committee are: Marcelle Farrie, chairman; Aleese Thomas, Mary Winters, Opel Wetton, Connie Phillips, Joe Vaughn, Harvill Hile and Bill Spafford.

Everybody grab a date! get into your dancing clothes and be there at 7:30 sharp so you won't miss the first no-break. We'll see you!

Life In The Army

Artillery Division, 2nd Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tenn.

Dear Hortense:

Just a few lines to let you know how I'm getting along. I am very enthusiastic about Army Camp life. We lie around in every morning until 5 o'clock. This of course gives us plenty of time to get washed up, shaved, make our bunks, etc., by 5:10. At 5:15 we stand outside and shiver while the cook blows a bugle. After we are reasonably chilled, we grope our way through the darkness to the mess hall. Here we have plenty of breakfast consisting of unidentified liquid and choice white or rye crusts.

After going ourselves on this delicious repast, we waddle our way back to the barracks. We have nothing to do until 7:30, so we just sit around and scrub buns, mop floors, wash windows and pick up all the cigarette butts and match sticks within the radius of 150 feet of our barracks.

Soon the Sergeant comes in and says, "Come on out in the sun, kids," so we go out and bask in the wonderful sunshine. Of course, we stand in six inches of mud. To limit this is a few simple callisthenics, such as touching your toes with both feet off the ground, and grabbing yourself by the hair and holding yourself at arms length.

At 8:00 exactly we put on a light pack and start for a stroll in the woods. The light pack should not be confused with the heavy packs, the light packs include only canteen, mess kit, rain coat, cartridge belt, first aid kit, pup tent, stakes, tent pole, rope, a few signaling devices and a blanket. The heavy pack has two blankets in it. Carrying my pack I walk 27 seconds ordinarily, so you see how easy and agreeable it is to romp and play in the underbrush.

After observation car follows us as we hike through the woods, and then picks up fellows who faint. The men who faint or break a leg (anyone with a laxative resembling a dynamite cap in efficiency) during the day are treated very well. They are given six months in the guard house but do not have to stand a court martial. At 12:30 those who can, (Please Turn to Page Two)

ALL STATE

PUBLISHED GENERALLY EVERY
TWO WEEKS

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Fleming Montgomery

SPORTS:

Arlie Manning

Perry Chaffin

CIRCULATION:

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Who's Who In Soph Class

Fleming Montgomery

Tall, lanky but definitely not bad at all, Fleming Montgomery is probably one of the friendliest and best-liked people at the Normal today.

Fleming, of the brown hair and eyes, wandered in from Lewisburg approximately two years ago. He then immediately enrolled in this institution and so far has occupied himself with these accomplishments.

Elected first of all as sergeant-at-arms of his freshman class, he has then proceeded to honor Mr. Hagar with his presence in both band and choir for two years. He has been on the All-State staff his freshman and sophomore years and a few weeks ago was elected secretary of S. C. U.

Fleming, in addition to being a musician, a writer, a singer and an excellent jittershag, has all sorts of friends from the lowliest scoundrel up to Dr. Claxton. Maybe Fleming has some sort of technique in acquiring friends. At any rate, watch out for Fleming, he's strictly without a doubt ————topsi!

Helen Shelby

Soft-spoken, well-mannered Helen Shelby is a sophomore. After she had been around here for two years, we did a "Ganders" and found out about her past life.

Helen spent her four years at Clarksville High quite profitably. She played basketball three years, was captain of her team and was All-Mid State Guard her senior year. When she graduated, she was named an honor student and rated the National Honor Society. Continuing her education, and achievements over here, she belongs to the P. T. A. and was honored by the Orlin Athletic Club by being elected president.

One of Helen's biggest assets is her smile, which is quite charming and vivacious. Helen, to hit the head of the nail is always the type of girl you wish you would be if you ever changed for the best! Look Miss Shelby up sometime... you won't be disappointed. . . .

Mr. Hagar: My! Doesn't that soprano have large repertoire?

Cunningham: Yes, and that dress she has on makes it worse.

—Ward-Belmont Hyphen.

What do you think of the man who named his baby "Weather-stripping," because it kept him out of the draft?

—Martinet.

