WHAT IS CULTURE?

By Birgitta Berg

What is culture? That is a question which is difficult to answer, and the definition of culture changes with the time and the individual.

The later part of the 19th century Thomas Henry Huxley, the great scientist and philosopher, wrote an essay entitled, "Science and Culture", in which he showed the importance of science as a contribution to industrial progress and to culture, as he showed how in the curriculum of the past ages the study of Latin and Greek, history and philosophy, rhetoric and grammar was emphasized. The classical education included only these subjects as necessary for a cultivated individual.

In this "one-sided" education, Huxley propagandized for science in the curriculum: "It will increase our understanding of "what is life"." And second, a knowledge of "that literature which contains the materials which suffice for the construction of much criticism." This literature should include the study of nature as well as the Greek, Roman and Eastern antiquity.

Huxley's opinion is that: "Perfect culture should supply a complete theory of life, based upon a clear knowledge alike of its possibilities and of its limitations."

For the real scientist, however, classical education is a "mistake"; he should devote his time completely to science, maybe with the exception of a limited knowledge of languages such as German and French.

By Stanley Jun

Most words may be used properly in either formal or informal English, but there is a minority of words and phrases that might not be used in formal English. These colloquial expressions are peculiar partly because of the fact that people don't like their classification as colloquialisms, for using English properly and partly because of the fact that colloquialisms are picturesque. The only defense that colloquialisms have is that they sometimes keep a conversation from being uncomfortably stiff. Colloquialisms, while not incorrect, ought be used only among friends and with caution. We Georgians should be able to recognize colloquialisms and to avoid them in critical situations.

Many Northerners consciously or unconsciously think that all Southerners are ignorant farmers. We Georgians know that ignorant farmers are a minority here, but don't people from other areas have the same reason for such thoughts when they hear our speech? We ought to pause and imagine what our listeners' impressions are. For example, many people say things like, "Who all's going to the shindig tonight?" Is this the speech of an educated southerner? Imagine two housewives engaged in gossip as one says to the other, "Sweeetie, I'm just flabbergasted!" We don't have to impress people with our elegance; but these illustrations show us that we can, by proper speech, make a good impression rather than a poor one.

It is a well-known fact that people judge others by the way that they wash their faces, dress, shave and clean their nails; therefore a neat person gives a good impression. What many of us don't seem to realize is that we are judged by our speech also. Some people are that open-minded. A Georgian who hasn't had much education may be excused for using colloquialisms, but a well-educated person ought to be able to substitute other words. Why should we use a colloquialism when we may instead of choose a more accurate word which was made for the purpose? What would a clerk reply to a customer who asked for a thingummy? Is it anything like a doohickey? If a person who is accustomed to using colloquialisms uses them in formal circumstances, he finds that they have a strange, hollow ring that wasn't noticed at home with family and friends.

One of the greatest problems concerning the use of colloquialisms is the mental pictures that they convey to the listeners' minds. For example, many people, when they have a good idea, say, "I had a brainstorm". What happens within the skull of a person who has a brainstorm? Is there a howling wind, a driving rain,--a literal tempest? Here in Georgia I often hear one person day of another comical person, "He's a card." Is he a king, queen, or an ace; or does he live in the filling cabinet? I don't personally know any cards. If a person is said to be in a pickle, how did he get into a pickle? How much of him shows on the outside? We Georgians may avoid precipitating such mental pictures by choosing our words carefully. Oh, goody! I just thought of a crazy colloquialism. You characters might think it's a fish story, though, so I'd better fizzle out.
Sine of Love

I saw her as a most beautiful conglomeration of ellipses, parabolas, and sine waves in perfect symmetry as she slithered into the living room. I sat confidently on the sofa sketching perfect symmetry as she slithered before driving across the lawn or bothers to observe the posed speed limit? Who misses a few small shrubs carelessly crushed by feet hurrying on a short-cut to an all-important class? Which campus organization is concerned enough to start a drive to renovate the half-constructed house in the woods? Where are our conscientious students? Has the "twist" taken complete precedence over civic-mindedness, manliness and principles?

