

The Campus Canopy

VOLUME XVII

VALDOSTA STATE COLLEGE MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1952

NUMBER 9

Student Elections On April 16th

Sports Club Installs New Officers

The Women's Sports Club held its election of officers for 1952-53 on March 12. All women students who turned in sports calendars Fall Quarter were eligible to vote.

Dolores Barry, Savannah, was elected president. Since her transfer from Armstrong College in 1950, Dolores has taken an active part in V. S. C. campus life. She is the past Vice-president of the Women's Sports Club, Vice-president of the Fine Arts Club, Associate Editor of 1952 Pine Cone, member of the Philharmonic Club and "Y" Cabinet.

Rheda Blackwell, Monticello, will be the new Vice-president. She has been on Sports Council since she entered V.S.C. and has moved to be a most valuable member. She served as Secretary of the Sports Club this past year and is a member of the Business Club and "Y" Cabinet. Her Freshmen class elected her, as their "Mara". Because of her capability and willingness to assume responsibility she will be Secretary of the W.S.G.A. and Treasurer of the W.C.A. next year.

The 1952-53 Secretary will be the dependable Jean VanLandingham from Cairo. She was Treasurer of her Freshman Class and also past Treasurer of the Sports Club, served on the Sophomore Council, and is a member of the Book and Buskin Club.

Leland Branch, Ludowici, will handle the financial end of the Sports Club. She is a graduate of Napsion Institute, where she is an outstanding student. She is a Senior superlative, Captain of the Athletic Board, and active in several other organizations. V. S. C. is lucky that Leland and her unique personality chose to spend her college career here.

Historian will be Martha Barrs Quitman. This year she has been first Vice-president of the G. A. and on Sports Council. Next year she will serve as assistant of the W. S. G. A.

Some of these girls are all-around V.S.C. campus, and the Sports Club is fortunate to have them as its leaders.

Candidates for office were Mae Chandler for Vice-President, Anne Petrey, Secretary, Stahl, Treasurer, and Stahl, Historian.

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SPORTS COUNCIL—The newly elected Sports Club officers expect a successful year. Seated (l. to r.) Dolores Barry, Pres., Jean VanLandingham, Secretary; Standing (l. to r.) Martha Barrs, Historian, Rheda Blackwell, Vice-Pres., and Leland Branch, Treasurer.—(Photo by Sapp)

Filii Fortunae Accepts New Brothers

In its final initiation of the school year, Filii Fortunae has accepted eight new members. They are as follows: Jerry Brown of Valdosta; Webster Carter, Bremen; Hank Gassert, Griffin; Bill Johnson, Morgan; Jobie Oglesby, Valdosta; Bill Roberts, Cherry Lake, Fla.; Claude Thomas, Valdosta; and Earl Youmans, Valdosta.

The pledges were subjected for a week to rather strenuous activities with severe discipline to prove their stability, sincerity, and sportsmanship. On Thursday night March 27, they were hailed into pledge court to account for their misdeeds. The informal initiation was held on Friday night. The pledges, with a fine show of sportsmanship, engaged in a scavenger hunt that carried them into the wee hours of the morning.

The climax to the week of activity was the formal initiation ceremony held on Saturday night at midnight. The pledges were formally received into full brotherhood with all the privileges and responsibilities becoming to a Brother of Filii Fortunae.

These fellows are to be congratulated. They did a splendid job throughout pledge week. We are very happy to call each of them 'Brother'.

Spring Comes

By MICKEY CARSELLO

We would like to welcome the fifteen new students who entered our doors this quarter. Many of the students came from Georgia, Clemson, and Emory Jr. Others are starting their college career for the first time.

Roy Barker
Ernest Coffee
Jean Davis
Buford Fulford
Gene Hackett
Napoleon Jones
Roy Lowery
Jimmy Mancil
Kenneth Murphy

Colleges Poll Student Driving

CHICAGO—At least 39 colleges and universities in the nation prohibit their students from driving automobiles during the school year. But most of the institutions of higher learning exercises little or no supervision over student driving.

This is shown in a survey of 500 colleges and universities, both large and small, by Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company, a member of the Kemper insurance group.

The survey—first of its kind—was made in connection with Lumbermens' campaign to reduce the accident rate of drivers under 25, which is an estimated 50 per cent above the national average.

H. L. Kennicott, director of public relations for Lumbermens, said when college deans were asked what regulations were in force regarding driving by students, they replied as follows:

- 39 prohibit student driving.
- 162 said there are no regulations either on or off campus.
- 58 require registration of the vehicles with the school office.
- 99 have parking and speed regulations on campus only.
- 102 maintain some restrictions as to age, year in school, residency or non-residency.
- 50 require students to show evidence of adequate liability coverage.

Kennicott said rules concerned only with student parking and a 20-mile speed limit on campus were printed in one college newspaper while right below was the headline, "Three Students Involved In Car Mishap; Head-on Collision."

"The extremes of ignoring student driving and prohibiting it en-

Maryan Segler
Shuman Rutherford
Mel Smith
Thomas Studstill
Vic Toggart

Some comments made by these new students were: "The girls are fine." "V.S.C. is a friendly place." "Wonderful faculty." "Beautiful campus." "Charming atmosphere." Thanks for the compliments—we're glad to have you!

Mrs. Pizer To Be Guest Speaker

The Valdosta State College Alumni Association meeting for 1952 will be held Saturday, April 19.

