

Mid-Terms Unfair

This past week a gross injustice was done to the students of Mercer University.

In planning the mid-term schedule, the Registrar, took careful consideration of the student body to be sure that no student would have more than two tests a day. This seemed fair to all concerned.

In sending the schedule to the professors, the Registrar asked that they please not deviate from this plan.

However, some of the instructors completely ignored these plans and made a different schedule to fit their own individual whims. This resulted in gross confusion, which did not do the students any good.

One case which was brought to our attention concerned a professor who postponed his mid-term until Monday. This resulted in a tremendous hardship on the students, and especially the ministerial students of the campus, who had preached and traveled many miles the day before.

Scholarship



Midterms are over—I can put these books away until finals.

ALVIN SHACKLEFORD

A Challenge

One of the hardest challenges that a person must face in this world is that of living up to the teachings of Christ.

I have noticed on the football field during intramural play that tempers often flare. This acting on the spur of the moment often lets us do things which we would not ordinarily do.

When things like this happen it is hard to tell who is living up to the doctrines of Christ. The scriptures make it very clear as to how we should treat our fellowman.

Then comes the question of how we can show that we are Christians. The only sure way is to practice all the things that we have been taught in all that we do. No matter where we are, we must try to do the things that we feel are right morally.

This is the only way for us to show the world about us that we do seek to follow the paths of Jesus.

Some people profess by word of mouth at every opportunity of their belief and good deeds in Christ's name. I consider this a term of boasting. If you are trying to live right, then you won't have to tell people that you are Christian—they will see it in your action.

Let us remember that Christ told us to "enter in to our closet" when we do these things. The sounding of a trumpet before giving bring no reward from God.

Someone once suggested that to show our beliefs, we should wear our Christianity on our "cuff". I don't like this metaphor. When things get hot, most people pull off their coats.

The Law Day ceremony held annually in Mercer's Law School is one of the big events of the year.

The Cluster feels that this is a big step in helping relations between the law and liberal arts students.

We hope that the students will take advantage of the opportunities offered in hearing these great speakers, and attend part of the conferences.

We would like to congratulate those responsible, and hope that this outing will be very successful from their standpoint.

REG MURPHY

Pet Peeves

Ever sit down and analyze your pet peeves? Try it sometime, and find out how irritated you can get with the world.

Topping my list of gripes is the girl who wears the latest designs in clothing, uses just the right amounts of makeup to make her alluring—and pulls on COLORED SOCKS. (Don't look now, but I just got tossed out of school.)

Why any girl wants to spoil her entire appearance by wearing drab, solid-colored foot attire when she would prance daintily in dazzling whites is beyond me. Yes, I know. I have heard the chant that men wear multi-colors, and why can't we? 'Cause it just doesn't look right to me.

Second on the Pet Peeve Parade is the gentleman who dresses faultlessly in coat and tie, then lets his collar curl. (Oops, I just forgot my collar stays.) There is absolutely no excuse for it.

An inexpensive little thing-a-ma-bob that as negligible cost in a downtown department store can correct the collar-Toni and make you look like the man you would without the upswing choker.

An inexpensive little thing-a-ma-bob that has tesy to say "Sorry, wrong number" when you answer the phone—well, we just won't associate with them. They are obnoxious, conceited and sour on the world. Apparently they consider their time too valuable to be decent if they dial the wrong number, and my time is valuable enough so that I get angry when they show their real colors.

I can tolerate people who tell the same old repertoire of jokes for a while, but they begin to grate when I learn them by numbers.

This could go on, but before I get all involved, I am going out and find me some new jokes.

You Tell Us

We of the staff of the Mercer Cluster are trying to put out a paper which we feel will be interesting to all the students here.

Yet, each week there are papers left over. We print 1,000 copies, which would not seem to be enough if you consider that there are 1,031 students. Some students take several papers and send them to friends and relatives. We ourselves send out over 50 papers to other colleges, advertisers, and friends of the paper. Some of the faculty members take copies. Yet there are between 200 and 300 papers left each week.

