

Curtain Falls On A.P.N. 1934 Basketball Season

The Normal Teacherettes Of 1934



From left to right: Catherine Weems, Nancy Neblett, Janey Haseline, Margaret Osteen, Sara Barker, Dean Harvill, coach, Juanita Gootee, Stella Schnupp, Fannie Bisky, Mary Belle Anderson, Frances Childs and Jeannetta Schnupp.

A. P. N. TEAMS STORM "LITTLE CHICAGO"

Memphis Breathes Sigh of Relief When Normal Vandals Check Out

ALL ABOARD! The guy that said that to the twenty-one people on February 23d, didn't know what he was getting into. In the first place he didn't realize that he was saying it to but nineteen—the two extra personages were nicely concealed beneath the step of the Old 37.

When all tickets had been taken up and the conductor out of sight, two more covered, half frozen, but happy young men came nonchalantly strolling into the coach with the help of "Brahman Bates." Other passengers looked bewildered—there had been no stops made and the train was now at full speed.

By this time the rest of the said group were amusing themselves in various ways. At the rear of the coach a pitch game was in full swing. The water cooler amused Hicks not a little, and another group were faithfully helping one of the passengers with his rat killing. (It was with his rat killing that brand he was using that made him see rats instead of pink elephants.) Osteen gave him a disgusted look when he presented her with an invisible rat. Frances Child explained movie magazines to Joe Palooka, and her literary-inclined twin brother was engrossed in a fourth reading of the library before he left. Since classes were missed, studying had to be resumed on the train, and without a book you were absolutely barred from the trip. Incidentally Harris brought a Bible, but it occupied the baggage rack with all the rest of the books. This was no time to study.

Jack Smith and Fletcher Childs threw friendly slams, and words that Webster, himself would not recognize, at each other across the aisle. The stern, disgusted looking lady behind them actually broke down and laughed.

ALL OUT FOR MEMPHIS! The old "Pan" groaned a sigh of relief as the hilarious group left its badly battered rail car. Taxi?—Taxi?—Yep, to the "Chicks Hotel, please. No sooner said than done. Dean Harvill gave an emphatic command of "go right to bed, teams" and very soon everybody did that very thing. So ended a perfect day.

Tuesday morning. The boys opened the tournament with a game at 9 o'clock. In the A.P.N. basketball game at this hour in the day, Harris, Hicks and Palooka completed Coach Childs' and to give up their usual morning sleep. The game was more like a draw, or should we say a night-mare.

Eight whole hours before the members of the Normal Sunflowers. These were spent in various ways. Hicks spent two of the eight hours in nose stands, trying to buy an Ashland City Times. The traffic lights got on the middle of the street, and would have to run for his life to one side or the other. Most of the time he was left in.

Sophs Lift Win Off Frosh

In reply to a challenge issued last Wednesday, the Sophs took the Frosh for a ride on Tuesday night, March 13. The girls' game was interesting enough, but the boys' was just a runaway in favor of the Sophs. Several new faces appeared on the floor for the girls but nary a boy was unfamiliar. Katherine Weems was rather rough with Thelma Tostery, frequently using her as a man. Mrs. Jobe, for the first time this season, led Stella Schnupp in the scoring. The Frosh played, considering the opposition that they had, a "pretty good game." Margaret Anderson sneaked up behind Bisky once and gave her a big scare. Corlew managed not to foul out, and a few other highpoints were enjoyed by the crucial fans.

With "Puny" Charlton taking the lead in the boys' game, the Sophs stayed ahead until the last "Screw" Gresham and "Jasper" Smith had a little contest to see who could foul out first and Jasper won. Thumma showing him out in the first half while "windome" Joseph waited until the last half to make his exit. "Stinky" Williams and "Snake-tips" Foster put on their usual bewitching scene. Harwood tried to swallow a ball. Childs only inflicted one foul, these and others as remarkable featured the boys' game.

THE LINEUP

Frost-Frosh (15)	Sophs (18)
F. J. Schnupp (13)	Joe (14)
Anderson (15)	Bisky (14)
C. Barker (12)	Schnupp (12)
C. Ooster (12)	Childs (12)
C. Lindley (12)	Neblett (12)
C. Weems (12)	Kirkland (12)

(Please Turn to Page Three)

Glance At Records Show Successful Season Here

Pausing after a strenuous season, we now turn the spotlight on the teams' records. Playing in the M. V. C. for the first time, A. P. N. teams compiled quite an acceptable average.

