

Christmas Revolution

By Robert Bone

"Things are in the saddle
And ride mankind." —Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson, living in the metamorphosis age of the sudden interest in material gains and scientific progress, saw the new religion capture the hearts of the descendants of Ben Franklin. The decay of the thirst for spiritual values caused Emerson for one time to see the bad. Have we listened to Emerson, or have we lived true to his observation? To the former, the everlasting "no", and to the latter, the everlasting, "yes."

Historians have watched the rancid growth of technical advancement take the very life of a man. Nothing is wrong with the inventions except we have made another idol which we worship from morning to night. The average family is wrapped up in the dizzy frenzy of material aims. The heart of America is to produce little inventions to offer escape from the reality of life. Then life is a mass of cars, radios, television, fur coats, houses, furniture, and self-stirring spoons. This is the average American family. Things are the sum total of the happy life. This assumption is the aim and fulfillment of our modern life. Therefore, in reality, the cute little cottage is not a paradise, but it is a prison. Behind those bars, we find fanatical zealots worshipping the material things of life. Surely we are justified in calling this spirit a religion—the spirit for the purpose of obtaining bigger and better things.

The season of ripeness for this spirit is approaching. It is Christmas. Nineteen hundred and fifty years ago, a child was born, destined to be the Son of God. He has been at every heart string of man. One lonely solitary Man, who influenced all mankind. We worship Him and we have set aside a day in celebration of his simple birth. Would not he be shocked to see our festivals, or would He know that it was his day of honor? That is the crux of the matter.

Let us look at the modern Christmas. Wadsworth's lines are apt to this situation, "Getting and spending, we lay waste our Powers." The chief end is to buy a beautiful present, the value judged by the price he will pay for mine, or to be sure, "What present did they give us last year?" The days before Christmas, we are in a mad frenzy to buy and exchange material gifts.

The tragedy of the season is the myth of Santa Clause. Santa is an abstract myth to convey a great truth, but we have objectified him into concrete material reality. He is the giver of thousands of material things. The day finally arrives. Millions of dollars are spent, ulcers are created, whiskey is bought, presents are given to receive; and we say that this is done in commemoration of our Master. Nonsense!!!

There is nothing wrong with gifts when given with a perfect love to a person in expression of a heart-felt gratitude. It should be a tangible expression of an abstract love, not measured by any gift. When that attitude is given volition, we are approaching the spirit of Christmas.

It should be a spiritual season of love, gratitude, honor, praise, and devotion to Christ. Also we should proclaim peace to all of the world. He di! We should think about gifts of the suffering masses. I wish we would change our attitude this Christmas. Could we on Christmas send a message to the world saying simply, "This is our Master's day; we seek to follow Him and we intend to have peace on earth by following his method." Could we forget our gifts, take that money and feed the nations who are suffering today? What a revolution it would cause. It could cure the evils of our time. Then the Christ would be given the true honor. We claim it is his day, if so, why not do like he said, "Give all you have to the poor." What if we would? We could!! Can't you catch the vision of millions on this Christmas denying their gifts and feeding and clothing the suffering world. Oh for a spark of the true spirit!

Will we? . . . I suppose we dare not.

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RUTH DUNWODY



SPENCER WALKER

Ruth Dunwody and Spencer Walker Are Named Outstanding Students

Ruth Dunwoody, Macon, and Spender "Punt" Walker, Newnan, are in the Cluster spotlight this week, having been chosen as the outstanding students for the week.

Dunwoody is AD Pi vice-president and was social chairman of the sorority last year. She is a cheerleader, being head cheerleader for two years, was a member of the Flying club. She is representative of WAA, and was a member of Student Government for two years. Last year she was selected as Miss Mercer by the student body.

She is a past pledge sweetheart of SAE and was on the May court for three successive years. Also she was sponsor of the sophomore class and served as junior class sponsor last year. She is now on the staff of the Bear Skin.

Walker is a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity, the M club, and was on the BSU greater council two years ago. He was president of last year's sophomore class.

