

THE EDITORS SPEAK

WELCOME

It is an ironclad tradition that the first issue of the college newspaper must contain an editorial welcoming the freshman and giving them advice, both good and bad, which we upperclassmen never heeded.

We are happy to have you here. Rush week should be proof enough of that. Since the first of you arrived, we have been exhibiting our most helpful and attractive selves. We are worn out from providing you with dates, some place to go, and something to do. We have helped you register, get your books, outline your course of study and find your classes, and have patiently tried to answer your many questions. Now, as soon as pledging is over, we are going to sit back with the feeling that we have done our part and with the conviction that the rest is up to you.

It is up to you! You are probably already filled with advice from home, and the chances are you wouldn't take anymore anyway, so we'll just save our breath. You know that you should study. You've also been told that there are a number of things you won't learn from books. And you ought to know by now that you get more out of something if you put more into it. This goes for college too—not just in the preparation of your lessons—but in all phases of your campus life. You will find that Mercer is not too small for the largest of you and not too large for the smallest of you. She has much to offer, so take advantage of your every opportunity while here.

Find your place in the University plan of things, and when you are thus "situated," give forth the best that you have. You may rest assured that the best will be returned.

J.B.G.

CONGRATULATIONS

Art Fuller, Bill Aldred, and their assistants are to be complimented on the Production of *The Bear Skin*. Theirs is the singular distinction of achieving an aim in its entirety. They have managed to provide a refreshing deviation from the somewhat stilted style of the *Silhouette*, without allowing *The Bear Skin* to lapse into a mere joke book.

This magazine embodies the fresh crispness essential to the appeal of a successful college publication. Short stories, editorials, and features are expertly woven in with jokes, scintillant skits, and pictures to render a well balanced effect.

It is a certainty that this highly readable magazine will be greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

C.T.R.

HANK O'NEAL

CHEATING

Most of the authorities in college administrations are of the opinion that cheating is a process in which you get something for nothing. But looking at it from a student's standpoint, we might say that if the authorities never cheated, of course they got nothing out of it.

Cheating is immoral, but, for all practical purposes, it is here to stay. My contention is that cheating is not the simple racket it is cracked up to be.

Cheating is far harder to detect than it once was, for as students learn psychology, they begin immediately to apply it. The psychological cheaters are those composing that big mass of people who move from the back towards the front at exam time. They know that this will create a favorable impression

on the instructor. They also know that any instructor who is simple enough to watch the front row is probably so dumb that he would not know cheating if he saw it.

That age when people wrote little notes on cigarettes packs, copied things from their cuffs, and brought whole final exams for fifteen cents, is now history. That was the glorious age when the scientific method was applied in the laboratory, and not in cheating. That was the age which has been trod as dust from the human path.

This era of streamlined cheating has totally defeated its own purpose. In fact, cheating has become downright crooked. It has become too difficult for the dumb people who need it, and has to be used by the smart ones who would get by anyway.



JIM COWAN

AT THE GRIND AGAIN

Peels of girlish laughter and oh so many delightfully feminine oohs and aahs greeted me as I shuffled down the stairs leading from the tracks in to the Macon Terminal Station.

After three and a half months buried in hometown newspaper work as a reporter on the Albany Herald, who should I see first on my return to Mercer but Muckel-head Miriam Gordon and Beetle-Brain Lillian Howell breaking into infectious whah-whahs over a joke lost in antiquity. They, with their shutter-faced chauffeur, Bill O'Connor, had come to the station to meet the new arrivals in the BSU buggy, Lucy II.

While they were running amuck looking for other Mercerians, I scurried to the baggage check room where I anon became acquainted with a tall, pipe-chewing skeleton with an outlandish shock of hair named Bill Shockley. (He wasn't the checking agent, he explained; he was only a fellow sufferer on the

way to Tattnall Tech.) Bill told me he is from Virginia and is Ridgecrest really as wonderful as they say and are all the economics professors insane?

My cellmate, George Markey, also from Albany, I sadly confess, came in on the next train and late arrivals Frank Wentz of Fitzgerald and Van Kirkland of Jacksonville came in Tuesday and managed to get registered in spite of their faculty advisors. Together, during the following five days, the four of us succeeded in making Sherwood Warden, Charlie Harris, the nervous wreck he is today.

Then came Thursday and classes and Dr. Vandiver who insisted that Shakespeare could not have possibly stolen the deer and Mrs. Plymale who was convinced that Thomas Hardy is a greater writer than Jule Greene and Dr. Carver who was determined that there is but one really correct way of catching a gopher.

This is Mercer with its hard stories and luscious halls and its hominess away from home.

Rat court, rush week and final exams are all a part of it. Co-op coffee, varsity basketball and fraternity dances off campus are all a part of it. We too will add ourselves to its life as it plays a hand in the shaping of our destinies leaving its mark upon the faces of our characters.

