

Tickets Sold at Door

Be, B, B and Candle Closes Tonight

Cotham, Miller, Crain, Clement, Neal Walk off with 1957 Superlatives

Superlatives for 1957 have been announced by Pat Berry, editor of the 1957 annual. Jimmy Cotham is Governor; Fran Miller is First Lady; Janell Crain is Miss APSC; Lynda Clement is Miss Queen and Bobby Neal is Bachelor of Uplines.

The Iris Queen's Attendants are Barbara Griffin, Sara Evans, Edie Neill and Lynda Clement.

James Caswell Cotham, III, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cotham, Clarksville, Tennessee. He is a senior and a business major. He has been President, Freshman class; member of the student council, Vice-president of Business Club; Vice-President of Circle K Club; President, senior class; President, Middle Tennessee Student Council Association.

From Dickson, Tennessee comes Fran Miller, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Miller. She is a senior and a business major. She is a cheerleader, President of the girls' dormitory,

member of the student council, and Secretary-treasurer of the senior class.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orman Crain, Janell Crain is from Dover, Tennessee. She is a junior and has a double major of business and physical education. She is a majorette, member of the MSM and Secretary-treasurer of the junior class. She was junior queen for this year's homecoming.

Lynda Clement, from Dickson, Tennessee is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clement. She is a sophomore and an English major. She is a member of the student council, cheerleader, Secretary-treasurer of sophomores, member of MSM. She was sophomore queen in this year's homecoming.

From Portland, Tennessee is Bobby Neal. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Neal. He is a senior and in secondary education. He is member of the Circle K club.

Applications Ready For Ambassador

By Carolyn Shastien

New places! New friends! High Adventure! The Experiment in International Living challenges you to participate in an exciting and unusual adventure and adventure in human relationships.

The Experiment is one of the many international organizations dedicated to the task of promoting world peace and understanding. A non-profit corporation without religious or political affiliations, the Experiment has been sending hundreds of young people into foreign countries for the past twenty-five years. It provides a challenging educational experience for internationally-minded people who are interested in breaking down cultural barriers between different nations.

Fees for would-be Experimenters are relatively modest, and scholarships and loans are available for applicants who need financial assistance. Moreover, citizens of Clarksville are provided an opportunity to participate in the Experiment program under a unique plan known as the Community Ambassador Project. Under this program, various civic groups and interested individuals finance an individual's overseas stay. In return, the ambassador shares his experiences with his community through newspaper articles and speeches to local groups during the year following his trip.

Clarksville has sent four community ambassadors abroad—two to France, one to Austria, and one to Finland. Sometime this spring a fifth, community ambassador will be selected—she will be YOU. Applicants are judged primarily on enthusiasm, ability to get along with people, and a sincere desire to learn strange lands, friends, although knowledge of a

(Continued on Page 4)

Community Ambassador's Experiences Always Exciting if Sometimes Not Rosy

By Vianne Noland

Vomit. The ship gave one big lurch which sent coffee and Dutch cuisine spilling over the tables. It also sent about half of the green-faced ladies spilling into the nearest exits and over the shortest routes to the rails. Excitement? Well, not at that particular time. Who can be excited when the only thing on his mind is vomit?

As a community ambassador I did have a great many exciting adventures abroad and abroad. Getting seasick was probably one of the necessary steps in reaching my final destination—Tampere, Finland. After braving the Atlantic my eleven American companions and I traveled up the European continent until we reached Tampere.

We were met in Tampere by our Finnish families. Each of these families was to keep one of us as a sort of adopted child live, wind, and play as a member of that family for four weeks. At most suddenly, it seemed, I found myself living with four strangers with whom I had little in common except for a desire for peace and friendship. Daily swims, walks, discussions, strange foods and customs were all interesting experiences for me. Of course there were difficulties such as curfew milk, the beloved family, taking my face, hot steam bath, icy lakes and language trouble. However, all of these were laughed at and survived and overcame.

After my family stay I took my younger "sister," Riia, and joined the others in my group for a two weeks' tour of Finland. It

just not only included sightseeing but shopping, teas, picnics, our own parties, dances and lots of hilarious times. I even had a chance to try my thumb at hitchhiking which is perfectly permissible for girls in Europe. I must confess that I didn't get a ride because the only car which came along was full of people. Besides, it was going the wrong way.

