

Congratulations Seniors

The Campus Canopy



VOLUME XVI

VALDOSTA STATE COLLEGE WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1951

NUMBER 11

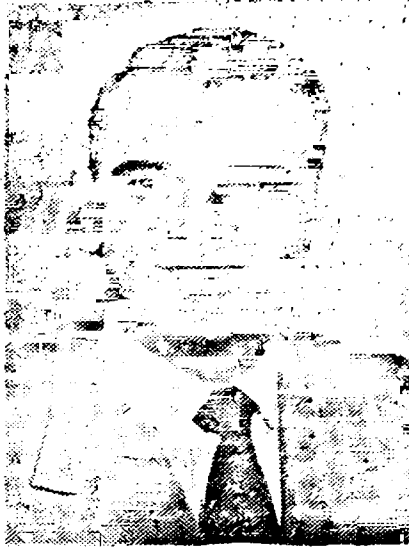
Senior Superlatives Are Named



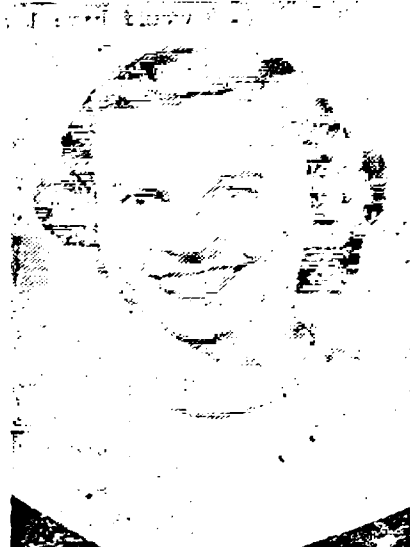
MOST TALENTED
... Alice Carter



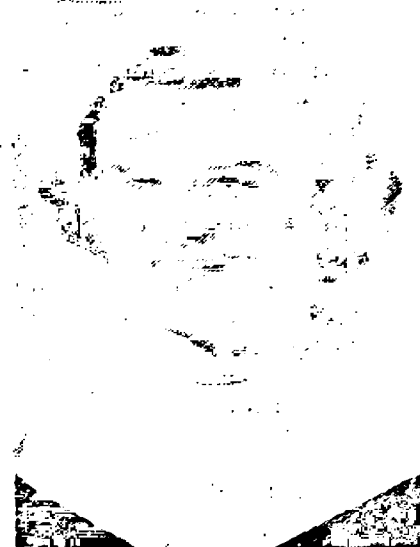
PRETTIEST
... Mar J Boatwright



MOST HANDSOME
... Carl Sampey



MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
... Polly Mann



**MOST POPULAR—
MOST STUDIOUS**
... Betty Buckner



MOST ATHLETIC (tie)
... Betty Waters



MOST ATHLETIC (tie)
... Thad Pitt



MOST AMBITIOUS
... Lucy Bush



WITTIEST
... Betty Henderson

Romance Language Club Goes French

In the last meeting of the quarter, the Romance Language Club gave a most enjoyable party in the House-in-the-Woods at 7:30 Thursday night, May 24. Each member invited one guest.

After bridge, the refreshments were served buffet style. Besides the various canapes, pickles, potato chips, and lemonade, there were two French dishes prepared by Monique Pasqualini — "petits croissants a la vanille," a kind of sugar cookie, and "mousse au chocolat," a kind of chocolate custard with whipped cream. These delicious dishes created quite a sensation among the members and their guests.

Sammie Steedley Among Five Finalists of the 'Miss America' Contest

Sammie Steedley, in the role of "Miss Valdosta" went to Columbus on Thursday, May 24, for the annual "Miss Georgia" pageant. Of the twenty-four contestants, five were chosen as finalists—Sammie was among the five.

This contest is one that is being carried on in every state to select candidates for competition in the "Miss America" contest to be held in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The contestants for the state pageant were finalists from community contests and were chosen to represent various clubs or business concerns. Miss Steedley represented "The Bell Shop" in the "Miss Valdosta" contest.

From all accounts Sammie enjoyed her trip very much. One of her most exciting moments was when they took all the contestants out and showed them twenty-four sparkling convertibles and told them to choose the one in which they would like to ride for the parade.

Sammie flew to Columbus and back, and was accompanied by her mother.

"Dad this article says that the man was a financial genius. What does that mean?"
"It means that he could earn money faster than his family could spend it!"

Miss Fink To Do Graduate Work

Miss Elizabeth M. Fink, who for the past five years has served as Director of Placement and Publicity at Valdosta State College, has resigned her position here effective June 30.

Miss Fink will enter the Graduate School of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, in September to begin work on the Master of Arts degree in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology. She has been awarded a research assistantship in the Institute for Research in Social Science and will perform various duties of a research nature in addition to her academic work toward the degree.

Miss Fink plans to spend the summer, from July 1 until mid-September, at her home in Jonesboro, Tennessee.

Seniors Select Superlatives

The Senior Superlatives were selected by the Senior class last Wednesday, at assembly. Each Senior was given a ballot with each trait listed that was to be voted upon and a list of the Seniors was included.

When tallying votes, it was found that it was probably a mistake that we did not specify that a boy and a girl should be voted on. This was not done because

Commencement

The Baccalaureate Service will be Sunday, June 3, at 5 p. m. at the First Methodist Church in Valdosta. The Reverend Jones E. Wilson, pastor of the First Methodist Church at Tifton will be the speaker. Reverend Wilson is the brother of Frederick Wilson, who formerly taught at Emory Jr.

