

The Campus Canopy

VOLUME XVII

VALDOSTA STATE COLLEGE TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1952

NUMBER 18

VSC's Biggest Class In History To Graduate In Exercises, June 8-9!

DO YOU REMEMBER?

TO THE SENIOR CLASS
By Betty King

Soon we will be graduating. We have been told over and over again that these have been the "best years of our lives," but when we had a particularly hard exam or when we had to go to court, we sometimes had our doubts. In the years to come, when we are getting the middle-age spread and our teeth are falling out and our children are acting like the Dead End Kids, we'll have only our memories of college life. Some things will stand out in our memories. Do you remember . . . ?

Our first night here when we, as homesick Freshmen, sat on the steps of Converse and sang "Tell Me Why" . . . when we were at Rat Court and Doris Gothard announced to the assemblage that Mr. Gabard (the new professor then) was "so Sexy!" . . . and the cold morning that we got up at 5 o'clock and stood out in front of the dormitory to look at the comet which the twins told us was coming and which never appeared . . . the night upstairs Converse was "draped" . . . our gymnastics in rhythms class where we were taught how to walk charmingly . . . the night we watched the eclipse of the moon and Ruth put a frog in a cracker box and offered it to Miss Carter . . . and the last night of our Freshman year when we slipped out at 2 a. m. and went to get something to eat and had to come back through a window . . .

BELLS—

When we were Sophomores and waited for the mail to come every morning . . . when we peeped through the banisters in the upper Rotunda and made eyes at the hallers below . . . the night we made so much noise that we woke up Mrs. Shriville and she said, "I've lived here for 13 years and I've never heard so much racket!" . . . our coinage of the word "etammoor" which is "roommate" spelled backwards . . . our skit, Two-Gun Annie or When the Mattress Turns to Dust, I'll Meet You in the Spring" which won us a box of silver bells as first prize at Skit Night . . . the night the ceiling fell on Gloria Proctor and Betty Ann Bishop . . . the cases of soup we consumed between 10 and 10:30 . . . the time Bunny Bunn poured syrup on Loop's hair . . . the time the Sophomore class got 16 court-warnings in one night . . . the Saturday mornings that Mrs. Myers stood downstairs and called "Mar-ga-ret!!!! Margaret Lis-a-door!!!!" . . . our becoming Valdosta State College and how we celebrated the arrival of the first "roeds" . . .

NOTCH—

Our Junior year and the "Scotch" ladies who came to sell us the "genuine" Scottish plaid . . . the epidemic of itch . . . the fire drills at 2 a. m. . . our Olde English Feast and how Miss Ivey instructed us in the proper ritual for months in advance . . . our first Junior-Senior . . . our skit "Went With the Breeze" which won second place at Skit Night . . . the visits of the spray man to disinfect us . . . the giggling fits that Jackle and Elaine had at all hours of the night . . . the reopening of Moody Field and its invasion of the campus . . .

Our Senior year . . . our last . . . when we worked and worked to
(Continued on Page Three)

Miss Carter And Mr. Mosely To Receive New Degrees In June

Two members of the VSC faculty will receive the Doctor of Philosophy degrees at two southern universities this June.

They are Miss Marjorie Carter, assistant professor of biology and resident counselor of Converse Hall, and Rolf E. Mosely, assistant professor of mathematics, who will be awarded the Ph.D. degrees at the University of Virginia and George Peabody College for Teachers, respectively.

Miss Carter, who did her major work in biology received her B.S. degree from the College of William and Mary, and the M. A. degree from the University of Virginia. The title of her dissertation, written in partial fulfillment for her top degree was "A Study of Postembryonic Development of Three Species of Harpacticoid Copepods." Recently, she was elected to membership in Sigma Xi, honor research society.

Professor Mosely took his B.Ph degree at Emory University and the M.S. degree at the same institution where he majored in science education. His dissertation for the doctorate was entitled "A Comparison of Physical Science Principles in Certain Instructional Materials." He is a member of Phi Delta Kappa, educational fraternity and AAUP.

—Staff

DORMS: DRAWN & QUARTERED

Room drawing for the dormitories was held on May 21. The drawing was conducted in the VSC Auditorium by Miss Betty Gunter and Mrs. Caroline Thomas. Dr. Ralph Thaxton was also present.

There have been made some changes in the dormitory set-up for next year. Miss Marjorie Carter will be the resident-head of Ashley Hall. The new resident-head of Converse Hall will be Miss Lorene Herndon.

The freshmen will live in downstairs Converse and the Sophomores will live in upstairs Converse. Ashley Hall will house the Juniors and Seniors. There will be no general office. Callers will be received in each building.

The men students will live in Senior Hall next year.

—By Vallie Staten

IRC PICNIPS UH, i.e. PICNICS

The latest thing in men's bathing attire for 1952 is "Dr. Livingstone, I presume" hats and cigars (oh! yes and bathing trunks.) Phleps Mathews esquire, set this trend at the International Relations Club picnic, May 27, at the 4-H Club Camp at Twin Lakes. The male members of the IRC spent a leisurely afternoon gliding over Twin Lakes in boats rowed by the female members. Other events of the afternoon included, swimming, bridge, and dancing.

The high light of the afternoon was reached with the arrival of the famous photographer, Miss Mildred Price. After two hours of relieving Miss Price's car of equipment, 10 happy minutes were spent taking pictures.

