

Spirit—Where?

Thursday night two professors made an attempt to revive Mercer's sadly lacking school spirit by sponsoring competition between various organizations for a trophy emblematic of singing supremacy.

The men, T. P. Haines and Graydon Ware, thought that they saw one way to build spirit, and they put the show on for the benefit of the campus. It was a fine gesture, and was heartily received.

Although only six groups participated in the contest, they presented a good array of music ranging from "Dry Bones" to the "Alma Mater". It was evident that they had spent a lot of time in preparation, because they were well versed in all the basic qualities of singing.

That is all over now, and the interest will probably die until next spring, when the call is sent for more preparation. But that is not the way it should be. Groups should enter things like that more often. They should participate in the limited amount of activities Mercer is provided with.

Still, it is not enough. Some concrete plans are going to have to be formed to instill pride in the students. A definite plan of action must be brought forth before anything can be accomplished. A lot of work must be done before any results will be visible.

Won't you throw in your two bits worth to try to help make this place we call home nine months a year a better place to be?

What About Honors Day?

So far as the Cluster has been able to ascertain, no plans have been formulated for the annual Honors Day, normally held toward the end of the spring quarter each year.

If that information is correct, then it is a crying shame. People on the campus who have turned in meritorious service should be acknowledged before the student body, and this has been their only chance in the past. Now it looks as if they will be deprived of the honor.

We hope that the information is erroneous, but if it is not, then something should be done immediately.

Of course, it would take a little work, but it would be worth it. Maybe a service organization would be willing to sponsor it. Or maybe some faculty member who has the student body at heart. Or possibly a student with enough initiative.

At any rate, it should be done, and maybe it will.

Roaches Annoying

It's not very pleasant to think of sleeping with roaches, yet that is what confronts a majority of Mercer's male residents every night.

It would be doubly unpleasant to have them when most of us return to school next fall, and we hope that will not be the case.

Positive action has been taken, but more must be done. If it is impossible to do a thorough job now, then one certainly should be done this summer.

The Mercer Cluster

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AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Seab Miller

The Golden Days

Another college year is coming to a close. To the greater majority of us it is just another year, a relatively important year because of our new experiences, but another year just the same. To about one fourth of the student body, however, this is a year to be remembered, cherished, and tucked away in our memory places.

There have been things during this year that we would like to forget; incidents which should have never happened; words that should never have been said; and opportunities that will never return. Now we will be somewhere else, and will probably wish we were back here.

During our college years we have turned our backs on time, and when the realization that we have come upon us, we turn, but it is gone. Time has rushed on while we stood and pondered.

Yes, there have been things here we haven't liked. There have been needless petty things which upset us, but we find that in retrospect the bitter becomes mellow. The mind, as well as the body, has a way of healing itself, so that after awhile the wounds which we thought we had seen like nothing

more than imagined hurts.

A friend of mine who left school last June wrote these words upon his wall, "These were the golden days." They are. We never reckon how precious they are until the last one has been wasted.

The golden days are disappearing. We will part with friends, some of whom we will never see again. The golden days are fading. Somehow we wish we had left deeper footprints behind us.

Our passing will be marked by a notice in the news which will read, "On June 2 Mercer University graduated the class of 1952. Those receiving degrees were . . ." That paragraph, mentioned by the newsmen so casually, we will remember all our lives.

Mercer, thank you for the golden days.

On College Campuses

OUR KIND OF CANDIDATE

The Miami Hurricane, University of Miami, Fla., announced last week that Ilse Koch, better known as the "Witch of Buchenwald," is now eligible to run for secretary of the student association at Miami.

More than 300 students signed their name to an official petition circulated to get her name on the ballot. Ilse Koch is the notorious Nazi concentration camp demon who delighted in making lampshades out of men's skins.

Unaware students affixing their names to the petition had some choice comments. "What sorority is she in?" asked one coed; and another student remarked, "I don't suppose she's been too active, because I can't seem to place her."

One boy solemnly signed himself "Adolph Hitler," and added, "If Ilse Koch can run, so can I."

MOCK THOSE CONVENTIONS

Students on all kinds of campuses around the country have been holding all kinds of mock political conventions of late, with some interesting results.

At the University of Cincinnati a scheduled mock Republican party convention to have been sponsored by the YMCA, was suddenly banned by university officials.

The YMCA campus president now charges that certain Taf telegrams tried to rig the convention in Taf's favor. "This was the turning point of the convention," says the president; he thinks this is

why the administration called a halt to proceedings.

