

Price Of Comic Books Increased By 100%

Surveying the Dirty Work



Grimly surveying the digging of a huge grave is President Hal Hardhead, Coach Dave Moron, Coach Leon Sandhead, and some other old fossil that looks like the Grim-Header. The grave is being dug for those people who cut class during the spring quarter; but mainly it's being dug to stop that old joke that goes, "You're alright in your place—it just hasn't been dug yet."

Dr. Grise Following in Footsteps Of Famous Predecessor, M. Spillane

Dr. George Calvin Grise, professor of English at Austin Peay College and author of the current best seller that is sweeping the country like an epidemic, Scarlet Fever, is following in the footsteps of a famous predecessor, Mickey Spillane.

In a recent interview Dr. Grise explained that he is planning to give up the teaching and writing professions and enter a monastery to devote the remaining few years of his life to deep thought and careful analysis of the world situation.

"My contact with the freshmen of Austin Peay State College will aid me greatly in my approach to thinking. From them I have acquired workable and scientific methods of thinking," the Scarlet Fever author stated.

When asked what other activities he had planned for the monastery, Dr. Grise told of his desires to have a small vegetable garden and work in the soil. He refused to answer whether his recent book had any bearing on his desire to work with the soil or dirt.

Dr. Grise did reply, however, that he realized the damage he had done to humanity in his book, and he felt obligated to spend the remaining few years of his life to try to compensate for his injustice. (This injustice, according to the author, was writing the book during class lectures.)

The royalties for the sale of his book will go to the English Department to help pay for the paper Dr. Grise used while writing this saga.

"Austin Peay has been good to me and I will hate to leave, but the good a man does (at this point, Dr. Grise grabbed a book of poetry and quotable quotes and flipped through trying desperately to find a suitable quote, but found none.)

Dr. Grise was asked if he would carry anything with him to the monastery and he replied, "Only my printing press; I couldn't bear to part with it."

When asked what he would miss most, he answered with a tear and a far-away look in his eye, "My hat and girls."

Boswell Writes Sex Book

Dr. George Boswell, professor of English at Austin Peay, has just completed his fifth book and it will be hot off the press in a few days.

Dr. Boswell, whose other books include — — — and Literature of the New Testament, has written a series of studies of sex on the college campus. The book is entitled Births, Pregnancies, and Abortions On The Austin Peay State College Campus.

Dr. Boswell denied the possibility that the title had ever been used before. He also refused to give his techniques. (For conducting the studies, naturally.)

"I have put in many long nights working on this book, and I am convinced that the finished product was worth all my effort," stated the author.

When asked if he had changed the names of the people involved Dr. Boswell slowly replied, "No, only the incidents."

Dr. Boswell's book will be the text of a course to be taught by Dr. Boswell in the spring quarter of next year. The course will be named "Family Without Marriage". It will be of special interest to those students interested.

Barber Goes Haywire

Tom Whitehead was questioned by the police the other day.

He will be held in jail for 5 days on a charge of disturbing the public's hair. "But they have to get it out somehow," Whitehead argued. "Cute the hair of men's dorm residents as a sideline."

No less than 51 people had filed complaints against Whitehead's hair. Each one had charged that he did a terrible job of cutting hair. "He's not even an amateur," commented one. "Why, Marilyn Monroe could do better than that, and women are supposed to be brainless, you know."

Mike Chikcut said that he had Whitehead cut his hair once. After many nicks and many moments of wincing, Whitehead inquired of the one-armed student, "Have I cut your hair before, Michael?"

Chikcut reported that he returned, "No! I lost my arm in a saw-mill."

Another patient, this one with two arms, reported that upon being asked a similar question by Whitehead, he replied, "The devil so I got this big scar in France, but it won't be lonely after this, though."

Larry Womack asked Whitehead during Womack's first hair cut by Whitehead, "Have you got another pair of clippers?"

"Why?" inquired Whitehead. "I'd like to defend myself, if I can," Larry returned.

Matters don't look so good for Whitehead.

Eggs, Coffins, And Garters Too

A future national Presidential candidate will be J. M. Clement, Jr., AP freshman, according to a wire report received yesterday from the national chairman of the Democrat Party.

