

Down With Cribbie

If your ears have been open recently, you have no doubt heard a lot about the Honor System. The new students have heard about "Cribbie" and his trials in seeking to perpetuate cheating at Mercer. He can now be defeated! They have also heard that story we have so recently experienced: the Honor System story. The old students have, of course, taken part in the forming of the system.

All of that brings us to say that the Honor System is our responsibility. We as a student body are charged with enforcing it, and may we urge every student, new or old, to pledge yourself to the cleaning out of dishonesty on the Mercer campus.

Here is the honor pledge that you will sign on all of your tests:

1. I did not give any help.
2. I did not receive any help.

We are morally obligated to add this third point: I did not see anyone else cheating. The system is dependent on the integrity of the students who CARE about Mercer's character and reputation.

There is a framed copy of the honor pledge and the amendment to the student constitution in every classroom. Study it carefully and determine now that you will uphold this newest of great traditions at Mercer.

Tribute to Carver

"Doc" Carver has retired. It is as though we have seen the passing of an era, for the 41 years that this Mercerian spent on this campus have certainly left their mark.

Let us be thankful for the Christian influence, the unflinching wisdom, and the persistent patience of Professor Gail Luke Carver. The service he has rendered the University will continue to bear fruit. And congratulations to "Doc" for his long-overdue and well-deserved honorary doctor of science degree, which the University gave him this summer.

Hello, Rats

Welcome into the Mercer Family, new students. The *Cluster* extends its heartiest greetings to the new man- and woman-power that is now in the process of becoming a part of our group.

If it were not for students, there would be no excuse for the existence of Mercer; therefore, it is always stimulating to see the new faces on the campus. It is somewhat sad to see old students go, but some of the wound is soothed by the new additions to the Family.

Then, with mixed emotions, those of us who have already put behind us a few quarters here say a sincere "hello" to you. May we remind you that the *Cluster* is the students' newspaper, and we intend to keep it that way. We are extremely happy to receive your criticisms—good or bad.

Let's have a better *Cluster* for a better Mercer.

Let's See Action

It is something of a disgrace that Mercer has virtually no recreation facilities for boys. One of the favorite spots on the campus is the MEP ping-pong room. It seems that the table is always in use or, rather, would be except for some rules in the girls' dormitory. In order to get in, we understand, a boy must have a date. If he unsuspectingly wanders in, unaware of the rules, seeking some fun to pass away a few minutes, he is soon sent shamefully on his way. He has, it seems, committed a terrible crime.

Now, no doubt, the rules are necessary, and those who enforce them are justified. But may we ask: Why cannot the boys have at least a ping-pong table of their own? We have made such appeals in the past, but deaf ears seem to have received them. If there is a reasonable answer, let us hear it. If not, let's see some action. A few well-spent dollars could make a lot of dateless boys happy.



CYNIC'S COLUMN

Insults—Ten Cents Each—

While school is not a particularly pleasant subject anyway, there still seem to be those factors which come up from time to time that add handsomely to its obnoxiousness. At this time we are thinking of the magnanimous added expense which tends to deflate even further the already badly bent billfold.

Of course, we refer to the dime tariff that has been levied so discriminatingly on the quaint little booklets with which one endeavors to arrange his drab little schedule for the drab little quarters to come. Such an arrangement is most definitely a blow to the Mercer economic system as far as the student is concerned.

Surely if Benjamin Franklin were alive today he would of necessity change his classic statement thusly to reflect the deplorable financial conditions which we as Mercer students face: A penny saved is an insult to the American economic system.

On the subject of school, there is no doubt that the local institution of learning known affectionately by the Class of '00 as Jesse Mercer's Co-educational Institution for the Promotion of Pilgrimages to Penfield is in full academic swing. The primary evidence of the resurgence of educational effort is the extended hand of fraternity men in the direction of

all freshmen at once.

