

The Campus Canopy

VALDOSTA STATE COLLEGE WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1952

NUMBER 12

VOLUME XVII

Miss Martha Hall Chosen Miss V.S.C.



REV. ZACH HAYES

Rev. Zach Hayes To Deliver VSC Baccalaureate

Dr. Henry King Stanford, assistant chancellor of the University System of Georgia, and the Rev. Zach C. Hayes, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Rome, have been named to speak at commencement exercises this year, according to Pres. J. Ralph Thaxton. The Rev. Mr. Hayes will preach the baccalaureate sermon Sunday afternoon, June 8, at services to be held at the First Baptist Church. The Rev. T. Baron Gibson, pastor, will deliver the invocation.

Members of the Women's Glee Club, under the direction of Clayton Logan, will provide the music for the program.

Dr. Stanford will address the 80-odd members of the 1952 graduating class on Monday, June 9.

Graduating from Emory University, Dr. Stanford later was a member of the faculty at Emory-Valdosta. From Valdosta he went to New York University where he received the Ph.D. degree in political science and public administration. At the University of Denver he served as chairman of the Department of Public Administration. In 1947 he entered the University System, becoming president of Georgia Southwestern at Americus. Later he resigned to head the Atlanta University Center. This year he was appointed to his present position.

A native of Georgia, the Rev. Mr. Hayes was educated in the public schools of Elberton and at McCallie School in Chattanooga. He received the A.B. degree from the University of Georgia and the B.D. degree at the school of Theology, Emory University. He has held pastorates in Palmetto, Bowdon, Madison, Carrollton, Griffin, and Augusta. A 32nd degree Mason, Rev. Hayes formerly was Grand Chaplain of Georgia Masons. A member of the Board of Trustees of the Methodist Children's Home, he is a past president of the Board of Evangelism.

'Cinderella Takes A Holiday'

The Home Economics Department under the direction of Miss Weems presented a student fashion show assembly program on May 14th.

The theme of the program was in the form of "Cinderella Takes A Holiday", showing fashions from the very informal sun-dresses to the crisp formal.

All of the clothes were made by the advanced clothing class of winter quarter of the beginning clothing class of this quarter.

Fraternity Undertakes Campus Project

Filli Fortunae will assume responsibility of a weekly radio program over WGAF to be dedicated to the campus of VSC and Emory Jr. Both schools are urged to work in close cooperation for this project in order to make it a success for both groups. The fraternity will not sponsor the time for the program but the publicity committee of the fraternity will gather the news from the different organizations and clubs and edit and possibly be narrator of the program.

A representative from both schools will meet with officials of WGAF to work out a plan for time and sponsor and other details. It is not certain when the program will go on the air but it is hoped that it may be in full swing by the middle of next week.

When you have news that will be of interest to the school give it to Copeland or any brother of he fraternity.

It is tentative of course but this is the present plan for the program: the first five minutes or so will be the news. Second, time will be given to one club to trace its history, give its present project special attention or special news pertaining to that club and last but not least an interview with some outstanding student from one of the schools.

Your cooperation and support is needed and will be appreciated. Success for the school is success for you.

Plans For Orientation Week Set

Plans for next year's Freshman Orientation Week took precedence over other business discussed at a called meeting of Student Council May 12.

Council members voted to meet in a night session Tuesday, May 20, to formulate a general framework for the September week of indoctrinating freshmen. Details will be executed by the Projects Committee under the chairmanship of Van Opdenbrow.

It was tentatively decided to usher in the week of activities with an evening designed to introduce new students to the faculty and administration and to student leaders of all campus clubs and organizations on campus. Classes conducted on different phases of the Student Government Association constitution also were planned. It was agreed that all club presidents who wish to provide any entertainment or programs for the freshmen should submit such plans to the Projects Committee.

Pres. Mary Virginia McDonald was instructed to appoint a special committee to study means of working out a plan for an all-campus religious program.

In previous meetings, the Council instructed Harold Wisenbaker, chairman of the Publications Committee, to supervise his committee in preparing next year's Student Handbook for next year. It was suggested that these be sent to all new students as soon as applications for admission to VSC are received and accepted.

Elections Committee Chairman Helen Grace Ford was informed of the resignation of Winnie Mae Chandler, junior class female representative to the Council, and directed to conduct a special election Friday, May 30, to fill the vacancy.

Hand Book Revised

The Publicity Committee headed by Harold Wisenbaker is engaged in the yearly and vital process of revising the handbook. The Committee began work under the direction of Mr. Gabard on Tuesday evening. Each club had been asked to turn in the copy it wished to have in the handbook so the committee could begin work immediately. Sizeable headway was made as reported by Mr. Gabard and with the capable leadership of Mr. Wisenbaker. Our campus should be able to boast one of the best handbooks in the state.

Handbooks are necessary for new students and transfer students. Old students as well find the handbooks invaluable on points of club activities, Student Government actions, and dormitory regulations.

This committee includes besides Chairman Harold Wisenbaker, Babs Threatt, Elizabeth Clark, Donald Bonner, Webster Carter, Becky Culbreth.

