

BILL WILLIS

Battlefield of Opinions

—Let each man be fully assured in his own mind.

Romans 14: 5

When Darius first took over the kingdom, he was perplexed because it seemed impossible to satisfy the varied customs under his rule. He soon concluded, however, that his problem would be more than half solved if he could make his subjects realize that it existed.

He called before him the Greeks, who burned their fathers when they died, and the Indians, who ate their fathers. He first proposed that the Greeks begin eating their dead. This caused such an uproar among the Greeks that it was quite difficult to quiet them.

Then he appealed to the Indians to burn the bodies of their dead fathers, and they, too, reacted violently to such a repulsive proposal. When the Greeks and the Indians realized the purpose of the venture, they went away amused but understanding to some extent the problem which their ruler faced.

The peoples of the world would enjoy communities in which tension was greatly relieved if they could see as clearly as the Apostle Paul. In his letter to the Romans he says opinions of men cannot all be fed from the same bowl.

Politicians, ministers, college administrators, and those in all walks of life who sit in the seats of leadership all face the same problem that Darius faced. And further, while these different opinions hold out for their individual satisfaction, it is absurd to speak of a "mean" in any administration, whether religious or secular.

As we look to religion, nothing proves our point so well as the fact that everywhere on the spiritual path in history men have in some sense of the word made their gods in their own images. Whatever a man has had in his cultural backyard will be clearly seen in the front yard of his god, and every factor which has been essential to a race can usually be found in the form of a commandment or ceremony in his worship.

What other color could the god of the Ethiopians have been than black? How could the Thracians have ever conceived of anything but a fair god, or the Greeks of anything other than a god which was a reflection of the Greek mind?

And where were the Americans to turn had they not taken the S from salvation, drawn a line through it, and trusted only the dollar for their deliverance?

Of course, the present western theological problem is not that of conceiving properly our God, but that of choosing the right school of thought. This is the problem which has sent many freshmen ministerial students fleeing from the battlefield and which frustrates every newly converted Christian who has been introduced to the claims of the various schools and which, if ever introduced on any sizable scale to the laity of our churches, will affect nothing short of ecclesiastical chaos.

The fact is, and one which every sensible Christian will be forced to conclude, that the opinions of these individual systems will be no closer to the real truth about God and his dealings with men than would the opinions of shepherders about an automotive assembly line in Detroit.

We might as well concede that when we face Him who transcends every human opinion in what is to be either an individual or consummate judgment, we ALL in some measure will be wrong—every opinion which prevailed to any extent on our proverbial battlefield will fall exceedingly short of the real nature of our God. Our only hope is that every gap of our ignorance will be filled with a faith in Christ Jesus.

Our condemning judgments and disputes would be fewer, if we remembered that the Dean of all men

Phi Eta Sigma To Initiate Seven

Phi Eta Sigma, freshman scholastic honor fraternity, is to initiate seven new members Tuesday night.

The new members to be are Paul Tucker, Louis Trammell, Bob Cahoon, Phillip Heard and Larry Pearce, all freshmen, and Rodney Browns and Charlie Andrews, sophomores.

To be eligible for Phi Eta Sigma, a freshman must make the Dean's List his first quarter at Mercer. A sophomore must have a minimum average of 2.5 for his freshman year.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Student Raps MEP Rule Dorm Probation for Grades

Editor:

I think that I am speaking for a large majority of MEP girls when I write this letter.

Of all the petty and unreasonable ty within and without MEP's regulations governing girls' activities there is one which is especially unsound in its basis. Most of us understand the thought behind "lights out by midnight"—one should study between classes, in the afternoon, and in the evening.

But there is no ground for dormitory probation one quarter when it is based on grades made the previous quarter. One can make 10

hours and 10 honor points and the school is satisfied. But not MEP—they must go Dean Lester one step further.

One would think that with the red tape at MEP the powers that be could keep up with mid-term averages of its occupants. This way we could be on probation for grades in the making instead of those we can never change.

NAME WITHHELD

LOCAL AND NATIONAL

RFW Seminars Cover Community Problems

The round of seminars for Mercer's Religious Focus Week, starting Feb. 24, will cover everything from power politics to "pastoral counseling."

The seminar will last for one hour three nights during the week. They will have as their leaders both students and out-of-town figures.

The seminar topics will center around the special week's main interest of the community, in particular the Christian community, and its relations with itself and the outside.

Monday night, the seminars will be tied to the campus community and its relations with sex, campus social life, race, power politics, Mercer's religious activities program.

