

Y . . .

Mary Elizabeth Scott was all a-twitter the other day when Lt. W. C. Buchanan visited her here at school. W. C., who is a former Austin Peay student, recently received his commission and is now at Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Ensign "Footsie" Harrison, a campus shiek of a few years back, strolled in last week just after receiving his commission, to give all the girls a thrill. He is to be stationed at San Diego.

Frank Adkins, the hero, who has just been promoted to captain, was in Clarksville last week to take part in the ceremonies connected with the presentation of the Army-Navy "E" to the local Oodrich Company, where he used to work.

Lollipop, Nipper and Buddy Collier, our recently departed Air Corps reserves are at Keesler Field.

Ensign Charlie Staton, who was around not so long back with his cute wife, has been sent out of the country . . . destination unknown.

Monday the All-State received a letter from Sgt. Robert Fort who used to write "Sports" for the paper and whose address now is "Care of the Postmaster, New York"—we thought perhaps the whole thing would be of interest to the students.

"Elusive though your soldiering (shem) correspondent is, two editions of the 'All-State,' December 16 and January 22 caught up with him via Macon, Georgia, Fort Dix anxious AP's. Needless to say, he is incapable of expressing his deep appreciation.

"Thoughts while perusing the contents: Hammy—Paper as a whole good; gossip still intriguing—but what the (ensored) happened to "Sports"? The paper needs a Fort and Buchanan touch. It isn't displeasing enough to the efficacy sense. You need something rotten to make them appreciate the good. (Now Bob, don't be modest!)

"Still retaining that particular quality in common with Polonius, the author could enlighten you with reams and reams about his (Continued on Page 3)

Meandering Meditations of a Mad Maid Or Cool Contemplations of College Co-ed

Ye gods and little angels, if that alarm doesn't stop ringing I'll have to get up. Ho hum—seven o'clock and another day. Wish this was yesterday so Chilly could get out tonight. That miserable old Dr. Gilmore and the Navy rules. Wish that war has to mess things up by sending strict orders to our rulers on those charming Cadets. Oh, but if it wasn't for the war I wouldn't have all this practice of exerting my charms. Guess I had better get up and make myself beautiful. Drag eight o'clock classes, anyway. Man just wasn't made to arise into this miserable world so early.

How in tarnation can I be alluring when I can't even have decent clothes? Just look at this pitiful sweater and skirt. If I thought Sue wouldn't fly into a tizzy, I'd switch her swoony new red blouse. Looks much better on me anyway. She's so drab and drabby. Now can some people be so unattractive I've tried to teach her the old one, two method, but no go. Oh, well, one less competitor.

No, honey, you must not eat any preserves this morning. Remember what the scales said yesterday. Oh, to have a beautiful slim figure.

Here I am, late again for biology class. Too bad I don't have my notes up. I've already exhausted

APSC Reserves



Pictured above are most of what's left of Austin Peay's reserves. They are, top row, reading from left to right, Carl Moore, Jimmie Matthews, Billy Ledbetter, Furman Parker, Robert Welker; second row, Frank Nelson, Gilliam Hawkins, Winston Dedson, Charles Runyon; third row, Bob Flowers, G. D. Denning, Tom Batson, Charles Burchett, Woodson Oliver; bottom row, Lloyd Denning, Charles Neighbors, Harold Pryor, Raphael Tucker and Frank Miller.

Reserves Will Leave May 15-Or Will They?

On April 15 came the much anticipated mail in brown envelopes. Many overjoyed souls tore open the flaps with trembling fingers and fluttering hearts.

Of course the contents of those envelopes was quite a surprise and very unexpected. Uncle Sammy was calling on some more of his nephews to help him out of a big mess.

Well, those very special people who received those very special envelopes rushed right to the library and dumped those books they had practically worn out studying. (Do you think their eyes will pass the physical?)

As soon as Miss Howard had put (Continued on Page 3)

Boone and Dickson Named Co-editors for 1943-44 at Annual "All-State" Banquet

At the annual banquet of the All State staff which was held Monday evening, April 26, at the Woman's Club, Misses Claudell Boone and Mary Lowe Dickson were named co-editors of the paper for the school year, 1943-44. They will succeed Miss Mary Winters, who has been editor-in-chief for the past two years.

