

# The Torch Must Burn

by Gene Dyer

Many decades ago Mercer was a great University in the eyes of its students, alumni, and John Q. Public. She led the field in that day, with her head held high and above all reproach. However, though it is a sad fact, Mercer became inert. She did not move ahead with time and a good school but very badly in the need of modernization.

Many of us, remembering Mercer's past record as a most outstanding institution, wondered what the future would hold in store for this University.

As she floundered in stormy waters a new captain assumed command and immediately sent out an order "Change course!" "shorten sail and proceed with caution!" This efficient captain, through master seamanship, brought the good ship Mercer into tranquil and safe waters. Now, as the leaks have been plugged, sails mended, keel ballasted, freshly painted throughout, and with a crew physically and mentally fit we should expect satisfaction among the crew.

But now we see that siddensation prevails! Why? — are we ungrateful? Did not this most efficient captain save the ship as well as the lives of the entire crew — officers included? But wait — do we see the cause? Look to the masts! She is carrying *only half* of her sails! She is making her way through the "sea of progress" at half speed! Does the crew wonder if there will be a berth left available in the "port of professions" for a ship arriving so late? Yes, they do!

The "sails of education" alone will not yield sufficient speed to overhaul the many ships ahead. True — the sails of education are the most durable and would serve our purpose well if the rival ships were only using the sails of education. But they are not! They are utilizing every available inch of canvas! What must we do? This — break out the "sail of school spirit!" Add to "sails of football"; the "sails of modern recreation and relaxation facilities!"; the "sails of better lighting for class rooms!"; the "sail of modern dining hall for men," with this additional amount of sail, watch the old ship come to life and plow fiercely ahead. Have no fear crewmen! If the officers are competent in seamanship and navigation there will be no storms or rocks to mar our progress for they can be safely and easily circumvented.

Here students is a plan for a greater and revitalized Mercer. First, the University can, at any time, establish a *first-class grill* that will provide not merely the absolute necessities of the students, but a few luxuries as well. Boys' dining hall, better lighting for classrooms and other minor ills should be acted upon by the proper authorities without suggestions from students.

Now for the much discussed subject of football and its part in a greater Mercer. When football here becomes well organized and goes on a paying basis, Mercer will attract many more students and thus increase the total amount of money received for tuition and board. Here would be a reason for an additional number of instructors. Now the debts incurred by the past mistakes can be redeemed by proper business management of a well-trained football squad. With relief of this debt Mercer could raise the salaries of our teachers. This movement, which some people think sinister and mutinous, is beginning to take on a new light, is it not? Yes, it is hard to imagine that instructors and students can attain happiness and school spirit while at Mercer. But this is possible! Very definitely possible! Imagine the student body, as a whole, showing enthusiasm in classes, in extra curricular activities and a general feeling of "What else can I do?"

prevaling on the campus. You, you, and you, take this torch and carry it with vigor and pride until your actions along with others is felt and is acted upon by the administration. Let no obstacle block your path until we have a great University.

"THE TORCH MUST BURN."

# Football... Regardless

by Mary Arnold

At last the Mercer Spirit has been aroused. And how! Everybody has been asking, "Where is the old Mercer Spirit?" Guess that question has been answered.

Yes, we would like to see Mercer have football. And, if she has football, we — most of us — agree that it should be subsidized. We don't want to do anything just half way. If we have a team, we want a good one. We want to be able to believe and make others believe the words of our fight song, "In football fame we place her name ahead of all the rest..."

But — not "subsidized football" — regardless. Regardless of the decisions of a committee that has taken into consideration the past experiences of Mercer University with football... regardless of how our actions harm other people... regardless of the action of the Administration, we ought to know the facts of the whole situation.

And, speaking of "facts"—who knows the real, honest, down-to-earth true facts about *both* sides of the subsidized football issue?

Thinking students make up their minds *only* after studying all the facts and considering *both* sides of the question to be decided — not when someone stands up and shouts at them, "Where is your grit — the old Mercer spirit? Are you dead?"

When we voted for or against subsidized football in Chapel on February 22, we had not had the true facts to study and think about — quietly and sanely. Since the voting that Friday morning students all around have been asking, and rightly so, "What does subsidized football mean, anyway?" Which shows that many of the students didn't know enough to vote one way or the other.