Clement, a relative of ex-governor Frank Goad, has had political aspirations since the baby doctor turned him up by his heels and let him get a whiff of the politically polluted air.

Asked what qualifications he had for the office, J. M. replied, "Well—well—when I had high school history, I talked politics with the teacher—We didn't study so much history that way, you see."

A native of his home county dug into past records and found that he was very good at adding. Sometimes, the Dickson Coulihan reported, J. M. would be called on by the teacher to discuss an historical matter. He would discuss the topic, but nothing he said would be in the book. J. M., upon being confronted with this fact, commented, "Good training. What politician does know what's on the paper containing his speech? Most of them don't even know what they say. I go them one better there. I know what I say—course, I don't understand it much of the time."

"It might be wise," said the wire report which the Clarkville paper brought over, "to inform readers that he'll be up for election in 1920. The Party wants him to be near enough to the prescribed age that it might get him over without violating the Constitution which sets minimum age standards."

J. M. retorted, "Why wait to be corrupt? All I need is a board (I can grow that—maybe) and a bald head (I've got a real good razor, too)."

He stated, however, that it might be best to go along with the party and wait for 10 years. Then, he said, he probably wouldn't have to work at all. After all, Presidents spend less and less time each term on the work they're supposed to do. The present officer spends less than one half as much time on the job as did the first President, who didn't overwork himself by any means, commented Clement.

"I didn't have a bit of trouble getting the nomination," Clement said. They just took one look at me and said 'What worse devil could we possibly hand the citizens!'

When asked whether it wasn't irregular to select a candidate so far in advance, Clement laughed. Of course not, he said. The parties always have an eight year stock of candidates on hand. Furthermore, they already have their electoral college members picked out ahead of time. This way, they are in a better position to dictate various policies.

An opponent of the present Republican in office, Clement commented, "I don't like him because Mamie married him instead of waiting for me. Then, too, he can play golf and I can't. What better reasons do I need?"

Agriculture Boys Make Observation

Ray Curl and Eugene Grinder appear in serious difficulties regarding their ag work.

They were called in the other day by instructor Hinton to explain some of their behavior in the ag field. Hinton complained that their behavior in the field was the wrong kind. "It is the kind that stops crops from growing rather than encourages their growing," said Hinton.

At supper night before last, the two boys entered the serving line together. Among the items they purchased were milk and cornbread. They sat together at a table in the center of the cafeteria, poured the milk into their glasses — and crumbled the bread in the milk. They then proceeded to eat the milk and bread with their spoons.

Commented Curl, "Hinton told us we should say 'Milk and bread are . . . Reckon we'll show him, though.'"

(Cont. In Harper's Weekly)

THE ALL STATIC

Hatched semi-monthly by the draft-dodgers of
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 and Bob McGee, Gale Storm, and Tornado w/
 Maverick.
 Typists Mrs. O'Leary's cow and Buttermilk
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Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Read This

Fools, here is what you have been anxiously waiting for. No, my deranged madcaps, not a sex book, but the April Food edition of the ALL STATE. We called it the ALL STATIC because ALL SLOP would be too dirty, even if it is the truth. (No reflection on you, Don.)

We would like to state right now that if any person sees himself in the rag and thinks that we have deliberately slammed him, he is absolutely right. And persons referred to, either living or dead, is entirely intentional.

With the above in mind, we would like for you to allow your mind to wander through the confused chaos we call the ALL STATIC and through the rag Mr. Big Drip (our sponsor) calls the ALL BULL.

We hope you like it, but if you don't just remember that a SEARS AND ROEBUCK catalog is good for something even if it's not read.

Now that we're through (for a while) apologizing, here is a brief history of April Fool that the shiftless editor swiped from a paper turned in for a journalism feature story.

"April Fool. The March fool with another month added to his folly."-AMERBROSE BIERCE.

In 1584, Charlie the Fourth of the Lover's nation had the yearly calendar changed. Previously, a celebration (booze, tang, and all that jazz) had been held around March 2 through April 1 for New Year's Day and the vernal equinox (Go look it up in your Webster; we don't know what it means, either.) Our celebration now is probably a hangover. (Speaking of a hangover, wonder if Grinder and the Mid-nite Earl rather enough material for their sermon entitled, THE SOBERING INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY?) from this ancient festival.