Registration will begin at 10:00 in the Rotunda at Ashley Hall. The remainder of the morning may be spent in visiting with friends and looking over the campus. All departments and dormitories of the College will be open to visitors.

The Valdosta Alumni Association will play hostess at a luncheon in honor of the out-of-town members and reunion classes. The luncheon will be served at the House-in-the-Woods at 12:00. All guests are requested to gather in the Rotunda a few minutes before noon and they will be called when the luncheon is served.

At 2:30, the business meeting of the Association will be held in the library. This is open to all Alumni. Immediately following the business meeting, the Dormitory Faculty will entertain the Alumni with an informal get-together in the Rotunda.

A dinner will climax Alumni Day activities. It will be held at the Womans Building at 6:30. Mrs. Marguerite Langdale Pizer ('31) will be guest speaker. Mrs. Pizer and her husband, Major Vernon Pizer, now live in Arlington, Virginia, having returned in the past year from Vienna, Austria.

Education Club Sponsors Tea

The Education Club sponsored a bridge and canasta party Saturday, March 29. The party was held at the House-in-the-Woods at 7:30. Prizes were given and refreshments were served.

The purpose of the party was to raise money to send a delegate to a National Education Conference to be held in Philadelphia.

Romance Language Club Invites French Cadets To Party On March 1

On March 1, French Cadets were invited to a party given by the Romance Language Club. There were twenty boys who came over by bus. Mrs. Bassett was the guest of the evening. Maria Bergen introduced everyone and led several musical games. There was dancing and singing, and refreshments were served in form of a buffet supper. (Sandwiches, cookies, pickles, cakes, coffee, and cokes were served.)

Many friends were made and Mrs. Bassett paid the highest kind of compliment by saying in a letter received later by the Romance Language Club, that more was done toward creating international friendship in four hours than a diplomat could have done in twenty hours.

Associate Editor

The Campus Canopy now has a new Associate Editor, Miss Grace McCord, who was appointed to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Keith Dame. Miss McCord, who formerly served as News Editor, will serve until a new staff is selected for the coming year.

They seem to offer a fertile field for constructive work in traffic safety," he said.

College deans expressed considerable interest in the survey, Kennicott said, and the final results will be sent to them.

"It is hoped that colleges everywhere will join wholeheartedly with the organizations and agencies that are trying to save the 7,000 lives lost each year in traffic accidents in which young people are involved," Kennicott stated.

Opdenbrow, Culbreth Peacock, McDonald Run for Pres.

Four people have offered for President of the Student Government in the coming elections to be held April 16. As the date for nominations closed, Rebekah Culbreth, Moultrie, Marilyn Peacock, Sasser, Mary Virginia McDonald and Van Opdenbrow, Valdosta had offered for the position to succeed outgoing president, Bill Fogg of Valdosta. The election promises to be the closest in Valdosta's infant co-educational politics. As was true in the first elections, the runner-up in the race for President will serve in the capacity of Vice-President of the Association.

The race for Secretary pits Marianne Joiner, Coleman, against Marie Wellmaker, Valdosta, for the right to succeed Ann Camp, Sylvester, who did not offer for reelection.

Jerry Brown, Valdosta, and Cleon King, Douglas, vie for the post to control the purse strings of economy, that of Treasurer, in what promises to be a close race.

The Sylvester girls, Grace McCord and Rosa Margaret Jones, battle for the Senior Female Representative post, while Webster Carter, Bremen and Wilbur Oglesby, Valdosta, offer for the man's post from the same class.

In the Junior Class race, Winnie Mae Chandler, Blakely, and Babs Threattle, Lakeland, offer for Female Representative, Harold Wisenbaker, Valdosta and Van Ferguson, of the same place oppose each other for Male Representative.

Sophomores, Barbara Stahl, Moultrie, and Liz Clarke, Moultrie, are the opponents for the Female Representative post and two Valdostans, Bob Green and Jobie Oglesby battle it out for the men.

Malcolm Scott Davis, Atlanta, is assured of a post in the Association, being unopposed as Men's Dorm Representative. Helen Grace Ford, Sylvester and Martha Barrs, Quitman, wish to represent the women of the Association.

For Town Representative Bill Roberts and Phelps Mathews offered for the men while Susan Tullis and Barbara McElvey vie for the female contingents.

In the class President races, the following are candidate Seniors: Barbara Smith, Columbus, and Kathleen Blackshear, juniors: Carolyn Gaines, Fitzgerald and Harold Wisenbaker, Sophomores: Lucy Patillo, Darien and Jane Anderson, Pearson.

The polls will be open between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. on April 16 and the results will be announced immediately.

International Relations Club To Present Forum

At its regular monthly meeting April 1, the International Relations Club voted to present a weekly radio program over radio station WGAF. This action culminated several weeks of preparation by the Executive Council and the faculty advisor, Miss Mildred Price.

