

THE EDITORS SPEAK

What Is Americanism?

Americanism is an idealism concerning our way of life. It implies a sincere faith and belief in a democratic, representative form of government with certain checks and balances to prevent usurpation of power that might impair our government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

It stands for individual rights, fair play, tolerance, justice, recognition of individual ability, and reasonableness in all phases of American living. We cannot condone Americanism as sponsored by intolerant secret societies. Neither can we accept as the American way selfish, unjust practices of powerful groups in our industrial life.

We must guard with all our energy the human rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Destructive theories fostered by foreign money and influence aimed at the possible weakening or overthrow of our form of government must be combatted with all legitimate means. Liberty under the law must not be extended to protect license, anarchy, or treason under the law.

In our efforts to combat un-American influence, we must not, however, become such self-righteous super-patriots that we interpret those who argue for orderly change as un-American and thereby injure a loyal fellow citizen.

BOB GARDNER

The Fudge and I

With one eye idly watching my wife make fudge, and with the other idly slurping up, in my "scholarly" desire for wisdom, bits of Plato, Aquinas, Hobbes, St. Augustine, Donald Duck, and others, I yet couldn't help wondering what I would say to convince the world that I'm neither one of two "agitative nuisances" in a state of mental confusion nor one who has "not thrown the egg." That I am just those things is evident; part of the Cluster staff says so. But when I asked the fudge on the stove if I was stirring it then the wife is mightier than the pen if they were right, it said, "Blurp, blurp," which obviously was judge-

language for "No, no, a thousand times no." And so I shall continue, certain that I have a rational authority to back me up.

And I am certain, because this rational authority, the pan of fudge, told me to agree with the generalizations put forth. He who contradicts himself in the space of three months without a satisfactory explanation is surely mentally foggy for the sake of vanity is of course de-pirable. And he who destructive-

criticizes is by far the worst of it, actually for the sake of the three-I gladly uphold the valid theory of idealistic perfectionism of their assertions, for the fudge that I speak.

Know Your Professors!



Professor Gail Luke Carver, holder of the A.B. and M.A. degrees, is the Divisional Chairman of Pre-medical and Pre-dental Studies at Mercer. One of the oldest members of the faculty, his period of service extends 41 years back to 1907. Students of biology have often found him to be a shrewd grader of personality if not always of academic merits. A lover of such hobbies as painting and singing, he has become famous at Mercer and throughout this section of the country for his vigorous stand for the conservation of natural resources and his equally vigorous attacks on the vices of alcohol, nicotine and football.

JIM COWAN

HAPPY HITCH-HIKING

Hitchhikers are one type of mammal that comes in all assorted shapes and sizes and for all sorts of reasons. Some of them bump rides just for the heck of it; others do it because to do otherwise would be to get nowhere at all—in other words, for them the cash factor is involved. Whatever their reason for hitch-hiking, many, it is claimed, still find it one of the most refreshing outdoor sports. Personally, when I was making a trip home last weekend via thumb, the only refreshing thing I found about it was the rain beating in my face. At any rate, I do think I have picked up a few of the fundamental rules of the game.

After having prepared to leave, with my tooth brush, razor, extra pair of socks, and copies of Aristotle's Politics and Esquire tucked safely under my arm, I thought it best to find a fraternity brother, or somebody with a car, who happened to be going the same way I was. Since I had to take the Fort Valley road to Albany, I was naturally over-

joyed on discovering Archer Moore driving toward Perry. He did serve the purpose, though, when it came to dropping the off just outside of town at the most likely place to get a lift to Southwest Georgia. Apparently the place was all too likely, for four other hitch-hikers were stationed in pairs right in the same vicinity. Hitch-hikers' etiquette compelled me to go to the foot of the line which I did without a murmur for they were all bigger than I. Of course, that Friday afternoon dew was getting a little thick by this time, I think I might have become damp had it not been for the gusts of wind created by the passing of

1948 Hudson sedans, new and old Chevrolts, and even Model-T Fords and Jeeps.

When a ride finally did come, it was with some Georgia students who happened to be going directly to Sylvester, just twenty miles from home, which didn't make me unhappy in the least. Neither, for that matter, did the five minute stop-over in Cordele that is, while it was still only five minutes. After three quarters of an hour we pulled out again, having heard the tenth rehearsal of "I Love You, Truly," "Because," and "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," which one of the boys' Uncle Willie had to sing in a wedding the next day.

