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Don Baxter as a Freshman in rat cap.

Basketball To Go?

The CLUSTER presumes, as a result of a short walk through the new, nearly completed men's dormitory, that Mercer plans to abolish the basketball team next year. The ceilings in the dwelling cubicles are low enough, but the hall ceilings must be seen to be believed. When a little, short executive editor can walk along striking the roof support slats with his hand, we consider with sympathy the plight of someone Don Baxter's size trying to make his way through to his quarters.

We approve of the university's discriminating against prospective students on the grounds of insufficient academic achievement, but we have our doubts about discrimination on the grounds of height. And we wonder what school spirit (which is in such bad shape already) would do without a basketball team.

Check-Out Curfew

The CLUSTER would like to make another recommendation which will probably be ignored: that someone give a thought to the library hours on Sunday. True, if you've simply got to have that research done by Monday, it should be done before 4:30 the night before. But what about the students—apparently the majority on campus (and we don't need to check with Dean Glenn's office for that)—who leave as soon as possible Friday for home and don't get back till—say, five o'clock Sunday night? Unless they have a good library in their home towns, they're out of luck. Maybe the number of students studying Sunday night won't be too big, but 4:30 is a little early to close a college library anyhow. Cutting off access to references won't increase attendance at B.T.U.—and it may interfere with someone's marks.

Can Mercer Hold Faculty?

With the advent of the annual Faculty Club banquet, at which those are recognized who will not be back at Mercer in the coming year, we should all pause to consider the fate of our school.

During this spring several of our faculty decided to move on to other locations or vocations. Some who were on leave of absence decided not to return to Mercer. Others have arranged to be on leave of absence for the coming term. Perhaps luckily, no one decided to retire this year. And we can all breathe a sigh of relief that certain of our major professors chose to close their ear to the siren call of salary improvement.

It is time to examine Mercer's holding power. Can Mercer continue to compete, under current financial arrangements, with the heavily endowed private schools and the state junior and senior college system?

The junior college system is perhaps Mercer's prime competitor in the market from which good faculty members are gleaned. With a recent sizable boost in pay scales, the junior colleges are prepared in many cases to pay as much as 75

per cent more per year for a new professor than private schools such as Mercer currently pay. The junior colleges also seem to have more money for research, so essential to today's collegiate pursuits.

"Money isn't everything. But it is a heck of a long way ahead of whatever's in second place," someone once said.

At present, money is Mercer's most critical need. This must come from either additional endowment, or from the federal grants, or from both. We strongly recommend that both sources be tapped, as neither will be sufficient to meet Mercer's demands alone. A new science center is being planned which will cost \$1,250,000. Let the federal government supply the necessary money for the science center. And let the Georgia Baptists supply what funds they can raise for the improvement of faculty salaries and the extension of faculty research.

Final Farce

by Moonbeam C. Stevens

It was Friday afternoon and the beginnings of finals. Merry Nomore, monitor for the hall, was quietly giving signs of unrest from the hiding place behind the water fountain. Blissfully she waited for the kill as Sandy Sandlehopper sauntered out of her room and tiptoed towards the sundeck.

"Aha!" our Merry screamed, obviously disturbing five girls hanging out one of the windows gleefully oggling a high school couple who were sitting in a car holding noses. "Walking down the hall with no raincoat on. That's enough to drive any decent Mercerian to turn over in her grave!"

"Alas, alas!" cried Sandy Sandlehopper, nervously gnawing on her one remaining toenail. "Please don't give me five reports like last time! I already can't go out for two weeks after spring break, and the next weekend after that is Tappa Kegga Beer sweetheart dance."

"Woo!" shouted Merry. "One more I've kept from going to Sweetheart! Just think, if I give many more reports, those good-looking Tappas won't have dates, and they'll have to ask something, and why not me? Woo, woo!"

About this time, I decided to come out of the trash chute and to the defense of my friend, Sandy. "Moonbeam," she screamed, "Run, run, Merry's come out of hiding!"

"I know," I assured her while picking bits of garbage out of my hair.

About this time, Matilda Nastyhooks came out of her room shouting, "Don't ya'll consider anybody else? I'll give you three reports each! I hope you skunks realize

that I have two tests tomorrow." "Poor Matilda," says I to Sandy, "She always seems to have two tests tomorrow."

Nelda Nowrong, sensing some sort of commotion in the hall, and having read her WSGA handbook well, immediately locked herself in her room and shouted, "PANTY RAID!"

Upon this outburst, Ima Ready, not perceiving that Merry had come out of hiding, made a mad dash for the door to let in those of the sex most commonly referred to as male. In my utmost efforts to

stop her, while tripping over some fifteen drink bottles and sliding down three flights of stairs on skate, obviously intended for some Snood (she can't seem to wake up during fire drill, so they just push her on a skate and push), Merry Nomore came out of her swoon and gleefully spotted another conquest.

