

THE SIDE-LINES
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The Crucial Year

By JOHN D. WISEMAN, JR.

In a recent magazine article, Colonel Lindbergh pleaded once more with the American people to repudiate the administration's policy of aid to those nations that resist aggression, lest we, too, become involved in war.

It is safe to say that Colonel Lindbergh's plea received serious consideration only among a few irreconcilable isolationists and fifth columnists. For American's decision has been reached, and it cannot now be revoked.

In the desire to prevent the Western Hemisphere from being engulfed by the aggressors, Americans have determined that "all-out" aid to Britain and her allies is the only sure road to peace. The failure of the Peace of Munich to halt the dictators is sufficient warning to Americans that appeasement opens the gates to the armies of the enemy and thus permits them to march in and subjugate the country.

The precarious situation in which the democracies find themselves today is the direct result of appeasement, which began with the conquest of Manchuria by Japan and ended with the slaughter of helpless Poland by Germany and Russia.

Now we are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the totalitarian states, all because our decision to unite with the democracies has come at the eleventh hour.

All too late we realize that we made an almost fatal mistake in letting Germany escape unharmed with her first violation of international law by the militarization of the Rhineland. If we had only known that Germany had sent her troops in with strict orders to withdraw if the allies resisted, we might have taken a firm stand then and avoided the necessity

of fighting today. All too late we realize that Japan is at the mercy of a combined American and British embargo which would cut off Japan's sources of vital raw materials. How false has been our fear of the Italians when even the small Greek nation has soundly beaten the Fascists under the personal direction of Il Duce himself. War could have been easily avoided under a wise and intelligent leadership. But war is bringing a supreme crisis to us as a result of appeasement.

Hitler in his new year's eve message to the German people promised final victory by the end of 1941. Cordell Hull, as if to confirm Hitler's statement, has warned that the crisis is to come this spring. Again the United States is destined to play the deciding role.

A convenient way of determining whether America's aid will win this war is by comparison with World War I.

In the last war Germany failed at the Battle of the Marne and was forced to fight the dreaded war on two fronts. Only after 1916 was Russia eliminated, permitting a drive through the Balkans and concentration on the Western Front in 1918.

Germany's chances are infinitely better today. France has been eliminated by a lightning blitzkrieg with slight loss to the Nazis. Russia, too weak to fight, is supplying Germany with vital oil and wheat from the Ukraine. Thus far, Hitler has gained complete control of the Balkans without fighting.

Germany's war with Britain has prospects of even greater success. If the German military chiefs find that an invasion has a good chance, it will surely be tried. Otherwise the submarine and air blockades will be pressed to the limit to bring Britain to her knees.

Germany possesses overwhelming advantages in the newly acquired submarine and air bases from Bordeaux, France to Narvik, Norway. Coupled with the closeness of these bases to Britain's lifelines is the weakness in destroyers which is responsible for the sinking of ships faster than they can be built.

On the other hand, time is working against the Germans. Hitler must win in 1941 in order to avoid a conflict with a Great Britain immeasurably strengthened by the unlimited resources of the United States. America supplied the punch that won the war in 1918. The Lease-Lend Bill, backed by a seven billion dollar appropriation, may provide sufficient planes and ships, speedily enough, to ward off the German drive this spring.

Nevertheless Germany has a tremendous advantage, but this advantage is not insurmountable. With victory hanging in the balance, the result of the war will be known by the end of 1941.

May the United States, under the leadership of its president, not fail in the heavy responsibility which it faces. Some rightfully fear that if we do fail, the light of civilization will be extinguished, plunging the world into a dark age for years to come.

But if we do succeed, we can reorder world affairs upon a basis of peace and harmony among nations, and add still another right of human beings—freedom from the scourge of war.

The state employment service set up headquarters on the campus of Emporia (Kans.) State Teachers college for two days to help seniors find jobs.

Henderson (Ark.) State Teachers college recently formed the Southwest Arkansas Cooperative Film Library for the benefit of the state's public schools.

A 2,685-pound boulder of limestone, approximately 25,000 years old, serves as an "ornament" in the court of Hale house at Union college. University of Florida college of agriculture stages an annual rodeo at the stadium. This year's, April 19th.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS . . .

MARJORIE TAYLOR
A smile,
Return it,
Or " will be gone.

Spring is here and we again wonder which comes out first, the sun or the love smitten couples—could be they both come out together.