At the banquet, which was a gala affair as usual, the staff members and their guests were seated at a horseshoe shaped table with colorful bouquets of tulips placed at intervals. Unique and original hand-drawn place cards by staff artists Ledbetter and Welker provided an additional note of festivity.

After a delicious chicken dinner, a "living issue" of the All State was presented. May we say here that a "living issue" can evade the censors much more adeptly than one of mere paper and printer's ink! Those who took part on the program, and their subjects include: Robert Welker, "Dope on the Dopes"; Claudell Boone, front page articles on "Reserves to Leave May 15-Or Are They?"; Mary Lowe Dickson, special article on "Meditation of An A.P.S.C. Co-ed"; Charles Runyon, "Confessions of a Business Girl"; Helen Nicholson, poetry column; Billy Ledbetter, sports resume; Mollie Bailey, book review on "Swimming in Grandma's Day"; Mary Winters, editorial on "Adieu and Ways to Do It." (Some of these were written elsewhere in the paper.) Short (as requested) talks were made by Dr. Pile and Dr. Claxton.

Then came the highlight of the evening, Mr. Woodward's annual criticism and commendation of the staff and discussion of prospects

Herman Gilbert Killed In Crash

Herman Gilbert, former student of Austin Peay State College, was fatally injured in a plane crash at Chico, California, May 7. He was a cadet in the Army Air Corps. Funeral services probably will be held in Clarksville on Friday of this week.

Claudell Is Crowned Queen of the Iris

Claudell Boone, attractive blonde freshman, was crowned Queen of the Iris at the Beta Club's annual Iris Ball, May 8, at Harned Hall. For this eagerly awaited formal the foyer of the dormitory was beautifully decorated with a profusion of iris and other spring flowers.

Musical for the dancing, which featured six no-holds and a grand march was furnished by a nickel-odeon complete with all current popular tunes, both sweet and hot. Amid the traditional colored pageantry for which the Iris Ball is noted, Claudell, looking lovely in a blue formal with shoulder corsage of orchids was crowned Queen of the Iris. She was Freshman candidate and was selected for this signal honor by popular vote of the student body. Representatives of the other classes were: Senior, Marie Hoate, Junior, Mary Jo Harris; Sophomore, Virginia Staton.

Largely responsible for the success of the occasion was a committee composed of Thelma Farmer, chairman, and president of the Beta Club; Marguerite Davis, Bess Bruce, Eleanor Hoots, Lucille Chester, and Joyce Hicks, and Miss Mary Kathryn Tanner, sponsor.

for next year. Mr. Woodward stated that less faculty supervision had been given the paper this year than ever before in its history. As the All State, placing a greater responsibility on the students in charge of publication, Miss Boone and Miss Dickson have been chosen co-editors, said Mr. Woodward, because of their excellent records as staff writers, their originality, versatility, and ability to accept responsibility.

Those present at the banquet were Mary Winters and Cpl. Jack Rush, Martha Jo Barker, and Charlie Runyon, Claudell Boone and Frank Miller, Mary Lowe Dickson and Robert Welker, Betty Lou Hassell and Sgt. Jimmie Stagers, Ernest Jones and Lt. Philip Zang, Helen Nicholson and Anthony Kraese, Betty Pearl Miller (Continued on Page 2)

Schedule of Events For Commencement Week Announced

The schedule for commencement week, beginning Monday, May 16 has been announced. On that evening all graduates, both of the Junior and Senior College groups are asked to report to the Madison Street Methodist Church in caps and gowns, for the baccalaureate sermon which will be preached by Dr. King Virvon of Nashville.

Thursday evening May 20, at 8:00, the beautiful and traditional ceremony of the Farewell and Hall will take place in the Central Bowl before the Cadets. Following the program an informal reception will be held in Myra McKay Harned Hall for the families and guests of the student body.

Friday morning at 10:00 commencement exercises will be held in the auditorium of the Stewart Building, at which time approximately forty-five will receive the degree and a corresponding number of the Junior College certificate. Dr. William A. Sutton, D. Ed., superintendent of schools of Atlanta, Ga., will deliver the commencement address.