The Valdosta State College Glee Club will present the special music under the direction of Mr. Clayton Logan.

The Graduation Exercises will be Thursday, June 7, at 10 a. m. in the V.S.C. auditorium. The speaker will be Dr. George H. Boyd, Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Georgia. At this time degrees will be conferred to forty-four Seniors of Valdosta State College.

of the limited number of men students in the Senior class. In the final tally we found it necessary to name not only the prettiest, but also, the most handsome.

We would like to say thank you to the Seniors for their cooperation and would like to congratulate those of you who were selected by your classmates as SENIOR SUPERLATIVES.

THE CANOPY STAFF.

Willie sees some dynamite—
He picks it up and with it plays.
It rained Willie seven days.

New Rules Announced At General Dorm Meet

On Tuesday night, May 21, Mrs. Jenkins, Dean of Women, called a general meeting of the dormitory students. At this meeting new regulations were announced, old ones re-emphasized and the dormitory set-up for next year was announced.

The new rules were in regard to Moody Field, in the main and were:

1. The notice concerning going out to Moody Field still holds and will continue to until official hostesses are out there.
2. Dress of young men who call —No blue jeans, dungarees, etc. are considered proper dress. The person at the desk in General office will inform the boys that the girls can't go out. Fatigue clothes are out.
3. All girls must be called for in Ashley day and night!
4. Either sit in cars or invite visitors to sit with you on benches or chairs provided by the college but do not hang on to the sides of cars.
5. All dating done with Moody Field young men must be double dating, exceptions cannot be made. Those rules which were re-emphasized were:

1. Only five hour absences from college for Seniors, Junior and Sophomores and four hour stay for Freshmen. No longer may you spend a "day at the Lakes".
2. There will be no talking from the windows.
3. There will be no talking

from upper rotunda to visitors in the lower rotunda and vice versa.

4. Procedure to be followed by those dormitory students having overnight guest. (1) Tell resident head; (2) Make arrangements with the dietitian; (3) Enter name in guest book in general office.

5. Shorts are not to be worn on front or back campus except for co-rec activities.

6. Girls going home and returning after 7:30 on Sunday night have taken ONE of their nights out.

Because so many high schools are not having graduating classes these several years Freshman classes in most, if not all, schools are considerably reduced. Ours have held up to a good standard, what with the men students and an increasing number of commuters and town students. However, Converse Hall has not been full and upon the need of the college to provide housing for the boys until a dormitory can be built. The administration has been seeking to find the most workable plan for using the most and best spaces for accommodation of all students—men and women.

Realizing that Senior Hall is handicapped by the auditorium which is coming more in demand. The administration considered using part of each of the dormitories. Serious objection against every plan were brought forth. After surveying all possibilities the final decision was: to house all Seniors in Senior Hall, Juniors in Ashley and Sophomores, Freshmen and men students in Converse. The men will occupy the south end of Converse.

The Campus Canopy

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at Valdosta, Georgia

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The Questioner

By ANN SMITH

When she asked, "What will you miss the most?" I wondered myself. My answer was a very simple statement, "The people."

She said, "But what about Dance Club, and the plays and Pygmalion and Galatea, and Freshman Week, and May Day, and sitting up late drinking coffee and talking? Won't you miss them?"

"Yes, I'll miss them. But you see, all these things involve people, and in saying 'the people' I can cover almost everything I've come to know and love during the four years I've been here."

"Why do you say that?" she then asked.

"Don't you understand. There could have been none of those things without the people. And with all these I've come to know more people. And too, I'll miss the people for what they are—my friends. Friends who've lived through my many moods. Those with whom I've taken afternoon walks, those I've sat by day after day, and those I've laughed and cried, and fought and played with."

She couldn't quite understand, for you see, she was not a senior.

The Value Of A College Education

There are three great periods in the life of almost every girl. They are birth, death, and marriage. But a fourth period should be added to these, that of graduation from college. In the life of boys this period is not considered as important because college graduation is more or less expected in preparation for his life work. But in the case of young girls as they lived during the time of many of our parents, they usually did not complete their college education unless they were seriously considering a career, and therefore diplomas were not as common among young girls as they are in our generation.

When I first entered college as a Freshman, I never really expected to finish because I had so little self-confidence concerning my abilities in my studies, and consequently felt that college would be too difficult for me. As time went on and I realized that I could make the grade with a little effort on my part, I seemed to see more clearly the means to a richer, fuller life through a college education. There is no specific factor that helped me to realize that college does broaden one's outlook on life but a combination of factors that gradually grew to become a part of me, and I realized it was making me a different person.

Probably more than any other single factor I learned to get along with and understand people by my associations with them. The period from high school to college is one of the greatest transitions in which one grows out of a state of self-centeredness to an extent to a state in which one realizes that there is no one that is looking after
(Continued on Page Three)

My Balance Sheet

By PASQUALINI

Nearly a year ago—it was on a morning in June that I found that white envelope with an address printed on it, an address I knew quite well from having gone to that place to speak in English to some American gentlemen. They asked me where I wanted to go; I had answered that I would like the South. They probably were all Yankees, but they must have been broad-minded—I knew it was that, the scholarship; I tore off the envelope, and the first word I read on the sheet was "Georgia". I had just taken a course in geography of the United States and I was supposed to know exactly where every state was. Georgia; that was somewhere in the South. I had to catch my textbook, and on the map. I found Georgia, far down South; that little geometrical figure was already fascinating. I needed two hours to recover, then two more hours to wire home and to make telephone calls to warn everyone who who be interested in the fact that I had got the scholarship and that I was going to Georgia. Then, little by little I realized I was going to cross the waters to see the New World and—to speak English, that's what we call in French the "black dot"; America would have been wonderful had it been a French-speaking country. I would have to learn my lessons in English, and to speak in English all the day long. Well, I was brave. I did not have time for worrying; I was too busy typing letters everywhere, running from Consulate to Embassy via Ministries and a lot of different offices to have all my red-tape fixed.