LIGHTENING AND IVY

The students at VSC are lucky to still have Dr. Ralph Thaxton as their college president. If Dr. Thaxton were not such a sleepy head, he might be dead today or rather he might have been dead last Monday morning before breakfast.

Dr. Thaxton arose from his bed quite early last Monday morning and with one eye still closed and the other half-opened, staggered toward the bathroom for his daily shave.

It was wonderful weather for sleeping, so upon reaching the bathroom, he decided maybe he didn't need to shave nearly so much as he needed those extra seconds of sleep so he staggered back in his half-asleep stupor and fell into bed.

Dr. Thaxton had just gotten settled for that extra few minutes or seconds of sleep when suddenly out of the dark black sky there came a brilliant flash followed by a terrific crash in his bathroom. The lightning had struck in the spot where our own president might have been standing had he not been too sleepy to stand.

A big hole was burned through the bathroom rug which could so easily have been burned through Dr. Thaxton.

The question of the day is: "Is our college president living on borrowed time?" Maybe, he has been too severe on the students. Perhaps, things will go their way at least until he recovers from the fright.

—By Martha Barrs

Martha Ann Hall To Be Candidate For American College Queen

The Mutual Broadcasting System and "Queen for a Day" want to find THE most beautiful college co-ed in the United States. They will probably have a difficult time choosing her. When they have found her, she will go to Hollywood for a glamorous round of sights, interviews, and gifts, not to mention publicity and the possible start of a career for some beautiful American girl.

Five girls will be winners in the Mutual contest, besides the national winner. All will appear on the Queen for a Day radio and television broadcast of 19 June, and all will be generously rewarded for being lovely to look at.

The candidate from VSC will be Martha Ann Hall. She was chosen on the basis of her recently won title of Miss VSC by the Canopy.

—Staff

At six o'clock dinner was served in the camp dining hall. Formality was a distinct characteristic of the occasion. The members huddled in various corners of the room and with plates containing dainty servings of delicious food, all ate like birds—vultures.

After the seniors tactfully suggested that they be invited to return for the event next year, they made their way home. Next year, no bottles allowed.

—By Betty Lee



VSCavalcade

By SAM TODD

On September 24, VSC opened its doors for another nine months of scholastic endeavor and the students staggered in for another nine months of extra-curricular activities. By the end of the first week, it was quite apparent that there would have to be some compromises made in order to reconcile these two ideas of education.

A working agreement was reached after much negotiation stating that the daylight hours of 8:40 to 4:00 o'clock would be reserved for scholastic endeavor and the nocturnal hours would be reserved for social functions. This is known as the "great 1952 compromise."

First, on the social calendar, came the senior dance; rather the dance sponsored by the seniors. It was a big success, from the point of numbers attending; there were only about twice as many people as could dance comfortably. It was reported that the infirmary was well filled the next day with blistered heels and mashed toes.

OCTOBER: PENNIES

Not having clipped the public sufficiently, the seniors again set out to drag the last pennies from the pockets of the public with a carnival. This was also very successful, for before the night was over they had succeeded as the public seemed to have spent all their dollars, quarters, and nickles, but they were very generous and deposited their last pennies upon the VSC stage.

On October 27, the Juniors decided to get into this mad scramble for fame and fortune; mostly for fortune, and sponsored the Magnolia Room Dance.

Unfortunately, by this time rumors had begun to float around that those VSC students were very mercenary-minded and were rather adept at separating honest people from their sheekles. These rumors were effective, for it was almost impossible to run down anyone on the dance floor; there was just too much room for dodging.

NOVEMBER: WHO'S WHO

November was a busy month. First, came the election of Who's Who. Those selected for this honor were supposed to be very outstanding. No one quite knew what they were outstanding in, but from their pictures, it was probably in extra legal activities. It is reported that they are raising a fund to set up a memorial scholarship fund to be known as the "John Dillinger Scholarship Fund."

Next, came the new student government elections. It was quite a campaign; speeches, bonfires, cigars, promises, charges and counter-charges. After it was over, everyone agreed it was quite an event; no one was critically injured, to put it tritely, a good time was had by all.

This event will go down in VSC history as the November Revolution or perhaps the Bloodless Revolution.

Then came the first Artist Series, consisting of two balladeers of Dutch extraction. It was very entertaining and educational. After all, where else would one learn that a train consisting of three cars and an engine runs tri-weekly through Tumberlee, South Africa.

With the end of November came the Firelighting service in which the club presidents participated. The purpose of this ceremony is rather vague to most students, so an explanation is in order. By the end of November, the weather begins to chill, so the presidents of all clubs get together and build the first fire to symbolize warmth for the winter. Incidentally, only ex-boy or girl scouts are eligible to hold the club presidencies.

DECEMBER: HANGINGS

Highlighting the social calendar for December was the Faculty Tea. For some strange reason, it was probably the most attended event of the year. Before anyone gets suspicious, let me say I am sure no one came with the ulterior motive of improving their grade. It was a very fine tea, but probably the most gratifying sight of all was all those smiling faces, how good it made one feel. It was rumored however, that several faculty members suffered with sore facial muscles for several days afterwards.

Another event was the Hanging of Mr. Green, pardon me, the "Hanging of the Greens." It seems that this ceremony is an old English custom having to do with the Christmas spirits. Many people think of the hanging of pink elephants and purple lizards when one speaks of Christmas spirits, but perhaps, the Elizabethans were color-blind.