—Becky Culbreth

True Confessions

"IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU" by L. D. Iot

The long shadows of the bars fall across the striped mattress of my cot. The late afternoon sun tries to cheer up my bare room, but it is hopelessly destitute—truly a depressing habitation. The two straggly stalks of larkspur stuck in a ketchup bottle are my own feeble attempts at making my place livable. But then, in my present condition, all my attempts at anything are feeble. It is a poor environment for any journalistic efforts, but today, in one of my more rational periods I wish to put down the tragic story of my experience. Then everyone will know why I am living at the Dementia Praecox Private Home for the Mentally Ill.

It happened only a few months ago. I was living alone in a small cottage on the outskirts of town at the time, with no one except a few mice and some pictures out of Esquire for company. I called myself a free-lance writer and I lived in the typical bachelor's quarters, with the walls papered with rejection slips and the chairs filled with empty Schlitz bottles.

My life was changed in five short hours on an otherwise uneventful night in February. I had just hopefully mailed my latest manuscript to a publisher and I was determined to spend a restful evening listening to the radio. I drew a comfortable chair up close to the small, smoky, inclined-to-explode oil heater, and turned on the radio, picking a station at random. Greatly was I to regret his action in later days, but how was I to know then how his innocent gesture was going to turn out? How was I to know that six months later I would be in a miserable cell and not allowed to hear a radio again? But wait—the story is yet to come.

I drew a comfortable chair up close to the small, smoky—no, I've already written that. Sometimes I lapse into insanity again and repeat things that I've already said. I will start again.

Over the radio came the words: "Percival, my own, my love, my dearest lamb-chop, please do not leave me alone in the swamp like this, up to my collarbone in quicksand! I take back all I said about your grandmother being a nitwit! I didn't mean to break the axe over your little brother's head! Oh, take me back!! Take me back, Percival!"

I almost swallowed my Super- (Continued on Page Three)

Barrs Records Retreat Activities

By Martha Barrs

Here we are at Retreat Saturday night. At the present moment the three groups are gathered at the Strickland cabin where the Sports Council is staying.

Everybody has just raised their voices in singing "Warm Welcome" to Mrs. Joe Wisenbaker, our new Dean of Women.

The object for this meeting tonight is for the three groups (Women's Residence Halls Council, YWCA Cabinet, and Women's Sports Council) to "pool" their plans for freshman week and discuss them.

As for what has been done up to now—The YWCA and Women's Residence Halls Council seemed to have a very hard time securing a means of transporting their council members to their cabins at the lakes. It was thought originally that they were to ride on one of Mr. Zant's city busses, but upon learning Friday after dinner that the price of a ride on said bus would be \$30, the presidents of the two organizations had a couple of heart attacks and then started running in circles in order to get rides for the seventeen girls who would be walking if they failed.

Two very kind and generous men, Dr. Thaxton and Mr. McCoy, were martyrs to the cause by graciously granting us the use of the school truck—not only to haul the mattresses, but also the girls.

Friday night the Sports Council held their meeting to make their plans for next year. This was a very lively meeting and several changes were made in the sports program for next year.

The YWCA and Women's Residence Halls Council members did no work on Friday night, but Saturday brought several interesting discussions for them.

Miss Carter proved to be very entertaining to her group Friday night with her tumbling acts. Ask her to perform for you sometime by standing on her head. She does it perfectly.

Every member of the WRHC was alert in voicing his opinion on matters for discussion at their meeting Saturday morning.

Miss Carter, WRHC advisor, Miss Herndon, and Mrs. Wisenbaker, who will be the new advisor, were present at the WRHC meeting. The council members were very glad to have their help in solving various problems, although everyone was not in agreement at all times.

The "Y" meeting Saturday afternoon was a somewhat quieter one than the morning meeting. They discussed their future plans and were adjourned in less than an hour.

As for the remainder of the people the remainder of the day—everyone was either eating, swim-

Fraternity Stages Beauty Contest

Blue dresses, pink dresses, green dresses, yellow dresses, white dresses, blondes, brunettes, and red heads; all of these go along with distinct beauty which was so well exhibited by the 1952 VSC girls who appeared in the Beauty Revue, which was sponsored by the Fili Fortunae on Monday night, May 12.

Thirty eight girls were selected by the Fili Fortunae to appear in the contest. These girls were sponsored by various business establishments in Valdosta.

Jimmy Copeland served as master of ceremonies for the event.

After Copeland presented the thirty-eight girls and gave the names of their sponsors, very colorful entertainment was provided by Floye Franklin, soloist, accompanied by Charles Hancock from Valdosta High School with his guitar.

The impression of most students at VSC was that Floye was a citizen of Valdosta, Ga. until she proved to be so adept at singing such hillbilly songs as "Country Girl" and "I Want To Be A Cowboy's Sweetheart." To say the least everyone in the audience enjoyed the singing very much and if Floye should ever be without a job, she could easily join in with Jimmy Dickens or Eddie Arnold or some of the other famed singers of their style.

The second act of the Beauty Revue was the presentation of the top fifteen girls whom the judges selected from the group of thirty-eight.