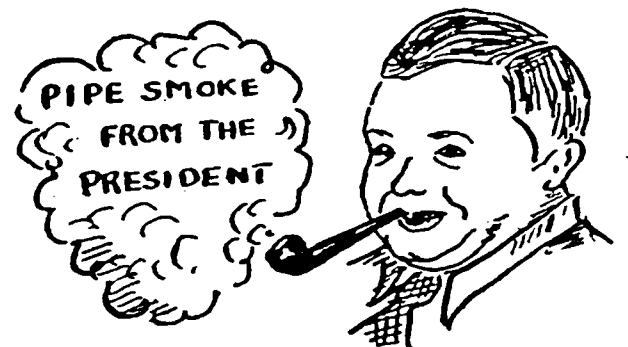
The club decided that its first forum would be held on Monday, April 5, at eight o'clock. The topic will either be, "He who controls the Hartland, Controls the World" or "What is the Significance of American Air Bases in Morocco on Foreign Policy." The students participating on the forum will be: Margie Smith, Valdosta, Ruth Miller, Pembroke, Jack Mabbett, Griffin, and Bill Roberts, Cherry Lake, Fla. Keith Dame, Valdosta, will act as moderator for the group.

The Campus Canopy

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Another quarter is underway, and we are rapidly drawing toward the conclusion of a very successful year. Again our enrollment has held up while enrollments in other colleges in the State have declined. We are especially pleased by the increase in the Male enrollment this quarter. We are planning to assign more adequate dormitory space for the men students for the next school year. I would also like to mention that we have been notified by the University System Building Authority that May 15 is the date set for advertising for bids on the new men's dormitory and the gymnasium. The Board of Regents' Building Committee recently approved an annex to the Administration Building to provide additional physics, chemistry, and biology laboratories to meet the increasing demand in these fields.

As we go into the spring quarter, I would like to state that the administration has been particularly pleased with the operation of the new student government here at the college. Everyone has cooperated with us to the fullest in this new undertaking, and I hope that the students will take an interest in the election for various class officers and members of the Student Council.

I would also like to remind all the students of the annual Honors Day program on May 1 when we will recognize the members of the Dean's List and other honor students. I hope that you will invite your parents to be with us on this occasion.

Keep in mind that our first real intercollegiate competition in athletics takes place next Monday with the tennis matches between VSC and the University of Florida at 2:30. I hope that as many students as are free will come to the tennis courts and support their team in this, our first, intercollegiate athletic activity.

A professor at the University of Oklahoma has come up with a reliable test of student boredom. It's called the "Wiggle Meter". Wires are strung along on the backs of chairs; and every time a student yawns, stretches or wiggles, the impulse is recorded on a graph.

A student at the University of North Carolina was sitting in class working a crossword puzzle when a professor called on him to answer a question. Immediately the students' friends sitting on either side of him began coaching him. "What's holding you up?" asked the professor. "You ought to know the answer with all your friends' advice." "Well," replied the student, "there doesn't seem to be any consensus of opinion."

AS I SEE IT

By KEITH DAME

A newspaper should be a joy to edit, and not a drudgery that one has a mortal fear of. I feel that a paper should be almost able to edit itself. However, since my sudden rise to a place of prominence, I have been beset with questions. "When is the rag coming out?" "Why don't you people put out another paper?" "Wasn't the paper supposed to come out last Monday?" Well, it seems that the greatly understaffed staff of the Canopy has stumbled along on schedule and we have come out on time, no doubt due to the hard work of my staff. They are quite a group.

Seriously, the Campus Canopy is very much in need of some new members to carry on in the place of those who have left. There is a very definite need for Juniors and undergrads. It would be greatly appreciated if those who wished to work on the paper would get in touch with me at your nearest convenience. You don't have to know anything about newspaper work, look at me. On second thought, you'd better not.

The bustle of winter has given away to the soft sun of spring and the charred grass of VSC's campus has given way to the harrow's steel. Though our campus is fast taking on the appearance of a freshly turned cornfield, I have no doubt but that it is just another step in the direction of beautification. True, it will be some few years before the campus will be comparable to the Ivy of Yale, so we must wait. It has been said that all things come to those who wait and sometimes in great numbers. Hold the Flowering Judas . . .

When April 16 rolls around, it is the duty of everybody to go to the polls and vote. It makes no difference who you vote for, just vote. Don't give up one of your democratic birthrights, even in college. Your vote could be the deciding one. Who knows.

POLITICAL ROUND-UP

TODD

In the spring the sap rises, the young man's fancy turns to love, and every fourth spring the nation braces itself for the spectacle of a presidential election year.

As the result of this year's election is so vital to us, we should investigate the qualifications and characters of the presidential aspirants.

First, we will consider the Democratic aspirants, not necessarily because they should be considered first, but because we must start somewhere and D comes before R; as in Republican.

The withdrawal of President Truman has relieved us of a disagreeable task so we will pass on to the next democrat, Senator Estes Kefauver. His main assets are a face that looks at home under a coonskin cap, and a red-headed wife who does not look at home under such a headpiece. Hisname, however, will undoubtedly take an awful beating if he ever gets mixed up in a write-in-campaign. How many ways do you suppose it is possible to spell Kefauver?

Next on the list is Bob Kerr, Jr., Senator from Oklahoma, commonly known as the Oklahoma oil man. He is reported to be a smooth operator and a slick politician. His defeat in Nebraska by Koonskin Kefauver definitely shows, however, that his political machine needs oiling up before it can become a bandwagon.

Another possibility is Richard B. Russell of Georgia. Russell is a Fundamentalst of the old school and has adhered closely to George Washington's farewell address, especially the "steer clear of entangling alliances" clause, for at 54, he is still a bachelor. With his receding hairline and chicken hawk profile he would make a most distinguished looking chief executive.