The girls' team did not quite come up to expectations but won eight of their fourteen games. Three of their games were of the variety that left the fans in a frenzy. They were with Andrew Jackson Business College to which A. P. N. lost by one point, 28 to 27; Cumberland University, lost by two points, 22 to 20; and Bethel College, dropped by a margin of 3 points, 39 to 36. The forwards, led by Miss Stella Schnupp, piled up 547 points to their opponents' 314—an average per game of 32.6 against the opponents' average of 22.4. Miss Stella Schnupp led the team and the scoring with 290 points for the season, an average of 20.7 points per game. Her average suffered only from the two meetings with the Martin College sextette. Miss Schnupp's playing was really remarkable and, had it not been for plotamine poisoning just before the tournament, would have shown up favorably there. Miss Jeannetta Schnupp registered 74 points, contributing greatly to the win column. Fannie Bisky and Juanita Gootee totaled 28 and 26 points respectively, while subs accounted for the remaining 20. The guarding division of the team played superb games throughout the season. Misses Osteen, Childs and Clements Barker, who had shot 39 points at forward, was shifted to Miss Clements' guard position. Later Mrs. Gootee began to alternate at guard and forward. Of the guards, Miss Osteen probably showed the most improvement. Miss Childs, a sub of the previous season, was next in ability, battling with Mrs. Gootee

Debate Team Bows To Union

The affirmative debating team of Union University defeated our negative team here Monday night in a debate on the subject, Resolved: That the powers of the President of the United States be substantially increased as a settled policy.

The negative debaters were Arthur Murphy and Albert Grisard; the affirmative speakers were Howard Kirksey and H. B. Woodward. The Union University boys were accompanied by Woodrow Fuller and Ray Harlan. The negative team of that institution and are on a debating tour of a good many schools in this and adjoining states.

The judges, A. B. Broadbent, N. L. Carney and Wayne Drash, rendered a two to one decision in favor of the visitors but the judging was said to be close. Dr. Claxton presided and introduced the speakers.

Following the debate, the visitors, members of the Literary club, Dr. Davison, Dr. Claxton and Mr. and Mrs. Moffit enjoyed of a very pleasant social hour at the cafeteria.

HOW COULD WE FIND OUR WAY HOME IF —

1. Joe Palooka locked brisk and wide awake all the time.
2. Jack Smith was ever seen when he wasn't looking for Day.
3. Elizabeth Corlew didn't stick her tongue out.
4. Frank James Bryan didn't read aviation magazines.
5. Eloise Brestler didn't draw pictures in class.
6. Frances Childs wasn't grumbling about something.
7. Mrs. Morrow opened the library on time.

Please Turn to Page Three.

(Please Turn to Page Three)

A. P. N. Girls Cop Their Last Game

With blood in their eyes, the A. P. N. lassies sought revenge from Andrew Jackson. The blood did its duty and here's the result, 37 to 21 in our favor. This game, played on February 22, marked the end of the basketball season at A. P. N.

Stella Schupp and Jeanetta Schupp palmed 14 and 11 points in order. Bisky contributed the other two. Foster was held down throughout the entire game by Osteen and only sacked two puny points. West and Johnson were Andrew Jackson's big guns. Childs, Neblett, Barker, and Mrs. Goozee all played nice games. Mrs. Goozee's passing at forward being invaluable.

THE LINEUP

Pos.—A. P. N. (21) A. Jackson (21)
F.—J. Schupp (11) Foster (2)
F.—Goozee (11) West (9)
C.—S. Schupp (14) Johnson (9)
G.—Childs (11) Crowell (9)
G.—Osteen (11) Johnson (9)
Substitutions: A. P. N.—Bisky, (2); Neblett, Andrew Williams, Arant (2), Todd, and Williams.
Officials: Referee, Thumma; Timer, Gilmore; Scorer, Northington.

A. P. N. TEAMS STORM "LITTLE CHICAGO"

(Continued from Page 1.)

In the midst of traffic, trying to decide which side to go to—Another close call—an alarm clock that took up with him in a Cafe, was set to ring two minutes after he got out the door. Since the boys had lost, the last chance to remain in Memphis was to move the Sunflower. This took a stronger moving machine than the Normal girls were able to furnish. Since the boys were tough, their styles were no weaker than their physical strength, and when they couldn't reach you, they would knock you down with a shout. The only spectacular event in the game was Osteen's slide from the foul line to the center.

Every thing went well at the hotel except that Barker forgot her room number and was caught, by a gentleman, knocking on his door. On the way the elevator boys had a hard day too.