Although we the students need to be reprimanded, we are not the only ones. The more fastidious student and visitor alike can not refrain from wondering at his own observations. Why must we have an abundance of palms while at the same time we have to wade through ankle-deep mud puddles from darn to dining hall or classroom during the monsoon-like season which is essential to the growth of our beautiful shrubs? Is it essential that our parking lots be filled with pollen-laden trees and pines which constantly pour pentane onto the expensive automobile finisher in the frog pond behind Reade Hall as well as various other dark nooks an attempt to demonstrate to us how mosquitoes reproduce?

The list of corrections for students and administration seems endless. The dominant question of whether practicalness and usefulness should be sacrificed for beauty is not a new one. The students have confidence that the administration is working hard to provide the best for us both in beauty and utility.

However, now that spring is here many students are looking to the parks in anticipation of an evening stroll with sweethearts. In these moments amid the fragrant and romantic atmosphere where hearts beat rapidly, thoughts drift to far away places, and hopes are set on a happy future, how many minds will be returned to reality by a stinging mosquito bite, a slap on the arm, and rising red welsh?

Our First Librarian Was A Chicken Plucker

The first VSC librarian was a chicken plucker. Not only a plucker, but a raiser and giver of good grain too. She was Mrs. Philbrick, Professor of Chicken Husbandry, and her side line was library work.

Mrs. Philbrick was given the title of librarian when the 5,000 volume collection was moved into the ad building. Its former housing had been in a small dressing room in Converse Hall.

Because the job of librarian was becoming more important, the President moved Mrs. Philbrick out of the chicken plucker line into the role of full-time librarian with a salary of $500. The library budget was $301.24 for 1940.

When the library had grown to larger size and students were filling the room, the school built the present one. The year was 1940 and dedication ceremonies were quite an event. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt left her first lady duties and came down to participate in the grand library opening ceremonies. The whole town, as well as the student body, was there when the doors were opened.

Mrs. Roosevelt was pleased, She later wrote a newspaper article praising this small South Georgia College for Women for its progress in the field of education.

Today, only twenty-two years later, the students of VSC have outgrown this original building plus a large addition. It isn't necessary to have to hunt around for a good place to sit. The lack of space hinders studying to a great extent, but the administration seems to be reprimanding students who are looking for a chair or a place to read books.

The library needs to expand again. A room for bound periodicals would be a big help. There has been a 60% increase in usage of that division in the last four years. In 1961 about 15,000 volumes were circulated plus a large addition.

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Circulation has increased twenty-four percent—-an average of 80 books a day have been checked out this spring quarter. A total of 43,000 volumes, 30 magazines, 15 newspapers and thousands of government information bulletins are housed, requiring a card catalog of 190 drawers. The first catalog had four drawers.

An inventory of books is taken each year. If a book is missing, after two investigations it is considered lost. There were 12 books marked off this year, showing a steady increase in replaceable books over past inventories.

Books are purchased each year with the $10,000 appropriation. (This money doesn't include state funds.) Other books are purchased through our Federal Government Library Program.
Beautiful Nature!

By Mickey Short

Ah! Beautiful nature. How seldom one observes pure infinite beauty such as you possess. Graceful clouds run in a stately glee, adorned with leaves and a delicate shade of gray moss. As the soft breeze stirs, the leaves seem to whisper, and the moss waves as if to an enchanted melody, yet revealing none of your secrets. A bird chirps, high upon a sweeping bough, covered by icy green moss. This bird is baked in breath-taking cold, truly right to behold. His song seems to speak of beauty yet uncomprehended. As I look across your shining mirror of water, I see a fish break its tranquil surface, clothed in a suit of scales, in anutter world, untroubled by the word above its surface. A fish, a bird, a tree, each infinitely perfect, immaculately housed under a roof of beautiful blue. As I gaze upward, I see a flock of feathery fliers, and a fleecy white cloud drift gracefully over. I marvel at our never ending beauty. For each time that I step on your carpet of green I see some new beauty. Like a never ending stream, or leaves of a tree, they give their life a tranquil green, and then as a tribute they die in a vivid array of flashing color, when a small green bud, suggests beauty yet unfulfilled.