When our stay in Finland was over we had two weeks left in Europe. This was free time so we could just follow our feet wherever they took us. No longer was I a community ambassador but simply an American girl having a terrific time in Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Holland.

From Holland I crossed the Atlantic once again (the food fell off the tables this time) and landed in New York. One hop from the Empire State and I was home again. Once more I was a community ambassador making speeches all over Clarksville and outside. I guess there've been almost fifty of those speeches and some still to go. I reached just about everyone from the sewing circles to the civic clubs. One of the most surprising things to me is that these speeches have been almost as much fun as the trip itself. I've met so many nice people and have also had such a good time shocking people by telling them of some of the more peculiar Finnish habits.

If you're an adventurous soul with a little brains and brain, why not look into this deal? Take it from a veteran, it's worth the trouble.



Don Alsop and Lynda Clement

Comedy about Modern-Day Witches Stars Clement, Alsop and Crockarell

Tonight at 8:00 the curtain will rise on the winter quarter's production of "Bell, Book and Candle." The comedy is by John Van Druten.

It stars Lynda Clement, Don Alsop, Suzy Crockarell, Raoul Johnson, and George Bracey.

Lynda is an English major from Dickson, Tennessee. This is the first time that she has been seen on Waddell stage in a major play.

An sophomore from Lebanon is Don Alsop. This is the first time that he has been seen on Waddell. However, he has had considerably experience in acting.

Suzy and Raoul are old favorites with people familiar to Austin Peay productions. Suzy and Raoul were last seen together in "The Hasty Heart." Raoul has since then been in "Sleep of Prisoners." Suzy is from Clarksville and is a biology major. Raoul, an English major, is from Waverly.

George Bracey is another new face. He is a freshman. From Joelton, Tennessee he is in pre-law.

"Bell, Book and Candle" is a

comedy about witches - modern day witches that is. Witches that cast their spells in modern day New York. Gillian Holroyd, a beautiful young witch, falls in love with a mortal publisher, Shep Henderson. Complications arise when Shep finds out that Gillian is a witch. It is not exactly the profession that he would like to have his future wife do. More trouble comes about when Gillian loses Shep and she, herself, is no longer a witch. An old saying goes if a witch falls in love, she will become mortal. Happily they are reunited at the end of the play. Gillian has a young witch brother and an old witch aunt who add to the hilarious affair. To top off all this there is a drunk author who wanders through. The whole evening should prove to be most comical.

Tickets will be sold at the door.

Tips for You

Who Precedes Whom?

The gentleman precedes the lady only when it is necessary; to open the way through a crowd, to find a seat in restaurant or theatre where there is no usher or waiter to lead or indicate the way, to assist her to alight from the train bus or other conveyance. In other words the lady always leads the way except in cases where the man can or must be helped. Kissing in public

Contrary to earlier rules of etiquette which completely forbade kissing in public places, it is now permissible to kiss family or friends, a quick brief kiss of greeting, if this is an established habit. It is however in very bad taste to indulge in kissing that will attract attention of passerby. When a man does kiss in a public place he, or course, always removes his hat.

Bob Kendrick Gets a Danforth

Robert E. Kendrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Kendrick of Montgomery County, has been awarded a Danforth Foundation grant for study toward the degree of doctor of science of law.

A member of the David Lipscomb College business administration faculty since 1950, Kendrick was nominated for the award by Dean J. P. Sanders. He will be granted leave to study under the grant at any graduate school he may choose.

The Danforth Foundation on which is based the science of law, which included the science of law, program only three years ago, will pay Kendrick \$4,600 plus tuition fees and other costs, for 11 months of study. Dean Sanders said he is the first to be accepted for the program.

(Continued on page 3)

Free movie: "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Olivia De Havilland, Joe E. Brown, Mickey Rooney, and Dick Powell. Audio-visual Room, Wednesday, March 6, 7:00.

Dean Bowman Gets Rotarian Office

Dean Medford P. Bowman was unanimously elected District Governor of Rotary International. The Election was held February 17 as a part of the District Convention of District 26 of Rotary International which was held at Jackson, Tennessee the 17th through the 19th.

