

Impressions Of Valdosta State

By Chuck Bonavitch

Do you, the students of Valdosta State College, know what impression your school makes on a newcomer? Chances are you do not even give it a thought. You should! Speaking as a newcomer, you have something to be proud of. But are you?

As a transfer student from Georgia Southern College, I would like to give you my impression. Your school is very attractive, and the campus grounds surpass any in the state. Classrooms are not overcrowded as they are at many of the other colleges. There are more facilities offered in recreation than at many of the universities.

Many of you are against the assembly each Wednesday, yet it brings you, the student body, together for a short period of time each week, which should make you feel part of an organization, rather than a member of a continuous Chinese fire drill.

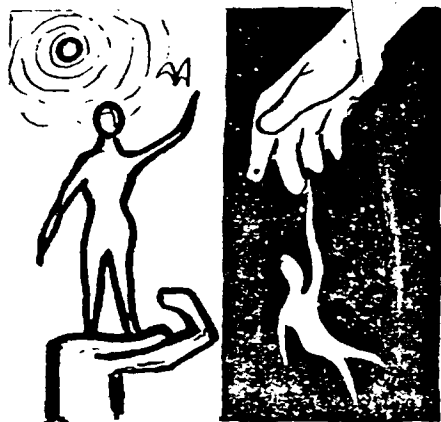
You bicker at the tough classes and rough assignments, but I never hear anyone mention the high academic rating your school has obtained. This is probably the biggest asset you have to be proud of.

The privilege of having fraternities and sororities is not something to be denied. Do you make them for granted? This has been the hottest issue Georgia Southern has ever seen since segregation.

To me, the student body is lacking in one important quality. Maybe it's because I have just transferred from what is called by many as the friendliest college in Georgia. I think you should lift your heads and look around. Maybe what you see will change those smiles to meaningful smiles. Try it.

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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.

He shows 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.

Against this "one-sided" education, Huxley propagandizes for science in the curriculum: "It will increase our understanding of human life". To him culture means: First, "a criticism of 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 study of languages such as German and French. (Russian has since been added.)

From Huxley, the scientist, we come to Matthew Arnold, poet and critic, also a Victorian. He wrote an essay by the name of "Culture and Anarchy." For this essay he uses the term culture "somewhat loosely to cover the three things he felt that his age and the middle-class most needed."

First, he wanted the harmonious of the human nature so that "sweetness and light" would find their place beside the moral behavior which was cultivated during this period.

Second, he encouraged "the

pursuit of an intelligent mind"; that is, a curious and critical mind, which can compare and contrast the ideas it is examining. It is the liberal mind.

Third, this mind has before it a "high and perfect ideal" a "love of perfection." It has a moral and social passion for doing good, making the best knowledge and ideas of its time prevail.

Huxley does not divide knowledge into a scientific and classical field, but mentions all knowledge as important.

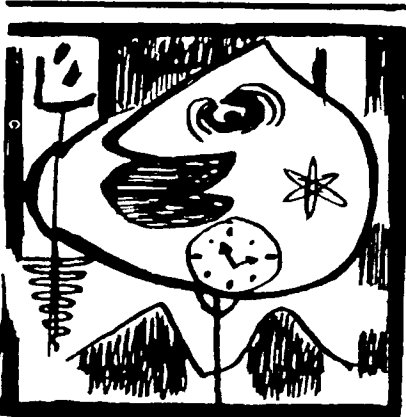
Those two scholars both want a well-enlightened person with a great all-round knowledge, a critical and analyzing attitude towards new material and ideas, plus flexibility and openness.

How is the situation of culture in modern society? In contrast to the past centuries, we now put most stress on science. This is the machine age: we need engineers and technicians to take care of, and develop our mechanized society.

The curriculum, especially on the west side of the Atlantic Ocean, is getting more and more one-sided. The scientific courses are considered most important, and are offered on a greater scale and with better support than the humanistic ones. In public opinion the scientist and engineer rate higher than the humanist. The scientist is considered more useful to his fellowmen and society, especially in the competition between hemispheres. We all use the utilitarian point of view instead of the human.