I got ready myself; at least I thought I was getting ready, because I did not have the least idea of what I was going to do. I believed that Georgia weather was that of everlasting Spring. I did not even know what an American college was. Of course, I knew it was not what we call a college in France, a kind of high school. When I received the bulletin of the college, I got lost among the credit hours and the quarter system. Anyway, I did not worry. I spent those summer months in a dream, speaking in lyrical terms of Georgia gardens and of cotton fields—I got all my information from the dictionary—Valdosta was a little dot on the map so far down South that I thought it would be a tropical country and that name of Valdosta sounded very familiar to my Mediterranean ears. There was only the problem of my English, but I thought that I would have plenty of time on the boat to revise my grammar and to learn a lot of words. In fact, first I was sea-sick, lying on my berth and crunching the apples distributed by the stewardess. Then I had a good time. It was so exciting to talk with the other French students and to congratulate one another for our good luck. They were going to California, to Oregon, to Ohio, to Massachusetts, all magic names. But I was very proud of my Georgia, even when the English lieutenant looked sorry for me and the accent I would have on my return.

The lights of Newfoundland, the bare rocky coast of Labrador, the woody banks of the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, that was my discovery of America. The continuation as Quebec and Montreal. I could still talk French; the New World, the skyscrapers and the automobiles as big as wagons and my own language, what else could I desire? Alas, that didn't last long! When, on the train for New York, the immigration officer told me with a smile as engaging as it is possible to that kind of people whose only duty is to warn unhappy foreigners that they have to have this paper checked in such and such a place and that one validated on such and such a date, so when he asked me, "Where do you live?", I opened large eyes; I had not understood. That was just the beginning. I felt a little nauseated. Why had I come so far from home?

However, I arrived in New York. Those skyscrapers were oppressing. Bless little Southern towns! The subway was a hopeless labyrinth to me. I would run in the first train to stop and fortunately there would always be nice people going the same way. To heal my Canadian cold, I discovered that wonderful invention: the kleenex tissues.

Then, another train, the West Coast Champion, terminus: Miami. My terminus was Valdosta and, on that September morning, with my cold and all those hours on the train, I saw behind the window of the choo-choo train, small town after small town, white houses, the swings of which on the porches delighted me, and no cotton fields, swamps everywhere. Very soon it would be Valdosta, that place where I had to spend a whole year, to take habits, to know people, and to speak English. A kind of anguish pinched my heart when the train stopped. There was a bunch of gentlemen on the platform to greet me. I knew I had to make a good impression. Dr. Thaxton welcomed me in French. That felt so good! I met North Patterson, then the campus, Senior Hall, a bunch of girls busying themselves around me and speaking so fast, a room, my room.

There I was! then, it was my first dinner in V. S. C., the bubbles of iced tea which looked so much like beer. Why did all the people around laugh so much when I inquired about the contents of the glasses! We could get wine at school, and nobody was drunk for the afternoon classes. That was just one of my first surprises. That first month was one of discoveries. Everything was new to me from the use of the Coca Cola machine to the procedure of signing out. That at last I learned, thanks to numerous court warnings. With the classes, my struggle with English started. My dictionary did not leave me for weeks. Do you have an idea, you English-speaking people, of the richness of your language? You had better start a novel by Heming-



TODAY IS PROBABLY THE SADEST DAY
IN A COLLEGE GIRL'S LIFE.

Todd Attends The Frolics

By NAM TODD

The Junior-Senior Frolics were, in my opinion, a tremendous success and many enjoyed themselves to the extent that the effect was still apparent days later.

Arriving at the Country Club Friday night, I was directed to what was presumably the main ballroom. For a moment, I thought I had been directed onto the golf course, but there, I realized that the little moving lights weren't fireflies, but cigarettes the dancers were using for running lights. Incidentally, the green firefly turned out to be Tom Stroud puffing a "stogie".

Moody Field was well represented and though one of the airfoals borrowed my date for a dance, I got her back with a Bill of Retainer and a fifth of burbon. In the meantime, two of the fly boys and I wandered outside for a little social life. Our friendship soon waned, however, and I will always believe that the Corporal dropped my dice down that golf hole on purpose; he seemed to think it peculiar that I kept whistling "I've Been Working on the Railroad" while I consistently rolled "boxcars" at high dice. In case you are interested, George Morgan has a patent pending on the above mentioned dice, "Morgan's Musical Mickies", by name.

As I rounded the corner with the fruits of my encounter; one airforce cap, two jugs of California wine and a mortgage on 17 F-51's, my new blue cap was lifted from my cranium by a fusillage of shots that would have brought tears to the eyes of the U. D. C. Peeping from behind my jugs, I peered up the barrel of a huge revolver in the hand of one, M. L. "Robert E. Lee" Strong, Jr. After removing my shirt and showing the confederate flag tattooed on my chest, he was convinced I wasn't one of the invading Yankees and my life was spared.