Floye Franklin and Charles Hancock again appeared between acts and sang another of Floye's "specials". They seemed to have a little difficulty at first, but after getting started they did fine.

During this time he judges were deciding on the top eight girls who were then presented by the master of ceremonies, Jimmy Copeland.

The top honors were awarded Allece Strickland for third place; Anne Owens, second place; and the winner of the contest, Miss VSC of 1952, was Martha Hall.

Dr. Ralph Thaxton, VSC president, Sheriff Futch of Valdosta, and Colonel Anderson from Moody Field were the judges for the contest.

—Martha Barrs

ming, boating or sunbathing.

Up until tonight, everyone has had a grand time and tomorrow there will be no work to do with the exception of the short time in the morning set aside for the devotional period. So, everyone will have plenty of time to broil in the sun.

And then back to school tomorrow afternoon for another trying week of classes.



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—We are rapidly drawing to the conclusion of another school year. In checking over the mid-term reports, I notice that a great number of students had one or more unsatisfactory grades at mid-term. With the three weeks remaining, there is ample opportunity for a great deal of hard study. I would urge all of those students who had unsatisfactory grades at mid-term to devote more time to their studies so that they will bring up their averages and their work will be satisfactory for the term.

We were very pleased with the results of the questionnaire on the Artist Series that we distributed this week, and the Committee will do its best to work out a program for next year in line with the suggestions handed in to us. We appreciate your interest in the Artist Series, as it is your Artist Series, and a certain portion of the expenses of the Series is to be paid from the Student Activity fees. We are, therefore, anxious to provide the type of program that the students request.

As we draw to the conclusion of this year, you are urged to make your schedule for next year, and those of you who are dormitory students should make your dormitory reservations right away. This will help us a great deal in planning for the summer and next year.

I wonder how old Miss Jones is.

Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Shakespeare.

What is a tactful way for a girl's father to let her boy friend know it's time to go home?

He may casually pass through the room with a box of breakfast food.

"If you refuse me," he vowed, "I shall die."

She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

At the recent eclipse of the moon one college freshman arrived at the observatory with her camera. She said that she wanted to take a picture of the moon when it would be entirely eclipsed. Someone remarked that she wouldn't get much of a picture, but she was unperturbed.

"Oh, don't worry. I have a flashbulb attachment."

Once I had a little bird, and his song was the sweetest ever heard. He is gone—some cat got him!

Once I had a white pet mouse. He was great—pretty, dancing little mouse. He was ate—some cat got him!

Once I had a lovely beau. He was a dream—lots of cash to spend, you know. I could scream—some cat got him!

MY FIRST KISS

JIM COPELAND

Now most boys steal their first kiss about the age of fourteen, but I was every day of seventeen. It took me that long to get off the farm and find out there were some girls in the world besides my old maid aunt, Flu Fridge Hopper. Boy she was enough to make Kinsey go take a report of the sex life of a kangaroo. Ah but back to my story.

What was my story. Dr. J J Why-did-I-do-it, says the only way a man and woman can stay together till death do them part is for the old gal to push the lover boy out of a fourth story window. Yes, thank you J J.

But there I was on my seventeenth birthday and I had a date. Wow! All night I'm looking for the time I can take her home and kiss her goodnight. I'm ready about nine but she wants to be reckless and stay out till eleven. OK. Finally the hour comes and ahome we go. I'm standing on the front porch making small talk and building up courage. Just as I lean forward what happens? A light bug goes down my ear. I finally dig myself out of the rose garden and go inside. We're sitting on the sofa and I make another attempt. I've got her by the shoulders and whisper, "Honey you're mine." She jumped straight up and landed in the middle of the floor. She said that was the funniest she ever felt when someone told her that. No doubt. The spring on the sofa under her had busted loose.

We're wasting time climbing around so I sit on the floor with her. No preliminaries this time. I throw my arms around her waist and lit up like Grandpa on Saturday night. I had stuck my finger in the light socket. Bah! Let's stroll outside.

Without warning I grab her and as I look up into her cool eyes she whispers, "Honey if you don't get off my foot you won't have no teeth." Hmmm. I'm getting discouraged. We walk a little further and this time I'm careful when I grab her. Now my nose by itself is enough trouble to get out of the way but when mine is wiggling and hers is going like a rabbit there isn't much you can do in the way of a kiss. We look around and finally find the cause. I take off my shoes and put them out of smelling distance. At home we always lock the cows up and never let them walk around the house. So I'm ready to go again. I say to myself, "Coppe old boy. Just run up and grab her and by gum kiss her like she's never been kissed before." So I go a-flying up and grab her. It sounded like a whole set of china had been dropped. Our glasses met before our lips did. I wipe the blood away and say never mind. I'm about to walk to the car and... Hmmm. Kinda dark and wet down here. But then the bottom of out where I went. I told her to take three steps to the right and one

forward and she couldn't miss. HA! She made a bull's eye.

This isn't exactly how I planned it but at last we are alone. Only two feet on either side of us. She can't get away and nothing else can happen. Just as our lips meet... bloop. The water bucket falls. She calls me flat top now.

