

Bill Dayton  
Editor in Chief

Diana Denton  
Managing Editor



Lee O'Brien  
Business Manager

John Weatherly—Editor of the Cluster Review

- Contributing Editors ..... Anne Johnson, Katie Koellner, T. D. Lewis, Edward Simmons, Jacob Beil.
- Social Editor ..... Sara June McRae
- Associate Editors ..... Jack Cooley, Davis McAuley, Bob Hurt, Sid Moore.
- Staff Coordinator ..... John Lough
- Sports Editor ..... Lamar Oglesby
- Circulation Manager ..... Everett Coker
- Student Poll ..... Jean Pickren
- News and Features: Ellen Janes, John Johnson, Clayton Stephens, Charles Lewis, Faye Johnson, Nancy Hendrix, Sue Evans, Toni Vissage, Nancy Barrett, Diane Wilder, Charles Brooks, Anne Jo Hendrix, Daniel Sheffield, Helen Van Vlack, Julia Stovall, Slayton Shaw, Bill Pridgeon, Sherry Meek, Jean Pickren, Marvin Hobby, Bill Cox, Peggy Malott.
- Staff Photographers: Jimmy Gibson, Bob Hurt, Gary Broadnax, Tommy McGehee.
- Proofreaders: Frances Hobbs, Walter Pharr, Mela Pereira, Ruth Dunson.
- Business Staff: Ruth Dunson, Nancy Barrett, Barbara Beauchamp, Bill Parham, Bernard Lindsey, Larry Cooley.
- Artist ..... John Wires
- Cartoonists ..... John Weatherly, LeRoy Young



## farewell, albatross

My happiness unbounded and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Oh Joy and Rapture Unforseen" playing in the background, I skipped down the hall and bumbled as I came. At the ninth hour, someone qualified for the Cluster editorship.

Bob Hurt called the editorship a hair shirt, Ralph Bass dubbed it "the albatross" and another editor of years gone by celebrated the completion of his term by throwing his office key out the window and skipping down the hall shouting "I'm free, I'm free." I know now what they meant.

The albatross gets heavy and the hair shirt itches at times, like when the printer said "What copy? Nobody brought anything down here from the Cluster. You don't plan to have a paper come out Friday this week do you?" And then there are those times when the editor finds he has too much material for four pages and not enough for six; the wicket gets a bit sticky.

The thing about hair shirts and albatrosses around the neck is that they feel so good when removed. Perhaps now I can sleep occasionally and maybe even study. Hopefully I'll be able to walk across campus without having so much on my mind that I pass old friends with hardly a glance.

Being editor does have a few nice moments now and then, though, like receiving those Georgia Press Association awards, or having Miss Byrd stop me on my way to the drycleaners to pay the Cluster a compliment, or hearing Dr. Glover or Dean Hendricks or some other faculty member say that some issue or story or editorial was well done. And then it's always flattering to have President Harris stop me to discuss something or to say he appreciated my covering one of his speeches.

Compliments from students are always great for morale, so are the times when an editorial accomplishes its goal. My morale was also boosted on many an occasion by Mr. and Mrs. Hennecey offering me a cup of coffee and saying that they liked the last issue.

Of course, the editor never pleases everyone. The albatross gets bigger and more pungent when I look upon students who know how to spell laughing over the latest Cluster boo-boos, and the occasional letters and messages from subscribers who paid but somehow didn't get on the mailing list. And then the lynch mobs which periodically gather at the Cluster office door can get discouraging.

Then I recall my predecessor Bob Hurt, seated at the office window with a BB pistol taking casual pot shots at passers by, as he advised me not to take the job. "I'd hate to see it happen to a nice kid like you, he said.

But at best it has been lots of fun, and at worst it was a valuable experience. Ex-editor Rithia

I don't give a damn for a man that can spell a word only one way.  
Mark Twain

McGlaun called the Cluster "A merry institution with a capacity to endure." She had a point. The Cluster has remained merry and has endured this year (and I have kept from going entirely insane) due to the efforts of an invaluable staff.