At twelve the dance broke up and all the sensible people went home. The rest of us decided to continue the festivities. Idiots! I can't read the second hand on my watch, even now. Around five the next morning, I remember being hauled out of bed and over somewhere to decorate something. I am told later we had a very fine picnic at the Lakes and that I was there. I like to believe everyone truthful but I don't remember a picnic. Oh well! what I can't remember, I can't regret.

Saturday night was the big formal which was well attended. Even the faculty was there. I could almost swear I saw two of them over in the corner doing the Charleston. The decorations were nice, the orchestra was fine, the lights were sufficiently dim; but the punch stole the show. As I stood by the serving table slipping my fifth cup and toy-

(Continued on Page Four)

way or plays of shakespeare and you'll see what I mean. I won't recall my desperate efforts to pronounce "R's" in the right way. Now my "woommate" and everybody are used to my baby talk, I don't worry as usual.

What shall I say about my life since eight months. Fall Quarter was not too long. Then it was Christmas, a real old American Christmas, as good as at home, with a tree, a lot of parties and a very generous Santa Claus. Winter Quarter, followed by the Senior Class trip, seemed really short. As to spring quarter, it has just flown away.

And now that it is nearly time to go, I'm afraid that I have not done many things I should have. I'm an exchange student; that does not mean that I am a student in Valdosta State College, while another young American studies somewhere in France. It only means that if I have learned from you the way American people think and live, if I have realized that the ocean is not such an obstacle, that if they would know one another better people would get along fine. That was not enough; the experience had to be reciprocal. Was it enough to tell everything about French designs, and French perfumes, and to make French cookies? It's probably not what some curious people of New York meant when they asked me to type, in three copies, among a lot of questions what I had done to make American people enter in contact with French culture. I wouldn't grab people one by one and tell them for half an hour all the truth about the French Communist Party, the efficacy of the Mar-

(Continued on Page Four)

Last Will and Testament Of The Class Of '51

We, the class of 1951, do hereby declare ourselves to be mentally sound, prepared by our four years of higher education to face the trials of heartless world, physically fit and emotionally alert. So that we will be forgotten less quickly, there are some things we would leave to our fellow students and co-sufferers.

As a class we leave our determination to take a TRIP to the juniors, and we leave them our ability to have a very enjoyable holiday.

The individual members of the class would like to make their contributions:

I, Thad Pitt, leave my ability to peddle cards, rosters, tickets, and other items to Jackie Sikes.

I, Ann Tygart, leave my love of all things Scotch to Mary Jo "Lassie" Lott.

I, Betty Henderson, will my curly locks to Ruth Miller.

I, Lucy Bush, do leave my riches and ability to enjoy Daytona Beach to the Jones twins.

I, Mar J. Boatwright, leave my lily white complexion to Sue Neil "Sun Tan" White.

I, Beebe Buckner, do leave my love of study and my chair in the library to Betty Collins.

I, Betty Waters, will my lusty lungs and vivacious vocal chords, equipped with yelling ability, to Doris Spradley.

I, Mary Brand, do hereby leave my few freckles to Bunker Hill, to add to her few freckles.

We, Bonnie Shadrack and Olleta Baggett, leave our ability to marry and go to school at the same time to Pat Askin and Joanne Gilmer.

I, Mary Gibson, leave my ability to be on time to all events to Marguerite DeLoach.

I, Millie Jean Chitwood, leave my love of office machines to Blount Trammell.

I, Mary Singletary, will to Patsy Bassett my bottle of blonde hair rinse.

I, George Morgan, will my favorite bench to Sonny Welch.

I, Alice Carter, leave my love of playing the piano and my special practice room to Nelle Reed.

I, Peggy Phelan, leave the keys to the new car to Cornelia Ashley who needs them so badly.

I, Polly Mann, leave my position of Jack of all Trades and Chief Newspaper Clipper to Gloria Proctor. (The scissors are included in the bequest).

I, Anne Smith, leave my quiet nature to Lydia Story.

I, Anna Marangos, will my favorite spot of the stage to Sister Griffin.

I, Mary Talbot Tullis, leave my gleaming smile to Mary Holder.

I, Edwina Ford, do will my monitor's desk to Jo Dekle.

I, Sara Tillman, leave my loyal friend and trusty steed, the bicycle to Betty Lee.

I, Anne Murdock, leave my cook-

ing uniform to Elaine Ryals.

I, Leonora Brown, leave my share of the telephone calls to Caroline Whitcomb.

I, Butch Grogan, will my short-hand pads to Elaine Boatwright.

We, Dot Keefe and Mary Frances Devanc, leave our room, with the hope that in the future we will not have a typewriter live next door to us.

I, Margaret Ruffin, leave my front row seat in Bible as Literature class to Jean Ann Rackley.

I, Sammie Steedly, leave my inborn love of nature to Anne Owens.

I, Jo Guthrie, leave my best bottle of hair tonic to Tom Stroud.

I, Marjorie Tomlinson, leave my first grade to Elaine Windham.

We, Sally King and Betty English, leave our rooms in the Home Management House to Jean Trawick and Betty Ann Roundtree.

I, Mary Remer Parramore, will my southern drawl to Nell Waddell.

I, Maurine Griffen, do leave my deck of cards and my spot in the lounge to Ruth Dinkins.

