

Graduates' Attitude Will Reflect Carolina

With graduation day drawing closer, approximately 600 students will leave Carolina for another phase of their education—far better or worse. The paths which each of them take will affect the fate of the school which has influenced their lives for the past four years.

If honor is brought to Carolina's graduates, it will reflect to some degree on this university itself. Prospective students will recognize the worth of a school which has helped train good citizens and intelligent thinkers.

Such a statement, however, is reversible. The bad, the unwise happenings in the life of an alumnus will leave a bad taste in the mouth of the criticizing public which often uses no mouth wash.

In addition to the recommendation each alumnus may set by his example, he has a special obligation to his alma mater to forward her interests in any way possible to him. In supporting candidates for election to state offices he must consider the record of that candidate in respect to Carolina and to higher education in general. It is his duty to write to the legislators for more funds or for improvements needed by the state's university. It is his duty to accept the bad aspects of his college with grace and to show the good ones to those who would be prone to degrade the institution. It is

his duty to support the activities of the school through a membership in the Alumni Association and in the class associations.

Attendance at a football game is not enough. Those who have never spent a day in class, never seen the canteen, have come to see eleven men in garnet and black uniforms play a game of football, yet they have often shown as much feeling for this school as some of its "children."

Perhaps in the four years, some of the graduates have felt that school spirit was nil. It is not. If they look harder they may realize that the spirit in their own records was the low point. There was the energetic flock who kept shouting "school spirit" in hopes of adding to their number. This group realized the existence of a spirit, but also saw the possibilities of a great university, lying latent in the minds, hearts, and pocket-books of students and citizens of South Carolina.

Many of the graduates have enviable records. They have worked hard to see a good campus. Others have existed. For four years, they have slept, eaten, studied, and gone to class. To these we would like to say that it is not too late. Opportunity for service to Carolina, the state, and to the nation, is always present.

If, by the receipt of a piece of sheepskin, the worth of the graduate ends, four years have been spent in vain.—O.E.

Students Are Messy

Do Carolina students no longer have any pride in the picture their campus presents to those outside its circle?

A walk across two blocks of the campus revealed 18 straws, 13 coffee cups, 9 Dixie cups, 37 cigarette packages, and numerous other bits of trash thrown down by students too careless to notice purple and orange trash cans whose main function was to receive such articles.

This condition on the horseshoe is not so serious, but in the footworn paths behind buildings it has become obnoxious. Not only

is trash thrown behind small shrubs and bushes but also on the open paths.

The work of the janitors and marshal is not enough. It is not humanly possible to clean up after a group of seventy-five students have scattered the debris from a quick lunch in the canteen on the road to class.

Such a condition is usually expected in a high school but not on a university campus, where the inhabitants are supposed to be rational adults.

Therefore, in order not to make the purpose of a trash can futile, think before throwing down that piece of paper.

Jack Walther

A Fable

Somewhere in this orgy of "nice guys" a talent is brewing. He will leave his mark upon the world. When he does so, Carolina will search in her enrollment files and produce his name from the shadows of its numbers and claim him for her very own.

And he moves about us now, this talent. Who is he? We have but to notice if we are capable of doing so.

He is sitting in our classes, listening, not in order to obtain a pretty grade but in order to obtain an idea or an understanding. He will be curious. He will question. He will be affected by what he hears. His sincerity will be misunderstood. It will be intolerable to you and me.

Perhaps he will shun us. Perhaps he will not join our fraternities. He may not wish to do so and in fact he may not know how. He will not give up any of those principles which are himself for any other or any group. But then we do not care for we do not desire his presence.

His indifference will irritate us for we cannot lead him or make him see "the light." He may not join our pep clubs and we will accuse him of lacking school spirit. We will

Summer? La-De-Dah

Three whole months of freedom from classes lie ahead of you. What are you planning to do with them?

To some it may mean work—to earn some of that green stuff and to fill in that blank marked "experience" which appears on all professional applications. To others it probably means summer school—not a bad idea. It may mean earlier graduation, it may mean a lighter scholastic load during the winter terms, or it may mean those extra courses that couldn't quite be squeezed in on the regular schedule.

At any rate, don't let your answer to that eternal, infernal question, "What did you do this summer?" be "nothing."

be quite right—he is totally lacking in school spirit. His spirit will belong to himself.

We may curse his egotism, yet therein lies the paradox, for he, like many of his great predecessors, will realize that his own accomplishments can be his only gift to society. And he will realize, too, that real accomplishment cannot be achieved through shouting, compromise, or false publicity. He will be the tortoise in its classic race with the hare. When he crosses the finish line Carolina will be there to greet him, for his will be the greatest gift.

JANE W. DOWE

Last Class - - Life Begins Anew

It is over! We have taken our last exam and written our last headline for the Gamecock and tomorrow we will sit in our last class.

For 17 years we have sat in classrooms, been called students, and been protected. Now we are going into the world, each to find a new name, whether it be salesman, doctor, teacher, or journalist.

Remember that first day? We wondered if we had made a mistake, coming so far from home among strangers. Timidly we decided to stay for a semester, but we never dreamed that we would ever receive a diploma reading "University of South Carolina."

