

THE ALL STATE

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Biber



"He says he finished 't' course work for the M. A. 40 years ago — but he had a little trouble getting his thesis accepted."

Univ. Man Evaluates Little College; Discovers Contagious Southern Smile

Food For Thought

Some people always have to get it in the last word. I guess that's why I'm taking another fling at this column. Remember, this is the one, where the writer quotes everybody else — because they've said it better than he could ever hope to.

I don't know whether I'll quote all over this column or not. It doesn't matter as long as I can express what I wish.

Another school year is coming to its end. The word "end" brings to mind another word—perhaps its opposite—"beginning." But beginning is not always the opposite of "ending"—it's often the logical successor. At least that's the way it goes in the living world.

For all of you, then, June means an end and a beginning. One way you will think of it as a continued process—from school at one level on to the next, which is a process—but it's also beginning—a new chance—clean slate and all that. You make the most of it.

For a lot of the rest of you, the end will be more clearly defined and the beginning will be something different. You're going to be a lot more uncertain than those you're leaving back here. But, you are, in process; and as you have grown and matured in college so have you made yourself ready for your next beginning. You have a tremendous opportunity, a clean slate to work on, and a bright, background behind you. You too can make the most of it.

We haven't really said much. Yet we've said a lot. Summed up now, like this, you've moved on; past one point on toward the next. You have the advantage of a brand new record book ahead, your past can be improved on and won't necessarily hurt you if you don't let it. You can take the dreams and values that you've acquired and wipe the excess mud off. It's one of the few times in life that a person gets "that chance."

It's not quite that simple. The more mud you've acquired, the harder you've got to scrape. And if you wallow in mud long enough, you might even get to like it. But college years are times when the shedding of the dredges can most easily be done. It's a time when you can get a summer-long scrubdown. Use it!

Sometimes, I believe it was Edwin Markham, wrote a few lines which are appropriate in this column.

To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way

- space filler -

By Jim Johnson

Those animals with the thingamawhats under their periwigs, and who are of superior quality in all types of thinking, the Exams, are celebrating the terminus of another academic year.

The candles of seal tallow have burned bright and long in the land of the exammo's. Mooland State College has, for several weeks, been the scene of fervid and passionate attempts at catching up on putting the right emphasis on the right syllable, so to speak.

Ogdon Gnash has been mastered. Its poetry has been assimilated by the best students. The Poos have shown some advancement in the formation and use of proper mannerisms.

Polly, the Polynesian platypus, has somehow managed to stay at Mooland State. She has added much to the campus. Her antics are well known. Her personality is the topic of many discussions — and that ain't all she's developed while here.

Now Polly is ready to go home. She has begun the packing of her suit. The tennis rackets, flattering shorts, baseballs, etc., are all in order.

And all the committee meetings are completed; the Stupid Room has been served well; Polly has loyally supported it throughout the year. Indocrination of Proper Policies for Plain People, Northern Literature, Gramma, etc., have all been taken, absorbed, and for the time being forgotten.

Ogiethorpe Oetrich, Felix Flamingo, and all the rest are gleefully awaiting the last period following the last word of the last sentence following the next to the last sentence in the last paragraph on the last examination of the term.

Mortimer Mole was found weeping the other day, in his mole hole; he followed a professor's suggestion to seriously evaluate his progress. He evidently decided that he has made little. Mortimer, a good lad, no doubt, no doubt at all, has tried. It was not often that he really shirked studies. Why, one night after coming in from a real gone ball, he sat down and studied for two hours. Such nobility of purpose isn't often found at Mooland State. The fact that Mortimer was reading Michael Spillane rather than How Wet Is Education by Dewey John is naturally beside the point.

And one little Frosh, Sally Salamander, from the Solomon Islands, has skillfully shown how she skips studies; she goes to classes. Amazing! One thing, she had an "in" with the professors — seems she stewes prunes for a person who has drag with old man Mooland himself. It all began when some stewing prunes were scorched — oh, well, that's another story. At any rate, Sally knew a good situation when she saw one and she stepped in and stopped the stewing prunes from scorching and has ever since enjoyed the position of "keeper of the stewing prunes from scorching" — thusly, thinking upon her side Apple Mary. Apple Mary is the one with the every ready apple to push. Sally Salamander has been named the most promising apple polisher of the term by the Associated Professorial Committee.

Polly Platypus has hit on an aggravating situation. Outside her room at Hounding Hall there is a balcony. Entertaining ideas of emphasizing the pigmentation of her epidermal layer of tissue, Polly made for the pillared retreat with pillows to park on. Upon arrival, Polly found that the entrance was barred, barricaded with an iron mechanism to prevent passing.

Seems that some foolish females jouled a play by leaving diverse debris around after pilfering the previous door feller and having a nocturnal spree.

