

THE EDITORS SPEAK

Wallace, A Disappointment

Henry Wallace proved himself a disappointment to a Mercer audience last Wednesday—disappointing in that he did not speak in the trend expected by many students who were determined to resist any antagonistic ideas.

Mr. Wallace did not rantingly propound communistically inspired social doctrines. On the contrary, he presented some highly intelligent, and, at least theoretically plausible ideas on social, economic, and moral problems. His brand of reasoning could only have evolved out of a modern civilization.

It is much too easy to blindly apply the term "Communist" to any advocate of programs contrary to the status quo. If the underlying implications of his speech are any indication, Mr. Wallace is not a Communist. He does not propose predominance of the state at the expense of the individual. He admits that he is a progressive with strong socialistic tendencies, even with the realization of the connotations of radicalism, usually associated with that term.

Mr. Wallace convincingly presented an outstanding point by citing an appropriate parallelism, he exposed the jeopardy to a world view inherent in the chauvinism which sanctions American materialism while staunchly condemning that of any other country.

Whatever our individual appraisals of Henry Wallace may be, he deserves praise for the firmness of his convictions and the courage to attack unflinchingly the idol "white supremacy," while addressing a Georgia audience.

LOVEABLE PAGANS

by Eric A. Osterle
Pastor, Tattnell Square Baptist Church

I reckon you could call it "One sweetly solemn thought" but whatever it is I know I experience it every now and again on the campus when I see a host of students converging on chapel. My observation is always something like this: "How is it I never see a lot of these swell looking people at other times? (Now I know my 'other times' are largely in church or some sort of ecclesiastical conclave and that shuts me off from commerce with those whose looks intrigue me.) I envy the leaders who are getting a shot at them." But I have a lurking suspicion no religious leader is getting that glorious privilege. So that leads me to reveal my opinion (no gestapo or gallup poll verdicts to support it, mind you) that these swell looking people I see so infrequently and with fleeting glimpses are just a lot of lovable pagans. And to those lovable pagans I issue a manifesto. I'd like to be your chaplain. I dare you to organize yourselves into a group that makes clear its honest skepticism and asks for someone to meet that skepticism with a forthright, intelligent and convincing faith. I don't mean a disconnected chain of casual bull sessions but an organized group of honest pagans whose severance from formal religious groups has been made on the basis of an honest and healthy disgust with the impotence of such religious groups as it has been their fortune or misfortune to be cast in with. And I swear by the Great Horn Spoon, I don't have any specific denomination or smaller group in mind as I write that.

faith and practice do the pagan marksman and his targets some good. It is far better for us to have this thing out in the open than to have it done clandestinely.

And again I don't want this club, if ever it becomes a reality, to be an FFF (feudin' fightin' and fussin') wherein a fellow can drop in just to rearrange his prejudices. You know that story, don't you? A rather dour cleric was sitting in a convivial group with his well-knit, bent brow lying heavily in his hand. Someone remarked that the fellow must be thinking very deeply. "No," the wit said, "He's just rearranging his prejudices."

I have too much of a job on my hands of sweetening sour saints to take on any more vinegary folks.

Those of us who sincerely believe that these ghastly exposures in congressional committees of gross infidelity to public honor are due to the failure of our government to tell us the truth and on time should know why I want to bring out into the open the things which make laggard the steps of enlightened churches and institutions with like objectives.

"Look there," said a young man to Henry Drummond, "you see that elderly gentleman? He is the father of our infidel club." "But he is the leading elder of our church." "I know he is but he founded our infidel club." "Every man in the village knows what a humbug he is, and so we will have nothing to do with his religion!"

Let us have that sort of thing as the natural revolt of youth on this campus. I urge you to present yourselves a formidable body, armed to the teeth with your honest skepticism, to those prepared to meet you.

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Know Your Professors!



A. BRUCE ANTHONY

Dr. A. B. Anthony is the genial genius of economics at Mercer. Formerly head of the Economics Department, he is still regarded by most as the "major sequence" and the "orthodox view" in that field. His unpretentious brand of Christianity is as well known a feature of the man to his friends as his unsightly appearance is to the casual observer. His is the philosophy of the exalted "Common Man" whose classroom is Libby, McNeil and Libby Plant No. 10 and whose textbook is life itself. A king among intellectuals and average men alike, Dr. Anthony takes the universe as his province and "the interstice" as his flag. A respecter of human beings rather than of persons, Dr. Anthony is loved by all who know him for his congenial nature and his unassuming attitude.

—IM COWAN

TOWARD A REAL THANKSGIVING

I think sometimes it is good to go back to the land, to that one particular farm or city block that fathered us, if only to view for a minute the place and remember it as it was.

For some, this going back is only a few miles' trip to the small towns nearby. For others, it is clear across the country to homes in upper New York State, Texas, or Oregon.

