

THE EDITORS SPEAK

Cluster Is Neutral

Again this year the Cluster's stand on politics will be neutral. If any staff members wish to support any party or any certain candidates, this will be done as individuals and not as Cluster staff members.

We do not encourage or discourage bloc vote in elections. Each student must make his own decision, thinking seriously, we hope, on how his stand and his vote may affect the welfare of the student body during the coming year. Each party has spent much time in drawing up its list, and the results show that some fine and qualified candidates for offices have been put up.

In response to many requests, attention is called to the new party set-up on the campus. The Progressive party has dissolved, and a new one, the Mercercrats, has been formed. This party is composed of Alpha Delta Pi, Kappa Alpha, Lambda Chi, M.I.C.A., M.I.M.A., and Phi Delta Theta. The Representative Party includes the same representation as in the past—Chi Omega, Kappa Sigma, Phi Mu, Pi Kappa Phi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Xi, and has added to its group this year Alpha Tau Omega.

We can hope for a strong Student Government next year only if we choose capable leaders and then, no matter how split the tickets or who is elected, do all in our power to work and co-operate with those who serve in the offices.

We can stand up and say what we believe according to principles and still keep our politics clean. Let's try to do that this year. And by all means, let's all vote on April 11.
—S. H.

Give Better Chapel

It is a sad commentary on Mercer-life to state that of approximately 30 chapel programs presented last quarter, the quality presentations can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

At the outset, the programs were to be given in a student cultural-spiritual chapel cycle, with performers who had something to do and with speakers who had something to say.

Unfortunately, the performers have been few and far-between, and most of the speakers have had little, if anything, to say.

Chapel, compulsory as it is, offers unlimited opportunities for (1) developing a spirit of campus kinship, (2) presenting an over-all look at human philosophies, (3) strengthening cultural lines, and (4) kindling and or-rehning spiritual concepts.

The door has been pulled ajar for these opportunities, but then oftener it has been slammed in their faces, despite their insistent knocking.

From the rostrum, have often come pleas for audience-respect by chapel speakers and the sanctity of the hour.

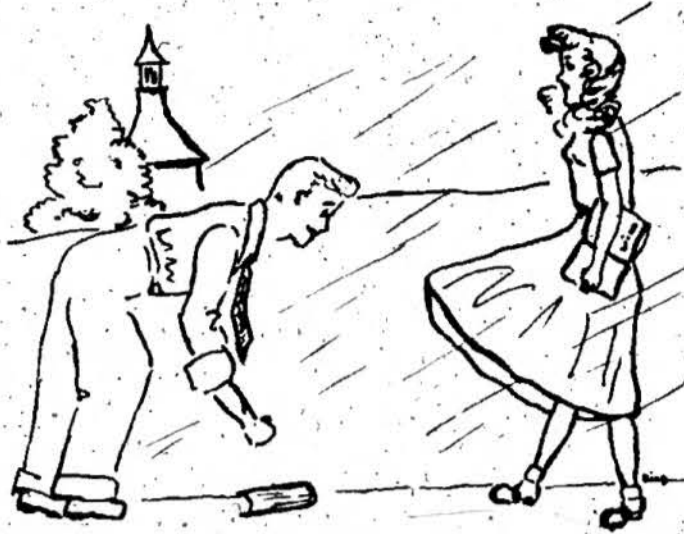
This paper gives a plea of this sort, too, but it most emphatically calls to chapel planners, both student and faculty, for the extension of respect for the intelligence and dignity of the students, who must fill their chapel seats.
J. H.

Confucius Speaks

TRUE FOR CONFUCIUS, TRUE FOR TODAY... Confucius, greatest of Oriental philosophers summarized his code for better living to produce a better world.

"The ancients who wished to illustrate the highest virtue throughout the empire first ordered well their states. Wishing to order well their states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their own selves. Wishing to cultivate their own selves, they first sought to be sincere to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things."

The same chaotic conditions that caused Confucian anxiety in his day are prevalent on ours: In view of these circumstances it might prove beneficial to us to reflect awhile on those words of wisdom.—The Maverick, Northern Oklahoma Junior College.



Smellelevision, Rockets, Plastic Dress To Slow Down College Life of 1999

By Johnny Lewis

It is 10:29 on the morning of November 1, 1999.

In a luxurious suite of sound-proof rooms in New Shorter Hall on swanky Edgewood Boulevard, Bare Conscious, Mercer upper-classman, is sleeping peacefully.

At 10:30, a sweet, motherly voice gives forth with a soft "Good Morning, fellow Mercercians" over the inter-communication system of the modern dorm. "Breakfast shall be put on the meal-a-rator in ten minutes," she concludes.

Bare Conscious turns over slowly in his comfortable air-cushioned bed. He is a bit weary from attending a pre-twenty-first century ball at the popular Club Sunshine last night. It takes a few minutes of fumbling from switch to switch until he finds the one that controls his Smellelevision set. He switches it on channel one. It buzzes a moment—then Dean Blurt's image, gray and wrinkled, appears.

While the Dean gives forth with the program of the day, Bare Conscious pushes the meal-a-rator switch, and seconds later removes a breakfast of vitamin pills, egg and grits variety, from the meal-a-rator beside his bed. As Dean Blurt continues to outline the school program of the day, B. C. (that's short for Bare Conscious) lies comfortably in his bed and munches on his delicious vitamin pills.

At 11 o'clock B.C. sits up in bed for the first time and clicks his Smellelevision set to channel two, and is greeted with a cheerful "good morning" from Dr. Lanthony, instructor of Economics. After watching Dr. Lanthony give a thorough explanation of his "interstices," he clicks his Smellevision set to channel three, visualizes his only other course on "How to Live in the Twenty-first Century," taught by Dean Blight, Dean of Mercer U.