Still another possibility is Alben Barkley of Kentucky. Although old in years, he is young in heart, as widened by his marriage after he had reached the age of seventy. Anyone who has the courage to face matrimony at that age must certainly have courage enough to be president.

On the Republican side, we have such men as Taft, Warren, Stassen, and Ike (Eisenhower.)

Harold Stassen, one time governor of Minnesota and present University of Pennsylvania President, has three outstanding qualities which, he thinks, entitles him to be president.

First, he wants to be president; second, he wants to be president; and third, he wants to be president. What other qualifications are needed?

Governor Warren of California also wants to be president, but for definite reasons. These reasons include the making of California into the fruit capital of the world and secondly the making of Florida into a testing ground for atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, guided missiles, and other such unlovely experiments. If he receives the G. O. P. nomination it is very likely that Florida will vote democrat.

This brings us to the figure known as "Mr. Republican"; Robert Alfonso Taft. Of his many qualifications for president, one stands out above the others, the fact that his father was once president and little Bob must have gained an amazing insight into government as he patted about the White House chatting with Father William Howard. This is very significant for it is written that by bringing up a child in the way he should go, he will not depart from it when he is old, etc.

Another candidate seems to be "coming soon Eisenhower" of military fame. Besides his experience as a military administrator, his other virtue is a toothy grin; better known as an engaging smile and a bald head with a fringe on top. Although the General seems to suffer because there is an ocean between him and his public, he is doing fairly well by remote control. Who knows, perhaps, in the future all candidates will go to Europe during the campaign and thereby relieve themselves of the burden of answering questions and taking sides on issues.

In conclusion, let us all keep our eyes on the November elections and perhaps we may again see galloping Gallup and prognosticating Gulliver dining on crow for the Christmas Holidays.

FACULTY FAVORITES

This appeared last week in the Kansas State Collegian:

I think that I shall never see
A grade more lovely than a "B".
A "B" whose marks will let me rate
The points I need to graduate.
I need a "B"—this is no jest,
This is my mind's sweet flowing best,
So that by summer I may wear
A cap and gown, a cultured air.
Poems are made by fools they say,
But surely none can make an "A".

The Cause of the World's Troubles

(This article is a product of English 300, Winter Quarter)
Five thousand years ago, Moses said, "Pick up your shovels, mount your camels and I will lead you to the promised land." Nineteen years ago, when Franklin D. Roosevelt took office as President of the United States, a wit was heard to say, "Lay down your shovels, light up your camels—this is the promised land."

Perhaps, for previous generations, this last statement is true, but not so for later generations. Ninety per cent of the world's troubles today can be traced to one cause. You guessed it, home cooking. It is for that reason Joe Stalin and his cohorts in the Kremlin are displeased with the world outside of Russia, today. Oh, you may say "Uncle Joe" never had anything but home cooking. Exactly, that's the point. He has never had a chance to dine out because there are no swanky restaurants available. Well, then you ask, if that's the case, are there any warmongers in the good old U. S. where practically every town and hamlet, except Harrison Switch, Texas, has one or more cafes. That's home cooking, there just isn't enough home cooking today.

Gone are the days when women spent most of their time in the kitchen. For many people, eating is just a habit. All their lives, they have been trained to sit, or flop, down at the table or counter, and stuff food into their mouth three times a day, and to get it down as quickly as possible. Before the era of the movies, people would spend an hour, or so, at the evening meal. Why not, there was no place to go afterwards, anyway. Now, they sit down, half eat food that has been half boiled, half fried, burnt, broiled, and roasted. They half chew what they half eat and rush off to the movies, where they half enjoy the movies. Why, because halfway through the picture they get a case of one hundred per cent indigestion. The indigestion makes them feel bad, as they are in a bad mood; they can't get along with anyone.

Our government officials are the same way. Harry (Himself) Truman doesn't enjoy his breakfast and he gets into a bad mood. Perhaps, he and Dean Acheson decide on a phase of foreign policy that morning. Well, "Himself" is in a bad way and is mad at everyone because of his breakfast. This makes a bad decision. Consequently, China, Russia, Britain, and France get angry and the whole world is upset because of one bad breakfast.

Now that we know the cause of the world situation, today, what are we going to do about it? Many women go to college these days and even one is a potential housewife. Now isn't home cooking one of the prime duties of every housewife? Right. So what do these girls take in college? Modern dance, billiards, soap carving, candle burning, creative writing, and such various and unrelated subjects. True, all these, well most of them, toward making a well rounded education, but can women afford to take these, instead of home economics and related courses?

Future housewives hold the future of the world in their little hands, dishpan or otherwise. I propose they start a world-wide movement for the advancement of better meals at home, plus, a least two meals a week to be eaten out.

VSC-Merry-Go-Round-And-Round-and-Round

By DREW FERGUSON

Lottie Jo Phingle, plush erstwhile blonde VSC glamour deb, has been elected Might Queen, and will be inaugurated on Might first in a special ceremony with a gold-plated auger. Miss Phingle, former AAA weightlifting champ who is now majoring in Astrology.

Lovable kindly Gregarina Flosspound, Chief Horticulturist, and esthetic equestrienne, has been discharged in scandalous disgrace after 22 years of loyal kindly service, announces Anthrax Flotsam Morality Commissar at VSC. Miss Flosspound was charged not only with being a small-time book operator for the students here but for violating sanitation laws by stabling horses in the Rotunda. Cried Miss Flosspound as they carried her away on the campus paddy wagon: "Liquor is one of the crying social evils of our time!"

