

ARNOLD



Adventures Among Mercerians

LAST OF THE REDSKINS

By Cal May

I stumbled into the faculty room, stood there for a moment as if stalling for a dual filter in front of a fireing squad, and, accompanied by a barrage of scowls and stony silence, fumbled my way back out the door and, somehow or other, out of the co-op and into the cool air outside.

It would be truly amazing thousands of Indian ponies galloping across the campus in a cloud of dust, a hail of fire arrows thudding into the roof of the biology building, the chemistry building already engulfed in flames, and the crash of a tomahawk as it cut through the huge plate glass window in the co-op lounge.

I started walking toward the gym. In my mind, blaring headlines told the news, as a shocked public bolted doors, and quickly gathered little children inside.

Entering the gym, I immediately encountered a hail of hawk screams and panther growls. A heavily-built, flint-eyed figure stood before me, dressed in a crude type of underwear that consist of a sleeveless, green jersey and a pair of baggy gym pants.

"Are you Oliver Snow?" I timidly asked.

The stone face began to speak:



"That is what I am called here, but my real name is Cetanman," he replied, icily.

"Isn't that a Souix name?" I asked as I backed against the wall and began writing feverishly.

The face broke into a slight sneer.

"No. It is simply the French word for cutthroat. But come with me and we will talk more," he said. We started across the floor toward what I assumed would be another room sort of like the faculty-trustee room, only this time within a ring of savage Indians eyeing me instead a of ring of sullen teachers doing the same.

As we started down a set of stairs, the steady thud of someone beating on a distant ROTC drum took on an ominous tone, and in my mind I visualized a line of attractive young warriors being carefully inspected for correct war-paint application. I followed the Build as it undilated into a small room.

As I sat down on a bench, I noticed that the room was cluttered with weights. The Build picked up what looked like the drive wheel of the Super Chief, and I began asking questions.

"Where are you originally from?" I asked the working figure. Still lifting, and without taking his eyes from his work, he granted "I tell everyone that I'm from Macon, but I'm really from Tucson, Arizona."

"Why did you decide to come here?" I asked, writing. A sinister smile came across his face as he replied: "I came to get an education so that I can go back and help my people." "Help them do what?" I asked.

NEW MANAGERS
John Robinson is the new Cluster business manager. Jane Lovett is his assistant. Details next issue.

MU PERSONALITIES: By Patty Little

Dr. W. G. Lee



FOR ME?—Dr. W. G. Lee offers Cluster managing editor Patty Little one of his prize flowers. Her interview with Dr. Lee begins a new series on Mercer personalities.—Photo by John Robinson.

A doctor - turned - mule trader - turned - real estate dealer - turned horticulturist this is Dr. W. G. Lee, authority on camellias and mules who is the self-appointed one man committee in charge of beautifying Mercer's 70 acre campus. Dr. Lee, who spent his freshman year at Mercer in 1895-6, says that his landscaping activities are to repay Mercer for that year. He transferred to the Medical College of Georgia, graduating in 1899 as a valedictorian of his class.

Bull-Headed
"I was bull-headed," he says of his studies in medicine. His father didn't want him to be a doctor but Dr. Lee persisted, got his degree, and practiced medicine for 10 years.

"He was right," Dr. Lee says of his father's warnings. Leaving medicine, he went into the mule trading business, or rather the operation of a livery stable. His stable "sold more horses and mules than any single stable in the state." He was a firm believer in mule power and says that had it not been for a change in the price of agricultural products, the mule would never have been replaced by the tractor. He once debated this point before an audience at the University of Georgia.

Mules Passe
In 1940, he sold his stable, deciding that the day of the mule was done and has since devoted his time to his real estate business, his flowers, and Mercer.

Dr. Lee came to Mercer in a one horse-wagon back in '95. These were still hard times, he recalled of his college days, although they were 30 years after the Civil War. He lived in a three-room house just in front of the present biology building.

Almost Missed
The truth is, Dr. Lee almost didn't get to come to Mercer. Because he had not attended a graded grammar school, the authorities that were, were on the verge of disqualifying him for admission.

However, he promised faithfully that he would be in the upper echelons of his class, and on the strength of this promise, they allowed him to attend Mercer. He ended the year second in his class.

Being just a "poor boy", Dr. Lee was not a member of a fraternity at Mercer. He has since made over a million-and-a-half dollars and given most of it away.

Dr. Lee has spent the last six years, and many thousands of dollars, in "rebuilding, revamping and replanting" the Mercer campus. He only lacks some tree surgery before his major landscaping will be done. The entire campus is reigned with magnolia grandiflora, photinia, and cornus barfordii feminata. Scattered over the campus and around the buildings are various evergreens, camellias, and other shrubs. The flowers in the patio of the Student Center are part of his handiwork.

He was the recipient of the Alumni Award for meritorious service in the field of alumni work in 1956. He is presently a member of the President's Council and is a past Trustee Board member.

clod-like, as I kept scribbling. "I shall lead them in one final and glorious attempt to take back our land, the United States." "How do you intend to do this?" I continued. Picking up still another set of drive wheels, he said proudly, "We are building a storehouse for weapons even now. Every week I send thousands of dollars worth of flint from Georgia quarries back to Arizona."

I shuddered at the thought of little Indian children gleefully

whittling away on the flints, forming them into arrowheads.

"But how do you propose to overthrow a large powerful force as the United States Army?"

He answered with an even broader smile. "Although we realize that we are outnumbered ten-thousand to one, we have that all-important weapon—the element of surprise!" He added still another weight to the pile and I looked around for the diesel engine itself. While writing, I couldn't help but think that it certainly would be a big surprise, all right; every recruiting officer in the state hanging by his thumbs from a tenth-floor flagpole.

The sweat started to slowly break out on my forehead as I cautiously continued. "What will be your plan of operations?"

"I will lead a force from the West and Calacootchee, a cousin of mine in Miami, will attack from the South."

Now trembling, I asked, "After you take over, what will happen to the palefaces?"

Eyes snapping at me, he quickly

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