The Mercer Cluster

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Mercer's Misplaced Flag

Recently, it was brought to our attention that there lies mouldering in the storage cabinet of Alpha Phi Omega, a large, orange-and-black silk flag, emblazoned with Mercer's coat-of-arms and, in gothic script, the words "Mercer University, Macon, Georgia."

We have since learned that the flag is the official banner of Mercer University and once hung in the chapel. We suspect that APO took on the flag's cleaning as a service project, and then forgot about it. At any rate, it now lies in the bottom drawer of the service fraternity's storage cabinet.

Consequently, we suggest that the flag of Mercer University be cleaned, attached to a flagstaff, and placed in some position of prominence in the Chapel.

A U.S. flag, matching the Mercer banner in size and quality, at present lies furled in a corner of the Mercer museum, along with some other flags. We hope and suggest that it be placed in the chapel also.

We would also be pleased to see Mercer find or purchase a substantial Georgia state flag, and a Christian flag and perhaps bring out some of the furled banners of Mercer's history, which seem to be stored away all over campus. These would be worthy additions to the Willingham chapel decor, adding, we think, more dignity and solemnity than Mercer's chapel now enjoys.

Dangerous Dumbwaiter

A few days ago, we opened the "closet" door outside Dr. Glover's office, to make the startling discovery that the thing is not a closet at all, but a very open dumbwaiter shaft, running from the first floor on up to the top of the ad building.

We can just picture a group of fun-loving Mercerians horsing around in the hall:

"Hey Willard, this closet's open, let's stuff Maynard in."

"Great . . . . . Oh, Maynard, come here a moment."

"Whadaya want . . . . Hey, what is dis . . . . Not in the closet, I gotta get to class . . . . Uff . . . um . . . Aw come on stop . . . . Hey, dat closet ain't got no flooooooooooorrrrrrr."

And then, of course, if the shaft victim were alone; he wouldn't be discovered for months. After all, who would think of looking for someone at the bottom of a dumbwaiter shaft which has gone unused for an untold number of years?

We hope that someone will place an inconspicuous lock on the door.

Mail Slot Needed

Faculty members, Cluster editors, and multitudinous others who have occasion to send locally-addressed notes through campus mail, have been long plagued with the inadequacies of the present system for getting notes to the post office after closing time. One has to shove things under the iron screen which closes the post office, and hope that they are found when the office re-opens. Notes of any thickness, of course, just won't fit; and must be kept until the sender is free to come by during the hours when the post office is open.

We suggest that a local mail deposit slot be cut into the post office wall, or that a box be set up for depositing local mail. This, we believe would make matters much easier for both the post office staff and for those who send notes through local mail.

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JACOB BEIL

homage to 'uncle carl'

There is a man from a small Georgia city, a Mercer graduate, who for 50 years has represented his district in the halls of Congress. From Woodrow Wilson's administration to Lyndon Johnson's, this quiet diligent man has worked unceasingly, without fanfare or publicity, helping to insure America's role as the strongest nation in the world.

Dean of the House of Representatives, his years of service are unmatched in our nation's history. A truly remarkable man, he has not as others have . . . stood still, but moved from the blissful years of America's innocence on the world scene, to the present agonizing frustrations of the Cold War. Representative of the finest type of public service, his loss to Georgia and all America will be deeply felt when he retires at the end of this year.

What kind of representative was and is Carl Vinson? One who represented both the rural and urban population of his district equally well; one who devoted his time to all the people—becoming neither a pawn in the hands of a few, nor a solitary figure, out of reach to the many; and one who represents, to the highest degree, the enlightened self-interest of his section of the South—partisan for the new South—always remembering and cherishing his heritage, but never allowing it to blind him or chain him to the past.

He was and is a true Democrat, supporting his party and its candidates with a loyalty so strong, that it gained for him the respect of Republicans and Democrats alike. He has not once deserted his party, but has remained in the "house of his fathers" and the "house of his political thought" through thick or thin. He believes as firmly today as he did in 1913 that the Democratic Party is still the party of the people and the best party to run the affairs of this nation.

He has remained a Democrat—proud of the past, consciously aware and concerned of the present and ever hopeful for a better future for America and the World.