But, "man does not live by bread alone". We have to occupy and enlighten our minds with more things because the mechanized society has taken away the daily struggle and given us much leisure time.

We must never forget the past
(Continued on Page 6)



And God created Man -

From the Nothingness came Life,

From Life, Happiness; Despair.

In the stillness of Night man pauses,

Pauses and Reflects.

The clock on the desk mocks as

The hands move; as it ticks.

And man knows as he listens,

As he faces the inevitable,

Laughter will fade,

Kisses will grow cold,

For He that gives also taketh away.

- Nancy Spell

OUR CAMPUS - Beauty Is Truth?

By John L. Mullis

"Both north and main campus are of exceptional beauty and charm. Pines, palms and oaks are spaced throughout the 100 acres of landscaped grounds on expensive lawns. Flowering plants include a variety of camellias, azaleas, redbud and dogwood." This is our college campus as described in the college bulletin.

Truly no one can deny that from the clock towering over Pound Hall on north campus to the 400th azalea in the south woods of Drexel Park on main campus there is perhaps no 100 acres used for similar purposes which can compare with the beauty of ours. In fact, one of the prime delights of most students is to conduct guests on tours and point with pride at the dome over West Hall, the sun dial on the front campus, and the relief carvings over the entrances to the Richard Holmes Powell Library and the dining hall (no honorary name?). The climax of such a tour usually comes after a leisurely stroll along the awe-inspiring Jewell Whitehead Camellia Trail amid the towering pines when the tactful and proud student points out that all the buildings

on the main campus follow the Spanish mission type architecture design. Who could fail to be impressed by the beauty and conformity in design which completely surrounds us?

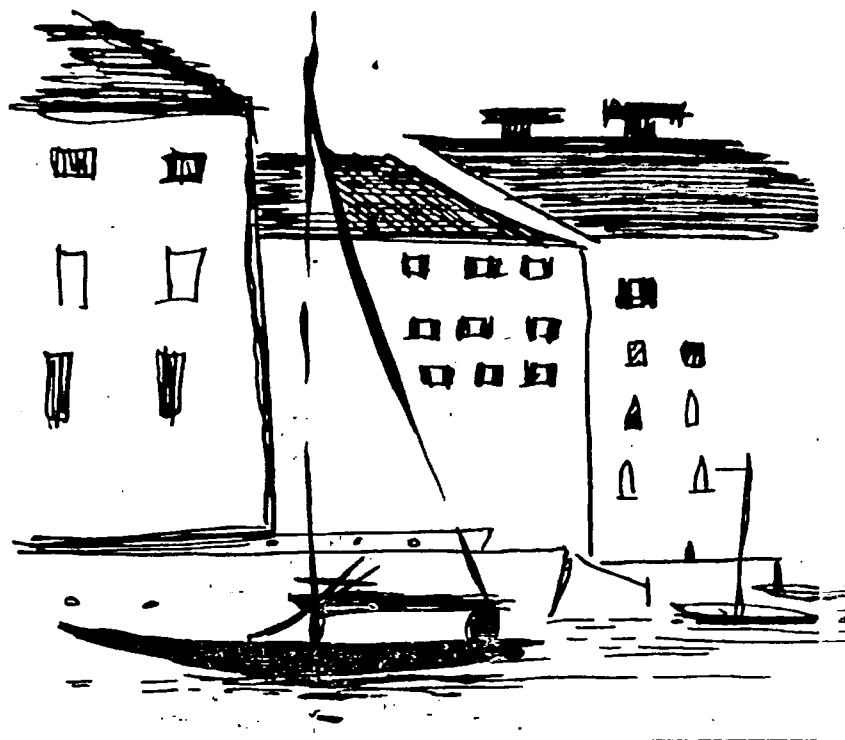
Yet, we as students and normal human beings ignore, misuse, and abuse our campus beauty and facilities. For instance, who looks for a trash can when disposing of trash? (Where are the trash cans anyway?) Who hesitates before driving across the lawn or bothers to observe the posted speed limit? Who misses 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-rotten 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 farsighted 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 dorm 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 turpentine onto the expensive auto finishes? Is 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 wheel?



