

Liberal Education Seen Evolving Into Mutation

Most likely than not, one of the primary reasons any student chooses Mercer as the school to obtain the education on which his future life will be founded is that he or she has decided a "liberal" education will suit his or her future needs better than, for instance, a technical, or specialized education.

So he comes to Mercer, a liberal arts college. But does he really know what it is that he is after? We might even go so far as to ask "Is Mercer really a liberal arts school?"

The term "Liberal Education" is a combination of two words, the fusion of which brings about a result as difficult to define exactly as any other combination of words in Mr. Webster's best-seller. Basically, we suppose it means a rounded education, covering almost all fields of human knowledge, except perhaps the more complicated sciences.

As in any other term, however, "liberal education" has been molded, added-to, and subtracted-from to a degree that, like any other often-used term, it is a mutation of its former pure definition. The phrase has come to suggest more of a concentration on the humanities, with only elementary mathematics included, and the physical sciences practically sloughed off.

Perhaps, though, this evolved definition is actually a better one than the original. Perhaps the school that calls itself a liberal arts college would do better to follow the second definition than to base its curriculum on the earlier. After all, isn't the liberal arts school generally the choice of the young adult who wishes to be trained in the humanities and concepts rather than the crafts and specifics? In fact, isn't this student desiring not training at all, but preparation? This is the student who chooses the liberal arts school, and he chooses his school with this in mind.

How many prospective collegians, before deciding upon which institution is to be their alma mater, pore over catalogue after catalogue, examining requirements and curricula, determining which school in his financial reach will require less concentration on the sciences and more on the humanities?

So, it is the basic purpose of the university which refers to itself as a liberal arts college to plan itself to, first and foremost, meet the needs of these students, as they are the ones who have no other place to go to receive the type of education they seek.

But there is still a factor to consider in these plans. What of the student who requires, and is more suited for training along the more concrete lines of the sciences and mathematics, but is financially unable to attend a technical school. Does he have the right to obtain the type of education he needs? We think he does.

Therefore, it is further the responsibility of the liberal arts school to provide in its curriculum subjects applicable to the type of training desired by these students. Besides this, if the term "liberal education" refers to a well-rounded preparation for future life, then a certain amount, though certainly not a major amount, of subjects in the more methodic fields is necessary for the student who wishes an education in the humanities and fine arts.

The humanities student, though, must not be so burdened by these subjects, for which he probably has little talent, that his overall average is hampered.

We feel that Mercer has, in the past, and is now handling this problem exceptionally well. The future plans of our University further prove the interest of the administration in providing, in every sense of the term, a school which fulfills all the requirements of a liberal arts college.

Spring In The Air, And Why You Should

"Spring is here, Why does my heart go dancing? . . ."

These lines from a popular song seem to express the feeling around campus nowadays, and not only are the short-sleeved ivy league shirts flapping in the breeze, but student organizations are also sporting new spring events. Some of these are as sure a sign of spring as softball on the PT field.

What could be "springier" than the MICA's "Womanless fashion show" or the SAE-sponsored swim meet for coeds, both held last Monday?

Some Mercer students will drag through the hot, hotter, and still hotter weather to be recognized at Recognition Day ceremonies, taking place today.

Spring at Mercer means staring blankly out classroom windows, being forced to stay cooped up in a dingy old dormitory room studying while a bright, balmy night goes to waste, finally giving up and deciding you couldn't concentrate, anyway, and deficiency slips.

Ah, yes! Spring!



"She'd never know it from the real me!"

ALAN WARR

A Little Southern Cooking

Pete Kelly was driving South for a vacation with Southern cooking. His car broke down and he decided to take his meals in a university dining hall nearby.

The first day they had macaroni, asparagus, loaf bread, and coconut pie. Pete was bewildered that no meat was served but the lady in charge told him sternly that no where could he find a more balanced meal. And he ate heartily, but with a certain regret for having doubted the food's value.

Next morning Pete got up before the sun, stood in line for breakfast, and finally got to the serving place. There was only one crispy egg left, and he gulped it down. Privately he was glad he didn't like toast and didn't eat it. But the coffee was superb and he drank a whole cup.



That day for lunch there was chopped steak or fried chicken with potatoes, beans, squash, corn, French bread, three salads to choose from, cake with ice cream and peaches and coconut pie. To drink was iced tea, lemonade and strawberry punch. All this food made Pete wonder if it were not perhaps a Southern holiday. No, one of the cartpushers told him, it's trustee day.

