The Queen of the May and her court have been chosen as usual. The May Queen, Betty Buckner; Miss of Honor, Sally Mann; Ladies in Waiting, Martha Jean Boatwright, Mary Brand, Lucy Bush, Alice Foster, Betty English, Edwina Cox, Mary Gibson, Thadyne Carter, Sammie Steedley, and Mary Talbot Tullis are among the group. The May Queen will choose the Maypole dancers, and the dance will be sponsored by the Freshman Club.

The first Senior Recital of the year was held in the VSC Auditorium, Monday, April 30, at 8:30 P.M. Miss Alice Carter, a music major, presented a program of songs, recitation, and a dance.

Moody Field Regulations

1. Moody Field is off-limits until after May 15 at which time the area is to be fully activated with proper hostesses in charge of service center. Exception: Dances approved by and chaperoned by a member of the college staff or one approved by the administration. These dances are to be on Friday and Saturday nights only.

2. No date request will be granted without proper introduction beforehand made in the General Office.

May 5 Set

As Date For May Day Formal

The staff of the Pine Cone announces the annual May Day Formal to be held in the Valdosta Woman's Building, Saturday, May 5, at 8:30 P.M. All are cordially invited to attend.

Music will be furnished by Oscio Hughes and his orchestra from Thomasville, and tickets will be on sale for $5.00 a couple (plus tax).

Chaperones for the evening will be Miss Elizabeth Fink, Miss Margaret Deavor, and Mr. and Mrs. George Moore.
The Campus Canopy

Published Bi-Monthly during the school year by students at Valdosta State College at Valdosta, Georgia

MEMBER

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“THERE’S A TIME FOR EVERYTHING”

Spring is in the air—and so are the millions of activities that come with spring, here at Valdosta. This year, the trend to have a peculiar ability to just vanish; there is always more to do than one has time for.

Whether you are a student or a teacher, you are suggested that we drop the academic aspects of school during spring quarter. As was mentioned, this was only four weeks ago, but it is probable never go down in history for making it.

Maybe all of this business about having more to do than one has time for, goes down to the fact that we do not know how to plan our time. Most of us would have time for both the academic and extracurricular aspects of our activities.

It is important to every college student that he take part in the extracurricular activities. If a person were to attend college four years and during that time take only in the academic aspect of the college life, he probably would graduate with honors, yes; but what else would they have besides that which is, at times, a drudgery.

It’s true we come to college to get an education, but being educated, it isn’t learning to live and work with your fellow students and the developing of leadership abilities. These things aren’t accomplished through books, they are attained through actually living and working with your fellow man. A leader doesn’t learn more about the world than the back of a book—but he learns by actually leading.

The outstanding—and happy, I might add—students are those who study for the two plus average, who take part in nothing but classes, but the outstanding student is the student who maintains a good average and carries on a well rounded schedule of extracurricular activities.

It is very evident right at this particular time how time can just fly. The quarter is half gone—what have you accomplished, academic or extracurricular?

The writer is not an advocate of letting books go and turning attention to the extracurricular aspects. After all, the student activities are small, very small, compared to the academic side which is large and demands our worth; no one is fond of paying for something they aren’t getting.

We don’t give a little thought to what we already have to do before accepting new tasks. And if you have a job, make sure you carry this knowledge through the rest of your life or you’ll have someone else will have to—someone, who probably has all he can do without having your responsibilities.

Give a try to this business of planning your time—find out that it is possible to say “no” to an invitation to a movie, dance, etc. accept the fact that you can’t go off campus every weekend and realize just what we are really here in college—for—maybe you’ll find you have enough time for everything, after all.

“A RENEWED FAITH IN MY ALMA MATER”

Seven springs ago I adjusted the angle of the miterboard on my head and marched joyfully down the aisle to receive my diploma. This spring I returned to the scene of my college days to greet old friends and classmates, to roam the familiar halls and walls, and most of all, to experience again the quick, fierce rush of pride in my Alma Mater.

To my surprise I found very few changes apparent during my few hours visit. V. S. C., to call it by the proud new name evident upon swinging wooden signs at the driveway entries, does not seem materially different from the old G. S. W. C. which is deep in my heart.

The physical appearance boasts a few changes which meet my questioning eyes. An efficient new kitchen wing adjoins the dining hall. The beautiful Camellia Trail invites one to stroll among the pines toward a new music studio just off the north campus proper. Also near the north campus is a home management house for home economics girls. A delightful new note is the redecoration of Converse Hall! Gone are the scarred desks and lumpy beds. In their places are beautiful maple beds and gleaming desks with built-in bookshelves, while the walls, once a harsh white, now are painted in soft pastel shades. The library range has moved from the edge of the golf course to a position on the sports field, but the riding ring is deserted, for horses are no longer a part of the college activities.

