

Faculty Gets Lounge; Both Needed, Deserved

It is good to see the Faculty Club get a home of its own, something the faculty has needed and deserved for some time now.

The administration has given the Faculty Club the glassed room directly adjoining the snack bar in the Student Center for use as a faculty lounge.

For a long time, the faculty has needed just such a facility. The Alumni-Faculty Lounge on the third floor of the Student Center was obviously not the place. That room is just too big to give over to one group.

As it stands now, student groups will have increased usage of the Alumni-Faculty Lounge, which is ideal for organization initiations and other formal gatherings.

And the faculty has a place it can call its own.

Baptist Convention Gets 'Thank You' for Support

The Georgia Baptist Convention gives to Mercer University each year almost \$250,000, and it seems appropriate for this newspaper to say "thank you."

Without the money, Mercer simply couldn't be run as it is now, a fact which all too often escapes notice.

Aside from its yearly gift, the Convention has underwritten Mercer's recent extensive building program, which means the million-dollar Student Center, the humanities building and the math and physics building. Not to mention the construction work done on the dormitories last year.

These additions to the campus are already proving their worth and will prove invaluable in the future. At present, it is hard to imagine Mercer without them.

The Georgia Baptist Convention was in its 137th session this week in Atlanta's First Baptist Church. And to the Convention goes this word of thanks.

Debate Teams Wished Well for Coming Year

Two sets of Mercer debate teams are on their way to college campuses for debating tournaments.

One squad of debaters is bound for the University of South Carolina, the other for Emory University. They will compete in inter-collegiate debate through Saturday.

It is certainly timely to wish the Mercer debate teams well for these particular debates and for the coming year. The team members have worked hard and practiced long and have acquitted themselves well in the past.

Under the capable direction of their debate coach, Dr. Helen Thornton, the Mercer debaters can be expected to put forth their best efforts.

And they can be expected to do well.

Campus Needs Growth In Literary Societies

A good time to stop a few moments and make an analysis of our university community is National Education Week. Today being the last day of that week, we took a long look at the campus to discover that something very vital is lacking.

This vital element is in the area of literary societies. We have one, but it has much room for growth. The members of Ciceroan Literary Society are working in this area right now, but that is not enough.

Every campus should have two literary societies which keep the campus informed of major issues. This could be done by having guest speakers, student debates and informal seminar sessions.

Most universities of our size have regular halls or at least special rooms and offices for the societies. This tends to make the group a unit with some degree of community because of harmony on issues as opposed to their fellow society.

The Mercer Cluster would like to encourage students to support Ciceroan and to go beyond this and organize another group. Probably the university would realize the worth of two such groups and be willing to support them in some manner. The significance of these groups would be realized in a short while.

There is not enough emphasis placed on this type of education at Mercer. We certainly cannot afford to appreciate this.

The Mercer Cluster

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Maynard Grunch Wins For Georgia

by Willard Clutchmyer

(Editor's Note: Here is the second in the series of the best columns by Willard Clutchmyer, ever-popular writer for The Mercer Cluster. Others will appear from time to time.)

It was last Saturday morning, and I had been waiting in the Co-Op for about 20 minutes when in breezed my friend and fellow Mercer student, Maynard Grunch, boy bookie. Maynard was a schemer, always had an angle. During registration he sold class schedule sheets to freshmen for 50 cents each. He was making a killing until he mistook a new professor for a transfer student and tried to sell him one. He almost lost his library card for that one.

"Willard," he said, "how you doing there boy?" "Alright" I answered, as he casually helped himself to the rest of my Frozo Spin.

"Why are you late," I asked, "I've been waiting for you 20 minutes."

"Yeah, Yeah, I know," he wheezed, "I had a flat tire on the way over. ran over a milk bottle."

"Didn't you see the bottle?" I inquired.

"Nah, the kid had it under his coat."

"Listen," he whispered, "why don't we tip up to Athens today and see the ball game, nothing ever happens around this place."

"Here, here," I indignantly replied, "What do you mean nothing ever happens around this place. Why, just this week we had a 50 minute chapel session and only yesterday the chow hall burned down."

"Yeah, I know," he said, "a thrill a minute, but I mean we can have a blast at Georgia. I think I've got a scheme on how we can get in. My uncle is a ball boy on the team and we can go over and eat with the squad, suit out in some uniforms, and watch the game right from the bench."

I hesitated, "Well . . ."
"I'll only charge you \$4.80, regular ticket price, for getting in the game."

I was overwhelmed. It was obvious I had a true friend. We raced to my auto, a stripped down Stutz Bearcat, and were on our way to Athens before you could say "chapel dismissed."

We went straight to the football players dorm and Maynard's uncle let us in. I had to tip him three dollars, but Maynard assured me we would have had to pay much more if we had bought two ducats from the scalpers.

