

Volunteer

PEABODY DEMONSTRATION SCHOOL

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

VOL. 1, NO. 3

JANUARY, 1952

"KNOW PEABODY WEEK" IS BIG SUCCESS

Art Department Presents Work

As an added attraction for the last PTA meeting, the Art Department, under the direction of Mrs. Tibbott, arranged an exhibit in the auditorium of the best examples of hand craft, ceramics, watercolor, charcoal, pastels, and oils done by students in grades ranging from pre-school through high school.

Some of the works of special interest and recognition were: groups of watercolors and crayon drawings by the students of the pre-school through the third grade, pencil sketches, a hand loomed rug, a pastel portrait, still lifes, a scrapbook, stenciled work, a spice cabinet, a self portrait in pencil, charcoal, and pastels, a horse, a portrait, an orange crate chair (continued on second page)



Seventh Graders Participate In Many Activities

The Peabody seventh graders have done a variety of things this year ranging from vacationing in the sunny southlands to watching interesting movies.

Bob Teitlebaum enjoyed Christmas at Vero Beach, Florida, and Ann Denman was in middle Texas. John Wilson is temporarily living in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Ben FitzGerald, Jim Ward, Emerson Keaton, and Fred Smith were stalwarts on the junior high football team. The seventh grade girls who were cheerleaders were Nancy Hunt, Carolyn Williams, and Paxson Yoder. The boys would like to thank the cheerleaders for serving at the Father-Son Banquet. Seventh grade members of the junior high basketball team are Jim Ward, Fred Smith, and John Van Til. Ben FitzGerald is manager of the quintet, which has won three out of six games.

We have seen three good films with the fifth, sixth, and eighth grades. They were Swiss Family Robinson, Tom Brown's Schooldays, and Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Six newcomers have joined the class. They are Ann Denman from Jonesboro, Arkansas, Carolyn Williams from Sylvan Park School in Nashville, Ben FitzGerald, who

(continued on fifth page)

On Monday morning, January 7, 1952, "Let's Know Peabody Week" was launched as the brainstorm of the Student Activities Committee. Its purpose was to acquaint the students here with some of the advantages to be had at Peabody.

Each day there were new displays and posters in the halls. Each day different members of the S.A.C. acted as chairmen. On Monday, Elena Harap was in charge; Tuesday, Marie ten Hoor; Wednesday, Helen Burkitt; Thursday, Jeanne Walker; Friday, Anne Claire Crowe and Stephen Riven.

Students, entering the building, were met by a poster outlining the project as follows:

Monday	Students' Day
Tuesday	Faculty Day
Wednesday	Organizations
Thursday	Friendship Day
Friday	Sports



Volunteer Staff

Co Editors...Elizabeth Boyce
 Walter Courtenay
 Business Managers...Ann Eskind
 Edward Davis
 News.....Kenneth Umbehocker
 Fine Arts.....Marie ten Hoor
 Exchanges.....Anita Mitchell
 Demon.....Nancy Burkitt
 Art.....Margaret Tritschler
 Girls' Sports....May Werthan
 Boys' Sports...Gareth Griffin
 Photographer....Pedro Gamboa
 Representatives
 Juniors.....Cary Hunt
 Sophomores.....Jeanne Walker
 Freshmen.....Elena Harap
 Eighth Grade....Eileen Harap
 Seventh Grade....Jon Van Til

Junior Class Volunteer Staff

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 News Editor.....Cary Hunt
 Fine Arts....Marcelle Holmes
 Exchanges.....Jane Cary
 Anne De Pierri
 Demon.....Shirley Jakes
 Girls' Sports...Mike Tippens

Volunteer
Snapshot
Contest

We, of the Volunteer staff have started work on the Peabody Yearbook. But we have run up against a brick wall. We need snapshots! We need all the snapshots of you and your friends that you can give us. We are planning to take the best pictures and print them in the Yearbook.

To inspire you camera fiends, we are offering \$5 for the best snapshot and \$2 for the second best.

Remember, this is YOUR Yearbook, and you naturally want YOURSELF in it. So, load your cameras, and start clicking.

Walter Courtenay

Don't Be A-----, Be A-----!

I'm sure almost everybody saw these pictures on the front door at school on Friendship day of "Know Peabody Week."