On December 8, the first big formal of the year was held. This dance was quaintly known as the Holly Hop. Holly could logically refer to the holly which is prevalent at Christmas; illogically, however,
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DR THAXTON

This issue of the CAMPUS CANOPY brings the school year to a close. I wish to take this opportunity to extend congratulations to the Senior Class. It has been a very fine class, and I am sure that all of them will be able to find satisfactory positions. I wish for each and every one of you a most successful future.

You have all made many friends among the faculty and student body. These friendships will mean much to you in the years to come. Many of your classmates will come back to the campus for the annual Alumni Day program. I hope that you will all come back as often as possible to the Alumni Day ceremonies, and we extend a cordial invitation to you to visit the College any time you are in this neighborhood.

HACKETT'S HATCHET

Please don't think it too strange that freedom, justice, and democracy are primary considerations in an article written by an Art Editor. For an artist, whether his medium be paint, poetry, music, or any of the other means, is constantly reminded of the importance of the personal freedom of both himself and of his fellow men.

We hear the words freedom, justice, and democracy mentioned every day. We hear and use them until they become meaningless. Only when the three elements are violated and temporarily taken away from us, do we realize their full significance and appreciate them.

We too often let them become just high-sounding ideals that, so we sometimes think, can't possibly be fulfilled or lived up to. As long as we, not only as a nation but as a world, have our fullest possible degree of freedom and our individual rights aren't infringed upon, we are satisfied and complacent.

This is America though. We are a peaceful people by nature. It's far easier to close our eyes to little things than it is to be troubled by them.

This is one reason why Iowa Jima and Normandy will be remembered. This is one reason why our young men can't plan their future upon graduation, but must take their place of service, some of us probably in Korea. This is one reason why some of us will never be able to fulfill those plans we have made for "after the war."

When we as young people are faced by these closer problems, we become less likely to pass off a discussion of these things as being merely "flag-waving."

We of America are practically the only remaining free people in the world. We are one of the very few countries who allows its countrymen to criticize and change its governmental heads.

Most of us don't care to be just troublemakers. We realize that a machine as complex as world government, or national government, or even school

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THE OLD AND THE NEW

By KEITH DAME

When the some 83 students walk across the stage of VSC, 9 June, to receive their diplomas. It will mark the end and the beginning. From that stage, those students walk into the world in an effort to find their spot in the unerring passage of time.

That day will end four years of work toward a common end, a diploma. In quest of that end, all kinds of effort have gone into the making and it has not all been exerted by the student only. It is quite possible that most of it has not: to the parents goes a lion's share of the credit; it goes to them for the finance that is so necessary to graduate from college. It goes to the government which has also helped the veterans to graduate. Credit goes to those who have strived so hard for their children and never quite hung around to reap the rewards of their services. There will be those present who will beam with pride when a name is called, but there will also be those who will beam from afar.

Now, as graduation proceeds, there will be recipients of diplomas who have had an easy time; no worry, strain or struggle to secure an end. But there will also be those who have striven spartanly for that sheepskin. When it is over, they will no longer be a

mass, but many individuals.

In a sense, 9 June is the end of an era. The greater part of the veterans will have graduated and with them a large part of the people who went to college simply to gain the knowledge that would enable them to live a better life. That part is already in evidence as the spring raids on women's dormitories in quest of unmentionables bears out. It is also shown by the careless attitude which so many students show toward classes. The rah-rah boys and goldfish eaters have taken over again; they seem to be in the majority.

People who arc in college should realize the opportunity they are presented with. It is an opportunity not to be abused. To abuse it is not just a personal abuse but also one to those who have placed faith in them. That, above all, should never happen.

So as graduation passes for the Class of 1952 and they begin a new life, an old one is in progress for others. As some of the graduates will fail, there is still hope that among the undergraduates the number will be just as small. It is a hope that will need diligent efforts to make it become a reality. The Class of 1952 will also strive to find its place in the new life it has entered.

ARRR PHOOEY

By JIM COPELAND

Do you write? Are you witty in your letters? Can you be sympathetic in cold written words? Do you compose poetry? Well if you do any of these things please get in touch with me immediately. Not tomorrow but now. Expedite time. I'm forming a pen club for the penners. Namely in Converse Hall. But if you have anyone in the rest of them the club will be glad to take care of them too. The only dues are two letters a week and at all times carry a dry handkerchief or kleenex for fellow members who are not strong enough to bear the solitude. Or the stare if the solitude is broken. I'm not certain yet but it seems fairly evident that Jackie Sisk and Jean Hackett will become part of the election. No doubt you wonder how this came about being.

Well I'm sure it's been in the minds of plenty of the inmates before but just never got the backing. Evidently at the time of their sentencing the sap wasn't rising. Well any way there I was just peacefully dreaming of the joy that was over the weekend then all of a sudden... BOOM! DITTY BOOM. I'm a bachelor. And I do mean a bachelor. From the commander comes the word that we can't see each other. And then from the supreme headquarters comes the word that I HAVE BETTER NOT SEE ANYBODY. So that settles that in a hurry. (Thank God for Brother Bell.) At first I thought of appealing the case but then seeing the expression on the face of the prosecutor I felt the only appealing that would help would be on your knees by the bed.

QUOETAS

At first I thought not talking in the halls would all would ruin me but it isn't too bad. Just close my eyes and talk like she was there and I found out I must have been doing all the talking to begin with. But boy is it a let down when I get through talking. Hmmm. If I could just find that circulating manager I would now love to circulate. In fact I would like to just love. Awful how much a Quo Etas a look and whisper can put on your pants. MR WHO?