ALL STATE

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By Students of
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITOR'S ASSISTANTS:
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 Claudelle Boone

REPORTERS:
 Betty Lou Hassell
 Ernestine Jones
 Lucy Harrison
 Helen Nicholson
 Evans Harvill
 Mary L. Dickson
 Grace Gibbs
 Mollie Bailey
 Billy Ledbetter
 Mary Jo Harris

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER:
 Earl Bradley

BUSINESS STAFF:
 Charlie Runyon
 Oscar Rankin
 Frank Miller
 Anthony Kraske

Woodward Family Has New Member

Mr. Woodward, our genial associate-dean and All State sponsor, is peppy again. This time it's a boy (just as if it wasn't the last two times!), born April 18, at the Clarksville Hospital, weighing about ten pounds.

The new arrival has been named Fred Miller, and is reported to be the spitting image of his father.

The All State congratulates you, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward . . . and you, too, Freddie. You're a lucky boy.

Last Student Program Of Year Successful

On Wednesday, April 26, the students had charge of the program for the last time this quarter. Marguerite Davis, vice president of the Student Body, expressed the appreciation of the Student Council for the splendid cooperation of the students in making student chapel programs a success.

Three students from the speech class gave interesting talks. Miss LaRue Vaughn chose as her subject, "Japan's New Order." In her talk, Miss Vaughn stressed the importance of knowing our enemies and the attitude we should take toward them.

Miss Dixie Parker spoke on "The Earmarks of a Cultivated Person." Stating the attributes of a cultivated person, Miss Parker closed her speech by saying she believed the aim of every cultured person was to become a better citizen.

Mrs. Evelyn Smith gave as her title, "Why I Chose To Become a Teacher," fully discussing the advantages of that vocation and why she felt she was best suited for that work. Her talk vividly pictured the type of work she had done as a teacher by relating interesting experiences.

BOONE AND DICKSON

(Continued from Page 1)

and Evans Harvill, Mollie Bailey and Jimmie Matthews, Joy Ingram and Billy Ledbetter, Mary Jo Harris and Carl Moore, Winnie Kooner and Earl Bradley, Mary Lewis and Kenneth Grizzard, Mr. and Mrs. Buford Ledbetter, Margaret Hatcher, and Pvt. Robert E. Connor, Grace Gibbs, Billy Walker, Mr. Woodward, Miss Annie Laurie Huff, Dr. and Mrs. P. P. Claxton, and Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Fite.

Signed Confession Of Business Staff

This year the business staff has been very fortunate in procuring new recruits to fill the vacancies made when Billie Jo Seagraves became Mrs. Buford Ledbetter and "Doc" Harris became Prof. William Jordan Harris. Sophomores James Lenox McKnight and Oscar Rankin, of Rankenstien and Swindler, were added, and then Freshman John Frank Miller. Seeing all these hard studying, super selling, school spirited dynamos in one department pleased Mr. Woodward so much that he paid us a compliment by giving us charge of the circulation. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. McKnight promptly entered meteorology and took a powder to North Carolina. Rankin begged his draft board to take him immediately. Miller and Runyon enlisted in the reserves and requested to be sent across at once. Alas, McKnight, first as always, was the only one who made good his escape. Bitterly regretting that Jimmie had slipped through his fingers, Mr. Woodward hastened to replace him with "Playboy" Anthony Kraske. Thus you have the complete history of the 42-43 All State business staff, that is as complete as the censor would allow me to make it.

Last but not least we present the cold hard facts of how much money we have and how it was spent. Three hundred and fifty dollars worth of advertising was sold. Three hundred dollars of it has been collected of it so far (we haven't started using the black-jack and brass knucks yet). One hundred and eighty dollars was received from the school, making a total of four hundred and eighty dollars cash we had on hand.