No more business in Memphis, get ready to check out. Hagwood helped with the baggage. The porter's cap was very becoming, but the owner looked worried.

At the station there was about a quarter to kill before the train pulled out. The man at the news stand got rid of several magazines more than he realized — so there was sufficient reading matter for the return trip, some lacking a little of being the "high type."

Time to get on the train—there was still the problem of two more passengers than tickets. "I know a better day than hanging on," said Frank James, "and beside it's ungentlemanly to nobo," so they walked right in with the rest, but they didn't take a conspicuous seat. "Money" was nicely concealed beneath Bates's feet and an overcoat. Unfortunately there was a teeter beneath this seat, but there was no chance to get out now, the conductor was taking the tickets. "Goop" Fiedlerling was the other unseen victim, beneath another seat and a few suit cases.

"Coast is clear, come on out." Phew! Another close call. In stepped the conductor. The boys kept moving so there would be no chance to count the passengers. When the conductor came in, two boys always managed to be out. He was aware of the fact that there were two more people than tickets, but the situation was so skillfully handled that he was unable to prove it. Hicks was still feeling drowsy. A strange gentleman was sleep-

ing peacefully so he placed Osteen's hat, at a very becoming angle, on the sleeping man's head. Imagine the gentleman's embarrassment when he awoke and found himself the center of attraction.

A few kinds of sleep were matched, but no one slept long at a time. There was too much chatter. Miss Huff, a possessor of steady nerves, managed a short nap.

What! Home already, or was it already? Two thirty A. M. but the trip seemed dreadfully short. A lot to be remembered, all happened in a short time, but no one will soon forget.

SOPHS LIFT WIN OFF FROSH

(Continued from Page One)

Subs—Frosh: Towery, Hewitt, Corlew, and Carr. Sophs—Clement, Stockton, and M. Anderson. Pos. Sophs (36) Frosh (26)
F.—Hicks (11) Williams (8)
F.—Harris (9) Price (2)
C.—Charlton (19) Bates (7)
G.—Childs (2) Hagwood (7)
G.—Gershner (7) Smith (2)
Subs—Frosh: Cunningham, Atkinson, and Hambaugh. Sophs—Foster, (2), Thumma, referee. That's all, kids, no more sweat.

Jack Smith: You look sweet enough to eat.
K. Weems: I do eat. Where shall we go?

Ask Billy Daniel to explain "habit."

This little Kirkland gal is making the gentlemen sit up and take notice.

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PRESENTING 1934 TEAM



From left to right: (Front row) Paul Dorris, Marvis Harris, Roy Hicks, Rupert Williams and Clifton Hagwood. (Back row) Dean Harvill, coach, Lathan Settle, Edwin Bates, Edwin Charlton, Fletcher Childs, Boaz Foster, Stanley Smith and Frank Fiedlerling, manager.

GLANCE AT RECORDS SHOW SUCCESSFUL SEASON HERE

Continued From Page One.

for the honors. Miss Neblett, coming out late, also showed up well.

At the tournament, the girls were not able to show their true form, and their performance there is not to be taken as a sample of their calibre of playing.

MEN—666%

The boys compiled a little better record than the girls, winning 10 out of 15 regular games. This does not include the practice game dropped to Ashland City at the opening of the season. Of their close games, the outstanding were with Castle Heights Junior College, dropped by one point, 31 to 20; Cumberland, dropped after twelve tie scores by 4 points, 38 to 34; while in the Milky Way game, a tight lead of 3 points was sufficient to win, 34 to 31. "Snipe" Bates, center, led the scoring with 197 points, an average of 13.1 points per game. Hicks collected 121, an average of 8 per game. Harris, the old dependable, took in 140 for an average of 9.3 per game. Fletcher Childs and "Palooka" Charlton gathered 40 and 52 respectively while tending to their guarding duties. L. Settle, entering late, chalked up 27. The subs were extremely good and collected quite a few. Counting the opening game, the boys compiled 654 points against their opponents' 473, an average per game of 40.9 against 29.1.

Childs and Charlton played stellar games throughout the season. At the tournament they hit a snag in the first draw, being defeated by the Paducah Junior College.

Taking all in all, the season was quite a success and reflects a great deal of credit on Dean Harvill, coach of both the boys' and girls' teams.

WE WOULD SUGGEST THAT—

Thelma Towery close her mouth—too much air isn't healthy for the tonsils.

Ide Mabel cut her hair, a boyish bob might be just the thing. Besides Effie has looked everywhere else for her glasses.

Wilmouth not to laugh at her own jokes.