By Joel L. Bland

The sun was beating down on the white sand as it had done for so many days and years in the fruitless past. The old man sat, slightly reclining on the shore, watching the surf wash the sand as if it were time itself, washing away the wasted years of his life. His white, matted beard was stirring slightly as the incoming breeze rippled along, brushing against his weather-beaten, leather-tanned face.

New, potent life is restless life, as his had once been; but now he was old—no potency, no restlessness. All that remained was an overpowering desire for the love and companionship of a fellow human being. In a way, the many years of isolation had been good to the old man, for he had become very wise about many of the mysteries of life. Perhaps in his old age, his wisdom had developed a tumor, producing the malignant growth of senility, but it was only because of his many years—not a result of his isolation.

No matter how he came to his predicament; cause and effect can become to intermingled as to lose the effect and significance of each one individually. Suffice it to say that he was the small island; that he had been the greater part of his life without the sight of a human being, and without the sound of a human voice, other than his own.

As he could do nothing else, the old man thought a great deal. Usually, his thoughts would turn to nature, religion or food. Lately, though, his thoughts kept returning to that painful subject of loneliness and the lack of love and companionship. He began to recall scattered, vague impressions of his childhood, when he had the love of his parents. He felt a vast, empty space within himself, and he knew that only another person could fill it. It made him sad to think these thoughts, and often tears would flow down his wrinkled face, and he would feel ashamed and turn his thoughts to other things.

A period of time passed, consisting of brightness and darkness, blistering heat and cool wind, hunger and more hunger, sleep and sadness. Now it was early afternoon. The old man was still watching the sea, and the eternal wind was still blowing. The only difference was that the time of death, for this thought was not painful—not so much as that offer dreadful thought. But there it was again. It seemed to creep from the corners of his mind and manifest itself in the form of sadness. He let his mind pick freely its choice of topic as he sat by the water world, untroubled by the world above its surface.

The Sun shone brightly;
The leaves fell languidly from the trees,
Cars filled the streets,
Children played . . .
Jake Weatherby was buried,
Fresh turned earth,
The sickening sweet smell of roses;
One woman's grief, deep and wretched . . .
Spots of light appeared in the windows
TV sets were turned on,
The theaters were filled,
And the day was over.

— Nancy Spell

Let Freedom Ring

I am the voice of Mankind—
Proud men, Noble men, Struggling men.
My roar is heard across oceans;
Above the din of a throbbing city.
I murmur low to the hearts of all men—
Young hearts, untouched by the ravages of Time,
Aged hearts, withered and quiet.
My echoes tell of the past;
I speak to the future in loud resonant tones.
I die daily, and my plea has failed many a tomb.
Yet I am born each day in the heart of a newborn babe.
I know no silence.
Never will my tongue be still,
Whispering, Rising, Roaring —
I will be heard!
I am the voice of Mankind - The voice of Freedom.

— Nancy Spell
ERNSTE STUNDE

He who now weeps somewhere in the world,
without reason weeps in the world.
Weeps over me.

He who now laughs somewhere in the night,
without reason laughs in the night.
Laughs at me.

He who now travels somewhere in the world,
without reason travels in the world.
Travels to me.

He who now dies somewhere in the world,
without reason dies in the world.
Looks at me.

Blike
— A Translation by John Baxley

Party Party

Unbelieving,
No more liquor?
No more drinking?
No more double negatives.

People grasping
Cocktail glasses
Stand in gasping
Teeming masses.
People smoking,
People drinking.
Coughing, choking.
Getting stinking.
Some discreetly
Boiled or fried;
Some completely ossified.

Liquor spilling.
Trousers sopping.
Steady swilling.

Bodies dropping.
Glasses falling.

On the floor:
People calling,
"Drop some more".
Bodies steaming,
MoraFs stretching,
Women screaming.
Some still fetching.
Heavy smoking.
Air gets thicker.

Someone croaking,
"No more liquor..."
What? What??
NO MORE LIQUOR...

People snicker.