Mr. Who Ever Heard Of Such A Thing Hummer summed it up perfectly when he said... Come to think of it he didn't say anything. We can't determine if he wants to join the club or if that's his native disposition. That would be a project. But he would make a good suggestion. For initiation each member could lick fourteen stamps and seal eight envelopes for the old moaning members.

But all clouds have a silver lining. Who would go out and look at the moonlight and listen to beautiful records and watch the sunny spring and summer fashion its out of doors. Yes who would take walks in the park and go for drives over the lonely shaded roads. Ha! RAVE FOOL.

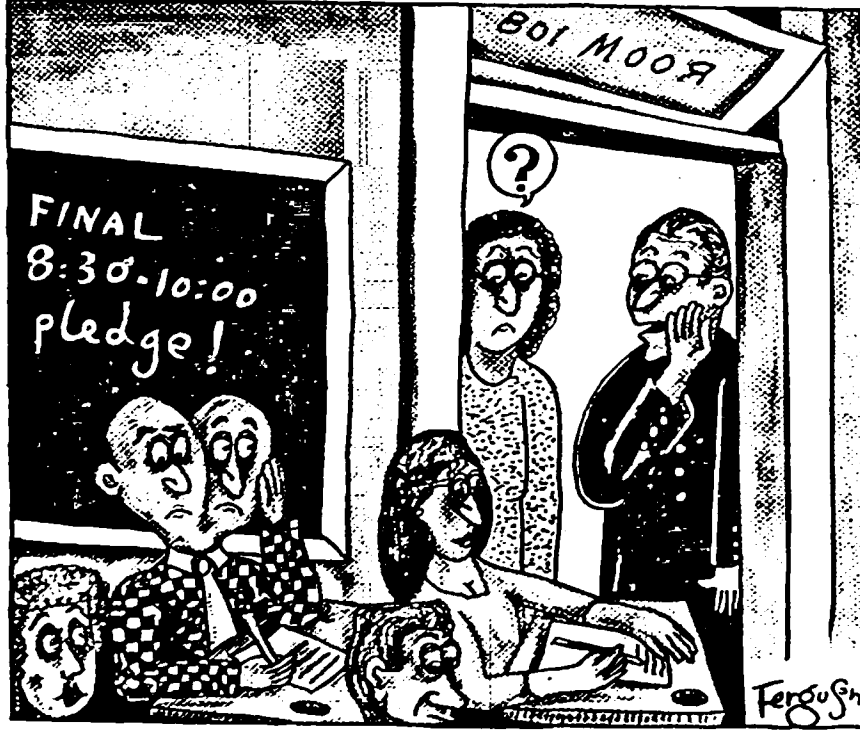
Plans for a tunnel had been laid (chuckle) but the project fell through. (gasp.) Just as I was making headway a mole met me face to face and after a short battle of dirt dobs he won the right of way. After that I spent long hours in mental telepathy trying to transmit messages. Charlie was certainly impressed but couldn't figure out why he suddenly knew it was spring. I bet he generate on A. C. from now on.

I hope no one in Converse knows the movie code but HER. If they do I spent an awful lot of time for nothing training that woodpecker.

Well I must go now and call the Dancing Partners. Music is the universal language you know. It also soothes the savage breast. Keep 'em spinning boys and girls, turn up the radio. I may need lots of them.

CODA

To the Seniors and all others who won't be here next year. Best of luck to you and although you had plenty of hard knocks we'll always be glad to have you back and will certainly have a party. Until eleven that is.



"Well, then how would you interpret the Honor System in HIS case, Miss Whelkins?"

SOUNDING BOARD

(Readers are invited to contribute to this department. Letters must be signed but names will be withheld on request.)

OPEN DOOR POLICY

To the Editor:

A certain event has come to my attention which I think should be brought to the attention of the student body. A certain teacher LOCKED several students out of class at 12:12 p.m. a few days ago (students not being late until 12:15 p.m.) The teacher in question said that the last bell had rung, which may be true although the watches of students in the hall, both those going to that class and others, read 12:12, as did the clock in the registrar's office. I ask the student body to consider the justice of such an action. And even had the students been officially late, were we not informed about regulations governing tardies, even to the number of tardies constituting a cut? But has the student body been informed of any regulations to the contrary? I further understand that this locking out of class was instituted at the instigation of the school's president... Another consideration: It is quite possible for fire to break out in the Ad building at any time. Wouldn't it be a lovely thing to risk a room full of students going up in smoke because a certain faculty member had trouble finding a key for a door which she had locked in what I must consider a narrow and vindictive attitude? And further: we are at VSC for the purpose of obtaining an education; it is often unavoidable that we should be late for class. Is it then, in any sense, ethical for us to be denied access to the classrooms wherein we obtain our education for which we or our parents or the government is paying good money, merely because of the whims of certain faculty members. I suggest that the student council request of Dr. Thaxton the following: removal of any cuts so incurred in this incident from the records of the students involved, rescinding any ruling or suggestion as to locking students out of class for lateness and directing that it not be done in the future.