I wonder how many of you have noticed that concrete love bench between the Administration Building and Lyon Hall. You needn't deny your acquaintance with this little bench, because the little bench told me all about you.

One morning on my way to class my shoe came untied and I sat down on this little bench to tie it. Suddenly someone said "Good morning," and I looked expectant-

ly around, but no person could I see. The voice said, "This is I, the little bench you are sitting on." The little bench went on to say that if I weren't in too big a hurry it had a story to tell me. Not having regained my power of speech, I sat and listened.

The little bench said, "I don't often get a chance to talk, but I haven't been lonesome. Since the day I was placed here I've been happy in watching the girls and boys come and go. Before my eyes seem to march that long line of boys and girls that have sat on me. To me they are my boys and girls.

I remember the little Freshman girl that was so lonesome. She came out to sit among the trees. This little girl's name was Jean. She had not been there long before a freshman boy, kicking tufts of grass in boredom, came by. He saw the lovely miss looking so lonesome and went up to her and asked her the usual line about how she liked school, where she was from, and what courses she was taking. I knew right away I would have visitors at this hour every day, and sure enough next day they came back and found that they both liked poetry. From then on I was lulled into a state of joy by the rhyming schemes of the love poets.

My location is in direct line to Lyon Hall and the after-supper strollers make my location the scene of many soft words as well as some hard ones. I remember one afternoon a girl by the name of Lurline was seated on me with a lad who had professed he wanted some help in English. Suddenly he boldly asked if he could hold her hand. Without further ado she slapped him and fled. I felt sorry for the lad, but I noticed they made up later. Guess she was just coy.

I remember one evening a tall fellow had a fuss with a girl by the name of Sara over some very small matter. It was wonderful to hear them making up. It was so sweet that for days I stayed in dreamland. I can still remember the boy's touching goodnight. He said, "good nightycum night; sleep tightycum tight."

There was the girl named Margaret. Was she fickle? Every day she sat on me and told a different boy that she liked him better than anyone else. That's the worse thing I have to complain about. I just hate hearing the same old line. Now there's a fellow by the name of Donald. He shoots a different line every spring to a different girl. I think that's mighty nice. I like originality. Now, take this old line:

Roses are red;
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.

And here comes the line of polished gentlemen of 1941:
Your eyes are like deep limpid pools,
Your hair the golden tresses of your fairy petal,Your lips like petals of the rose.

Kid, you got a nice figure, too. Yes, all the girls fall for the smooth line.

Now, there are a lot more things I could tell you, but friend as I am to the boys and girls, I can't tell all I know.

You see I'm not just a cold slab of concrete. I have a heart, so come sit with me when you can. I symbolize one of the most important items of college life, that association that exists between fellow students.

With these words the little bench ceased talking and I groggily got to my feet, wondering if I had dreamed it or had the little bench really spoken to me. Brown, plowed corn fields. Stiff, bare cotton stalks. For my steps to wander through. Cedars darkly spotting the tree line, Blackberry bushes tugging at my clothing, As I tramp over the farm land. Forgetting all sorrows. The soft feel of broom sedge, Sliding through my fingers. Gun on my shoulder. No menace to the wild life. Early spring's sun softly beaming, Soul expanding with wonder, At the extravagance of nature. Worries dwindle to nothingness. What a better world this would be. If we all could go walking in the country.

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Jordan's Baseballers Have 10 Game Schedule Filled

Harold Brown About To Finish At Randolph

Coveted "wings" emblems of commissioned officers in the Army Air Corps, are only one step away for one former State Teachers College Flying Cadet, member of the largest class ever to graduate from Randolph Field, Texas, the "West Point of the Air."

Four hundred ten student pilots have completed 10 weeks at the nation's largest basic training center. On Friday, March 14, they departed

for their final 10 weeks of training at advanced flying bases.

This aviator-of-tomorrow is Harold R. Brown, Ardmore, Tenn., '39-'40.

He is among 12,000 new Air Corps officers to be added to the national defense during the current year.

Every five weeks a new class of Flying Cadets—4,500 per year—enters Randolph Field. They already have had 10 weeks of primary school training on the \$25,000 course, the most comprehensive that skill of veteran flying officers can conceive.

In 30 weeks time Uncle Sam takes young men between 20 and 27 years of age—many of whom never have ridden in an airplane—and transforms them into full-fledged pilots.

