

"Susan and God"

Last night and tonight, the Mercer Players, under the direction of Dr. Thornton, will present their latest production, "Susan and God."

As far as we have been able to find out, everything is in readiness for the staging of this religious drama.

The cast, technical staff, and Dr. Thornton have been spending a great deal of time for the past month, seeing that we will have the best possible play.

This play is produced with funds from your Student Activity fee, and therefore, you are admitted free.

Many times we don't take advantage of things which are offered us, but this is one you can't afford to miss.

Best of luck to the cast, and all concerned.

Support Red Cross

This week marks the beginning of the annual drive for the American Red Cross.

We don't have to tell you of the countless deeds performed during wartime, floods, earthquakes, etc. Since you have been able to remember, you have heard of how these heroic men and women have marched under the banner of the Red Cross, bringing mercy to all in need.

Although no campus drive is to be conducted, we hope that you will give whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself.

The world may be sick of wars, hates, greeds, and the like, but it will never be "fed-up" with kindness.

Election Coming

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE POLITICAL PARTIES

Although announcements have been made through chapel and the Cluster concerning student elections, there doesn't seem to be much activity going on. At least that's what our grapevine tells us.

The qualification date for the election is March 21, the day that classes begin for the spring quarter. In case you haven't looked at a calendar lately, that is only two weeks from next Tuesday. Then, remember that final exams and spring holidays will occupy a lot of that two weeks.

If you as a party have not done anything toward selecting the leaders for next year, please take this as a reminder.

If you have already started, then pat yourself on the back for keeping it a secret this long.

The Mercer Cluster

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In Spring . . .



AH, SPRINGTIME

BEVERLY IRVIN

Info From Feline

He has been listening, looking, and lurking around the campus. He has been gracefully striding in and out of the dorms and carefully taking in everything he has heard or seen. You haven't been very particular with what you said or did because not even you would suspect that a cat could hear and see all and then tell it to me.

How did I discover that this member of the feline family had this unusual (what should I call it. Oh well!) sense. I must admit that even I was shocked at first, but since then Toughy (he insists that his name is not spelled Tuffy) has proven to me that is not so crazy for a cat to be able to talk. But to get back to my discovery.

Toughy has been accidentally (?) coming around to third floor annex every time we girls happen to open a can of Vienna sausage. After dining together several times we naturally became very good friends, although we never had carried on a conversation.

Well, one night I was bidding good night to my date in the foyer, and in strode Toughy. We both recognized each other at once and I walked over to him to speak, but I never dreamed that he would speak back to me. I was just being polite. "Hello, pretty widdle kitty," I said. How was I to know that he had just been running from

some biology students and was in a bad mood, besides that he hates baby talk. He glared up at me with his big green eyes, which had a disgusted gleam in them, and said, "Aw leave me alone." Later he apologized for being so nasty to me.

Now Toughy and I are very good friends. He tells me everything that goes on. We both nearly split our sides laughing about some of his experiences. Of course I realize that everyone does not know of this usual ability of Toughy's, but it is very funny when he walks into a parlor at M.E.P. and the couple (unsuspecting of Toughy) keep right on — well, whatever couples do in an M.E.P. parlor.

I can't tell you what Toughy looks like because that would be giving away a vital secret, but I will say that the next time a cat innocently rubs against your leg or looks up at you with pleading eyes it might be Toughy, because he is pussy-footing around.

CAROLYN McELVEEN

Liberal Education

Liberal arts college students in Georgia were rather painfully stunned last week. So, too, no doubt, were many other Georgians who read of two of the latest assaults on public integrity in our state. By this we refer to the new "state literary commission," set into operation last week by Governor Talmadge, and the recent denouncement of *South Pacific* by two Georgia legislators as "offensive to Southern tradition."

As students of a liberal arts college, the institution recognized perhaps as the one greatest propagator of our cultural heritage in America, is it little wonder that we resent such intrusion as this commission seems about to attempt? That is, intrusion into some of the finest art and literature of the world, which has stood the grand test of the centuries and has not heretofore been found obnoxiously "lewd or obscene."

For, have we, as students at Mercer, not studied and learned to appreciate the works of world renowned artists such as Titian without finding them either "lewd" or "obscene"? Yet, if this minister-led commission of three finds anything in the works of a long-recognized artist, such as Titian, "likely to appeal to baser instincts," out with it!