Here's where it went:
 Cost of publication for entire year \$4.52
 Ink clips and stamps 11.49
 Cuspidor for All State office 50
 Cuts for picture and paper 6.00
 Pencils and copy paper 16.93
 Incidentals 42.00

When compiling these figures we noticed that the last item was rather large, so we looked back over our record to see where it went, and here's what we found — Mr. Bond borrowed \$50 to get a few new bicycle tires. Dr. Gilmore, now being a government man, spent \$105 for red tape. Dr. Fite purchased his Ph.D. and all those gold trinkets for his root suit key chain for \$125.50. Chief Butler made his final payment on the new truck, \$150. Mr. Woodward bought a new pair of shoes to replace those he wore out on April 15, at the hospital, \$10.00. Earl Bradley bought a book on "How to Win the Woman You Love," \$5.00. Helen Nicholson got some leg make-up to be used in place of stockings or socks, \$10.00. Betty Lou Hassell for long distance calls to Camp Campbell \$10.00. Billy Ledbetter, fees charged by models, paint, and cigars, \$62.75.

As I wish to remain in school and

A Sinner's Nightmare

(Editor's Note: We hasten to assure you that we can't understand this, either, but its author being an artist has assured us that it is an artistic utterance. So rather than take the chances of depriving the reading public of a literary gem, we publish it.)

Hell's Bells.

Get from behind my molten back, ye scrawny Satan!

The blaze of Hades bakes my blasted hide

And shudders my sturdy base and bleeding eye

Disease and disaster, and hate, and crime,

Fill my vision as delicacies.

Avast! Avast, ye hellish scenes! Oh merciful powers, deliver me from this realm of shame, Let me feel again!

They're away! Those devilish thoughts have ceased.

Again I shall draft with the wind as smoke,

Again I shall know joy and power, not sorrow and pain.

Ah, 'tis the sweetness of life, That makes me dwell my dwindling brain

On thoughts of white buttocks and bow-legged cows.

Again I've conquered.

May my fertile bones plough through the impurities of earth and sand

And forever feel the glowing sun.

—William A. Ledbetter.

not be sued for slander for the next few days, I cannot now reveal to the public where the other \$38.00 went, but any one interested in a good story can see me later.

Signed:

CHARLES V. RUNYON,
 Business Manager.

We hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the seaman has his pick.

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Gray Commissioned, Rates First in Class Of 128 Bombardiers

Howard Gray, who was graduated from Austin Peay in 1941, is now doing all right by himself in the Army Air Corps. He was commissioned April 17 at Kirtland Field, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Lt. Gray, who has completed the course of study for bombardier, had an average on twenty subjects of 91.5, the highest in a class of 128 men receiving commissions. From Kirtland Field, Lt. Gray was sent to San Marcos, Texas, where he will take a course in celestial navigation for four and a half months. The question is, when he finishes will be a "bombardator" or a "navi-der"?

MEANDERING

(Continued from Page 1)

Well, look at that little flirt. All in the world she thinks about is men. How can she be oblivious to the horrible things happening in the world today. Just as we were saying in English yesterday that people are so unconscious of the backward step civilization is taking — my, it's wonderful the way teachers can be led off the lesson.

I guess I better eat a little lunch. Of course, I'm not hungry, but I have got to see that cute blonde coddle. He didn't even speak this morning. Of all the nerve after the way he fell all over me yesterday.

I wonder what his name is. No matter, though.

Oh, miserable world. Here I've got a chance to have a date with that swoon from Camp Campbell

Joan's been dating and I have to stay in-campused. I don't even have a fighting chance to take him away from that conceted drip. But I mustn't be unkind for she did lend me her blue skirt last week.

Glory be! My last class for the day is over. But I do love college so. It gives you such a grand opportunity to improve your mind.

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What's Left of Sports At the College

During the 1940 basketball season our team won twenty consecutive games. Another season we won the Southeastern Junior College championship. The 1943 season, the past season, the A. P. S. C. basketball team played 29 games! We won four.

As you know, we had no football team this school year.

Sports at the Austin Peay State College this year practically ain't.

Because of the war we have to face transportation difficulties. We must keep good athletes around here any more. The army needs those men of a better physical quality.

The Army apparently has been driven to a very desperate need of men, for they are soon taking many of us.

While we are discussing the subject of sports, I would like to suggest an idea for next year. I received my inspiration for this idea by watching Mrs. Lowe give callisthenics to a group of our fortunate coeds.

