

THE EDITORS SPEAK

Thoughts While Watching Latin Quarter Review

"Ladies and Gents! Right this way, the strangest sight on earth!"—thus harangues the ballyhoo man at the Fair. For two-bits curiosity seekers may behold super-corpulent women, alligator-skinned men, Siamese twins, and many other freaks of nature.

Unheralded, and absolutely free, in another part of the fairgrounds is an exhibition of the best that Man and Mother Nature can produce: sturdy cattle, premium corn-fed hogs, luscious apples, dahlias the size of dinner plates, and pies and cakes better than those mother used to make—all the direct result of careful thought and conscious effort.

Fairs offer two big attractions, the unique and the normally perfect. Both types represent the culmination of natural laws, and are the products of heredity and environment.

Heredity and environment in the production of fruits and vegetables is called "Agriculture," in the perfecting of stock, "Selective Breeding," in the development of mankind, "Education." All tend toward the same end—that of evolving a better product.

College atmosphere furnishes the stimulus and the raw materials, which if assimilated, form a better product. You are not compelled to indulge. This culture is not arbitrarily imposed as in the diet of a Duroc hog. You are free to reject it, or you may feast, develop day by day, expand in mental stature, grow in understanding.

As an apple cannot attain firmness, luster, fragrance, and edibility without the constant attention of the grower, neither can the student acquire those qualities which make a standard product a prizewinner without proper utilization of his opportunities.

Where will you be in the Fair of Life?

HANK O'NEAL

Bullshooting

Entirely too many parents teach their children that actions speak louder than words. This may have been true fifty years ago, but it is a crackpot doctrine in modern life. Too many of us people of action have been stomped on by some character who knew the right word.

Much careful study and research have revealed that it was not hard work that made this nation great; we were just lucky in having a few generations of great bullshooters. Patrick Henry, Franklin Roosevelt, Gene Talmadge, and Errol Flynn, are typical examples. Each was a master in his own field, and each could, without strain, talk the horns off a cast-iron billygoat.

There is a very simple, and yet very acid test for any given line of bull. If a person knows, before you speak, that you are going to lie, and yet she still wants to hear you, there is no cause for worry.

Good high quality bull can replace everything in a man's life but his mother; and if it's good enough, it may even find a substitute for her. A man may be so stupid that he has difficulty living, yet if he knows those little things near and

dear to a woman's heart he will probably turn out to be a raving success.

Bullshooting is the most democratic institution on earth. It is the shortest answer to that oldest of all questions: "Why do the most hideous men always get the most beautiful women?" It is man's most non-expensive luxury. It is God's gift to the ugly.

Some guy said that women were not everything. He may have been right, but women, like money, are the majority of everything. And it is all too true that no man ever got either one of these majorities by keeping quiet. Most women are quick to admit that the most handsome face ever grown is utterly useless if it cannot give out with some of the beautiful thoughts that lie just behind it.

A good fast line of animated conversation is like courtesy; for it costs nothing, but is likely to pay a lot. A few gross exaggerations here and there have never hurt anybody, much. There is just no use fooling ourselves: great bullshooters never grow old; they may die of old age, but they die young.



WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT THIS TIME?

BOB GARDNER

Testing . . . One, Two, Three

The groans and the growls brought on by mid-terms are either right around the corner, or (if the printer doesn't come thru with this sheet properly) already upon us. Cuss words and other irreligious and immoral expletives are the recognized terminology of the day, assuming that the individual is orally,

rather than studiously, viewing the situation. Of course, if he is studying, the periodical click of eye balls colliding with commas is the only sound. But, taken as a whole, the picture is habitually one of resultless tongue-turmoil; and often we must pause and wonder why. If the chillun only knew, we think, they'd never revamp the King's English in such a "cursory" way: they'd shout with anticipatory feeling their glee, and welcome with outstretched arms the coming quizzes, for that day of compliment approaches.