There's a 1913 statute in the state of North Carolina forbidding the hazing of students by "organizations, other students or unorganized groups."

Now the Dally Tar Heel, at the University of North Carolina, is asking Gov. Scott to enforce this law. "Self-enforcement of the hazing law seems impossible," says the Tar Heel to the governor. "Therefore, it occurs to us that you . . . would take an especial interest in a law which has been consistently violated and consistently ignored by all agencies of many responsible educational institutions."

THIS IS IMMORTALITY?

Webster's definition of a phoenix: ". . . the only bird of its kind said to cremate itself, and then to rise again from its own ashes—the emblem of immortality."

At Emory University, Ga., the literary magazine Phoenix, appears to have burned itself out.

More than 100 theology students have signed a petition in protest of the "low level humor" published in Phoenix, and there is a drive to suspend the publication.

Whether or not the magazine will be able to rise again is still in doubt. At the very least, all contents will be subjected to a pre-publication check.

Phoenix has the support of the Emory Wheel weekly, which declares itself "opposed to any plan of supervision . . ."

Reg Murphy

Clocks and Students

The clock struck twelve midnight—but it got to stop striking. The chimes from the Chapel building, restrained by human devices for this time, burst loose with what was estimated to be well over 200 tones.

The entire campus was awakened. Students fled to the grounds around the edifice to wait for some mystery man to emerge from the exit but none was forthcoming. It was real, all right, but why? Maybe it was the sheer delight of sending vibrations over the campus, or to wake up the sleepyheads already sacked in for the night.

Whatever the reason, they persisted. And it was a lot of fun to see just who was a bookworm, a sleepy head, and a party man. All you had to do was look at the regalia they wore. The bookworm had on dungarees, a loose shirt, and moccasins; the sleepyhead pajamas, bedroom slippers, and little more. But the most obvious of the lot were the men who had just returned from a date with their particular queens. They were dressed in coats and ties, and wore the silly grin of men just returned from conquering the hearts of naive little girls.

As soon as the fire trucks had roared up, jettisoned all the wiring from the clock, and emerged again, the guys present all lifted their voices to the alma mater. As the last strains of the melody faded away, they trundled off to bed at peace with the world.

In case you are becoming befuddled by all the description, let me explain. It happened in the spring in Willingham Chapel. Remember?

Ironically enough, it was less than a week before the clock went on the blink and refused to make a sound. Which is an apt description of college students in the spring quarter.

Judson Moss

A Living Tradition

Some 75 Mercer students, who expect to receive their sheepskins June 2, were made to feel last Friday that they were a part of a living tradition which had its humble beginnings in two log cabins in Penfield, Ga., some 119 years ago.

President Dowell invited this year's senior class to inaugurate the Penfield pilgrimage which, it is hoped, will be an annual event on the Mercer calendar.

As one of the speakers said in the historical chapel, the spirit there is something which must be caught, and those present seemed to do just that as they visited the chapel and cemetery where Jesse Mercer and others who saw the need of Christian education lie buried.

Members of the class of '52 were thrilled to see Mr. Hank McGibboney, a native of the Penfield community, told in a most interesting fashion of the early days of this institution which bears such a noble heritage.

I believe that all those who journeyed to Penfield will join me in affirming that this was, indeed, a most profitable trip and one which each Mercer student should make ere he leaves the halls.

The Mercer spirit dead? I say NO. The Mercer spirit will continue to live as long as students like those of '52, can catch something of the vision of Jesse Mercer and others who "dreamed dreams" at Penfield back in 1833.

Letter of Thanks

Editor,

The sponsors of the campus sing wish to thank those social organizations who participated in the competition and helped to make our first "sing" the success it was.

We congratulate the winners, Phi Delta Theta and Chi Omega, on the excellence of their performances. We wish especially to commend the Ministerial Association on their fine rendition of two difficult pieces, the Mercer Independent Co-Ed Association on their most effective presentation and beautiful singing of their selection, and the Alpha Delta Pi sorority on their fine singing.

We would like to suggest that the original words and music which were used be saved and assembled in one place. And perhaps these songs may some day be a part of Mercer University. Again our heartfelt thanks to all participants. YOU WERE WONDERFUL! We did not envy the judges their hard task of selecting the two winners in such keen and fine competition.

T. P. Haines
Graydon L. Ware