Sincerely,

(Name withheld on request)

HIGHLIGHTS

By Mickey Carsello

Well here we are again . . . another school year is over. This means we will be telling most of our friends goodbye. Maybe to never see them again . . . or we may be lucky enough to be with them again next year. Well anyhow, maybe you know what I am trying to get at, yes, that's right . . . Marie, our little French student is getting ready to leave. Probably never to see a lot of us again. So I would like to take this opportunity on the part of the students and myself to tell Marie that we all are her friends and we have enjoyed every minute of her stay here. I know she will always be welcomed here at VSC and always remembered. P. S. I asked Marie the other day how she felt about leaving, and she began and it goes something like this . . .

MARIE SAYS:

Well, Mickey after I had been here for two hours, somebody asked me, "How do you like it here?" I answered, "I just love it!", but it was in order to be polite, because I did not quite know whether I liked it or not. One month later, I answered again, "I just love it!" I did not lie so much that time . . . I was still overpowered by all the different activities on the campus, but I had met a lot of nice people and I had found a general good will to understand and help me. Now, I am on the verge of leaving and I still say, "I just love it!" But it is true this time. I hate leaving after having made so many friends, whom I shall never see again . . . I have loved the friendliness of everybody, their sense of humor, their readiness to help me whenever I needed it. I have enjoyed all the parties, the dances, and I shall never forget our trip to Cuba. I liked every one of my classes, although I was reluctant to tests. I think I have spent here one of the happiest years of my life. When I go back home, I shall have a lot of things to tell . . . wonderful southern hospitality . . . fried chicken, cornbread . . . I finally got used to it! I simply wish I did not have to leave and I shall work very hard in order to come back. I hope I can say to everyone, not adieu but au-revoir!

WEDDING DATES

- June 10—Betty Sue Cranford, Winnie Mae Chandler and John Mansfield.
- June 12—Virginia Massey
- June 15—Rose Parrish
- June 20—Dot Williford
- June 22—Jo Dekle
- June 28—Ann Owens and Ronnie Donehoo
- June 29—Joanne Gilmer
- July 24—Barbara Howell
- August 24—Betty Mills, Malette Brown.

Other weddings in the summer are those of Emily Reichert, Doris Spradley, Ann Camp.

SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY HELD FOR BETSY PATE

Betsy received quite a surprise Wednesday night, May 28, as she entered the House in the Woods. She was greeted by about forty guests including the majority of the Freshman Class and boys from Emory Jr. The hostesses were: Lucy Pattillo, Janet Harris, and Janell Wilbanks. Cokes and cakes were served and everyone had a most enjoyable evening.

Business Club: Last Supper (I) And "Oh, Mother"

Tuesday evening, at the Magnolia Room of Minchew's Restaurant, twenty members of the Business Club assembled for their final meeting of the year.

After an enjoyable meal of shrimp and steak, Bob Lane, president of the organization paid tribute to the outgoing members who are graduating. He then introduced Jackie Sikes, who gave a comic reading entitled "Oh Mother." Jackie's version soon had everyone rocking with laughter.

This dinner, an annual occasion, concluded activities of the club for this school year.

—By Bob Lane

SURVIVOR LIST

By Doris Gothard

Eighty-three candidates for graduation have been announced by our Registrar, Mrs. William Thomas. The graduation exercise will be held in the college auditorium, June 9, at 10 o'clock.

Dr. Henry Stanford, assistant Chancellor of the University System of Georgia, will be the guest speaker.

The following seniors will receive degrees:

BACHELOR OF ARTS—

Luceil Cooper Bauer, Marie Therese Bergen, Billie Hilda Cliett, Willard Keith Dame, Ruth Martha Dinkins, Dorothy Victoria Drexel, Katherine Joanne Gilmer, Ted Perry Griner, Emily Louise Groover, Tyler W. Hamby, Jr., Manning J. Hicks, Jr., Russell Boston Hilliard, Sally Royal Hudson, J. Crozier Inman, Dorris Marie Johnson;

Emmie Amelia Kenney, Mary Elizabeth King, Jeanne Whittendale Lenihan, Mary Jo Lott, Florence Loraine McCall, John Raysor Mabbett, Rose Marie Parrish, Alma Waldon Smith, George H. Smith, Jack Darling Smith, Marjorie Ellen Knight Smith, Doris Inez Spradley, Aleece Strickland, Samuel Bamberg Todd, Faye Vickers.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE—

Cornelia, Currie Ashley, Alice Elaine Boatwright, Fred Smith Bonner, Ralph Edmond Brown, Betty Jane Collins, Mary Dinn Cordray, Joan Dekle, Marguerite DeLoach, John Nealon Fezell, Frederick William Fogg, Jr., Mrs. Ivey Smith Folsom, Doris Gibson Gothard, Thelma Mae Griffin, Melba Jane Grogan;

Doris Ruth Groover, Leila Angela Harmon, Mary Catherine Hill, Edith Bassett Hilliard, Mary Louise Holder, Barbara Anne Howell, Horace Cleveland Hunt, Jr., Robley Elam Jobe, Elinor Davis Jones, Betty Jean Lee, Julian Martin LeFiles, Alice Lee McCall Martha Elizabeth McKemie;

Doris Evelyn McLain, Mildred Virginia Massey, Ruth L. Ovelace Miller, Guinetta Mixon, Martha Anne Murray, Paul Myddelton, Sarah Anne Owens, Gloria Proctor, Emily Lou Reichert, Rema Harris Sapp, Jr., Jacqueline Sikes, Faye Gail Siskind, Betty Jean Spell;

Virginia Wright Stewart, Lydia Story, Euell Thomas Stroud, Mary Blount Trammell, Ollie Jean Trawick, Nell Waddell Conitz, Marian Walker Waters, Henry Owen Welch, Jr., Mable Paulk White, Sue Nell White, Dorothy Williford, Lois Sewell Wilson, Neil Edwin Wilson, Margaret Berryhill Wynn.

