

## Students Differ On Tuition Hike

The Mercer Administration's recent announcement of tuition hikes prompted a poll questioning, "How will the raise in tuition affect you?" Mercer students answered pollster Katie Koellner this way:

Jan Brantley: "I don't care. It's Dad's money."

Sid Moore: "Although I will not be affected greatly by the twenty-five dollars, I can't help thinking that the statement by the business department did not tell the whole story concerning the comparative costs of similar institutions in this area, due to the extensive student aid plans at these schools."

Mike McRay: "I won't be back."

Dawn Blankenship: "I don't like it at all. I don't understand what the money is going for."

Herbie Rivers: "I'm going to pass the collection plate in chapel."

Jimmy Slade: "That's hard to say, since I won't be here."

Ashley Herndon: "I'll just have to make one more trip to the bank."

Marla Stripling: "I wasn't expecting it, but I don't think it will make that much difference."

DICK SHIVER

## 'American Heritage' Helps Satisfy Need At Mercer

Not too long ago Mercer University was referred to by those who knew it as a cultural desert and Macon was the wasteland surrounding that desert. If this was ever true, it is no longer. Mercer has with increasing frequency been presenting for its students and interested Maconites art exhibits of high quality and varied interest. The Fine Arts Series this year has been superlative and the latest in its efforts is the American Heritage series.

The American Heritage lecture series is off to an auspicious start after the first meeting which held the attention of the capacity audience from beginning to end. Probably for many of the students and townspeople in attendance this was their first exposure to the fine slide collection recently acquired by Mercer from the Carnegie Collection. Judging from the reaction to the slides, it was a satisfying experience.

But not only the quality of the slides served to show what a fine series the American Heritage promises to be—the interesting introduction and commentary by Marshall Daugherty was equally important. Daugherty, incidentally, is chairman of the Fine Arts Series at Mercer and has succeeded this year in bringing to Mercer some excellent works of art on loan from famous galleries.

Perhaps the only complaint with the Fine Arts Series this year is that it serves too rich a diet for those who may have been culturally dehydrated for too long. We do not think this is serious. We would like to see the diet even richer.

## Some Details Merit Attention

Expansion, addition and renovation seem to have been the theme at Mercer lately. We wonder if somewhere in all the grand plans for improvement there is any mention of some lesser, but nonetheless much needed facilities such as coat hangers and a place to hang them in the lobby and locker room of the Student Center. Umbrella stands would be a welcome sight too, and would help prevent the congeation by opened umbrellas which sprout mushroom-like with every rain.

Another sorely needed "minor detail" is a better seating arrangement in Room 314 of the Student Center. This room is used for such things as the SGA sponsored movies, the American Heritage lecture series, and a general purpose assembly room. The way it is set up now, during a film only those in the front row can see. Everyone else has his view blocked by either a cement post or, more likely, the head of the person directly in front of him. The easiest solution for this would be to build a series of raised platforms which would elevate those in the rear areas of the room.

These things may not seem too important in the quest for knowledge, but they certainly do have an effect on the student attitude on campus. We think this is important enough to merit consideration—particularly in regard to Room 314.



"Yes sir, this is one Jim Dandy invention. Why I predict that it will revolutionize the world."

Thomas Hardy, Secretary in charge of New Inventions, listened with partially mute ears. He had heard these lines over and over till somehow they had lost their force and impact. This man who sat before him was no different from the many others who made a daily pilgrimage to the United States Patent Office. Nevertheless Thomas was being paid to listen to their pitch and then decide whether or not they might have a worthwhile discovery.

"What is it? I mean how does it work and what does it do?" Thomas routinely inquired of the smiling inventor.

"Well, basically sir it is a food machine. You just set the dial for the food you want, push this button, and there you have it, cooked and ready to eat."

Thomas surveyed the machine with skepticism. "Well, produce me a steak covered with mushroom sauce. We'll see how well it works." This was the best way to rid one's self of crank inventors. Make them prove their inventions.

"Right away. Yes sir, you won't be disappointed in this gadget." The man set the dial next to steak, spun another dial to mushroom sauce, pushed a button marked SERVICE, and there behind the transparent window at the bottom of the machine a dish of delicious looking steak smothered in rich mushroom sauce.

