

THE ALL STATE

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

by Dick Bibler



"Yeah, well they sure have bull sessions in my room until I thought of weorin' tennis shoes on 'not washing my socks.'"

Letters To The Editor

Dear Madame Editor:

In my opinion the time has come for a change at Austin Peay State College.

At our homecoming game, the band played "A Song for Austin Peay." The fans stood as if it were our Alma Mater. Could we take this as a standing vote for this song?

Since we have this song, which would be perfect as an Alma Mater, why don't we use it? Why not be a little individualistic?

The college is fortunate in having a talented person like Dr. Charles Oary, who is capable of writing such appropriate school songs, but still we use an old hash-up, worn-out song which has been used by thousands of grammar schools, high schools and colleges (Vandy and Cornell, to name a couple) for years and years.

We are greatly indebted to Dr. Oary for our favorite fight songs, "Smash Bang" and "Go, Governors Go." And yet we have almost completely ignored his song which might become one of the most beautiful Alma Meters of the country. Are we really going to "grow w/h Austin Peay State College," or are we going to plod along forever with a school song which was written back in the Dark Ages?

It is my belief that this song, "A Song for Austin Peay," is the song of Austin Peay State College. So let's get the ball rolling and adopt this song as our new Alma Mater.

An Individualist

Dear Editor:

A few years ago we became the proud owners of the carillon chimed that are in the tower of the Administration Building. We enjoy them and they govern our time from morning to evening. Their help is invaluable as well as pleasant to us as we go to and from class. However, there are times when the chimed are distracting if not downright annoying.

For example take the entertainment in assembly last week. The first time Dr. Gerald was able to pass off the chimed as a joke. The second time he just ignored them. The last time (Three long rings) came just as the good doctor had said for complete silence in which to carry out his hypothesis. Complete silence, Ha.

One last year at Farewell and Good-bye when the reading was quiet and beautiful, we were interrupted by a loud bawling BOING BOING. The choir reached out King Tut to quiver in his favorite pyramid.

These are not isolated cases. They happen almost every time. They are now a program in the auditorium. The choir reaches out max in the program—ever music is heard—that is, until Big Ben

Mirth and Madness

by Jimmy Marshall

It may interest some of you scientists to know that the law of gravity sometimes doesn't work; for instance, it's easier to pick up a girl than it is to drop her.

Television is really a marvelous invention; for a long time we could only hear static, now we can see it. You heard that vaudeville did, where television is the box they put it in.

Overheard in the student room: "I wish I had enough money to buy an elephant."

"What on earth do you need an elephant for?" "I don't. I just need the money."

The reason there are so few good talkers in public is that there are so few thinkers in private. I was talking to an old gentleman not long ago on the street near school. The topic of conversation was the inevitable, taxes. As a school bus passed by, he exclaimed, "Gee! That's what, instead. When I was a boy we walked three miles to school. Now we spend \$5,000 for a bus to tick up the child drive so they don't have to walk. Then we spend \$20,000 for a gymnasium so they can get proper exercise!"

It's a shame that \$2 bills are so scarce—there's so handy for buying a dollar's worth of anything.

I wish we could go back to the time when Russia was known for its caviar instead of its baloney. Seeing ourselves as others see us wouldn't do any good. We wouldn't believe it anyway.

The trouble with our country is that there are too many wide open spaces surrounded by teeth.

From the Toastmaster's (Man-ual) Formula for success—stand up to be seen; speak to be heard; shut up to be appreciated.

Question comes from the week: Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Chapman's sandwiches?

I will leave you with the immortal words of that ancient aboriginal philosopher, Calokoykoykero, who said, "Live it up."

pipies up—and then nothing is heard for a couple of minutes.

I'm not kidding around, throwing the chimed off the campus. I enjoy them immensely even to "Some Enchanted Evening" at eight o'clock in the morning. It's just that I don't want to hear them when there's a good program in chapel.

The chimed are off from 10 p. m. to 7 a. m. Special music can be played for some programs. So, why doesn't some mechanical genius twist a few wires so that the clock won't chime during assembly? And during special programs?