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 grain too. She was Mrs. Philbrick, Professor of Chicken Husbandry, and her side line was library work.

Mrs. Philbrook 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 a year.

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 rare to have to hunt around for a good place to sit. The lack of space hinders studying to a degree because of constant movement of students who are looking for a chair or a place to prowl heavy books. The trouble is especially evident on the floor bound periodicals. Those not familiar with this situation would think the students are working up a juggling routine in the library. It is a toss-up between note cards, big, bound books, little skinny books and pencils. There just isn't anywhere to prowl while thumbing through the books.

The library needs to expand again. A room for bound periodicals would be a big help.

There has been a 59% increase in usage of the facilities in recent months. In 1961 about 40 students was considered average during the high hour of library usage. Now 93 students is average.

Circulation has increased twenty-four percent--an average of 88 books a day have been checked out this spring quarter.

A total of 43,000 volumes, 350 magazines, 15 newspapers and thousands of government information bulletins are housed, requiring a card catalog of 180 drawers. The first catalog had four drawers.

An inventory of books is taken each year. If a book is missing, after two inventories, it is considered lost. There were 120 books marked off this year, showing a steady increase in missing books over past inventories.

Books are purchased each year with the \$10,000 appropriation. (This money doesn't include salaries). Other books are received

(Continued on Page 1)

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 free body diagrams. I felt the firm pressure of her thigh against mine as she sat down beside me. I would judge its modulus of resilience to be about 0.034 in-lb. I felt her warm breath (approx. 102.4 degrees F.) on my cheek as she said, "Have I kept you waiting too long, Zerkex?" "Only 34 minutes and 16.2 seconds," I replied, as I subconsciously estimated the tensile strength of her sweater to be at least 4000 psi.

She ran her soft hand through my hair (generating some 3x10 statcoulombs) and asked, "What did you bring me?" as she eyed the long object in my pants pocket. "Oh", I said quickly, "that's not for you, that's my slide rule". I withdrew it dramatically and adeptly flicked the ash from her cigarette with the slide. "Are all engineers as strong, calm and romantic as you are, Zerkex?" I was mentally computing the acceleration of my heartbeat to be 14.7 jumps per second. "Of course they are", I said, as I thought,

Engineers - romantic? Even I had learned in GE 711 that a woman is nothing but a slow moving man with a lower specific center of gravity. . . . She might hypnotize some men with curvilinear attractions, but not me - an ENGINEER!

I observed her coldly (114.7 degrees F.). She leaned over me and kissed me lightly - I

glanced down at my lapel only to see a molten mass that had once been my Tau Beta pin. She watched in admiration as I casually put the lighted end of my cigarette in my mouth and blew the smoke from between my toes. . . . I rose with a masculine air of indifference and stalked from the room on my hands.

The Syracusan



South Georgia State Normal Library - 1913-1917. (Space now used as parlor in Converse Hall.)

Beautiful Nature!

By Mickey Short

Ah! Beautiful nature. How seldom one observes pure infinite beauty such as you possess. Graceful boughs on a stately tree, adorned with leaves and a delicate shade of gray moss. As the soft breeze stirs, these leaves seem to whisper, and the moss sways as if to an enchanting melody, yet revealing none of your secrets. A bird chirps, high upon a sweeping bough, covered by lacy green moss. This bird is dressed in breath-taking red, truly a sight 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 an under water world, untroubled by the world above its surface. A fish, a bird, a tree, each infinitely perfect, immaculately adorned, housed under a roof of beautiful blue. As I gaze upward I see a flock of feathery fliers, and a fleecy white cloud drift peacefully over. I marvel at your never ending beauty. For each time that I step on to your carpet of green I see some new beauty. Like a never ending chain, 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 unfurled.

A teacher in California was windled out of a thousand dollars by a handsome and charming fellow who was promoting a new kind of training school. So he went to the Better Business Bureau with a complaint.

He — Why didn't you let us investigate first? You must have known about our service.

She — Of course, I've heard of the bureau for a long time; but I was afraid you'd tell me not to invest.



