

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Call A Bear Not A Spade But A Bear Says Writer

Dear Editor:

I am writing in behalf of an organization that I believe to be deserving of unanimous Mercer support. It is the S. F. C. A. B. A. B. E. A. M. O. (Society For Calling A Bear A Bear Especially A Mercer One). Seldom before has man, over an animal, so sincerely realized that the latter by the former seldom realizes a sincere realization of its real, bare self. Seldom.

This low opinion of the bear has been noticed throughout history. Millions of supposedly mature twelve year olds look up to Daniel Boone without even realizing the blow that he gave to the ego of the whole bear population when he maliciously slipped his pet bear an overdose of sleeping pills pretending to help his trust-worthy, friendly, kind, courteous, helpful, obedient, loyal, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent pal get his winter nap. (Note that while it was the bear that possessed all these qualities, it was Mr. Boone who claimed to be the scout.) And then to add the crushing punch to the bear's dignity, he misspelled its name on a tree knowing full well it would make him famous.

This type attitude toward our own mascot has continued to the present day. Recently a group of members of S. F. NOT C. A. B. A. B. E. A. M. O. agreed on a plan to poison the American mind against the bear. They appeared over the airwaves all over the country playing that seemingly innocent "Teddybear." This type brainwashing is intended to cause the unthinking citizens to draw a parallel between a bear and Teddy Roosevelt who everyone knows was a Bullmoose who rode horses that weren't comfortable at all and were referred to as "Rough Riders." This type propaganda is very effective.

The word "bear" has even become a standard pun: "Can't bear it," "Bare existence (similar to a dog's life)," "Barefoot." (Note: Feet are often referred to as "dogs"—subtle, but consistent.) And the rebellious French, instead of wearing a 'coon skin cap like other Tennesseans wear, of all things, a beret. Where will it end? The Macon News once called a Sigma Nu Bear Day float a—"Mickey Mouse."

So student friends, arise! Change the picture on your ring before it gives away your true character, too. If we can call a spade a spade, certainly we can not do less for our own mascot. So in closing, call a bear, not a spade but a bear.

PVT. JAS. MARCUS LEGER.

SAE Defeats Kappa Alpha, Tuesday Play

SAE defeated the Togs of Kappa Alpha 57-30 Tuesday night for their second straight win.

The Leos were paced by Ronnie Bloodworth who led SAE in scoring with 14 points. He was followed by Don Barkley and Ronnie Thomas who got 11 each and Walter McGaughey with 10.

KA was led by Charlie Middlebrooks and Bruce Benton. Middlebrooks was high man for the Togs with 14 points.

The Leos drew first blood on a 2 pointer by Bloodworth. The game settled down into a regular groove which saw SAE hold a 30-13 half-time advantage. This they extended to 57-30 by the end of the game, as the second half followed much the same pattern as the first.

The Leo attack was spearheaded by guard Thomas and McGaughey while Emmet Johnson, Bobby Bedgood and Jerry Joiner figured in the KA attack.

There was a time when a fool and his money were soon parted. Now it happens to everybody.

Mid-term Schedule Released

The mid-term schedule for winter quarter has been released by the registrar's office. Classes meeting at 9:00 a. m. and 1:45 p. m. will be tested on Monday, Feb. 3.

Classes meeting at 10:40 a. m. and 2:45 p. m. on Tuesday, Feb. 4, and classes meeting at 8:00 and 11:40 a. m. on Wednesday, Feb. 5. The exams are being held during the fifth week of the quarter.

Line-Breakers Should Quit School

Dear Editor:

I sympathize with the students at Mercer who are having to work part time in order to meet their expenses. In the past I have had to work part time so I believe that I am familiar with some of their problems.

Now some of these students who are working must believe that because they have to work this gives them certain special privileges. These students are the ones that go to the head of the lunch lines, on the excuse that they must hurry

to work, while the rest of the student body must stand aside and let these privileged ones go first. If there is anyone in charge of the dining hall, I feel that they should put a stop to this ridiculous practice immediately.

If the students who have to work are not able to arrange their work so that it will not be an inconvenience to the rest of the student body then these people should not be in school, but working full time.

GEORGE F. THOMSON.

Center Locked Doors Draw His Ire

Dear Editor:

I recently approached the new Student Center during a Thursday Chapel break, only to find the door locked.

After I got inside (by going half way around the building), I was confronted by another locked door which prevented a direct route to the post office.

So I went down the stairs and outside only to find two more locked doors barring my way.

It is indeed frustrating to find such a large number of doors locked in a building designed for use by the students of Mercer University. I realize the need of locked doors at night, but in the middle of the day it is utterly unexplainable.

I hope the next time I go to the Student Center I will be able to go to the post office without having to go all over the entire building.

PIERCE WILBANKS.

BOOK REVIEW

"How Can the Gods Meet Us ... till We Have Faces?"

Possibly the most significant work of C. S. Lewis, the author of The Screwtape Letters, is the novel Till We Have Faces, which is a reworking of the second century legend of Cupid and Psyche.

This myth retold, the best version of which is The Golden Ass by Lucius Apuleius, is more convincing than previous Lewis works like Perelandra and That Hideous Strength.

