

Welcome

We of the Cluster would like to roll out the well-worn red carpet for you new students. We hope that you will enjoy yourself as you seek higher education. We are proud of our school. We are proud of the things she stands for, for the things she has done, and above all, for the people who have hounded these hallowed halls.

We covet for you the experience of thinking new thoughts, meeting new friends, and finding new things to do as you take this big step on the road of life.

Remember, wherever you are, whether sitting at a booth in the Co-op, or struggling with a term paper in the library, or even climbing the steps in the Ad building, remember that Mercer is proud that you have chosen her—make her proud of you.

Unenforced Rattng

That last and furious period, known as Rattng has seemingly fallen flat this year. The gallant sophomores neglected to plan the activities, and failed to enforce the rules.

The meeting that should have been held last spring to map out the campaign on the "rats" was not held. No date was set for Rat Court until school was well in swing. The long period of rattng has seen many freshmen forsake the rules as well as rat hats. However, one freshman proclaimed that next year's rat period would be well enforced.

Mercer Fight Song

The Cluster wishes to take its hat off to the people responsible for the revival of the "Mercer Fight Song." All schools have a similar song which they sing at athletic events, parties, and other school occasions. The song will not be worth much, of course, unless we all learn it and ring the rafters of Porter Gym.

Thanks, Reg

A monkey wrench was dropped in the presses of the Mercer Cluster when Editor Reg Murphy resigned at the beginning of the school year and announced his resignation. We of the Cluster staff hate to give him up, but we know that his work will not allow him the time to give the Cluster what he wanted to.

Reg will still be around serving in an advisory capacity and contributing a column between his shifts on *The Macon Telegraph*.

We of the Cluster staff thank him for his efforts, to be sure, but most of all, we thank him for the high standard that he has set for us to try for on these pages of your paper. Good luck, Reg!

The Mercer Cluster

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The Mercer Cluster is the official newspaper of Mercer University, published by the students weekly from September through May, except holidays and examination periods. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Macon, Georgia, April 6, 1948, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



King for a Day

CAROLYN McELVERN

A Dollar Doesn't Go As Far

Dear Dad,

Sir, I, your darling daughter, am a humble rat, sir. And if you would condescend to acknowledge my humble existence, I'd like to tell you how I'm faring in this mad maelstrom called college.

Really, after being a senior in high school last year, I feel like a fallen Arch-Angel in *Paradise Lost*. I remember when I was a freshman in high school only vague memories of my childhood days, of course! My English teacher coached us ahead of time that when our amazed, upperclassmen snarled at us nice, we should reply something like, "What! have you the audacity to doubt my veracity or even to fallaciously insinuate that I would prevaricate or even deviate from the paths of rectitude?"

Y'know that always worked like a charm in high school, but now I've got to meet some sophomores on a TABEE in the co-op (that is the Grand Central Station at Christmas time here where poor sorority girls make up for lost talk, while some seem to be celebrating Halloween in orange and black caps and everybody else automatically forms a line of some sort. It gets to be a habit here).

They have secret investigators

GLENN JOYNER

Finally Made It

After fighting for five years against the insurmountable hurdles of high school, namely teachers, I have finally reached a refined institute of higher learning. (Yeah?)

I arrived at college a day early so I would be able to dive right into the activities of a new college life, and so I wouldn't miss that first good breakfast. (I love hard toast.)

As the siren blew that first morning at 6:45 I bounded out of bed joyously. I bounded right back as my head collided with my room-mate's foot, which was hanging off the top of the double-decker bed. It really gave me a wonderful feeling to be up early in the morning.

It's really nice to take a deep invigorating breath of that sweet Macon air. The only trouble with getting up that early is that I went back to sleep before I reached the door and didn't wake up until bed-time, about 2 a.m. in Sherwood hall.

I room on the third floor of Sherwood Hall, boastfully called the wildest theatre of war this

side of Korea. Everyone is always playing friendly little jokes on you in Sherwood, like one of my room-mates who acted like he was dead for three days. Boy what an actor, we buried him the fourth day, and he never moved a muscle. We found out later that he was really dead.

The autopsy proved the cause of death as two cups of dining hall coffee, complicated by a bologna sandwich. What a man he was to drink two cups of coffee at breakfast and still take the punishment of a bologna sandwich at lunch. A man of weaker spirit would have died before noon from the coffee.

But just between you and me, and we're the only ones who read this, everything at Mercer is better than I thought it would be. This includes the food and the girls!

Sincerely,
Your loving gRat

P.S.—Really, I know I'm going to love it here—especially next year when (or if) I'm a sophomore.

ALVIN SHACKLEFORD

Groove or Rut

School time has rolled around again. The call of the books, quizzes, and term papers are beckoning us to get "back in the groove."

As we return to school to put away the things that have filled our summers and again taken up our books, the groove is already there. The temptation to fall in with the same old crowd and do the same old things is always present.

When there are so many new faces running around the campus it scares us to think that these are a part of us and our activities. These new additions to the Mercer "family" are told on every hand to get around and know the students on the campus. Yet, it seems that many of the old students are not willing to branch off and make new friends.

As you walk through the Co-op, you can notice the same old people sitting with the same old group and not paying any more attention to the new students than if they were the men who come to fill up the Coke machines.

Several new students have told me that they did not think Mercer was as friendly a campus as they had expected. One stated that some students here would not speak to him if he "ran into them with a two-ton truck."

One of the advantages of a small school is that a person can get to know practically every one on the campus. However, this advantage can be discarded when students abuse the opportunity to make and enjoy friends. Never say that you have enough friends, for there is no such thing as too many friends.

So, let's be careful of the groove. Remember we are the hosts on Mercer campus. Don't forget that if you stay in the groove too long—it becomes a rut.

I would like to thank you, the students of Mercer, for the confidence you placed in me by choosing me as your editor. The Cluster is your newspaper, so if there is anything that you think should be done, please write it on a piece of paper addressed to The Editor, Mercer Cluster, and drop it in the Postoffice.

REG MURPHY

The Bystander

It's fun to watch.

Whether you are sitting in the gym watching Rat Court or on the sidelines following intramural football, it's enjoyable. Ditto for seeing collegians picking up mail in the Co-op, choristers' expressions during a chapel session.

But the most fascinating thing on this campus for the next month will be reactions of various groups to national politics. The little group in the smoke-filled room, the jangled friends in the Co-op will constitute a never-ending series of opinions as to the outcome of the presidential race.

Violent arguments will be staged whenever and wherever students pick up another bit of information on the contestants and their policies. Mild, conservative discussions will develop over things already expressed.

To stand on the fringe area, as the TV advertisers say, can be fun, if you listen closely to the words of wisdom poured out in favor of or disagreement with your choice.

The voting from the student body would be interesting, were it available to the public. One of the questions that might be solved is whether students, born and raised in the intense Democratic grass roots section, will depart from the well-worn path and go GOP. It has long been a contention that political beliefs are inherited from parents. Who knows?

Still, the pre-election talk is more interesting than any other phase. If you listen closely, you will be amazed at the distortion of fact expressed in some of the discussions. Where the fallacies originate, nobody knows. But the spring up, killing off any possibility of looking at the truth objectively, weighing the good and bad.

Most of us will be voting for the first time. Will that mean conscientiousness, or what somebody planted in our minds?

Me—I'll just sit back and listen, have myself a few good laughs, then vote as I please.

Not Us

In a lot of newspapers, especially school publications, when there is a little space of about this size left, they insert a notice to "Patronize Our Advertisers." We of the Cluster staff don't feel that this is needed to take up this space. We just write more copy.