



JUNIOR - SENIOR FROLICS



MISS VALDOSTA

Miss Sammie Steedley (center) is flanked by the runner-ups, Bettye Jackson and Mary Jo Lott. She will represent Valdosta in the "Miss Georgia" contest at Columbus May 24-25.

V. S. C. Students Take First Three Places In 'Miss Valdosta' Contest

Sammie Steedley, a V.S.C. senior, was selected as "Miss Valdosta" in the recent contest sponsored by the Valdosta Jaycees. Bettye Jackson, a sophomore, was runner-up and Mary Jo Lott, a junior, was selected as second alternate.

In this contest not only beauty and talent but also charm, poise, personality and intellect enter into the selection.

Sammie is majoring in education but is very interested in piano. In the talent division she played Rachmanioff's Prelude in C-sharpe Minor.

Sammie will represent Valdosta in the "Miss Georgia" contest to be held in Columbus, May 24-25. Here is the Georgia representative for the "Miss America" contest will be selected.

Sammie will have all expenses paid to Columbus. She received a lovely gift from her sponsor, The Bell Shop, a gift from the Ritz Theater and two dozen red roses from the Christian Floral Company.

Bettye Jackson was sponsored by Luke Brothers, in the talent division she sang "Will You Remember" from Romberg's Maytime. She received gifts from her sponsor.

Mary Jo Lott sang "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song", she received gifts from her sponsor, Belk-Hudson.

Other V. S. C. students in the contest were: Caroline Whitcomb, and Mary Florence Porter.

I. R. C.

The I. R. C. held its annual picnic on Wednesday, May 9 at Loch bers, Miss Price and Frances Paine, who is an inactive member since graduation, attended. After fishing and boating during the afternoon, the picnic supper was served in the Paine's clubhouse. During the evening Miss Price showed slides of the I.R.C. conference in Charleston, which she and a group of the club members attended.

Mary Brand, Speech Recital On May 22nd

On May 22nd at 8:30 P. M. the Speech Department of the Valdosta State College, under the direction of Miss Louise Sawyer, will present Miss Mary Brand in her Senior Recital.

While a student here at Valdosta State, Miss Brand, from Montezuma, has been very active in the campus affairs. During her senior year, she served as President of the Woman's Student Government Association. She was on the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, and the staffs of the Pine Cone and Campus Canopy. Mary was also a member in the Sock and Buskin Club, the Romance Language Club, the Math-Science Club, and the League of Women Voters. She was selected, along with five other seniors from V.S.C., to appear in "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges."

The program for her recital will include a monologue by Ruth Draper entitled "A Southern Girl at a Dance" and a selection from the play "Happiness", in which she will be assisted by Miss Ann Smith from Quitman. One act of "Victoria Regina," a dramatic biography by Laurence Housman, will also be a part of the program.

Miss Anna Marangos, Valdosta, will be presented by the Speech Department in her Senior Recital on May 29th. She will feature a group of poems, a monologue, and a masque. The poems, in Italian dialect, were written by T. A. Daly. The monologue is concerned with a young girl and her fiance and their attempt to outwit an old maid aunt.

Maria M. Cox's masque, 'Queen Theodora of Byzantium', is also one that has been chosen by Miss Marangos for her performance.

Miss Marangos, who is majoring in Humanities with Speech Emphasis, was a member of the English Club, the Romance Language Club, and the Sock and Buskins Club. Also she was a

Serenaders Sing In Macon

The Serenaders and Sonny Welch, accompanied by Mr. Logan went to Macon Wednesday, May 2, where they sang for approximately twenty-five hundred people.

At ten a. m. they were scheduled to sing at Lanier Boys' High School; at eleven-thirty they sang at the A. J. Miller High School for Girls and at one p. m., sang for the Macon Rotary Club at the Lanier High School for Boys. They then had lunch with Macon Rotary Club in the Lanier High Cafeteria.

The program presented by the Serenaders included numbers given on the recent VSC Womans Glee Club concert program. There were several duets by Sonny Welch and Bettye Jackson.

New Courses To Be Offered During 51-52 Term

For the coming year the departments of Economics and Business Administration have been expanded. The new courses offered in these fields include: Industrial Management, Principles of Marketing and Labor Problems. For those interested in typing, advanced typing will be offered during Fall Quarter.

The course, Health Education for Elementary Grades, has been changed from a two hour course to a five hour course.

In the Junior College, a History of Georgia will be offered which may be taken instead of Contemporary Georgia. A History of Europe since 1870 will be offered in the Senior College.

member of the Valdosta Club, the Dance Club, the Glee Clee, and the League of Women Voters.