Since rush season is here, there is obviously nothing we can do but repent and try to make the best of it. When the tumult and the shouting dies, and the brothers and the pledge depart to the Pinebrook every true Mercerian will resume his proper role as the well adjusted college man — a scowl beneath every frown.

A word of advice to the new freshmen—look well at these smiling faces, you'll see them not again until this time next year.

It was learned Monday from reliable sources that the ROTC band will include female students this year. This is the initial effort to install a WAC training program here for the co-eds. In the near future we may progress to the point where we can accept girls for the rifle team and the Scabbard and Blade. The rifle team measure will definitely, in our meager opinion, develop the woman's aptitude for fighting in the woods (i.e., guerilla warfare).

C. C. LYNCH Gaining by Losing

Have you ever lost your life? Or does that sound fantastic? Well, I do not think it is, for I really did it this summer.

The words that Christ used to describe it go like this: "Whoever shall save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it."



Lynch

That sounds paradoxical. In fact, it is—materially. But there is no better cure for the blues than to forget yourself in serving others.

I suppose I had the usual amount of summer difficulties — no time to read that book I had planned to read, not making much money, almost no social life, et cetera. Just to sit down and think about it would drive a fellow mad. But, then . . . Have you ever worked with children? They can make you forget that you ever had a problem.

I worked in Vacation Bible schools this summer. I remember one week near the middle of the summer that I had two schools, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. I was discouraged, for up until this time I had seen no results whatsoever of the efforts I had put out.

The afternoon school closed on Friday afternoon with no special commencement program. I could hardly get away from the church, for everywhere I turned there was one of the children to tell me "goodbye." In fact, some of them told me six or seven times.

That night we had commencement for the morning school. The whole program was a mess, but as I was leaving a little four-year-old girl grabbed me around the legs and looked up and said "I like you."

I do not think I shall soon forget the experiences I had, the people I met, or the life I lost. But the glory of it is that by losing one in service, I have gained a better one.

NANCY YATES Beginning Again

The ink from my brand-new ribbon shows clearly on the typing paper and seems to invite mighty, influential, and stirring words—but the words themselves do not come.



Yates

Of course, I could indulge in a little sentimentality and say how "marvelous" it is to be at Mercer again, review the memories which return from years past, or go into "poetic ecstasy" over the glorious attributes of our alma mater.

But why do that? Surely, everyone has had the experience of reunion with old friends and the feeling of rightness about being back at school.

And just because you got a rather nostalgic feeling as you watched all the freshmen register, remembering how you felt not long ago—well, that's no sign you've got to publish the thing.

Even when you heard the Mercer clock strike again—a slow seven times as vespers ended, and you looked out through the opened stained glass window feeling a light breeze . . .

And when all your old friends piled into the dormitory, making plans for the new year and re-living an eventful summer . . .

When you lay awake the first night after talking to your new roommate and heard the clock dong one, one-thirty—and wondered what this year would bring . . .

When you sat in the co-op, heard the new records, ate the new hot dog special, and yelled to each familiar person as he or she appeared . . .

And when you met classes the first day as Mercer really began her 121st year and you had recaptured for yourself the spirit that has pervaded this university for all those 121 years.

Well, this was great, but nothing to put on paper as your first column in the *Cluster* of 1954.

But since it's done now, perhaps everyone will forgive me and join me in striving for a successful new year.

Notes on the News: The B.S.U. has made a fine start with both a council meeting (held the first Tuesday of the quarter) and a planning retreat for the executive council last Saturday . . . All new students as well as the old ones are urged to drop by the B.S.U. office in the co-op building and meet Judson Moss, new director of religious activities. Whoever you are, there's a job for you in B.S.U. . . . We noticed the new paint job in the ad building the other day. Looks fine . . . We hear the student-operated book exchange may be put into practice next quarter. You will remember this was one of the major points on the Progressive party platform in the campus election last year.

WATCH FOR CRIBBIE

Coming Soon

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