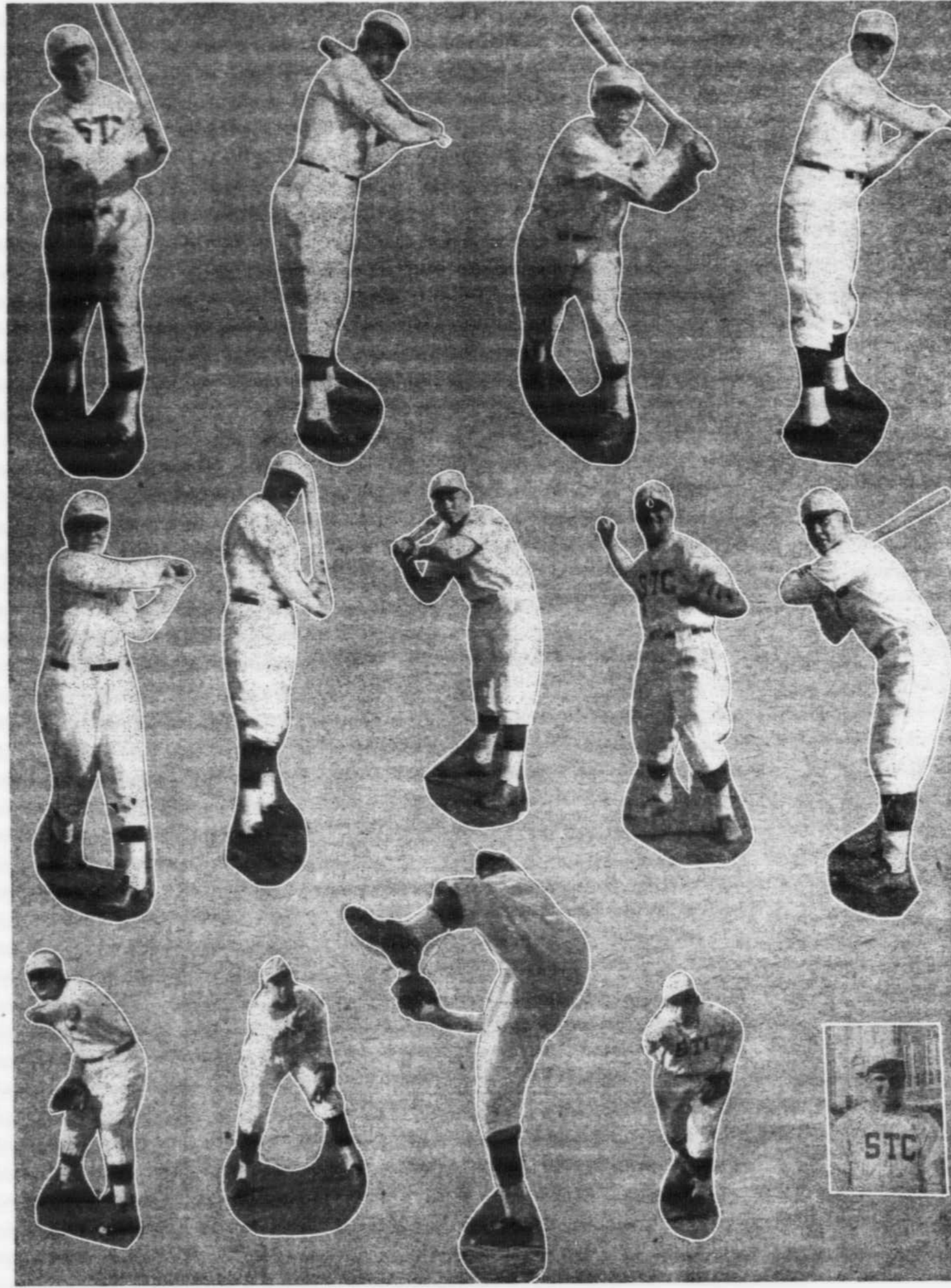
While intraining, each student receives \$75 a month "spending money," plus food, clothing and quarters. Upon graduation from the advanced flying school, he becomes a 2nd Lieutenant with monthly pay of \$205.

Also during those 30 weeks of training, each pilot-to-be spends 205 hours aloft. He receives 70 hours, including much time at night flying and under the instrument hood, at Randolph Field where more than 350 planes spend 28,000 hours aloft each month.