TENDER EAR

- space filler -

By Durward Harris

One upon a pale blue moon, a guy named Joe Jones, local boy hero and the Honest American type got the grand idea of going to college. Our Joe was not unlike thousands of other Jones, Smiths, and Schmaltzes in this sashay into further education, for he had heard that a college degree would do things for a guy, such as make him a living, gain friends and influence people, especially the girls. So, Mr. J. went to town with big ideas about the worlds that he was about to conquer, the great discoveries that he was going to make, and how he was going to run things when he got out. Joe is a good guy, don't get the wrong idea. He belongs to the Federation of Sheep-skin lovers, a couple of clubs with Greek names and goes to the FTA as regularly as the changing of the moon. He can trace his ancestry back to the Mayflower and his pa is a member of everything from the chamber of commerce to the League to Save Limping Lillies. Joe figures with all that, he can't lose. Well, maybe you can't, Mr. Jones, and here's wishing you luck. But while you're inhaling that cup of Java, twist an ear this way.

In the first place, Joe, this world is full of good guys who can trace their ancestry back to the Mayflower and who have an old man who knows the man who knows. But somebody has got the idea that a guy has to earn the bread that he eats and what he drinks. There's been a Book around for quite a while that says something about "eating by the sweat of the face." Not that I'm trying to condemn you to a life of slavery in the salt mines, or anything like that. I hope that you can sit at your magic carpet, all of your life and have your coffee served 'a la beautiful girls. But I hear by the grapevine that it's not like that outside. Somehow this cruel world that we were placed in has a way of finding out just what a guy is worth and they have a habit of paying him for just about that. You know Joe, I like that expression "by the sweat of the face." Sort of makes a guy who is going to make a living by the use of the nogging feel good, as you say.

What's this got to do with you? Well, maybe not anything, and maybe a whole lot. You can get through this institution by majoring in almost anything from Physiology of the Firefly to the Philosophy of the Roman Empire and by studying anywhere from fifty hours a week down to thirty minutes a month. And in my humble opinion, Joe, the grades you make aren't worth a tinker's dam to you. Grades were invented for parents who think that an "A" represents a good student. The best little darling in the class as they have suspected all along. What it all amounts to is that we have found out that our teachers don't know so much about us, after all, and this grading proposition is unreliable to say the least. And if you have wised up to the situation you know that you can cram a couple of nights before the exam and make the grade that looks pretty good on the sheet, and still not know enough to choke a fly.

So, let's face it, Joe, my old boy, it's pretty much up to you. You can cut out of this book with straight "A's" and a BS in Applied Apple Polishing and still not know enough to make a living for a gnat with a good-sized tapeworm. Sure, I know that Sam the Student is a little bit of a smarty, but a little bit of a smarty is all right. He's a little bit of a smarty and studies only when the moon changes on the Fourth of July. But I also know that Sam is missing the opportunity of his life by not learning all that he can while the occasion presents itself. Not that I advocate running to the Encyclopedia Britannica and studying the life cycle of the Hopi Indians every time that we have a spare moment. Someone has made the remarkable discovery that we should educate the whole individual, and that includes you, you know, you, you, too. On the other hand, it includes almost anybody. So that we can apply to carrying all this stuff called bread and butter and a coke now and then. What I'm trying to say, Joe, is that the old law that says that "you get out of something what you put into it," still holds.

So, Mr. Jones, you're in college. And what you do about it is up to you. You can do practically nothing and no one will know—that is, except you, if you play the game right. So, maybe you'll wake up with an educational program that's a little bit better than the one you're in now. But remember, you can hate yourself in the morning.

AG Club Thrashes Out Grand Prize



The grand prize winning float, sponsored by the AG Club, is shown here. The other prizes in the club contest were presented to the ALL STATE, second place; and the Industrial Arts Club, third place.

McClelland

(Continued from Page One)

performances as Juliet. Her next opera was "I Pagliacci," in which she sang the role of Nedda. She appeared in Mr. Wagner's touring production of this opera 35 times during the fall and winter of 1949.

In private life Miss McClelland is the wife of Purdyce Wood Mitchell, of the Vanderbilt University faculty at Nashville, Tennessee. She is the mother of a three year old son and a daughter born this past spring. Since making her home in Nashville, Miss McClelland has concentrated extensively, has a

regular radio program on station WSM, and is in constant demand as church soloist.

Miss McClelland appeared as star of the Memphis Open Air Theatre's production of "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time," in July, 1951 and received reviews praising her lovely voice and histrionic ability. With an exciting, glamorous stage presence, Miss McClelland has a broad repertoire sung with authority of style and interpretation.

She appeared this summer with the Nashville Symphony Orchestra.

Her accompanist for the program here will be Dr. Werner Zepftrick.

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JUST HINTIN'

Looking around the campus we see faded crepe paper streamers, beat up lumber, and bedraggled students. Yes, homecoming is over, but to the tune of groans and moans, school continues.