Club News
The Taxidermy-Chowder-&-Canoeing Club
(Continued on Page Four)

SENIOR TRIP

By PSEUDO NYM

"It's the most fabulous city in the world. There's no other like it. It's FABULOUS!"

This quotation, which should be familiar to most of the Seniors by now, is the general consensus of opinion of all who went on the Senior trip to Havana, Cuba, during Spring Holidays. It would take an entire set of Encyclopedia Britannica to tell everything that happened in the five days that we were gone, but here we have space to tell only some of the highlights of our fabulous trip, which was worth all the work we have been doing since school started, and more. If you want to know any of the details, you will have to find some Senior and ask him all about it—maybe you can find one that remembers all of it. As for me, I arrived in Valdosta with eight cents. I lived on borrowed money, and from the way I felt, on borrowed time, so don't expect an intelligent answer from me.

We left at 12 midnight, Monday, announced by much shouting and blowing of the horn, in a clean comfortable Trailways bus adorned with a sign on its side reading "VALDOSTA STATE COLLEGE SENIORS—CUBA BOUND." Before we saw Valdosta again, the bus became dirty and hot and uncomfortable, and we had all learned to walk like spraddle-legged mountain goats in order to climb over the suitcases which filled the aisle and which seemed to accumulate at every stop. The sign, on which we had labored so patiently, became untied at Statenville, so we pulled part of it up into the bus with us, causing it to read "—STA STATE COLLEGE SENIORS—CUBA BOUND" for the remainder of the trip.

We travelled down the East coast of Florida, making highly necessary stops only at Daytona, Vero Beach, and West Palm Beach. As we approached Miami, we began giving everybody Spanish lessons—somewhat like the blind leading the blind—although we were reasonably sure that they spoke English in Miami. Our intellectual class president put us all in stitches, however, by saying, in her own plaintive voice, "Do they really speak Spanish in Cuba? I thought they spoke American! How are we going to eat?"

We arrived in front of the President Madison Hotel at 1:30 Tuesday afternoon, 13½ hours after our departure, and were quite overawed by all the luxurious hotels and beautiful homes. We found out that some of us would have to stay across the street in another hotel, so all thirty-six of us piled out of the bus, carrying our suitcases, towels, cameras, oranges, and so forth, to avoid a tip, and trekked into the lobby. When the sun-bronzed, mink-swathed mil-

lionaires lolling on the terrace looked askance at us, tired, wrinkled, bedraggled and pale, like so many abandoned albino orphans, we almost decided to go straight on to Cuba, where all our other fellow-peons were. But we faced them bravely, broke into a rousing chorus of "The Pine Branch" and then went on to our rooms.

The hotel was advertised as "overlooking the ocean". Since it was a good block to the beach, this slogan was true only if one had telescopic vision. The view from our room was the next building—at close range. The room was a diminutive little cubbyhole with four beds and no telephone; that is, until it started ringing and we discovered it under one of the beds. After changing into something cooler and less wrinkled; namely bathing suits, we went down to the beach and stayed just long enough to get sandy and salty and wet. Our next activity was to get everyone out of bed, shock Room Service by ordering Murine for everyone's eyes, administer the Murine, and then go to supper, our first meal since 7 that morning. After an after-supper drink of coconut milk, we went to bed early, so as to be prepared for our flight to Cuba early the next morning.

Early the next morning, as I've said before, at 7 o'clock to be exact, the clerk called all of us, and although the illustrious president of the Sigma Alpha Chi answered the phone with "Senior Hall!", we were up, breakfasted, and ready to leave at 9 o'clock.

The ride to Key West was lovely going down—and tiresome coming back. We passed by the University of Miami at Coral Gables, with its ultra-modern dormitories; drove through avenues of banyan trees; and passed by numerous monkey-jungles, which we heralded by singing "Goin' Home." The only other songs were rendered by the card-players, who morosely sang hymns as they recklessly gambled bobby pins representing the swankier Miami Beach hotels. After stopping at the Greyhound Post Stop for coconut ice cream and postcards, we arrived at the dilapidated shack known as the Key West Airport. We went through Customs, or rather Customs went through our suitcases, and the first group of us was called to the plane. We knelt solemnly, kissed American soil for what we feared might well be the last time. (I hope it will be, I might hasten to add, as I spit gravel even now), and boarded the plane.

On the plane we were given some little blue cards and some long white forms to fill out, in order to keep our minds away from the take-off. The officials in charge of the long white forms had gotten our relationships and status quo and mothers and fa-

thers mixed up: Cleon and Betty Red were listed as brother and sister—even now he greets her as "my long-lost hermana—Ha Ha!" Margie Smith became the wife of Jack Smith, who didn't even go, so T. W. Hamby took his place beside the deserted wife. The plane trip was smooth and uneventful, but we were still proud of ourselves because no one got sick. We sighted Cuba about 3 o'clock, and the moment that the plane touched ground, the cautious Horace, who had taken out flying insurance, remarked in a be-reaved tone, "Well, there goes another \$5000 I just lost!"