Such has been the year. Critics may say that it has been gained. However, Polly passed all her courses. Mortimer realized that all is not vanity — after all, there is still Michael Spillane. Felix finally flew home long enough to really miss Mooland State, and returned with determination to CONTRIBUTE. And Ogiethorpe offered a fitting farewell: "God bless us everyone."

Point of No Return

Farewells are difficult. Not so much because they require sentimentality, but that they invariably invoke a panoramic recapitulation of what has been. We need to say farewell; we need to send forth cries of "hail" for a job well done. Both the farewell and the hail require looking backward. And looking backward is also difficult, difficult because the glance, even the quick, inefficient glance, which turns away from what has been, places one in a position which is much like being caught at timberline while mountain climbing. One can not return the way he has come until he has achieved, until he has subdued; his is a job not completed, though his weariness is near that which is as complete as a job well done and finished.

A resume of what has been can either fill one with shame, finding that his accomplishments are not comparable to his aspirations, or it can fill him with smug conceit in that his achievements have surpassed his goals. If his achievements and accomplishments have surpassed his aims, it can be almost conclusively said that the aims were short of their mark, not demanding enough. Somewhere in between the shame and the conceit is a position which can only come with that awareness that one has done his best — he has put forth his every effort; he has given his all.

The above can well apply to each graduate student. We dedicate these words to you, the class of 1953. Consider them. They are not profound. Yet, they demand the thought of those men and women who shall go from these halls into what has been termed the world, living, and many other things. Perhaps the achievement lies not so much in what one reckons as results as in the sum of the effort expended in order to come to this point of contemplation.

This year's All State is also graduating. She has served her term. In this, the last issue, we present our paper with her own shows. What she has achieved she now shows as factual results of energy expended, the energy interlarded in print which represents the minds of the staff. We make her, we are her.

As we present the diploma, and facetiously enough, accept that same diploma, we shall dare to look in retrospect to what has been, to judge both the aims and the achievements of the All State.

Our aim has been before presented. To serve as a laboratory for students interested in journalism, to present a written record of the happenings for the 1952-1953 year at Austin Peay, and to serve the best interest of the school, have been the three major aims of the paper.

Almost beside the point, we can claim the hoped for experience! We also submit to those interested a record of the year and feel that the job has been adequately covered. The feeling is not a feeling of conceit, nor is it that of shame. We shall, however, have to admit that the satisfaction is not as complete as it might have been.

(Continued on Page 4)

And the high soul takes the high way
And the low soul takes the low
While in between on the misty
Tide.

The rest drift to and fro,
To every man there openeth
A highway and a low
And every man doeth
The way his soul shall go.

Summer Summons Students To Studying, Sailing and Sightseeing



Miss Mary Fox Clardy

After teaching during the summer quarter, Miss Clardy plans to fly in the general direction of Europe. We say general, for her plans include tours of England, Holland, Belgium, East Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. Part of her tour will be independent, and part with an organized touring agency. The Scandinavian countries are also slated for a visit.

Miss Clardy's vacation will begin with our very best wishes for a Bon Voyage on August fifteenth and a hearty "welcome home" on September twenty-fifth.

Mary Mattingly

San Antonio, Texas, will be the destination of Mary Mattingly who will leave Friday, June 5, to attend the Incarnate Word Catholic College.

Mary plans to stay six weeks and take courses in Methods of Teaching Religion. The school is under the sponsorship of the National Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

An elementary education major, Mary may be remembered as an Iris Queen attendant and as Sophomore Homecoming Queen.



Billy Underhill

Relaying before a long summer of Naval Cadet Training is Billy Underhill, a sophomore from Nashville.

Billy will start his eighteen months of training at Pensacola, Florida, on June 15. He will attend four bases in Florida to complete different phases of his training.

Eventually, Billy hopes to become a jet pilot.

The future "Nav-Cad" is a cheerleader and is majoring in history.

Helen Culberson

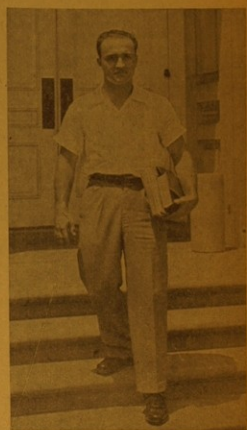
Off on an exciting trip to Europe this summer is Helen Culberson from Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

Helen plans to make a tour of the Continent with a student group. She will sail from Quebec on June 12, aboard the U. S. Atlantic.

The tour will include visits to the Capitols of England, France, Austria, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. Helen plans to enjoy nine excitement-packed weeks, highlighted by a visit to the Music Festival at Salzburg.

James Daley

Jones, a third quarter Sophomore physical education and health major plans to stay at A. P. this summer and take sixteen or seventeen hours work. James is from Philadelphia, Pa.; he works at the A&P store.



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