THE CANOPY would like to say congratulations to the editor and staff of the 1951 PINE CONE.

Summer Session To Begin June 11

The 1951 Summer Session and workshop for elementary teachers will begin on June and continue until July 20.

Students will be housed in Senior and Ashley Halls. The women students will be found in Senior Hall, plans are being made for the men students to live in Ashley Hall above the dining hall.

Five or ten quarter hours may be earned during the summer session.

For information concerning courses offered and fees, consult the Summer Session bulletin which may be obtained in the Registrar's office.

May 25th Deadline For Selective Service Test Applications

The deadline for receipt of Selective Service College Qualification Test applications has been extended to May 25 by Selective Service, Educational Testing Service announced today. All applications must be in the hands of Educational Testing Service by May 25, 1951. This applies to the July 12 date for those students whose religious beliefs prevent their taking the test on Saturday, as well as to the June 16 and June 30 testings. Applications are no longer being processed for the May 26th administration and no further tickets can be issued for May 26.

Students who wish to take the test must secure, complete, and mail applications at once.

Pretty girl — You seem very quiet tonight Roland. Are you sure you love me?

Roland — Love you? Heavens, dearest, when we were saying goodbye at the gate last night your dog bit a piece out of my leg, and I didn't even notice it till I got home.

Formal On Sat. Night Highlight Of Weekend

The highlight of the year for the Juniors and Seniors will be the Frolics on the weekend of May 18-20. This will be a time of gaiety for the two upperclasses as everyone will discard his books and other worries for at least two days. Many new faces will appear on the campus on Friday as the invited escorts and guests arrive for the festivities. The Juniors will be hostess for the grand occasion.

An informal dance on Friday night will be the first event. This dance will take place at the Country Club and will last from 8:00 P. M. until 1:00 A. M. It is hoped that the Juniors will be able to obtain an orchestra from Moody Field.

Bright and early the next morning all the Juniors, Seniors, and their guests will head for Twin Lakes and an all-day picnic. There will be no special plans for the picnic (with the exception of a big lunch!), but everyone will spend the time swimming, sunbathing, talking, playing cards, or just taking life easy.

The main highlight of the entire weekend will be formal ball, Saturday night, at the Woman's Building, from 8:00 P. M. until 12:00. Bob Bohler's Orchestra will provide the music. This dance is the part of Frolics that every Junior and Senior talks about for weeks. New dresses, just for this special time, begin to appear in various closets long before the big weekend arrives.

The grand finale of Frolics will be a breakfast in the House-in-the-Woods at 12:30 A. M., at the close of the dance. This breakfast, which officially closes the weekend, will last until 2:00 AM.

You can't fool all the people all the time, but you can come surprisingly close . . .



George "Bouncer" Smith went to Athens last Tuesday to represent Valdosta State College in the Southeastern Intercollegiate Golf Tournament. This is the first time this college has entered intercollegiate competition but it is hoped we will be represented in such events in the future. There will be approximately twenty-five southeastern colleges represented in this tournament.

The Campus Canopy

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MEMBER

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MARION WATERS

Second Childhood

There comes a time in every girl's life when she just has to let go and buy herself a new summer frock, a stunning fall dress, or a smart looking suit.

So it being the spring of the year, I had the sudden urge to purchase one of the lovely creations they had in the store window. Now don't get me wrong, I like to buy dresses anytime of the year. I'm not particular about the season, but due to conditions beyond my control, my funds won't allow it.

My roommate agreed to accompany me and stand by my side. Personally I think she went to see how the dress would look on me before it was taken up to fit, but then I don't blame her. I guess anybody would look like they had the draperies of their couch about them if the clothes came down to the floor when they were only supposed to come a few inches below the knee, but then I have always had trouble buying clothes as I have always been a little retarded in growth because I didn't eat all my spinach and oatmeal as a child.

So there we were in the dress shop and I was about to try on the latest thing in dresses. I gingerly took the lovely creation into the dressing room, with my roommate close at my heels, and without further ado I put on the dress. It was a lovely thing with a Peter Pan collar and cap sleeves. It had a tight waist which gradually fell into a full skirt. I'm sure Paris designers couldn't have done better.

I looked up in utter amazement and saw three of me. I looked more like the three witches from Macbeth, but my roommate and I slowly recovered from the shock.