He has not stood still, but moved with the times—never forgetting his heritage, his constituents, his party, or his nation—combining all these into a life of public service which every public servant should emulate. To Carl Vinson, America always came first. This is the true mark of a statesman—to look beyond the boundaries of a district, state or region and look to the common good of 193,000,000 Americans.

Carl Vinson will be missed We do not begrudge his his rest, but simply bemoan the loss of his counsel. Our one hope is that in the years and elections to come we will elect men such as Carl Vinson who will not only bring progress to Georgia and the nation but honor as well. Men, who as Carl Vinson has, will follow pascal's axiom that, "to go beyond the bounds of moderation is to abandon humanity." It is truly the right course and 50 years of achievement show how successful it can be.

SAM ONI

a letter home

My Dear Akyeampong,

Many thanks for the very interesting letter of last week. It was most thoughtful of you.

I enjoyed reading the newspapers you sent. The American Press usually doesn't publish anything but sensational news about Africa. So you see why, even though the newspapers were a month old when they reached me, the news was by no means stale .

I was delighted to read of the tremendous strides being made in national reconstruction, but the news of Fijai High (my alma mater) losing the national high school soccer championship was pretty depressing.

It was most heartening to read the special edition of the **Ghanaian Times** dedicated to the memory of the late President of the United States, John Fitzgerald Kennedy. In a moving tribute the **Times** called Kennedy "a challenging figure of great resolve, courage and determination" whose assassination "has robbed the world of a dynamic personality." And in its editorial, the **Times** acclaimed "resourcefulness of this daring personality whose trials, triumphs and tribulations had towered him into the realms of the respected and revered statesmen and leaders of our times."

But nothing was so touching as the news of the Ghanaian who in sheer admiration of the departed great leader named his new-born baby after the late President.

As you will recall, it was soon after my arrival in the States that the terrible tragedy happened. I was knocked cold. It was as though a brother had passed away. Perhaps it was worse than that, for even though I watched every agonizing moment on television—from the assassination to the funeral, I kept convincing myself that John Fitzgerald Kennedy couldn't have been taken away from us like that. No, he couldn't have died like that—in the bloom of youth.

It is almost a year now since the President was snatched away by a cruel fate, but I am not writing this in commemoration of the anniversary; for throughout this past year, I couldn't forget to remember the man whose courage and wisdom had been a source of inspiration and hope to me and the young people of the world.

Friends in various parts of the world have written to tell me what monuments have been raised in memory of this unique world leader. I traveled a little last summer and I saw many of the Kennedy memorials all over the United States. I myself have quite a collection of Kennedy "things"—books, personal papers, articles and other souvenirs.

But I am only too aware that all these are mere substitutes. Whatever monument America and the world raise up for John Fitzgerald Kennedy will only be in memory of the man who served mankind so well by preserving the peace but who was cut away from us when we needed him most.

Please pray for Mrs. Kennedy, Caroline, and "John-John"—and for America. Write soon.

Cordially yours,
Sam

Outstanding ROTC Cadet

John Cranford, a sophomore from Macon, is Mercer University ROTC's Cadet of the Week.

Cranford, 19, is the son of Mr. J. S. Cranford of 149 Jessup in Macon. He is a staff sergeant, commanding the 3rd squad, 1st platoon of D Company.

The Maconite attended Lanier Senior High School where he was a company commander in the ROTC.

The Cadet of the Week is selected on the basis of general military achievement. One student is chosen from a different company each week.

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Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor,

Due to pressure put on the administration by this newspaper, a conveyor belt has been put in the cafeteria. Now the students do not have to look at the garbage window; neither do they have to take off their trash and silver—they have it made.

Along with these privileges, however, go certain responsibilities. The student could be a big help if they would stop stacking their trays. The belt is made to carry a certain weight, and with stacked trays, it stops running. Also to be considered are the student workers. They have to take off the paper, the silver, and the glasses. When the trays are running smoothly, this is a difficult job, but when they are stacked, it becomes impossible. They have to try to get three or four trays cleared in the time they have for one and must be able to unstack them in this short time and restack them without letting any fall. This they must do in five seconds or less.

Sunday afternoon a campus policeman stood by the belt to unstack trays—this is not his job. If it had not been for this kind soul, however, the job could never have been done. It seems a shame that the students at this university do not have enough personal responsibility to do their own job. It would hurt no one to wait a few seconds until there was a clear spot on the belt.

I appeal to the students!

Charles W. Lewis, Jr.