With the beginning of a new year, and also a new quarter at school, we can put the meaning of these pictures to good service. Along with our other resolutions of being more courteous, making better grades, and such, we should resolve to be more friendly towards teachers, newcomers, and our fellow students.

Here at Peabody we have the advantage of knowing everyone, not only our friends in the class we belong to, but we are thrown together with all the students in school. With this decidedly good point we should find it easy to say "hello" and, in addition, a few friendly words to people we meet in the halls. Greeting our teachers when coming into class makes the teachers feel more enthusiastic and the class lively and faster moving.

By smiling instead of frowning, we can make ourselves happier and give ourselves and others a better attitude toward life.

Let's make every day Friendship day.



(continued from first page)

done by a pre-school child, and a collage of Paris.

There were many more wonderful things exhibited, and we can all be very proud of our art department.

Mary Virginia Wilson

What About Senior
Privileges?

Senior privileges were once something to be looked forward to by all underclassmen; now they are no longer. Senior privileges meant no noon study hall and gave the seniors a chance to go elsewhere for lunch. For many years these privileges were valued by the seniors, but now has come a time that no senior has any privilege other than that of being a senior.

Perhaps the seniors do not deserve privileges. Let us examine the ledger closely for the facts. Last year, for example, the seniors had privileges; they abused them and caused the school much embarrassment, especially when other schools complained that Peabody seniors were being a nuisance in their schools. In addition to this, several who were then underclassmen usurped the privileges and went sneaking off, hoping not to be caught. These were among the reasons for the faculty's deciding against having privileges this year. Also with the major schedule change the privileges were a decided disadvantage to all concerned.

But why should the seniors be allowed special privileges- are they better than anyone else, are they superior beings that can overcome all others in the school? The answer is no. The seniors are the same as everyone else. If they can do special things, why then should not the other classes be allowed to do the same? Of course, if this were to happen, it would place a

(continued on tenth page)

PROFILES

Dear Joanie,

We promised to tell you all about "Let's Know Peabody Week", so here goes. The whole project was a brain child of the S.A.C. It all started last year when we decided that most Peabody students didn't realize what a lot of opportunities our school offers them. After we had pooled our ideas on how to remedy this fault, "Let's Know Peabody Week" was the result.

It was organized in five parts, one for each day of the school week. Some particular aspect of Peabody was emphasized each day. Monday started off with a bang as Students' Day. The main feature was a map of Nashville showing where all our junior and senior high school pupils live, with the captions "Where We Live" and "Come On 'a My House." Other posters bearing added information about Peabody students adorned the bulletin boards in all the halls. (Did you "Know Peabody" has a Rhodes Scholar?-- Did you "Know Peabody" is Hank Fort's alma mater?)

As our subject for Tuesday we chose faculty and equipment. The piece de resistance was a skit put on in assembly. This product

in assembly. This production was, as Mrs. Tibbott put it, a combination of comedy, tragedy, farce, and melodrama and was, needless to say, presented by the faculty. Peabody will not soon forget the sight of Dr. Holden with his Confederate cap and flag demanding a holiday on Robert E. Lee's birthday. Two new songs were presented at this assembly: "Sound Off for P.D.S." and a special composition dedicated to the faculty.

Wednesday found us all wearing badges showing the clubs and organizations we belong to. (Of course this is strictly unofficial, but a number of Peabodians discovered a new organization headed by Buddy Wilkins which had been hitherto unannounced in the school schedule.) By the end of the day, we all agreed that,

A new face, but already a familiar one, is that of Miss Holden, our new librarian.

Miss Holden was born in Germantown, Tennessee, where she attended high school. She received her B.S. degree at Memphis State Teachers College and studied journalism at Northwestern University. She worked in the library there for three years. She then taught English in Charlotte, North Carolina, high school and sponsored the school paper. Miss Holden spent one summer at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She taught elementary school at Memphis, Tennessee. She came to Peabody College in the fall of '51 and is working toward her masters with a major in library science.

Miss Holden lists as her hobbies, reading, photography, and the theatre.

Her comment on the Demonstration school- "A pretty nice place. The students are very polite and conduct themselves in a very mature manner."

Welcome to P.D.S., Miss Holden, and as the song goes:

"We're behind you, Miss Holden, in our fashion,
We're behind you, Miss Holden, in our way."