Lewis takes what he needs from the original framework of the myth in this new presentation of a religious allegory. The central characters are the beautiful lovable Princess Psyche (a symbol for sacred love), her ugly sister, Orual (a symbol for profane love) and their Greek slave tutor, Fox (a symbol for the worldly skeptic of all times who is overtly rational). The shapeless stone deity of the kingdom of Glome is called Ungit.

In this subtle allegory the gulf between faith and skepticism is very evident as Lewis retells the tale in the setting of the barbaric Kingdom of Glome, somewhere north of civilized ancient Greece. The author seems to show that rationalism is unable to stand when it meets face to face with revelations.

One difficulty is for the reader to decide who is who and what is what, but study can usually enable this task to be accomplished.

It does not take much to believe that Orual is none other than C. S. Lewis. It seems to supplement

Surprise by Joy which is Lewis' autobiography.

Orual destroys the happiness of Psyche, who is married to a god (Cupid), by rejection of her one vision of paradise. She refuses to believe and therefore both are condemned for their lack of faith. Psyche is persuaded to look at the face of her husband-god by Orual's use of love as a weapon.

The point is that even after we see the love of God we often choose the world with its flesh and its devil. The New Yorker says, "... the theme is the destructive impulse, perhaps unconscious, of some unloved creature toward those they appear to love."

In the words of Orual, who tells the story, it is only at the end that she has the experience of "the utmost fullness of being which the human soul can sustain." It is after a life in the world of wars between good and evil, darkness and light, havoc and peace that Orual asks the question, "How can the gods meet us face to face till we have faced?"

The novel is full of awfulness, wonder, attraction—in short, fascination. It is truly C. S. Lewis masterpiece for after the exhausting experience, one really has the feeling that the time for an overflow of faith is right now.—Marty Layfield.



Its What The Students Want

By Willard Clutchmyer

Only Monday morning and ecstasy was already mine!! After gaining access to the new Student Activities Building by crossing the cleverly constructed mud moat I rushed to the post office.

"May I have my mail?" I asked shyly, making a low curtsy.

"(Can't you read, moron?" the kindly attendant screamed as she pointed to a sign on the counter.

"Who's walking on the grass?" I answered, trying to appear casual.

"Pinhead ... the sign says THE MAIL IS NOT UP!!"

This I knew was the official motto of the United State Post Office (University Station) so I showed proper respect by doffing my Blue Horse beanie and pledging allegiance to Arthur Summerfield.

While waiting for the epistles to be posted I ran into my good friend and fellow Sherwood lodger, Rural Redneck. Rural, as usual, was garbed in his colorful F.F.A. jacket which was a striking blue in hue with his name in gold script over his heart. On his back, over an ear of corn, in gay bold letters was the name of his home town

Climax, Ga.

Rural waited faithfully for the mail each day, and each day he got a letter from his folks. The letters however were pretty dull as neither of his parents knew how to write. Rural didn't know that however, as he didn't know how to read.

Finally the mail was posted and in my box I found two threatening letters from the Dean, a few draft notices, a subpoena to appear before the public health board (our dorm rooms had been inspected) and a request to sit in on a meeting of the LET'S DO AWAY WITH VARSITY SPORTS AND HAVE MORE CHAPEL PROGRAMS committee.

This committee was not too popular on camp but then people are always suspicious of progress. It was the committee's plan to do away with athletics and use the money to sponsor even better chapel programs than we now enjoy.

I was asked because as a varsity letterman (Captain of the plant, tree, seed, and shrub identification team in 1955-56) it was hoped that other students would follow any example that their student leaders, that is, me, might set.

The meeting was held in the luxurious Faculty-Trustee Room and several administrative heads and trustees were in attendance.

The meeting was opened by Prof. Phineas Frostbite, boy biologist. Frostbite had fallen into disfavor with the administration for refusing to turn over used dog-fish sharks to the dining hall at the end of each quarter. For this reason he was given the distasteful but vital job of ridding the University of varsity sports.

Ogden Oddball, one of the trustees opened the affair by jumping to his feet and screaming ... "I move that varsity track be done away with!!!"

"You're too late, sir ..." said Frostbite, "that's already been taken care of." He winked at several of the administrative heads.

Oddball again jumped to his feet and shouted ... "I move we do away with varsity football!!!"

"Where have you been all your life?" replied Frostbite.

"We did that long ago."

Undaunted, Oddball tried again ... "cross-country??"

"Sorry ..." Frostbite said, "that's been taken care of too."

"Good Show!!!" bellowed Oddball ... "Now if we can get rid of the other three we will have enough money to give the faculty a raise!!!"

This kind thought struck a mellow note as I thought of the long line of faculty members who waited patiently every morning for their CARE packages.

Frostbite continued, "This is what the students want and after all that's what we're here for ... I mean I think I speak for the students when I say pool for football, basketball, tennis, mah-jong, La Crosse, etc., and as Jesse himself often said, 'Go to jail, go directly to jail ... do not pass GO ... do not collect \$200.' Friends, its what the students want."

By this time the students who were gathered outside had tired of burning crosses and faculty members and had begun to batter down the door.

"Meeting adjourned," said Frostbite, and with that he and his committee laughingly disappeared into a secret passageway to plot the end of varsity sports.

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