Do You Remember?

(Continued from Page One)

raise money . . . our Senior Carnival and the rendition of "How Could I Believe You" by Tom and Mary Jo . . . our student teachers leaving us for a quarter to teach in Waycross and Moultrie . . . Jo Dekle delivering our papers every morning . . . the engagement rings that sparkled . . . wedding plans . . . our last Hanging of the Greens . . . our struggles to keep our court warnings down to five . . . Sue Nell's morning job of waking us up . . . our last skit, "Dr. Dead-locks, I Presume?" or Run to the Roundhouse Nellie, You Can't Get Cornered There" which also won first prize—this time a box of malted milk balls . . . the solemnity of Honors Day and the beauty of the May Festival . . . the sun-bathing class we held behind Senior Hall and Bunker getting a grade of Incomplete because of her freckles . . . our FABULOUS trip to Cuba, our reward for being dignified Seniors . . . the awarding of the Sports Club bracelets to fourteen of us . . . the stobs and how they got spirited away . . . Butch and his puppy biscuits . . . the fusses between Margaret and Charley . . . Senior Vespers . . . Mrs. Odom's inevitable, "That's a good question!" . . . Windy's car, which seemed to have a permanent place in front of Senior Hall . . . the exhibitionist, and our instructions by Miss Herndon to "engage him in a conversation" . . . our tempestuous class meetings . . . Soon we'll be graduating . . . What will you remember?

Hackett's Hatchet

(Continued from Page Two)

government is bound to have flaws of corrupt leaders, graft, dishonesty, and narrow-mindedness.

We do not consider our democracy as a guarantee against these things, but we do expect to use our democracy as a means to strike at and remedy these ills. This is not tearing apart our government; it is building it up!

We have heard of and seen our fathers, brothers, and dearest friends jreked out of schools and away from their jobs to be sent off to fight two wars, some never to return. Now we are faced with the same possible fate. For our own sake, if for nothing else, we must give attention once more to freedom, democracy, and justice.

No one individual can kill off all the dictators, destroy slavery and set up a world of democracy. But, we can make sure that our smallest units of government are truly American in the highest form.

We have the power of voting. We have newspapers. We have radio.

We have every present conceivable method of communication to guarantee our right to speak truth.

This democracy, we know does not insult us, however, by offering everything and demanding nothing. It charges great responsibilities to teachers to show the students what its true meaning is in practice. It does not provide teachers with an intellectual or authoritative dictatorship that is above question; it does give them intellectual freedom.

Our responsibilities as students are just as great. We must support our school's ideals. We must try to learn the mechanics of a free government and live accordingly. We must not accept everything; but we must think for ourselves.

Those of us who are cowards will sit complacently by and help choke out our freedom. Those of us who appreciate freedom will work for and support our teachers and S.G.A., but only as long as they support those things that we believe in; our freedom, democracy, and justice.

When these ways of life are lost in the sight of those responsible,

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Sports Council: Last Supper (II) And Last Will

Each year at the last sports council supper of the year, the seniors, in true senior fashion, distribute their alst earthly possessions and worldly goods to those pathetic members who are underclassmen and must remain here.

Tuesday night, the 27th, Becky Culbreth read the Will of the class of '52, written by its own members:

Just before we pass from this lief to the future beyond, we wish to make our last will and testament, so that the futre senior classes of Valdosta State College may know just how we feel in these alst days. We would want no one else to enter the life beyond feeling as unprepared as we do, so we hope that what we leave may benefit the future possessors more than it has us.

I, Faye GailSisk ind, having never been of sound mind and now of broken spirit as well, do leave my love of bridge and any other device to get out of studying to Susan Tullis in hopes that she will learn how to use them.

I, Thelma Mae Griffin, having been driven crazy by an inattentive sports council, do leave it to Dolores Barry hoping that she can straighten out some of the more unruly members.

I, Sue Nell White, do leave my love of Twin Lakes to Becky Tyson. I hope that she may swim

then there is no cause to support our leaders; there is cause to replace them with more conscientious ones!

—By Gene Hackett

there with as much pleasure as I have

I, Ruth Miller, being of unround body from entering too many tournaments, leave this ability to another Kappa Kat Meeks, to use wisely and sparingly. I also leave to be with Billy, I hope. Enough said.

I, Doris Gibson Gothard, do leave my quietness, sweetness, and love of doing for others to Rheda Blackwell, hoping that these qualities will awaken her shy, retorting personality.

I, Leila Harmon, do leave my love of children to Winnie Mae Chandler and hope that she will have a few some day so I can teach them.

I, Luceil Cooper Bauer, do leave to set up a hospital for the insane for the future use of Sports Council members. Being possessed of so many talents, I also leave my energy to Miss Ivey who never seems to have very much.

I, Ruth Martha Dinkins, having nothing to do in these last days, do leave my azility to be Who's Who to Leland Branch who never seems to know what's what or who's who either.

I, Martha Rooks, leave my love of shrimp to Barbara Tankersley to enjoy at the future suppers of Sports Council. I also just leave my future to the Women's Air Force.

