

WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL ADDRESS IS GIVEN IN CHAPEL

Sophomore and Freshmen Classes Each Plant Trees in
Memory of Washington, the Father
of Our Country.

Coach Alden Teachers Paid Is Interviewed Months Salary

ALL STATE

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SCHOOL**
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Hats Off To Recent Chapel Programs

Sometimes ago the ALL STATE
viewed the thought that the
apice of chapel programs was
variety. In the last three weeks the
truth of that platitudinous
proved again in the enthusiastic
way in which the student body
has praised recent chapel pro-
grams. The biography of a suc-
cessful farm woman, the per-
formance of a well-trained chor-
us, and the convincing address on
the waste of war, the thought-
provoking very human talks of Hol-
ly Brown—all these have been
their way upon an attentive
audience.

For programs like these, and
for those like them which we
hope are to follow, we would like
to express our sincere apprecia-
tion to those who are in charge
of chapel programs.

Laugh It Off

Little Leonardo Cavalli of
Bologna, Italy, reverses the usual
order of things in giving or
receiving to emotion. When hap-
py, Leonardo shows it by burst-
ing into tears. On the other
hand, when he is scolded or cor-
rected with a switch, he laughs
and loudly. Psychologists and
medical authorities are per-
plexed over this case.

Who knows but that Little
Leonardo may be the beginning of
a new race. Someday, perhaps,
we may find someone of the op-
posite sex who prefers to cry
when happy and laugh when
scolded. Then the race of
happy-begun. Just think what a
wonderful nation these people
would make. Experiments would
never be a problem with them.
If hard times should come, they
would just become sorrowful
and laugh it off. If a lover
should lose his love he would
simply sit down and weep and
burst into a paroxysm of
laughter. What a para-
doxical place would he be dis-
appearing husbands; should a
loving husband come wailing
back in the way of a wife.
Returning after a big spree, he
would be greeted with a kiss
instead of a "You darling boy,
you've been a happy
again." There would be no un-
employment in this "U. S. A."
If a business slump should come,
congress would order a carload
of Eddie Cantors and dump
them upon the streets throughout
out the land—the handkerchief
manufacturing business would
boom—the formerly unemployed
would be working overtime. In
primary schools, there is always
the delinquent student prob-
lem, but not so in these "U. S. A."
The teacher would be satis-
fied and the children would be
possessed with the inherent
ability to laugh things off.
It would suppose little "U. S. A."
dies and this wonderful nation
does not develop—but this has
gone far enough.

It is wrong to get into a
path with one's neighbors, to be
one's longer master of those eyes.

Just a Bowl of Cherries

I wonder if people are so dif-
ferent today from the people
of any other age. Is car riding so
much more than buggy rid-
ing? Is cigarette smoking so
much worse than the dabs of
rouge put on in straight lines?
Is it not the same aloneness?
Are short skirts and sun-baths
so terribly worse than necks
wag waist, and bustles?

When the old folks start crit-
icizing the young people seem-
ing to me that they must be
suffering from lapse of memory.
Of course they didn't ride
in automobiles, nor swim in
such immodest bathing suits,
or dance all night to the blare
of a cadence, but the only dif-
ference was because they didn't have
them, for they certainly made
them of iron-wash, leather
buggies, boats and the village
riders of their day. Who in-
vented all of these devices of
vice anyway? Well that is one
thing that they can't blame us
for.

The young folks of today are
a healthy human lot and not
to ally devil of sympathy and
love as we used to think. If
the kickers would start being
thinkers and try to be
understanding instead of crit-
icizing and rouching, they
would find that life is full
of joy and cherries with the
mud left out in the cold.

Washington In The Clutches Of Fate

(Continued)

The crowd walked off into the
semi-darkness and left Wash-
ington staring after them. Wash-
ington groaned, for he knew that
he was in a worse predicament
than before. If he went to the
picnic the black hand of fate
would be upon him, and if he
stayed away from the picnic
his most hated black rival, John
Marquis Arhart, would win
the prize. He was torn be-
tween the two, and he decided
on the nerve racking pro-
cedure, turned and slowly made
his way back to the picnic.

