



"In spring, a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;  
In spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."



Like man—ain't you got no ear for passionate beauty!

**For Lo—The Winter Is Past**

It is now the time when warm sun, fragrant flowers, and dewy green grass push back the curtain of snow, ice, and dreary cold in a season of the new life and re-birth. Yes, it is truly the time when the soul is resurrected in springtime, for it is Easter and the earth and her faith are born again.

Early Sunday morning, the hills and the mountains where we live and study will resound with the cry, "Alle-lulia, Christ is risen!" And the sound will echo and re-echo through sunrise services and communions all over the world, and the very earth will cry, "Truly, Christ is risen."

Not far away, in the Moravian settlement near Winston Salem, hundreds of people will be newly resurrected in faith as they view the empty cross freed of its passionate burden and symbolizing, in great simplicity and elegance, the real meaning of the Easter season.

Farther away, in the majestic beauty of the Sistine Chapel, thousands of visitors from the far countries of the world will come to take part in the high pontifical mass of the Roman Catholic Church in the Vatican City. In eloquent words of ecclesiastical Latin, the Pope and his hierarchy will praise the risen Lord and re-enact the scene of the Last Supper.

Farther still away, in Russia, these spiritually oppressed people will, nevertheless, celebrate Easter—the Greek Orthodox, in public; and the Protestant, in private. But the meaning is the same; and the purpose, unailing.

And so it is Easter—in the big church and small, in the mountains and on the plain, in free land and fettered, people the world over will worship the risen Lord in this season of springtime and re-birth. "For lo, the winter is past," and spring has come again. Let us humble ourselves in the view of the empty cross and be re-born in the beauty of our faith and the freshness of this season—spring.

**Are You Without Prejudice?**

A large North Carolina newspaper recently announced the names of the co-captains of the tennis team at North Carolina State College. The announcement was given wide spread attention because one of the students, Irwin Holmes, became the first Negro to be so honored in the ACC. Holmes was chosen by his teammates in a secret ballot. They were showing their respect for his playing ability and for him as a person.

On the same day, in another part of the paper, the results of a poll concerning lunch counter integration were published. The results were given according to groups—sex and age. Three questions were asked in this poll, the first one a preliminary one to determine if the persons being asked the questions patronized the lunch counters with white people.

Do these examples not show that we, today's fact facing generation, can be depended on to make unprejudiced, unbiased decisions according to our own sense of values? Do they not prove that we can look beyond the color of a man's skin and see his real abilities and worth?

In the world of 1960 and 1970 and 1980, it is imperative that we think for ourselves. We cannot afford to be narrow-minded and prejudiced, for these will be drawbacks to world peace before we even get beyond our own country. We must decide what things are important and act on that decision, courageously and intelligently.

**SPRING HAS SPRUNG—LOOK AROUND YOU AND SEE IT**

Spring . . . Just a season? Some would answer, "Yes. A special season, maybe, but only a season." Others would answer softly with shining eyes, "No. It is not just a season. It is more—much more." To each of these persons it is something different. It is a feeling, a softness in the air, a glow in the heart. It is a mixture in a young girl of joy, impatience, and hope. It is a fountain of youth for an old man and a cloak of sophistication for a teen-age boy.

It is the day-time song of birds and the night-time "song" of crickets. It is a young boy in long blue-jeans walking barefoot on new, sweet-smelling grass. It is the smell of freshly-turned earth and the farmer surveying his fields. It is the crack of a bat against a ball and the

cries of players drifting up from a baseball field.

It is the culmination of long, dreary expectation that at times faltered, but always hoped. It is a choking sensation in the throat, and an urge to run and laugh. It is holding hands, and making new friends, and smiling more often.

It is new life and new hope. It is discovery. It is happiness and, at times, an unexplainable misery. It is a remembrance of times past and an anticipation of things to come and, at the same time, an acceptance of the present. It is a poignant sweetness and an indescribably loveliness.

Just a season? To some, yes. To the young in heart it is the true meaning of life.

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