For those students not specifically qualified for piloting planes, an innovation in the general Air Corps training program is available. Each calendar year, 3,600 aerial navigators

(Continued on Page Four)

1941 RAIDER BASEBALLERS



The Raider baseball team faces a tough, ten-game schedule this spring but they are looking to it as just a matter of going out, picking up gloves, bats, etc., and coming home with the buntin' in the bag. The Raider squad, under Coach Nance Jordan, is studded with 13 bright stars, who for three years have

not lost a game on the local diamond—and what's more, they don't expect to this year. Returning from last year's championship team are such players as Hamblen, Long, Hambrick, Kennon, Murphy, Bass, Campbell, Taylor, Seay, Waggoner, Hessey, Lovelace, and McGehee. Several of

Several Vacancies Left By Last Year's Regulars

The schedule for the year is as follows:
 Vanderbilt—April 22, Murfreesboro.
 David Lipscomb—April 29, Nashville.
 Murray—May 2—Murfreesboro, (Double header—1:30 p.m.)
 Western—May 6, Murfreesboro.
 Murray—May 9, Murray, (Double header—1:30 p.m.)
 Vanderbilt—May 14, Nashville.
 Western—May 20, Bowling Green.
 David Lipscomb—May 27, Murfreesboro.
 *All other games begin at 3:00 p.m.

Baseball practice will get under way on April 11, under the direction of Coach Nance (River) Jordan. Some of the prospects for the team have already been seen out practicing on the warm afternoons.

The schedule this year will consist of ten games with four different teams. Athletic Director E. W. (Wink) Midgett has added something new to the schedule by arranging a doubleheader with Murray to be played in Murfreesboro on May 2. This is an entirely new idea in college baseball.

According to Coach Jordan, the baseball team will have to be made over, with new men fitting into most of the positions. There are only about three regulars left over from last year's team. This leaves six places to be filled with new recruits. To quote Coach Jordan, "The situation is wide open."

The catching position is the only one which is not open. Horton Tarpley and Bill McCrory are back from last year and there are several other prospects out for that spot. Walter Drops, Ed Hodges, and Bobby McClintock are three of the men who want the job. There will probably be several other new men trying for the job besides these five.

In the outfield the only man left from last year is Billy McDonald. That leaves two places to be filled by new recruits. Among those trying to fill these two vacancies will be Eugene Cartwright and Jimmy Schlicher.

The infield is just as open as the outfield. Adamson is the only infielder left from last year. Charles Greer will probably play first base, leaving second base and shortstop open for the men who are best suited to fill the spots. Among the candidates for these open positions in the infield will be Tommy Hudson, who did not play last year because of an injured knee.

The pitching will probably be well taken care of by the return of Kenneth Ellis and Billy Bryant. Both of these men played some last year and have already shown their ability. They will be aided by Jimmy Jackson, who will be out

Ghost Town

(Continued from Page One)
 Looking at the elongated women on beer advertisements.

You are always looking along the one street to the point where it rejoins the highway and disappears over the hill. You wonder what the scenery is like beyond that hill. You are almost in the notion of walking up the highway and seeing for yourself.

In brief, you eat the little town. It tastes good in your mouth, then as you digest it, you become nauseated. You are struck with the lack of beauty everywhere; in the scenery, in the buildings, and in the people themselves. You see a few wretched people standing together in a rut in the road. You are aware that even in this rut there exists a class distinction, that there is one man who is master of his fellows, that there is vanity, that there is cruelty, that there is crime and vice, and that there is love and hate; in short, that all qualities and characteristics are evident in this handful of men.

After you have reached a point of complete exhaustion, you find suddenly that after some fashion or other your mechanic has completed his job. You are free to go. You fall into the seat of your automobile. Once again you touch the familiar levers. You are aware of a relieving motion. The burden of monotony which has nearly crushed you begins to lift. You travel for an hour; then you ask yourself, "What was the scenery like beyond that hill?" You had forgotten to look. That was miles behind you. Probably you would never know what scenery was like just over the hill.

Then in a year or two you ask yourself, "What was the name of that dinky little town I had to wait over in?" And you can't remember. Probably you didn't even notice.