Ben Jordan and Lee O'Brien have been invaluable. Without their work with the business staff I don't know how the Cluster could have gotten along.

Bob Hurt's advice, experience, and last minute stories frequently saved the day.

John Weatherly, Cluster father figure, put a bit of strain on the budget with the two issues of the Cluster Review, but they were more than worth it.

Sara June McRae kept tabs on the Mercer social world.

Lamar Oglesby made sure that Mercer sports reached the Cluster's pages.

John Wires and LeRoy Young improved the paper with cartoons and art work.

Jacob Beil and John Lough write incomparable columns. Jacob will hopefully continue to enhance our pages; as for John, the Cluster's loss will be the Red and Black's gain.

Bernard Lindsey and his library, record player, records, tape recorder, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, made the Cluster office the most unusually furnished newspaper in these parts; he takes a lot of kidding and is always ready for an argument.

Danny Sheffield is always dependable and never does a job poorly.

Gary Broadnax and Tommy McGehee kept pictures on the Cluster's pages.

Dean Glenn, as Adviser, was always ready with advice, never trying to interfere. Mr. Arnall's press releases were invaluable.

The Cluster couldn't have gotten along very well without Mary Beth O'Quinn, Everett Coker, Ellen Janes, Slayton Shaw, Jean Pickren, Sam Oni, Ed Simmons, Faye Johnson, Jack Cooley, Walter Pharr, Frances Hobbs, Nancy Barrett, Peggy Malott, Charles Brooks, The Spy, and others too numerous to mention.

And of course nothing could have been done without the linotype operators, make-up men, printers, off-set crew, Mr. Zimmermann and the rest of the people at Southern Press, the only institution in the world which has an idea of the organized chaos which is the Mercer Cluster.

Since the last will be first, according to scripture, I've saved Diana Denton, the new editor, for the end of my column.

There isn't much else to say to the albatross's new bearer that couldn't be summed up in reminding her of the words of Samuel Johnson, "Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel," and G. K. Chesterton's immortal line, "I think I will not hang myself today."

## Flying Pie

Mercer almost seemed like a good old time university for a while last weekend, as rolls, ice and other foodstuffs flew about the dining hall and one KA had face and beard splattered with apple pie in the best Keystone Cops fashion.

It did our heart good to see such goings on, and reminded us of old accounts of student life and dining hall riots at Oxford, Harvard, and such places. The cafeteria staff stopped it, as of course they should, but that's part of the game too.

We think that sophomoric, collegiate, nonsense has a distinct place in university life and occasional outbursts reflect a healthy university atmosphere. The administration, of course, should break up panty raids and riots, but there should be riots and panty raids to break up.

## A Job Well Done

Mercer's Kappa Alpha brothers are to be congratulated in doing fine work with the restoration of the old home which is now the KA lodge. The building's architectural merits are an asset to the campus in every way.

Renovating the building has been well handled all the way around. Tasteful and effective use of antique materials has been made particularly in the front entrance, the formal parlor, and in retaining the old floors.

The Cluster congratulates KA on a job well done, and hopes that the university will encourage other such endeavors.

Diana Denton

## it's my bird now

I couldn't stand the sight of Bill Dayton's heathen delight as the "Weekly Albatross" passed on from his neck to mine. While he played "Oh Joy and Rapture Unforseen" in the Bernard Lindsey Stereo and Social Room next door, I slithered downstairs to put my dime in the co-op juke-box for the theme song of anyone who volunteers for Cluster editor: "What Kind of Fool Am I?"

I'm sure things aren't as bad as they seemed just then. They couldn't be. As a matter of fact, they're probably worse.

All kidding aside, from the response I've had already, it seems that whether or not I manage to maintain my alleged sanity (thing of small import), Mercer should have next the best newspaper with which it has ever been blessed—no credit to the new editor. From this side of the "baptism by fire", it looks like an excellent staff about to file in and fill in the new masthead.