Yet, for others, it is to no home, but to the land itself to view the district in which they grew or the place in which they once lived, loved, laughed and cried, now owned by others, but still a part of those going back.

For these without family or friends remaining there, it is more than to those who return to a physical home. For these, it is a disembodied feeling, a longing for what is no more nor can ever be again in actuality.

Theirs is a real thanksgiving. Theirs is the offering of thanks for what has been and still is in remembrance. Theirs is a real "going home," for they go more in spirit than in actuality and come away more resolved to the practical ideals of their childhood and to the making of genuine progress with these ideals in the face of any odds.

The Mercer Players did it again in *Dulcy*, the Kaufman and Connelly comedy which was presented in Willingham Chapel last Thursday and Friday nights. Miss Mary Popkins, the new instructor in Speech, did an excellent job of directing her first play at Mercer and of obtaining the full cooperation of her cast with a minimum of conflict.

It is inevitable that the new pro-

Joan of Lorraine, the outstanding production should be compared with dramatic success of last spring. If I should have to say which of the two I prefer, I would be forced to select Joan of Lorraine. However, let me hasten to add that it is only because the Maxwell Anderson drama is the better play. The two casts were about equal in ability and both the sets were of very appropriate design.

One rule of courtesy that should never be overlooked is that of respecting the "Studying" sign placed outside the door of one in the midst of a term paper or in preparation for a make-or-break exam. Fraternity brothers, other friends, enemies and just plain general nuisances should all accept the fact that if a person places a notice outside his door to the effect that he is studying, he really should be left alone until he removes that notice.

It is through no wish on the part of the occupant of a closed room to be rude that he places such a sign there. More likely than not, there is nothing he would like better than spending a couple of hours shooting the bull with his friends. It is an indication of rudeness for anyone, whether friend or otherwise, to become offended at, or, even worse, to disregard a "Studying" sign.

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Holidays start tomorrow—Thursday. The Cluster wishes you all a pleasant week-end and hopes that we shall each find the spirit of a Christian American Thanksgiving.

But here's a word of warning: Be back Monday. Regulations of the college give double cuts for classes missed Wednesday (today) and Monday.

Enjoy the turkey!

R AMBLIN

with BILL TYSON

The development of Fraternity Row could be one of the greatest things that ever happened on the Mercer campus. Those of you who are not acquainted with the scope of this program might be interested in knowing how it has developed up to the point it is now. My information is not detailed or authoritative but it is essentially correct.

Lodge Plan

As it stands now the lodge plan provides that the administration will give the fraternities a twenty-five year lease, renewable at expiration, on the lots and will put up six thousand dollars for an \$8,000 lodge, the fraternities furnishing the other \$2,000. The limit that a fraternity may put into the construction of a lodge is \$10,000, but all expenses over \$8,000 must be borne solely by the fraternity. The administration will receive \$30 per month rental on each lodge.

The original blueprints of Fraternity Row provided for a very beautiful horseshoe arrangement of lodges to begin behind the SAE lodge and extend, facing Adams Street, approximately to the junction of Adams Street and Stadium Drive. A paved street was to be constructed between these points running along in front of the lodges. This would allow each fraternity space for a good sized lawn on its lot and there would also be space for a large and beautiful lawn between the new road and Adams Street upon which could be placed lawn chairs, a fountain, and other such ornamentalations. It would be a good place for outdoor parties. Possibly the fraternities could jointly build an outdoor furnace. I see many such possibilities; however, the administration has laid those plans aside because of the few thousand dollars expenses which would be incurred in constructing the paved road. The present plans are to build the lodges in a straight line along Adams Street.

—BOB GARDNER

THE OPEN FIRE

The object of much reflective search, the source of pleasant heat and unpleasant smoke, the rapidly disappearing center of the home—these and more are the lowly fireplace. The mark both of early splendor and the frontier cabin, it occupies a place being taken over more and more by progress. Now-a-days it exists mainly as a last resort, and, as such, as another sign of the decay of the hearty welcome.

Oh, the log fireplace certainly had its drawbacks and, of course, none would recall it purely for its utility. A log too near the front or a sudden gust of wind down the chimney would fill the room with smoke; at its roaring best, it heated too little; as a devouring creature, it kept a fuel bearer nearly always busy. But the personality of the open hearth has lost, nothing thereby, such bother serves to make its friendship the dearer.

To sit and think, to sit and love, to sit and doze—where else but before the leaping orange of a fireplace? To say "Howdy there, neighbor," to the visitor—what else does it more expressively than the snapping and cracking of a friendly flame? To draw out the most inspired thoughts of life-long companions—what is better than the aromatic tang of burning pitch?

No, the old fireplace seems destined never to regain its former place; nor need it. But to become merely of the heritage of us all is surely to be grieved. With its complete departure goes also an undeniable portion of rugged and warm Americana, a part of our best.