The Mercer Cluster

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Test Rerfreshments Are Good

The coffee was superior to any found hereabouts and it, along with the cookies, was a welcome treat last week during finals. Thanks to the faculty who came to the aid of weary students after those quarterly exams.

It seems very good to relax and relieve some of the tension that results from burning the midnight oil. There is need of such an atmosphere for "letting off steam" and it is appreciated.

The absence Wednesday afternoon of the usual refreshments was duly noted. The reason was that the faculty-trustee room had been engaged for a meeting that afternoon and this necessitated the postponement.

Christmas—1950

As the dawning of another Christmas Day draws near the air is rightly filled with gladness, and the festive singing of carols of praise is in good keeping with the im irrepressible joy of the season. Already gifts are to be found under the boughs of the family Christmas tree, for this is the time of giving.

But, amid the hustle of the busy city and the rushing crowds, the brightly gleaming lights and the sparkling store windows, many are between the first Christmas and the one which will be observed in a few oblivious of the true spirit of Christmas. What a difference there is these days.

Only those who would go deeper can realize that the world's greatest drama will once again be re-enacted. On this day almost 2,000 years ago, the hopes of the world were realized in the small town of Bethlehem. But how can the story be told more beautifully than it has been told: ". . . And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

"And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them: and the glory of the Lord shown round about, and they were so afraid. And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.' "

TO THE STUDENT BODY:

The Mercer Cluster at the end of the fall quarter, is in debt $1.72. This is the first time in the history of the publication that the financial status has been as favorable as it is.

We have tried to bring you a paper that was held within our budget and at the same time one that you were able to read.

The exact figures showing you what your money went for will appear in the next issue of the paper.

If anyone would like to have a copy of each monthly report we wlil be glad to furnish you with it.

Thanks to you for the wonder co-operation we have had from the faculty and from the student body in getting you this year's paper. Thanks also to Lyon, Marshall & Brooks and to Drinnon's.

Sincerely,
Emory Clay
Pat Fox

from . . .

EMORY CLAY, Editor
PAT FOX, Business Manager
The Cluster Staff Members

OUR WISH THIS YEAR-AS ALWAYS

Does Christmas Have Meaning?

By Judson Moss

"Then in despair I bowed my head:
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.' "

The song of angelic hosts over Bethlehem's hills some two thousand years ago seems rather distant as we approach another Christmas season in a world still torn with war and hatred of one man for another. Surely we lament, God will not let this destruction continue fro long. And we listen as Longfellow continues:

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.' "

The question that should face each of us is a very personal one and one we'd rather ignore: Does the love of that Babe of Bethlehem's manger rule and reign in our hearts at this Christmas tide? Do we truly worship and adore this One as did the Wise Men who came from afar to present their gifts?

Do our boys who are now entrenched by Chinese hordes in Korea represent a Christian nation which stands for the princpiles enumertaed in the Sermon on the Mount? We need to look deep within our own lives and determine whether or not this man Jesus is being crucified by us even as did the Romans not long after that miraculous birth in Judea. Let us not be so concerned over the gifts we give nad receive from others during this season that we forget the greatest gift that man could ever receive.

May we give His our lives in sacrificial service in token of all He has given us.

Think on These Things

By MARSHALL VAUGHN

The Christmas Season is here, but where has one centered his yuletide thoughts? Are we thinking simply of the wonderful time we are going to have during the two weeks away from the sweat and grind of education? Are we concentrating on the values of receiving rather than those of giving? Or are there some who are commemorating the true spirit of such a season—The birth of a Saviour?

How can one thoroughly enjoy such a blessed event? May I offer a few suggestions: Call your city charity board, or contact your local pastor for information concerning some needy family. Instead of giving big expensive gifts to those who need it less, give to some family whose child would rejoice on Christmas morning to know that Santa has not forgotten. If the children of such a family can be made happy, the deed will have brightened the lives of the parents as well as that of your own.

Again may I ask that we give ourselves in prayer for those who are at war. They seek no gift other than life, food and warmth. We owe this season to our defense. And it is through the grace of God that we, a wicked nation, have been spared once again to worship and to give that others might receive. This may be our last Christmas which we can celebrate in freedom. "Thou knowest not what tomorrow may bring forth . . ." So may we spend this holiday in its true meaning—a spirit of love, thanksgiving, and Christianity.

Our Lord gives a parable concerning deeds for those who cannot make a recompense. This should be our aim. He also says, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

When you receive a Christmas card or gift, do you rush around that you might do likewise to the one who gives? (He sent me a card; I'll have to send him one!) Be first in all things for "It is more Blessed to give than to receive!" This was our Lord's entire life. He gave all that He had for the benefit of others—even unto death! Think on these things—won't you?

Marshall Vaughn

Some Christmas Customs Are Not In Good Taste

By JACK PERRY

Christmas, it seems, is a time for feelings. I would that some of us would think about it once.

This is a good time to think about Christmas. This is 1950—halfway through a century of speed andnausea and lies and bloodshed and pigheadedness. Christmas 1950 finds the world neatly pulling itself apart at the seams and leaving little bleeding automatons that were once human beings. Christmas 1950 finds our art effete, our philosophy esoteric, our religion ineffectual, and our science hypocritical. Christmas 1950 finds the human race making an ass of itself.

There are some aspects of our Christmas celebrations that are good indicators of our present plight. The beastliness of some of our ways of celebrating shows our beastiality. Wolves eat so much at times that are incapacitated (oboy let's have turkey and dressing and get stuffed and am I hungry!). Some native tribes make all their festivals an orgy of sensuality (man three days off and a bonus to buy liquor with what a party we'll have!). The barracuda, at the first sign of blood or weakness, will eat those of his own species (come to the big basement sale bargains bargains bargains and bup all you want for Xmas p.s. pay us all next year). Christmas is not quite all it's cracked up to be.

But, thank God, there's another side. We are all devils but we are all angels too. Some people pray at Christmas. A lot give. A few give for the joy of giving. Some do good to others at Christmas. Some think of their children for a change. A lot feel good feelings. A few think good thoughts. And there are even a few idots among us (myself included) who think that someday we might actually **have** "Peace on earth, good will to men."

I don't know what my basis for hope are. It seems mostly that we are a bunch of apes with outsized brains who have jumbled along for thousands of years tearing at each other's vitals and grabbing each other's food and kicking each other in the teeth—without a single sign of progress save that we kill each other faster and better now. But maybe that's not all.

Maybe some of the disturbing words that Christ said are actually (I said actually, not literally) true.

I have a few thoughts at Christmas (for a change). I dream a little, and wax sentimental, and think of home and family and church and so on. I enjoy giving things to others. Sometimes, for a minute or two, I even relax my egocentricity and think of others. I don't have too high an opinion of my ethical principles—I'm sure there are lots of people better than I. Looking around me, I guess that's right. We have some good humans around. Maybe in a couple of hundred years things will be looking up for humanity.

Think Washington and Moscow might string along on some such deal? Merry Christmas.

CAST SELECTED

The cast for "The Winslow", a drama by Terence Rattigan, which will be presented on January 25 and 26 has been selected.

They are Ronnie Winslow, Wade Hiltabidel; Violet, Ruth Garrett; Arthur Winslow, Julian Adams; and Grace Winslow, Lynn Banks.

Catherine Winslow, Betty Moye; John Watherstone, Joe Mills; Desmond Curry, Jim Morgan; Miss Barnes, Nell Westbrook; Fred, Mervyn Reagan and Sir Robert Morton, David Jordan.