"SHERWOOD 2-9229—Hello, may I speak to Willard Clutchmeyer please. No, you won't do. Willard darling, honey babe, apple of my eye, cutie-pie, it's about Tapp Kegga Beer sweetheart—"

A Time To Speak

by Diana Denton

"Rabble rouser" muttered the Freshman as he filed from Monday's Chapel. But he said it half in jest, and since he was one of those whose applause had recently called the speaker back to his feet and had almost seem to portend a standing ovation—rare thing indeed for a Mercer audience—it was to be hoped that jest was all he had in mind. But there were others who meant what they said, both praise and castigation.

The speaker was one who was used to such reaction, however. "Driven" from his native Birmingham for his racial views, he described to Mercer students the threats, the telephone calls, the names, the discrimination leveled at a white man who dared protest discrimination against the Negro, or violence

such as the explosion which brought death to three young Negro girls in a Birmingham Church last year.

His name was Charles L. Morgan. A graduate of the University of Alabama and a Birmingham lawyer, he now directs the Southern Regional Office of the American Civil Liberties Union and has recently published a book *A Time To Speak*.

This was a time to speak and an ideal place and audience for his talk. If students are to ever be exposed—as they must be—to such personalities as this, here is the time, the place, and the atmosphere. Even if they disagreed with him, few who heard could have helped but be challenged by his few words as he pointed out the greatness and the great deeds of youth. Napoleon was under forty, Joan of Arc just sixteen—

Morgan complimented Georgians for their rational stand on many aspects of the racial issue. Georgians should be proud of their record. But they should also be ashamed of the many black marks on their record.

Mercer is certainly to be commended for inviting such a speaker to its campus.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Greek Gripe - No Loot For Lodges

Editor, the CLUSTER:

In years past the social organizations of Mercer, namely the fraternities and sororities, have been called upon to lend their support to school activities. Hardly a week goes by that the fraternities and sororities are not requested to aid the university in some way. It was the Greek people who timed most of the debates. It was the Greeks who supported the Lamar Lecture Series every night at the request of the school. Mostly Greeks composed the groups for the United Givers fund drive. It is mostly Greeks who aid with freshman orientation. It is the Greeks who regularly attend in mass the basketball games. It was mostly Greeks who acted as guides on Alumni Day. The Greeks contribute practically all the social life on this campus. In short, when Mercer needs support, the Greeks are the people who devote their time and energy to these requests.

It would seem that considering all the activities the fraternities and sororities support, they would have many indebted friends on this campus. Just try, however, to get late permission for a special party. No consideration seems to be given. A fraternal organization practically has to take an oath of allegiance to the B.S.U. for an extra half hour late privilege.

Several fraternities have hopes of building lodges in the future. When inquiring about Mercer's policy, it is discovered that there is not and has never been any set policy other than that Mercer must hold the title to the lodge and receive rent on the building. Since most national fraternities will not, with good reason, lend money when the school holds the title, the local chapter is left without recourse—it must either try to raise the money from alumni or cut its chapter expenses and save the money. The last is almost impossible since the

fraternities try to operate on narrow budgets at the present time. There is, however, one more avenue open—it is possible to borrow the money from Mercer at six percent interest. Isn't that cooperative of the university? The fraternity can borrow the money from Mercer at six percent, build the lodge, give the title to the school, and then pay the school rent on said building! It seems that Mercer has no intention of helping out the fraternities unless the university can make a profit in the bargain.

I believe Mercer's policy in these and other matters should change in the future, or perhaps fraternity and sorority policy of vigorously and promptly responding to university requests should and might well change.

Sincerely,
Lu Earle

Ed. note: It seems Mr. Earle has a legitimate complaint. We certainly hope his complaint gets more attention than have certain policies pointed out by the CLUSTER. It seems the lunchroom staff are the only ones interested in student opinion, but we wish the Greeks luck with their campaign.

A mysterious Buddha-like figure appeared in the garden by Short Hall Wednesday, cemented to a large empty pedestal in the garden by an anonymous donor. It was moved after nearly two days by Mercer buildings and grounds crew. The figure was about two feet high and made of reinforced concrete. Numerous students had begun to leave floral offerings, coins, and small animals before the idol prior to its removal. A smudge-pot at one time substituted for the traditional incense burner.

It resembled Oriental Buddha but had some distinctly feminine characteristics. Students seen in the garden on the night of the idol's appearance claimed non-involvement and stated that it was brought down from heaven on the wings of a great speckled bird.

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