In 1893, the same joke that was pulled in 1668 was pulled on the people of London, only on a grander scale: It seems that a multitude of people were sent invitations to be "admitted to the Tower of London to view the annual ceremony of Washing the Lions." It was unbelievable the number of people who attended, all to the delight of the sender of the invitations. (It was so unbelievable, in fact, we won't bother to mention the number who did attend. However, we weren't there, but we could refer anyone interested in delving further into the matter to some of the more ancient members of the faculty who would probably know.)

Favorite jokes for this time also included hats on sidewalks with bricks in them (bricks in the hats, not the sidewalks), candy made of cotton, rubber tacks on buses (why rubber?), invisible thorn in the hands of pranksters, and other corny jokes.

The greatest single boom for the prankster was the telephone. The City Zoo would get (and probably still does) innumerable calls asking for Miss L. E. Phant or Miss Anna Conda. People would get calls whose conversation ran something like this: Prankster to person: "Is your refrigerator running?" And if "Yes" was the answer, then, "Well, if it comes my way I'll catch it for you." "Have you got Prince Albert in a can?" "Yes." "Well, let him out, then, for he'll suffocate."

Strangely enough, these aren't jokes only for children, for many of them are pulled when the kids are in school.

Perhaps the first joke goes all the way back to Noah's Ark when Noah sent the doves out when there wasn't any land.

Well, tired of typing a draining our area filled with gray matter, we hope you enjoy this rag, and we would like to offer our condolences to MAD COMIC BOOK.

But if you don't like it, the only reason we could think of why is that some people's minds don't run along the same track.

May you all rest in peace.

Marilyn Monroe In The Dark

The Naked Prude

The Smith Sisters, sisters to the Smith Brothers of cough drop fame, are wanted for molesting Eddie Jenkins and picking flowers on the AFSC farm area. Whether domestic or wild, the Smith Sisters don't care, as long as it is male. Prudish.

Spring is here! The birds and the bees are out. The bees are all making honey; the birds who, knows what the birds are doing? Whittling Sam Donahue has his knife out to do a little cutting. He does statues, miniatures, and anything else available. And if the editor doesn't cut this out, the Naked Prude wants a statue cut out for her.

We endorse Johnny Maknout, the party man, for an office in the forthcoming election. A member of the little known Communists, (anti-Krushchev), Johnny has a platform which will appeal to the conservatives of AFSC.

1. No beer in any water fountain, but Stewart County "white lightning." (An infringement on the East Tennessee patent but enforced due to Kefauver investigation, and a huge market).

2. Endorsement of Mamie Stover (Infringement of her patent by one Mamie Eisenblom), for house mother of Haunted Hall.

3. Turn the cafeteria into a state-owned Hocky-Tonk, eat in the student center, and erect a huge gospel tent for Eugene "Lover" Grinder and Earl "Midnight" Schlitt to provide another place for their meeting. They have been meeting at the Light House planning their next sermon entitled "The Sobering

Influence of Christianity."

4. Install numerous side roads and dead-ends on college farm for aid to biology and cultivation (ag). This plan also introduces customary dress as shorts for girls and Bermuda for men. Boys do without anyway, and that is why many become men.

So much for the serious side and campus politics.

Let's get down to bare backs!

All you nature lovers remember poison oak has three leaves Three cheers for a fat girl! Rah, rah, rah! Her diet is three men a day. Oose weight - and fate - may bring a male. Zippo Bertia or Jougill Brown could, if they would, but they don't know if they should.

Goose must now choose: will it be Hatcher or Fitzpatrick?

Most of the boys haven't been taking their allowed 3 cuts a quarter. They ask who allows this cutting. Well, everyone stamps out his own snakes. I happen to do mine at night since I have two right classes.

Once a mother listened to her daughter plead, "Mamma, Mamma, please let me out of the closet." The mother replied quite unconcerned, "Shuddup! daughter, do you want the fire to spread to the rest of the house?" So much for mental hygiene and child care.

Well, as a refuge of occupied Little Mock, I must refuse to run the picket line. The picket line being a group of AFSC students gathered around the Naked Prude and her Palstaff bubble yelling, "Pick it, Pick it!"

Which Twin Has The Toni?