Now we have become pretty sure of ourselves. It is "our university," "our Gamecock office," "our dormitory."

But we are leaving. Next year we will be in an even stranger world than that one that we entered in 1946. And we will be in it for 40 rather than four years, meeting more disappointments and pitfalls than we have known in these four years.

When we come back to Carolina, we will be merely "old students." It will no longer be "our Gamecock." When we stroll into the office, people will speak to us and continue working. The reins of the

university will be in their hands, not ours. Our presence will not excite the professors. They will go on teaching their new proteges.

Now, a few days before receiving our college diplomas, we are proud. We have come a long way since we started kindergarten back in Ohio.

But we have not come any farther than we should have or done anything more than should be expected. And we have a long way to go. We have been students, but now we must begin to make a life for ourselves.

When we receive our diplomas next Monday and become university alumni, it will be commencement—a beginning. We have our material, and now we will start to build.

AND NOW TO THE NEW STAFF—For four years we have loved and worked for the Gamecock, and now we are leaving it to you, just as other graduating classes have left it to us. But we have no regrets. We know that you will fondle it and lose sleep and meals over it, just as we have done. It will continue to belong to Carolina students, but, in your hearts, it will belong to you. It was ours, but now it's yours, Olga, Tom, Betsy, Ann, Barbara, L. C., Jackie, Mary, and Bobby.

Wolf Reinbacher 'Strictly Continental'

We Came Strangers, We Leave Many Friends

So this is the end, a terrible fate. Henry VIII decapitated his wives, Lucretia Borgia was poisoned, Joan of Arc was crudely incinerated, but we, TD and I, we have to leave Carolina. And I shall no longer contribute my meager brain food to you Carolinians. If I enjoyed this work, it was a friendly Gamecock staff, if you did, it was a miracle.

From the first day in these ivy-covered halls listening to ivy-covered professors and going out with ivy-covered co-eds till this present departure we had a big time, in more ways than one. May there even be some troubles like the Peabody report, so what, eventually even the bail on Maxey Monument will turn again. Most of our stay here was made pleasant by all of you, an experience in friendship, with a few waterpistol fights and snipehunts thrown in.

Well, forgive us our sins and lead us not into the Plaza. We tried to be good Carolinians, hating 8 o'clock classes, taking excess cuts, and, of course, signing checks at Joe's. As to Clemson, it only exists to be beat every year.

Here's to McBryde, too. We could never have found a more congenial bunch of Brotherhoodlums, helping us to become part of the crowd. May this Huey Long machine of USC be successful next year. And also a loud cheer for all those members of the faculty, who had so much understanding for the special wishes of the Europeans. Only with their help could we see and experience 24 of the 48 states in three vacations.

Simians, forgive us our harsh critique of co-eds; despite our prejudice we went out with some of you (of course, there was nobody else). While we wondered about your attitudes and souls, we thoroughly enjoyed . . . but let's talk of something important.

Those nine months since our arrival went by awfully fast, with many lost weekends sprinkled between the days of slaving for a D plus. Not much longer shall we eagerly run to the post office three times a day to find but cards summoning to meetings. I just wonder if we shall ever get some mail from Carolina, when we are back in the colorless average of everyday life. We'll often sit by the window, homesick for a piece of Carolina, just a crumb, mind you, a snack in the canteen, even only a silent hour in the McKissick cemetery of literature, even only 50 tiny minutes in the history building.

No more big Thursday, no Powder Bowl game, no clean-up day, not even a short "sack" hour in a noisy dorm. I wonder how much of you know, what there is all to do in this place?

We have learned a lot. We stand at attention when Johnny Long plays "Dixie," we fight the Civil War (we could have won it easily if those dirty blank-blank Yankees hadn't licked us), and—unusual for Carolinians, we cheered at all football games.

This is all reduced now to a page or two in the Garnet and Black, a story in the "Carolina Review," and a few notes in the Gamecock. That ain't much, sho' nuff, but there will be a lot of things to remember "thy days." Wish we could live this year over again. But so long, have a good time, and I know our successors as furriers will be as devoted to Carolina as we are. Thanks again.

Respectfully submitted:
Trudes Suverkropp
52 B Rozenburglaan
Rotterdam, Holland

Wolf Reinbacher
16 Jakobsbrunnstrasse
Frankfurt/Main, Germany
both of USC

BARBARA McSWAIN

Use Of Activities Fee Not To Advantage

The university is run like the government. It has its legislative, executive and judicial branches. Each checks the other and each, at times, irritates the other. This is as it should be.

Also, as in the government, there is to be found at the university greed and selfishness. This may not be as it should be but it's the way it is and probably always will be. Methods have been devised to curtail, to some extent, the success of those out to benefit nobody but themselves and their groups.

One of these ways is the allotment of the student activities fee. Of the \$15 fee, \$6.50 is ordinarily under the supervision of the student council to allot, with faculty

advice, to the groups. The other \$8.50 goes to the athletic department.