A half an hour of deep thought
and unconscious walking car-
ried him farther and farther from
the picnic. His mind was a little
stagnant that evening and it
was not until he was in the
worst predicament; so he con-
cluded that he would be luck
devised the problem.

"Dear old lady luck, when I
pitches da' coin to de air, if it
falls heads I go in to de picnic,
if it falls tails I go in to de
picnic," he said. "I'll take it,"
said Washington, as he thumped
the coin into the air.
With a flourish, a whirl of a
match, he found the coin which
had struck the ground and roll-
ing back, he saw it whirl up
into the air. He held the coin
up to his knees, holding the
lighted match in his hand, he
waited for the coin. His eyes
were shining with excitement
as he read the fate, "which
determined that he must go
to the picnic. The coin had
fallen heads."

When Washington arrived at
the picnic, the place was hum-
ming with life. In the clean
brass dais, happy couples
were dancing, the music of the
muscle of the fiddle and guitar,
played under the yellow lights of
the dancing, the music of the
faded and sparkling-eyed negroes
were leaning on the ice cream
stand. In order to get to the
grounds some fights and rap-
cames were in progress. Wash-
ington, an unconcerned-looking
darker pointed to the ice cream
stand, where Nellie stood con-
versing with a short, fat, darky
who dressed in a black suit. As
this unattractive person had his
back turned to Washington,
Washington was unable to iden-
tify him, so he strolled over to
make an investigation. When he
reached his claret stall, he pat-
ted him on the back. "Say, cloth-
in' ain't what ya doin' here wid
me gal Nellie?"

To Washington's surprise, the
man who turned and faced him
was Marquis Arhart. "De Mar-
quis seemed as surprised as
Washington, for he stood and
gaped at Washington, who
seemed and blinked back at him.
"What de hell, of, Nellie, come
broust the confused Washington,
and the surprised Marquis to
the picnic."

"Washington, I thought yo'
had gone to town to see dem
city gals."

BOOK CHAT

"In the spring a young man's
fancy lightly turns to thoughts
of love; and doesn't poetry al-
ways go along with these
thoughts and spring raptures?
Of course! I'll bet that if you
rummage around in just any Harold
Pinsky's room right now you'll
find a dust covered valentine of
mushy poems about love, and
some of the most beautiful. Now,
if you young Romeo are
seeking sweet and poetic no-
tices and wishes to some sweet
dancer's ear, I'll give you just a
few tips. Up in the library, there
are scores of books that are
filled with the loveliest poems
just waiting to be read.

Now while March winds are
howling and blustering around
everywhere, you should read
"Love in the Wind" by Rich-
ard and Hoover or that exchang-
ing little poem by Amy Lowell,
"Wind and Silver." Perhaps you
would like another little poem
called "To a Wild Flower," by
Madison Cawein, but I think it
is one of the most excite-
ments that I've read.

Now let's stop talking about
winds. I just want to say
winds, though don't you?) and
talk about lilacs. Amy Lowell,
and you like her? I've writ-
ten a poem by that name, "Li-
lacs." It seems to have embed-
ded in the very spirit of spring,
with its lilac scented breezes,
its bird's songs and its ever pre-
scent spirit of the lilac. Under-
stand, then, cherry blossoms seem
to go hand in hand with lilacs
and wind and spring, so let's read
the "Woodwinds" of these
"Wild Cherry." Perhaps it does
not hold the exuberant spirit of
spring and youth as much as the
others do, but it's a very lovely
book, and seems to fit in. In be-
sides, the "Woodwinds" of these
poems I've mentioned.