National Community

Interest will turn to the national community Tuesday as race, American denominationalism, power politics and the atomic age are seminar topics.

Relations of missions, race, the atomic age to the world community, comes to a high point Wednesday in the discussion sessions.

Aubrey Hawkins, director of Georgia Baptist student work, will lead the seminar on "pastoral counseling."

The seminars, says Marty Layfield, seminar chairman, "will be what the students and leaders de-

sire them to be. The committee hopes all students will find some areas of interest within the seminars as they are presented."

Area of Common Ground

"We hope," Layfield added, "that in keeping with the topics of this RFW these seminars will present an area of common ground whereby pre-theologs or pre-meds, Greeks or independents, and members of different denominations can come together with a spirit of community seeking to better understand each other, as well as the problems to be presented."

Some of the adult seminar leaders are the Rev. Mr. Mack Lipsey, University of Georgia chaplain; Dr. Jack Noffsinger, main RFW speaker; the Rev. Mr. Francis Stewart, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Monticello; Dr. Carl Bennett; John Steen, director of religious activities at GSCW; Dr. Thomas Gossett, Wesleyan; Dr. Henry Stokes, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Macon; Hawkins; and Clarence Jordan, Americus.

Seminar committee members are Norman Burnes, Bill Simmons, Hety Langford, Mr. Robert Otto, Dr. Spencer Meeks, and the Rev. Mr. Heslip Lee.



Cupid's Shaft For Valentine

by Willard Clutchmyer

Ignomy and gloom were mine to have and hold as I sat in my dingy cubicle in Sherwood Hall with a Gillette blue blade in my clammy little hand. "To slash or not to slash—that is the question."

It was Monday night and everything had gone wrong that day. The student LETS CRACK DOWN ON PEOPLE WHO BREAK IN LINE COMMITTEE had sent me a tart note informing me that my job banging on the Shorter Hall radiator pipes did not entitle me to eat early.

Not only that, I found that I was flunking one of the courses required for my sociology minor—Integration 101. Would you believe that minority groups are vigorously persecuted in our own state? Over 150 counties in Georgia deny voting rights to abominable snowmen.

In addition to all this I had let Maynard Grunch talk me into cutting classes to go to a local pub for a few mad minutes of interperate ecstasy and the friendly nurse in the infirmary had refused to excuse my absences. Overcuts play havoc with my austere .007 average.

Resorting to chicanery and guile in an attempt to outwit the nurse, Ramona Nightengale, I cleverly tied a pajama top about my brow and feigned a severe headache.

"Oh Miss Nightengale," I exclaimed, "neuritis and neuralgia are mine!"

Giving me an aspirin and a can of avacado juico she screamed . . . "NO EXCUSES!!!"

"But my head," I whimpered, falling onto the floor and thrashing about convincingly.

"How did you get the cut on your head Willard?" she asked, pausing to inform a dying student that no medication could be given out until his temperature reached 104.

"I bit myself," I fibbed.

"How could you bite yourself on the forehead?" she asked suspiciously.

"I stood on a chair," I sagaciously replied.

While we were talking a student rushed into the room and shouted, "Miss Nightengale . . . We have three cases of berri-berri on the third floor . . . what shall we do with them?"

"Take them over to Shorter Hall," she replied, "Those fraternity men will drink anything."

To top the day off my innamorata and child love, Moonbeam C. Stevens, broke up with me.

I had no inkling of the impending breakup but I became suspicious when I saw an announcement in the paper that she was marrying a local taxidermist.

Moonbeam said, "I don't know Willard, let's just don't see each other for a while, say 20 or 30 years, and let me have some time to make up my mind." With this she returned my Beta Club pin.

What a loss!! Moonbeam, the most beautiful girl in the world. She would have easily won the Miss Macon contest last year had it not been for a University rule requiring M. U. contestants to wear raincoats over their swimsuits. A small scar extending from her forehead to her chin was all that kept her from being sought after by Hollywood scouts. The scar she acquired in a scuffle with an unidentified Wesleyan lass while both of them were writing poems in a local radio station.

Thinking she might be concerned about my dress, which some have said was hardly collegiate, I rushed to my room to change. Putting on my pin-striped blue shantung coat, ivy-league corduroy knickers, Mercer T-shirt, hand painted tie with a picture of a nude Polynesian, and sun-glasses, I tipped over to M. E. P. for another try with Moonbeam.

I had to go no further than the Co-op where I found her with Spade Slowcome, campus Lothario.

"Well?" I asked, turning slowly to give her a good view of my collegiate togs.

"Take me to your leader," she said.

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