Each year, usually at the beginning of the term, a meeting is held to determine how the \$6.50 will be used for that year. A representative from each group wanting a "cut" of the money comes before the committee to present its petition. He tells the reason his group wants the money and how they plan to use it. He is also asked to outline to the committee exactly what his group did with the money they got the preceding year.

It works just like the Congress' proceedings. As the Congressional committees often do, the university groups sometimes ask for more

Don't Read This - - Or See What You'll Miss

By RUDY RIVERS

Below this there is stretched a bit of patter on the odder extremes of observation, the tapping and patting of nervous feet. Before coming to that, however, let your eyes caress these words.

I hope it won't be too hot in the field house June 5. I perspire like a cumulus cloud. My suit is new and guaranteed not to shrink more than one-tenth of one per cent, but I do not want to test the suit so soon.

I hope the graduation speaker mentions something about how wide open the world is for us graduates; I want to touch him for a job.

I hope my dearest enemy is present at the graduation ceremony; she has promised to sit behind the podium and squirt me with a water pistol when I am receiving my degree. I shall duck of course. . . .

Patters Of Feet

(There is in every man a theme for life and living. Back of this theme there is the nervous reflex which manifests itself, perhaps in bitten fingernails, pursed lips, head scratching, or in the pat of a foot.—R.R.)

The Doctor

He held the wrist-pulse of the woman and watched his watch, his face relaxed and calm. His right foot measured the slow pulse, tapping it against the carpet. He made other examinations and told the woman to rest and not be frightened.

In the midst of darkness one begins; and the man told the woman to be brave. He went to the telephone and made the doctor come.

The doctor told the man to take good care of her until the nurse came. And the man was numb with thinking that he might lose his love. He watched the doctor light a cigar, and heard him talking.

The big fat doctor sat forward on his chair, resting his fists on his knees and puffing the cigar. The man saw his right foot patting the carpet in a slow endless rhythm. . . .

The Preacher

There were only a few people at the wedding. The boy sat back, away from the others, watching the psychology of waiting. Children fidgeted, and grown-ups whispered at them to be calm.

Then, during the ceremony, the kids were calm. The bride and groom were calm. The chaplain was calm, too; but, he patted the altar carpet with his right foot as he rapidly read the ceremony. He was nonchalant up there, patting his foot. And the boy, watching, smiled. . . .

The Politician

The gravity of the situation was undeniable. When a nation is threatened with annihilation, its statesmen become its saviors. They are the focus of attention.

The situation was such now, and the great leader stood to make a rousing speech, to coin a battle cry, and to give heart to his fearful nation.

The reporter was affected. He hung to the words of the speaker, and his pencil caught the stirring phrases. Until looking up once, he saw the leader's foot under the table, patting the floor.

It was a slow infinite rhythm. The man was otherwise tense, a noble figure, giving fight to the hearts of his people. . . .

The Professor

Discussing which is least or largest in the rug of history; the pattern, or its durability. The cycle of conflict and depression, and of peace and prosperity; it is well established. The block of years set aside for each brief history, tersely recounted.

And beneath the polish and austerity of classroom bearing, his right foot in a black leather shoe pats the floor.

It is impersonal to be austere and scientifically methodical in the class. The personal emerges out of the foot and oozes into the floor, softly, without rhythm. . . .

The Beggar

An endless stream of daylight workers passes before the man on the camp stool, on the street corner. Their heels grind thin on the pavements.

A thousand pad by and one stops. To purchase a pencil for a nickel with a quarter; and waiting for his change, the one is nervous and self-conscious, feeling despair at the tug in his heart which made him stop before the eyes of men and buy from a beggar.

He pats the pavement rapidly with his right foot so that it made a noise. The noise of waiting before the myriad eyes. . . .

money than they should be getting. They may pad their reports so that it looks like they are doing more than they actually are.

Some of the groups are blinded by their own brilliance. They can't see that they are indirectly hurting themselves when they ask for more than they should receive. They don't realize that by taking more than their share they deprive other groups of their fair proportion and so cripple the school itself.

This is a plea that next year each group make an honest appraisal of its own value and act accordingly when it is invited to make its petition for its yearly funds. That \$6.50 is being stretched an awful lot of ways already. Every little penny that each group knocks off its request may make it possible for other groups to come out of stagnation and start functioning as they should.

Maggie



"If we don't get some chicken feed around here next year, the old GAMECOCK is going to lose a few of his feathers because of malnutrition, and maltuition."

The GAMECOCK

CROWING FOR A GREATER UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA
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- EDITOR RUDY RIVERS
- MANAGING EDITOR JANE W. DOWE
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- NEWS Olga Edwards
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JUST THINKING

God loved men so He made women
That men might love someone too
But thru the years women got difficult
And made loving them hard to do,
Since diamond rings are costly things
And lipstick's a messy goo.

Wee unto men when the government hears
That luxuries are not just jewels and clothes
For women are luxuries worth a healthy tax
As any man plainly knows
And since the deeper I dig, the more dirt
My conclusion is hasty and entails
The harsh suggestion that all men
Must kick their various pails
And allow the women the world
In hopes that God above
Will give them something to love
As obnoxious as a girl.

—R. R.