Two o'clock finds B.C. comfortably relaxing in his comfortable bed and munching on fried chicken, in capsule form, naturally.

At 2:15 a sudden urge hits B.C.—he decides that he would like to get a date with one of the lovely

girls at modernistic new Mary Erin Porter Hall. He decides that he had rather go over to ask for a date instead of using his private radio-phone set, so he struggles out of bed, and hastily dresses in his plastic flying suit.

After attaching his anti-gravitation flying belt, he rushes to the rocket exit and heads directly (through the air) for M.E.P.

As he zooms across the campus, the rocket ship of the Language department is taking off for its daily visit to South America. All the Spanish students are aboard, with Dr. Pith, head of the Language department, at the controls.

Fifty-five seconds after leaving Shorter Hall, Bare Conscious glides to a two-point landing on the flight deck of M.E.P. He walks into one of the many luxurious private parlors and calls for one of his favorite girl friends, Miss Mercy Spirit.

Two minutes later Miss Mercy Spirit walks briskly into the parlor. She wears the latest in '99 fashions, a suit made of dark plastic material.

The next few minutes before three o'clock are spent by reviewing and listening to the New York Philharmonic Orchestra on Smellevision from New York.

B.C. and Mercy Spirit spend the remainder of the afternoon attending a party in New York City, and then returning to Macon early in the evening to attend another pre-twenty-first-century party at the popular Club-Tropics.

Thus at 2 a.m. the following morning Bare Conscious deposits Mercy Spirit into the watchful hands of Miss Gates, counselor of M.E.P., and returns to his suite in Shorter Hall.

Another day has ended for Bare Conscious, and he crawls peacefully into his bed to dream about the many exciting parties that will precede the 21st century, and also dreams about the day in June when he will receive his A.B.B.S. degree from Mercer U.

Author's note: (In case any of you 20th Century imbeciles aren't familiar with the A.B.B.S. degree—it is the Bachelor of Arts in Bull Shooting degree!)

CLARENCE'S COLYUM

Dizzy Law Frosh Plans Case for Fellow Lawyer

By Clarence Streetman

From this day forward, I am keeping in my possession at all times one loaded pistol, loaded therein with substances and materials commonly known as cartridges, which cartridges explode viciously upon proper stimulus, thereby inflicting serious injury etc., etc. I am looking for the character who told me the Law School was a rip. I understand he flunked out last quarter, and it's true I haven't seen him around yet. When I do see him, I fully, and with malice aforethought, intend to give a fellow member of my chosen profession a little business.

After only a week of classes, I am at least three weeks behind in my studying. A law student can get further behind in a shorter time than anyone I know. The rest of the class are trespassing their trovers already, and I'm still trying to figure out how to contract on the case.

However, there is a lot of good stuff to learn over there, for example, we've learned that if a man takes fish out of your traps, you can make him give them back. That is, under certain conditions. The conditions are where I foul up. And what a condition I'm in. Anyway, you never know when your fish traps will be raided.

About shooting my advisor on law being easy, we haven't got that far yet in criminal law. Under the common law, and before a jury with a reasonable sense of justice, I am quite sure that I would have no trouble getting the court to rule justifiable homicide. But it's my understanding that shooting anybody, unless he shoots at you first, or tries to set your house afire, or steals your chickens or something, is a technical violation of the law. But with or without the knowledge, I intend to make a test case of it.

Being an eager beaver at heart, I plowed through a bunch of cases the first few days, and figured I had enough to last about a week. I planned to do a few other things I wanted to do. I even toyed with the idea of sleeping some. But on the second day, I ran plumb out of cases in one course, gave out before the class was over on another, and had about ten minutes of class time left in the third course.

Like I say, I don't think any jury with a sense of justice and fairness could return any verdict but justifiable homicide.

MIXED MUSINGS

Opening of Loyalty Files Called for by Columnist

By R. C. Odom

There seems to be but one answer to the present investigation into communist infiltration of the State department being spark-plugged by Senator McCarthy (Rep., Wis.) If there is any basis for the Senator's charges, certainly every effort should be made to ferret out all Communists and Communist sympathizers and to expell them from all government positions, however unimportant. All such men and women must be removed from any position in the government which they are sworn to overthrow by means including violence.

If, on the other hand, the Senator is merely a publicity seeker and has no basis for his charges, then he should be exposed and put in his place in such manner as to discourage others who might wish to imitate such a policy. Men of this type, if given a little encouragement, can cause more damage by the discension which they arouse than an enemy army in the field.

The key to the situation lies in the hands of the little man from Missouri, Harry Truman. Mr. Truman has arrogated to himself the right to withhold information from the representatives of the people. He has refused to allow the Senate investigation committee access to the files of government employees. Such tactics are dangerous to our freedom.

Yet, in spite of Harry's unco-operative attitude, many of the "Red Herrings" which he decided have been brought to book and proved to be a sizeable catch. Among these were the convictions of Hiss, Coplan, and the eleven top Communists.

Harry and his cohorts have taken the attitude that the type of persons employed by the government is not the business of the people, that the government is not responsible to the people, and that the people are not to be trusted with information concerning their hirelings. Such an attitude must not be countenanced. The foundations of democracy are based on the propositions that if given all the facts the masses of the people can judge accurately.

All records concerning the loyalty of government employees should be thrown open to congressional inspections and chips allowed to fall where they may.

The Mercer Cluster

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