The Cluster is YOUR newspaper. The editor and business manager are elected by you to put out a paper with your money (student activities fee).

If there is something you think should be done to make the Cluster more interesting, please let us know. Address all letters to Mercer Cluster and drop them in the local mail.

Good Sports

The 34th president of the United States has been elected.

Perhaps you thought that all the name calling that went on since July was splitting the U.S.A.

As long as men can fight hard for a prize possession and yet be good sports after the fight is over, the future of America is secure.

Let's all take a lesson from this. Fight hard for what you want and need—but if defeat comes, realize it, and be a good sport.

CAROLYN McELVEEN

A Big Job

Are you glad to see the "dirt" settle? The race was exciting, wasn't it? There was a certain thrill in the last minute election returns. But the die is cast, and the X's have been made in black and white. Political machines will dormantly rust awhile.

Newspaper headlines will be of Korea, transportation accidents, murders. Americans will turn from radios and television sets to humdrum tasks of daily life—such as scraping up enough money to pay for lost bets. Ribbons, buttons, cufflinks, and carstickers are cheap, stagnant reminders of an experience now a pinpoint on our memories.

There is a change of emphasis. The issues under discussion are not pet superstitions, whistle stops, who ate Wheaties for breakfast or the right decision which should be made in regard to a certain situation. The issues at stake now concern problems such as whether men—like you—shall be killed in war, or whether nations—like America—shall be under the black threat of Communism. The emphasis is not on the decision which should be made, but on the action which will be taken. It's quite a switch, isn't it? So much so that you shrug and lose interest—"up to him now".

Or were you ever very interested? Prevalent pre-election attitudes were "the lesser of two necessary evils," and "destined for doom anyhow." A similarly pessimistic attitude marked the multi-

nous crew of Columbus in 1492, but whether your candidate is now Captain of the Ship of State or not, he needs support or continued patriotic enthusiasm.

He is a successor to George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Thomas Jefferson. He wants America to stand for the high and noble, the just and right as much as they did, and as much as you and I do now. He wants prosperity and peace for America. But the responsibility for the well-being of millions of people is not solely in the hands of this one man. He will not mould American history alone. The crucial test has just begun, and the final outcome does not depend on what kind of president the people chose so much as what kind of people chose the president.

With ease and sport we jest about being President of the United States—a figure now regarded quizzically rather than reverently. But how would you really like to sit on the other side of the big desk in the White House, act as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army and Navy, and represent America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave?" Just think—how would you feel?

GLENN JOYNER

A Day's Work

There is only one thing on the Mercer Campus that is worse than a French test. It is the routine that is so bad. Every day is the same, or is that possible.

Every day you arise at 6:45. I say you because I haven't gotten up before 7:45 in a coon's age, which you must admit is a long time—especially if you are talking about an old coon.

After you eat a good breakfast (no comment), you skip gaily to class (you wouldn't dare).

After cheerfully greeting your first period teacher "Hello", you promptly try to catch up on the sleep you missed the night before.

This "hello" greeting is often translated by students as follows: "If we had both stayed in bed this morning maybe tomorrow one of

us would know what's going on in here."

After sleepwalking through four classes and lunch (which it is better to sleep through) you are rested just enough to play tennis all afternoon.

About ten you decide to study a little, but give it up about ten after. After laying around awhile, you get ready for bed. This is fairly silly for you know you can't go to sleep before two. (Have you ever lived in Sherwood?)

At this time my roommate says, "Gosh, it's twelve o'clock and I wanted to get to bed early to-night."

The Mercer Cluster

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 Circulation—Alice Johnson, Darlene Herritage, Bobbie Esdger, Joanne Chastin, Peggy White, Fay Williams, Bo Atkinson.
 Proof Reader—Allie Webb Callaway, Nancy Stone
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