End of Column

Do It Yourself Column

by Snootnose Jones
 our special correspondent
 from Hellyfacts (where!)

Column follows:

Read and Tattle

By Clara Hammerhead

(I was a Teenage Student and other horror stories)

On the night of March 19, the night after the end of the winter quarter, Miss Hammerhead stopped in at "Do Drop Inn" where to her surprise, several of Austin Peay's co-eds filled the dark, smoky room.

As she went in, she checked her coat with Linda Bond. The sign over the entrance door read "Owner, John Rinehart." The lights were few, so she stumbled around trying to find a seat but there were so many couples dancing that she couldn't get to one. Some of the dancers were Ann Fella and Jerry Uets, Jean Whitaker and Radical Monasco, Sandra Robinson and Roy Rogers Price, to name a few. She couldn't seem to get a table so she went to the bar and ordered a Eugene Grind-er Special. The bartenders were Danny Schmittou, Billy Roper, and Bob Kimmel.

Just then the lights went out and a chorus line consisting of Frances Gillock, Bobbie Chestnut, Maxine Grant, and Nancy Plummer with the featured dancer, Shirley Evans. The night went on but the space ran out.

There's the story of four Scotchmen who were drowned while swimming one afternoon in the lake. Each bet a shilling he could stay under the longest, winner take all.

For The Mixer Party



Warming up before the big blast is Peanuts Jackson and Ida (Babe) Chadwick dressed in clothes.

IN CASE OF FIRE

Follow the procedure below:

1. Secure from Miss Finkney a brown slip which is an application for permission to make off campus phone call to Fire Dept.
2. Fill out brown slip and give to Mr. Rowmanskil who will give you a red slip upon which you will write the message.
3. Give message (on red slip) to Dr. Brise who will correct grammar, check Junior English Exam score and give you a blue slip.
4. Take blue slip to Miss Chapmans; she will initial it and give you yellow slip.
5. Yellow slip is taken to Mr. Canteen. This will secure permission for the firemen to walk on grass. He gives you a white slip.
6. Take white slip to General Bullmoose who will give you a green slip which will allow Mrs. Dacey to open curtains which completely block most of the cafeteria.
7. When firetruck arrives escort it to parking area two blocks north of Municipal Stadium as parking of vehicles is not allowed in vicinity of cafeteria. Disregard of this last step will result in a \$2.50 fine or a \$5.00 fine if the truck is loaded.
8. Complete cooperation is expected of everyone.

Love,
The Phantom

Sandifer Honored

Leon M. Sandifer, head baseball coach at APSC, has recently been elected to the Delta Alpha Beta Society, an honorary fraternity of outstanding speakers and grammarians.

Membership is by selection and extremely exclusive. The organization seeks as its goal the betterment of classroom communication with special emphasis on correct pronunciation and grammar and clarity of ideas. Coach Sandifer is the first such person on the faculty to receive this honor, and will probably not be the last.

This is the second recognition in the space of a couple weeks for the sandy-haired coach, for just one week ago his paper entitled "How to Administer Tests in the Classroom" was accepted for publication by the TEA magazine.

The article may be seen in this coming issue of the teachers' magazine.



TAKE FIVE

This is the College; Here are some of the stupid ones



Hello, boys, this is the Duich-
er . . .



What, me worry?



And Bromoseltzers don't help
any either.



I'm a regular ball of fire, I
am.



Can I help it if I forgot the
Beastludes?



But I keep telling you, I'm not
Van Gough!



If he's Van Gogh, then I'm To-
Jo!



I know what you're thinking,
Boehms, so cut it out!



Guess what, I'm thinking.



I use Wild Root Cream Oil be-
cause . . .

Ah, To Be Young Again



This unusual action shot was taken during the Annual Faculty Basketball Game. They all appear to be having fun—that's what makes it unusual. Melburn Mayflower is giggling and the only reason we can figure out why is that we can't see Floyd's other hand. We never have figured out what Tommy, Chuck, and Sergeant Preston were doing.

R. C. Shasteen Resigns; Accepts New Position

R. C. Shasteen has resigned his position as Bursar of Austin Peay State College to accept the promotion of Chief of the Campus Cops.

Mr. Shasteen who has worked earnestly for this promotion all year will begin his duties the first of April.