Through the mirror a new face appeared. It was quite a pretty face with full red lips, blue eyes, and neatly kept gray hair. The face stood gaping at me, the eyes transfixed upon the dress. Then I knew the face belonged to one of the clerks who had so kindly showed me the dress, and I guess she was a little astounded by the results it gave me. She quickly put on her best smile, and speaking to my roommate said, "She's just at the age where it is so hard to get anything to fit her, isn't she?" My roommate came to my rescue and informed her of my age. The clerk was quite taken back when she learned I weigh ten plus ten—I was never so mortified. It seems I always have that trouble. I remember the time my mother, sister and I had gone shopping in a rather large department store in Jacksonville, and as we walked in, a group of ladies started whispering. I couldn't imagine what the matter was until my sister told me later what they were whispering about. It seems they thought I had gotten into my mother's makeup. I was sixteen, my sister was thirteen and a head taller than I,

(Continued on Page Three)

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

By PAT ASKIN

My goodness! Why doesn't somebody answer that telephone. How do they expect us to sleep. I wonder. I think I'll open one eye and see if I can find out what time it is. My goodness, it's pitch dark. I can't even see my hand in front of my face. I wonder what is happening. I wish Joanne would turn the lamp on so I can see my watch. Three o'clock! That noise must be somebody's alarm. I do wish she'd turn it off, though. I wonder what all the noise is out in the hall. It does seem that people could at least be quiet at this hour. I do wonder what is happening.

I wonder why Joanne is getting up. Oh, it's a fire drill. And at this hour! Well, now what all am I supposed to do? Let's see if I can remember. Pull the window down, raise the shade, get towel, turn the lights on, get a house coat, leave the door open and get outside. Which door do I go out of anyway? They change these rules so much I just can't remember where I'm supposed to go. Everybody else seems to be going this way, so I'll go too. Oh no, I've forgotten my bedroom shoes. Now, I'll have to go back to the room and try to find them. I do wish that roommate of mine would leave them alone. Well, isn't that sweet, here they are by her bed. I wonder whose shoes

she has on. It's a good thing this isn't a real fire, I'd be cooked well-done by this time. At least the halls are empty and I can get out without bumping into anybody who is half asleep.

My goodness, this is all so stupid. If the silly old building were on fire, we'd have sense enough to get out of the building without all this practice. And at such horrible hours.

My, it's cold outside. I hope someone will check up soon so we can go back to bed. Ha! don't all of these people look funny. Some of them look as if they could go back to sleep standing up out here. I surely hope I don't look as bad as they do. Oh, we can go back in the dormitory now. Well, isn't that nice. They make us stand out here until we get wide awake, and then they tell us to go inside and be quiet and go back to sleep.

Well, all the lights are out and everything is all quiet again, but I just can't go back to sleep, and I was having the best dream, too. Suppose this had been a real fire instead of just a practice drill. I wonder if I could have known what to do. Hmmm; I'm getting drowsy. Maybe it is best that we practice what to do in case of a fire, at least I'm sure now I'll know what to do and what door to go out if we ever do have a real fire. Ho hum, I sure am sleepy.

SAM SEZ—

SAM TODD

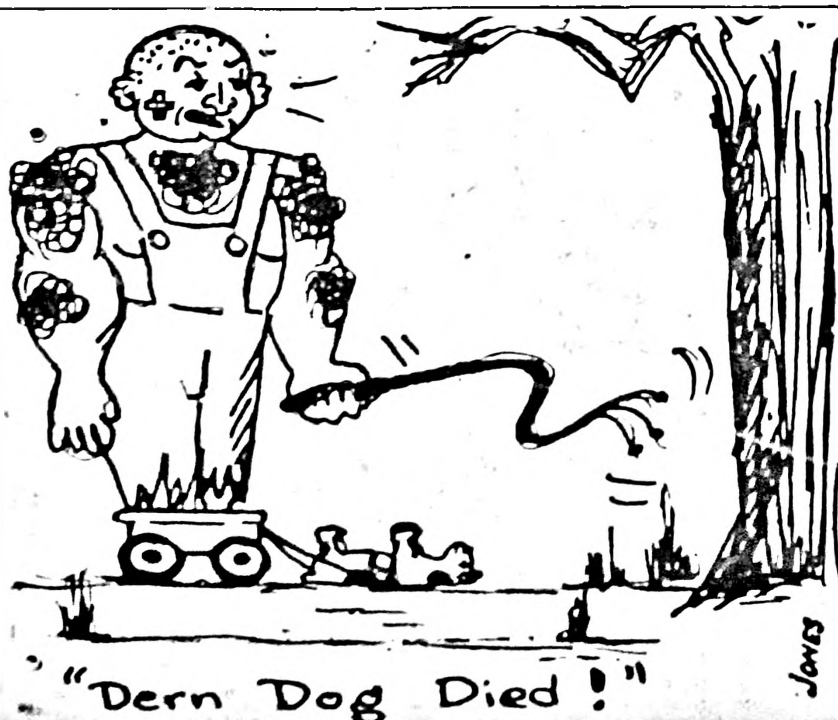
As everyone knows in a general term what is so quaintly termed the "Great Debate," a definition and discussion will not be attempted here. What is important however, is the fact that it has reached a magnitude so great as to attract the attention of two of our own political analysts. In fact, the halls of V.S.C. are taking on a stately atmosphere as these two intellectual giants discuss the events leading to and especially the action, itself.