Last of all, let us be sure to read
"A Spring Song," by Richard
and Hoover. It is taken from
"Spring" and seems to have been
made of some matchless na-
ture from which Spring itself
is made. One feels truly that:

"We know the world is glo-
rious,
And the goal a golden
thing,
And that God is not cen-
sured,
When His children have
their thing;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together
With a sin on every table
In the fellowship
of spring."

"Who stole yo' dat gal?" asked
Washington, as he turned to Nel-
lie.

"De Marquis Arhart."

After this utterance was spok-
en, Washington heard scurrying
feet, scampering from behind
him. He turned to see the dark-
er Marquis Arhart suddenly lose
his dignity, fall upon his knees,
and crawl under the ice cream
stand. The closely following
events were only vague remem-
brances to Washington, for the
Marquis' actions had roused his
African fighting blood, which al-
ways retarded his memory. But
he fully remembered the scene
under the ice cream stand after
the Marquis.

Later in the evening as Major
Wilson, the big negro picnic man-
ager, was on his rounds of in-
spection, he came up on some
darkie rebuilding the ice cream
stand.

"Niggers, who tore down my
ice cream stand?" asked the ma-
jor gruffly.
"Two fools, fighting about a
gal," answered a darky.
"Where is dem niggers?" asked
Major Arhart.

"Ah, de tall boy," called Wash-
ington Johnson, borrowed some

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THE DEBUTANTE.

Ten's dawned not upon the
earth as little virgins have
done:

A throng of little virgins clods
stood waiting for the sun.
Till the herald-winds alighted,
and they blushed,
and stood wide.

As the marshals of the morning
flung the eastern portals
wide,
So nature lit her playhouse for
the play that May begins.

And the wings of honeybees
sawed like violins.
In the dawn there dwelt a whis-
per of a presence that was
new.

For the slender Spring was at
the wing and waiting for
her cue.

As yet I could not see her, and
the stage was wide and
bare;

As yet the winter's chorus
stood faintly on the air.
With a dying wail of tempest,
and of dry and tortured
trees.

DR. BROWN

IS INTERVIEWED
Continued From Page One.

provinces struggled to get away
from the remoteness of their
environment, and move their
way in the world. Dr. Brown
explained that the country boy
coming into the city brings new
ideas and a clear insight, seeing
things as they really are. Very
few great writers have been born
in the country.

He continues, "I thought some-
one should write of the country
boy who seems to want to do
something something. 'The Fire
Makers' is a story of a genera-
tion of people in South. East
Ohio who wanted to get away
from their environment of coal.
They were ambitious to become
pottery workers and for a time
succeeded in leaving the coal re-
gion far behind. Soon coal was
reintroduced in their new home
and they were again overtaken.
Dr. Brown gave me a summary
of this book in a fascinating
manner. In the book he is now
working on, the following gener-
ation of workers escape their
old life and begin an en-
tirely new one.

Which of your books appeal
most to you?
"Always the one I am just
trying to write."

money, and went straight to
the justice of the peace, whom
he met would be a knot between
him and Nellie Jones, which no
nigger fortune teller would ever
put asunder. De Marquis Ar-
hart was left in a shabby shape
and dey took him to de doctor.

THE END.

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But a promise of new music lent
enchantment to the breeze.
In the scenes selected artists
lay the snowdrifts, still
pure.

But the murmur of their melt-
ing sang another overture
Than the brook of brown No-
vember, and I listened,
and I knew

That the slender Spring was at
the wing, and waiting for
her cue!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

THE ROAD.

The road of tomorrow seems
short and fair,
But the road of today is
long and bare.

I asked of an elder who had
journeyed there.
Is the road of tomorrow so
short and fair?

She smiled as a Nun who
tells her beads:
"The road of today is
the road of tomorrow."

FREIDA DODGE.

When Dr. Brown gave me this
answer, I immediately thought
of Browning's line:
"Ah, but a man's reach should
exceed his grasp."

Or what's a heaven for?
Is there a difference in your
interest in boys and girls?