The taxicabs were waiting at the airport for us, and soon we were speeding toward our hotel. Speeding is the only word to use, because the driving in Havana is fabulous. Jose, our driver, to whom we talked in pigeon Spanish, if there is such a thing, told us that "there are three things you need if you want to drive in Havana—good horn, good brakes, and good luck." The pedestrians took their lives in their hands when they wanted to cross a street, for Jose showed us some narrow streets where people had been crushed to death against the sides of buildings. We asked him if there were a speed limit, and he said, "Yes, it's twenty-five. That means we don't go over fifty." The cab drivers were a rare lot, and just as accommodating as they could be. They never lost their heads, or their tempers, either, when other cars crashed into them. They unperturbedly went on speeding through the streets to give the auto-repair men more business, which by the way, seemed to be the most thriving business in Cuba. Pablo, one of the cab drivers defined a chicken for us as being "a walking eggplant". I think he was a little confused when a man said to us in Spanish, "Beautiful chickens, God bless you!"

We arrived at the Plaza Hotel, caused another sensation in the lobby, and were again assigned to rooms, but this time we were pleased to find big, sunny, spacious, tile rooms which had little private balconies overlooking the street. We decided to go out to Concha Beach that afternoon, because we couldn't go to Morro Castle on account of the revolution which was still brewing. Concha Beach had an amusement park called "Little Coney Island"; with barkers who immediately started barking in English when they saw us approaching. We didn't stay at the beach long, because it was not only sandy and salty and wet, but also rocky.

That night we went to a sidewalk cafe for supper. We walked about three blocks to get there, so consequently we had to cross some streets. This procedure presented the afore-mentioned problem, so we did it in this way: Every time we wanted to get across, Senor Busti-something-or-



SENIORS—A group of Seniors pictured as they boarded a plane in Havana to return home. (Photo by Sapp)

other, the man at the hotel who was our guide for part of the trip, and who was a short, fat cigar-smoking senior having a tendency to get hysterical, would get out in the middle of the street, wave his arms around like Don Quixote's windmills, stop the traffic (!!!), and while our cavalcade of Seniors dashed across the street, would yell uproariously, "Vamos! Vamos!" This word, which means "Let's go" probably got mispronounced more often by our crew than other Spanish words which we tried to pronounce. Most of the Cubans we met could speak a little English, but it never failed to amaze us when we heard little children speaking Spanish so fast and so fluently. Most of the children knew enough English for their own use; that is, enough to say "A nickel for de babee?" when they were trying to sell their little sisters to us.

Anyway, we arrived at the sidewalk cafe, and by this time a vast accumulation of seniors were following the seniors. They lined the sidewalks and continued to leer (honest, that's the only word I could use) at us throughout the meal. The meal by the way, consisted of Spanish spaghetti, black bean soup, big hard rolls placed

on the bare tablecloth, and coconut ice cream in coconut shells. Atmosphere was provided by not only the leering crowd, but also by an all-girl orchestra which specialized in loud mumbo too close to our auditory organs. They replied with a "no comprendo" when we requested "Dixie." We finished off the meal with one Cuban cigarette, which we passed around the table and which put most of the weak-lunged under the table. It had the potency of a small stick of dynamite rolled in year-old croker sacks.

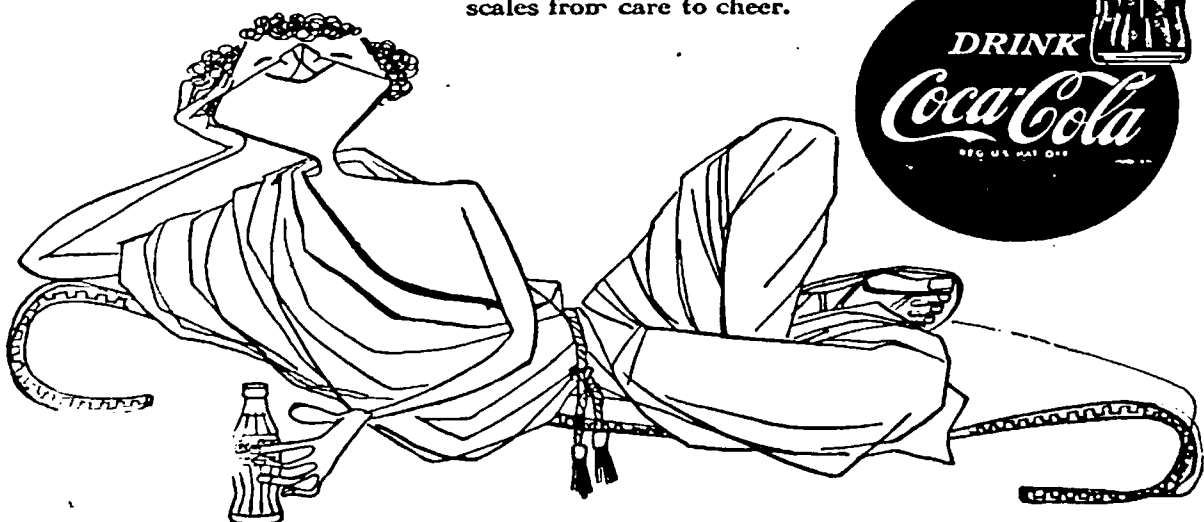
The rest of the night was spent partly in a little atmospheric spot across the street from the hotel, and partly in one of the largest of our hotel rooms. The account of this night will be related with the characters' anonymity carefully preserved. The house detective came up three times to say "silencio", so part of the time we tiptoed around whispering to each other, and the rest of the time "T.T." Trammell kept insisting that two little boys up on the roof had spit on her while she was engaged in quiet conversation on the balcony. "T.T."s better half went around asking someone to go with him to the Rotunda to get

(Continued on Page Four)

Dionysius Calo prescribed:

"Mingle your cares with pleasure now and then" *Disticha De Moribus*

Make that pleasure an ice-cold Coca-Cola and you'll tip the scales from care to cheer.



