

# 'Great Iron Gate' Hasn't Moved

Well, things are still the same.

Not one move has been made by the administration to rectify the co-op situation.

The students' opinions on the subject haven't changed any, as shown in a poll on page one of this issue. If anything, Mercerians are becoming more and more irritated.

It certainly looks awfully strange to walk into a huge, modern, sprawling "Student Center" and find the snack bar barred and darkened.

The business office must realize that this is not a matter on which student opposition is going to gradually fade away. Every time a student walks into the co-op, his anger and resentment are rekindled.

The key phrase in this ridiculous situation is made up of the two words: "Student Center."

No matter how much talking is done and how many tangents are flown off on, it all boils down to one simple, indisputable fact:

This building was financed by Mercer alumni for Mercer students; for the use of Mercer students; to always be ready to help make a student's life at Mercer more pleasant and profitable.

If only one Mercer student comes into the snack bar in the Student Center during an entire afternoon and wants one sandwich, then that is what the Student Center is for.

It all began, after construction, with certain portions being closed during certain hours, certain places becoming "inner sanctums," faculty haggling over space, and students being arbitrarily told what they could do in the Student Center, how they could do it and when they could do it.

Now this mess has been capped off with the sudden shutting down of the snack bar, a move decided during the summer and sprung without warning upon unsuspecting incoming and returning students.

And as for those vending machines, have you ever tried to get change around here after the business office is closed?



**SITUATION NORMAL: ALL FOULED UP** — We saw no reason to have another cut made for this week's Cluster, since the situation is the same. Mercerians are still clawing at the 'Great Iron Gate' that separates them from the Student Center snack bar that was built originally for their use. See editorial on this page.

**MANAGING  
EDITOR'S  
DESK**

**PATTYE LITTLE:**

## The Lost Platoon

There are a great many occurrences around our camp that are never recounted among the news stories found in the pages of The Cluster. Reasons for such omissions are numerous.

One is that the source of the story refuses to be quoted or the persons involved won't comment. A story without some conclusive evidence, as "Dr. Gooch said..." is thought to be an invention of some reporter's over-worked imagination.

Another reason for leaving out a particular story is that the facts cannot be ascertained or if they were they might prove embarrassing to the parties involved.

A story not included in this week's Cluster falls in the above categories, the story of what I call "the lost platoon." The way I heard it was that the company commander had marched his two platoons down the field during ROTC drill Monday in the approved military manner.

The commander gave the signal to halt in regulation army code, "Companee haht!" In a manner frowned upon by the army, his first platoon continued its march "into the sunset."

This probably has happened many times before in military history, but not with the same setting. The company at the time was marching on line. While the red-faced commander retrieved his first platoon, the battle group was necessarily detained.

Final result was that the entire ROTC was several minutes late in sent their son to a military school and came to view a dress parade or being dismissed. Which brings to mind the old joke about the family who some such like affair.

Mother turns to Father as son's company goes by and says, "Look Father, everybody's out of step except our boy."

**Brief Notes:** A prominent senior learned this week what branch of the U. S. Army his history major qualifies him for. It is, the ROTC people told him; armor, meaning tanks and that sort of thing. The reason, he reports, is that history majors are presumed to have an acquaintance with the cavalry tradition out of which armor grew.

It happened at the BSU retreat last Saturday. The educational director of a local Baptist church was quizzing the assembled throng of BSU members. Who, he asked, founded BSU and where? There was silence. From the back of the room came a muttered rumbling. And a Mercer Christianity professor answered with a smile, "John the Baptist at the School of the Essenes!"

# The Mercer Cluster

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HAYWOOD ELLIS  
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HAYWOOD ELLIS:

# Divorce and Chlorine Gas

A little excitement was injected into the recent long, hot summer when a train was derailed in McRae, and two of the cars, which had been filled with deadly chlorine gas, had been punctured.

The town was preparing to evacuate, but investigators checked the atmosphere around the sleepy Georgia town and determined that as yet, no chlorine gas had escaped into the air.

This didn't make too many people feel better, however, since the cars had to be moved, and others piled from on top of them, and during this process, one or both of the punctures could have been enlarged had there been a slip.

Meanwhile, back in the Mercer alumni office, Cluster campus editor John Robinson came tearing in and, with a newshound's gleam in his eye, suggested that I get off work and accompany him to McRae to get some pictures and stories at the scene.

So, off we went, with just a camera and notepad, and no official identification except for an outdated press pass John had hidden in the depths of his billfold.

On the way, we passed a billboard that will linger in my memory as the classic example of back-country advertising genius. The majority of the poster was filled with a fullcolor picture of some outdated, plush, velveteen-covered furniture.