Joan Lee

Coming to Nashville

Tuesday, February 12, is the date set for a concert given by the Norwegian Boys' Choir on the All Star Concert Series. The sixty-two voice choir is making its first tour of the United States.

Vronsky and Babin, the famous duo-piano team, will appear at Fisk University Concert Series.

The Cincinnati Symphony will make its third Nashville appearance under the

Joy's

On the Turntables

Not very long ago, a new voice in the world of music, belonging to a boy named Johnny Ray, sent the country reeling back on its heels. His smash hit "Cry" streaked into the Hit Parade like a bolt of lightning. "Cry" is backed by another hit, "The Little White Cloud That Cried." Johnny has recently come out with a new disk that also promises to be a smash hit. It is on the Columbia label and is called "Please, Mr. Sun." It is backed by "Broken Hearted."

New recordings that will probably sweep the country before long are: Beesley Smith's "A Man and a Mountain"; Tony Bennett's "Blue Velvet" and "Solitaire"; Dean Martin's "Night Train to Memphis"; and George Shearing's "Ghost of a Chance."

Tops in the hillbilly field are: Carl Smith's "Let Old Mother Nature Have Her Way"; "Missing in Action" and "A Heartsick Soldier on Heartbreak Ridge" by Ernest Tubb; "Mansion over the Hill" by George Morgan; "Copycat" by Cowboy and Cathy Copas; and Hank Garland's instrumental number "HillBilly Express."

You dixieland music fans keep your eyes and ears on Grady Martin and his Slew-foot Five. They are on their way up.

W. Courtenay

direction of Thor Johnson at the War Memorial Auditorium, Tuesday, February 26. The concert is presented by the Community Concert Series.

On January 29, the Nashville Symphony Orchestra featured the Brazilian pianist, Guilomar Novaes, and on February 19, Marguerite McClelland will be the soloist on the first of two Pops Concerts given by the Symphony.

Marie ten Hoor

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OFF SIDES IN SPORTS

Sudduth Leads in Intramurals

In the intramural point system Scottie Sudduth has led the whole group for the past two months. The first ten are as follows:

Scottie Sudduth	33
Louis Vodopya	31
John Hines	22
Peter Yoder	20
Jimmy Todd	20
Ronnie Moore	20
William Chapman	19
Bob Ward	18
Don Follis	18
Richard Bell	18

The person leading the group in points at the end of the year will be given a trophy.

Basketball Team Fights Unable To Win

The basketball team fights hard, but, somehow, finds itself unable to win.

Ronnie Moore leads the scoring with 40 points. This is an average of 8 points a game. Don Follis and Edward Davis follow him with their inspiring play and scoring in the tight spots.

Duncan, Hume Fogg, White Bluff, Howard, and TIS have beaten us. Many of these schools have not done so without difficulty.

The Alumni also beat us 53 - 27. Stewart Nicholson was high scorer for the Alumni with 26 points. Don Follis and Ronnie Moore each scored 6 points.

G.G.



Ping-Pong Is Added

Latest addition to the girls' intramural program is the ping-pong tournament, which started at the beginning of the quarter. Members of each intramural team are placed in a separate bracket, and team champions will play in the finals.

Players who have attained places in the third round of play are Nancy Burkitt, with a first-round bye and a win over Peggy Armstrong, and Eileen Harap, with wins over Priscilla Fitzgerald and Elena Harap.

M.W.

Girls' Bowling Team Ties For First Place

Margaret Tritschler, Mary Virginia Wilson, Sara Ann Elliot, Sue Bomar, and Nancy Burkitt are upholding P.D.S. honor in the girls' bowling league by holding a tie for first place. The Tigerettes grabbed the top position at the beginning of the season, and have never relinquished their ranking.

Sara Ann Elliot, high bowler for the Tigerettes, is also possessor of the highest average in the league.

Captain Nancy Burkitt was recently elected vice-president of the league.

M.W.

Peabody Cubs Top Duncan

The Peabody Cubs won over Duncan's "B" team with the score of 25 to 24.

The leading scorer for Peabody was Ben Rowan with thirteen points, and runner up was Steve Riven with ten points. The other scorer was Charles Mann with two points.

A newcomer to Peabody's junior high school team was Peter Yoder who played the last two minutes of the game.

