

Respect for Others' Ideas Has Healthy Place in Life

This man is wrong. He is different from us. Everything which we know as right and good he challenges. He has radical ideas. Can he be a true Christian?

Yet, there was once another man who was "different," he had radical ideas, too. He disagreed with the great theologians of his time; he was a friend of sinners and prostitutes. He broke many of the great religious laws and viewed things in a new perspective. His ideas about life were radical and, if followed, would ostracize these people from their friends. He said startling things which perplexed men. He made them think and wonder and disapprove.

This man was completely wrong in his views about God. Why, he didn't even know what the character of God was like! He said that God was Love and didn't require blood of animal sacrifices. He taught some of his followers to disobey Moses' commandment—to disobey the accepted belief of what God's Word meant. He did things that surely God would never put his approval on—they were so un-God-like.

He lived in a material and physical world and took the world just as he found

it—only trying to change it by spiritual insight and love. He didn't seek to make the miracle of his physical birth an important belief; spiritual birth conceived by faith is the key to God. His teachings were so simple that they seemed wrong; yet they were profound and were based on his inner contact with God. He felt that it doesn't matter what you've been and are, God's love can raise you to great heights. There is an inner spark of divine fire in every human; racial prejudice has no part in a child of God. He taught and loved and challenged.

This man was so un-God-like that he made great, preposterous claims. How could he really know God when he disagreed so violently with the established rules of the priests of God? So men hung this imposter on a cross and mocked him. "He is wrong!"

But was he? Was this Jesus of Nazareth really wrong? If He was right, then perhaps our radical of today has grown close to this Jesus; and it could be that he too is right!

—J. W.

'Messiah' Is Opportunity for Students

This Sunday afternoon, Mercer students will have a chance to hear the twelfth annual presentation on this campus of Handel's immortal "The Messiah." This is indeed, as it should be, an opportunity that should not be taken lightly.

Part of the purpose and program of a university is to raise the cultural level of the students, both by classroom learning and by extra-classroom experiences. This University has seen fit to make the presentation of this classic of the musical and religious worlds an annual affair. And

rightly so.

And equally right is the advantage students will make of this chance. Here is a privilege offered by the University which becomes an obligation when considered under the light of that which we wish to make of ourselves.

May we go with the spirit in which this masterpiece was written—the spirit of awe and wonder and worship for the miracle which it proclaims. And may we come away enriched for having been there.

—J. M.

Basketball Team Deserving of Support

Mercer's basketball season is about to start, and there is talk about the potential of this year's squad.

Although the team has its own individual merit, the support of the student body is needed to complete the morale and effectiveness of our team.

There are approximately 1300 students enrolled in school. If all these students came to the basketball games and supported the team, it would increase school spirit which is now suffering from malnutrition.

The faculty could also aid in this effort by lightening assignments on basketball nights.

While at the game another suggestion should be added: cheer with the cheerleaders! An organized cheer, in which all students participate, is much more effective than independent cheers from various scattered groups. Organized cheering builds school spirit and team morale.

See you at the games!

—B. N.

HERE 'N THERE WITH KRISTINA MOORE

ARE LEFTIES UNLUCKY?

This week I would like to dedicate my column to one of the few still unorganized minorities in the world, the left-handed part of the population. Unlike another society of similar sound, which is quite well organized, the lefties have remained apart, and it is truly a wonder to me that, in a civilization as grossly groupistic as ours, they have thus far escaped incorporation.

They would really have a great many excellent reasons for banding together and demanding their rights. In the first place, they are forced to live in a right-handed world. Imagine, right-handed ones, how it would be to live in a world where everything from can-openers to car-doors operated on a left-handed principle. Can you think of anything quite so frustrating? That is exactly the way the left-handed people feel about our way of doing things.

And it is not just in the machine age that the lefties have been inconvenienced. The idea that left-handed people were unlucky originated way back with the Romans, who associated the right with good and the left with evil. The Latin word for left is *sinistra*, from which our word "sinister" is derived, whereas our word "dexterity," much more pleasant in connotation, is derived from the Latin *dextra*, or "right".

One of the reasons why the Romans considered a left-handed man to be so unlucky is that in one of the chief ancient occupations, warfare, he was in a line-up of Roman soldiers with a shield in one hand and a sword in the other. The left-handed man was at a disadvantage any way you looked at it. If he held his weapon more comfortably in his left hand he was in danger of chopping his neighbor's head off in a drill. If he held it in his right, he wouldn't be able to do anything.