The student body regularly each sixth week sees only the negative aspect of the prevailing tests. And though we say "negative" and you all think it to be from the student standpoint, we actually mean negative from the professional prospect. Think ye momentarily on this: the instructor is the biggest loser on these tests. Certainly he doesn't ask all those questions merely for the knowledge he might accidentally gain; most teachers seem to know their course, for better or for worse. And certainly he doesn't go to all that bother for the joy derived; judging by the almost surplus of young teachers here, we can safely say that, after all, they haven't yet had time to develop their mature inhumanitarianistic personalities. All of which clinches our cliché: the teacher loses out. He gives a quiz, the questions of which he, quite alone and without help, could have answered at the time of conception. After the quiz, then, he has a billion erratic and insane, and one or two precise and scholarly, answers to scan, the ap-

praisal of which eventually demands a decision hateful generally to both, and almost inevitably to you. Joy, — Hardly: the poor fellow loses time and patience and finds only confirmation of what you perhaps feel is his already-held, dim view of you.

Whereas, on the other hand, the student profits much. This is the positive aspect of the situation, and very much from the student standpoint. Where, in an equally so-short a time, will you ever have the opportunity to sit down with your very own little hand so much valuable information on that particular subject? Still further: and how else will you be absolutely positive that the knowledge which you think you have at your immediate command is actually there? How else can you be assured that copying your neighbor's paper won't be necessary? In what other way can you truly know what you truly know?

You see?—these tests aren't the vile invention of a heartless and sexless monster whose intent it is to harass the hedonists and incapacitate the intellectuals. They're actually a condescension on the part of the learned, a stooping to our student gutter level by a loving and anxious faculty, a magnanimous observation of our feeble minds, far beneath their dignity, by the bekeyed and be-brained ed-u-ca-tors. Why, we should be thankful for the tests! Yes, even this: we should write a sincere "thank you" at the end of each one!

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.

RAMBLIN

with BILL TYSON

Football

The football "bomb" has been lying in the Mercer administration's lap for quite some time. Attorney General Cook has fired the fuse. How long that fuse is we don't know. The administration's hands seem to be tied at the moment. We know, and the administration knows, that the time to act is while the fuse is burning. The "M" club and the students have shown in a most exemplary manner that they want action. Their organized, sincere manner of approach to the matter is worthy of note, as is also their appreciation of the outside encouragement they have received.

When Bomb Explodes

What is the administration going to do? Is it still suffering from shock? When the "bomb" explodes what will it bring forth? Perhaps that depends upon how much money is in it when it bursts, or how much support the alumni have indicated, or the reaction of the students. We, of course, can do only our part and hope for the rest. Do your part now. There is everything to gain and nothing to lose. Give all you can in time, effort, money and encouragement and then keep your fingers crossed.

Miss Mercer

Whoever is chosen as Miss Mercer this time should really be able to feel that she is Miss Mercer. In the past, the lucky girl was nothing more than the choice of some disinterested party many miles away. This is an important phase in campus activities, isn't it?, and should be handled by the students who, of course, are interested!

RAMBLIN ROUND: It's getting to where a girl can't stay home alone without being frightened to death, isn't it, Chl O's . . . With all the suit-cases last week the freshmen seemed to be going places without getting anywhere . . . The boys thank you, girls, for the sunrise serenade last Tuesday morning. Next time not so early, please. . . Congratulations to the pledges of all the fraternities. May you always be proud of your choice.

Moon Dream

by Jo Jordan

The last chimes had sounded the hour of 12 o'clock and lights were out. A few whispers were heard from roommates as their conversations about Jimmy and Johnny faded out and the dream-boat set sail. Peace settled over the rooms. The pale harvest moon shone through the open blinds and moon beams fell across the dresser. There, life was found!

It seemed as though the daily helpful called cosmetics were trying to maintain order. The problem, so the moon beams related, was shorter working hours for all cosmetics, and better living conditions.

The Cold Cream Jar asked for each to step forward and state their problems. The first was Powder. Foundation. She complained that people put her on just any old way.—Powder immediately chimed in that when this happened she could not look her best.

Then Rouge stepped forward and in weary words said that she was mistreated because people always used too much, which ruined her reputation.

On into the night the meeting continued, with complaints of crowded and messy living conditions. The outcome was not related because as the dawn broke, the moon beams slipped away . . . Now mind, this is the story of a moon dream.

The MERCER CLUSTER

Mirror of Students' Thought and Action

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