Peggy Armstrong



Clemmons Takes Lead

Betty Clemmons' team has dominated early play in the girls' Intramural Basketball League with two wins and no losses. In the first game of the season, the Clemmons' sextet showed considerable strength in downing Nancy Burkitt's team by a 6-5 score with Betty and Jane Cary supplying the forward punch.

In the other games, Margaret Tritschler's team suffered two defeats, 12-0 and 10-3, at the hands of Clemmons and Burkitt respectively.

Leading scorers for the initial contests are Nancy Burkitt and Nancy Hunt, with six points each. Betty Clemmons and Jane Cary are in second place with four points.

Although low scores and a considerable number of floor mistakes have marked the games, the enthusiasm, spirit, and desire for improvement plainly show the enjoyment and benefit the intramuralers are deriving from the program.

M.W.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY
AND
DRY CLEANERS



DEMON

Well, boys, it's Leap Year! Run for your lives, because I heard Margaret Tritschler, Peggy Fuson, Gloria McMurray, Sandra Williams, Shirley Jakes, and Judy Grosberg plotting against you. If you are interested in cradle snatching, girls, I know a cute sixth grader.

Maybe Sara Ann Elliott will take advantage of the date and begin to go steady with Tommy Lane. Perhaps it was the last Leap Year that Karenne Payne got ideas because she is engaged to Ronnie Snell. The alumni, as of last June, have set the date February second.

Curry Hearn is in the midst of a neat little triangular affair; but, not to be outdone, Beverly Carter has a triangle plus-it has four members.

Meryl: What is that horrible odor coming from the library?

Charlie: Oh, that! It's just that Miss Holden is trying to keep dead silence in there.

Sue Bomar is sporting a novel pin these days.

Ann Poteat's favorite songs, "That's My Joe" and "Dynamite", could mean only one thing.

Taking Horace Greely at his word, Julian Zander really went "West".

Walter is still harping on Harpie, and Don Goodwin is up to his old tricks and some new ones. This space was to be used for a notation about Bob Ward, but it was censored.

In the seventh grade, Carolyn Williams and Jimmy Ward are the gruesome two-some.

Miss Mac: It was a huge trout, I never saw such a fish.

Don Miller: I believe you.

Jane Barr, Ed Davis, Ann Eskind, David Venrick, Tea-

sipper Parrish, Betsy Boatman, Jean Davis, Leslie Moore, Emily Loveman, Jim Wright, Anita Mitchell, and Gareth Griffin were on hand to devour the delicious spaghetti at the Sophomore party. Later Audrey Riven, Bernie Quinn, Peggy Dale, Billy Albright, Scottie Sudduth, and Genette Sain danced to the latest tunes.

If you want more of this tripe, sell ads for the Volunteer; I've got to find a man before this wonderful year is over.

Barbara, please give us the score.

IT IS
A BIT FUNNY
TO READ A MES-
SAGE ON A PAGE
LIKE THIS, BUT
I WANT EVERY
ONE OF YOU
TO BE MY
VALEN-
TINE
NO
?

At Sixteen

Oh, to be thirteen again
Without the care of years,
Without the want for lip-
stick,
Without the figure, dear.

Oh, to be thirteen again
And eat whate'er I please,
To sit unnoticed silently
And not feel ill at ease.

Oh, to be thirteen again,
Wouldn't that be fair?
I wonder, if it came again,
Would I be happy there?

Anne Claire Crowe

(continued from first page)

skipped from fifth to seventh grade, Jon Van Til from Champaign, Illinois, Marcia Gail Sanders, who went to Brick Church School in Nashville, and Ann Ratcliff from Julia Greene School in Nashville.

Jon Van Til

Sound Off For PDS

I "Let's know PDS," we shout
We'll tell you what this week's about.
We're for fun and we're for pep,
So come on kids and get in step.

Chorus

II A hundred eighty strong are we
With lots of pepability
The students here at P.D.S.,
Are they the tops? We answer, YES!

Chorus

III Who are the folks that struggle so
To teach us all there is to know?
Who deal out grades from A to D?
It's our terrific faculty!

Chorus

IV Clubs and band and chorus too
Mean plenty of extra fun for you
And though we may be small in size
You can't deny, we're organized!

Chorus

V Peabody's such a friendly place
With every bright and shining face
To welcome you as you walk by
And greet you with a cheery HI!