FUTILITY

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 here 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.

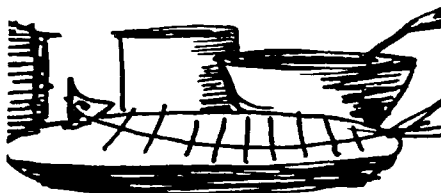
A period of time passed, con-

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

sisting 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 other 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

(Continued on Page 6)



I never kiss
I never neck
I never say hell
I never say heck
I'm always good
I'm always nice
I don't play poker
I shake no dice
I never drink
I never flirt
I never gossip
Or spread the dirt
I have no line
Of funny tricks
But what the hell
I'm only six!

Froth

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 filled many a tomb,

Yet I am born each day in the heart of a newborn babe.

I know no silence.

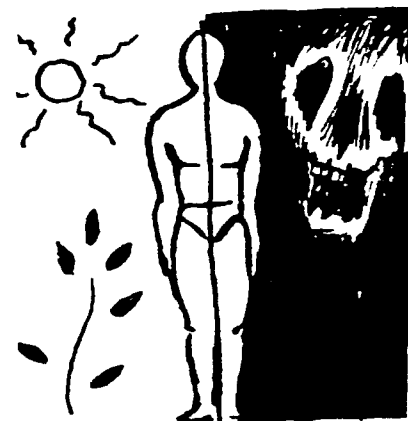
Never will my tongue be stilled.

Whispering, Rising, Roaring -

I will be heard!

I am the voice of Mankind - The voice of Freedom.

— Nancy Spell



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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.

Rilke
— A Translation by John Baxley



Dear Sir:

You never past me in grammar because you was prejudgiced but I got this here athaletic 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

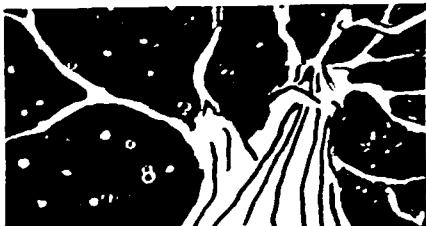
Party Party

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,
Morals stretching,
Women screaming,
Some still fetching,
Heavy smoking,
Air gets thicker.
Someone croaking,
"No more liquor..."
What? What??
NO MORE LIQUOR...
People snicker,

Unbelieving,
No more liquor?
Let's be leaving,
No more drinking?
Groans and hisses!
What a stinking
Party this is.

Pine Needle
(University of Maine)



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 we 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.

Name withheld

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 piece.
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



Portrait Of An Old Man

By Brigitta Berg,
From Sweden

The cemetery looks empty and abandoned. The only sign of life and movement are the squirrels hunting each other around the birches. The damp leaves cover the ground as a thick, red and yellow carpet.

Slowly I walk along the pathway with my grandfather's arm under mine. Our steps are hardly audible on the moist ground.

We stop in front of a huge memorial stone: "Here lies my old friend Nathan Soderblom", my grandfather says, pointing with his stick, "You can't remember him, he was the Archbishop of Sweden many years before you were born. A very fine man, a very fine man . . . When I was a student at the Theological Faculty, he was one of my instructors. Nathan was the one who encouraged me in my research and writing about S T Brigitta--you know, that it is from her that you got your name."

"Yes, yes", I quickly answer, "I know". In fact, I have heard all this many times before, but it is always interesting to hear anew.

I cast a glance at my grandfather. His dark hat shades his high forehead and crooked nose. The stately figure is a little bent and he leans heavily on his stick.

He turns his face towards me. The grey eyes behind the glasses are smiling, "You see, Brigitta, when one gets as old as I am, then one has to go to the cemetery to meet one's friends."

Looking around, I read the names of the closest memorial stones. He is right--here rest all his friends and contemporaries. They knew him as a lank, shy but brilliant student; they celebrated with him his

dissertation after many years of research; they saw him marry his youth's beloved after seven years of engagement; they followed his career in the academic world; they waved good-bye to him when he with wife and children left Sweden to live as a missionary in China for several years; they welcomed him back slowly, saw him rise to the rank of professor in missionary history; they visited his hospitable home, where they could always drop in for a quiet discussion. They, like I, were strengthened and helped by the goodness that he radiated and radiates. Like a rock he stood and stands, always the same in a changing world, in reliance on God. Everything evil seems to yield to his personality.