Getting back to modern times, pity the poor left-handed housewife. Her refrigerator, cabinets, and even her pantry probably open from the right. The cap to every jar made turns to the right. Can-openers have their cranks on the right side. She can't get an iron with a thumb-rest, because she uses the wrong thumb, and what-

ever iron she gets, the cord will more than likely get in her way.

When a left-handed person sits down at the dinner table, everything is all wrong for him. He has to reach across a plate of steaming food, and possibly drag his cuff in the butter, to pick up his coffee cup. Of course the handle will be turned toward the right, so he has to grab the hot side and reverse it. The only thing that is placed conveniently for him is his salad, but it is just far enough to the left so that every time he plunges his fork into the gelatinous concoction, he also plunges his elbow deep into his neighbor's ribs.

The leftie at school suffers many complications. In the first place he can't see what he is writing unless he either turns the paper at an extreme angle or turns his hand. Writing with ink can be very troublesome because the left-handed person can hardly avoid smearing it. And it is really a back-breaking task to take a final examination in a right-handed desk-chair.

In sports or any kind of group drill, the left-handed person finds himself at a disadvantage. It takes quick mental processes to re-interpret the right-handed instructions of a game or manual skill as they are being read, or lectured about.

And, worst of all, the poor down-trodden lefties are even being accused of being criminals. Some psychologist claims to have evidence to the effect that red-headed, left-handed people are more likely to be law-breakers. (All right, Barbara Jean, come along quietly.)

So you see, if you're left-handed, you're really in a pretty bad way. You've been suffering for centuries! Now is the time for the down-trodden to take definite action.

Lefties of the world, arise!

LOTTIE MOON

Yearly Yuletide Offering Is Tribute to Missionary

By Mary Etta Clark

Christmas time is well-named by many people the most wonderful time of the year. Christmas means God's love and the birth of Jesus; it means friends, loved ones, and Christmas carols; it means giving and thanksgiving. To Southern Baptists it means one additional thing—it means Lottie Moon and a love offering to continue the work she so bravely began in 1873.

Little did it occur to the young Charlotte Moon, who was born on a Virginia plantation in 1840, that she would someday go as a missionary to the other side of the world. Everybody liked Lottie for she was always gay and merry, but even though she had been raised in a strict Baptist home, she simply was not the religious type. Once she scandalized her family by persuading them to let her stay at home during church time and then by preparing an elaborate Sunday dinner for them while they were gone. And that in a household where no work, except the absolutely necessary, was ever done on the Sabbath!

doctor, an unheard of thing for a woman of the Old South. Lottie, too, was a very brilliant student. She never had trouble with any subject—except deportment!

While she was at Albemarle Female Institute at Charlottesville, Lottie Moon realized the true plan for her life. It happened at a service led by Dr. John A. Broadus, pastor of the Charlottesville church. No one knows the exact details, but Lottie Moon said afterwards, "I went to the service to scoff, and returned to my room to pray all night."

It was not until many years later—after the war, after the death of her mother, and after her sister Edna had preceded her as a missionary to China—that she went to become the beloved "Moon" (Continued on page 3)

Lottie Moon and her sisters received unusually excellent educations for girls of their time. One of her sisters even became a



The Mercer Cluster

MERCER UNIVERSITY, MACON, GEORGIA

DECEMBER 2, 1955

VOLUME 36, NUMBER 8

Jim Meloney Editor-in-Chief

Zelma Yarbrough Managing Editor

Elliott Brack Business Manager



Associate Editor: Bill Nash
News Editor: Cynthia Muse
Feature Editor: Emily Hughes
Associate Society Editor: Paula Smith
Associate Society Editor: Allice Tate

Sports Editor: Bob Stead
Exchange Editor: Bud Campbell
Columnist: Kristina Moore
Financial Secretary: Jean Sewell
Circulation Manager: Toby Tolson

Reporters—Betty McTeer, Jane Bibb, Jackie Walters, Juanita Tanner, Ford Bailey, Norma Geisler, Mary Etta Clark, Elliott Brack, Martha Ann Abbott, Judy McDaniel, Anne Metcalf, Mary Louise Savage, Sue Deryrie, Davis Kilgroe, Ben Johnson, David Jones, Benny Brown, Betty Langford, Nan Williams, Woody Richardson.
Proofreader—Jay Freeman
Circulation—Jimmy Durden, Eddie Floyd, Charlie Keaton, Bud Campbell, Charlie Everett.
Business Staff—Jim O'Neal, Robert Bloumb.

The Mercer Cluster is published by the undergraduate student body of Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, under the authority of the Student Government Association.