What great problem of modern
America are you most inter-
ested in?
"The problem of having peo-
ple able to think about a given
situation. I don't believe
that if we could do away with
radio minds and think honestly
about the world, that we could
be accomplished. He con-
tended that the thing that dis-
turbes the most is the failure
of people to think a ques-
tion doesn't really matter."

When and where did you first
discover the romance of living?

Nov. I ask you, do you see
anything especially funny about
that question? Dr. Brown cer-
tainly did, and laughed a great
deal over it. Finally he told
me that the romance of living
was not a discovery but a growth.
He went on to say that in crea-
tive work "you exhaust yourself
and are weary." Your goal is
constantly before you, but your
goal cannot be continued. He
concluded that in his own writ-
ing, in order to get the best re-
sults, he had to exhaust himself
only two hours a day of creative
writing. Gradually he noticed
that his brain did not tire as
quickly, and now he spends from
four to five hours a day on his
work.

Please Turn to Page 4.

"Say It With Flowers"
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DR. BROWN MAKES ADDRESSES TO STUDENTS FEBRUARY 23-24

Continued From Page 1.

shortness of life. They think that life is going on forever and forever. They say, "I am going to live for ever. I will die when I am 75 years old." Instead of doing anything they just sit around in neutral.

Is a good thing that life is short. We live then pass. One torch on to someone else. One wouldn't want Cleopatra, Henry VIII, or even Shakespeare to be living now. Someone else needs a chance to do something. It is a good thing that we are all aware that life is short. We are all aware that anything done if we lived to be as old as Methuselah.

Suppose you had thirty minutes to live, how would you spend your time? A young Jewish lad replied, "I'd go out and take out my insurance." A lot can be done in thirty minutes.

If enthusiasm and wisdom were mixed together, we would have a young person, then we have a genius.

You are an extra serious lot and I know you know how to study, but I am going to tell you how students study and how you will realize how fortunate you are.

The male of the species. He sits around the radio, reads the paper, talks about baseball and answers a bid to a dance. Then, since he is feeling fresh he goes to his room and gets out his Latin book. The lesson is mighty hard. He needs his aspirin, but it doesn't help him any, so tosses it aside. He decides to go to sleep. The next morning when the teacher asks him a question he answers "Unprepared."

How does a woman study? She studies practically the same way, and she uses a different technique. The young girl has a date that night so she studies in the afternoon. All the girls come to her room and they eat and gossip until it is evening and she only has time enough to get her permanent wave re-styled. She awakes the next morning and tries to figure how she can handle the professor. Should she look intellectual or bored? The teacher asks her a question and she answers from the files of "personal information" and when she has finished the poor professor shifts back to the subject.

"Concentrate, folks. It would be novel if you sat down and concentrated your mind for 15 minutes. Think for thirty minutes a day for the next year and I know the third year and 2 hours the fourth year. Get off by yourself and make over either the Republican or Democratic party (they both need making over), (or something else that needs making over). People forget what you can do when youth gets a hold of a lucky star."

You must save up the things you care to remember. Once there was a writer who never went to school beyond the 6th grade. He discovered that he wanted to write; so he worked hard and finally became one of France's foremost authors, because he was fighting for the rural population in Southern France. He had persistence, and he won.

An old man told the speaker about his feelings now that he had reached old age. "I am old, all is remorse." When another old man was asked about old age the questioned one replied, "Oh, quite the same except I can't defer until old age, as well as I would like to, I have done everything I wanted to, so I am ready to die. Not one of the millionaires that I have taught could give a million dollars to buy what I want, for I have already worked and gotten what I want."

People, see, see things in their right proportion, be able to discern, save up a few things they want to remember and "come up to life as if life had an end as well as a beginning."