I didn't vote at all—and I'm not the only student who didn't vote. I didn't vote because I refuse to let someone else make up my mind for me. All I knew then was that I like football, and would like to see Mercer have a good team. But when you start talking about finances, and subsidization — why, that's a word I'm not sure about. And I wanted some facts — the straight-from-the-shoulder truth about both sides of the question before I decided. But — the vote was taken before I had an opportunity to decide, with the facts in my hand, what I wanted. And a lot of students who didn't know any more than I did jumped up with their blood boiling with the "true Mercer Spirit" and voted for subsidized football — regardless.

Everybody likes spirited people. We like for people to say what they think. We like for them to think before they speak, too. We like for people to consider other people when they do or say something. We like respect and consideration for those who know the true facts and whose job it is to know what's best for Mercer University. We like people who listen to the viewpoint of others — not people who "boo" down someone just because he doesn't say what they think, or what they want to

He: I know that I'm just a pebble in your life.

She: You might try being a little boulder.

Patrolman: Yer honner, I grabbed this guy taking apples off a peddler's cart.

Judge: Hmm! Impersonating an officer. Ten days!

Why did the salt shaker? Because he saw the spoon with her, the potato masher in the kitchen, the gas meter behind the door, the lemon squeezer in the pantry, and the egg beater on the table. —Hilltop Hi-Lite.

hear. We like people who have respect for the other fellow's opinion.

Put that attitude into the Mercer Spirit — and it will be a spirit we... and the State of Georgia... and the Alumni... and the Trustees... and the Administration will be proud of.

But — if the so-called "spirit" that has been so vehemently demonstrated by "95 per cent" of the student body is typically Mercerian, I can truthfully say that I'm a little ashamed to be one of the Mercerians. The above "95 per cent" is in quotes — quoted from the Macon Telegraph of February 27, page 3, column 4. I challenge any one to take a written poll of the student body of Mercer University and see how many of the students are in favor of "subsidized football" — regardless. And that seems to be the general attitude of many "spirited" Mercerians. Regardless — of what it means to the University... to the Administration... to others... even to themselves... just selfishly yelling, "We want football!"

—REGARDLESS.

# LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

This seems to me a particularly appropriate time to re-establish the International Relations Club. First, because of the increased enrollment. Undoubtedly, among such a large student body, a number of people can be found who are interested in international affairs.

Second, because many of the students are veterans who have been to foreign countries and can give us first hand information about them.

Last, and most important, any attempts to create lasting world peace are doomed to failure unless our leaders in the years to come (most of whom will be drawn from college graduates) understand those other people who share the world with us.

In my opinion the I. R. C. would not only be an interesting campus activity; it would (indirectly) contribute to world peace.

(Signed) EMILY CALHOUN.

A man called up his landlady one day and asked, "Could you send me 50,000 cockroaches?"

"What on earth do you want with 50,000 cockroaches?"

"Well," came the reply, "I'm moving today and you said I must leave the premises exactly as I found them."

—Tech High Rainbow.

# KEYHOLE ZEKE SAYS

"MAGGIE" GARRISON, "DUMBCLUCK" HALL, and "MOUSY" SELL (nicknames endorsed by persons concerned) despair of never being at the keyhole when Zeke is peeking.

Notice: All eager applicants for membership in the I.L.L. Club may apply to the club sponsor, IRVING EDWARD HALL, JR. or call 7292-M.

JIMMY MORGAN is in demand. The dean's daughter called Satiddy nite. Keep him in the family, Phi Mu's.

Better watch MR. IVEY, PAL. Out-of-town visitors can cause trouble.

"SWEETHEART" DISMUKE just luvs his new title and 'tis appropriate, too. He captures the hearts of a whole sorority, but is he satisfied?

M.E.P.ites sanction hand-holding in the parlors, but that's as far as we go, CHINK and CATH-ERINE.

GINNY MASSEY is the busy gal with the return of her overseas fans.

That number one SAE is suffering with calf lacerations. Buy her a fingernail file, PONDO.

BLOSSOM and BURKHALTER meditating over pre-meds Princeton. Did ya have fun, gals?