I honestly believe, expert that I am, that if these girls work out such a strenuous course much longer, they will become muscle-bound.

If we are to continue sports next year at the Austin Peay State College, as a sports expert, I believe it will be necessary to train the girls through the summer and have them perform in place of the boys next year.

The girls now in school are certainly PHYSICALLY stronger (I found out) than the present stock of males.

I hardly think Rankin, Bradley, and Mr. Forbes would compose a strong football or basketball team.

I don't know what our immediate future in sports is going to be. Perhaps a few of our sporting faculty such as Pappy Woodward, Dean Pitt, Dr. Claxton, and Pop Wallace could don their stored away suit zoots and enter into Southeastern Conference Ping Pong competition.

Sharp Gives Musical Program In Chapel

On Wednesday, April 21, Mr. John Sharp, assistant director of the U.S.O., entertained the student body with several piano selections. His program consisted of Nocturne, by Orlino Respighi; Poem, by Dene Taylor, and three popular numbers, "Deep Purple," "All the Things You Are," and "Who Cares." Mr. Sharp is an exceptionally gifted musician, having written several pieces for the piano. It is hoped that he will play for us again in the near future.

Mr. Woodward: Surely, Miss Winters, you know the King's English!

Mary W.: Of course. Who said he wasn't?

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It all began with a few season rushing students ping-pong balls without even a net back in February. The came March, warmer weather, and several players might be found dashing madly to and fro, up and back—trying not to look too rusty in contrast to last November's form. All of a sudden up appeared a net and the popularity of the court immediately increased.

Before long victims were strewn about the back stops and alleys, as the over anxious athlete slugged one another coming and going for the use of the court.

With the last court in condition now, however, all may readily be accommodated and casualties have diminished to the present situation—hardly worth noting.

Serve on dear kiddies, and please don't cut the back hand!

V. . . Continued from Page 1) experiences and exploits while saving his country, but the censor knows (censored) well that it isn't true. Therefore the author must refrain from fabricating exciting stories.

"Incidentally, it isn't true that yours truly was annihilated in action as was rumored at home. He can't recall having told anyone that story even though he did have "All-State" training. It is said that the neighbors were very disappointed when they learned that it wasn't

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PHONE 44

Lowe's Lassies Are Janes-of-All-Trades

Yes sir, you'll have to hand it to Mrs. Lowe's freshmen gym class for doing anything that comes along. Take a look behind the Castle Building at the first rate job the class did in cleaning the tennis courts. Then that chapel program that they gave wasn't all play either. In addition to this program they also gave programs at Clarksville High School and at New Providence.

Since these warm spring days have arrived the girls are taking more exercises out of doors where they get full benefit of the fresh air and sunshine.

If you accidentally get hit, while on the campus, don't be surprised for it will probably turn out to be only the girls taking turns at volleyball, or soccer ball. However, you had better watch out for your shins because the girls don't know yet just exactly where those tennis balls are going to land. But once the girls are in practice, they'll challenge any of you to a game.

True. They had begun to visualize a peaceful life after their war.

"Ocell Smith is the only alumnus of A. P. that I've (tired of that third person stuff) run across since I left. He was at Charleston, S. C. when I was. I also ran into a Red Cross girl from McMinnville that knew McWhirter, Loom, and Bill Albright.

As the Army would say, this is a "puny poor" letter, but that is

RESERVES WILL LEAVE

(Continued from Page 1)

her sig on the dotted line. Mr. Shasteen's office got the rush.

When all returnable fees had been returned for those happy-go-lucky luddies were gone again. Where? Need you ask? With orders and money in his pocket where else would a draftee go? They all got gloriously, deliciously, lazily stinks.

By the time the drunkard had recovered from this, there was a rumor abroad that reserves had been deferred. Everybody crept wearily up the library steps and took back their books.

About this time someone had a brilliant idea and called a meeting of the Army reserves. The majority decided not to take the deferment, but to go on at the time ordered. Everybody took his well worn books back to the library, threw up his hat, and got drunk again.