Dean Bowman is past Secretary of the Clarksville Rotary Club and has attended two Rotary International Conventions, the first in New York City in 1950 and the second in Mexico City in 1952. He has served as the host director of two District Assemblies and has taken an active part in a number of other District Assemblies.

THE ALL STATE

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS

WUSS LUSH-YO'VE BEEN A REAL PROBLEM FOR ME SINCE YO'VE BEEN IN THIS CLASS.

WHY?

HAVEN'T I BEEN DOING MY WORK?

YES- BUT NOONE ELSE HAS.

- space filler -

BY RAOUL JOHNSON

On May 9, 1945 the German Army and Navy officially signed the unconditional surrender. Germany had been defeated. Occupying forces were moved in. Six months later they were rotated.

I felt afraid and happy as we drove along the bombed-out streets and buildings. We stopped in front of a half-gutted German post office. This was our headquarters. We were an occupying troop attached to the Seventh Army under General Patch. Our job, well, our job was to sit in Munich and watch defeated Germany bleed. This we did until we were sick of walking in the blood.

But the time we had arrived in Munich most of the radical inhabitants of the town were in custody and the remainder wanted and gave no trouble other than constantly begging for food. Most of the supplies that we were receiving to feed them with were coming in too slow and many were dying of hunger.

I had decided not to let the begging bother me but soon found it impossible to ignore. I could not walk down the street without being besieged with small hungry children and old, very old, tattered women. At first, the men would not beg but later, finally took their place along the sides of the streets. It was funny how hunger completely did away with the classes of "friend" and "enemy" and placed everyone in that class known as "fellowman."

One day while leaving headquarters I ran upon a small boy who sat in the gutter and cried. I stopped and squatted beside him. He didn't look up but continued to cry.

"Hey, son, now it can't be that bad," I said. Then I thought a minute and wished I hadn't said just that.

He slowly turned his head and looked at me. The tears ran from his sunken eyes down his dirty cheeks. He rubbed his knuckles into the hollows of his eyes and then ran his thumb quickly under his nose. He neither smiled nor frowned but stared blankly at me.

"Are you hungry, son?" I said uneasily. "Maybe we can fix you up."

The young boy stood up. His swollen stomach protruded under his rough-woven sweater. It was nature's ironical joke on filling the starving. He wore nothing but the oversized sweater. He didn't even have sandals as did most of other other war children.

"What's your name?" I asked him. "He cracked off and stood awkwardly staring at me."

"Name, name," I said, "what are you called?" He frowned and said slowly, "Yarg."

"Good. How about my calling you, Little Yarg? How's that?"

He said nothing but the frown disappeared as if he understood.

Perhaps it wasn't that he understood what I said at all, but he was hungry and he did know what I understood that. A smile was enough to tell him that I would give him something to eat.

Little Yarg soon became the mascot of headquarters. We fed and clothed him and sent him on meaningless errands just for an excuse to give him a bar of candy and see his face light up. The swelling of starvation soon disappeared and Little Yarg began to be what the proprietors of a well-fed youngster. He even learned some English. We didn't know where he lived but he would appear at daybreak and disappear at sunset as regularly as the cycle itself.

We had a suspicion that his parents knew quite a bit of English for he was always throwing words at us that we were sure we hadn't taught him.

He confirmed that suspicion in me one day when he approached me and said, "You sleep with Mother, one dollar?"

"What did you say, I asked him. "You sleep with Mother, one dollar?"

"Where's your father, Yarg?" I asked quickly knowing what the remark was. "In war," was the reply. Then he repeated his previous question.

"No Yarg, no," I told him slowly. "You had a little Yarg's body floating in the river. They missed him around headquarters."

It's strange what a man's religion, if you want to call it that, can make him do. Mine caused me to set myself up as judge, to take a life.

Ruby's Blocks

"The Owl appears to be the wisest of the birds, but it is really the most stupid," Ruby

Once upon a time in a rather small forest there were a group of owls who liked to think of themselves as the leaders of the forest. They sat wisely and lordly on the highest branch of the trees. The other inhabitants of the forest would come and seek the advice of the supposedly wiser leaders. The big lion would bow his huge head and timidly ask if it would be all right for him to roar that day. After due deliberation, he would receive his answer. The impressive "whooco-whooco" could be heard from one end of the forest to the other.