And, when question about Chaucer, the minister replied, "If any book shocks the decency of the people, it will have to come under this law, no matter who the author." But how "shock" and who "the people"? And if the decency of "the people" be found thus "shocked," what then? Who blame?

Titian? Chaucer? Why, no, the solicitor general in the circuit within which the material was distributed. And how punish him? "Prosecute him under the existing criminal statutes."

And does this "law apply just to the content of our literature? No, this same vague standard and banning procedure is to apply also to the covers of "what might otherwise be considered good literature." We wonder if the Bible will come under this "law" too?

It is not here meant to be implied that the objective itself is an entirely unworthy one, since there are extremes to which stark naturalists in literature have bounded which are definitely repugnant to many people. But it is here meant to say that this method for reaching objective (that is, the setting up of such a commission) not only appears to insult the integrity of the citizens of Georgia and their ability to censor their own literature but also undermines the very foundations of freedom upon which America was founded. Are her 350 years of freedom of the press to lead to another Middle Ages in Literature?

ALVIN SHACKLEFORD

Original Cluster

Some of you students have asked me how the "Cluster" got its name. Most college papers are named for the school colors, or for the nickname, or just plain for the college.

I had heard that Jesse Mercer wrote a hymn book called the "Cluster", and that was how we got our name.

With pencil in hand I climbed the stairs to the Mercer museum, located, as you know or don't know, on the second floor of the library.

There on the desk which Jesse Mercer used to edit the Christian Index, lay the original "Mercer Cluster".

The real name was "The Cluster of Spiritual Songs, Divine Hymns, and Sacred Poems, being chiefly a collection, by Jesse Mercer, Minister of the Gospel, at Washington, Ga."

The book was a small one. The pages measured only about 3 by 5 inches, but there were 516 pages to the book. Near the end was an index of first lines and subjects.

There were no distinctions between the hymns and poems. All were listed in poem-style, with no music written in the book. No authors were listed.

The poems were numbered with Roman Numerals, the last one being DCLXXVII. If my Latin serves we correctly, that should be about 677.

The last selection on the regular book was a poem in honor of Rev. Silas Mercer, who died on August 1, 1796, at 52 years of age. This is probably the longest poem in the book, going for some three pages.

The songs included some familiar to us today, i.e., "Amazing Grace", and "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand".

At the end of the fifth edition, there was an appendix of eleven pages. This edition was printed in 1835, just two years after the founding of Mercer Institute.

The appendix contained some 14 "new" songs. One of these I noticed in particular, was "Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed."

When the students of Mercer's journalism department decided in 1920 to establish a student newspaper, they chose this name.

The Cluster is now on its 33rd volume. Just how long it lasts depends on the future students of Mercer.

ON OTHER CAMPUSES

Class Cuts

The faculty at Wheaton College, Ill., has turned down a student council proposal which would permit unlimited class cuts. The vote was close.

Supporters of the plan felt unlimited cuts would give students a healthier attitude toward classes; they cited statistics indicating good attendance records at schools having unlimited cuts.

But the opposition declared that all this was "more theoretical than anything else." The plan, according to the dean, will not be discussed again this year.

A brief mention of the second startling announcement of last week: Two Georgia legislators, attacking the musical hit, "South Pacific" say they will ask the next legislature for a bill to prevent the showing of "theatricals which have an underlying philosophy inspired by Moscow." And what exactly is this "underlying philosophy," these "undercurrents and overtones which are a direct affront to our people" of the South with their "pure blood lines"? (By the way, we wonder if he has investigated statistics of the South's "pure blood lines.")

The devastating philosophy of this play, which is so violently objectionable to this legislator because it "deals with people with slanting eyes and yellow skin," seems to be the "philosophy" set forth in "a song which the hero of the play sings—designed to indoctrinate unsuspecting Southerners." And the song to which he apparently refers?

You've got to be taught to hate and fear;
You've got to be taught from year to year.
It's got to be drummed in your little ear.
You've got to be carefully taught.

You've got to be taught to be afraid
Of people whose eyes are oddly made,
Of people whose skin is a different shade
You've got to be carefully taught.

You've got to be taught before it's too late,
Before you're six or seven or eight,
To hate all the people your relatives hate.
You've got to be carefully taught.