On Monday when we returned to school from Easter holiday — you guess. Yes, we heard another rumor. No Army reserves will be accepted until May 15. Where the A.P.S.C. Army reserves will be this time tomorrow is the greatest of mysteries. Your guess is as good as mine.

accounted for by the fact that I am the original Sad Sack!"

Robert Port.

In a letter dated March 22, Billy "Buckshot" Collier informs us that he is well recovered from wounds received in action and is back in there fighting. Billy is in North Africa.

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The way MRS. KEELING takes off to New Orleans these days, you'd think she had an interest in the Navy! Well, why not, and who hasn't?

Mrs. GOODLETT is always sending us forgotten terms in a picture postal from some foreign port, too. Isn't there a famous Confucius saying that life is just being at forty?

Will some one please inform me as to what has happened to our Dormitory Clubs? Wednesday nites just aren't—without those fascinating meetings, initiations, programs, etc.

DR. ADAMS' violin numbers, accompanied by MRS. ADAMS at the piano, was one of the year's best-loved Vesper programs. CADET HARRIS' slides and talk on dining in Panama, his former home, was another.

Now for the good old "Quiet Hour" songs: Coming in all "Track"-ed out after Easter vacation from seeing too many Easter bunnies and pink elephants was our "Bonnie," I think RUTH—all smothered in orchids, chocolates, and guess what else? I got the pretty Easter paper for candy. And did you see JOY's red roses, white roses and gardenias? Say, who was that Penelope, anyway?

TREDDY BEAR? MASON's gardenias and CADET RICHARD GREENE TAYLOR and father came all the way from Memphis to see her.

Think I'll sing—"But Jim Never brings me pretty flowers"—Bonnie likes—Bonnie, Bonnie like lilacs, Jim likes lilacs. Think I'm crazy don't you? This spring, my dear! My mamma was scared by a Juke Box but—didn't affect me, didn't affect me, didn't affect me —

Gazing from my window a few days ago, I imagined I was an image. Two GRACE and CHARLIE. Nope, just wishful thinking.

ELEANOR is the "Yankee-doodle round this place—Doodlin' around with the fifteen Bostonians that I already picked out.

LUCILE CHESTER and MARY W. do rate—go out three nights in seven with Lucile—to dinner?

Did you see the glamour gals visiting HELEN SADLER and MARY JO? Well, competition we might have—I. Yes, boys, the other one was Mrs. Keeling's daughter, MARIBETH.

The Spring—slipping down the back way one nite I spied one of our favorite girls, MISS TANNER, reading old love letters to MISS HUFF. I went back and got all my fan-mail, a picture postal with a sailor's address and saying—write me, I don't have time to myself.

This is the life—all work, no play, all school, no pay. No time, no date, no date, no "Derby"—no "Derby" no fun! Hum! Hum! My Kingdom to be a CWS or a M.S. and have the key to the front door.

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Dope On The Dopes

ADIEU! ADIEU! ADIEU! Farewell, au revoir, good-bye, and so long, for I have at my last episode. Due to circumstances beyond my control, my "dopey" days are over. And until Dr. Fuchner's face is "Heil Hitler" by his Satanic Majesty in Hell, my gossiping pen shall be silenced. But, alas, I shall have one last fling, and indulge myself in the narcotic of Dope. So here it comes.

Have you heard of the latest episodes of our little outdoor nymph (or should I say Imp)? HELEN NICK! It seems she has found a beautiful secluded pool, almost all her own, in which she has quite times swim. Only it would be quite embarrassing if a cop should appear, because it is posted, "No Trespassing." And we hear she really has a rare bathing suit, in fact, so new it isn't there.

The following poem is lovingly dedicated to MISS BAILEY:

"There was a young lady named BAILEY,
Who always liked to neck daily.
She met beneath the trees
In the soft summer breeze—

You draw your own conclusion. And did you hear about that garden episode? Ask JIMMY about it and watch him blush! I'd like to mention that mid-night drive she and BILLY LEDBETTER took, but I don't suppose I should, especially after he and "glamour-puss" JOY INGRAM looked so peaceful and domestic cooking spaghetti at his house last Sunday night. He's had almost as many dates with her as he has with Sue Cummings, a Peabody peach, who has him "reeling with the snap of April like a drunkard." At least there's something about "sap" in this connection.