Hey Kid!!

Keep this in mind while you watch through, "We Ain't Mad at Nobody." What they talk about - -

Jack Price: "Why is it that the most important fellows on the campus always get the prettiest girl friends?"

Martha K.: "Why you concealed things?"

A Joke - -

"Was she a good dancer?"

"I call her mustard."

"Why mustard?"

"Because she was always on my dog."

Man About the Campus - - -

Is the reversible, reversible, convertible convertible oh yes "Peety" Lucas goes with it.

Water on the brain too - -

Mr. Bond: "What happens when a body is immersed in water?"

Betsy Ledbetter: "The telephone rings."

Our Comment Is Censored - -

My Harrison: "My worst sin is vanity. I spend hours every day admiring my beauty."

Jean Dougherty: "That's not vanity. That's imagination."

"I Got Back"

Continued From Page One

Next came a short visit to the airport where we watched an airplane take off and listened to the latest hits on the juke box. Porter and Harvey made a hundred yard dash for the bus that would shame the track champs.

Then came the excitement! We took Central State by storm. A learned doctor lectured to us on causes and treatments of insanity and brought out a few patients as case studies. After Austin Peay students, they seemed quite sane. One woman even made a speech similar to those we hear—a little vague but not lacking in length. Another, a man, declared that he was the original Houdini, having made several trips across the Atlantic on a motorcycle. He informed us that he could go through a needle hole, providing it was a knitting needle. He said he had also been through a smokestack and a sausage grinder, and was ground into forty-eight pieces (one for each state) and came out whole!

The case studies were very interesting, and fine examples for our study of insanity.

We were conducted through the wards which were very clean and sanitary. Many of the women were sewing and weaving, and doing similar useful tasks.

The men weren't crazy — they whistled at us girls as we passed — or maybe they were!

After making the rounds, we reluctantly said farewell (just like a "Travel Talk"), and sadly walked to the buses. As we drove off, we heaved a mighty sigh of relief, for we were all there—Mr. Moffitt, too.

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FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Officers Of Alumni Association Elected

Everybody is saying the alumni banquet was a huge success. Attendance was up from last year, and the business transacted was unusually lively. The A Cappella Choir never sang better. Everybody agreed that only one thing more was needed to make a perfect homecoming—a football game in the afternoon, with the Governors winning. It looks now as though the next alumni meeting will be set for a Saturday in October, with a football game in the afternoon and a banquet that night.

Karl Sexton and Margaret Anderson were re-elected as president and secretary respectively, and W. C. Buchanan from Humphreys County, was made the new vice-president. The Alumni Association went on record as favoring the drive for more paying members, active support of the Athletic Sports Association, the college building program, and the establishment of county chapters of the alumni. The following chapters were organized under the leadership of the following county representatives: Pickens County—Eleanor Matlock; Stewart County—Burdett Thomas; Robertson County—E. B. Nicholas; Humphreys County—W. C. Buchanan; Sumner County—Mrs. Margaret Bruce Hamilton; Hickman County—Clara De Priest; Chester County—Ruth Hunt; Montgomery County—Harold Page.

Other counties from which no representation was present at the banquet will be organized later.

Life In The Army

(Continued from page 1)

limp to the infirmary. At the infirmary, patients are divided into two classes: (1) Those who have Athlete's Foot, and (2) Those who have a cold. If you have a cold, they swab your feet with iodine, and if you have Athlete's Foot, they swab your throat with iodine. Anyone who claims he has neither a cold or Athlete's Foot is sent to the guard house for impersonating an officer.

I am very popular at the infirmary. I told them that I have both a cold and Athlete's Foot. What I really have is gastric ulcers. I know how to keep my mouth shut. The four hours in the afternoon are even easier. They are spent in four, 55 minute periods of close order drill with rifles. We can do anything we like between periods except sit down.

Well, that's all I have time to write tonight, as I've got to rush over to the mess hall. We are having hominy. I'll see you December 16.

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1943, if I haven't been measured, for a wooden overcoat in the meanwhile. P. S. They say it's tough in some Army camps.

O' bye. . .

REVENGE

Dad blame dat sow an' drat the lunk,

I'll swan if she ain't swum

The creek an' got in Josey's field

An' et some corn, by gum!