And then there was the time I was at the Log Cabin with a little miss. Ah but that is another story... I must go... "TO THE WOODS BY GEORGE TOTHE WOODS."

P. S. Girls, I'm still pronouncing prunes...

SENIORS GRADUATE IN DREXEL

SAM TODD

On Monday morning, June 9, the VSC seniors graduated in a very impressive service in Drexel Park. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining, flowers blooming, birds singing, and Mile Branch gurgling in the background.

The seniors filed into the park to a musical selection, "Nature Boy", rendered by Mr. White on his hollow log drum. After everyone was seated, Mr. Logan led the congregation in two songs, "Don't Fence Me In" and "I Don't Want to Leave the Congo."

Dr. Thaxton welcomed the parents of the graduates and all visitors and introduced the speakers of the day. During Dr. Thaxton's introduction and welcome a stray canine wandered across the amphitheatre, but he was promptly whisked away by the college dog catcher. The last sign of the poor canine he was being turned over to one of the college cooks. The cook was probably looking for a pet to replace his cat which was killed by a flying tennis ball during the VSC-FSU match.

The main speaker, Dr. Luther Burbankus of the University of Timbuctoo School of Botany who delighted everyone with his description of going on safari to hunt wild cauliflower in central Africa.

After Dr. Burbankus' address, the valedictorian address was given by I. Q. Einstein, Jr. of Raburn Gap, Georgia. His address was entitled, "Education; blood, sweat, and tears and we'll beat the Draft yet." Einstein Jr.'s speech consisted mainly of a discussion of the effect of the theory of relativity on the average man, woman also.

As the diplomas were about to be distributed a sudden deluge of rain descended. Although the audience was slightly water sopped, the seniors remained perfectly dry for the hood-sisters, ever alert, whipped out parasols and shielded the seniors from the elements.

Everything proceeded orderly until Mile Branch swollen by the rain threatened to sweep the levies away and panic threatened the group. Miss Sawyer rose to the occasion and quieted the situation by reciting an ode to the woodlark. While Miss Sawyer kept the audience calm, intrepid Van Ferguson rushed to the rescue and saved the day by plugging up the leak in the levies with an old abandoned stob.

Later Mr. Ferguson was cited for his bravery and was presented a wooden cross. He was also elected the most exalted group on the campus, The Royal Knights of the Pine Bur.

After the confusion the diplomas were presented. Although everyone was delighted to receive their sheep skin, there was some speculation that they were of inferior texture, for by the time the last ones were given out they had shrunk to the approximately the size of a postage stamp. This dissatisfaction was dispelled, however, for as the diplomas dried they regained their normal size.

After the great event was over, everyone agreed that it was the most beautiful and impressive graduation held on the VSC campus. Plans are already in progress to relandscape the park to make next years graduation even more impressive.

SOUNDING-BOARD

Dear Editor (I use "Dear" because it is customary, not because I have any feeling for YOU today.)

What do you think this is, your Birthday? Well, it isn't and here we are—the whole staff and no Editor in Chief. We have a paper to get out this week and just where are you? Silly Question, you are in bed, Dear Editor, more than likely with a deck of cards. Now, is that the place to be at this time of day with all the responsibility you have? (Well, you are suppose to have.) Let me tell you this; Do you expect your associate editors to do all the work? Well, you are sadly mistaken. Why do you think we promoted you to Editor? Of course, so you could write news articles, write features, write editorials, get ads, take pictures, lay out the copy, take it to the printers, proofread the mess, and get the paper to the ever-lasting er, I mean ever-ready student body. That Sir, is your Job! I am a circulating editor and I'll be blamed if I intend to do a thing but circulate! Well that is what I am suppose to do, isn't it? I just hate people who are shirkers and that is exactly what you are Mr. Ferguson!

Indeed—to have the mumps, of all things! More than likely you caught them on purpose and have given them to all the rest of us o boot. But I guess that is all you can expect from a mere Editor (if he isn't a circulating one, I mean.) This time I guess Grace will have to associate and Keith will keep managing, and Cope will keep featuring, and Dolores will keep sporting, and Gene will keep arting, and Martha will keep news-ing, and Mickey will keep socializing, and Barbara will keep businesssing and Mr. Gabard will keep advising,—whew—, and I naturally will continue with my circulating! And the next time you have the audacity to get the mumps, well somebody better protect you from the whole staff. That is a gentle hint to get yourself back over here right quick like, minus those mumps. I also send you a begrudging note of "Get well soon—we miss you."

Must go and attend to my circulating.

Becky

To The Seniors

Dear Editor:

Our four years at VSC are nearly gone. Soon we will be marching down the aisle with diploma in our hand, and with eager ambitious anticipation mingled with sadness at leaving in our hearts. Certainly, whether we graduate on our lovely south campus or follow tradition by using the auditorium, there will remain our class spirit of togetherness, unspoiled by bickering, because we have learned to like democracy in action.

Margie Smith

Thirty days has September. All the rest I can't remember. The calendar hangs there on the wall—why bother me with this at all!