The first of these two gentlemen is the distinguished journalist and political scientist, Mr. Keith "Westbook Peglar" Dame. Mr. Dame is widely traveled (having worked for a time in the employ of the U. S. Navy) and his interest include many fields, both in the Social and Physical Sciences. He is noted for punctuality in the latter field. He is a close friend and adviser of Dr. Gallup. From reliable sources I am informed that had the good Doctor heeded Mr. Dame's warnings, his debacle of '48 would never have become a reality. Mr. Dame's affiliations are with the Democratic party and he is what is currently known as an Administration Democrat, sans F.E.P.C.

Our other imminent personage is r. Bill "Fulton Lewis Jr." Fogg, noted news analyst and military strategist. Mr. Fogg is well acquainted with foreign affairs, both politically and militarily (having recently returned from trips abroad where he studied at Harding College). Mr. Fogg is known to favor a change in foreign policy and perhaps in personages in charge of policy making. Mr. Fogg is well versed in constitutional law and has done extensive research on impeachment proceedings. Although, the debate carried on by these swathed in such technical and forensic phraseology and much of it is beyond the realm of us plebians, our duty as American citizens demands that we avail ourselves to these opportunities to become enlightened on public affairs.

As to the debate itself, I will try to give a quick summary of each argument. Mr. Dame after carefully appraising the situation, announced that anyone who objectively thought over the matter could not help but be in argument with the administration. He also stated that impeachment rabble was started by persons who had never forgiven the President for winning in '48 and was passed on to those with third grade minds. Mr. Fogg after consulting his many sources of information informed Mr. Dame that anyone capable of thought of any variety could not condone so misguided and misinformed a group of politicians arbitrarily chose to call their organization and administration which was a misleading term in itself. With such a wide divergence of ideas and opinions a most interesting and I might add, acrimonious discussion regularly occurs when these two meet.

So in conclusion let me advise you, fellow citizens, whenever you feel in need of something more stimulating than a hand of bridge, or well something else, give ear to this debate of intellects and in this way you will be able to waste your time in a profitable and interesting way.



Men's Student Council Presents Petition

(The following is a statement by Fred S. Bonner, President of Men's Student Council and Student Body).

A petition was drawn up on Thursday, May 3, by the Men's Student Council for the purpose of getting more swimming privileges for the students at Valdosta State College. This petition was presented to the President of the College for discussion by the Executive Faculty on the following Monday, May 7th.

We asked for the right for Men students to have the South dressing room available for them.

We asked that the hours for recreational swimming be changed to the hours of 3 to 8 o'clock.

We asked that men be their own life guards.

Now, here is what the Faculty decided upon:

That students could go swimming any time that a class was not being held, which isn't any change.

That the men could have life guards, providing that they pass a life saving test in the water. This would enable the students to go in the pool anytime they desired, provided they had a qualified lifeguard with them. There is a total of nine students who will take the test.

That the South dressing room will remain as it is; no men students will be permitted to dress and shower in it.

That men students who are life guards on schedule hours of swimming be paid for number of hours worked. Schedules and wages are pending on approval from the President.

Now, we know that these classes from 3 to 4 o'clock could not be abolished—we did not want them abolished. We only wanted them moved to another hour, if possible and the life saving class from 4 to 5:20 o'clock on Monday and Wednesday.

There was the Aquacade practice. Also there has been some talk of doing away with it. We did not ask for this, we only wanted the practice to be moved to some other time to enable the students here at V. S. C. to enjoy a pool that was constructed for instruction and recreation.

We did get approval to go in swimming anytime we desired—provided we had a life guard and there were no classes being held. There is also one little item we would like to straighten out with those whom it concerns. There has been some talk that we—the students proposing said petition—wanted the right to go in swimming without a life guard if two or more men were present. We did not advocate this. We are not so ignorant as to want to go swimming without a lifeguard around somewhere. What good would a hundred men do if none of them had any life saving training except to throw you a life bouy or a pole?

We want to say, too, that we are not familiar with all the complications involved in making out the schedules for swimming. Of course, we are ignorant of some of these facts. (Also, it is going to take a while longer for the changes to come about since it was made Coeducational.)