Cle Jose am gonna rare an' rage

An' bellyache an' cuss.

But hit won't bother me nare whilt,

Jest let him stew an' fuss.

I'll jest set back an' amil' an' grin

Lark he done did dat day

When his hern cow et up my

whiest.

An' got so fresh an' gay!

—Fleming Montgomery.

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Governors Will Play Memphis State Here This Afternoon

Sears Is Star Of A P's Win Over Wesleyan

A pass-magging win of the way by the name of Reddy Sears led the vastly improved Austin Peay eleven to an impressive 24-6 victory over a hapless Tennessee Wesleyan combine last Saturday on a sun-baked gridiron with some 700 loyal Clarksville fans cheering them on.

The Governors scored in every period of the game; the first resulting from a forty yard heave from Halley to Barrett which bounced off Barrett's shoulders, and was touched by a Wesleyan back before Sears gathered the ball into his arms to go over the goal line. Darrell's try for the extra point was low.

The next touchdown was scored by Winfred Lemling who crashed over from his six yard stripe after a sustained drive had started on the fifty. Greek's try for the extra point was blocked.

A pass intended for Renfro, Tennessee Wesleyan end was intercepted by Sears who once more made a touchdown for the Governors. Eakin's drop kick was short.

The game ended with the ball resting in possession of the Governors on the Wesleyan six-yard marker.

Woodward Speaks On Democracy On WJZM

Wednesday, November 12, F. G. Woodward of the English department spoke in the interest of Education Week over station WJZM on the subject, "Educating for Democracy." Mr. Woodward stressed the importance of inducting students into the democratic way of life, saying that the school has failed to realize that preparation for good citizenship requires creative participation in democratic school life. Quoting Goethe's "Only Those Who Earn a Spiritual Legacy May Inherit It," he advocated the setting up of the Bible of Democracy in the curriculum.

"Our Genesis," he said, "is the Mayflower Compact; our Exodus is the Declaration of Independence, which marks the going out of the American people from bondage to the promised land of liberty and self-government. Our books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, our Law, is the Constitution of the United States. The counter-part of the Mosaic Ten Commandments is our Bill of Rights, the first ten commandments to the constitution. These are our 'shalt not's' to our government. We have our major and minor prophets in Washington, Lincoln, and others. Our national song is 'The Star Spangled Banner.' The Gospel of true Americanism is found in our state papers."

In closing he said the school must fashion education conceived in the spirit of democratic faith and devoted to its defense and realization—an education designed to prepare children to defend, to live in, and develop a free society.

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Artie Manning

Well, its four straight now. After the defeat handed Tennessee Wesleyan last Saturday, the Governors have proven their merit to many who were skeptical after their early defeats at the hands of superior teams. The Red and White boys played a bang-up game against Wesleyan, and amassed an early lead which the boys from Athens were unable to overcome. The game was cut short by the injury of Wesleyan's center, Jordan, who was painfully hurt in the fading minutes of play and hence the game ended 24 to 6 in the Governors' favor.

The Governors kept Wesleyan back on their heels the major part of the game with the Athens boys only scoring once and threatening only two or three times during the entire conflict.

The Governor forewell was charging ferociously with Capt. Knox, Bud Barrett, John Chaffin, "Lolly" Darrell, Reddy Sears, and Jerry Eakin distinguishing themselves; while in the backfield Guy Lemling, B. Halley, Yank Keenan, and Beovulf Blackburn carried off the honors.

"Hats off" this week to Reddy Sears who did as fine a job of pass-magging as has been witnessed in Clarksville in several years. Reddy grabbed innumerable aerials flung by Lemling and Halley, three of which counted for touchdowns. Nice going Reddy—

Basketball practice has started in preparation for Austin Peay's recently scheduled opener with Western Kentucky's varsity on December 6. Tennessee in Knoxville on the 11th, and two highly rated Chattanooga teams on the 12th and 13th. A storable squad was out for practice with many good prospects out, including Harry Law, J. B. Halley, Willard Blackburn, Reddy Sears, Ed Lowe, Joe Hunter, Thurston Price, Billy Napier, William Barrett, Jimmy Woolcott, John Keenan, Guy Lemling, Buck Stinnett, Frost Grek, Alvin Koke, Chas. Baruchet, and yours truly.