Tell us all, MISS FINLEY, tell us all! Will you middle aisle it when JOHNNIE comes sailing home?

This week's petunias (Orchids are too expensive) go to ALDAY and RILEY MAE for their chapel entertainment and to T. WILLIE

for not performing. MORRISON is on the loose again. Who will be your next victim, CAROLYN?

How do you like DON, THOMAS? Sorry he doesn't have a jeweled pin!

JACKIE is still true loving JUNIOR. More power to you, MEEKS. Say, SHIRLEY, how did you fracture your ribs? Is NICK drumming up business for Mama?

The latest rock-bound romance is the LEAVELL-PALIN affair. MARGUERITE is comforting BIRDDOG'S froken heart.

Makes up yo' mind R. McMILLAN. MISS WOLFE and MISS JACKSON demand an answer. RUBY JO has other fish to fry and JULIA can't keep that K.A. waiting.

The Kappa Sigs are still leading in spring pinning. Congrats to DICK and DEE, RILEY MAE and BUTCH, BETTY and BOB.

Its "right nice" to see BETTY WILSON and MARY WOODSON visiting on the campus.

Evidently, HAZLEHURST intends to play the field, and her batting average isn't bad!

A. ANDREWS just can't keep from "ROMEing." Give the locals a chance, Andy.

MULLINS is jealous of DICK DISMUKES. Why can't he be sponsor of AD Pi. What about it B. LUMPKIN?

P.S.—It's amazing what can happen between Thursday and Monday. Congrats to BILL and CAROLYN —the latest pin-up job.

For PUG'S latest escapades, tune in next week:

# Chapel Chores

by Emily Calhoun

One of the things we have always admired about Mercer students is their unusual versatility. This versatility manifests itself most strongly during chapel periods. It is really amazing the number of different ways which resourceful students invent to ward off ennui.

Reading and sleeping are the most popular pastimes. Some people have developed their ability to sleep to such a degree that not even the exhortations of an evangelist can awaken them.

As for reading matter, all types are to be found: hometown newspapers, Reader's Digest, True Story, and the latest best sellers.

The following was overheard recently:

Loud voice to anybody who was listening: "Has anybody got anything to read? I forget to bring anything."

We trust that some kind soul supplied him with a newspaper.

Those eagers who study during chapel shouldn't be overlooked either. The fascination which textbooks acquire for many students during chapel is indeed a strange phenomenon. People who never look at a textbook at any other hour of the day or night suddenly feel a compulsion to do upon hearing the soft strains of the organ as they enter chapel.

Conversations such as the following frequently occur:

Eager beaver buried in Spanish book to friend several rows back: "Hey, do you know what amor means?"

"Just a minute, and I'll look it up in my dictionary."

She does so, and yells back the meaning.

There are those who prefer to convey their messages in the form of notes. Whole packages of notebook paper are sometimes used up during chapel period.

Other people prefer sign language. There are several different sign languages now in vogue, all of which have reached a high degree of perfection.

Eating is always a good way to kill time during chapel. People are most generous about sharing their

peanuts, candy, etc. with their friends, even going so far as to pass refreshments across the aisle.

At about 12:25, there is an eager gleam in the eyes of each student. The sleepers arouse themselves, and everybody sits tensely on the edge of his seat, awaiting that blessed word which, has acquired the significance of a dispatcher's announcement of the departure of a bus. As soon as the "amen" is uttered, there is a great surge, as of the trampling of a herd of cattle in a wild west show, and students make a mad dash for the exits that will conduct them to their various destinations.

On Friday, particularly, the chapel assumes the atmosphere of a bus station. People come and go at will, the largest exodus occurring at about 12:15. Those encumbered with luggage can conveniently check it in the hall free of charge. They then enter the auditorium, and making themselves as comfortable as possible, engage in one or more of the aforementioned activities while awaiting the "go signal."

We are well aware of the wide variety of recreational activities afforded students during chapel, but believe that the enjoyment of this period would be still further enhanced by the addition of soft couches, card tables, cokes, and cigarettes.

History Teacher: "Do you believe that Washington actually threw a dollar across the Rappahannock?"

History student: "Why not—I heard that he pitched his camp across the Delaware."

—Hilltop Hi-Lite.