Frank Fiedlerling find something good to say about something.

Margaret Anderson leave her tops at home. Mary Ann (the rabbit) caused much disturbance. "Windy" William Hambaugh cease his chatter.

Hagwood try to grow up—baby talk isn't becoming to such a big boy.

Harold Teen? Page get a horse to go with his stunning (not hunting) outfit. Ted Barker investigate before she says, "Come."

Isabel Taylor go "West." The string bean figure is outmoded. Lewis Wickham (Accordion Pete) give a chapel program.

Dormitory girls have more and better hamburger feasts.

Glady's Cotham stop having such heavy dates on Saturday night. With an out-of-town fellow too, so I'm told.

Visitor: And what is your name, my good man?

Prisoner: 996.

Visitor: Is that your real name?

Prisoner: No! only my pen name.

IN DE DARK OB DE MOON

MARGARET ANDERSON

Old kinky headed George stuck his long-handled fork into the pot which hung over the fire to ascertain the degree of doneness of the fat possum he was cooking for supper.

"Um-m-h, dat varmint sho does smell good to ob Gawge." As George licked his lips, a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in. Dat you, Sam? Jec 'in time foah suppah! Gid dat posah-aron 'n' raze dem shahs out'n de ashes fuh me. Tshy de's den by now."

"Gawge, I's sho glad I come in time to git a taste o ob dat possum. Air he nairly dun?"

"Laird, he ought 'be. He air a beverest kritikal. Bin abin' ture foah hours solid. He may be be gran daddo ob all dese beah possums in dese parts."

"Gid me dat pan an' I'll howe you dish 'em out o ob dat Gawge."

"Heah 'is." "Sho dere honery fuh sum good vittals," continued Sam. "I 'in wuckin' fuh ob man Jones 'der backer. Stages ob de ble. He den feed you nuthin' breadly. He he think niggers kin cook an' not eat. Coven bread an' meat-dat's what we git."

"An ain' nevah wuck fur 'im myself, but I learn he say be mensah yo sampin' 'eat out o ob plates. D'at too stungy to live. Y'oul don' shen git no kasees, does ya?"

"Naw, 'n' nothin' else much. Le's git 'n' eatin' an' hush all de ere talkin'."

There was silence for a time while the good work went on. "Gawge, dat's mos' undoubtedly de best possum eber I 'in. Gimme madder taters."

"Dese 'ere's de las' taters I got, Sam. Lissen heah, boys, you kasees yo way rout at ob man Jones, den you?"

"I sh'ore ort to by now. What you say, 'n' h'?"

"Wall, how bout you 'n' me leavin' dat ob boy sum her way 'round. You know him an' Ma? Molly could' nevah eat up all dat passel ob taters dere raised by judgement day."

"Now looka heah, Gawge-dat ob man, her sharp-you can't put nuffin' over on her 'bout bein' kitched up wid. Naw, you

ain't gittin' me into nuthin' lack dat."

"Aw, Sam, you knows we's smarten' at ob 'ruls. 'Sides, ain't de cellah at de back ob de house? Shes 'is. An den it's de dave ob de moon now. Her. We won't nevah miss 'em. Y'oul see."

A reluctant grin spread over Sam's polished ebony countenance. "I ain't so shure bout dat, Gawge, but kin try 'it."

About nine-thirty two stealthy figures slipped through the gap in the back yard fence, and stole quietly around the house to the cellar door.

"Good, de doah ain' eber locked. De is easy. Gawge you git down in de cellah an' hush de taters up to me, an' I'll put 'em in dis heah sack. I'll be watchin' 'n' fuh hawkeyes, an' if I see her comin', I'll tell you an' den ducky. I kin beat him rummin' 'n' you kin hide down nare. Is you all ready?"

For five minutes or so the work went on in silence. Then a white hand grasped the sack and took it from Sam's astonished grasp. He had no time to warn George even if such a hand had entered his mind. The potatoes kept coming up just as before, and presently poor George, blissfully unaware that the sack had silently changed hands, asked, "Seen at old buzzard, yit? We's sho slipper him one, ain't we, Sam?"

"Um-hum," came the reply. "Ain't dat sack full yit? We beahin' git a bump on, boys?"

"Um-hum," rejoined the deep voice. George climbed the steps, closed the door and picked up his end of the sack. Then he chuckled, "Got plumpy taters now, ain't we, Sam?"

"Shore," the voice said. George peered into the dark. "Heah, nigger, whar you think youse is? Dese dere whar a way de cabin ain. Dis way, C'mon heah."