One med student to another: "First I got tonsillitis, followed with appendicitis and pneumonia. After that I got poliomyelitis, and finally ended up with neuritis. Then hey gave me hypodermics and inoculations. No sir, I thought I would never pull through that spelling test!"

Did you hear about the man who died from drinking shellac? He had a fine finish.

The height of ineligibility—a doctor's prescription written with a post office pen in the rumble seat of a second-hand car.

Mistress (instructing new butler): Now how do you address a baron?

Butler: Your lordship.

Mistress: And his lady?

Butler: Your ladyship.

Mistress: And an admiral?

Butler: Ytur flagship.

A vain girl is like a clock. She's all face and figure, has no head to speak of, is very hard to stop after she's wound up, and has a striking way of calling attention to herself every hour of the day.

Wednesday, May 21, 1952

THE CAMPUS CANOPY

Highlights

By Mickey Carrello

PINS—

Popsickle or icesickle, man you can't tell about this weather, almost like a woman isn't it?

This is an interesting soliloquy I overheard in Converse Hall the other day . . . "Who has my pin? Quick, I need a pin! You can't ever find a pin around this place. I've gotta have a pin. Doesn't anybody have a pin?"

Speaking of pins, Grace McCord has recently received Sam Todd's fraternity pin, but she isn't the first Miss to receive the Filly Fortunae pin . . . Glenice Daugherty was the first lucky Miss . . . She was pinned by Bill Fogg.

MOTHER'S DAY—

A lot of the girls went home to celebrate and spend Mother's day with their Mothers on May 11th, but Becky Culbreth was hailed with a beautiful Mother's day card right here at VSC. It was from her fiancé.

HOUSE PARTY—

I hope Fernandina Beach was prepared to hold the anxious group who were on their way last weekend to celebrate the Filly Fortunae's first house party . . . Mina Millsap, one of the invited dates knows that she went with Oglesby, but can't remember which one! Also accompanying the party was Kat Meeka, last year's sponsor. The newly chosen sponsor is Marianne Joiner who was accompanied by her date Sonny Welch.

Barbara Hill, the Patti Page of VSC, took off for Athens on May 9th to attend the Alpha Delta Pi house party at Lake Rabun. She also attended the Senior Dance.

Barbara Ray, a freshman who hails from Nashville has a lovely engagement ring from Bill Fletcher who is stationed at Moody.

Jean Stewart was the house guest of Jack Cooper last weekend in Savannah. A very enjoyable time was theirs.

TEAS—

Wednesday May 14th created a lovely scene at the House in the Woods. A tea was given from 4:00 to 6:00 p. m. in honor of Miss Ann Owens and Miss Jo DeKle. Guests were composed of the senior dormitory students and a few special friends. This delightful affair was given by Miss Sue Nell White and Miss Mary Katherine Hill.

Mary Jo Lott left May 15th for Hazletown, Penn. She flew up to meet her future in-laws, and plans to be gone for about four days.

BOOKS—

Joanne Gilmer recently received a book from her fiancé entitled, "How to be an Air Force Officer's Wife." But there are some things we can't get out of books. Right?

Books, pocketbooks, spots, cleaners, lunch, fish, weather, hot, date, late . . . these are some of the things that caused Miss Herndon to get off to a bad start week-end before last. But she ended up by taking a trip to the beach and had a very nice time . . . and a very good meal at the Steer House.

Nancy Walner was off to Athens last week-end to attend the Chi Omega Rush party, and I am sure she had a mighty fine time.

MISS VSC—

Congratulations Miss VSC . . . Martha Hall was chosen Miss VSC from 39 contestants, who were on parade May 12th and a mighty pretty parade it was.

Women's Glee Club Names Officers

At a recent election of the Women's Glee Club, Becky Tyson was named to head the slate of officers for the coming year. Jane Anderson was chosen vice-president; Jane Burdette, secretary-treasurer; Barbara McElvey, librarian; and Janet Harris, assistant librarian.

Mobile soils esting originated at the Georgia Experiment Station, Experiment, and there are now five mobile units operating in the state. No other state provides such a service o farmers.

True Confessions

(Continued from Page One)

Duper Bubble Gum when I heard the desperate feminine voice pleading so close to my ear. Then I realized that the last soap-opera was going off the air and young Mrs. Hardluck was being swallowed up by quicksand in the wilds of the Okefenokee. She had just fought a terrific battle with two bears and her fifth husband.

"Percival," he hysterical voice continued, "please do not leave me! I'll do anything to make it up to you—I didn't fill your toothpaste tube with arsenic on purpose! I'll . . . ugghh . . ." I visualized the last remains of Mrs. Hardluck oozing through the muck and I broke out in a cold sweat. "Gee," I thought, "Mrs. Hardluck was a very bad woman—but quicksand is so—sticky!!"

But worse was to come. The commercial. An undernourished quartet, evidently suffering from gangrenous vocal chords, attempted a tune with the words:

"Z-U-D!, Z-U-D! Putzud in your lavato-ry
Your clothes will shine in all their glory
And listen in tomorrow for the rest of the story
Put Zud in your lavato-ry!!!