The people on campus seem much the same. Some of the old, beloved faces of faculty members are missing, but new ones have taken their places to be a source of inspiration and hope to the students now enrolled. Unto arriving at the college, I noticed an earnest-looking lad entering from a "library session." The years turned back for a moment and I thought of summer school and the town of another war and other boys in uniform who formed a part of the campus life, of the days when the south wing of Senior Hall housed the beloved Roe Hall, scene of Saturday night dances sponsored by the various clubs. Later, at an alumni meeting I listened to a discussion of building plans which included new dormitories for young men and I realized that they hold, and have always held, a definite place in the pattern of the college life.

I listened to a report of the college’s progress and of an expanded curriculum. New degrees were offered, new fields of knowledge available. I heard figures quoted—rapidly mounting attendance figures, appropriation budgets, special funds. As I sat there thinking of these things there came to me a renewed faith in my Alma Mater, a firm conviction that she will always stand for the cultural and finer things of life—for the light of knowledge and understanding to pierce the veil of darkness and ignorance; for hope and courage to face the unknown future; for character-building, fellowship-developing standards which will send forth her graduates to take their respective places in society as conscientious citizens.

I stood before the library, that immemorable source of knowledge, and gazed at the rain-washed Administration building, as if viewing it through the eyes and mind of another. I thought of former Graduates, of an older war and other boys; and found myself looking back, thinking of these things there came to me a renewed faith in my Alma Mater, a firm conviction that she will always stand for the cultural and finer things of life—for the light of knowledge and understanding to pierce the veil of darkness and ignorance; for hope and courage to face the unknown future; for character-building, fellowship-developing standards which will send forth her graduates to take their respective places in society as conscientious citizens.

A RENEWED FAITH IN MY ALMA MATER

MARY FRANCES DONALSON

EDITOR’S NOTE: Miss Donanson was Editor of THE CAMPUS CANOPY seven years ago. The present editor would like to express her appreciation to Miss Donanson for cooperating with us on our May Day issue.

DAME—

“LIMIT THE CORSAGES”

That dance was such an important part of college life is one thing that comes to mind. They added greatly to the social life of the students. We had to help the college builders of any college town. Valdosta State is a college located right here in Georgia, and the college has a lot of student. It is important that we maintain our own expenses by own jobs and limit our spending. We can find $5.00 corsages a shade too steep to be purchased. These women who feel themselves not well dressed will surely find themselves in a situation of being broke, completely, embarrassing also. The girls should be able to Realize that the spirit of giving is still with the across the nation, but only wish to have money to spend on them at other times. The Freshman Club gave a very nice farewell dance, sans corsages and a good time was had by all. The organization is being run by a few of the students, and are intricate parts of the moral and spiritual life of the college. It is the duty of good students and citizens to be a courteous listener in audiences. It is also the duty of the organization is being run forward movement.

The complete abolition of corsages would be stupid, rather they should be limited to a few, but no corsages at all would be impossible. The Freshman Club would like to congratulate the Senior Class for their forward movement.

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Rules For Smashing Groups

1. Don’t come to meetings.
2. If you come, don’t suit you, don’t think of coming.
3. If you attend a meeting, find fault with the work of the officers and the other members.
4. Never accept office, as it is easier to criticize than to do things.
5. Nevertheless, get rebellious if you’re not appointed on a committee, but if you are attend committee meetings.
6. Do anything to make the German to your regard some important matters, reply you have nothing to do with it, it ought to be done.
7. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary.
8. Do not allow members roll up their sleeves and willingly and unstintingly help the club.
9. Because the world that the organization is being run by a ві江区 Select.

(Are you practicing these?)

“YOUR THOUGHTS”

Practically all of us spend more time in audiances than we do on the speakers platform, and one of the things we should learn is that public speaking is a very important part of college life. It is to be a courteous listener in audiences. In our first and programs here, I have tried to be a courteous listener. We spend our time talking, reading, or just looking dreamily out the windows.

It is the duty of the speaker to give such a message that is worth listening to, even if it is not that is what the audience to give attention and to avoid disningar the intention of the speaker.

It is our individual duty to be more con- argued at the stenographer, and to begin at our next assembly to be a better listener.

(We would like “your thoughts,” too.)

Sheehan, in a fit insane,
Threw it in his hand.
All he is quite surprised to find.
How it broadened Sheldon’s mind.
This document contains a list of names followed by a paragraph discussing the requirement for remaining in various honor societies. It also mentions the criteria for being in the Freshman Honor Society and Senior Honor Society.

The text explains that students must maintain a "B" average to be eligible for membership in these societies. Students who fall below a "B" average will be dropped from membership. The requirements for membership include:

1. A minimum of thirty-seven members in the senior honor society.
2. A minimum of eleven members in the freshman honor society.
3. Creditability of previous school work.
4. Transfer students must have a "B" average for transfers to count.
5. Students can be judged by members of the scholarship and honors committee.