We, the seniors of Sports Council, leave our love of a good time, our desire to reach the top, and our many thoughts and best wishes to the classes behind us. Think of us often and take care to use wisely that which was given to you.

This, our Last Will and Testament, is hereby signed on the 27th day of May, 1952, while we are still in our right minds and not under pressure.

—By The Seniors and Miss Rooks

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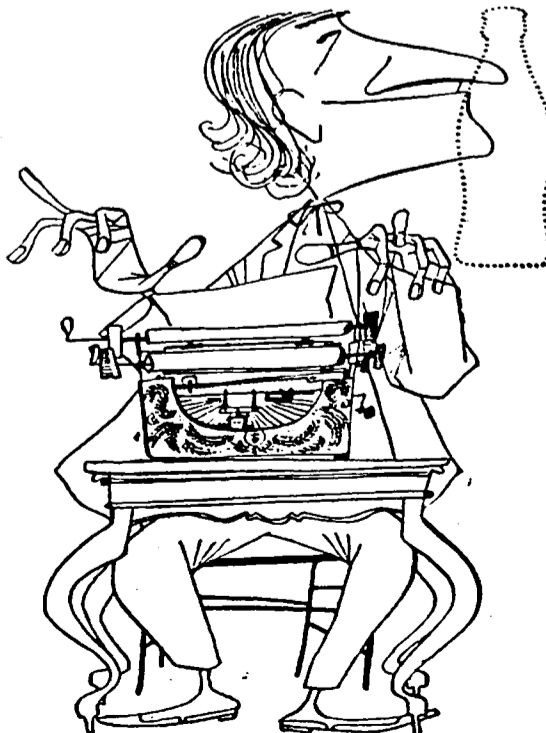
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SPORTSLITE

By Dolores Barry

The quarter is about over and many will be graduating. The Woman's Sports Club certainly will feel the loss of some of the most loyal members the Sports Club has ever had. Fourteen of the graduating class received from the club silver identification bracelets signifying that they have been outstanding in sports and the various activities sponsored by the club and most important of all, they made three teams every year they were here. The Sports Club can well be proud to have such people in their organization.

All good things must come to an end, but the Sports Council has a way of ending things in good fashion. The last meeting of the 1951-52 Council was held at the House in the Woods, Tuesday, May 26th. After the meeting, a chicken supper, prepared by the Council cooks, Martha Barrs, Shirley Thonlinson and Leland Branch) was enjoyed by the Council. During the dinner, Sister Griffin, the outgoing president, was presented with a dozen red roses by Dolores Barry, the incoming president on behalf of the entire council.

The roses were an attempt on the part of the Council to tell Sister what a grand job she did with the Sports Club and how much we know we will miss her next year. Miss Ivey then presented the senior members of Council with a gift of remembrance. Miss Martha Rooks who is leaving VSC this year to become a member of the Woman's Air Force, was given a leather sewing kit.

The Council will certainly miss Miss Rooks. She, as an advisor for the Sports Club, has given her time and efforts to the work of the club. Later on in the meal, the Last Will and Testament of the senior Council members was read as was the Prophecy. The festivities of the evening were ended with the singing of the Alma Mater.

Thus ended the work of the Sports Council for this year, but come next fall, the Council will be in full operation to conduct the activities of the Woman's Sports Club.

Girls' Glee Club
Concludes Season

On Thursday night, May 22, the Girls' Glee Club under the direction of Clayton Logan gave their last formal concert of the season in Quitman, Georgia. The program was sponsored by one of the Parent-Teacher organizations to raise money for a worthy community project.

The program was the same as that given here at the VSC Auditorium in April. The first group, more of a classical nature, contained works by Handel, Bach, Dubois, Mallott and Mendelssohn. The Srenaders did their usual job of perfection on the middle group of the program. The last group contained a vocal solo by Miss Bettye Jackson, a piano solo by Miss Becky Culbreth, and a duet from "Madame Butterfly" by the Misses Barbara Hill and Betty Sellers. To close the concert the Glee Club used the college medley.

The entire club finished the concert with a feeling of achievement, yet with relief from the strain and fatigue of trips and programs. The members want to express their best wishes, good luck, and affection for Mr. Logan, their director, who has done such an excellent job and who will not return next year. The Glee Club's working year is over. Only the performance for the Baccalaureate service remains. So, here are roses to them all for doing a great job this year.

—By Becky Culbreth

Art Exhibition

The 3rd annual Art Exhibition will be held June 4, in room 17 from nine to four o'clock. There will be a display of ceramics, free forms, mobiles, enamels, water-colors, and oil paintings, drawings and murals, presented by the Fine Arts Club.

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(Continued from Page One)

no holly was present. Hop could refer to almost anything, so no explanation will be attempted.

The last affair of the fall quarter, not exactly a social affair, was the final exams. Everyone moaned and groaned, but there were few fatalities, no one was sorry to leave for the Christmas holidays.

SPRING QUARTER: XXX

January was comparatively quiet. The freshmen threw a dance and the SGA threw the Snow Ball.—Dance, that is.

The only other happening of note was the formation of a Men's Athletic Association. This organization has been functioning since that time and has done a good job by making VSC known in the tennis world.

FEBRUARY: TARZ AND BARS

February was fairly uneventful, only two happenings of notice, and students and faculty were able to put in a few more hours of sleep than usual.

The first of these was the Sweet-heart Dance, formal and sweet. The class sweethearts were presented at intermission—the long intermission, that is—the seven short intermissions were reserved for small talk.