There will be several important changes made in both structure and Cluster policy. For one thing, there will no longer be a dozen editors over a staff of which half are not in school. The editors we do have will have new titles and new responsibilities, which they will fill (I hope!) with an efficiency new to the Mercer campus. First I am lucky enough to have as my accomplice in crime—er, associate editor—Sid Moore, a well trained, and certainly well-qualified, journalist, who will share half the burden. Then Copy Editor Tom Hooks will have a big and important job which may earn a citation from the Mental Health Service. Faye Johnson and Peggy Millot share the responsibilities of News Editors, Bill Cox will have charge of sports, and I hope Dayton will continue to contribute his excellent editorials. Lee O'Brien, who has already done a truly commendable job handling our ads and the money

from them, will continue in his slot as business manager.

Then there are the staff, too numerous to name here, but who will ultimately determine how good the paper is. We have some new members and hope to get more work out of the old. It is my particular desire to see more fraternity and sorority pins stud the Cluster meetings. This way we can be assured of closer cooperation with the Greeks and better coverage of their affairs. With any real luck, we should be able to scrap the "Social Set" and make the whole paper develop along that line. That is, the Cluster will become more student-oriented—if the students will cooperate. It might also be nice to give print to some of the budding Willards on campus at this day and time.

And finally I must renege on my CHAMPAIGN promise that the Cluster would include weekly color fold-outs of bikini-clad faculty members. Students are invited to stop by anytime, however, and see the fine 8x12 "exposures" of Dr. Hendricks, Mrs. Plymale, and Registrar "Supposey" we are to show at the next meeting of the Trustees. Miss Behrens and Coach Wilder could not be included in this "exhibition" since they did not pass their physicals.

I did not put up any posters during the recent campaign since my election, though by no means unopposed, was nonetheless uncontested, and besides, another sign in the jungle had little chance of being seen. It is my firm intention, however, to remedy this by blanketing the post office in about two weeks with pleas to "Draft Dayton for Re-Election".

Meanwhile, friend Coleridge's pigeon flaps around my neck. I believe that in tying him there, they gave me "enough rope to hang myself".



## Skulduggery At The Co-op

by Willard Clutchmyer

Reprinted from the Cluster, March 1, 1957

Maynard Grunch and I didn't particularly want to go to the Co-op last Friday, but Chapel let out a little early and we were just sort of swept there by the thronging tide.

On the way down we stopped to watch a group of students throw dirt clods at a professor who had obviously cut chapel and was trying to sneak out of the Co-op.

Right on his heels was Eustis Gofrat, a pledge of I Tappa Keg fraternity. "Why is young Eustis so melancholy these days?" I asked Maynard.

"It's a sad story," he replied, "He had his pledge pin taken away . . . But it was his own fault . . . His fraternity always stand by the Coke machine and they caught him standing by the juke box."

"How terrible!" I exclaimed, pausing to throw a dirt clod at Eustis. In the Co-op we met Maynard's brother, Blackstone Grunch, who was working his way through Law School by picking pockets during Thursday Chapel period. Blackstone recently came into fame with his scintillating moot court arguments in the Lizzie Bordon vs. The New Bedford Axe Company case.

Professor Delmar Von Phylum of the Biology department stalked in with a dogfish shark under each arm. Von Phylum's wife had left the dedicated prof because of his repeated use of formaldehyde as after shave lotion. He was happy today however, as he had discovered a rare type amoeba, unknown to science, and had given his Biology class a pop test on it.

"A complete success, everyone flunked," he gleefully exclaimed to Ozymoron Smythe, an 18th century English professor. Smythe is called an 18th century English professor because he wears a powdered wig and silk knickers. Also it is rumored that he was born just after the Boston Tea Party.

"Oh three cheers and a tiger for you then," said Smythe in his best iambic pentameter, "but I intend to win the Dean's trophy for the most unscrupulous faculty member this year by assigning a 5,000 word term paper three days before finals!!!"

"Brilliant stroke!" shouted Von Phylum as he entered the nefarious plan in a Mae Bush scrapbook kept on his person at all times. "I remember that one."