Chorus

VI Bowling, tennis, basketball
There's sports enough for one and all
We've swimming and intramurals here
So give our sports a hearty cheer.

Chorus:

Sound off for PDS
Sound off for PDS
P--EA--BO--DY Tigers
Hooray!

THIS⁶ IS YOUR

Tripping

For one of the most satisfying, exhilarating, and healthful experiences, one should experience the delights of "tripping". To the thousands of young people attending organized summer camps from Maine to California and from Wisconsin to Texas, the term "tripping" needs no explanation. To them it means life in the open; paddling and portaging canoes on swift-flowing streams, turbulent rapids, and still waters of azure blue lakes; the cooking and eating of freshly caught fish and store vittles over outdoor fires; the comradeship and songs around the camp-fire; and the delightful fatigue that makes repose on a sleeping bag on huge, sharp rocks under the starry heavens seem softer than the most luxurious feather bed.

There are all kinds of trips: day trips, overnight trips, and trips lasting days or even weeks at a time.

As soon as you have been notified that you are to be one of the lucky participants, the trip really starts, because then you have hours or days to enjoy the anticipation and to prepare.

The zero hour arrives and you pack up all your "too few clothes", and if it is a long trip, you take your place in the camp truck. After a few hours or more of singing and truck-sickness, you and your canoes are taken to the lake or river selected for the start. After all your equipment and supplies have been safely packed in your canoes, you grab your paddle and are off.

Through ever-changing scenery from narrow stream to broad lake, through dangerous rapids and over arduous portages, you finally land, about two hours before sundown, and make camp for the night. Then by working

(continued on eighth page)

The New Church

The church was plainly beyond repair. The ceilings sagged, plaster was peeling off, and in several places the floor had fallen through. It was the oldest church in Nashville.

Thus the building fund was started. The pastor urged his people, and soon the money started coming in. A dollar, five hundred dollars, all contributed by the congregation.

After the ground breaking ceremony, the plot lay empty during the winter. Then in spring, the contractors and workmen arrived. The walls started to go up amid the stacks of lumber, building blocks, and stones. The walls went on up leaving spaces for the big gothic windows, and then the roof was ready to go on. The roof was a gothic type roof, steep, and shingled with slates.

First the building was just a shell with scaffolding crisscrossing the windows. Then the ceiling was finished, the beautiful stained glass windows were set in, and the floor was laid.

The Sunday School rooms in the basement were finished so the congregation could move from the old church. The old church was being torn down to make way for a parking lot. People to whom the old church was dear, never went back if they could help it.

The day of dedication was postponed time and again because of materials being delayed.

Finally the day of dedication was set for the Sunday after Easter. The choir practiced the anthems it would sing. The men hurried to paint the woodwork and take care of some of the details that were needed. The artist finished the beautiful picture he was painting and finally the great day arrived.

The church was packed

(continued on eighth page)

Reading

I like to read for the reason I like to eat: it is necessary to my life. I could as easily give up one as the other. Reading adds meaning to my life; the meaning which others seek from music, art, and religion. It brings to me the pleasures of traveling, of living in another age, of being a famous person, and of following, but at the same time being able to quit when I please, any profession.

I try to read broadly, but seldom continue a book I dislike. In most cases there are many others on the same subject which I would like, so I do not bother with an author whose style is boring to me. I therefore seek the pleasures that I get from reading where they are most easily found.

I read for information as well as for pleasure. I read the newspapers and magazines to keep up with the world. I also read extensively on subjects in which I have developed a great interest, such as my present quests for knowledge in the fields of English, history, and religions of the world. I usually remain interested in a subject of this sort for about a year, then go on to another one.

My poetry reading is purely pleasurable, and usually is chosen according to my mood. I like Emily Dickinson when I feel light-hearted, Holmes when I feel studious, Poe when I am down-hearted, and Edna St. Vincent Millay at any time.

My choice in novels is historical, particularly English. This, I suppose, is due to the influence of my present interest in English history. I try to choose novels of different periods, though, and by different authors. At fairly distant intervals I like psychological stories to add variety. Mystery novels, except those of Conan Doyle,

(continued on eighth page)

LITERARY ISSUE

The Birth Of A Dance Band

The idea of having a swing band was first expressed in January of 1951 by Stephen King to me. Somewhat surprised by his asking me my opinion, I replied that I thought it was a fine idea.