Orchids, to those who did their all to make this year's homecoming the biggest and best ever. Oodles to those who, as usual, did nothing, stayed in the dorms all week, then griped because homecoming wasn't just the way they thought it should be.

A big, big time was had by all at all the festivities of the big week-end. It seems a few new couples got started during these festivities. For instance, Bill Farris and Libby Lamberth, "Spider" and Pat Webb, Sylvia Smith and Jerry Robertson, Bory Gossett and Marion Bruner, Bory Shannon and Shirley Drinkard and Elmore Hannah and Gayle Kleeman.

Shirley Garrett seemed to enjoy homecoming week-end quite a bit. Naturally, her UT boyfriend came up.

Suzanne McWilliams certainly was starry-eyed at the game. May be her call from Washington, D. C. that afternoon had something to do with it.

Who was it that took Cynthia Herndon back to the dorm after the dance? Maybe Hank would know. The dance was nice, but much too short. We barely had time to get started. A big round of applause to the "K. K.s." They were terrific, as usual. Saw lots of couples there, but don't remember but these few: Jim Johnson and Ellen Rives, Durward Harris and Barbara Darnell, Lloydette McClearen and Bill Carnot, Ed Gannon and Jany Hinton, Ray Arnold and Ann Miller (Does anyone have some stilt they would loan Ann?), Frances Miller and David Fleming, Charlotte Meadows and Dickie Sull van, Billy Craig and Emma Jean Caroland (That seems to be getting rather regular), and Peggy Mallory and Pat Hunt.

Several of the campus gentlemen braved the storm along. Just to name a few: Roswell Hooks, Sherill Wayne, Frank Harris, John McClindon, and Earl Chance.

Some of the stag line came from

Juniors Capture Prize With Dragnet



For the sixth consecutive year, the junior class float has won first prize in the annual homecoming parade. Second prize was won by the freshmen class, and third by the seniors. The winners of the far contest were: Yeta Club, first prize; Galsco Club, second prize; and the Beta Club, third prize.

— Photo by Haskell Phillips

Rodney Tidwell, Bob Shaping off campus. In this list we place Al Port and Leonard Juan.

We suppose that pretty well ties up homecoming.

Now to add a few more items of interest.

Who's this we hear is coming to visit Joann Bagwell at Thanksgiving? Couldn't be someone special she met this summer could it?

Rossamund Ware and William Howell can manage to have more trouble. Maybe they just enjoy making up.

"Money," you'd better watch your step. A certain girl in the dorm has quite a crush on you.

Some like we're behind times. We just heard about Rebecca Robnet and Wayne Snoddy.

Bills Johnson really watches his mail box. Couldn't be that she's expecting a letter from UT, could it?

You'd better watch it, Frances. These Old Hickory boys seem to be pretty tickle. Maybe Naomi knows something about that too.

What's this we hear about Billy Price robbing Waverly's cradle?

When Bernie and Pat walked in the dorm the other night someone remarked, "Here come the marrying kind." Is that right, Bernie?

We agree with the many complaints about the cinema. Now, don't get us wrong. It's not the playing we're complaining about, it's the tunes. Why must they persistently play things like "Night and Day" and "Some Enchanted Evening" at eight o'clock in the morning. It's enough to make morning on their way to their morning classes feel slightly ill. How 'bout some numbers like the "Good Morning" song from "Singing in

the Rain" or "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

This year's band trip has come and went. Only the headaches remain. As far as we could tell, everyone enjoyed the trip. As for the game, well, we'll just say that somebody fooled. Everyone got home in one piece although there seemed to have been some gangster. We guess that was it, at least every few minutes Don Sweeney yelled, "Look out, man, we'll all be killed."

The ride back was one to be remembered—especially by those on the back seat. Seven people is too much for any one bus seat. And speaking of the trip back. What ever happened to that cat, Jessica?

We were glad to see that a few carloads braved the trip to help the band support our team. It just seems to be a shame that there weren't enough students interested to take a bus load.

Guess we'd better close for this time. Just remember— "The sun never sets on Austin Peay State College."

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* of 131 So. Harris Hill Rd., Williamsville, N.Y.

Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo 11, N. Y.



Silver Jubilee

BY F. F. A.

(Ed.'s Note: This is the third in the continued series of the history of Austin Peay State College.)

President Stewart was succeeded by the Reverend R. B. McMullen under whose administration Robb Hall, named in honor of Colonel Albert Robb, one of the trustees, was built in 1880. Robb Hall is being renovated this year. Although the original walls and foundation remain, the new interior and facade will make it look like a new structure.