I, Anne Harris, leave my parking place at the north end of the Ad Building to Bobbie Jobe.

I, Joella Johnson, leave one inch of my height to Anne Murray.

I, Monique Pasqualini, do leave Valdosta State College with a few regrets and many memories.

The Value Of

(Continued from Page Two)
you but yourself, and if things get done you do them. In your associations with other people you must realize that you have to learn to adjust to them because they are a part of your surroundings. You have to have a mind of your own and not be misled by other's opinions.

There are other benefits of college other than the humanitarian. Had I never gone to college I doubt if I would ever have acquired a desire to learn the cultural aspects of life and the advantages they offer. The appreciation of fine music and art, the recognition of a purely literary work, the desire for a broader vocabulary—all these seem to create within me a greater desire for learning.

In addition, aside from the actual scholastic viewpoint, there was an opportunity for experience in leadership in the extra-curricular activities of the college plan, leadership in publications, in sports, as well as in the social aspect. All these help to further develop a student's abilities to contribute her talents to the cause of furthering humanity in a business as well as a social way.

Finally, there is the aspect of recognizing the abilities of those outstanding leaders who have shown special talents or qualities and who will be the leaders in our future generation, and certainly this is of primary importance. How lasting would their efforts be if they never received our praise and approval? That is what inspires them on to further fruitful efforts.

More times than once during my college career I questioned the value of my going to college. Now I know why it is not something that can be handed to one on a silver platter, but it is a privilege afforded those who are willing to go beyond the line of least resist-

By THAD PITT
It's been ten long years since our Senior Class walked across the stage down at V.S.C. and received our diplomas that Thursday morning. It was a glorious feeling to be through with studying for a while, and to feel that at last we were old enough to begin to think for ourselves and do the things that we were really interested in. Now ten years later we are as separated as windswept pollen grains, each one in his own field, occasionally thinking of old friends and wondering if they are happy wherever they are.

Millie Jean Chitwood has done a good job of keeping up with the class and keeping us posted as to the whereabouts of each one, although she seems to be working very hard, nevertheless enjoying her job at the bank in dear old Valdosta.

Ann Smith has at last become famous doing the work she enjoys. Last week I read her book of poetry entitled, *It Takes Inspiration*. I hear she's using the money brought by her poems to open a poetry interpretation studio in New York City.

There are a few more of our group in New York City attending their duties. "Tutt Devane, having received her doctorate in Biology, says, "They grow 'em tall here." This statement is based on some of the longies that may be found in her classes at Columbia University.

Not too far away, Beebe Buckner is trekking up and down the streets, still doing slum clearance work. I say trekking because she has not yet saved enough money to buy a car. She has spent it all buying pencils from the man on the corner.

T. W. Hamby got tired of teaching chemistry to the girls at Vassar, and decided to settle down. Now he may be found any afternoon at the Bachelors' Club, very pleased with himself for eluding the girls at Vassar.

The current swoon king of the city is Bouncer Smith, who gave up his gold title to play the lead in Marjorie Tomlinson's musical *Twinkle Feet*.

Dot Keefe and Mary Gibson are doing a three month run out at the University Dinner Club on the Hudson. This you will recognize as one of Anne Murdock's chain restaurants. It is a quiet club, but full of atmosphere. Dot and Mary are doing a sister act. They sing while the patrons eat their evening meal.

New York is a long jump away from Valdosta, but we are thrilled and very proud of our buddies who have become celebrities.

We hear that George and Leonora are living in Chicago now. They are spending more of their time compiling a text on, "You, Too Can Learn Chemistry in Ten

ance to learn what it means to know great people in humble positions, and to have the most loyal friends, among students and faculty, that one can ever meet anywhere. My years at college will never cease to be among the richest I will ever know.

Easy Lessons."

Mayor Tom Crouch of Squatters Hop, Arkansas, is running a neat campaign this year with the help of the F.B.I. His campaign manager this term will be Sara Marie Tillman, who gave up her job as private secretary to Georgia's governor, Julian LeFlore, to get into some real politics.

Mary Brand seems to be having some difficulty running her ranch just out from Cheyenne. Some masked riders have been stealing her cattle. We know that Mary will catch the riders justice, for she is one to demand justice, her method is forceful. The neighboring ranchers call her Pistol Packin' Pruney.

Mary Tullis was the first of our group to be married after graduation. She met her husband on the first run she made with Delta. She and her husband are vying for the record round-the-world flight. Tullis says it's hard flying round the world and keeping house, too.

Ann Tgart is doing missionary work in the unexplored portion of Australia. She nearly lost her life twice, when the bushmen attacked the mission, but Ann conjured a way to appease them. She taught them some games to play around their fires at night. We always knew her recreation job would come through. She says that they learn quite easily considering the fact that she hasn't yet learned their bush language, so she just tells them in English.

While we are thinking in terms of living across the water, I might mention that Lady Alice van Vander, better known to all of us as Mac Carter, is still residing in England. She writes that she would indeed be enthralled to see all of us. England is so boring. Her only outlet is her "pi-ah-no." Come home Mac—excuse me Lady Alice.

Jo Guthrie is down in good old Miami. She is working very hard with her Mo-Hop Kindergarten. She likes the work she says, if only it didn't mean working with children.

Betty Waters has found a wonderful job she says, with the Bell Bomber Plant at Marietta, Georgia. She went to Marietta to teach after graduation, but found that she could express her self much better and more safely in the welding room, so there she'll remain, just welding and expressing herself.