Stephen suggested that I play clarinet. Somewhat doubtful about my ability to play the clarinet, I agreed to play the drums until I had improved clarinet or learned saxophone. Although Stephen Tippens had been playing only a short time, he was our choice for the saxophone, either alto or tenor.

We knew George Woods was the one to play trumpet. He was one of the best.

Finding a trombonist was not difficult. Nicholas Beauchamp was our first and last choice.

Jimmy Todd had been playing the bass but a short time, but we were pretty sure he would catch on to swing and jazz quickly.

So with this group we began to practice. The times we did practice were after school and at specially reserved band and orchestra periods.

Although we always had fun practicing, there seemed to be something lacking. It was the piano.

We were practicing one day when Mr. Hoffman, a music student teacher, walked in. He asked if we needed a pianist. On hearing our firm "yes", he sat down and began to play. He stayed with us the rest of the year.

I think it was early in March that we heard the big news that we were going to play for the last assembly program of the year.

Then our little group: King, Tippens, Hightower, Todd, Hoffman, and Beauchamp began practicing in earnest.

Finally the day arrived. We played three numbers, "Pagan Love Song", "Alexander's Rag Time Band", and (continued on eighth page)

Dear Folks,

As usual, we're in an awful rush, but I just wanted to catch you up on our two days in San Francisco. The highlight of our stay was our attempt to get into the "top-of-the-Mark", the world-famous cocktail lounge on the roof of the Mark-Hopkins Hotel. The walls are windows, and you can look out all over the city. We were decided and determined that we would come home able to declare to all the world that "We, too, had been to the Top-of-the-Mark, and that we had seen San Francisco at night through its windows. But, of course, there was one slight barrier in our path—all ye who enter here must be twenty-one or over. Norma, our chaperone, was twenty-three, but neither Betsy, May, nor I fit either qualification. We set to work feverishly to insure "that adult appearance" and equipped ourselves with the weapons required for our deception.

Betsy wore her brown suit with a tan sweater, and tied a scarf around her neck. She pulled her hair back on one side and left her bangs drooping in her eyes. A pair of ghastly, gaudy earrings completed her ensemble, and she really looked quite cosmopolitan. May wore her black dress which we decorated to look quite "new-lookish", pulled her hair back, too, and wore her glasses which made her look quite intelligent and arty. I wore my navy suit, turned the white collar under so that it looked more "chic", adorned my ears with a very odd pair of earrings, and also wore my glasses. Of course, we wore gobs and gobs of make-up, and I'm sure such a quartet has never entered the lobby of the Mark-Hopkins Hotel before. We assumed supercilious, bored expressions, and tried to look most blase and sophisticated. (I'm sure the harder we tried, the

younger we looked, but we were determined not to surrender no matter how adverse the circumstances.)

We entered the Mark-Hopkins Hotel quite sedately (I giggled the whole time) and with looks of worldliness and complete boredom, we took our places in line. We finally got upstairs and, as we were sneaking (sophisticatedly, of course) in, we were suddenly stopped by the "guards" at the door. They asked how old we were and Norma said that we were all twenty-two, except for me (I looked the youngest because my suit wasn't quite as deceiving as our efforts of deception), and she said I was twenty-one. They asked for identification, and we told them, in most bored terms, that we had none. I showed the man my Air-Travel Card. It made quite an impression, but it didn't give my age, so it didn't help any. Betsy showed her Social Security Card (she had to have it to J. C. last summer), and that was very impressive, too, but not conclusive. The "guard" looked me straight in the eye and asked my age, and I trying desperately, but in vain, to stifle my hysterical laughter, giggled, "Just twenty-one." I felt horrible lying straight to his face, but there seemed no other alternative, and we were not to be conquered.

They very generously told us that we could walk around the Lounge, but that we could not be served. I don't know why we didn't convince them, but that was all we wanted anyway, so "Operation Top-of-the-Mark" was a successful campaign, and the very sophisticated, blase, worldly hicks from Tennessee emerged victorious.

Love,
Joan Werthan

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HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE

"Itchy"-!!

Biology teacher-"Dick, where do all the bugs go during the winter?"

Absent minded pupil- "Search me!"

Shut-up!

Study-Hall teacher- "This is the last time I am going to ask you to stop talking!"