Now, there are some things that must be cleared up. The dwellers in this forest were not the dumb, irresponsible beasts that it might seem. They were all quite capable of looking after their particular business and their personal problems. But as most beasts, they had a natural desire to have leaders who could advise them. What meant the most to the beast was the fact that there was no pressure concerned with their seeking the advice of the owls. They could go to them when they wanted to and were given advice and not demands. This gave the beasts a desire to do as they asked.

But not everything started happy and peaceful in the forest. The owls began to feel more and more important and started sitting on higher branches in the trees.

There arrived in the forest a touring company of the Hectic Hares presenting Arkansas Bill's production of Baby Bunny. The whole forest heard about the play; some were interested in going and some were not. But the interest was only kindled when the word spread that the owls were banning the play.

And sure enough, the council of owl leaders stated that it was the fact that they were not allowing the play to be put on in that forest. The animals became curious to learn the reason they became indignant when they received no answer.

All the owls would say was that it was no good and they knew it was no good because they hadn't seen it. That was the ultimate end in logic and reason. And, of course, the neighboring forest had a censor board that was elected by the beasts of the forest, and they had to see it. Who could ask them to protect the poor un-

lightened members. The beasts were furious. The Hectic Hares were a reliable group of performers and had always given good entertainment, why should their reputation be questioned now? Some of the animals had seen the play at other forests and had given favorable reports of it; some had read the story and couldn't understand why it was any more immoral than a lot of other stories written on the wind of the forest.

There wasn't much that they could do because the Hectic Hares had gone, but some of the beasts felt that Baby Bunny would return to the forest shortly. And the animals had also lost a lot of the respect that they had had for the "wise" owls. They began to doubt that just because they sat on the highest branches and were supposed to be wise they were really the centers of wisdom. And so the "whooco-whooco" of the forest was heard less and less frequently.

MORAL: He who sits on the highest branches of the trees has the longest and hardest fall.

Letters To Editor

Dear Sir:

You have no doubt noticed lately the sinful conduct of our campus - this is indeed shocking. I am looking to you as editor of the All State, to help clean up this den of iniquity. This poor unwashed herd must be cleaned. AMEN.

Everywhere I look I see selfishness. One of the first things I have noticed is the indecent exposure of legerdemain, legerdemain. This condition is most prevalent in those shocking creatures the Governettes. I simply could not believe my eyes the first time I saw them; in fact, I had to look again. Then I saw the long-tailed jackets they wore; these are the most suggestive of all because they remind people of swallow's tails - swallows are birds and when a person thinks of birds that brings thoughts of birds into mind, oh, my low revelling.

Speaking of music one of the instructors assumed me at the Valentine Dance before that mass of poor innocent people he got up and played one of the most wicked clarinets I have heard anywhere. I feel that he should be severely criticized for his actions. (Continued on page 5)

Age of The Puritans

In 1620 the Colony of Massachusetts was settled. The colony became infamous for its Puritans, their demand for strict conformity, narrow-mindedness, and witch burning. We aren't quite to the last thing yet these days, but we really wouldn't be surprised to see a good witch burning any day now.

This is the year of our Lord 1957; 300 years after the Puritans. They are still with us, however. Two incidents pointed this up recently. First the minor one. By this time certainly anyone should know who the Austin Peay State College Governettes are. They are a girls' high-stepping drill team. Anyone who thinks, knows that a girls' drill team is not going around in overalls. Evidently that is what David Lipscomb college thought. The Governettes made one appearance there during the VSAC tournament and some good church members were offended by the indecent exposure.

If David Lipscomb is going to throw open its gymnasium to the public and for the use of the VSAC tournament, they should be willing to take whatever a VSAC college wishes to bring to the ballgame. It would be our suggestion that next year the VSAC tournament be held somewhere else; where the people are not offended so easily. Certainly not serious, the whole affair has been rather humorous.