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Ivey, Miss Rooks, the executive faculty and our President for the consideration they have given this matter. They have been and will continue, too, we think, to help us in every way they can in satisfying the students here at V. S. C. and broadening out the programs for the years to come.

We felt that we were asking for so little and yet that little mean so much to all of the students. We're sure the men aren't the only ones who want to go in swimming—the girls want these privileges too. We feel we must be satisfied for this much and hope that in the future, a more satisfactory schedule will be made to convenience everyone.

We are trying to get lights for the tennis court for some night playing. We are pretty well assured of getting them if the cost isn't unreasonable. This will add to the pleasure of V. S. C. and we are sure that everyone will be thankful for them. Let's cross our fingers on it!

—Fred S. Bonner

Is My Name There?

The adage is old and trite, but it suits the purpose. "Fools' names, like their faces, always seen in public places."

Some of our students have taken it upon themselves to adorn our walls by writing their names there for others to see—and what do those others do? They think of you as being cheap, or common, for splashing your name around so carelessly. Do you not remember "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches?" It is your name—a priceless possession, that you are cheapening. Many times we scrawl, or doodle, our names with probably no thought behind the act. When one is propped against a wall with a pencil in his hand, there seems to be a great urge to write something, and the wall is the nearest thing to write on

Our names are precious. We can, by our own actions, make them what we wish' the mto be. We can make them famous, respected, despised, cheap, or common—This possession of ours, if we value our self-respect, should not be tossed around on the doors, the window frames and the walls of the rest rooms and the classrooms—even the blackboards. We merely advertise this fact: I HAVE POOR TASTE; I AM CHEAP.

So much for our names—BUT if you want to show even a more contemptible trait—one akin to forgery — just splash someone else's name around. You not only steal his good name, but you show that you are a sneak and a coward by taking advantage of him when he cannot defend himself. Are YOU such a person?

—The Kernel

Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?"

Professor (a b s e n t-mindedly): "Yes I suppose so, but I really should flunk the m."

—Missouri Showme

"Baby", said the frat boy to his date, "did that kiss I just gave you make you long for another?" "It sure did," spat his date, "but he's out of town."

—Penn State Froth

With Cope You've Got Hope

JIMMY COPELAND

I learned at a tender age, that my undershirt wasn't the closest thing to my heart. But it took quite a few hard knocks for me to learn that my pants weren't the closest thing to my wallet. Of course, the only thing in the world that could be so close to both of these extreme localities, is a woman.

Some of them have described as God's gift to the world, but others have labeled them as the Devil's due. Which is right, I refuse to say but any man with enough courage to commit bigamy should be left to suffer in silence and not hauled to court. I don't suppose he would be if the S. P. C. A. didn't take a hand.

Why just last night as I walked in the dining room I was met with a barage (in capital letetrs) "Get That Smelly Thing Off My Table!" At first, I thought it was St. Peter calling for my sins, until I saw the girl I love most point in my direction. And when the girl that married dear old dad speaks in that tone, you don't hesitate, you don't think, just move fast. I was throwing cups, saucers, plates and bowls off that table, like Maggie going after Jiggs.

Just as I placed a half Nelson head lock on a bowl of soup, I heard a roar like a mating bull elephant. When I regained consciousness, I saw Dad on the floor picking up small pieces of broken china. He was doing pretty good until he found a price tag of 69 cents on the back of a large piece. He went into an incoherent monotone of wasting good money, working for nothing, poor house, damn yankees and the last time our dog had six puppies.

Mother salvaged as much supper as possible but Dad refused to get up off the floor. I ate a cold piece of cornbread and four blackeyed peas, myself.

Girardin Jewelers

DIAMONDS — WATCHES
SILVERWARE

THE SLAVE MARKET

By SNIFFY

"All who want to go, meet me in the Rotunda after dinner!"

When that call was issued, excitement rose, and dinner was consumed in a short time. I went and signed that I wanted to go. But did I?

"O. K. girls, we'll leave at 8:20, so be here then. Don't be late."

You know, I feel like I'm getting ready for the slave market. All I need is a number across my back so they won't get me confused with the others. Oh well—I signed, I might as well go.

Hey, what are you going to wear? How about the shoes? I'll wear flats cause I hear they don't grow them very tall out there. You never know about such, so to be safe I'll stay as low as I can.

Before a calm could descend with any permanence a thunder arose on the back porch. Suddenly the hinges flew from the door and in galloped eleven of my twelve nieces and nephews, number twelve was still trying to catch a frog outside. When that door hit the floor, I know how the enemy felt when they saw Teddy Roosevelt running up San Juan Hill, shouting "CHARGE".