A circular extension of the sign contained the following message in big, red letters: "Don't divorce her . . . Buy her furniture at . . ."

After we were inside the McRae city limits, we circled around a couple of blocks, so as to avoid several MP's re-routing traffic, and parked the car near the railroad track some blocks away from the scene of the wreck.

John handed me the flash attachment from his camera to carry and, smoking, smiling and talking to each other, we walked down the track, past the conclaves of state patrolmen guarding the area, and on down to the wreck.

As high as the cars were piled, you could hardly see most of them for the sky-high stacks of pulpwood payload that had inundated the area, sliding off some of the cars.

Most of the other reporters and photographers were stationed on top of an upturned boxcar. We joined them for a while, but when the road crews began moving those punctured tank cars, we decided it would be to our advantage to find a vantage spot less advantageous.

So we spent the remainder of the day in McRae. During a break for lunch, we went into a small restaurant and, while waiting for our order, put on a show for the benefit of the apple-cheeked daughter of the soil who was waiting on us.

Setting all the camera equipment ceremoniously on the table, I pulled out fake notes and we conversed in low tones with furrowed brows above serious expressions on our faces. Every time we would catch the waitress behind us looking at the notes, we would turn around and smile.

We spent the afternoon sneaking into the clothes warehouse that had been moved several yards by the train, climbing around on innumerable log piles and upturned cars, taking pictures and talking to other reporters. We even interviewed an official of the railroad company and an investigator for the chemical company whose wares were threatening to seep out of the two round, black cars.

After everything was safely taken care of, we piled into our car, along with three other passengers who we had never seen before in our lives and whose identities remain a mystery to this day. They got off at some bar in a small town between McRae and Macon.

On the way back, we were again reminded to "Don't divorce her . . . buy her furniture at . . ."

## MU Honored By Visit Of Dr. R. C. Niebur

Mercer is especially honored to have Dr. Richard C. Niebuhr of the Harvard Divinity School visit the campus in November. Dr. Niebuhr, who is rather a young man to be so renowned a scholar, is the author of the book which will be discussed in several groups and in a symposium on campus during October.

The Faculty Christian Fellowship, along with the BSU, is to be commended for bringing a person of Dr. Niebuhr's ability to our campus.

His will be a contribution of a different nature from that of the ordinary campus speaker. He should be heard thoughtfully by students who have prepared themselves for an understanding of his thought.

# THE TATTNALL Square

The Madison Avenue circles were buzzing with rumor that the Smirnoff people had been working on Khrushchev to do some TV spots for that company's product while he was in the states. If that sort of thing keeps up, he's liable to get his picture on the back cover of TIME . . . They're also saying Bob Keeshan tried to get the Russian head to substitute two weeks for him on the "Captain Kangaroo" show. If it had gone through, it would've been the first vacation Keeshan had had since the show started.

I swear I was sitting in the Varsity the other day and somebody played "Merry Widow Waltz" on the jukebox . . . Has anybody picked up on a new LP of Edgar A. Guest poems, redone as cha-cha-cha's?

There's no truth to the rumor that Marion Anderson, Kate Smith, Nelson Eddy and Pinky Lee are going to sing as a quartet on the next Dick Clark Show . . . Warner Bros. has decided to settle the problem of who's going to play "Cheyenne" this fall by letting Ty Hardin and Clint Walker meet in a gunfight in the first episode — with real bullets. Just in case they're both lousy shots, the studio is posting Fess Parker off-camera with a sawed-off shotgun. He's been taking lessons on how to use it from Burt Lancaster.

Things I dig: Pizza . . . Gunsmoke and Maverick . . . Greta Garbo . . . the Columbia Record Club . . . Eskimo Pies . . . Louis Nye . . . The Jack Paar Show . . . Dave King . . . sleeping late . . . Moto-Vue hot dogs . . . Dean Martin (when he's not singing) . . . Edward R. Murrow . . . getting packages through the mail . . . Willard Clutehmyer . . . John Keats . . . Mercedes convertibles . . . the Student Center lobby.

Things I don't dig: TV westerns (except Gunsmoke and Maverick . . . trained seals . . . heart and or brain operations on TV . . . The Dukes of Dixieland . . . Carl Sandburg . . . The RCA Record Club . . . Jerry Lewis . . . Jack Paar . . . getting bills . . . paying bills . . . eight-o'clock classes . . . 78's . . . Fried Shoes.

Things I dug: Ten-inch LPs . . . The Sealtest Big Top . . . Jonathan Winters . . . 3-D . . . The Shadow . . . summer quarter chapel.

I like Jack Kerouac's line about Dr. Sax (Evil Incarnate) listening to his favorite record: Edith Piaf dying.