The next thing has no humor. It is frightening. A group of supposedly educated men have made a decision based on ignorance which affects, in one way or another, 20,000 people. We are referring, of course, to the recent censorship of the movie "Baby Doll" by the Clarksville Ministerial Association. Censorship of movies has been done before and it will be done again. This is not what is bad. It is the way and manner in which it was done. Without a single member of the group having seen it, they forced the manager of the Capitol Theatre to cancel the picture. This is the crux of the whole argument. "Have you seen the motion picture?" If the answer is "No" then there is no argument. It is wrong.

Now neither have we seen "Baby Doll." We are not advocating the showing of the motion picture, nor are we condemning it. We are not saying that it is not immoral. What we are saying is that the whole procedure of the Clarksville Ministerial Association was unjust, and unfair.

As we said at the beginning this is frightening. When a group of college-educated men approve of such an act as this one, we ought to stop and take a look at our educational system. Education teaches one to be open-minded, fair-minded, to think for himself, not to jump on the bandwagon. Everyone of those principles was violated. Obviously a degree after a man's name doesn't guarantee that he is truly educated. Our hope is that the fault is of the men, not of educational system.

Busy Berry



Pat Berry

By Suzy Crockarell

Austin Peay was unaware of the treat they had in store for them when the first of the Berry girls Sue, enrolled back in '48. Poor Erma Dean, her sister was probably scared to death to enroll two years later, she'd be expected to live up the reputation that Sue was fast in establishing. Then by the time that Mr. and Mrs. Holland Berry were ready to send their third daughter, Pat, to college, the pressure was really on. But, according to family tradition, Pat rallied and came through with flying colors.

Pat came to A.P. in 1953 from Sylva, Tennessee, and in the spring she will graduate with a BS in secondary education. Certainly during the four years that Pat has been here, she has covered herself with all the academic glory possible . . . making the Dean's List every quarter with no exceptions in anything but easy, especially when you are carrying a double major in English and mathematics.

In addition to her academic achievements, Pat has had her share of the extra-curricula honors. She joined the Galska Math Club her freshman year and since then has served as president two years and as secretary one year and this dear reader, happens to be a named job. It is the Galska Club that plans and conducts the Middle Tennessee Math Contest for the high schools in that area. Pat, a four year mem-

Community Ambassador

(Continued from Page 1)

foreign language can contribute to a more successful experience, it is not a requirement, there are English-speaking groups traveling into most countries.

By now I hope that you've dragged out your map and are trying to decide on a country. The world is at your fingertips for the Experiment extends to four continents and over twenty-five countries. From Mexico to Japan, from Chile to Finland, experimenters are making their personal contributions to international friendship.

The policies of the Experiment are based on the premises that world friendship and understanding begin on the individual level. Through the Experiment you talk to different peoples, you live in their homes and you learn to appreciate their way of life. Although the program has been in operation for a quarter of a century, it continues to be an "experiment." Its success or failure depends upon the individual participants and what they make of their trip.

An Experimenters' adventure begins at home before even

ber of the English Club, is on the publicity committee for the Tower this year.

Besides her major clubs, Pat belongs to the Kappa Delta Pi organization of which she is secretary; the Future Teachers of America Club of which she is a past vice-president; and the Alpha Dorm Club.

Though the Church of Christ has no organized club on the campus, their group meets weekly. And at each meeting, you are sure to see Pat's smiling face. Last year during Religious Emphasis Week, Pat served as chairman of the Continuation Committee.

Perhaps the biggest job that our subject has on her hands is one that seems to be handed down from one sister to the next, that is, the position of editor of the annual, *THE PARSWELL AND HALL*. Everyone of the Berry girls has held this office and I might add held it down admirably! That naturally takes up the majority of Pat's free time, but she still has a little time here and there to read historical novels—her favorite pastime!—and to make most of her own clothes.

Pat's graduation in June will certainly be Austin Peay's loss. However, there is still one more of the Berry girls left on campus to carry on the fine work. Peggy, it's up to you now!

389 Pints of Blood Given at APSC

389 pints of blood were given at Austin Peay State College when the Bloodmobile visited here February 28.

From the time the doors opened on the little gym, the building was crowded with persons wishing to donate. Officials indicated they felt that even more donations would have been received if larger quarters and more facilities had been available.

