

# THE MERCER CLUSTER

Published weekly during the college year by the students of Mercer

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## A RESOLUTION?

This being the first issue of the Mercer Cluster for the year 1929, it may be well to attempt a general survey of the morale of the Mercer student body, as manifested during the year 1928, leaving the solution of such problems as may be found to exist to the individual reader.

The most which can be said for the campus morale is that during the year 1928 it was at the lowest point it has reached in recent years. It would not be quite fair to say that there was no morale at all.

There is very little need to point out in what respects this has shown itself. There may be some few students who, during the past year, have expressed optimism over the future of the university. They are very few. Fair enthusiasm was shown at the basketball games during the winter, but then Mercer had a team which won from the Atlanta Athletic Club. No enthusiasm at all was shown over the baseball team, but we may perhaps blame this to the fact that college baseball is dying. But what about the football games this fall? What support was given to a team which, while it fell easily at the hands of two conference teams, yet played on almost even terms with every team in its class?

What is the reason for the depression? The university officials have realized that with Mercer's present income it cannot care for as many students as it has in times past, and the number of students has consequently declined. But this is no cause for gloom, unless it be apparent that the aforesaid officials are going to be content with the present income. That such is not apparent has been demonstrated by the recent action of the Georgia Baptist convention whereby a gift to Mercer and an endowment fund were promised.

Is the university neglecting its athletic department, without which a college cannot exist? The basketball team has spoken for itself by a victory over the Albany Y, after only a little over a week's practice. A definite promise has been made that the freshman football team of next year will be as good if not better than any which has represented Mercer.

But whatever the cause for the present lack of morale, it will, and does, furnish the greatest cause for despondency over the future of the university. No man has ever become great who has no faith in himself, who was not a little contented. Are we students, who are the university, the least bit contented because we are attending Mercer? Have we faith in Mercer?

## AGAINST MONKEY BILLS

The American Association of University professors, in session this month, authorized a special committee to cooperate with the American Association for the Advancement of Science to contend for the freedom of teaching and to combat the spread of anti-evolution legislation.

Both associations oppose all legislation and administrative interference with the presentations of the facts and theories of science. The pedagogues' society pointed out that what is taught as science should be determined as qualified experts in their fields rather than by popular vote. Most state legislatures are totally ignorant of science, and support such anti-American measures as monkey bills to please their benighted constituency.

Evolution in some form is accepted by practically all competent men of science the world over. The idea of evolution has so profoundly influenced the thinking of mankind in biology, psychology, ethics, social science and philosophy that no one can pretend to have a liberal education who is ignorant of its premises.

Academic freedom must not be violated if education is to amount to anything. Freedom is essential to all progress. Whether the theory of evolution is accepted or rejected intellectual and religious freedom are necessary for the continuance of American idealism.

As the teachers' association said, it has small power of legal redress; but it does have a powerful weapon in publicity given offending institutions. Politicians, who know nothing of the standards and ethics of the teaching profession, have no business meddling.

## MORE LIES THAN OTHERWISE

—By—  
ABDUL ABOUL BOUL AMIR

This has gotta be our Swan Song. We are gonna get out into the Cold, Cruel World an' try to make a Livin'. We are gonna miss the Fun of diggin' up all the Scandal an' such that Dribbles around the Campus. Little things like Jack Gregory showing up at the Drug Store in his Shirt Sleeves like it was Summertime or Something an' some Playful Brutes pulling off his shirt an' Exposing his Pale Pink underwear!

Before we get away though, we'd like to see a Free Filling Station for Cigarette Lighters installed near the Campus. The Powers that Be have already given us a Free Filling Station for Fountain Pens at the Post Office an' with one for Our Lighter everything will be complete.

We sure will miss the Wesleyans too. Don't just see how We'll get along without the Sweet Things. Lucy Rosser has been owing us a Hot Date for over Two Years now, an' when we Asked her about it the Other Day, all she Said was: "Aw gwan."

An' what are we gonna do with Pluto? Pluto is strictly a Campus Flivver an' would be Lonesome away from College, but we Can't Bear to part with it, so what can we Do? All Suggestions will be Gratefully Received.