"I am thrilled beyond words," gushed Mr. Shasteen. "I was so afraid people hadn't noticed how hard I've been working on the traffic problem. Nobody realizes how many hours I have sat here in my office and surveyed the campus grounds just praying that some student or faculty member would park in a no parking area. But when I saw one I would draw down my field glasses, put on my Dragnet badge, yell 'Geronimo!', lick the parking ticket as I ran out of the office, and stick it on the car."

Mr. S. S. S., former campus cop, will take over Mr. Shasteen's duties as Bursar.

Mr. Shasteen issued the following statement to the press: If you drive on the campus you should have an APSC campus decal on your car. At certain hours we will have men on the entrance to check cars for the decal. We will also patrol the grounds for cars parked on the campus without the decal. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

Please note the change in the parking signs on the south side of the drive to the rear of the Administration Building. The parking permit referred to on one of the signs is the College Parking Decal. Guests or visitors may secure without cost a permit to park in the 10 minute parking area. Parking regulations covering this area will be rigidly enforced. Your car may be towed from the camp-

us if you do not follow our traffic directions. The charge for towing is as follows:

Unlocked Car - \$2.50
Locked Car - \$5.00

The staff of Mr. Shasteen's former office gave him a time clock and tow chain at a recent going-away party for him. With these two items, Mr. Shasteen stated that he might not have to ask for the cooperation of the staff and students in the next "memo".

Schmittou Bored By College

Earl Schmittou, Jr., Room 206 of Main Hall, remarked this week that college life bores him stiff. Said Earl, "Ho hum! Life just is not interesting here."

When asked why life was so boring to him, he mentioned the following: Some of the girls look like Marilyn Monroe when they should look like Jane Russell. There isn't enough of the good food in the cafeteria—too much of the bad food, though. The sidewalk turns aren't at ninety-degree angles. "How can a person make a 'sharp' turn on sidewalks like these?" There's no parking problem.

The teachers like him too much. Said Earl, "No matter what I do, they like me. How can I pester them when they don't act poster-ed?" Subjects are too easy. He commented, "I never spend over two minutes studying any night of the week. I've got to where I only study Mondays and Wednesdays now."

Tests are too easy. "I finish the tests in just a few minutes, then yawn until the teachers say I may go." Something about the college's

(Continued Next Column)

atmosphere interferes with radio programs. "Just think of the displeasure of having Gale Storm interrupt while Elvis Presley's hopping."

Earl goes to bed at 7:30 every night. His friends dub him the "Midnight Earl" because he's the only one asleep at that time. When asked why he didn't go to bed around 7:30, he replied, "Wha? After I've been sleeping all day? I've got to go see Jayne Mansfield sometime!"

Earl told the beginning reporter on the staff of a local paper that he met Jayne each night at the Victory Cleaners - store at 6:00 p.m. sharp. The reporter forgot about his story and followed Earl to the cleaners. Afterwards, the writer reported that he had been cleaned. "After that, I find campus life boring, too. Who would not?"

HAIRCUT

(Harper's Weekly
Continuing Section)

As they were eating, they looked at the girls at the next table. One girl in particular interested them. She had quite a bit of various kinds of make-up on, such as a permanent wave, scarlet finger-nails, a drugstore complexion, and a lot of lipstick. Grinder commented, "Gosh! Must have been mighty poor soil to require so much top-dressing."

Soon after, they left the cafeteria and headed toward the dorm. Ray kicked at the sidewalk; he said sadly, "No wonder they put a college here. The ground's too hard to plow."

Hitler Used Esquire Boot Polish!

"Operation Nebraska" In Full Swing — Schmidt

"Operation Nebraska" began in full swing last week in the Austin Peay Music Department.

"Operation Nebraska" is under the leadership of Aaron Schmidt graduate of the University of Nebraska, Nebraska. This is concerned with the reorganization of the Music Department patterned after the University of Nebraska.

"At the University of Nebraska we had the Governettes live in a separate dormitory and the sponsor lived there and supervised the dorm and the Governettes. This will be the first change in "Operation Nebraska". A new building will be built for the Governettes and with them all together I could be sure that they would have enough practice and drill work," explained Mr. Schmidt.