Many students were among the 389 people who gave blood. The townpeople turnout was tremendous. The two working together gave the Montgomery County the boost it needed to go over the top. Needing a total of 343 pints of blood to meet present quotas and make up past deficits, a surplus of 46 pints was given. This was indeed gratifying to the Red Cross, to the administration, and students body officers of Austin Peay.

leaves his own community. From the national office, he receives literature and suggestions which are to prepare him for his experiences. Then usually in the latter part of June, the typical Experimenter travel to New York or Quebec to board his ship. He is assigned to a group of ten members of approximately the same age. This group will travel together and will live in the same city in their chosen country. They are guided by a leader who is well acquainted with the language and culture of the country in which they are to live. During his time aboard ship, the Experimenter has an opportunity to meet his other shipmates and to become better acquainted with the group to which he has been assigned. Upon reaching their destination, the members of the Experiment group are separated and each goes to live with a different family, the uniqueness of the Experiment plan is this homestay which

Swimming Meet February 28

What appears to be the favorite sport of many on the APSC campus will have a night of its own on February 28. That night the Women's Physical Education Department will sponsor a swimming meet. The big event of the winter quarter will be held at the Memorial Health Pool. Each contestant entering receives 15 WAP points (as in Field Day) with 15 additional points for winning an event.

The many events will include: the free style, which will be judged on the basis of speed; the American crawl, back crawl, side stroke, elementary backstroke, and breaststroke, all of which will be judged on form only. There will be awards for the best in an original, individual, or couple stunt. There will also be team relays.

All APSC girls are urged to participate, and spectators, always vitally important to the spirit of any competitive event, are urged to attend.

generally lasts for three to five weeks. During this time the Experimenter shares the activities and day-to-day living patterns of his family. By identifying himself with a family, he learns to view his adopted country through the eyes of its inhabitants.

The last part of the summer is spent in traveling through the host country. Each Experimenter invites a member of his family to be his guest on his informal trip. Traveling inexpensively by bicycle, train, or bus, the bi-national group visits cities and places of nationally interest throughout the country. Thereafter, the Experimenters generally return to their homes for a few days before leave taking. The last week of summer provides time for independent travel.

There is high adventure ahead for those of you who dare to accept the challenge of the Experiment in International Living. The challenge is an individual one. There are no rules laid out for you; no time schedules to follow. You're on your own to make it a successful adventure.

For those of you who dare—here is your chance to see the world and to have an exciting summer full of new adventures. Go abroad the experiment way.

Girls' Volleyball Tournament



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Enter the Tower Contest



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Don't just sit there!

You'll enjoy today's copy of this publication much more if you'll get up right now and get yourself an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola.

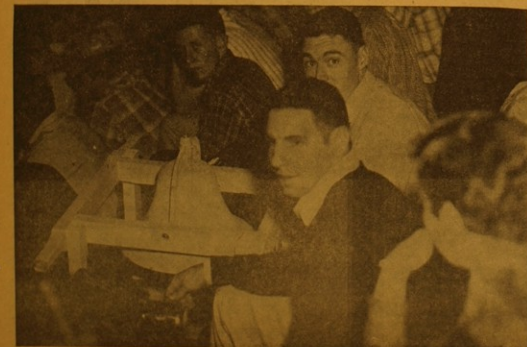
(Naturally, we'd be happier, too!)



SIGN OF GOOD TASTE

Coca-Cola Bottling Works of Clarksville

Governors at VSAC Tournament



Sigurd Rascher Holding High School Clinic



Third Place Taken By Gobs in Tourney

The Austin Peay State College Governors won third place in the Volunteer State Athletic Conference basketball tournament Saturday night defeating Lincoln Memorial University by virtue of a 50 foot field goal by sub guard Van Washer. The ball banked off the backboard at the buzzer to climax a second half Governor drive.

This marked the second time this year that Washer has provided the Gobs with a last second victory. During the regular season Washer hit a dinky hook shot against East Tenn. State in the closing moments to give the Gobs a 43-to-41 victory.

It was also a shot of this kind that provided the Gobs with a 61 to 60 victory over David Lipscomb College in the quarter finals. This time Captain Tom Morgan, most valuable player in the tourney, hit a jump shot in the final second.