Dear Sir:
You never past me in grammar because you was prejudiced
but I got this here athleti:ic scholarship any way. Well, the other
day I finely get to writing the rule's down so I can always study it if
they ever slip my mind.
1. Each pronoun agrees with their antecedent.
2. Just between you and I, case is important.
3. Verbs has to agree with their subject.
4. Watch out for irregular verbs, which has crope into our language.
5. Don't use no double negatives.
6. A writer mustn't shift your point of view.
7. When dangling, don't use participles.
8. Join clauses good, like a conjunction should.
9. Don't write a run-on sentence you go to punctuate it.
10. About sentence fragments.
11. In letters themes reports articles and stuff like that we use comma
    to keep a string of articles apart.
12. Don't use commas, which aren't necessary.
13. Its important to use apostrophe's right.
14. Don't abbrev.
15. Check to see if you any words out.

Sincerely your's,
Fauntleroy Spindleshanks
Class of '65

As I go from day to day
Seeking always to find the way,
The way of life that suits me best
While each day puts me to the test.

I'll follow the sky, the sea, the sand
With heart and soul clasped hand in hand.
With love, and truth, and purpose in mind,
I'll go each way the path doth wind.

Till my work and life on earth are done
And I can face the setting sun.
When I have stood each trying test,
I'll wait for death to give me rest.

— Barbara Walker

The time we've spent together
I shall cherish as moments of peace
Moments of happiness and sorrow
Moments of tenderness so sweet.
What we felt in time will develop
Into a friendship, lasting and true
I only wish fate had been kinder
So that our love could prove.

But Life is an awful teacher
Not allowing some things to be
And our love which we shared only moments
Life forbade from eternity.
Yet, we have been blessed with a token
—Life rarely gives such as these—
A friendship to replace what we shared
Friendship eternity concedes.

A black bead dropped to the floor and bounced
under a chair, an unaltered path.
Seashells and weeds crashed to shore and lay
mimicked by the sun, dried.
Oil rags, garbage, orange and banana peels,
coffee grounds, stank above the rain.
Death—the same. Fulfilled, yet unfulfilled.

A black bead picked up, glued into a prized
jewelry, five and dime pric'd.
A loving hand smooths fingers across the she!i.
takes her home as a memory.

A loving hand smooths fingers across the shell,
takes her home as a memory.
Pigs lost in the night find refreshment in orange
and banana peels, a bed of rag.
Life—the same. Renewed hope after seeming
death.

— Name withheld
The Japanese Stiletto

By Ricardo A. Perez
El Salvador

Friday afternoons I usually go out for a ride in the country. I am not so much interested in the horses as I am in the girls. I never pick up the girls; I only pick up the boys when they are alone and no one else is. I don't always do this—only when I feel the urge.

Yes, there is one now and there are no cars coming and not in sight. Where are you going?

"That's exactly where I'm going."

"Oh, it's really not nice of me to give you a ride. You see, I usually pick up guys; only in... oh, never mind. It's not an urge you are going?"

There they are: The sexists. People usually ask me why I do so many of them. I always change covers after picking up someone on the road.

"No, you won't mess it up."

"Don't go."

"I don't think I'll have to,"

"It's not an urge to pick up girls."

"It's in the glove compartment."

"I must have pushed back under the seat and over the seat."

"Thank you. Now, under the seat there is a book; hand it to me, please."

"It must be back under the seat."

"Now it's the time. I just opened it."

"Japanese rod and strike."

"I done, I'll leave his body in a ditch and change the seat. I can't stand the sight of blood."

Brazillian Tradition

By Lea Padigas de Souza
Brazil

Social customs in different places are always interesting to be compared. Sometimes they differ very much one from the other, but there always seem to be a common element within them.

It was never heard of a girl who would not dream about a diamond ring. In Brazil the girls also like to dream and make plans for the future.

The average age to start dating is between 15 and 16 years old. By then the girls should be finishing high school. The reason why they finish high school so early is because of the educational system is a little different from that of other countries. Boys and girls are in the same classes in elementary school, but in high school and three in college.

Frequently, the boy visits the girl and her family before they start dating regularly and even after they know each other well. If the girl does not know the boy and his parents well, one person should go along with them on a date. This person might be a friend, one of the parents, or the girl's little brother. The last one loves to go on dates with his sister because her boyfriend does everything he can to please him, buying top, candy, etc.