School Daze

Freshmen - quassy
Sophomores - sassy
Juniors - brassy
Seniors - classy

"The Badger"

Boy (Jerry Klein)-"Good, now we can go on without being interrupted."

Youth Incorporated News
(continued from page six)
swiftly, you have plenty of time to make the campsite sanitary and comfortable, pitch tents, build fires, and prepare food for ravenous appetites, which only a day in the north-woods could produce. Then, after a brief period of songs and ghost stories, all join hands and, looking at the reflection of the moon on the lake, sing "Taps".

Some enjoy tennis, others horseback riding, others archery, but for me, the feel of the paddle and the ever-changing vista over the bow of a canoe is the real thrill of a summer at camp.

Emily Loveman

PERSONAL ATTENTION
TO EVERY DETAIL

WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY

Creative Printers

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one other. We went over with a bang, much better than we expected.

After that we got several offers to play at small dances and parties. Our biggest was to play at the Junior-Senior Prom.

Although, we had been pretty lucky so far, fate must have decided our good luck had gone a little too far. These engagements were destined never to come about. Also we could not use school instruments in the summer. Although this was a bitter pill to swallow, we resolved to begin again next year.

On returning next September, I didn't see much hope for getting started again. King, who was the leader of the group, had moved to Washington, and Woods had gone to West High. We did not know who would fill in. That was before we met Leslie Scott. We agreed to have Leslie, Steve, and Jack Bosers (Duncan) play saxs; Louis Vodopya, drums; Woods, trumpet, and Todd, bass. I was to learn alto sax.

It was not until after Christmas that we began practice. At present Scott, Tippens, Bowers, and maybe McCary on saxs; Woods, trumpet; Courtenay, guitar; Hightower, drums; and Todd, bass.

Joe Hightower

CAIN- CAILLOUETTE

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(continued from page six)
with people. As the choir processed in, the voices sang out to the high vaulted ceiling. The organ was rich and full.

The church was beautiful. It was like a small gothic cathedral with the stained glass windows glowing in the high arches. At the front of the church above the marble altar was a high picture of Christ ascending into heaven, that caught your eye the minute you entered the church. The deep red carpet on the floor contrasted with the slate gray of the stone walls.

As I stood there watching the faces of the people in the congregation, I thought, this church was built by the faith and the perseverance of the congregation. I knew that the memory of this day would probably last for years.

Charlotte Wolfe

CHAYBURKES

(continued from page six)
bore me to distraction.

I seldom read short stories or essays. I do enjoy a Poe or O. Henry story every once in a while, but it is seldom that I get around to reading one. Essays I read sometimes for information, but never for pleasure.

I read because to me it is natural. It broadens my horizons and builds my faith in human nature and in myself. I read because, to me, to read is to live.

Mary Jim Russell

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ODE TO THE FACULTY

Our lazy ways exaggerate
And we don't coordinate;
Teach, our praises soar and
more and more we say
That we're true to you, Miss
Huggins, in our fashion,
Yes we're true to you, Miss
Huggins, in our way.

All the boys are wond'ring
why
None of the girls give them
the eye;
Mr. Sharman's charmin' all
the girls away,
And we're true to you Coach
Sharman in our fashion....

How to sew we'll never learn
And our cooking's always
burned,
Our cuisine may turn you
green, but don't dismay,
'Cause we're true to you,
Mrs. Garrison.....

On good health you've got us
sold,
We're out to lick the common
cold;
Basic seven straight to hea-
ven pave our way,
And we're true to you Miss
Grueter.....

Seventh graders' history,
Straight from George to HST,
Is a cinch with Mr. Finch,
his pupils say,
Yes they're true to you,
Mr. Finch.....

Eighth grade girls are in a
rush
To entrance their fav'rite
crush,
Cupids dart straight to
each heart has found a way
And they're true to you, Mr.
Wilson, in their fashion..

Though the notes we fail to
read,
And the tempo rarely heed,
If we shock you with our
Bach, please don't dismay,
'Cause we're true to you,
Mr. Fite.....

If a dish or glass we smash,
Or complain about the hash,
Still you're best by our
taste-test in every way,
And we're always true to you
Mrs. Whitt.....

Message here, a phone call
there,
"Open the bookstore" we de-
clare,
Ev'ry party who is tardy
heads your way,
Still we're true to you
Mrs. Kennamer.....