It took quite a while, yet, to get out of Sylvester. I had to keep moving from one street corner to the other so as not to stand in any one place too long for fear that a wandering great Dane might take me for a tire plug. Needless to say, I was never more happy to see an old Mercer student than I was when Ed McCord came by in a pick-up truck on the way to Dawson to a ball game. By the time we got through discussing varsity basketball, intramural sports, the Phi Mu formal and mid-term exams, we had reached Albany.

P.S. I took the bus back to Ma-

RALPH SMITH

A Fable of Forbidden Knowledge

Plain Mr. Brown ambled toward the metropolitan library. The street was congested with a great number of vehicles, but this did not interrupt the happy musings of plain Mr. Brown. For once it was not raining and here and there an exceedingly sickly looking bird chirped. When a bird did chirp, it was immediately sad, for the attempted song sounded like an anemic cat's meow. But, as I had before, these things did not affect the bliss of plain Mr. Brown.

It is well, thought plain Mr. Brown to himself, that while attending The University, he are guests of the city. This city is ours while we are here and everything in it is ours; it is a home away from home and we are always welcome. These things are well, Mr. Brown came to an intersection and tried to cross. A gray skidded on and the corner at a terrifying speed, and narrowly missed dashing Mr. Brown's brains out on the diamond hard pavement.

Mr. Brown walked into the metropolitan library and headed for the card catalogue. He knew how to use the card catalogue because he had learned about this device at The University. He quickly found the desired card and went to the book shelves. Mr. Brown returned to his own home town library where he had spent many happy hours. He had always treasured the book since his earliest childhood and he wanted them with the greatest care. Mr. Brown thought about the kind of librarian at home who had instructed him in the choice of books. As a tiny infant, when Mr. Brown threw a temper tantrum, he had invariably been quieted by having a book thrown at his head.

Mr. Brown found his book and walked over to the desk. "Please, kind lady," he murmured, "I am only a poor student at The University and I would like to check out this book. I promise to take the best of care of it and never, fill back the pages in place of a book mark." And then as an afterthought, he added, "My name is Brown, P. M. Brown, that is."

The book was checked out with the greatest dispatch, but Mr. Brown reached over to peek it. "Now young man," muttered the librarian, "that'll be a Five Dollar deposit." The placid world of Mr. Brown was shattered. Poor man his brain snapped under the strain. "Hah!" laughed Mr. Brown, "they'll never know what did it, they'll never catch me. I'll be abscond with the book. So it will be safely stacked away in my private library." With these words of wisdom, the not so good Mr. Brown snatched the book, emitted a blood-curdling scream, slammed the door, dashed through the door, evaporated down the alley, and was last seen racing along Cherry Street at the speed of light.

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HIS FAMILY SPREE

by Bob Gardner

Although I know for sure that I'm not, I'm told, that somebody is supposed to be his own grandfather. This seems possible only in the circles of the U. D. C.—where family trees are carefully cultivated, and impossible elsewhere—where they're used to heat the house in these days of fuel shortages and rising costs.

But wherever he is, obviously his purpose is to be confusional rather than informational. He seems comparable in every way to Mercer

students writing tests and early Greeks writing philosophy.

This confusion is made manifest by the unnecessary appendages to his story. Two young-uns show up, neither needed. No doubt our marriage course extolls the virtues of offsprings to solidify and perpetuate families, but these two aren't required for self-ancestralization. When he gets to be his dad's dad, that's enough. (A herculean task in itself; it ought to be enough.) All else is confusion.

And this confusion blinds the man to further implications of his position: he's what he says and more. As things now stand, he could lay claim to being his step-mother's step-father, his brother's grand father, and his son's great-grand father.

- All of which leads us to the moral of our story—choose one.
- 1) When all is said and done there's really only one.
 - 2) Frying pans are once again cooler, or
 - 3) What Men these mortals be!