Raymond Catlett, and F. D. Bennett, potential candidates for starting berths, will enter school next quarter and will strengthen the Governors' cape combine a great deal.

Let's get behind the team and make it five in a row tomorrow when the Governors tangle with Memphis State on Northland Field to wind up the 1941 gridiron season.

George "Buck" Stinnet, who starred on the Governor quintet several years ago is back at Austin Peay this year and those who remember his fine performances are looking forward to seeing him play again.

NOTICE: If the person who stole grandpa's appendix will return the alcohol nothing will be said.

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R. R. Vance Speaks In Chapel On Education

Speaking in the interest of National Education Week, R. R. Vance, state supervisor of high schools, made an enlightening talk in chapel Wednesday, November 9. Beginning with a fitting tribute to Dr. Claxton's work in education, Mr. Vance stated one great responsibility in fulfilling our destiny as the future teachers of the youth of the nation.

Educational improvement increases our ability to make a living. Quoting Thomas Jefferson, the great educator, Mr. Vance said, "If a nation expects to be free and ignorant in a state of civilization, it expects something that never was and never will be."

Emphasizing the importance of the "3 R's" that have been recently brought to public attention, Mr. Vance discussed this phase of education. First, the nation's leaders are faced with the Right and Responsibility to provide an adequate program for physical health.

Dr. Claxton On Education Committee

Dr. P. P. Claxton has been notified that he has been appointed a member of the core committee on arranging the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of the founding of the U. S. office of education. Assisting Dr. Claxton will be the following: Dr. W. Carson Ryan, Chairman, Department of Education, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina; Prudence Cutright, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Minneapolis, Minnesota; B. C. B. Tighe, Principal, Senior High School, Fargo, North Dakota; Caroline S. Woodruff, Secretary, Vermont Education Association, Castleton, Vermont.

Secondly, the youth have the Right and Responsibility to train themselves for skilled and productive work. The third point places on every citizen the Right and Responsibility for a thorough understanding of the Bill of Rights.

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IN BOTTLES

Anachronism

It was the year 1573 in dear old England, and Queen Bess was throwing a grand ball (at the expense of her lords) in celebration of her fortieth birthday.

On the night of the gala occasion, all London was jolly-well keyed to a high pitch and especially was Lady Worthyash, who was lavishly dressing for the event, while her chamber maid fawned nither and yon at the mandates of her liquidous mistress.

"Hortense! Come and lace me up, you procrastinating idiot. My cow and country. How my head is going in circles. Should I wear Savage or Irresistible lipstick? Heck, as long as it's klaproot, either will do—I think I'll wear seven beauty spots—Hortense! Turn that stupid radio off! I'm in no mood for Ye Indeed tonight. Hand me that gilded bird for my hair—wait; hand me my hair first . . . what in thunder is taking you so long with that lacing?"

"The les' got 350 mo' hooks—ides, why don't you git one ob dem zipper knots lak Miss Broadbent's, nobow?" muttered Hortense.

Just at that moment, Mr. Worthyash entered the room and threw up his hands in holy horror.

"Nannybella, for heaven's sake get out from in front of that window! Someone will see your ankles—oh, how shocking! How disgraceful!"

"Shut up, Roger, and get out of my way before I smack your sassy face half way down your esophagus, you snake in the bull-rubies—such pure unadulterated impudence!"

"All the same, I'm going out and see how much you can see through that window!" said the fastidious Mr. Worthyash, and tripped out the door.

As yet street lights were unknown in London and as Mr. Worthyash groped around in the darkness, it so happened that Mrs. Broodgrass, who lived in the flat above, decided to empty her garbage can. So out the window went the skeleton of a pig, some dishwater, some rotten potatoes, and a beer bottle.

"What in the world is that ungodly rumpus? Hortense! Go see what is the matter with Roger now!" screamed Nannybella.

"Hab mercy, Miss Wutheltrash, Mr. Wutheltrash done been half killed! Call de doctor quick!"