I've just heard that Edwina Ford did a little damage in the company car. You know she's working as a home economist which involves driving about somewhat. Edwina didn't notice a moving van in front of her when it stopped, and Ed kept going. She said she just plowed through. She's having a hard time paying damages with only her income and that of the Navy.

Anna Marangos for the past two years has been out in Hollywood. She owns the Speech Salon, where the actors' children train for the movies. Metro Goldwyn Mayer has been trying to get Anna to play the lead in a new production opposite Farley

Granger, but Anna says her work means more to her. Maybe if they beg long enough, Anna will consent to take the part.

Lucy Bush writes that she has been in a dither this month. She's getting married next month, and she wishes people wouldn't swamp her so with parties. You remember, Lucy was never one to enjoy parties. It'll soon be over Lucy, and you can settle down to a life of satisfaction and teaching.

Margaret Ruffin is the new principal of the Albany Parent Teacher Association which doesn't approve of Margaret's two-hour week day.

Peggy Phelan is our most renowned member. She is the first violinist with Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra. She and Phil don't get along so well though, ever since the time Peggy began to lead the violin section with her bow. Phil didn't appreciate her aid.

Bonnie Shadrack and Olleta Baggett are still in Valdosta, still cooking, still cleaning, still keeping house, and now minding children. They write that they don't have time to do many exciting things, but keeping children clean, sweet, out of the kitchen, and out of trees is exciting enough for them.

Wonder how Anne Harris likes teaching out at V.S.C. She's been there for seven years, so it must be good. Bet she makes a good professor, too.

Guess who was elected Mrs. America this year? You're right. Sammie Steedly. Paper reports stated that Sammie didn't get flustered one time, that all during he contest she was very calm. It was only after the first walk across that she had a fit of screaming meemies, and fainted. We knew we could depend on Sammie to keep calm in an emergency.

Betty English and Sally King are co-dietitians at G.S.C.W. at Milledgeville. Betty plans and cooks the meals while Sally keeps the budget. That's why Betty cooks, Sally's budget doesn't allow for any other cooks.

Mary Singletary finds her greatest pleasure in playing the piano with Tex Beneke and his orchestra. She composes on the side, and has had some hit tunes published. One was *Shoe Polish Rag*. Sounds like Hoagy Carmichael, doesn't it?

Millie sent me a picture that Mar-J sent to her. Our Mar-J looks very sweet and demure in the photograph. She is standing out in the chicken yard, behind their house. In one arm is a baby, and in the other is chicken feed. You can see the chick's hutch behind them, and the chickens clustered about her feet. It makes a sweet picture, and so domestic. Mar-J in her calico dress slightly wrinkled from carrying (Continued on Page Four)

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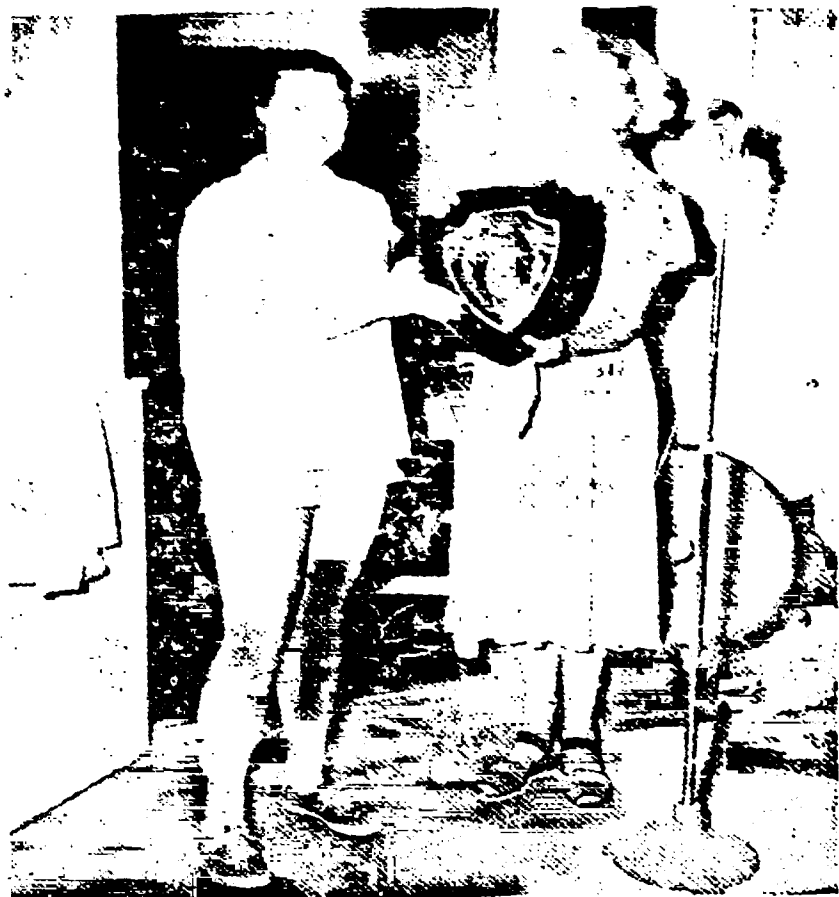
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Doris Gothard, Kappa team captain for the past year, receiving the team plaque from Miss Ivey. This plaque is awarded each year to the team accumulating the most points during the entire year and is awarded each year at the aquacade. This is the third consecutive year that the Kappas have won—the Lambdas won it the two years before.