Maybe we could have beaten the kids into submission but they brought in our dog and two stray cats. Before they left I went upstairs and locked my door, Mother went to bed, and Daddy went to the pantry for a drink. He kept threatening to move out and live with Uncle Bubble.

Twenty-five years ago Uncle Bubble used to brag that in ten years he would ride his noble steed around his plantation. The only thing he rides today is a mop handle around his six foot bed square in Milledgeville.

He was also a victim of women when he started he had half a million bucks when he quit he had an overdraft at the bank and four suits for breach of promise.

Finally the dog chased out the cats, Mother chased the dogs, I chased the kids and by now Dad was chasing himself.

I had a date for that night, so to be on the safeside I just yelled to the folks that I would be home later. Mother sweetly replied goodbye but Dad replied why?

"Hey y'all, hurry up!"
Hurry up . . . I don't know what the rush is. I sho' don't want to go. Wish I could back out, but you know what she said—once signed, you go. Oh why did I even bother with this? I've done crazy things before, but not like this.

Is she calling the roll? Now I know I'm in the slave market. Now for those last minute instructions before our departure. Reckon I can back out now? No, she's watching, so there's no chance.

"Let's go!"
Horrors, what a sound. Surely that's not what I heard. Yeah, I guess it is. Don't drag me, I'm coming.

Well—we do get to ride in a bus. At first I was afraid it would be on a truck. That would be it. I thought they'd have us walk up a ramp and close the gate so we couldn't escape. Oh, there is a catch. She's sitting on the front seat by the door so I can't get out.

"Try the window" . . . I'm sorta big aren't I?

We're leaving . . . "goodbye" . . . I wish I were in my room studying—even studying wouldn't be too bad.

Hey, who's that singing back there? Are they trying to keep our morale high? Mine needs something done for it.

No, don't tell me we're nearly there—oh, why did I come?

Look, they have guards at the gate—don't they trust anybody these days? That was a weak smile that guard gave us—wish he wouldn't let us in so we'd have to go back. No, he waved us in

—we're nearly there—Oh, why did I come?

There they are . . . Well-I-I. Now girls—you know, maybe this dance out here at Moody Field won't be bad after all. In fact, I think I'm going to have a mighty good time.
P. S. I did!

Second Childhood

(Continued from Page Two)

and now at twenty I was being drawn into the adolescent stage again, goodness knows I had enough trouble going through that time once without doing it again. People have always kidded me, all in fun of course, so when they make some remark, I meekly reply, "Yes, I'm going through my second childhood and it's just wonderful!"

Three Boy Scouts were at a scout's meeting, and told the scoutmaster they had done their "good deed that day."

"Well, boys, what did you do?" asked the master.

"We helped an old lady across the street a while ago," chimed the boys in unison.

"And did it take all three of you to do that," asked the master suspiciously.

"Yes, it did," again chimed the boys. Then the smallest one of the three added, "She didn't want to go."

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DOSTA

SATURDAY

GENE AUTRY

—in—

"Beyond Purple Hills"

Plus: Cartoon and Serial

MONDAY - TUESDAY

ESTHER WILLIAMS

HOWARD KEEL

—in—

"Pagan Love Song"

Plus: News and Cartoon

SUNDAY

RORY CALHOUN

—in—

"County Fair"

Plus: Cat Happy

WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY

RED SKELTON

—in—

"Watch The Birdie"

Plus: News and Sports

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Sportslite

By THAD PITT

By PITT ARCHERY

The archery tournament was postponed because there wasn't enough people who were willing to shoot in it. Maybe next time will be more opportune for the archers.

SOFTBALL

The Rookie softball teams played their first match game last week. Both teams showed a lot of spirit all the way through but the Lambdas came out on top to the tune of 11-9.

AQUACADE

It has been rumored that the new diving board which has been ordered will not be here in time for the aquacade, but we still have high hopes of its arrival at the last minute. If it should not get here, then the diving exhibition may be given at a later date, with a showing all its own — if we have enough students interested participating.

Aquacade practice has begun in earnest now, so when the practices are announced, be prompt and be there!

CALENDARS

It will soon be time to take up sports calendars. It's very important that everyone take the responsibility of seeing that her calendar is filled in and in on time. The team captains have to keep records of your calendars and these records must be completed before the year is over. Remember to be eligible to "rat" next fall you must have turned in a calendar of 15 hours this spring quarter. So if you don't have enough hours get busy and get them and when it is announced that the calendars will be taken up—have them ready. A sports calendar is your membership in the Sports Club.