During the Civil War the college exercises were suspended and part of the time the grounds were occupied by Federal troops. The college suffered from usual devastation, which accompanied war. The library was used as fuel, and the astronomical, chemical, and physical apparatus was destroyed. The fine geological specimens were scattered as rocks over the street and about town. Smallpox afflicted the soldiers. President R. B. McMullen, though evicted from his house, appointed himself as chaplain to the sick soldiers and himself died of the disease. Before the troops vacated the college campus, every piece of wood about the buildings was burned, and there was left to the Synod of Nashville nothing but the brick walls. It required some thousands of dollars to make the buildings again habitable.

Upon the death of President McMullen, Professor W. M. Stewart again assumed the duties of the presidency. In 1879, he was succeeded by Dr. J. B. Stoner, under whose administration occurred the incorporation of Southwestern Presbyterian University.

The Presbyterianism of this section had a pitiful sight to behold when they looked upon their educational institution after the war was over and while the orgy of the reconstruction age was going on. Devotion and poverty were everywhere but they did not despair. They were

determined to rebuild their schools along with their homes, their churches, and their fortunes.

The Presbyterian Church in the Southwest determined to undertake the enterprise of establishing a university which would serve the whole territory. In 1874, a Board of Directors, elected by the Synod of Nashville, Memphis, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas accepted the grounds, buildings, endowments, apparatus and franchises tendered by the trustees of Stewart College. This includes five acres of ground, two buildings (Castle and Robb), college furniture and apparatus, and \$69,000 in productive endowment. In addition, the city of Clarksville pledged \$50,000 to the new institution. Nineteen acres of additional grounds were purchased at this time.

President Shearer continued as acting head of the new institution until Dr. J. N. Waddell, former Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, was made the first Chancellor of Southwestern. Shortly before Chancellor Waddell assumed his duties in 1879, an addition had been made to the university property in the form of Stewart Building erected in 1878, and named in honor of Ex-President W. M. Stewart, who had died in the previous year. The boundary lines of the synod, were changed.

(To be continued)

AP Governors Upset As Underdog Eagles Ruin Homecoming

The Eagles of Carson-Newman, led by fullback John Joliffie and tailback Bill Bacon, turned Austin Peay's homecoming into defeat as they came from behind to score with only two minutes left in the game.

The Eagles, who were the underdogs, played what was said to be their best game of the season in downing the Governors.

Early in the first quarter Austin Peay drove 53 yards and went ahead six points as Cliff Mitchell went across from the one Captain Jerry Robertson added the extra from placement.

In just twelve plays Carson-Newman raced 74 yards and were very much back in the game. A 45 yard pass from Bacon to fullback Norman Henson was the big play of the drive. The conversion failed and Austin Peay led 7-6 at the half.

Through the third period, the 220-pound fullback, Joliffie, began his destruction. He scored from the ten. Again the extra was wide, but the Eagles led 12-7.

The Governors came back and drove 73 yards with Mitchell again scoring and Robertson adding the extra to lead 14-12.

With minutes to play, Bacon

Only My Opinion

BY RAY BAKER

Homecoming was a huge success except for one small item, the Govs dropped the ballgame. Why the Red and White lost to Carson-Newman has been explained in various and sundry ways, but, to my thinking, it was a case of overconfidence on the Govs part and the underdaring of the Carson-Newman club. To be sure, Austin Peay had and still has a much stronger grid machine than the East Tennessee outfit, but for a number of reasons that have been discussed in many places, just didn't give the performance that the team is capable of giving. The game was lost and Homecoming is over so let's forget the matter. No

one who took part in Homecoming, LIMBUROEN AWARD: To them what didn't take part in the above. FINAL SHOT OF DRIVEL: From all reports, it appears that Austin Peay isn't the only outsize college around. Many other small schools have the same make exodus on weekends. Why not make A. P. a little different from these schools and stick around for a few weekends. REMEMBER: "Keep off the strangle line and get on the firing line." "Grow, instead of stagnating with Austin Peay."

use crying over spilled milk. Turning to basketball, Austin Peay has a collection of human sky-scrapers that ought to gladden the merry heart of Coach Aaron when the hardwood season gets under way. It's possible that Aaron could field a starting five that averages over 6'3" and still have a wealth of height, speed, and experience in check. With material of this type, it looks like the two-platoon system will come into Austin Peay basketball. If Austin Peay gets in the Ohio Valley Conference in December, the Red and White will need it.

COLUMN APPLAUSE LINE: To all who took part in Homecoming.

LIMBUROEN AWARD: To them

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Mary Ann Schaefermann
Colorado State College

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