A Challenge Hurled - Is It Accepted?

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From within the ivy-strangled walls and the marble and gold halls at 6100 South Main Street comes again the familiar refrain “Rice is nice, Hell is swell.”

As the Institute formally initiates its 48th class, exposing them in their wide-eyed eagerness to as much of derivatives and as little of dirt as possible, the upperclassmen remember with a chuckle the sweet innocence of their first beanie-days.

And many fall by the wayside. Days playing bridge instead of studying... nights at the Jones Hilton and Kay’s instead of studying... and finally in the wee hours of the morning, futile studying instead of sleep...

It is indeed a challenge to obtain an education in a society which is slowly becoming aware that a general laxness and over-

emphasis of extra-curricular activities permeates practically all of its schools.

And it has been Rice’s constant attempt to supply this challenge that has given our school a reputation approached by few universities of the South and Southwest.

This challenge has caused thousands of poison darts, oftentimes well justified, to be flung by “wronged” students at the Gardol shield encasing Lovett Hall. Also it has wrought what might be termed an aura of bitterness, superficial for the most part, which common sense dictates should remain on campus and away from the outside world and future employees.

The challenge of a well-rounded education begins Tuesday on one of the country’s most impressive campuses.

It is for this challenge that we come to Rice.