Men's Tennis Team Ready For Competition

The men's tennis team is now fully organized and ready for competition. So far, however, the capable mentor, Mr. White, has been unsuccessful in arranging matches with any of the other schools in South Georgia. He has contacted South Georgia, Abac, T. C. and Tmory Jr.

Either, the capability of our court squad has spread so that competition has been scared off, or these schools are insulted by the insinuation that they would play such a green aggregation. In either case we want to announce that the men's tennis team of VSC challenges all comers.

Finding one of your own faults and doing something about it is better than finding a dozen of your neighbor's.

Civilization is a state of society in which a person who is over ninety has a hope of missing the next war.

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CALL ME MADMAN

By ELINOR JONES

No, I'm not in a rut. However, I think I really am becoming a madman. For your reader's information, this is a continuation of the article in the last Canopy. I decided that since all of my article wasn't published, I would ease your minds and make a final conclusion of my trip to Washington.

Now, where was I. Oh yes—I was sweeping my eyeballs up from the floor after seeing the money corsage.

The procession of the D.A.R. began, led by two chief pages. I don't know how one of them felt, but she looked as if she felt like the index and not a page. Anyway, one lady that I noticed particular had not two, not four, not six, but seven orchids pinned on her. You may wonder where she put them but don't worry, she had room for she weighed at least three hundred pounds. I decided that she must have belonged to the National Garden Club. Then I saw some women who looked like mothers, and not daughters of he American Revolution.

Again, I was delivering a corsage and a man stopped me and asked if I had seen his wife. In the first place the man was a total stranger; in the second place, I had no idea what his wife looked like; and in the third place, there couldn't have been less than 6,000 women in the place. I immediately began searching for a place of refuge. By the time I found a place to rest my weary bones, my feet were not only numb but I diagnosed that gangreen was beginning to set in.

That sort of thing went on for days, except we wore short white dresses during the day. People began to rush up to us with cut fingers and the like, thinking we were nurses, since we were white from head to toe. Other times people asked us how Miami was or what restaurant was it that we cooked in. Finally, most Washingtonians caught on that we were pages.

Again people felt sorry for us when they heard our drawl, so fortunately we got in a private box in the Senate. We weren't too interested in hearing Vermont and Oregon argue over some business about reselling government land, so we left. We wandered around around the capitol for a while and took in other joints such as: the Mellon Institute of Art and the Library of Congress.

Days of exciting episodes went by including the one when General MacArthur spoke to the D. A. R. Again we used our Southern influences and got up close to him in order to get a good picture. One other day we saw President Truman and tried to get close enough to him to deliver a message from some of the girls here but his body guards looked a little too strong.

One night Senator Taft was the guest speaker. We had the procession in the auditorium. We went through all the formalities such as saluting the flag and singing the national anthem. I punched Jeannette in the ribs and told her that that was Senator Taft. She said 'Who is he, what does he look like and where is he?' I said 'Jeannette!!' I have often wondered if she reads the paper other than the comics and if she listens to the radio other than 'Bobby Benson and the B-Bar-B' It finally dawned on her who he was.

We really felt like celebrities. Our picture was taken for the newspaper, of course in a group. For souvenir's sake, I bought a

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paper in which I thought the picture would be and it ended up being a Republican paper. I gathered that Mr. McCormick doesn't care too much for our president. I didn't buy another paper because I had to save my money for taxi fare.

Speaking of taxis; when I finish school, I'm going to move to Washington, get me a taxi and get rich quick. We weren't smart enough to catch a trolley car, with the exception of a couple of times. Then I almost got caught in those automatic exit doors. I couldn't picture myself stuck in the door, flying down the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Unfortunately, the day came when we had to leave the fair city. So with tears in our eyes, and an empty pocketbook we boarded the train heading for Georgia. There is only one request that I have to make in case I go to Washington again. That is, I would like to have the power of regeneration, so I can just remove my po' aching feet.

Quizzes Approach!

DAME

The time fast approaches when another school year will be at an end. In scarcely three weeks the students of V.S.C. will have completed this school year and will begin a summer vacation. It is really a gratifying feeling, that certain nearness to the sublime. But it is also a three weeks filled with hard work. There are tests to be taken, and for some there is cramming. The Social Calendar is not yet over and that life must continue. There are those who will leave and may not return next fall, in fact, some definitely will not. Our feeling will be mixed with delight and dread and it will not be easy to live with some of us.