"Oh, grandpa", I think. "What would I have done, my first year here at the University, without your support?"

My thoughts are interrupted when grandfather takes my arm saying, "I am so glad you could come with me today. Let's only walk this little way and then we'll go home and have a cup of coffee."

In the distance we can see the red towers of the 16th Century Castle of Cypsala.

Suddenly grandfather asks me, "Well Brigitta, when did Queen Christina cede the throne of Sweden in our old castle?" His eyes glitter.

Surprised as I am, I cannot find an answer. All history seems to be blown out of my head.

"Oh, you should know this. You studied it at school not so long ago! Sixteen fifty-four was the year when Christina in the big hall of the castle ceded the throne of Sweden and converted to the Catholic faith. This is a very important year in Swedish history because. . ."

A long lecture follows, filled with facts and years and a part of the history comes alive to me.

Grandfather loves to lecture. He has not yet come out of his habit of lecturing, which he did for so many years for his students. This knowledge is vast--he can lecture about anything--at anytime--for anybody. Often his lectures are so learned and deep that it is hard to follow and understand.

As we walk along, we approach a small grave shaded by a huge oak. "Ingeborg Westman, 1959" is the inscription on the small stone, on the bottom of which a bouquet of violets is placed. We both stop and bend our heads in silence.

There lives grandmother. The portrait stands on grandfather's desk, always with fresh flowers in front. Whenever a visitor comes, he is introduced to his picture.

They were engaged for seven years, married for forty-seven. What would grandfather's life had been without grandma Ingeborg's care? She followed him on all his travels and conferences. Saw that he, an extremely impractical man, who cannot even make tea or boil an egg--was furnished with the necessities of life and that he had peace and quiet enough for his work. Yes, grandfather was right in his statement, "I could not have been anything else but a professor, as impractical as I am."

Slowly we leave the cemetery, where the squirrels still are hunting each other, and the leaves cover the ground in a thick, carpet.

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 closer to the fire. To all appearances, they were three ordinary wayfarers. One stood by the fire, a gaunt, bronzed man who was filing the lock of his long rifle. Another, to the casual observer, was absorbed in nothing more than the fate of his bacon, which crackled in the pan. The third sat a little apart. He said nothing but looked out into the night with a vacant stare. He was no more exceptional in appearance than the others. No ordinary layman would have thought that this quiet group of men would have 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 squirrel hunters named Smith, Jones and Harris who were never heard of again.

from Guided Tour of Campus Humor.

The Great American Novel

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Brazilian Tradition

By Lea Fadigas 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 the educational system is a little different--five years in elementary school, four 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 tops, candy, etc.

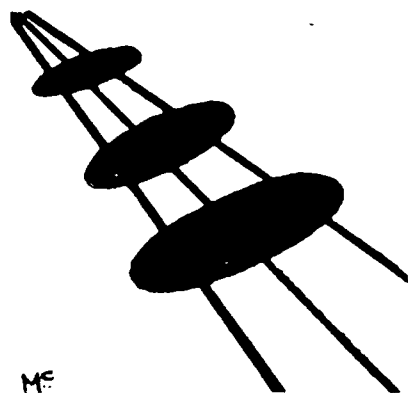
When a boy is planning to marry a girl, the first thing he does, before giving her the ring, is to talk with her father and see if he approves the marriage. After obtaining that permission he may give her the ring. The ring is just a golden circle, which

we call "alianca". 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 turmaline and diamonds and the symbols are a book and pen and the Brazilian emblem; the secondary teachers wear a sapphire and diamonds; the doctors an emerald and diamonds, and the symbol is a snake; the lawyers wear a ruby and the symbol is a scale.

Not much emphasis given to birthstone rings.