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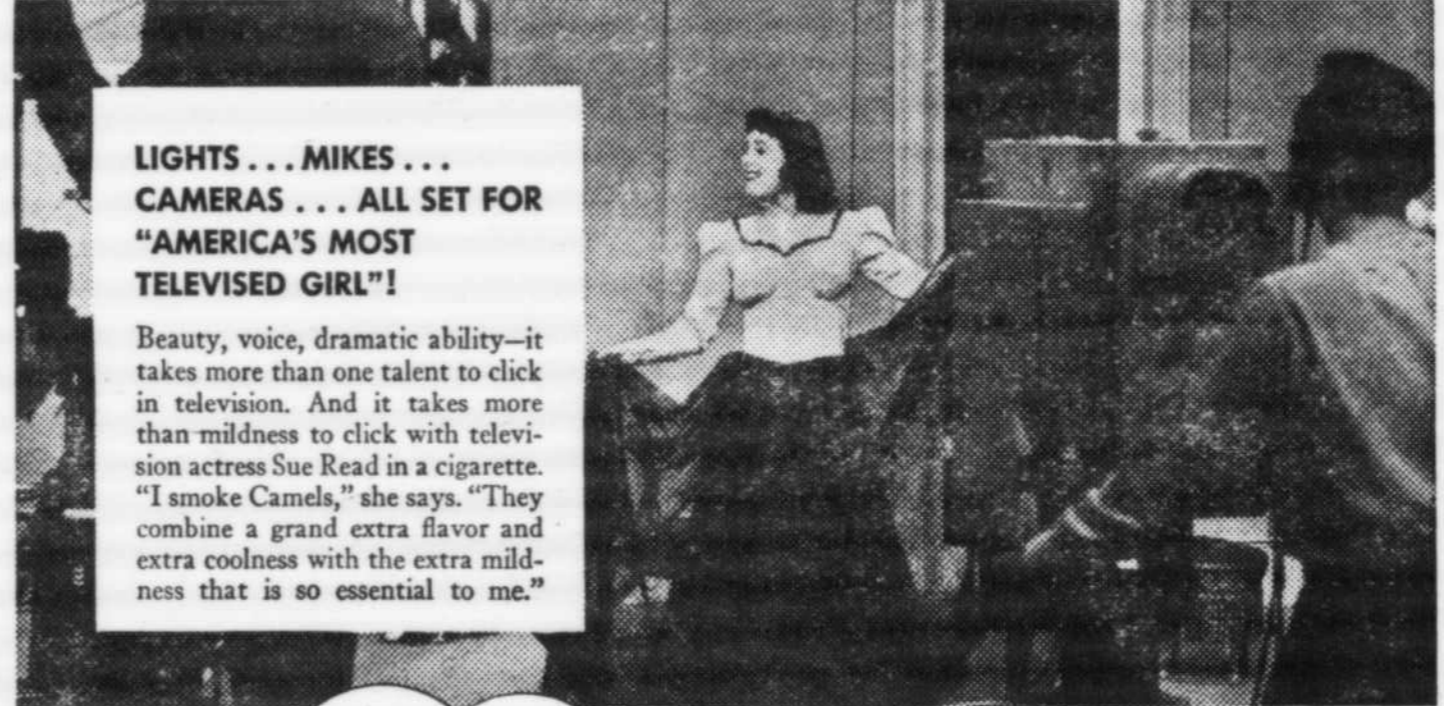
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

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YES, when you smoke the slower-burning cigarette . . . Camel . . . you have the pleasing assurance of modern laboratory science that you're getting less nicotine in the smoke.

Not only extra freedom from nicotine—but other important extras as well—extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor, too, for Camel's slower way of burning means freedom from flavor-dulling excess heat and the irritating qualities of too-fast burning.

There's economy in Camels, too—extra smoking per pack (see below). And by the carton, Camels are even more economical.



LIGHTS . . . MIKES . . . CAMERAS . . . ALL SET FOR "AMERICA'S MOST TELEVIEWED GIRL!"