In sports he has been a member of the basketball team for three years, the track team, and intramural football.

Debate Team Wins Honors

The Mercer University negative debating team placed among the ten best teams at the recent Dixie Debating Tournament.

The tournament was held at Charlotte, N. C., on December 1 and 2 under the auspices of Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia and Wingate College.

The negative team was made up of Betty Jo Bernard of Springfield, Tenn., and Glenn Pelham, Cairo, chairman of the debating council.

Certificates were awarded to the two debaters for placing among the ten best teams. Thirty-six teams participated from such schools as Wake Forest, Duke University of South Carolina, University of the South, and others.

The affirmative side of the question was upheld by Dent Bostick of Gainesville, and Abe Crosby of Macon.

During the forthcoming winter quarter, the debating team plans to attend tournaments at Florida State, Emory University, Agnes Scott, University of the South, and Lincoln Memorial University. The team has also been invited to the Grand National in Virginia.

Inasmuch as the season is still young, anyone interested in joining the debating council may do so by signing up with the coach, Henry Y. Warnock, or Glenn Palham, chairman of the council.

There will not be an issue of The Cluster the week after the holidays. The next issue will be on Jan. 12.

Five Initiated Into Phi Kappa Phi

Kappa Phi Kappa national educational fraternity initiated five new members into its organization at its November 30 meeting in the Special Reading Room of the library.

The new members are: Gus Johnson, Americus, Frank Moody, Baxley; Victor Myric, Chester; Eugene Bonner, Dalton, and Joe Magnon, of Hogansville.

The officers of the fraternity are: Harold Cummings, president; Woodrow Davis, vice president; with Zack Worsham, treasurer, and Billy Greenhaw, secretary. The organization now boasts of 48 chapters and consists of a total of thirty members on the Mercer campus. Dr. Highsmith is the faculty adviser for the local group.

TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

'Twas the week before Christmas and finals were passed.
Many saw life through a rose colored glass

The weeks of worry and study were done
And all could look forward to parties and fun.

But Marjorie was nestled all snug in her bed
Where visions of SAE danced through her head.

The stocking were hung by the chimney with care
Connie's and Shorty's and Jimmy's were there.

Away to her window Frances flew like a flash
To see Johnny Blake ride by in his Nash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Saw Maribeth and John who were parked below.

But what to my wondering eyes should appear
But last year's Colonel shouting "Barbara, my dear."

Emory Wilson keeps jumping lively and quick
Between Barbara and Pat, he knows he must pick.

More rapid than eagles, Kinnett and Beard's courtiers came
And they whistled and shouted as they called them by name.
Now "Termites", now "Mervin", now "Waddy" and Blitsen.
On "Kigmy", on "Cupid" on "Cheep" and Blitsen.

As the women before the wild Rooster Clay fly

The Pi Kaps over Jean Kettles do sigh.

And then in a twinkling Ann Beall heard from her room,
Sellers prancing and pawing to his ultimate doom.

Sonny H closed his eyes and was turning around
For he heard his nurse coming with leaps and bounds.

Ann Starr was dressed all in fur from her head to her toes
And when Bert took a look, how his spirits they rose.

Warnock called on Peteler, put his hat on the rack
And they both settled down for a midnight snack.

Jean's eyes how they twinkled, her dimples, how merry,
Norma's cheeks were like roses, her lips like a cherry.
For the Lambda Chi's had howled from down below
And they knew in a moment, away they would go.

The stump of a pipe Forrest held in his teeth.
Around Jane and Jack Abel, the smoke made a wreath.

Bone jumped in his buggy, said "giddy-up, Nellie"
And with Alice he congealed like a bowl full of jelly.

A wink of Gus's eye and a nod of his head
Gave Ree to know they would paint the town red.

Mr. Baynard spake not a word but went straight to his work,
For in Bill Georges' eye he saw trouble did lurk.

Everett sprang to his Plymouth, gave Sandy a whistle
And away they both flew like down off a thistle.

And loudly they exclaimed as they drove out of sight
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.

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