Of the five trophies awarded the Gobs received three of them. Ken Gerald received the Seasonal Most Valuable Player Award and Tom Morgan was chosen as Most Valuable Player in the VSAC Tourney.

Although the Gobs did not win the tournament they had a most impressive season winning 23 while losing 8, and even greater heights may be accomplished with the NAIA Playoffs coming up.

Totals for 31 games reveal that Tom Morgan was the leading scorer for the Gobs with 568 points for a game average of 18.4. Ken Gerald completed the regular season with 432 points giving him a game average of 15.1.

A Two-Day Stay Made Profitable By Rascher's Concertizing, Teaching

Sigurd Rascher, saxophonist, for two days delighted the students of Austin Peay campus. He presented two concerts and held a band clinic for area high schools, and worked individually with Austin Peay students.

His first concert was in the regular Wednesday assembly and he gave his second concert that night sponsored jointly by the Clarksville Community Chorus Association and Austin Peay State College.

His program was divided into two parts, the first comprising

transcriptions of works by the early masters, Bach and Corelli for example, who lived before the saxophone existed, but as the soloist stated many of these works lend themselves to the saxophone and provided as the audience can attest an unusual and rewarding musical experience.

His control of the tone potential of his instrument was so refined that the listener could hear in the lower register a quality of sound like that of throbbing cello, and in the higher range of the instrument, a sound like the violin or on occasion like the flute.

Mary Louise Boehm, accompanist, provided a background of sound on which the soloist could lean with assurance. Her masterly technique was evident from the beginning of the concert; and her solo works, "Odin" by Ravel and "Scherzo in C sharp minor" by Chopin, were executed with the brilliance and understanding of a superior artist.

Letter to Editor

(Continued from page 2)

I feel that I must say something about the literature on sell in the student center. One of the books is entitled "Darkness at Noon." Now this is very suggestive of drawn shades (people are up to no good when the shades are drawn) because the sun is always shining at noon unless it is at the North or South Pole and any idiot knows that Eskimos and penguins do not write books. There is also a record on the juke box that I feel must be removed because the title is too dark and forbidding. It is called "Night Life".

I have mentioned a few of the influencing factors that move me and other students beyond disgust?

Sincerely yours,
Jim Spencer

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"Clarksville's Largest Department Store"

All good wishes

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ALL STATE

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CYCLOPS SEZ.



Once upon a time on February 2 the King and Queen of Hearts, Barbara Atkins and George Griffin tied the knot. As the story goes they resigned happily ever after and all the world wished them the best of everything.

Kenny Gerald can't seem to be happy with six sisters so he's found him a girl named Wilma.

Speaking of Gerald reminds me of that team we are always cheering for and I'd like to send congratulations to Kenny Gerald and Tom Morgan for making VSAC team, and to the other boys who made Honorable Mention on VSAC team.

Seems while the couples were dancing away to the music of Troyscoe most of AP stags were viewing "Giant." The dance was a beautiful occasion with hours, Cupids, pretty girls and flowers. The Governesses showed off

their new looks in Nashville, good luck, girls.

Betty Sue Jones seems to have something heavy around her neck. Seems it belongs to Paul Smith. Peggy Hunter, Wanda Taylor and Kay Herndon took a flying trip to Knoxville this past weekend. Seems they all are interested in going to school there next year.

Mary Milam, we're all sure glad to see you are feeling better and that you have returned to the campus.

Remember I'll be watching you.

Edward Goodlett Assigned to Eustis

FORT EUSTIS, Va. (AHCN). Army Pvt. Edward L. Goodlett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Goodlett, 223 Castle Heights, Clarksville, Tenn., recently was assigned to the Civilian Component Headquarters Detachment at

Fort Eustis, Va.

Goodlett, a clerk-typist, entered the Army in September 1956 and completed basic training at Fort Chaffee, Ark.

The 20-year-old soldier is a 1956 graduate of Austin Peay State College in Clarksville.

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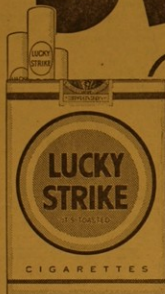
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