MC

The Japanese Stiletto

By Ricardo A. Perez
El Salvador

On Friday afternoons I usually go out for a ride in the country. There are so many hitch hikers on that day. Most of them are boys, though occasionally there will be a girl. I never pick up the girls, I only pick up the boys when they are alone and no one else is around. I don't always do this--only when I feel the urge. There . . . there is one now and there are no cars coming and not in sight.

"Hi, where are you going?"

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

"No, it's really not nice of me to give you a ride. You see, I usually pick up guys; only guys. . . oh, never mind. It doesn't matter anyway."

"Oh, those? They're seat covers. People usually ask me why I always change covers after I pick up someone on the road."

"I know you won't mess it up. I don't have to get out. This is I don't think I'll have to change them. I don't think the cover is very strong."

"No, it is not an urge to change seat covers. I don't think you would understand. Don't be nervous. You see, I . . . oh, this is the side road. I have to get there to do something. I'll try as quickly as I can. Don't worry, it won't take a minute. . . This is the spot; I have to leave something here. Hand me that Japanese rod, please."

"It's in the glove compartment."

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

"It must be pushed back under the seat. Bend over and see."

"Now is the time. I just open the Japanese rod and strike . . . done. I'll leave his body in the ditch and change the seat covers. I can't stand the sight of him."

Doc Holiday - Valdosta Vagabond

By Tommy Newsom

Scrap lumber clutters Doc Holliday's house.

The mild May showers dampen a green fern sprouting from the rooftop of the forlorn house and a giant magnolia tree in the front yard waves slightly when a freight train puffs past stirring up a breeze.

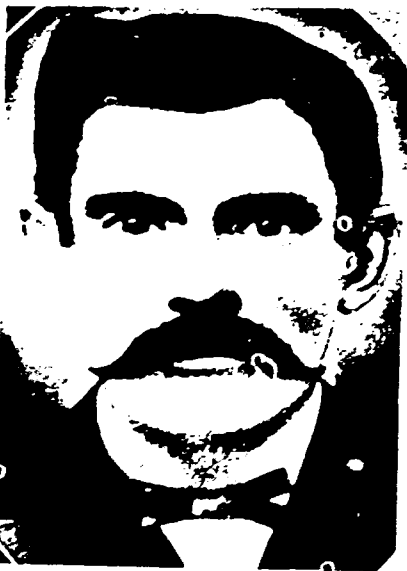
The address is 405 E. Savannah Avenue in Valdosta--once the city's finest residential area.

Here is where Doc Holliday lived briefly while he was growing into manhood and into the tormented life that was to be his until the autumn of his 35th year.

The old house is now owned by a wrecking company. Constructed of heart pine lumber, rived shingles and resting on crumbling brick, it stands as a shambled monument to this thin, cynical man of the old west who live his short, painful life by the code of the gun.

The legends surrounding Doc Holliday have been greatly distorted and embellished. Contrary to wide belief, he was not born in Valdosta.

His biographer, John M. Myers, places his year of birth



in 1852 at Griffin, Ga. Doc's father was Major Henry B. Holliday who served in the 27th Georgia Infantry during the War Between the States. His mother was the former Miss Alice Jane McKey.

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

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

But when Doc was growing to manhood in Valdosta--hunting and courting and going to school his world was rapidly crumbling.

Although Valdosta was not directly involved in the War, the people here felt the pinch of sacrifice for the war effort. The temper of the times had a great effect upon 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 McKey says the shooting incident actually happened. Mr.

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

Doc did not leave Valdosta because he killed a Negro as the later story goes. Because of his frail body, he was not suited for farming. West Point was out since the war was in progress. The only alternative for the scion of a wealthy family was to enter one of the professions.

Therefore, the family packed Doc off to Baltimore to study dentistry. When he left Valdosta, federal soldiers were stationed in the city in an encampment where Belk Hudson Company is located now and the "Freeman's Bureau" was operating out of the country courthouse.

Doc never returned to his old world which was falling apart. After earning his Doctor of Dental Science degree, he moved to practice dentistry. There he developed tuberculosis--then called consumption.

A Griffin doctor told him he could put off death by going west to a drier climate. Thus, in 1873, Doc headed for Dallas. He remained in the West until 1887 when the dreaded disease conquered him.