As we, the student body, face the coming darkness before the dawn, we must do so on an even keel. We must prepare for encounters we are to face with a grim determination to emerge intact. We must do so smoothly and rationally. Remember, it is the pressure that gets you. Not the sudden engulfing of water rushing through the gap, but the constant weights of too many split-second decisions that some are deemed to make. It's the

"You Name It, and You Can Have It"

My mother, bless her heart, gets me in more trouble than I can get out of at times. Just last night she accepted a blind date for me from one of her friends who had a cousin who was the daughter of her great uncle by marriage twice removed, to drop in on her. (any relative of mine that far gone can drop a postcard and call it even). Any way I accepted the date.

Like the fool I am I went to the door in the best of spirits. It was opened by Mr. D who was quite tight. Later I wondered how he got that way. He gave me a large drink and Mrs. D gave me ten dollars. I tried to refuse but they insisted and hoped that we would remain friends and then SHE walked in. My first thought and desire was to run. So was my second but my mind refused to throw over shock that fast. I wanted to ask for another drink and ten more dollars but my throat was stuck. SHE drug me out to the car and drove us to the movies. As we walked in three people rushed up to help us. One of them asked if a car had hit her or if she had just gotten caught in a mix master. SHE laughed and drug me down the aisle. That was the first time four people ever fainted with a Tom and Jerry cartoon on.

After I had prayed for two hours SHE drug me to the Legion Home. We weren't even in the door good when the colored waiter said that he quit. How I envied him that night. Bill closed his eyes and told us the place was closed. I took matters in my own hands now and drove as straight to country club bar as possible. When we walked in even the juke box stopped playing. The people that were drinking quit, and the people that were not drinking started in.

I whispered to the bar tender to give me something to take my mind of that face. He handed me a pistol but I wasn't ready to give up the ship. Fool. With

steady rhythmic jolts of a steady job that wear the patience thin.

We must not be taken unaware of the coming commencement. Begin now to prepare yourselves and when the time is at hand, we will be prepared.

that he gave me a triple bourbon, a double scotch, a jigger of gin, two aspirin and his blessings. I tossed it of and saw two of her. I asked for the pistol. One lady gave me a bedspread and pointed to the head. I smiled. One man tapped me on the shoulder and informed me in no uncertain terms that I was a heel. In two seconds I had undone what it had taken him two hours and seven floors to do. SHE suggested we dance. She wasn't exactly the clinging vine type but that's the first time I've gotten lipstick in the middle of my back. I might have been able to stand it if I had had my two best friends, namely my fountain pen and Dad's check book. I had to give up. She guided me to car. The motor gave a cough and the battery died. The lucky thing. But people were so anxious for us to leave they gave us a push. The host, the hostess, the bartender, the cook, the waitress and two stray dogs.

As we pulled up to the house I saw Mr. D take a stiff one and Mrs. D run for the upstairs. I tried to be funny and cracked a joke. When she laughed it sounded like a jackass begging for more hay. Looked like it too I gravely shook hands with Mr. D and bade all good night. I made a b-line for the recruiting office to get out of the country but they turned me down on bad nerves.

What did the genius say to the moron?

Hi there.

Next Question

During a discussion in my high school English class, the question of choosing colleges was brought up. One bright girl contributed her bit: "Well," she said, "first you've got to decide whether you want to go to a coeducational school or an educational one!"

Student: Yes, I always carry my notes in my hat.

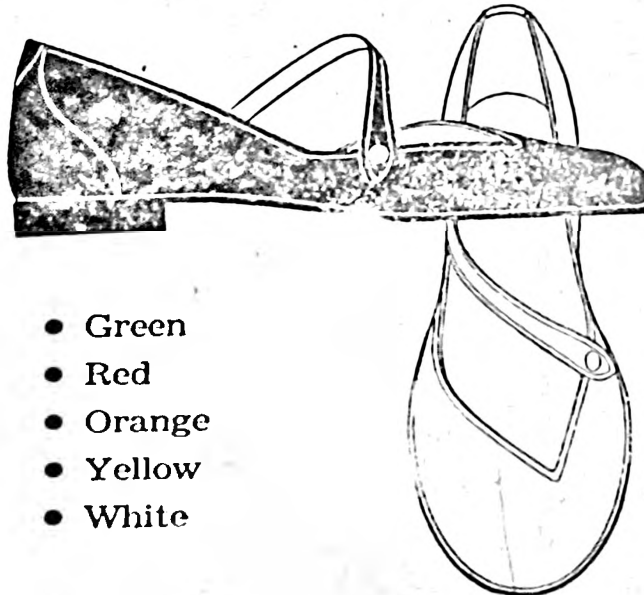
Prof: "Is that what you call knowledge in a nutshell?"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the after-dinner speaker, "before I begin my address I have something important to say."

Curious fly,
Vinegar jug,
Slippery edge,
Pickled bug!



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