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Senior Trip

some ice (for the iced tea.) When we asked "Where?" he corrected himself by saying, "Oh, I mean to the General Office." Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, and Mrs. Odom were also at the party—er, tea...because a reputable waitress kept trying to hide from them. The affair broke up about 3 a. m., after our official nursemaid made everyone go to bed and then forgot to go to bed himself.

The next morning we started our tour, accompanied this time by Freddie, our guide, a charming person with a fascinating personality who stayed with us throughout that day. We went first to La Merced Church, which was undoubtedly the most awe-inspiring that the majority of us had ever seen. It was all white and gold, with walls rising high to form domes on which angels and cherubs were painted in indescribably beautiful colors. From there we went to an alligator goods factory, where we saw how the skins of alligators are cured and dyed for bags, belts, or shoes. We went to a cigar factory next. When we entered the reception room, a statue of Columbus, which I mistook at first for a wooden Indian, pointed toward a map of Cuba, on the wall. The first name on the map which met my eye was the town called "Moron." After passing by numerous statues of Indians, DeSoto, et al, we watched some men and women making cigars by hand. Then we went by the Monument to the Battleship Maine, which was on the waterfront, and then to the Colon Cemetery. The statues and mausoleums and bone-piles were fabulous—although we had a moment of panic when we looked into a deep open grave and saw a man lying in it. It turned out, however, that he was one of the gravediggers—asleep. Freddie showed us one grave which had a statue of a mother and child on it, and told us the legend that if a person walks around it three times, making a different wish every time, the three wishes will come true within a year. Naturally, we all had to parade around it, and we concentrated very hard on our wishes. I think that some of us cheated by making the same wish all three times. The last place we went to was the Rum Distillery, where we sat at long tables and were allowed to sample any or all of about twenty-five fifths of rum, cognac, and so forth, which were on the tables; and were served banana cordials, which tasted somewhat like banana extract. Whoever planned the tour in that order was wise in placing the Rum Distillery last, for by the time we left there, we were ready for some more solid food.

For lunch, we went to the Restaurant Orientale, across the street from the hotel, where we got a "beef small steak" and watched the Chinese waiters scurrying around speaking Spanish. That afternoon we went shopping for souvenirs, knick-knacks, geegaws, trim-frams, terra-cottas, and anything else we could find to take back to our friends in

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Georgia and say proudly, "I've been to Cuba!"

That night we went out to the Montmartre Night Club, one of the best in Havana. Rema Flashbulb, our official photographer on the trip, had cautioned us to be sophisticated, but as we prissed gaily into the darkly lighted room filled with music and more millionaires, he was the first to trip and fall, carrying all his photographic equipment, a table, and a couple of girls with him. We were seated all together at ring side tables, where we had an excellent view of the floorshow. When the dance floor started rising, some of us had to pinch ourselves to make sure, but we were assured by some of our less bleary-eyed colleagues that it was no joke. The floor show consisted of three girls dressed in tassely floosh, who played guitars and made like penguins; a ball room dance team who did the Charleston to the tune of our loud applause; a man who sang "Because" in English; and a Spanish orchestra attired in satin blouses, orange vests, white pants, and boots, who played loud and long.

The tea we had that night when we got back to the hotel was quieter and more subdued. There were no little boys on the roof that night—only people on the street. We sat out on our balconies and watched them—the peddlars, the beggars, the shoe-shine boys, the women of ill repute... There is no middle class in Cuba. The people are either fabulously rich or pathetically poor. We saw many sleeping in the street, and the next morning while walking to the waterfront, we saw a man living in a tiny hole in the rocks, and cooking his food in tin cans.

We reluctantly left Havana the next day, unanimously wishing that we had at least two more weeks to stay in that unforgettable city, with its wild rush of raffic, its unique people, and its easy-going way of life. At the airport we met up with Customs officials again and had to assure them that we had no tropical fruits or plants stashed away in our baggage. We could imagine ourselves trying to smuggle a cargo of over-ripe mangoes in the same suitcase with our best bib and tucker. As we got on the plane, for our return trip, some of the plane mechanics remarked, "Well, there goes another revolution." To which we replied, in our newly acquired language, "Adios, Amigos!" The return plane trip was much more interesting than the first, because the stewardess sprayed us with a disinfectant, and we saw a submarine submerge. Horace lost another \$5000 when the plane landed safely at Key West, but we were all glad to be on the ground again. We spent that night in Miami, and after a salty, sandy, wet, and windy morning on the beach, we

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SPORTSLITE

Spring is sprung and the tennis courts are filled. Yes, you run into just a little trouble (people, namely) if you try to get a tennis court, anymore. Of course, if you go out when it is raining cats and dogs you might—but not too many people have their pontoons with them.

So if you happen to be one of the lucky people who have a court on which to play; don't forget about those people waiting for one. I'm sure they will appreciate.

Tennis Tournaments

While on the subject of tennis it might be well to mention the tennis tournaments. We have all sorts of tennis tournaments on the agenda. Singles and doubles have been and still are in progress and there is a freshmen singles coming up soon. Out of all of these, everyone should have one in which they could play.