The other event was the so-called Skit Night, each class, presenting one skit. Four such presentations of that sort were all the audience could stand. The seniors won the contest with a skit entitled, "Tarzan Does the Tango" or "The Return of Billy the Kid".

MARCH: (Clear and Windy)

SPRING HOLIDAYS: HMM

The senior class journeyed down for a bit of relaxation in Havana. It is not known exactly what happened on that trip for there has been no official news released.

Unofficially, I have it that Robert E. Lee was seen riding Traveler (his horse) down the hotel corridor at full speed shouting that the Yankees were coming and Betty King ran a confederate army recruiting station in the hotel lobby.

SPRING QUARTER: FROLICS

With spring came the decree that no longer would boys be tolerated in the "holy of holies" during the worship hours of 8:40 in the morning to 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon. During these hours only faculty fairies and females were allowed to tread the hallowed corridors of the Rotunda. This is not mere idle hear-say for this writer (I use the term loosely), was, as the prose goes, thrown out of the Rotunda one fine day with stern orders not to return until after four. Oh well, as Alexander Pope so poetically said, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

During April, all club officers were elected and installed—how thrilling!

The really big event of April and Spring Quarter was the Junior-Senior Frolics. No official release is available on that event either, mainly because those who attended cannot remember what happened and those who didn't are afraid to investigate. According to people who live across from the Country Club, everyone had a wonderful time, but they didn't seem to appreciate some of us walking across their front porch, doing swan dives into their prize rose bushes. Incidentally, I would like to advise anyone feeling like doing such things to pick an azalea bush; it doesn't have thorns.

MAY: MAIS OUI

May first was a big day, the annuals arrived, oh yes the May Festival was presented on that day and the annual honors were handed out. To get back to the main subject, the annuals were a godsend to the ink sales in the book store, but an instrument of the devil as far as truthfulness goes. No matter who you ask to sign your annual, you always got back a complimentary little paragraph and in return you did the same for everyone else. People even put nice things in my annual, but they always insisted that I sign my name across the picture of my own smiling face; anyway my signature is legible.

Late in May, Miss VSC contest was sponsored by the Phi Fraternity and Miss Martha Hall was chosen as Miss VSC. Master of Ceremonies, Jimmy

SWIMMING,
THE EASY WAY

By Everette Beal

There are many methods of instructing swimming. According to my observations, children learn to swim much earlier in life if they are introduced to water around the early age of two. There are only two categories which beginning swimmers fall into, those that want to learn and have the urge combined with a natural knack, and those who have no intentions of wanting to learn. Both of these can be taught but the first category can be taught much sooner.

In the very first instruction of a beginning, I always point out what I consider the four main points of perfect swimming. (1) Strong flutter kick, (2) Keeping the head on a level plane with the rest of the body, (3) Taking lengthy strokes brinking the arms out of the water over the height of the head. (4) Breathing by rotating the head in a semi-circular motion on one side only and not raising it up out of the water.

After I have cited these few things, I make an example of myself by swimming the length a couple of times. In this way, the student learns my objects and from a psychological standpoint, he begins to gain confidence in his instructor. (When I was a beginner, I had an instructor who taught his students from an open book in his hand. In all of my lessons, I never saw him get wet but once. That was when my companions and I gave him a little push to satisfy our curiosity.)

Some instructors insist that it is easier to instruct a boy than a girl. I thoroughly disagree as I have observed that girls seem to be just as well in the use of their limbs as boys. Boys and girls below twelve show very little difference in comparison to coordination and test of strength. I drill and stress into a student's mind that in order to remain afloat, all that is necessary is kicking his feet, not using his hands and keeping his head on a level with the waters surface. (Raising the head creates a weakness in the mid-joints of the legs and there is a struggle for one to kick when in this position). When he learns that this will keep him afloat, without the use of his arms and hands, then I teach him that by the use of his hands he can control his speed as well as his guidance.

A person never gets too good to practice. Practice in kicking and stroking should always be permanent if one expects to do any amount of swimming throughout his or her life. For the women as well as the men, who are a slight amount overweight around the mid-section and the calves of the legs; a few minutes a day kicking your feet will gradually remove that bay-window effect which slowly crept up on you before you could do anything about it.

Swimming as everyone knows is about the most perfect exercise, so there is no excuse for one to be overweight caused from carelessness. If swimming were not good for you then answer this one question: why is it about the best medicine for the cures of paralysis, lumbago, rheumatism and what have you. So why not do a justice to yourself and take a dose of "ole man Sol" plus a few moments of a nice refreshing swim. Evidently, "it's good for what ails you."

Copeland, did a magnificent job except for calling one of the judges, the Colonel from Moody a Major. The colonel didn't seem to mind, but since that night the Copeland residence has been strafed three times by low flying jets. Anyone having a second-hand bomb shelter for rent, please, contact Jimmy Copeland.

The last event of May was the Aquacade presented by the Womens Sports Club. It was very beautiful and was well worth the small gate charge.

Incidentally, rain postponed the water show until a drier month—June.

JUNE: EPILOGUE

Graduation, joy, joy, halalula, sob, sob, and farewell to the seniors.

Dosta

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MONDAY - TUESDAY

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Grounds"

Plus—News and Cartoon

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and JAN STERLING

—In—

"Rhubarb"

Plus—Cartoon

WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY

ESTHER WILLIAMS
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