Class of '51

(Continued from Page Three)
the baby, her hair is slightly grey, and her shoes are run down, maybe they are her chicken yard shoes. Yes, Mar-J is really a home loving girl, and so proud of her baby and chickens.

Mary Remer Parramore and her husband are down at Acapulco, Mexico having a gay old time. They have a twenty room beach cottage and plenty of room for parties. Mary Remer is a busy girl being a social butterfly, and one of the most charming society women of the day.

In mentioning our friends in New York City, I neglected to speak of Polly Mann. Polly went six years to New York to be a private secretary, and one night at a dance one of the Barbizon Model scouts discovered Polly, and from then to now, her future has been planned for her. She's a girl these days, and I'm sure you have seen her picture in Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, Mademoiselle, and other of the best fashion magazines.

Monique Pasqualini is still at home in France, but she says she hopes to come back to see us. She misses the grits and corn that we used to have at school. Monique says her children are learning English from her, and someday she wants to come back with them, and show them the American bathing suits, the swamps and the cotton fields, and maybe even the most intelligent American she has ever known.

Betty Henderson and Jeannell Grogan are living in Albany now. Henderson's husband has made a career of the Air Force and has been recently stationed at Turner Field. Jeannelle is teaching there, and spends each summer bear

hunting in the Canadian forests. She says it's her hobby, and it must be for all over her apartment there are bear skin rugs. What a sportsman, that Butch!

Brother Sampey is still in Valdosta at the Forrest Street Methodist Church. He must be a wonderful preacher, to have stayed there this long, and his congregation according to Millie is very pleased to still have him.

We hear that Joella is teaching Physical Education at Glynn Academy. She coached the tennis team this year and took them to victory at the state meet. In the afternoon she teaches social dancing, with emphasis on jitterbugging. Joella's got more energy than most of us, and with all that probably more income!

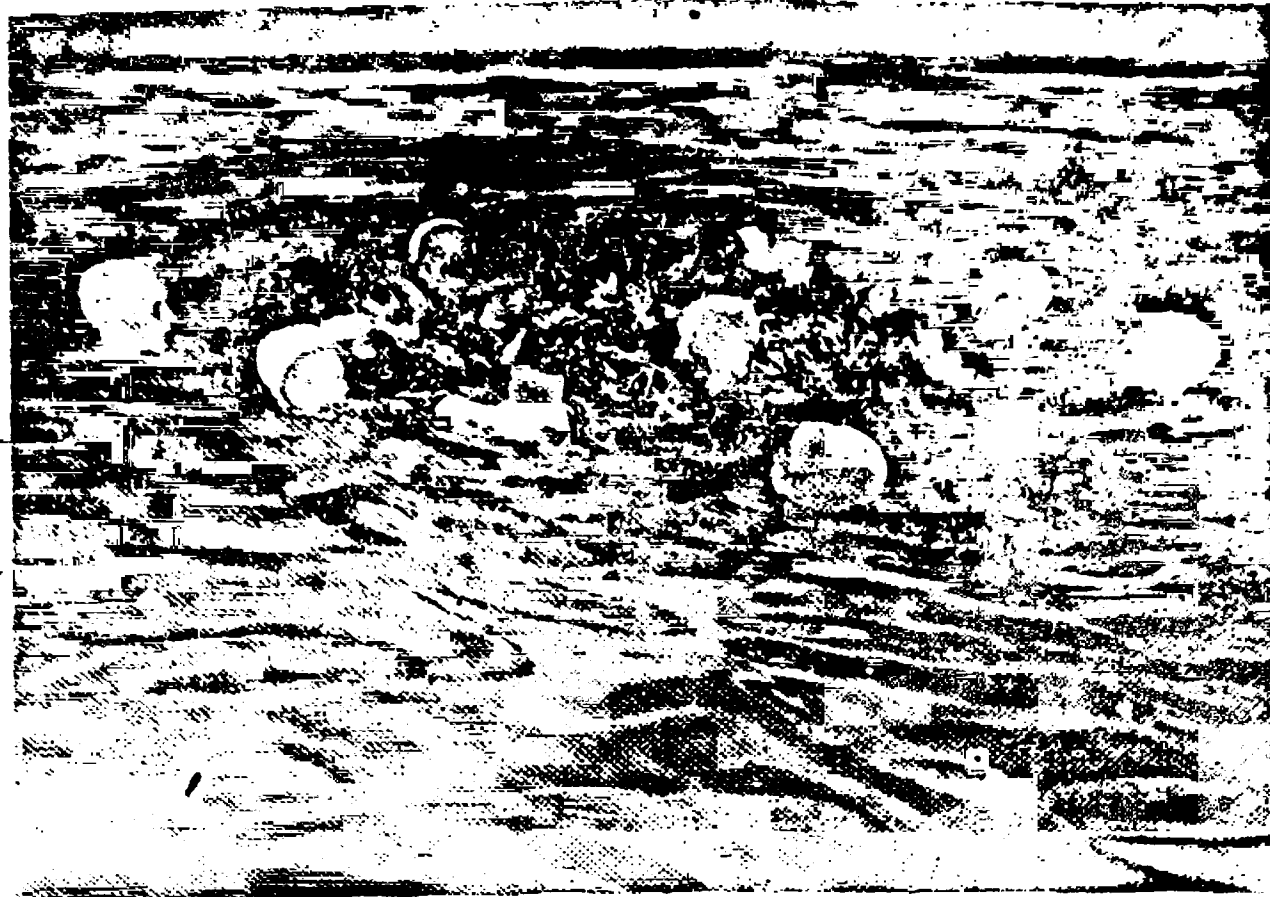
Maurine McConnell hails us a hearty welcome from Florida State University where she is at last finishing her education. She says that she is taking creative writing down there, and is becoming quite a writer. We are proud of Maurine for getting her creative in after ten years.