When a boy is planning to marry a girl, the first thing he does, before giving her the ring, is to talk with her father and see if he approves the marriage. After obtaining that permission he may give her the ring. The ring is a gold circle with diamonds.

We call "alliance". If the boy wishes and can afford to buy a diamond ring besides the gold one, he can.

The girl's name is engraved inside the boy's ring and vice versa. Both the boy and girl wear their rings on the right hand while they are engaged and change them to the left hand after the wedding.

Another interesting custom that we have in Brazil regarding rings are the profession rings.

People representing different professions wear rings made of different stones and having different symbols to indicate their professions. Thus, the elementary teachers wear a turquoise and diamonds and the symbols are a book and pen and the Brazilian flag. The secondary teachers wear a sapphire and diamonds; the doctors an emerald and diamonds; the engineers an amethyst and diamonds; and the symbol is a compass. The nurses wear a ruby and the symbol is a scale.

The Great American Novel

Three men were grouped about a small fire. The tiny flame sent flickering shadows dancing among the trees of the Kentucky forest. It was the winter of 1776, and there was a chill in the air which made the men huddle tightly together. The fire was crackling, and there were three ordinary wayfarers. One stood by the fire, a gaunt, bronzed man who was filling the lock of his long rifle. Another, to the right of the observer, was absorbed in nothing more than the fate of his bacon, which crackled and sizzled a little. He said nothing but looked out into the night with a vacant stare. He was no more important than the others. No one dreamed that they had thought that this quiet group of men would play a part that was to affect the history of an entire nation.

As a matter of fact, he would have been right. The men were three squatters named Smith, Jones and Harris who were never heard of again.

From Guided Tour of Campus Humor.
in 1862 at Griffin, Ga., Doc's father was Major Henry B. Holliday who served in the 97th Georgia Infantry during the War Between the States. His mother was the former Miss Alice Jane Meek.

Records in the Lowndes courthouse reveal the major moved his family to Lowndes in 1864. Valdosta was then a town newly carved out of the pine woods on the Savannah and Gulf Railroad. Doc Holliday would have been almost 13 years old when his family moved to Valdosta.

The major first bought five lots of land in the northern part of the county and later moved his family into town and the Savannah Avenue address.

Thomas S. Meeky, the major's brother-in-law later moved his family from Griffin to Valdosta. His son, Tom Meeky, now 86, lives in Valdosta and recently talked with this correspondent about the southern Georgia legend that has surrounded Doc.

The Hollidays were considered a wealthy family, members of the respected family of the Old South existing before the War Between the States.

But when Doc was growing to manhood and courting and attending school, his world was rapidly crumbling. Although Valdosta was not directly affected by the War, the people here felt the pinch of sacrifice for the war effort. The temper of the times had a great effect on Doc's life. He is known to have been a good horseman and a crack shot with pistol and rifle. One part of the legend surrounding his name deals with the shooting of some Negroes at a local swimming area.

Tom Meeky says the shooting incident actually happened.

Doc also struck up a friendship with one named Big Nose Kate in Denver. She later went with him to Tombstone.

One of his friends in Tombstone was the noted Marshall Wyatt Earp. Doc helped Wyatt and his brothers in the famous shootout at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone.

All these years, the Georgia gentleman turned western gambler was living on raw courage and red-eye, his lungs slowly wasting away from the gnawing disease.

He left Tombstone and went to Glennwood Springs, Colorado early in 1887 to seek a cure for the consumption, there was no cure.

His last breath came at Glenwood Springs on Nov. 8, 1887. He was then 35 years old and a long way from Savannah Avenue. Marshall Earp gave a final tribute to Doc Holliday. Writing in the San Francisco Weekly Examiner in 1896, Earp said: Doc was a dentist whose necessity had made a gambler; a gentleman whom disease had made a frontier vagabond... a long, lean ash blonde fellow whoottomed and loved women and at the same time the most skilful gambler and the deadliest man with a sixgun I ever knew.

Tom McKey says none of the Negroes were hurt, but they scattered after Doc caught them in a favorable white swimming hole off at Avery Jones Road.