I sank down in my chair. How depressing! My journalistic mind cringed at the atrocious meter, the unequal rhyme, and the quivering tune of the ditty. ZUD!! How infantile! As for myself, I used Sloopy's Golden Soap—guaranteed to make your clothes yellow. And to make things worse, they repeated the commercial. How that quartet got through it a second time is still a mystery to me. But for that matter, many things are a mystery to me now.

The next program opened with the merry words: "The grave stone slowly raised itself up from the lonely and forsaken cemetery. It was midnight. An emaciated green hand reached up out of the grave and waved a bloody handkerchief to the vampire who was sleeping under a dead tree. She woke up, shook the bats out of her gray locks and took a deck of cards from her pocket. If we had two more," she whispered to the apparition, "we could play bridge instead of double-sol." Then

the rest of the conversation was mercifully drowned out by static. I took advantage of this interruption by crawling out from under the rug where I had cowered in terror and switching to another station. "Not that I'm a coward" I thought, as I lowered he shades and put four bookcases and a trunk against the front door, "but too many graveyard episodes might not be good for one." But alas for me! I had unwittingly turned to another commercial:

"Mmmm good! Mmmm good! That's what Burpy's soup is—Mmm good!
Burpy's Soup on your shelf is like a part-time cook in your kitchen!"

I turned the dial again. I was getting desperate . . .

"M-U-T-S, M-U-T-S
For acid indigestion and canker worms
Try M-U-T-S
With the pleasant Castoria taste!

I frenziedly tore my hair. What was I to do? My brain resounded with "M-U-T-S, M-U-T-S", but I decided to twirl the dial once more. That action proved to be my undoing. I heard in rapid succession:

"I'm all dressed up in my hairdo—Does your cigarette taste different lately? Not for years, not for years, not for life, but B. O. . . . Corn troubles? Why be irritated? Try . . . Bad Breath. Poor Miriam! Dear Miriam! Do your friends avoid you? Maybe you have . . . milk of magnesia at your nearest drugstore tonight?"

Was I going crazy? I wondered. Was I? Was I?—I know the answer now. I was.

"Stick 'em up, you miserable cur", was the last thing I heard as I ran out into the night hrough four bookcases and a trunk.

They found me the next morning out in the field about a mile from my house. They said I was muttering something about Marconi. They wondered why I didn't turn the radio off, but I guess some things just get the best of you before you realize what has happened.

Anyway, I've finished my simple story. I'm rather simple now, too.

God's Out-of-Doors

Being an ardent admirer of the extraordinary aspects of nature in the great out-of-doors, I have devoted much of my time to discover the natural and undisturbed beauties which everyone should enjoy. Bring into my presence one individual that can't appreciate nature's wonders granted to us by God, and I shall show you one that has been caught in the web of disillusionment and has never been able to free himself of life's hardships.

Just spare a few precious moments and I will relate to you some of my most cherished observations of the past years of my enjoyable life.

Early one summer mtrning my father and I were drifting lazily down a calm and peaceful river just a couple of miles from my home. The sweet smelling magnolias and bay trees were in bloom, causing a delightful atmosphere and spreading their blanket of pollen on the surface of the water. We were making a short trip from a point known as McCree's landing to Blue Springs trying our luck at the art of angling, and we had not done too poorly, as there was a collection of four yearling rock trout and seven red breast perch in our live box. The sun was peeping over the sandy banks and brightening the silvery moss which hung from the large live oaks and cypresses that seemed to be gathered along the sides of the river for an early morning drink like a herd of elephants in some stream of the jungles. Once in a while a lonely squirrel jumped from limb to limb, looking for a chat with his neighbors or gnawing on the juicy acorns scattered in the oaks. Everything seemed to be blessed with a fruitful scent and crowned in the most gracious colours. The fish at this time of the year seemed to be waiting for some fat grub, which had been munching on the young tender leaves, then to fall lazily on the surface of the stream. The fish would then have their fill for the morning as they slowly swim off into the deep and dark waters well satisfied.

But this is only one of the many enjoyable events that I have witnessed in nature, as I have waited cautiously with a great urge to discover what would be in store

for me next.

December was a cold month, the ducks seemed to have decided to migrate down South to spend their winter vacation. I can think of no better time or place than to be waiting for them on a large grassy pond surrounded with graceful cypress trees. The pond is located only a short twenty minutes drive just south of town.

As my friend and I began to settle down hidden in a large clump of grass, we could hear the sound of the coots and the teal which had spent the night on the water. The clouds slowly tracked and the sun began to radiate sending off bright rays to the mercury colored waters.

Even though we hadn't had a sufficient number of winks of sleep between yesterday into today, there was too much excitement to even think of cooperating with Morpheus and her drugs of slumber for the shrill of the bull neck and the blue bills could be heard far across the water. Just then there was a whispering sound high above us, but we didn't make a motion for fear the keenness of the duck's eyes would detect our presence. The first flick should never be frightened but left alone, and they will find some place to land and act as decoys for the rest of the hunt. There was a velvet hue in the East and the sky was beginning to spread back its sheets of darkness. The atmosphere was completely full of all the different types of ducks flying in the shape of a perfect "V". Shots rang out and echoes in the sound of heavy thunder completely circled the pond and met each other fadingo ff in the distance. Some times if the hunters are well hidden a flock of Canadian geese will circle the horizon giving off their own peculiar sound and gradually leveling off into some open patch of water away from any sign of known danger.