We're gonna miss the Bull Sessions with John Gilbert, his Cousin Bob, an' all the rest, but maybe it will all be for the Best. 'Mebbe we can do some Real Work then an' won't have out Credulity strained Too Much. We have been asked to Believe some Curious Stories an' been Politicked into some Curious Situations of which we Knew no better than to Whom and What. And so saying, he Jumped into the River and was Drowned.

We like to remember Way Back When. It's lotsa fun. Buford Boone was a Freshman an' Innocent. A Wagon was perched On Top of the Steeple over the Administration Building. Crook Curry was even Smaller than he is now. Mercer held Georgia to 40 to 0 Score. Ed Adams was without a Covey of Cops after him. You could cut Classes without Anybody caring an' No Penalty was imposed for it. Freshmen had to smoke Corn Cob pipes on the Campus. Them was the Good Ol' Days. Even the Cauldron Made Money and Did Not go in the hole Financially.

So here's to dear ol' Mercer

An' the Days I Spent therein,  
An' the Days I Spent Asleepin'  
To keep from Growin' Thin.

My studies never Worried me  
(I wish right now they Had,  
Cuz I've made some Right Low grades  
An' Some were just Too Bad).

But I wouldn't change a Single Thing  
If I had it to Do Again,  
Cuz Some Day all these Smart Boys  
Will say, "I knew him when."

So here's to dear ol' Mercer  
That will ever Stand an High,  
For the Spirit that is Grown there  
Is not the Kind to Die.

## OF A MOSS SCRAPING: RIVERSIDE CEMETARY

These once were people—heart and liver

Now gathered here upon this hill  
That sticks one foot into the river:  
Who gathered and lie very still. . .

Upon one mound I saw a horse  
Lipping and champing the scraggly  
grass;

I scraped the headstons free from  
moss

Just to see who IT once was.

All I could make out was J. . . n Mit . .

So I turned and tried to skip a  
stone,

But the river reached and swallowed  
it.

And even the ripples were soon  
gone.

I didn't curse, I didn't pray,  
There was no use to laugh or moan,  
But all that day I said my say  
In a noticeably quiet way.

—Fletcher McCord

### The Writers

Laughing at the hollow beat  
Of footsteps on a crowded street,  
Full high above the throngs they  
sit;

A flash of fire, or careless wit,  
Or some profound philosophy,  
Rolling from the master pen.

Minds have they and eyes to see,  
Yet like some smaller deity  
Bow down to every greater star,  
Nor realize how small they are.

For they are men of a trade,  
Molding the mirror of life.

They mock, with scornful callous joy  
Him who does not praise their toy.  
Though right majestically he dare  
To find his image reflected there.

—William Frederick

## By Howard Leonard IF YOU ASK ME—

Despite its aches and its occasional demand of death, the recent epidemic of influenza was not altogether harmful. I know several persons who were distinctly benefited by the disease.

There is, for instance, Jack, one of those frigid fellows who couldn't stay in at night outside of a straight-jacket. Jack, by custom, is a night hawk. A collegian, he must go out every evening, frolicking to his own waste of time. He cannot be reformed; it is his nervous nature.

Jack caught the flu. For five days he was confined to his room but not to the bed. In that time he read every word in four worthy magazines and all that was fit to read in 16 newspapers. In addition, he consumed three novels of a high order.

Jack aspires to write, but in normal health he never seems to find time. When classes are over he must bull with the boys for hours before going to his room. Once there he begins planning the evening's entertainment; in a few minutes his clothes are changed and he is on his way to town or to see friends whom he inevitably bores with his untimely conversation.

But necessarily confined to his quarters, Jack follows his natural desires. He reads and writes to the enrichment of his future conversation and pocketbook. In his recent brief illness he wrote some 10,000 words, 20 per cent of which he probably will be able to sell.

Then there is Claire, who has a talent for doing water colors. Claire, being charming, is also popular. Her friends give her little time to paint, yet they love her work; and it saves considerable expense when Christmas and birthdays come.

Claire had a pretty bad case of flu. She was put to bed for a week, and that time was altogether wasted. Fortunately, however, she underwent a long convalescence—about two weeks—and in that time expressed herself happily in water colors, which she would have never done had she passed an entirely healthy winter. . . .  
One should give the flu its due.

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