Though at art we show no
skill
And your precious paints we
spill;
And you have to pick up,
slick up all the day,
Still we're true to you,
Mrs. Tibbott.....

Though we come to classes
late
And our whispering you hate,
If we seem bodacious, gra-
cious, please don't fuss,
'Cause we're always true to
you, Miss Mac in our fash-
ion,
And we know, Miss Mac,
you're always true to us.

Getting P.D.S. to write
Contributions is a plight,
Still the Volunteer we cheer
you've led the way,
And we're true to you, Miss
Miss McCracken.....

Though our books were over-
due
And our whisp'ring worried
you,
Tho' we talked too loud,
we're proud that we can
say,
We were true to you, Miss
Sallee, in our fashion,
We were true to you Mrs.
Lyons in our way.

Mr. Caesar we abuse,
Conjugations we confuse,
It's a fight to read by
sight, but still we say
That we're true to you, Mr.
Peery, in our fashion,
Yes we're always true to
you, arma virumque.

Oh you're new at P.D.S.
And we might as well confess
That you're merry in library
so please stay;
We'll be true to you Miss
Holden.....

Tho' at learning math we
balk
And your time tests make us
squawk,
Still we know that we know
that we know we'll always
say
That we're true to you, Mr.
Bridges.....

Though our compasses we lose
And your Theorems give us
blues,
Senior class work that we
shirk gets thrown your way
Still we're true to you Mrs.
Lundberg.....

On your languages we're sold
As we Hablar espagnole,
And we star each time we
Parley you francais;
And we're always true to you
Mrs. Shane.....

Tho' in chorus we always
chat,
And we're never sharp, we're
flat,
Tho' we don't know la ti do
from do re mi,
Still we're true to you, Mr.
Bryan.....

Tho' in class our brains we
tax,
To remember dates and facts.
Still we love your wit, our
sides you split each day,
And we're true to you, Dr.
Holden.....

Tho' at times we might drive
you
To taking HgCl₂
And at physics we're not whi-
zzes, still we say
That we're true to you, Dr.
Beauchamp.....

Of your schedule we complain
Early classes cause us pain
Still we love you, of you we
have only praise,
And we're true to you, Dr.
McCharen in our fashion,
Yes we're true to you, Dr.
McCharen in our way.

GIFTS

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What's Up, Doc?

Big plans for the spring are in the formative stage at the Young Moderns' Den. Peabody's Nancy Burkitt and Walter Courtenay are in the midst of the bright ideas; so see them to find out more about the nationally known personalities who will make appearances in the Den this spring.

They did say that the Den is located in the Nashville Public Library. It is open on week days in the afternoons and Saturdays. It has over five hundred records and a thousand books. Every Peabody student may use the Den.

Record Roundtable is now broadcasted on Wmak at 7:30 on Saturday night.

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(continued from second page) great burden on the faculty and would not allow the school's peaceful atmosphere to continue. In any case it is best that the privileges were taken away; maybe someday they can be restored. At least we can hope for such a blessed event.

If the seniors want their privileges restored, they should be fully prepared to work for them and show the faculty that the seniors are responsible for their actions and can do things that the other classes can not do. It must be a long, hard journey back, but if that goal is worked toward, slowly but surely the privileges may be restored.

Kenneth Umbecker

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(continued from page three) "Although we may be small in size, you can't deny we're organized!"

Peabody's famous friendliness was Thursday's theme. If you had gone into the lobby that morning, you would have seen committee members handing out smiling paper faces to their owners. If, by the end of the day, a few (and I use the word unadvisedly) names had gotten switched, it wasn't our fault!

On Friday we paid tribute to P.D.S.'s sports program. An exciting basketball game with Duncan and a spaghetti supper and dance afterwards topped off "Let's Know Pea-

body Week." The project, although entirely new to Peabody, was, the S.A.C. fervently hoped, a successful one.

Love,
Eileen and Elena

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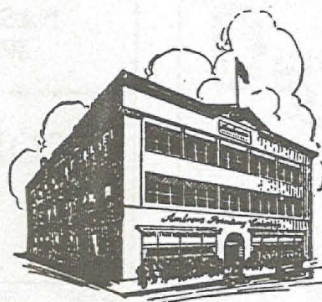
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