The second step is the waiving of all classes for music majors. Mr. Schmidt stated that the majors were a separate breed and had no need or desire for ordinary class work. He continued to say that this way they would be free to do the other important things necessary to a music education.

"At Nebraska," stated Nebraska's own Aaron Schmidt, "We didn't have to worry about exams

and such, and look at the result." Mr. Schmidt refused to comment further on the result.

"If Nebraska can have a thousand piece band, so can Austin Peay. At Nebraska if we didn't have enough college students to fill the thousand piece band of the University of Nebraska, we would go out and recruit the Nebraska citizens. They were all more than willing to sacrifice their time for the University of Nebraska."

Mr. Schmidt plans to put this idea of the University of Nebraska into effect as soon as he starts band practice. Band members are out in town this very minute recruiting marchers.

He also plans to follow this up with another University of Nebraska technique. This the abolishing of instruments in the band. All the time will be devoted to marching and one marching band member will carry a small phonograph and it will be the responsibility of this person to change the records and keep the volume right.

Mr. Schmidt ended the interview with this statement: "What's good for the University of Nebraska is good for Austin Peay State College."

Snake In The Skirts



Don Alsop would go to great lengths to curry female favor, but this is the greatest length (if he's capable of doing anything great) he has ever gone to. Says Don, "If you can't fight 'em, join 'em!"

This Is The College; Here Are Some More



Gade, Bertha, what did you put in this food?



Do you mind if I don't smile this time, Mr. Da Vinci?



I just dare you to say something about the Education Department!



Now, who shot that hole in my nose?



Won't somebody PLEASE take me to your leader?

Hatcher Chosen For Darkroom

The Austin Peay darkroom now has a new supervisor.

Miss Mildred Hatcher, past assistant professor of English, accepted the lucrative position in assembly March 11.

President Harvill congratulated Miss Hatcher on her new post. He said, "You have a great future ahead of you. Just think - you'll stay in the dark all your life."

"Yes," returned Miss Hatcher. "I have at last achieved my life's ambition." She didn't say what her life's ambition was, but she seemed rather pleased at the prospect of saying goodbye to her English classes.

The position of darkroom supervisor has certain restrictions, said Dean Woodward. First of all, there will be absolutely no talking in the darkroom and the dark-

room supervisor even has to live in the room during certain periods.

Commented Miss Hatcher, "Oh, that's all right with me. I hate to talk now. It used to be all right, but now - Things have changed. Why anyone would want to talk, I'll never know. A job with no talking suits me fine."

In fact, she didn't even talk during the assembly. She had brought a package of 3 by 5 file cards along and she wrote her various comments on the cards. The only time she actually said anything was when the guinea pig left his seat and dashed across the floor. The pig upset Miss Hatcher's chair. She later commented that the chair was only slightly moved. "If it had been moved more," she stated, "I'd have broken my sacroiliac." However

slightly the chair was moved, though, she screamed, "Not now, Satan, not now!"

Dean Woodward seemed perplexed about something. When asked what was wrong, he said, "Just exactly what will she do, anyhow?"

"Why, preserve the peace," stated Harvill. According to the president, she was to allow absolutely no noise. In addition to keeping herself quiet, she was to let no other noise occur. Not even a new shoe was to creak. If someone with new shoes entered, he commented, she'd just have to pick the person up and carry him to the part of the room he wishes to work in.

"This is sure going to extremes," Dean Woodward muttered as he shook his head. One of the parrots screamed, "It sure is." The dogs set up a melancholy howl.



Bet you can't guess what I did last night.



I was taught this smile at finishing school.

Students Miss Assembly

Every Austin Peay student missed the assembly held March 11.

"Deplorable!" commented Dean Woodward. "You'd at least think that one person would show up. That's all I'd have cared for anyhow. I hate to talk to a blank wall."

Students had previously been misinformed that no assembly would be held on March 11. Instead, they thought, undergrade would meet with their advisors to plan for the forthcoming quarter. Someone had also informed the members of the greater portion of the faculty of that plan of action.

However, the rumor was a gross miscarriage of justice, according to President Harvill, who stated that the villain has been caught. Janelle Mason had slipped the statement onto the note card to be used by Dean Woodward in making announcements in the assembly of the previous week.