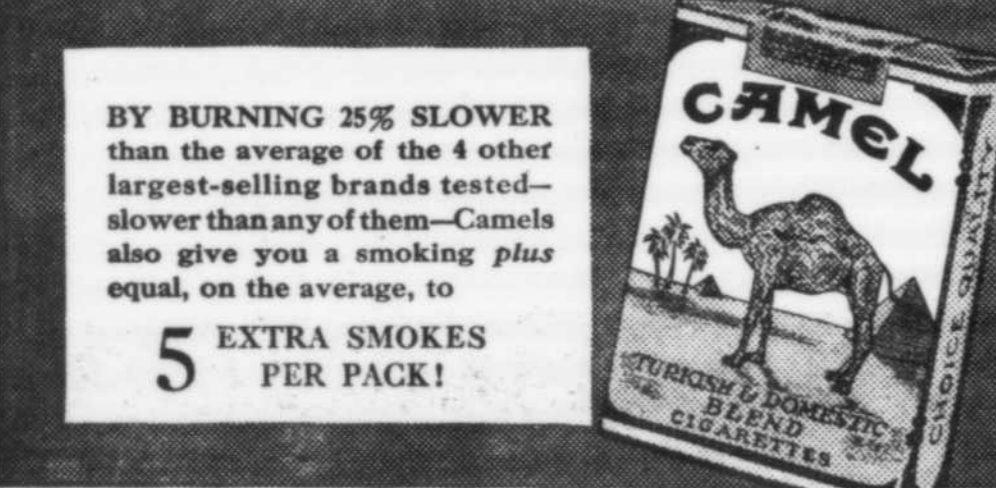
Beauty, voice, dramatic ability—it takes more than one talent to click in television. And it takes more than mildness to click with television actress Sue Read in a cigarette. "I smoke Camels," she says. "They combine a grand extra flavor and extra coolness with the extra mildness that is so essential to me."

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THERE ARE NO "RETAKE" in television. Every night is first night. "That's the thrill of it," says Miss Read. "And the thrilling thing about Camels to me is that they always taste so good. I don't get tired of smoking Camels. And they really are so much cooler and milder."

The more you smoke Camels, the more you'll appreciate the freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat . . . The extra mildness and extra coolness of Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos. And you'll enjoy Camel's full, rich flavor all the more, knowing—by the word of independent tests—that you're getting less nicotine in the smoke (see above, left).

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"RETURN OF FRANK JAMES" with HENRY FONDA GENE TIERNEY HENRY HULL JACKIE COOPER

Fri. - Sat. April 4 - 5

"GOLDEN TRAIL" with TEX RITTER Drums of Fu Manchu No. 7

COMING "HERE COMES THE NAVY" "ANGELS OVER BROADWAY"

Out of The Pages . . .

By CHARLOTTE STEPHENSON
A Review of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.

"Dedicated to
Alexander Woolcott
For reasons that are
Nobody's business."
—The Authors

Now we were never folks to pry into affairs that do not concern us, but when George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart legended the fly-leaf of their newest play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner" with the bold dedicatory remarks printed above we could not possibly keep the cat-killer in the subconscious. Nobody's business being everybody's business we took it nobly upon ourselves to borrow a copy of this much talked

of book to learn the whyfore of the dedication.

A few pages of Sheridan's ridiculous egotism, his absurd commands, his almost risqué language and we had much the same surd as a pack of hyenas. In the first Broadway production, Monty Woolley played the role of Sheridan Whiteside, the author and radio commentator who against his will accepts an invitation to dine with the well-to-do's of a small town in Ohio. On entering the house he slips on a slither of ice in the doorway. His hip is badly fractured and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" stays.

Laughs, excitement, and hilarious comedy are the result of his misfortune. The self-sufficient lecturer puts the would-be host and hostess under his illustrious thumb, forbidding them to use even their own phone. Being something of a busy-body he interferes with the romance of the host's daughter and sends the son of the house on a wild case after photographic scenes.

Human interest studies are assigned when Sheridan's eccentric friends drop by to pay their respects and for value received the equally queer hosts gives them a meal on the house. Romance finds its role when Sheridan's secretary decides that small town newspapermen are not such bores as she had previously imagined.

A wispy murderess who provides quite as many shocks as the all too modern language of the play and a flight-by-blackmail escape climax the play that is receiving high praise from such connoisseurs of drama as John Mason Brown, Brooks Atkinson, and Walter Winchell.

Now the only reason we could possibly find for Kaufman and Hart dedicating "The Man Who Came to Dinner" to Alexander Woolcott is that Woolcott (alias Sheridan Whiteside) is the fellow who came to dine.