"Oh, my cow and country," sighed Lady Nannybella, and snatching up the phone, called the queen's palace to announce that she and her husband could not attend the ball.

"Why, Lady Vociferoustom, you old dear, what are you doing at the palace so soon . . . What! Queen Elizabeth is pitterbugging in a backless evening gown with Sir Walter Raleigh?—Hang up, hag. Central give me Dr. Jawbreaker—Hello, doctor. Come at once! My husband has met with a frightful accident! What do I want you to bring?—Your Cadillac, you dope, you can take me to the Queen's ball! Dear Roger won't mind!"

Dean: I see in the paper that nine professors and one student were killed in a wreck.

Hite: Poor chap!

Dope On The Dopes

by marihauna

TO JUMP RIGHT INTO IT:

"BEWARE—Keep out of the cars, DEAN'S 'hot' on our trail. WANTED—'TILL' that new aviator to ask me for another date—VIRGINIA STATION.

Announcement: I've turned my back to the "WALL". —JOE VAUGHN.

Lost or Non-Existent: STINETT'S wife.

SHOCKING: PALMER'S dating of a supposedly married man. SEEN ON THE CAMPS: 1. BETTY LOU and MARGUERITE having MOORE fun with different MOORES.

2. SHELBY has it in the "BAG". GET-IT?

3. JACK trailing KILLEBREW around.

4. HITE eying CHARLOTTE O.—What another?

5. ELZADA and ANNIE LEE chasing BOONE up and down the driveway in front of the dear old Stewart building.

6. NAT and JOHN in twin plaid shirts.

REMOVED: That "RUSSEL of Spring" is blowing holes in that ancient OVERBY and THOMAS affair.

That something was fishy about the blackout in Robb Hall recently when two fuses were blown out, Eh? JACK.

That those two lady killers, SIMPSON and HAWKINS were seen dancing together and each pretending the other was a FARMER.

That our football hero "Bud" BARKET made his debut Friday night with NORMA HOLT.

That ANN HARRIS and her glorified Soda Jerker "DOC" still jerk. Confosin': MARY H. and the younger WILKIN brother are seen together constantly—Well, BILLY? PRISCILLA's preference for Yanknees from Louisville. That in itself is not so confosin', but BILL is confosized!

NEW: The pool table at SLOP-PY's—Betsy Ann is becoming quite a shark with aid of WAYNE. . .

DRIP: That sweet new twosome, BUNNA and "PETIE".

Patricie: ANN HARRIS' obvious approval of the red, white and blue border on that air-mail special from the Panama Canal Zone. Can you blame her?

BYE NOW—Have fun during the . . . —If you live through exams! We'll be looking for ya amid the "wholling skotts" at Ye Annual Thanksgiving Formal tomorrow night.

Harned Hall - lights

The alumni banquet brought back old familiar faces to Myra McKay for a weekend. Seen flitting around the halls were Mary Plummer, Clara DePriest, Mary McCreary, Juanita

Marshall, and Lillian Hunt.

Off to see the Vandy-Sewanee game went "DUCK" MCLOUD and EVELYN RAY.

Speaking of old familiar faces, who should appear upon the scene the weekend of November 1 but that inseparable couple, DAISY GRIFFETH and ROBERT TAYLOR.

"RICKY" SANFORD seemed to be all smiles entertaining not only Daisy, her former roommate, but also a good-looking blond soldier—(identity unknown).

We hated to see MARY FRANCES NANCE go, but we imagine she's not much sorry, as \$5.05 per month "ain't" hay."

The girl between Iowa and Tennessee with the prettiest dimples—that is, in the eyes of two staunch football boys, is none other than NORMA HOLT . . . eh, Burchett? Are Broodie Crouch and SARA HARPER in a "rut"? or WHAT?!! Maybe MARY KATHRYN JUSTICE should bring her sister, ROSIMMA, to school up here. She'd be easy on the stag line's eyes.

How was the show last Friday night, MARY WAYNKOT? And did

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H. J. MARSHALL like it too ????

We'll be back next time with more flashes hot off the Myra McKay press. 'Til then—there goes that bell AGAIN. Why does it always have to interrupt our thoughts—WHAT THOUGHTS????

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