But Sam, who had just at that moment slumped down inside the cabin door out of breath, did not heed this suggestion, nor did Mr. Jones, who held the other end of the sack, still pulling for the kitchen door. Said he in a calm deep voice, "Sam, you know I don't live in the cabin!"

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9					
10	11	12	13			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24			
25	26	27				
28	29	30	31	32	33	
34						

DOWN

- 1.—Where Mr. Harvill shines.
- 2.—Most ever-faithful forward.
- 3.—Initials of boy known as "Mooting-Power."
- 4.—To remove bodily.
- 5.—Pronoun demonstrative.
- 6.—Son of a brother.
- 7.—Initials of good feminine guard.
- 8.—Initials of best forward the girls have.
- 9.—Initials of full range of load-voiced booster.
- 10.—Adjective describing the Sunflower Girls.
- 11.—Long-haired forward of A. P. N.
- 12.—Victorious.
- 13.—Expression of feeling at close of tournament games.
- 14.—Foxy red-head feminine guard.
- 15.—Where in the game Frances Childs plays best.
- 16.—That which the teams were always ready to do in Memphis.
- 17.—Initials of red-head sub. (male).

They're favorite words with her.
A cute little pointed nose has has she
And a lime? Oh yes, yes air.

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Puzzling Poetry

1. She's a plump little temboy
Five feet two,
Gesturin's idiol—
Now there's your clue.
2. "I'm the tiniest person,
Embarassed all the time."
Ah yes, My dear reader,
He's sure got a line.
3. He's Mr. Bond's giant,
With a mind full of air,
The pet and the pest,
Yet what does he care?
4. Says little for litter;
Is he losing his heart?
Perhaps he's in love,
Cause they say love is blind.
5. Who said she was training
For Felix's wife?
Ah, ha, my dear daniel,
You like the wild life.
6. Who won't cross the street
If a car is in sight?
Field glances desired—
Can you send 'em Tore tonight?
7. "Hello Roy, and Oh, tish,
tish—"

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Information from the Infirmary

This measles business is getting to be a habit here with these prospective pupils while school teachers of Tennessee. Old Shortie Graham started the epidemic. Think of how many measles he had to have to be a true case. He surely worked the poor little red spots, didn't he? His faithful nurse, Paul C. Crockett, at least showed he had more sense. When he began to feel nearly he lit out for home, where he could have peace and quiet. But, we've been missing ya, Paul, and especially Ida Mabel. And then Joe Law took it. But Joe's up now, we're glad to say.

Four cases have been reported up-to-date at the girls dormitory. First, Lucille Cantrell, and then Mamie Harper, Belle Brown, and Sue Patterson. Poor Sue did her best to get "them." She went to bed a week before she broke out; Lucille and Mamie are well now. They think it's terrible they can't get out of Quarantine. They've had plenty of visitors though, all Mr. Bell and Dorthula (chief nurse) can do to keep the other girls from poking their heads in to catch a glimpse of the measles. But happy recuperation to them all!

And the, tonsillitis, and bad colds! They're certainly taking their toll from the classes. The teachers will surely rejoice when pretty weather comes. Hardly a class meets without some absentees. Hargwood is the latest victim with a very bad case of tonsillitis. Work hard everybody, these good excuses won't last forever. See all the shewn you can while "you're in bed with a terrible cold."

Five men walked out of a final exam at the University of Syracuse, announcing their refusal to compete against the cribbing that had taken place. The result was that the entire section was given a mark of "incomplete."—The Lafayette.

Harvey W. Hunt

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IN CLARKSVILLE
OUT OF CLARKSVILLE
BOTH ALWAYS FOUND IN THE

Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle

FEATURE!!
JOE PALOOKA OUT FOR
THACK.
BILLY DANIEL WITH THE
MUMPS.
LUCILLE POWERS SIX FEET
TALL.
IRENE HAMILTON SCREAM-
ING OUT.
STELLA SCHNUPP WITH A
BOYISH BOB.
MARVIN HAREES ON HIS
KNEES TO A GIRL.
MARY VIRGINIA FRAZIER
WEARING BUDDY BATES'
SHOES.
VIRGINIA WALTON WITH
BLACK HAIR.
FRANCES COOKE WITHOUT
SOMETHING WRONG WITH
HER.
MRS. HARVILL CLIMBING
THROUGH A KEYHOLE.
THE GYMNASIUM 'N' DE-
GRES ABOVE ZERO.
SOME ONE BEING OVERYED
AT THE CAFETERIA.
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