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## f.d.r., confidence and hope

Thirty years ago, our nation was faced with perhaps its most shaking experience in its history—The Great Depression. Between twelve and thirteen million men were out of work, relief pay-rolls were reaching some five million families, and more than 4,000 banks had failed. Farmers gazed bitterly at crops whose market value was sorely insufficient to meet the cost of harvesting, and ranchers allowed their cattle to graze freely in the pastures because it did not pay to send them to the stock yards. Human desperation had reached the point where some men and women, hungry for work, did jobs for a dollar a week. We were a nation of fear, searching in vain for a leader with courage to meet the seemingly insurmountable challenge of those horrible times.

On March 4, 1933, Americans from Maine to California gathered about their radios to hear the voice of their hope, their new President.

America expected many things from Franklin Delano Roosevelt and he did nothing to disappoint those who had entrusted this crippled nation to his hands.

It was one of his opening remarks of his now famous first Inaugural address which best characterized the mood of his "New Deal" for the American people—"... let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. . ."

Everyone who is halfway aware of American history is well familiar with his many alphabeti-

cal dreams of the AAA, the NRA, the TVA, etc. but what the history books don't write about is the spirit which he instilled into the hearts of many Americans. He taught aggressive individualists in a largely isolationist nation to care for the down-trodden, the "forgotten man," not only here at home, but in every nation, friend or foe—to be, above all, a "good neighbor."

Eventually, I am sure, the the Impersonal Creature of Time will cover up and blur the specific measures of the Roosevelt years, but I am equally as sure that whenever the spirit of our American heritage is questioned by some external force, there will rise to that occasion a courageous breed of public servants whose fearlessness has its roots deeply implanted in the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

We observed this past April 12, the twentieth anniversary of his death at Warm Springs, Georgia, and all over the land men and women are hailing him as the great leader he was. But, to me, all of this superficial praise is not what F.D.R. would have desired. I am certain that, if he were alive today, he would be pleading with America to adopt those essentials of national faith, "confidence" and "hope," and apply them to the many crises facing us today. In his own words, from the speech to have been delivered on April 13, 1945, "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

## The Porch Of Sherwood

The white paint on the porch of Sherwood is beginning to peel now. If no one else thought of it, the Cluster would like to suggest that the university refrain from sloshing on another coat, and perhaps, instead, sandblast all the paint off.

Perusers of old Cauldrons may note that Sherwood seems to have looked better some years back. We suspect strongly that an important part of this difference is the fact that back then, Sherwood's porch looked like a part of the rest of the building, brick and stone, and not like the bleached afterthought of a mad architect.

We would hope that the white paint be allowed to peel away, or better, that it be forcibly removed so that the porch of Sherwood Hall Mercer's oldest dormitory, will look like a part of Sherwood Hall again. Campus appearance, we think, would thereby be much improved.

And speaking of the porch of Sherwood Hall, we have heard a few alumni of the forties and early fifties reminiscing fondly about the Sherwood porch rocking chairs. It seems that once Mercer men, in the fine old southern tradition, sat on the porch in the evening, rocked, and discussed philosophy, literature, girls, sports, religion, girls, politics, etc. We think it would be a fine idea, and a boon to Mercer, if the administration, service organizations, some philanthropist, or somebody would provide the Sherwood porch with rocking chairs as in days gone by.

## Stolen Dinnerware

The Mercer Cluster has been rather upset by the recently revealed inroads which student thievery has made into the cafeteria's cutlery stores. This, of course, is rampant irresponsibility, a violation of the spirit of the honor code, and goes a long way toward justifying all sorts of student-annoying policies on the part of the administration.

Certainly, the cafeteria ought to refrain from buying new spoons, knives, forks and glasses until next quarter. A supply should be kept on hand for faculty members, visitors and guests, but if necessary, there would, we think, be justification for making it necessary for a student to bring his own cutlery until such time as a significant amount of the dining hall's dinnerware is returned.

Such measures however, as taking away the signature list for people who have forgotten their meal tickets, we think, are neither appropriate nor effective, particularly (as we noted last week) when no immediate attempt is made to connect the authorities' action with the reasons behind it.

## porter patter

By DIANA DENTON

Spring is here again: that time of the year when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts the young woman has been thinking all year long. And no wonder, with both sexes quite literally "seeing more of each other" than ever before, as hemlines go up and necklines down, and even the midriff—once a median area of compromise and good taste—getting into the act and exposing itself to controversy (among other things).

And of course, the question comes up once again of shorts wearing by girls around campus—or: whether the prayerful knee of which Mercer is so proud should be exposed. Of course, we won't

raise the question of fairness, or whether boys should be allowed to wear their Bermudas into chapel, whereas the female contingent cannot even do so to the co-op after class. Naturally a muscle-bound, hirsute masculine leg is more attractive than the smoothly shaven shih of his female counter-part, and W.S.G.A. is only right in keeping the latter "under wraps."

We must support such leg-isolation. We are well aware of the moral issue involved. If coeds came in short pants, so would the breath of any one who saw them. (Only until the novelty had worn off somewhat, of course. But we can't

take the chance that it wouldn't completely disrupt and demoralize our campus. Mercer has yet to recover from the tragic case of Prof. Semore B. Senile who lapsed into a spastic coma in 1909 after espousing the ankle of a Wesleyanne. Worse than that, he died with a happy smile on his face—a sin at Tattnal Tech which cannot be forgiven even in the case of death. Don't get me wrong. I don't write this in any hope that something might be done. I believe in no impossibilities but God. But still there is the naive part in me—be it ever so small—that cannot help but mourn, "It might be nice . . ."

REVIEW BY BILL DAYTON

## easter play "inspiring"

The Maastricht Easter Play presented in Wilingham Chapel Thursday was a genuinely beautiful and inspiring production; the Wesleyan Music, Speech and Theater departments deserve Mercer's thanks, congratulations, and admiration. The lordly eloquence of the play's medieval latin script was carried to the audience admirably, and the solemn beauty of Gregorian music was both impressive and refreshing.

Where the play was originally intended to be acted entirely by males, the Wesleyan production has turned the tables around and given all roles to women. Where the play was originally acted by clerics with a few props and bits of costume over their robes, Wesleyan has simply substituted black choir robes for black clerical garb. The flavor of medieval church drama came through quite nicely even to the slight medieval incongruity of having all roles played by persons of the same sex.

The players' voices lent themselves well to Gregorian Chant and maintained at every mo-

ment the religious aura of liturgical drama and worshipful yet entertaining mood. Wesleyan music director, Dr. Leon Villard is to be congratulated on so well adapting the old music meant to be sung by males, to female voices while maintaining the full flavor of the original.

Wesleyan's dramatic director, Dr. Constant Ruys is also to be congratulated on so well maintaining the vitality of the play without impairing the devotional simplicity of the work. Such touches as having the two disciples enter via the central aisle were particularly good and pleasantly medieval.

There is, of course, something rather unusual about having girls from a Methodist college perform a medieval religious play in latin and Gregorian chant at a Southern Baptist institution like Mercer. Hopefully such performances will enhance Mercer's chapel again. The change from the usual Protestant Easter service was quite refreshing, effective, and inspirational.

## FAMOUS EASTER CANDIES



Hollingsworth's  
UNUSUAL CANDIES

VOTE FOR

JERRY MASEDA

—FOR—

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Class President

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David Laney

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