"THE CREATIVE SPIRIT AND YOUTH"

There's nothing mysterious about the creative spirit, and then it isn't something that we

just reach up into the clouds and pull down. Men and boys are not able to make new things is not obtained so easily. Our great creative minds that built our magnificent skyscrapers, tunnels and bridges did not start out in life with a blank slate. They were not like some of the artists, but they did learn to develop their inherited abilities which caused them to produce such great works. They had the knack for doing things; they observed as they went along. They were not like some of the artists, but they did learn to develop their inherited abilities which caused them to produce such great works. They had the knack for doing things; they observed as they went along.

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We are also skeptical about new ideas. Why, when there was talk about building a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, nobody believed it was possible except that creative mind that had the idea.

Our creators should be encouraged, not hindered by us. Many great ideas have been lost in this world would come if we would give creative minded people a chance to express themselves.

"What is required if one is to have a satisfactory life? Sound philosophy, environmental knowledge, and the ability to use these things. All are needed. Who are the honest people? The creative have intellectual honesty."

"We need friendliness in the world today. People shrink at each other like fish. The creative minds are friendly."

"The discussion of heredity and environment is very popular today. We think that change hereditary, but we can change environment. The big city problem with its smoke, dust and noise can be solved by some well-wired youth with enthusiasm and creative ideas. The city of the future would have kept on making that infernal model 'T' Ford if it had had been for competition. One ought to begin on politics—it is a tremendous job as it is. Some of the states in union brag that they have the best judges that money can buy."

"We would so an interesting being from another world think if he should drive through our city streets making the world a better and more beautiful. But I don't subscribe to that philosophy. Maybe if our sun cooled off and another one will slide up to us and keep on going. If a man wants to live his best and not his worst, he can have this opportunity in this world we have made for ourselves."

Our youths with creative ideas have amazed the world with their works. Don't let someone come along and save you out of what you're trying to do. Stick to your ideas and make the world their place in which to live.

Some people accept the philosophy that what is common is worst, so what's the use. They are the ones who never do anything. They say that the sun is going to cool off and the earth will freeze up, so they don't bother about making the world a better and more beautiful. But I don't subscribe to that philosophy. Maybe if our sun cooled off and another one will slide up to us and keep on going. If a man wants to live his best and not his worst, he can have this opportunity in this world we have made for ourselves."

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POT SHOTS

Young Miss Spry's smothered bark, with its cargo of fragrant breezes, sunny days, and dreamy nights, had been lighted on the horizon and will soon bring her among us. Already about the campus are the signs of spring. Under the great green are beginning to show the buds, upon which tiny buds of real summertime fashion. The co-ed prance about in bright colors and the boys in discarded sweaters and coats for the freedom of open shirts. The tanks are full. Welcome Spring.

In the Spring a young man's fancy often turns to poetry. I forgot who said this, but anyway he should have mentioned a young lady's fancy. Well love must be a wonderful thing. There is plenty of it scattered about the part of the world. There's Babbalanja and Overby, for instance. Now who would think Overby was human? To be in love with Overby for the fickle Lillian. It's nothing new. Already she has established her name. No one can deny it.

Cupid has been playing around with Revena Penetrass and Joe Vaughan also it seems. How could Revena forget her little Garbisher that way. And there's the girl who has had, and not to forget Sara Corlew and Cunningham. To tell the truth one can't name the girls, they all come in pairs.

Shirley and Edna, who have been at odds for a while, have kissed and made up. Glad to see this. So. Congratulations, Shirley and Edna. And there's the irrepressible Hymithy, who is making grand play for the famous fair lady. I'll bet she'll probably make her forget all about Duke University and some of its students. With a man!

After raving about all these love affairs, it is with grief that I must bring sad news along in contrast. Poor old Joe, who has contracted the dread disease, the "Bloats." How sad it is to be. However, we shall hope for the best. Our friend Burklitt once had them and he's still living. Well, good people, I shall write this to this, and believe me I hope each and every one of you is spared from "The Bloats."

DR. BROWN INTERVIEWED

(Continued From Page Two.)