Still the world will call us good or bad,

Organize Non-Frat

by Joe Davis

Not so long ago I was approached by a member of the Non-Fraternity group on the Mercer Campus and was asked my opinion about an organization that would be the complement of the non-Sorority group. At once I became enthusiastic about the idea and promised I would write an article about it in the forthcoming issue of the *Cluster*. Since it is the *Cluster's* policy to air all views and ideas, we are happy to place this one before the student body.

The organization of the non-frats would aid the campus life in many ways.

1. Athletically — an organized team for Intra-mural sports.
2. Socially — an organized group to aid all non-frats in their social life.
3. Unification — a strong group to back all measures to aid the student body, by working, playing, and planning together.

I therefore appeal to the Mercer student body to back this idea for more unity on our campus. It is a good idea, a strong ideal, and a complete aid toward unification of the students on the campus.

There is a national organization of Non-Fraternity men, and a chapter here on the campus could attain a charter without too much effort. One does not have to cite the good that has been done by the Non-Sorority group. It is my opinion that just as much good can be accomplished by a hard working Non-Fraternity organization.

'Love Against Hate'

By Lucius Hall

At a recent meeting of all male students, hurriedly called in the chapel, an attempt was made by a high official of the administration to explain the advantages of a student enrolling in the ROTC. The gentleman who presented the item of consideration, is supposed to be a person of keen judgment. Though, he only presented one side of the picture, we know that there are two. He did not care to discuss the fact that ROTC might be wrong. Speaking from an experience of four years, I know that ROTC teaches men how to kill. This is the ultimate purpose of ROTC on the Mercer Campus. Jesus Christ, the founder of the religion called Christianity, of which this school claims to be an institution, taught us to love. God loved us enough to send Christ into the world, and this same Christ said for us to love our enemies. Personally, I believe that he meant this. If Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and if he came from God and went back to God, then we had better seriously consider what he said. We know that love and war are incompatible. I know from experience that you cannot kill and believe in your heart that God is love. The two together are incompatible. You cannot partly try to follow war or ROTC and be Christian. If you are to be a Christian, then you must follow Christ and do what he said and live your life in the light of his teachings.

Jesus Christ took a course of non-violence. He fought with love and the power and conviction of God behind him. In the light of this, I say to the student body, can you take ROTC and follow the principles of love as set forth by Christ? I urge you to examine the New Testament and let it stand on its own merit for support. Can you follow Christ and take ROTC and be taught how to kill.

Whether Christendom cares to face the fact or not, Jesus was a pacifist and would have had no part or lot in this bloody shambles which beset us. . . I see no logic in an attitude which on the one hand insists that Jesus was . . . "very God of very God," whose word was literally the voice of God speaking in the world, and on the other tells us that a follower of this omnipotent and omniscient and all wise God may with a clear conscience act in flat contradiction to God's teaching on such a vital matter.

BOB GARDNER

YOU NAME IT . . .

About this time of the year, brite and trite feature writers sharpen their pencils, dull their brains, and rave on about registration, book store lines, post-office troubles, the woes of "moving in," and on and on, *ad infinitum*, indefinitely, and forever and ever amen. It never fails. Each first issue comes out in that moan of voice.

And not only does it so happen, but it further happens that almost every column contains the same idea: everything is in that vein, and so in vain. Folks read thru one and speed thru the rest—if author Q's article is read at all, it is read first and last all at once. The rest approach the proverbial second carnival or fifteenth circus. Their tedious trivialities, treading on already thuroly tander toes, tend not to be too funny.

So we'll skip them. But in so doing, we are faced with a situation of considerable embarrassment. Fortunately for clarity's sake, the poet has voiced our anxiety nicely—a four-stanza quotation from his *Uncollected Works* with which we both explain and conclude:

"Early in the college season,
With a great deal of rime and reason,
College folk don't do much.

"And feature writers prolific,
Noting their subjects soporific,
Must needs write about such.

"So the erring collegians, inactive,
Are not material attractive
Until they get themselves in duteh.

"So go and get!"

The MERCER CLUSTER

Mirror of Students' Thought and Action

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CLUSTER POLICY

"We are the sum of all the moments of our lives . . ." Thomas Wolfe.
It shall be the policy of the Mercer CLUSTER to record these moments honestly, focusing them without distortion.

THE CLUSTER PLATFORM

1. To promote a strong, self-governing student body.
2. To stimulate interest in worthwhile extra-curricular activities.
3. To work toward placing the administration of the student activities funds in the hands of the students.
4. To maintain an editorial policy committed to the interests of the entire student body and to pull no punches.
5. To constructively criticize any campus irregularities after a complete investigation of the facts.