It was originally planned to have Mr. Woolcott impersonate himself when the play opened in New York, but he decided against it and allowed his part to be taken by Monty Woolley. However, he has been acting the part with a company that has been playing in California and now has returned to Philadelphia with plans for future engagements in Chicago and Toronto. According to Brooks Atkinson, the play has been a complete success not only because it is a good comedy but because Mr. Woolcott gets so much pleasure from acting in it. "The same expansive style that attends his myriad activities as writer, speaker and friend gives a kind of Merriment to his performance. He is Father Christmas and Foxy Grandpa rolled in one."

—MORE ABOUT—

Harold Brown

(Continued from Page Three) and bombardiers are being turned out. During their training they will receive the same pay as Flying Cadets.

College men with a technical education also have a chance to take a nine months course in engineering and maintenance of airplanes and engines. Physical requirements high for this phase of the course, but not as high as for those applying for pilot training.

A staff statistician reports in the Whitworth college Whistle that "there are only three clean saddle oxfords on the campus and two approximately clean."



CLAIRE DE LUNE

FOR "JIVERS" REASONS Dorothy Claire, new singing star on Glenn Miller's "Chesterfield Moonlight Serenade," is riding the crest of the popularity waves. Miller's grand band broadcasts 3 nights weekly over C.B.S. network.

—MORE ABOUT—

Brewington

(Continued from Page One) so un-American he had better Dies. (WOW!)

Brew submitted photostat copies, however, of the mid-term examinations in every subject and business cards of all council members, and the clerk suggesting that copies of exam questions as well as pedigreed foreign language ponies might be had from them at a cheaper rate.

There were a few senators and other debris left over when Brew had finished his tirade. John I. and all of the others were arraigned on general principles, which is almost as good a place to be arraigned on as a desert.

The only Senator not covered in one of Brew's regular allegories was John D. Wiseman. Brew didn't have the heart to make that senate lover hear the awful words for the last time. "I move we adjourn." Here, have a drag on this before I throw it away. This is April.

Teachers

Here we are again back at S.T.C. There's no place in the world we hadn't rather be, The teachers don't like us, we wonder why, We hear the pupils criticize us as we pass by.

We're just teachers like, we suppose, they plant to be, But there's something wrong we plainly see.

The minute we enter the assignments are doubled, Perhaps that's the reason the students are troubled.

Oregon State college's radio station, KOAC, established in 1922 as a 50-watter, was recently granted a power to increase to 5,000 watts.

LOVABLE...TUBBABLE

JUNE LOVE

Chambrays and Seersuckers

1.98

5042—Border Chambray Junior Coat Dress. Pre-shrunk. Sun-burst tucks on circular yoke. Rainbow stripes on bottom of skirt, tabs and cuffs. Pleated skirt. Blue, Rose . . . 11 to 17.

5043—Plaid Crinkle Seersucker Coat Dress. Shield shaped pockets on skirt. Colored pigskin belt. Wide raver neckline. Action back. Pleats on skirt. Copen, Red, Grey on White Grounds. 14 to 20.

5048—Two-tone Stripe Chambray Coat Dress. Pre-shrunk. Two tab pockets. Action back. Blue and Copen, Wine and Rose, Dark and Light Green, Chocolate and Beige. 38 to 44.

5044—Check Crinkle Seersucker. Cute bib yoke. Slimming pointed panels. Side pressed pleats. Leather belt. Red and Navy, Red and Grey, Green and Black. 14 to 20.

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From early morn till late at night, you'll be perfectly right in any one of these 10 sumptuous June Love styles. Crisp, Crinkle Seersuckers for early morning wear, woven Seersuckers for the office, soft, pre-shrunk Chambrays for spectator sports. Whether you're tall or small, slim or stout, blonde or brunette—there's a June Love Chambray or Seersucker for you—and we do mean you!

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5 Misses Styles . . . 14 to 20
3 Women's Styles . . . 38 to 44

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NO. 1
"RANGE BUSTERS"
with RAY CORRIGAN JOHN KING

NO. II
"BLONDE INSPIRATION"
with VIRGINIA GREY JOAN SHELTON

MON. - TUES.
March 31, April 1
"Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
with MICKEY ROONEY LEWIS STONE FAY HOLDEN

WED., APRIL 2
"Long Voyage Home"
Also: Jan Garber's Orchestra

THURS. - FRIDAY
APRIL 3 - 4
"SANTE FE TRAIL"
with ERROL FLYNN OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND

SATUR. APRIL 5
Double Feature
"IN OLD COLORADO"
and "FATHER'S SON"

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