Dean Woodward commented, "From now on, I'm going to know what I read. I didn't have the slightest idea of what I was saying. How was I to know that someone was playing a prank on me?"

To that, President Harvill retorted hotly. "If you got to where you know what you're reading in assembly, I'll fire you. We can't have such competence on our staff."

Present at the assembly were Dean Woodward, Mildred Hatcher, Dean Bowman, and the president. Harvill. The four checked roll, which was a very simple matter. Every few seconds, during the roll check, Miss Hatcher could be heard to mutter "Dad-burn it!"

In order to begin the program

at the prescribed time, the four ran over to the girls dorm and confiscated 15 alley cats, two dogs and 5 parrots, and a guinea pig. For 30 minutes, Dean Bowman lectured the assembled group on the importance of keeping an accurate record of their scholastic standing.

President Harvill praised the basketball team for its fine record in the past season. "It could have been much better, though" he added.

The program was then centered around Miss Hatcher for a number of minutes. When they left the gymnasium, rain was pouring down. "Hope it rains cats and dogs," President Harvill commented. "We're running out of meat at my house."

Miscellaneous Occurrences

The other night, someone in the Main Dorm filled Money's upper mattress with water.

The mattress was tied so as to prevent immediate escape of the water. Later that night Money was laughing with several other boys. He alone was sitting on the bed. The jokes became rather funny and he was pounding on the bed as the result of his appreciation of the humor.

Suddenly, "Swissash!" The mattress burst and water went every way. Water covered the floor, the bottom mattress, and Bruce. Money said he'd like to find the prankster.

(Cont. in Harper's Weekly)

The Savage



To quiet the rumors going around that he couldn't fight his way out of a wet paper bag, Dean Savage is getting into shape. We think, however, he has some ulterior motive-like preparing for the Freshman onslaught.

Hit Tunes

Austin Peay students seem to be music lovers here recently, according to reports received from the past week's hit tunes. Among them were included such delightful numbers as:

"My Most Embarrassing Date" as sung by Mrs. I Had A Baby or IADaBaby

"Does My Wife Love Me?" sung by Henpecked.

"I'm Comin' Home" by Wandering Maniac.

"Gay Nineties Gal" sung by Depression.

"Fourteen Candles" by Can You Count Em.

"Tom Dooley" by his dog (not quite sung, though.)

"The Search for Glasses" by Where R. U.

"Alma Mater" sung by Benedict Arnold.

"Cross Over the Bridge" by a guy that's got nothing to live for.

"Come and Get Me, Copper" by I'll Run.

"Fifty Feet Under" sung by Write Me A Ladder.

"Hole in the Cheese" by Who Did It.

"The Leaf and the Door" sung by Mr. XTAS:sleklsndkwolep.

"Mr. Taylor's Jokes" by Ha Ha.

"The Bear of Calaveras County" by I'm Getting Out a Here.

The Twirling Five, Plus Some Other Oddball



From right to left are this year's Majorettes: Betsy Aaron (appraising O'Neil Harvill's legs), Diane Schmidt (blowing, as usual), Sandra Cayce (looking benignly down on her favorite), O'Neil Harvill (a pained expression on her face, but it does have a clean, scrubbed look), Martha Chapman (looking down to make sure Barbara Minnich washed her knee caps), and finally, Barbara Minnich (testing to see whether she applied enough deodorant this morning) . . . No . . . Wait a moment. Who's that fool with the brush harbour around his chin? Oh, that's just the flying Frenchman. But who's taking the picture? Oh, my! Where's that silly chipmunk? Get away from that camera ALVIN!

Mayfield Conducts Survey; Or, And That Ain't All, Either

Mr. Mayfield, associate professor of physics during lunch hours, took a recent poll of the habits of Austin Peay students.

According to his survey, the average student sleeps four hours per day - 30 minutes at night and three hours, 30 minutes during classes of the day.

Those who have less than three hours, 30 minutes of classes go back in to the stack area in the library and curl up on book shelves with socks off. That explains the scent. Ted Potter noticed the other day when he got hit by a cobra hidden in a book about snake charmers.

Remarking on the practice of pulling shoes off in the library, Sureida commented, "These guys sure do have a lot of respect for the library."