Very few hunters in this territory are fortunate enough to bring home a wild goose, and I am also one of those unlucky wishful nimmers. Whether we were fortunate enough to have good luck or not I can say that I always enjoy companionship, friendship, and God's great out-of-doors.

The output per man hour of man labor in agriculture has gone up 62 percent since the 1935-39 period, according to Georgia agricultural economists.

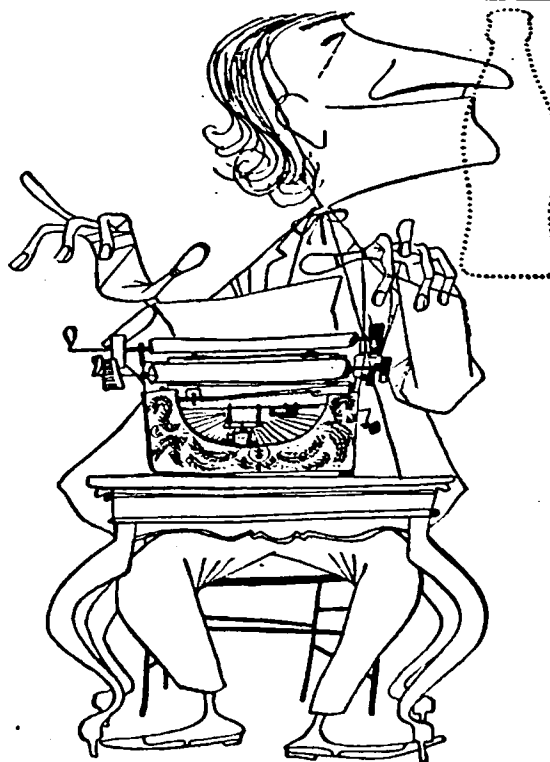
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English Club Holds May Meeting

The English Club met Tuesday night, May 13th at the House in the Woods for its last meeting of the year. The new president, Rebekah Culbreth presided. Changes in the specifications for membership in the club were discussed and passed upon. Starting next year those interested in the activities of the English Club other than only majors will be permitted to hold membership if they meet the qualifications of a committee. Cornelia Ashley, vice president, was in charge of the program. Six people from this quarter's creative writing class had been selected to read their best papers aloud. Each year the club has given as an award a book to the winner of these little contests. The award was won by Miss Marie Bergen, our exchange student. Betty King, outgoing president, presented the book, Literary America, to Miss Bergen.

Hostess for the evening was Miss Marjorie Smith.

—Becky Culbreth

VSC Faculty Honored

The VSC faculty was honored recently at an informal party held in the college garden.

Misses Beatrice Nevins, Lillian Patterson and Thera Hambrick were hostesses.

Serving tables were placed alongside the garden. Frosted drinks and a variety of sandwiches and sweets were served by the hostesses.

County agents in the piedmont section of Georgia report cutworms damaging cotton stands in early May.

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Home Economics Club Meeting Held May 7

The final Home Economics club meeting for this year was held last Wednesday night, May 7, at the House in the Woods. Mary Gallagher, the newly elected president, presided at the meeting.

Due to the lack of sufficient funds for successful operation, and the small number of people in the two clubs, the Fine Arts club and the Home Economics club plan to merge and form on big, strong club. At the present definite plans for the operation of this new organization have not been set up, but even though the two clubs are merging, each individual group will maintain its state and national affiliations.

Mrs. Hoke Smith, an outstanding member of the Valdosta garden club, demonstrated some very interesting ways of arranging flowers. The club members were much amazed with the simplicity of demonstrations which produced such beautiful and interesting arrangements.

On behalf of the club, Mary Gallagher, presented the retiring president, Barbara Howell, and Miss Weems, the club sponsor, with small gifts to express appreciation for their work this year.

—Barry

Georgia's annual Dixie crimson clover crop is valued at 6,000,000 yearly. This crop was developed at the Georgia Experiment Station.

Georgia broiler producers put 30 percent more chicks in houses during April than for the same month a year ago.

Brookwood

Pharmacy

DRUGS

and

SUNDAES

Math-Science Club Holds Meeting

The Math-Science Club held its regular monthly meeting Wednesday night, May 13, in the House-in-the-Woods. There were 15 members present and Grace McCord, newly elected president, presided over the meeting.

The Biology Division was in charge of the program, and Dr. Nevens showed some very interesting slides that she had taken.

Plans were discussed about raising a scholarship fund to be awarded to the most outstanding senior in either the division of biology, chemistry, or mathematics. Also an award to be presented to the outstanding student in one of these fields on Honors Day was considered.

The math division was in charge of refreshments.

—Kate Childree

Tennis Team Receives Awards

At a meeting of the Men's Athletic Association May 14, athletic awards were made to eight members of the tennis squad. Coach James E. Spear announced. Those men were Rema Sapp, Bill Fogg, Paul Myddleton, Garmon Joiner, Woodie Guy, Gene Hackett, Sonny Welch and Charles Cox.