Fired with this "Creative Spirit," what things led you into the field of creative writing? "I thought that at the moment, and then said, 'I don't know why I turned to writing. When I was a youngster I wanted to study mechanical invention, but the old blacksmith was the only man in the village who knew anything about it. I would have been an architect or a playwright if I had been where I could have studied for this work.'"

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"My natural way of looking at life is as the dramatist sees it—a series of dramatic scenes. Dr. Brown concludes by saying, 'The creative spirit does not always stand foremost in your memories—'"

Dr. Brown told me that the incident that flashed into his mind was this: "A late season that I spent in the Lake district in England. There were no tourists at that time of the year, and a great calm reigned over the hills."

He reminisced, telling me that he took a long walk over the hills. He met a farmer high up on one of the farners and had a conversation with him about the mountains. He said he had read much about the advanced methods of agriculture, and wanted to imitate them on his farm. What one person has influenced your life more than any other?

What one Briggs—a professor at Harvard.

What do you think the possibilities of the modern generation?

"The modern generation has all kinds of possibilities. They can go to the devil very easily. They can make the world a more interesting place than it has ever been before, and have a great time doing it."

Dr. Brown holds your interest from beginning to end. He is one of the most courteous and likeable persons I have ever had the privilege of meeting.

THINGS WE HAD RATHER HEAR NO MORE ABOUT

If you can guess who says the following, keep it to yourself. You can know your case your knowledge on such a subject might cause you to reveal a nice "P."

1. Now, when I was in Savannah.

2. They did this in Tulsa.

3. When I was a Freshman in Wisconsin.

4. Now, I want you to get that.

5. When I went to school under John Erskine himself.

6. I'll get it after while.

7. I'll get it after while.

8. She's a fine specimen—Jim is.

9. You must see if you can't find a few available books on history in the library; they won't bite.

10. Texas is the best state in the Union.

11. When you people out there can do as well as these folks up here can do.

12. Puts, come on we must go to Chapel.

13. Just another jackass hunt for a greener pasture is all you are.

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COACH ALDEN

IS INTERVIEWED

Continued From Page One.

la. Imagine a Puritan maiden having to come across on the Mayflower and then having to shoot a cruddy yidover, and a poor fish who had to be urged to speak for himself."

6. What do you think of Ed-Edie Cantor as president of the United States?

"I don't."

7. Do you like canaries?

"They are all right if kept in cages and not allowed to jump."

8. Have you a hobby? What is it?

"Solitaire."

9. What do you think of a big, strong, healthy boy who is afraid to play football?

"He will probably grow up into a man who will put up with a school's team loses a game."

10. Who is your favorite movie star—Greta Garbo?

"Greta Garbo, because it amuses me to see a large audience go into hysterics over a big-legged, big-footed Swedish woman with an absolutely expressionless face."

11. What kind of music is most displeasing to your ears?

"Prolonged clinch-music."

12. What would you do if you were hemmed in by two Japanese soldiers with only one bullet in your pocket?

"Make a diaphragm talk to S."

13. Do you think the U. S. is doing a better off without prohibition?

"Yes, if it would be better off without racketeering, rum-running, murder and corruption that seem inseparable from prohibition."

14. What would you do if you were generally helped by men of Al Capone's type who have made and are making millions from the situation created by prohibition."

Debating Club

Mass "Pop Party"

(Continued from Page 1.)

chairman of the "ball-collaring" committee, took charge. As there were several rising young lawyers present, some of the D. S. lawyers were stated by Mr. Pickering and with the lawyers leading, the group was supposed to reach a conclusion in a very short time. They didn't. The least said about it the better. It had enough to portray your invalid reasoning power before a few, but it was not for the eyes of the world. Several other interesting games were played and even eleven o'clock, when some bright student suddenly remembered that the morning's session was still cruffly demanding reasons for tardiness which, they are loath to accept. "Sorry, sir. I overslept. Party last night." That would never do.