Remember if you are in one of these tournaments that if you wait around to play your match that you are holding up the whole tournament.

Fresh Tournament

Freshmen, here's your chance to prove your tennis ability. This tournament is for freshmen only and there will be no pros allowed to enter (don't think there will be any controversy on this point 'cause just between me and you—I just don't think there are any pros around). If you play tennis, sign up and play in this tournament.

started on our back to Valdosta. We travelled through the most desolate part of Florida; miles of nothing upon nothing for miles and miles. Everyone was grouchy, slouchy, and touchy. I must admit; but some of us tried to cheer up the crowd with this bit of blank verse:

"While in Cuba, T. W. and Bobbie
Jobe lost their voices
Mary Jo lost her suitcase
Betty Red lost her supper
And everybody lost their INHIBITIONS!"

This piece of originality didn't go over too well, so we went back to being grouchy, slouchy, and touchy. After supper in Winter Haven and an eleven o'clock snack at Gainesville, we arrived back in Valdosta at 2 a. m. We could not have been recognized as the same crowd that had left only a few days before, full of excitement and anticipation. We staggered off the bus, minus all of our excitement, and most of our money. We also needed a siesta badly. Then, something woke us with a start.

A cry, "They've cut down the trees!"

Yes, it was true. Our campus had been defoliated in our absence. At the crucial moment, a drowsy Hill girl made the Profound Statement of the Year:

"Stobs will never take the place of trees!"

It was FABULOUS!

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ment—you might find that you are about as good as any of those other people.

Fore!

Speaking in terms of tournaments, there's one that has not been mentioned—GOLF. This is the time for all would-be golfers to demonstrate their ability.

If you play a little fold, why not see how well your golf stacks up against everybody else's? You're probably just about as good as anyone else; haven't heard of any V.S.C. golfers winning any pro honors.

When the time comes, sign up for the tournament—be seen! you 'round the golf course.

Ahoy, Flashes

If you're one of the eager beavers that have been paddling around in the pool during the past two weeks—you're just the person we're looking for. Yes, we want you in the aquacade! We, also, want those who haven't rated as eager beavers—and refused to join the ice-breakers club.

Plans are in the making for the aquacade; so get your swimming togs ready so you'll be sitting on the word "go" when the call for swimmers is sounded.

Softball

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—right about 6:30, or right after supper, there'll be softball afield. This is an outing for players and spectators, alike. Of course, we are primarily interested in the players. It's a lot of fun. Some where I heard that most people enjoy these softball games more than any of the other sports' activities offered.

The sports menu for this quarter includes: archery, softball, swimming, tennis, golf and those individual sports as ping pong, badminton, etc.

Among all of these everyone should find at least one sport in which they would like to participate.

Adams In Navy

William Earl Adams, seaman apprentice, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Adams of 908 Lafayette St., Quitman, Ga., recently reported to the Commander Fleet Logistic Air Wing, Pacific, at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Alameda, Calif., where he is presently performing clerical duties in the personnel office.

Adams graduated from Quitman High School in June of 1949, then attended Valdosta State College for two years. He enlisted in the Navy at Jacksonville, Fla., on August 10, 1951.

Upon completion of recruit training at U. S. Naval Training Center, San Diego, Calif., he attended yeoman's school at San Diego. Adams reported to the staff of Commander Fleet Logistic Air Wing, Pacific, on February 22, 1952 from San Diego.

The absent minded professor we would like to see is one who would lecture to his steaks and cut his classes.

—The Tech Oracle

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Philharmonic Club

Presents Program

On February 27

On Wednesday, February 27, the Philharmonic Club of Valdosta State College presented the weekly assembly program. Each year the club gives a musical program for the student body and the participants are students studying voice and piano. The Serenaders assisted with a final group of Stephen Foster songs.

The program ran as follows:

Piano: Waves by Wright—Jane Simpson.

Voice: The Trumpeter by Dix—Randall Kelley.

Piano: Valse in F Sharp Minor by Chopin—Dolores Barry.

Voice: Duet from Madame Butterfly by Puccini—Barbara Hill and Betty Sellers.

Piano: The Engulfed Cathedral by Debussy; Rush Hour in Hong Kong by Chasins—Billie Cliett.

Voice: A medley of Stephen Foster Songs arranged by Wallingford-Reigler—The Serenaders: Mary Jo Lott, Betty Jackson, Peggy Jones, Joan Dekle, Rebekah Culbreth, Barbara Hill, Beverly Ann Tyson, Ivalene Chitwood, Virginia Massey; Accompanist—Mr. Clayton Logan.

Essay on Man

Man is what woman marries.

Man has two feet; two hands, etc., but never more than one collar button or one idea at a time.

If you wear red nail polish, rouge, and a rakish hat, he hesitates to take you out; but if you wear your little blue hat, no rouge, and no nail polish, he takes you out and proceeds to stare at a woman wearing red nail polish, rouge, and a rakish hat.

—Anonymous.

Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from Page Two)

sponsor its regular bi-annual semi-formal free-for-all (no admission) dance tomorrow night at 8:30 in Room 113. Please come early to help unscrew the seats and desks. Music by Stan Kenton and His Kentucky Mountain Boys.

Come on all you Russell for President fans—the just organized Jane Russell for President in 1952 Club is now open to new members. Simply contact Clarence van Asphasia or Magnesia Hagmirth if you would like to boost Jane Russell.



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