Spring Must Come, Even To Rice

By ED SUMMERS

There is an old saying: "When grade cards come out, can spring be far behind?" This year, then, that statement is a good thing. With spring come all the bright assurances that life has indeed survived the climax and academic ravages of a Texas-Rice Institute winter and is ready to flourish and expand and be fun all over again.

Seniors Become Fresh

When we were freshmen in Dr. Bray's math 100 class, we described spring as the time when "You freshmen conduct yourselves as if you were freshman, sophomore and juniors," the sophomores and juniors behave as if they were seniors, and the seniors -- why, they are working like new freshmen trying to get the first time to stay in school!"

The coming of spring used to be observed officially by students with "Fresman-Sophomore Week," a dignified and solemn occasion otherwise known as Hell Week. The last Hell Week was three years ago, and portended the transformation of Rice into a frontier university to a southern outpost of the Ivy League in every field except football.

A Red Tie

The administration, however, was unable to do away with the other pleasantries of spring, about everybody's grades will improve a little bit this second semester as the study routine becomes less brutally demanding. New styles and bright colors will bloom out on everybody, including the style leaders to the bachelor professor whose class gave him a red tie on his birthday.

More and more people will be seen walking hand in hand, and a good many of their names will appear in the society column in connection with the subject of rings. Everybody will be so happy that this month of spring will feel as wonderful as the touches of spring.

Custer Re-phrased

Pale faces will take on a bronzed cast if the sun gets around to shining. The most popular comment on Mr. Rice's campus, the last couple of spring might have been spoken in slightly different form by General Custer: "Where in the world did all this damn mud come from?" The phrase is likely to apply this year as well if the word "sidewalks" is substituted for "mud."

Track and baseball seasons lie ahead. The majority of the conference basketball schedule remains to be played. Frisbee-throwing could well make a comeback.

A New State

But the most overlooked gift of spring is potentially its most valuable: the slate has been wiped clean. As the rest of the world slows down to shift gears, old opportunities are renewed and new opportunities present themselves -- opportunities for fun, for learning, for making friends -- in fact, for whatever a person craves to do. It is time for the Miss Goochies in the world to take Auntie Mame's advice and "Live!"

There is no better time than now, no better place than here. We would come with you, but we are away tired from writing this and are planning to pad. Tomorrow, maybe.

Next week The Thresher is gone.