Bishop Ted Griner has made quite a name for himself in his revival which is being held at Ty Ty, Georgia.

It's been fun hearing from the crowd, and learning that they are happy in their work. It's good to sit down and think about them ever so often. But now, I guess I'd better get out the paper and look at the want ads, and see if maybe there's something in the paper that I might like to do. I've just got to find myself a job! The only thing I haven't tried is filling station attendant.

Celebrity: "Why, yes I'll endorse your cigaret . . . for \$50,000."

Advertising Agent: "I'll see you inhale first."



"The Waltz of the Flowers" from "The Nutcracker Suite." This was the finale in the annual Sports Club Aquacade on Friday night, May 25. Clockwise beginning on left with person facing camera: Kathryn Milhous, Lanie Ryals, Joanne Ilmer, Sylvia Zeigler, Elinor Jones, Fayge Siskind and Lucell Bauer in the center.

Todd Attends

(Continued from Page Two)
ing with my last nickel, I accidentally dropped it into the bowl. Alas, by the time I had retrieved it the buffalo was shedding its hair and the Indian had become a perfect platinum blonde. No wonder those two violets my date was wearing resembled orchids shortly afterwards.

One of the highlights of the evening was a surprising rendition of our national anthem, "Dixie". Although a few handkerchiefs were seen conspicuously close to the eyes of some, most of the assembled cheered. I might add that the accompanying dialogue and rebel yells were most ably led by "Stonewall Jackson" Mabbett of Charleston fame. Incidentally, Monique Pasqualini is trying to obtain a Confederate passport, anyone possessing such knowledge should pass the word on.

The festivities were concluded in the House-In-the-Woods with what was quaintly termed a breakfast. What I needed more than a breakfast was a booster, however, I was thankful for the cup of coffee.

In closing I would like to congratulate all who had a part in making the event possible for I have a feeling it will long be remembered by some, longer than others, and forever by the lady whose yard I plucked my date's corsage. This is not to mention the greenery which went into the decoration for the two dances.

Balance Sheet

(Continued from Page Two)
shall Plan or the reaction in France on General MacArthur's firing. None would have had time to listen to me and I would not have had time, either. There was always one of those objective tests. I never had too much time for learning by heart. As much as possible the stuff which, in the quiz, would match with B and not G, though with D that might not be too silly either, at least to me.

I passed the objective tests.

Congratulations, Seniors

On behalf of the Canopy I would like to take the opportunity to congratulate each of you.

You have worked these four years toward graduation. Now that you have accomplished that goal and will be receiving that much-coveted degree, you will be stepping out to face the world.

Just what will your college education mean to you in the future? The answer is left mainly up to you—you are well equipped to follow your chosen field and have a jump on some who were not fortunate enough to be able to obtain a college degree. Just how big that jump will be depends a lot on how well you applied yourself while here and how well you can apply, in the future, what you learned while here.

Some people, at times, have taken a college degree to mean you will have a free ride through life on a road which has no bumps, curves, detours or blocks. But it shouldn't take long for one to find that this theory is completely false if they should put it to task.

No, the college degree does not eradicate stumbling blocks on the road of life; but it does give you the ability to cope with them and come out on top.

So as you leave us to go out into your chosen fields you will have the opportunity to put all your "larnin'" to work. Here's wishing you the very best of luck and happiness in whatever you undertake.

THE EDITOR

and I'll go back home with the glory of my year in America in a few months. Valdosta will be again a little dot on the map to me, but a little dot representing all the big times I have had here, all the good friends I have made, all what I'll never forget. In spite of my accent not even colored by a little touch of Southern drawl, in spite of my insuperable repulsion for grits and sweet potatoes—will you grant me the title of Georgia Cracker?

P. S. Anyone desiring to enter in contact with French culture is quite welcome to ask me any questions before Thursday June the 7th.

Sports Club Awards Made On Wed. May 23

At the weekly assembly, Wednesday, May 23, the Sports Club ribbons, letters and bracelets were awarded by Miss Ivey. These awards are usually given at the aquacade each year. Ribbons are given to each individual on the winning teams of the year, in volleyball, speedball, soccer, basketball, and softball, and also to the first, second and third place winners in the golf, tennis, archery, ping-pong, badminton, tennis doubles, horseshoes and Freshman tennis tournaments.

Letters were won by each member of the Sports Club who had made three teams during the year and had taken an active participation in sports all year long. A second year letter has a star on it, a third year letter has a star and a bar on it.

Bracelets are awarded to Seniors who have made a team every quarter for four years. This year there were five Senior receiving this award, four Lambdas and one Kappa. Those Lambdas were: Ann Smith, Betty Walters, Mary Frances Devane and Martha Jean Boatwright; the Kappa was: Edwina Ford. These five will have their name engraved on the honor plaque.

The team plaque and swimming ribbons were awarded at the aquacade on Friday night, May 25.

Professor: What happens when the human body is immersed in water?

Student: The telephone rings.

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