Another remarkable fact gleaned by Mayfield is that the degrees of nine-tenths of the faculty are worthless. Says Mayfield, "The Boadock Herald printed all the degrees. Mine was the first one off the press."

Ninety percent of the student body smoke Oasis cigarettes. The other ten percent can't afford them, so they smoke grapevine twigs. Someone said in regard to Austin Peay's girls, "Ninety percent of the girls in the United States are pretty. The other ten

percent go to Austin Peay."

According to the report, one boy asked another, "I hear that your girl sent you a 'dear John'." "Which girl?" replied the other. "I mimeograph my love letters. Ten 'dear Johns' arrived yesterday. That was a dull day, though."

The report has it that two-thirds of the girls are going steady now, one-fifth are married but still flirting, and the rest of the girls can't run fast enough to catch a man. Ninety-five out of every 100 girls were in favor of having an annual Saddle Hawkins Day.

Kenneth Poole has eaten a quart of ice cream each day for a year, says the statistics. Mayfield reported that the saleslady asked, "How many are going to help you eat this?" Each time he'd say that only he was going to eat it. When the saleslady asked if he were sure one spoon would be enough, he commented, "Better give me two. One of them might break."

The average cost for a meal in the cafeteria is one dollar. A student paid \$2.50 the other day for his noon meal. That student is now listed as an involuntary bankrupt. The average student listens an average of five seconds a day. This is just enough to know when the classes come to their close.

Morrison, A Hero Not Appreciated

Austin Peay has many amateur writers, but none are so amateur as Bobby Morrison, concluded Dr. Grise.

Grise told Morrison that nothing Bobby had ever written or ever would write would live. Morrison retorted, "When it's a matter of me or my writings living, I always sacrifice the writings."

He also sacrificed his grade, although that wasn't a matter of life or death. Morrison, it appears, will be taking the same English course again the next time it's offered.

Morrison has been trying to break into the professional area of writing for some time, he informed the press. One of his most recent works included a note to the editor, "All characters in the story are purely fictional and have no resemblance to any person, living or dead." He burned the story when the editor wrote back, "That's what's wrong with it."

He dedicated one of his short stories to his best girlfriend. The dedication ran, "To my girlfriend: Without whose unfailing help and advice this short story could have been written in less than half the time."

Morrison has also written sev-

eral plays, it appears. He induced the English Club to stage one of them. The club, of course, didn't know what it was getting into - so commented Dr. Grise.

He has been rather persistent in getting a play staged by professionals. The producer of some of the great New York plays told him several weeks ago there was only one way to get his play on the stage. Bobby answered the letter with a question as to how that was possible - he'd do anything to get the play on stage.

The producer wrote back, "Grind the script up and use it for snow in a storm scene." Morrison gave up. However, the play did serve one useful purpose. The janitor used it to start a fire Monday morning.

The rejection slip he hasn't figured out yet says, "Am returning paper-someone wrote on it."

Dr. Grise commented that the thing that really made him mad was a composition written by Morrison. The class was instructed to write on the funniest thing each had ever seen. Morrison wrote, "The funniest thing I ever saw was too funny for words." So Morrison will further his writing experiences by writing for the same class again.

(Continued Section of Harper's Weekly)

Several of the dorm boys were caught by the police the other night for throwing a rock at a dog. Names on this occurrence

are not available for fear that the police might get them again on the same count. Of course, the boys said, the Police Department used some other fancy name. One of the boys in the group outran the cop who was on a private stake-out. The boys stated that their captor had been fired from the police force for his corruption. He dragged them in on a false charge, apparently to keep his job.

A boy down the hall from these boys brought a \$30 bottle of chloroform back from another state. No one knows what he was going to use it for. He accidentally dropped it and broke the bottle. Chloroform surged over the floor to cover a good-sized small area. A few minutes later, the top part of the floor had been eaten away completely. Further down, the floor rolled back in small rolls.

His room-mate came in, threw the wastebasket out into the hall, poured about a half bottle of intense-smelling shaving lotion on the area, and borrowed some incense from the Flying Frenchman.

The owner of the chloroform stated, "I really started something. My room-mate has been burning incense ever since. Personally, I think the chloroform smells much better. If he keeps burning incense, I'm going to get that \$30 worth of chloroform and see if I can burn the smell of the incense out."