The document also references "May Day Festivities," which are mentioned as ongoing events. It includes a list of names of people associated with these festivities, including students and faculty.

The text concludes with a summary of the requirements for membership in the honor societies, emphasizing the importance of maintaining a "B" average and the criteria for remaining eligible.

Additionally, the document mentions the "Whitehouse Restaurant" and "The Canopy," which are likely the names of places mentioned in the context of the event or the school setting.

Overall, the document provides information about the requirements and membership criteria for the honor societies at this institution, highlighting the importance of academic performance and the various events and festivities associated with these societies.
CALL ME MADMAN—Elinor Jones

My mother's intentions seemed to be good when she made plans for us to attend the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution convention at pages in Washington, D. C. At that time she didn't realize that her dear and only daughters would return to Georgia with lick of sleep and in bad need of a new pair of feet.

I knew I was to be a page but I didn't know whether I would be the first page, the last page or perhaps the cover. Completely ignorant of our job for the week, we went our merry way on the A. C. L. train from Quitman (stop-woman) to Savannah. I use the word, "train", loosely. It gave me the impression that it was the one on which Jessie Jones, herself, performed his first robbery (with sincere apologies to the Atlantic Coast Line).

However, we made good time. We traveled approximately 180 miles in six hours. The only time that slowed us down was the fact that we had to begin putting on brakes five or six cars before coming to a stop. We talked for a few hours and I wound my sister up and we started again. So to make a long story short, we got one hour of sleep. Luckily I had two tooth picks handy so I could prop my eyes open.

We got off the train at the wee hour of 8 a.m., and all I could see was a mass of people, all kinds too. One poor lady had three children, walking and one in her arms. I don't know where she was going but I sure hope she made it.

We got a taxi and headed for our hotel. I finally recovered from the shock of the taxi fare and retired to our room and rushed to get ready to go to Constitution Hall for registration. By that time my feet were at the numbing stage, so we feasted on a cup of coffee and a sandwich and walked ten blocks. I know, to get THE CHAMPION. Compared to Noah's Ark, it was a champion.

Feeling quite on the beam I consented, not knowing I would have to stagger through five or six cars. I often wished that the train and I would get together because I would go one way while the train would go another. Consequently, every other step would end up being a fall on some poor, undernourished person. That proved quite embarrassing.

We sat down in the chair car and before the night was over, we met a professional musician, a pro baseball player, a clothes designer and an actor who spent most of his time performing on Broadway, one with Tallulah Bankhead. I never have figured out how big talking with the train people. They must have heard our southern drawl and felt sorry for us girls, for we talked for a few hours and I wound my sister up and we started again. So to make a long story short, we got one hour of sleep. Luckily I had two tooth picks handy so I could prop my eyes open.

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The hotel was our nest destination. I walked into the room and took one good look at the bed and went into a coma for two hours. That night we nourished our bodies with some good Yankee food and went to Constitution Hall again for the night meeting. We came out in our long white dresses and were accused of being tourists. To me, that is the worst thing a person could be called. Nevertheless, we got there, by way of taxi, again and had our first taste of paging. I saw some very amusing things. I was asked to deliver a corsage to a lady from New York. It wasn't an ordinary corsage made out of flowers but it was made out of money. In the middle was three one hundred dollar bills and bunched around them were some fifty, ten and five dollar bills. I had to sweep my eyelashes up on the floor. I found that it was a donation to some sort of building fund. I wished that it had been for the Jones fund.

THE SPORTSLITE — Thad Pitt

The weather is getting good now and it's hot enough to make you want desperately to swim. All you swimmers go down to the pool and swim your hours. Don't forget to post your mileage on the map in the glass case.

Then, too, you must not forget Aquacade practice. There weren't very many people out on Tuesday, but if you come, that'll help a lot. You can get tan that way, too.

Archery

As this issue goes to press, we don't know the winners of the partnership archery tournament, but we'd like to congratulate both winners and the others who participated. Now don't you agree that archery is a great sport? Then tell your friends and ask them to try their hand at it.

Tennis

The tennis courts are filling up fast. It seems that tennis, too, is a good game. The Freshman Tennis Tournament is progressing as it usually does. Jane Burdette is the only one who has reached quarter finals. Don't be so slow, you Freshmen. You signed up to play, now let's play it off. You may win.

BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

The list has been posted for the badminton tournament. As I look at it now there are three Kappas and six Lambdas. Somebody is not pulling for their team. Come on, Kappas, help your team a little!

Plaque Standing

This is the way the point stand for the Plaque. Team Kappa Lambda Volleyball 10 10 Speedball 10 Table Tennis 9 Archery Tennis 3 Basketball 10 Scooter 10 Tennis Doubles 3 Golf 8 Horseshoes 8

Total Points 61 24

The points which are yet to be played and posted are:

Swimming, Freshman Tennis, Archery and Badminton. We'd like to see the Lambda's pull up to a decent showing anyway.

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