Thomas could hardly believe his eyes. His taste, however, convinced him that this was the genuine thing. He could hardly believe though, that it was for real. Perhaps the strange man had somehow known he had a great liking for steak and rigged the machine. Only when Thomas had asked for thirty-three different types of food ranging from caribou hash to chop seuy with tomato sauce and received them from the Machine was he willing to admit that this was no fraud. Whatever he asked for seemed to have a place on the machine's dial. A spin of the dial, a push of the button and out came the food.

"How much does it cost to produce this thing?"

"Only pennies, believe it or not. I have worked the production down to such a minimum that every family regardless of financial status can afford one. And they are also guaranteed for life."

"Alright, you have convinced me." Thomas re-

AL STEPHENSON

## Paper Promises



Soviet-U. S. nuclear test-ban negotiations which has been plodding along in New York for some time were abruptly terminated last week by the Communists without any settlement having been reached. The Soviets propose to reopen the talks when the conference on disarmament convenes at Geneva on February 12.

The chances of reaching a lasting settlement at Geneva, however, are no better than they were in New York. For in the final analysis, the Communists will not bind themselves to any agreement that is not or does not remain beneficial to them.

Why the United States persists in its efforts to achieve anything of value from such negotiations is, at best, difficult to comprehend. Indeed, viewed in the light of Soviet policies and dealings in the past, our repeated attempts to construct honest, lasting settlements with the Communists seem almost absurd.

"The Communists", declared Marx in the Communist Manifesto, "disdain to conceal their views and aims." Certainly the Communists have never tried to hide from us their concept of diplomacy and how it should be employed. "There are", declared Lenin, "no morals in politics: There is only expediency." "Truth", he said, "does not count

unless it serves an end." And yet the U. S. continues to seek honorable agreements with the Soviet diplomats, who still follow Lenin dictums to the letter.

The record of U. S.-Soviet dealings bears eloquent testimony to the faithfulness with which the Soviets have followed another of Lenin's cherished maxims—"Promises are like pie crusts; made to be broken." In the twenty-five year period from 1933 to 1958, for instance, the U. S. and USSR concluded fifty-two major agreements. Of these, the Soviets broke no less than fifty.

Faced with this kind of record, one can not help but wonder at the extreme naivety of our present-day negotiators who continue to take the Communists at their word.

Perhaps the failure of our present policy is due to the fact that those who direct our dealings with the Soviets, continue to hope and believe that the Communists have somehow changed since Marx, Lenin, and Stalin were around; that they no longer follow the dictums of the old Communist leadership. Those who hold such a view are sadly mistaken.

American policy makers have waited too long already. It is high time they replaced idealism with realism.

## Manna

plied. "Just file a complete description of how the machine is constructed with this office and you can begin production immediately. This little invention will be manna from heaven to a hungry world."

"Thank you sir, and about that manna from heaven, you'll never know how right you are. Yes sir, how right you are."

Thomas was perhaps a little hasty in issuing government sanction for the new invention. He did not foresee that day in his office the consequence which would follow. As soon as the machine was first demonstrated on television, people all over the world flocked to buy it. Only a few pennies for a machine that produced food was the greatest bargain that ever came to this earth.

No one really knew where the machine's inventor came or how he managed to make his machine work. In fact, no one really cared. Of course, the food stores at first raised up in arms against this invention, but soon even they gave in and became the biggest retailers for food machines. In two years from the day the patent was issued and the invention approved, every home in the world possessed a food machine.

Farms were deserted. The meat industry floundered. Every industry concerned with food went on the rocks. But in reality no one suffered. People only suffer when they can't eat, and for seventy-five cents a food machine was available, guaranteed for life. The work available might be slight, but everyone ate. By the time three years had passed, it was a common thing to spin the dial and push the button in every home in the world. Even children were taught the trick: Hunger disappeared. The world never had it so good.

Then on July 4th, 1960 a strange thing happened. Fifty billion families marched into their kitchens, sat down in front of their food machines, spun the dial, pushed the button and... nothing happened.

### POST SCRIPT

From the New York Times, September 8th, 1961. "Invaders from the heavens, presumably Mars, became the rulers of a dying starving earth. The inhabitants of Earth were too weak to resist the Martian onslaught. Earth seemed to be suffering from acute malnutrition."

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"I CAN ALWAYS SPOT A FRATERNITY MAN AT ONE OF OUR OPEN HOUSES — THEY SEEM TO MAKE FRIENDS SO QUICKLY."