These men had conformed to the requirements laid down by the Men's A. A.

The squad closed out its season last Saturday, dropping the matches to Emory at Oxford, 5-2.

New Radio Program Features VSC Music Majors

A letter of appreciation for broadcasting the Metropolitan Opera during the past season and a request for a program of classical music on Saturday afternoons has led Station WGAF to inaugurate a half-hour program featuring classical selections with explanations and comments by music majors at Valdosta State College.

Barbara Hill, a sophomore voice major from Valdosta, initiated the series of programs last Saturday with music from the opera Aida. Each guest commentator from VSC is given the privilege of selecting her favorite group of records and making explanatory comments.

To continue each Saturday through June 7, the programs will feature Becky Culbreth, Billie Cliett and Dolores Barry, who are piano majors.

A comparatively new pest in this state is the fire ant which was introduced from South America. It inhabits lawns, golf courses, and playgrounds.

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SPORTSLITE

By Dolores Barry
SPORTS CLUB TO PRESENT AQUACADE MAY 30th

The annual aquacade which is presented by the Woman's Sports Club is well on its way to completion. The water show is scheduled for the 30th of May. There will be precision swimming as well as competitive events in the form of relays and form swimming. The participants will be representatives from the Phi Lambda and Phi Kappa intermural sport teams. These girls will be out to do their best to win events for their teams.

The aquacade will get off to a good start with the competitive swimming. The following girls are swimming: Lambdas: Martha Hall, Susan Tullis, Peggy Stewart, Louise Blankenship, Lella Harmon and Lucell Bauer; Kappas: Jo Gilmer, Elinor Jones, Pat Carson, Ruth Miller and Becky Tyson. Other names will be added to this list before the events take place.

After the relays, the groups under the direction of Martha Hall will give a spectacular water pageant in which special music, lighting effects and costuming have been used. One of the highlights of the aquacade takes place when Martha Hall presents a water ballet. Others who will participate in the precision swimming are: Elaine Whindham, Jo Gilmer, Dot Bush, Peggy Stewart, Lella Harmon, Jeannette Jones, Ruth Miller, Sister Griffin, Winnie May Chandler, Rheda Blackwell, Sue Nell White, Lucell Bauer, Becky Culbreth, Dolores Barry, Pat Heath, Elinor Jones, Fayge Siskind, Lucy Patillo, Margaret Ann Cannon, Barbara Smith, Becky Tyson, Pat Carson, Susan Tullis, Leland Branch, Barbara Tankersley, Shirley Thomlinson, and Ann Owens.

The aquacade of 1952 will be brought to a close with the awarding of the Sports Club honor plaque to the intermural team having earned the highest number of points during the year on the sport's fields. Will it be the Lambdas or the Kappas? Come to the aquacade and find out. The admission will be 25c and it will

be well worth every penny of it.

SPORTS CLUB MAKES PLANS AT RETREAT

The Sports Council of VSC held its annual retreat on the 16th, 17th and 18th at Twin Lakes. Plans for Freshman week were tentatively set up and many necessary changes in the sports program were discussed and in some cases changed. The Council met with the "Y" cabinet and the WDRH council to combine ideas for a better Freshman Week program. It is hoped that from the plans that from the plans that were made, the Woman's Sports Club will be able to continue to provide a varied program in the field of sports.

Miss Ivey and Miss Rooks, council advisors served as chaperones for the weekend at the lakes.

MCA Holds Election

Buford Fulford of Donalsonville was named president of the Men's Christian Alliance for next year. Malcom Davis of Dunwoody was elected vice-president, and Virlon Griner of Adel was chosen secretary-treasurer. Freddie Wheeler, Manor, will serve as treasurer and William Woodward, Lake Park, will be chaplain.

Magazine Features Georgian

A Georgia 4-H Club girl is featured in the May issue of Country Gentleman. Doris Boswell, Greene County, along with three boys and two other girls from throughout the nation, were guests of the magazine in Philadelphia and helped staff members prepare the department, "Our Teen-Agers Speak Up." Doris was chosen on a basis of her work in the 4-H bread project. She was Georgia champion last year.

CAMPING SEASON BEGINS

In June, the 1952 4-H Club camping season will begin. In addition to camps for county groups, four special camps will be held on a project basis — in forestry, wildlife and naval stores. By the end of the summer, more than 10,000 boys and girls will have received instruction and recreation at camps.

Philharmonic Club Publishes Program

Music Studio 7:30 P. M.

May 21, 1952

PROGRAM

Venitienne ----- Conrad Durham
Schon Rosmarin ----- Treider
Arranged for 2 Pianos by Morton Gould
Aspasia Panos
Warsaw Concerto ----- Richard Addinsell
Arranged for 2 Pianos by Percy Grainger
Dolores Barry
Rhapsody in Blue ----- George Gershwin
Rebekah Culbreth
Miss Warren at second piano.

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"That's My Boy"

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"Excuse My Dust"

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