The dorm was different from the others, it had bars on the windows. The players were clawing, grabbing and shouting as they ate a light pre-game meal of fried potatoes, beer and raw meat. As a reward each player who ate everything on his tray was given 50 cents and then got another 50 cents if he didn't eat the tray.

We left the dining room and went to the lockers where Maynard and I outfitted ourselves.

The team was truly fired up. They just got their checks and the coach, who wanted to hold the other team's score under 50 points so he could win his parley card was exhorting his "boys".

The coach led us out on the field and the game was on. The bruising contest wore on in a scoreless state until the half.

The halftime show was something to see. The Governor made a speech, there was a fireworks display, the Tech ROTC corps demonstrated a tactics problem using live ammunition, a public wedding was performed, and throughout the half the band played "When the War Breaks Out in Mexico I Want to Go to Montreal."

After the half the game resumed and rocked along in a tie. The score was 0-0 with only 45 seconds left to play when somehow Maynard was substituted for one of the Georgia players and ran 62 1/2 yards for a touchdown. The game ended and Maynard was carried from the field on the shoulders of the fans. They offered him a six year scholarship, a Thunderbird, unlimited class cuts, and \$36 a week to stay on the team, but Maynard refused.

"I can't leave Mercer," he said, "Besides Athens is in a dry county." This show of school spirit is too much. I cry softly as the band plays the Georgia alma mater which sounds strangely like Mercer's.

MARTY LAYFIELD

Found: Weekend

War-r-r-r-r, Eagle!
Hundreds of students sitting together in the student cheering section; more hundreds of alumni sitting all around; cheerleaders down front leading the mass in yells; coach walking up and down as his boys earn their scholarships; and twenty-two men playing their hearts out for the old alma mater. It's enough to stop even Dr. Glover from talking.



For two and a half hours you sit on those hard benches and cheer your heart out as the score mounts. Then the game is over. You push your way out of the stadium with the mass and then fight the four wheels for another hour. Some happy alumni finally lets you out into the line of cars and then you wait another half hour while he talks to the cop on the corner about old times.

City Comes Alive
"The 'loveliest city of the plains' comes alive as the evening moves along. You sit in silence in the hotel cafe as old alumni get together and talk. They used to do the worst things: paint the water tank, call the dean and tell him that some confused student is killing himself, burn the SAE lion, steal the Phi Delt flag . . . you know how it goes.

After dinner you go over to the fraternity house and meet the actives and the alumni, their women and children (who by the way are future fraternity men). You talk, dance, some drink a little, some a lot. You drive by the fraternity houses and see all the homecoming decorations. For some reason it seems like you belong. The friendship, the fun, the football game, the fraternity party, the fellowship—all work on you until that festive feeling engulfs you as well. Some might term it a lost weekend, but not I. It was rather a weekend full of meaning.

LIFE OF THE COOL-4

The Philosophy

by Haywood Ellis

Assuming that the major goals of the beats is to find out more about what they consider the important things of life, we can put that aside for the moment and concentrate on a variety of smaller factors in the philosophy.

Many of these factors can best be brought to light by quoting examples from three of the major spokesmen of the cult, writer Jack Kerouac (again), and poets Kenneth Rexroth and Allen Ginsberg.

Here are some of the facets of the philosophy and exemplary quotes from the writers named.

The beats believe that they are founding (or eventually will begin founding) an actual religion.

(Kerouac: "We love everything . . . we dig it all. We're in the vanguard of a new religion.")

In this religious belief is what Rexroth terms a "reverence for life." But opposed to this is the fact that there is an actual attractiveness of death to them.

(Kerouac: "For just a moment I had reached the point of ecstasy I had always wanted to reach, which was the complete step across chronological time into endless shadows, and wonderment at the bleakness of the mortal realm, and the sensation of death kicking at my heels to move on.")

Also, life is desolate for the beat. (Ginsberg: ". . . angelheaded hipsters . . . who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's, floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen juke box.")

Here, then, we run up against the first major contradiction in the beat philosophy. If life is so desolate and death so attractive, why do they worship and revere life? Perhaps what they really worship is suffering. Some would go so far as to say the beats worshipped self-pity.

Perhaps this is so. This type of thinking holds true throughout the list of beat characteristics. For example, when they run out of actual reasons for being what they are, the writers dream up new ones.

Kerouac does this when he wishes he were "a Negro . . . a Denver Mexican, or even a poor overworked Jap, anything, but what I was so dearly, a 'white man' disillusioned."

This association of themselves with some underdog racial minority is a favorite device of the beat writers. It gives them a ready-made reason for rebellion. What more could they desire? Except more reasons. Maybe there are some logical reasons.

(Next week: Why?)