And now comes the time when I can say anything I want to say about that pitch-fork-wielding, head-bashing, slave-driving, old witch of an editor of ours. Those puns of hers just say "and I mean that in the true sense of the word." But she really is a thrill, and no better editor could have been found! Get around, she really does it—her Camp Campbell editor JACK RUSH, JIMMY MATTHEWS, plus all our Camp soldiers. But, alas, poor souk, she still has that touch of Texas in her heart. Meaning, of course, her one and only LT. HOWARD GRAY.

The other day when I was at that wretched old hole, Sloppy's, which is much, much too good for AP.S.C. students, I saw two roaches sitting on a cracker box and overheard their conversation.

First Roach: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Second Roach: "Don't you see that sign? It says, 'Teal along this line!'"

That All State banquet was really one more bird! What with fried chicken and everything. More beauty and brains there than have been

seen gongolaterated together since ELIZABETH THOMAS looked at ELIZABETH THOMAS in the mirror. SWOON BOONE, that blistering blonde, all diked out in a new drag dress, was escorted by ERIK VATE FRANK MILLER. EVANS HARVILLE is trying hard to make MILLER BETTY PEARL, a muscat, a little more private. You've got a job to make anybody as beautiful as your very private, MARY JO HART was escorted by CARL MOORE. ERNESTINE JONES was sporting a redhead with silver bars—the envy of all the Reserves (the silver bars, of course).

U. S. HASSELL was there proudly showing off her victory—JIMMY STAGGERS. (They're engaged!) and CHARLIE HUNYON with MARTHA JO BUCKNER, who was the gracious receiver of his milestone line for the night.

NEWEST STYLE NOTE: It is now the newest style to go barefoot with tuxedos or evening gowns. This new fad was created one night when MARY LOU DICKSON, ROBERT WELKER, JIMMY MATTHEWS, MARLIE BAILEY, and BILLY WELKER, feet weariad from dancing after the All State banquet, walked through town carrying their shoes. Sounds like one beer too many! I!

By the way, have you noticed what "intoxicating" pictures BRADLEY makes? If you know what I mean.

We wonder why ELEANOR CHOATE blushes so when anybody mentions her soldier, JOHNNY. Ain't young love grand! I! Talking about love, JOE HUNTER and MARY JANE HAMPTON, that Holy from High, have really got it bad. As Mr. Woodward would say, "Electric Affinity."

ANGEL EDMONDSON thinks there is too much "stalling" going on. Her handsome cad is leaving in a few weeks, and she's still on the fence, which reminds me, VIRGINIA STATION seems to have found her "LADDIE."

You should have seen LUCILLE LIPSOMB, WOODSON OLIVER, JOYCE HICKS, and BURCHETT at Mericourt Saturday night swinging on swings and riding on the merry-go-round just as sweet and innocent as little children—yeah, I'll bet I!

Have you heard the sad plight of ROBBIE FLOWERS? He went home to tell his girl goodbye, and when he got to her door, she wasn't there. He found she had forgotten her civilian Romeo and had married a soldier. Gee, ain't that heart-breaking, and him going to the Army on top of that! How do some people keep from committing suicide?

We have a SALLY who is really the BELE of "Free" man's mail. She gets literally hundreds of letters weekly, all marked Free. She must be a wonderful morale builder. (Gad! Wasn't that corny? Pure rot but it fills up space.)

The other day Mr. WOODWARD was lecturing on the evils of Hell. In the course of his lecture, he came

forth with this startling revelation, that Hell is full of chorus girls, champagne, dancing, and gambling. TUCKER, on the back row, stood up and shouted, "Death, where is thy sting!"

BRACEY really had a fast necking date last Monday night with LUCY, who is quickly becoming one of the fastest girls on the Campus. He held her hand before the night was over I!

Well, after that I think I'd better leave. And if I didn't say anything about you, thank your lucky stars. And until I start writing up your antics again, be good—good and wild, so my poor untrained successor will have something to say. Goodbye, Wild World!

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