Myers, who has spent years in exhaustive research, said Doc first practiced dentistry, but soon gave up the profession to play faro in the gambling halls.

This was the turbulent period of the frontier West and Doc's card playing career involved him in many arguments. Most authorities say he killed 19 men during his life time.

Doc's travels out west took him from Dallas, to Denver, to Dodge City and finally Toombstone, Arizona. He eased his physical pain by drinking red-eye liquor and Myer says his intake would average as much as two quarts a day on some days.



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

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

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 Toombstone and went to Glenwood 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 whom necessity had made a gambler; a gentleman whom disease had made a frontier vagabond... a long, lean ash blonde fellow nearly dead with consumption and at the same time the most skillful gambler and the deadliest man with a sixgun I ever knew."

LIBRARY - (Continued from Page 2)

through donations. In 1911 the Georgia Chapter of the UDC gave a collection--the Emily Park Memorial Library.

Two hundred and seventy volumes have been recently added as a gift from a bequest of the Columbia Broadcasters Association given sixty long play records to the students to check out.

In the donations, many out-of-print books are included. They are the V collection. A V is marked on the card. There are about 100 of these, most of them dealing with Southern history.

An added attraction to the library is the exhibit room on the second floor. Exhibits of rare coins, minerals, paintings, etc. have proven popular with students. Next year, the organizations will be encouraged to co-operate with the placement of displays.

Our librarian, Thera L. Brick has the philosophy that the library is here for the student use and enjoyment. She encourages everyone to use and enjoy the facilities offered.

FUTILITY - (Continued from Page 3)

had not done for some time, because he knew that death was very near, and he felt that he owed himself this luxury choice at least once before he died. Tears came again, he did not shun them; he swam in them, trying to recall all fragments of people, friends and love that were in his aching brain.

He felt the death pangs take hold of his body, but still he held on, trying to gain some peace of mind from his memories. He strained his memory but it did no good.

Then he felt death beat somewhere deep within him and he knew that his dying would have no meaning because no man being knew or cared about his death. This was his last thought as he died, and the movement from him after death was the flowing of tears down his face, and the unheeded wind stirring his white, matted beard as the sun beat down on the white sand.

What beckons me this star-hungered night?

This night so long, so dark, so dreary.

This night who falsely makes wrong seem right,

And brings forth loneliness, lurky--leary.

O High, O darkness, O shadowed forest deep,

Hide not thy branches, thy paths, thy peace.

Fulfill my heart's longing and let me sleep,

To possess a love that will never cease.

'Tis this heart's longing that calls me to thee,

To seek thy hidden wisdom wise

That the darkness of unseen stars may flee,

And my faith and love may be as the never-ending
skies.

—Barbara Walker

WHAT IS CULTURE? - (Continued from Page 1)

and our contact with it. History, literature and philosophy will help us to keep it. We are only one link in the chain of development from ancient times to modern days; and we can never cut off that chain which links us to the past, as we never would cut off the present from the future.

We, for example, may consider our own families, how much they have meant and do mean to us in our development, and what they have given us of education and tradition. We go back father to grandfather to great-grandfather and from mother to grandmother to great-grandmother. They are our closest contact with the past; they can make it alive for us.

From our knowledge about the past history and philosophy, we can draw parallels and make comparisons; perhaps we can predict what will come in the future. "There is nothing new under the sun." This knowledge gives us a feeling of security which we all need, especially

in this world where nothing is stable, but everything is inconsistent and changing. Panta rei, everything floats, the Greek philosopher said. Even the past ages had this feeling of instability; we are not alone in having this experience.

To me, culture means about the same as it did to Huxley and Arnold: a well-enlightened personality with knowledge in both scientific and humanistic fields and with an analyzing, critical, liberal mind.

In order to develop this ideal character we, first and last, have to look at education as the most important means to achieve this goal. "Education is costly but ignorance costs even more."

At last I would say that I, as a visitor, wonder if the American people really value their school system--the bulwark of democracy.

(Elsa Birgitta Berg is an exchange student at Valdosta State from the University in Uppsala, Sweden.)