For a week Pete lay in his bed from overeating and was glad that trustee day did not come around

often—everyone might stuff themselves to death. The day he came back to the ceterie was the last day of hot-dogs. The lady in charge gladly whipped up a special left-overs soup for him since he was recuperating, and served it with a delicious piece of coconut pie.

For the next two or three days there was spaghetti and string beans alternated with cold sliced ham and hot potato salad. "A traditional Southern specialty," thought Pete as he paid his dollar for the meal.

"I wish they would change to a different kind of slop once in a while," Pete overheard a student say one day.

"If you don't like it, you can eat somewhere else," snapped one of those in charge to the student.

Pete was horrified by such logic and told the student he should be glad to get any kind of food—after all, in a certain province in India people often starved to death. The student still was not convinced and Pete decided that this university had failed in at least one case.

Sixteen days later the students erected a marker over a freshly-filled grave:

R. I. P.
Pete Kelly
Died: Trustee Day
From Overeating

The Mercer Cluster

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CHARLOTTE MOORE

Food At Mercer

I must speak today on a subject dear to the heart of every loyal Mercerian. My subject is food.

Of course I fully realize that few of us recognize food as such until we go home, but it remains to be said that we have it here and it keeps us alive.

During my two years here I have been increasingly amazed at what girls locked in dormitories will eat . . . and increasingly depressed to find myself eating the same things. It makes me reminiscent of the old prison-camp stories about women eating their cosmetics.

Shocking Breakfast

The other morning I was roused from a deep sleep and invited to breakfast by my roommate. I was pleased at the prospect and, leaping out of bed, asked her what goodies she had prepared. The answer, although I had considered myself hardened, came as a shock. They were having hot tea and vienna sausages.

Breakfast around here isn't usually that disturbing. The average co-ed spends half of her Saturday morning in the bed and the other half looking for food. On my floor the answer is usually the inevitable doughnut and a cup of water (coffee if you're lucky; Coke if you're energetic). Another good breakfast food is cake, or an orange left over from last week's sack lunch. Anything will do.

Some people around here have mothers, and mothers are famous for sending food. Those lucky few fare well during the rest of the day, as food becomes a pastime and a study escape. Within these sheltered walls, you may see the most normal co-ed, book in hand, eating dry soda crackers, cocktail onions, melba toast, Ritz crackers, or—and they are horrible—honeybuns. This is the time too for the coffee break that lasts hours and the long, long walk to the water cooler.

Midnight Feast

And then there is the feast. (A psychology class could have a most rewarding field trip in MEP after curfew.) As the witching hour and blackout time draw closer the hunger pangs become more acute and less discreet. Four girls will gather in a room, door locked against invading monitors and sorority sisters, and lay out a banquet of their choicest scraps. These pathetic little parties are the greater part of MEP's social life.

The feast that I witness most often is one that takes place in our bathroom amid gay laughter. This is the feast of the most holy sardine—covered with mayonnaise, disguised by two soda crackers, embellished with dill pickle. Dessert—chocolate chip crackers. There is no beverage.

The Lesser Banquet

Another frequent, and more conservative banquet, can feed more people—maybe six. This is composed of cinnamon crisps, loaf bread, Cokes, and coffee. The Cokes are the best part, as they have to be smuggled in after hours. The coffee might be called demi-tasse.)

Of course, there are some people who have cars. (Cars, to my certain knowledge, are moving machines, that carry food to the starving and the starving to food.) These things do not affect their lives as strongly as they do those of the less fortunate. There are a few people, too, that have dates, and dates—I am told—buy food and drink most extravagantly. These are in the minority though and the majority of MEP's lovely but emaciated inhabitants still live from meal to meal, trying to resist the terrible doughnut and the unsatisfactory Ritz cracker.

Honor Council Faces Hard Year of Work

The Honor Council for next year has been selected and will go into office immediately. They are qualified and enthusiastic and the student body has every right to place full confidence in them.

The outgoing council and chief justice Bill Simmons should be congratulated on having done their very best with a difficult job. This year has been a year of trial for the Council.

The student body should remember, too, that this 1958-59 council has a hard year to face. Voting on the much-discussed first amendment will probably be held in the fall and the whole fate of the system, in a sense, rests on this amendment being passed.

The new council is optimistic about the year's work and hopes to make this year the most successful yet for the honor system at Mercer. It should.