



Elmer Gantry Revisited

By WILLARD CLUTCHMYER

My friend and fellow traveler Maynard Grunch and I tipped over to Roberts Hall last Friday to see Norman Vincent Gnich, boy ministerial student. Quite a crowd had gathered to see Gnich, who, after sweating a vendetta against sin and evil, had locked himself in a Samsonite overnight bag and threatened to stay until the rule allowing coeds to smoke in the Student Center was abolished. It should be noted that sin and evil, above referred to, are not to be confused with two sorority pledges by the same name.

Gnich had distinguished himself in this area while still a freshman when he courageously turned in a coed for smoking in the co-op. He was later quoted in the Cluster as saying, "The fact she was on fire is no excuse."

As we entered his dingy cubicle we found his roommate, Sweet Daddy Sforza, reading a special edition of the Cluster commemorating the Sammy Davis-May Britt nuptials. On the gramophone the ever popular Wally Fowler was singing Justice Called and Mercy Answered. This was followed by the Blackwood Brothers quartet with Leroy Abernathy playing the esophagus tube and their version of I Want A Girl Just Like The Girl That Married Dear Old Dad by Oedipus Rex. All the while we could hear Gnich keeping time on the inside of the overnight case.

"Reverent Gnich," I said, for he was just that—having been ordained upon his graduation from the sixth grade, "why are you subjecting yourself to the slings and outrages of your fellow students?"

"My reasons," he said, "can be found in the history of my fellows. Ministerial students as you probably know, were invented in 1914. They almost starved to death until Jesse Jewell invented fried chicken in 1921."

"They were few in number until the year 1940 when they thronged onto various campi about this great land of ours in great multitudes. I forget the exact date of the influx but it was, coincidentally, the day on which the Selective Service Draft laws went into effect. From that great day to this we have gone about doing battle with the devil and his lieutenants—fraternity men!"

"Amen!" screamed Sforza as he began to pitch a tent for his lab assignment in Revivals 101.

"Yes brother," shouted Gnich, "Mercer can be proud of its graduates in this field, e.g. Calvin Chautauqua, who now preaches in front of the Bibb Theatre every Saturday afternoon, except when Bessie Tift plays at home. Need I tell you brother that it was Rev. Chautauqua who wrote, How Would You Like Your Daughter To Marry A Law Student? Can History Professors Be Christians? Will Kennedy Abolish Foreign Missions? New Hope For Methodist, I Made a Million Dollars Selling Funeral Home Fans In My Spare Time, and I Was a Catholic For The B.S.U."

"Yes brother, it was the Mercer Ministers who used to go down to the City Jail and sing to the prisoners every weeek end, Brother we'd still be doing it if the head jailer hadn't been convicted for violating the constitutional provisions against allowing cruel and unusual punishment."

By this time the fever of Gnich's forensic frenzy had drawn a small but dedicated group of fanatics from the halls and corridors who nodded and proceeded to set up a hue and cry of amens the likes of which Tattal Tech has yet to see.

From the group bolted a frothing sophomore who shouted "I'm Oral Jeter brother! I work wonders, tell your future, conjure warts, and call your friends and enemies by name!"

As if to prove his claim he fell upon me with alacrity (I later found out that alacrity was his younger brother) and wrenched my head in concentric circles as he shouted "Be Healed!"

I wrested my misshapen but handsome head from his grasp in time to hear Gnich exclaim, "And that's not all brother, this year the ministerial students are going to stop drinking at Mercer."

"Next thing you know," said Maynard, "They'll try to stop the rest of the students too."

As Maynard and I broke out into the hall we could hear Gnich screaming "Yes brother, you go to yo' drive-in-movies and smoke yo' filter tip cigarettes and date them Methodists at Wesleyan—Well I tell you—you going to wake up one morning around a big campfire and smell something burning, and BROTHER, it's gonna be YOU!"

As we walked into the chill night, breathing the fragrant Macon air charged with the electric scent of mules being roasted to a golden brown, we heard the ministerial choir softly singing in the background, "When The War Breaks Out In West Berlin, I Want To Go To Louisville."

SPORTSCOPE

By CHARLIE ETHERIDGE

Dear Sportscope,

What would be the possibilities of Mercer ever getting a decent place to play basketball and/or to hold a half-white physical education program? It would be as good for Mercer as it would for the students. (Signed) An avid but disgruntled fan.

It would really be nice if someone were interested enough to write about this but as I am no good at secrets, I must confess. I wrote the letter and will answer it Who attends Mercer's games? About half the students and a few basketball lovers. That's all. I guess that's all there has ever been. Mercer certainly has never gained any support from the city of Macon. Macon has never supported anything in particular. That is one reason, of a few, that Mercer no longer has college football. Macon has lost two high school tournaments, Class A and AA, both boys and girls, simply because the home of the world's second largest copper dome, the city auditorium is a lousy place to play and watch basketball. They thought they had it made because of a central location and the largest seating capacity around. Don't be surprised to see classes B and C, who draw more than anyone else to leave Macon soon. Macon just doesn't care; it's as simple as that.

A few interested alumni can't do it. Dr. W. G. Lee has probably given more to Mercer athletics than any man or group of men, but he can't build fieldhouses. Bobby Wilder can't do it, that's for sure. He has a hard enough time breaking even in his scheduling every year. Of course, it's not his job. He is a coach, not a promoter. Just one for instance, for what it may be worth. Take Georgia Tech, never a cage power but only a SEC patsy until a few good prospects and a terrific need led them to build the Alexander Memorial Coliseum. Last year after only four years in the "Big Dome," they were the Southeastern Conference's representative to the NCAA Tournament, the terror of the South and nationally ranked. The "Big Dome" was filled for nearly every Atlanta game and people

came from miles around to see the Jackets and their home. Mercer doesn't have the colorful schedule of Tech, nor the million population of greater Atlanta to draw from. They don't even have a winning team, but what can you expect when Mercer (average height maybe 6'-1" plays Stetson or Georgia, whose guards are bigger than Mercer's front men? Why would a good tall basketball player come to Mercer when he can get a better deal somewhere else?

I don't advocate that Mercer build a gymnasium that seats 6100 or even 3000. Maybe just remodel old Porter Gym. I never realized how old it was until I saw that plaque in the lobby that reads: "Dedicated by Jefferson Davis in 1859". Another scoreboard was added so that the posts wouldn't interfere with keeping up with the score, but you still can't see the game. Maybe (possibly, perhaps) Mercer could work out something with Macon's city administration to build a fieldhouse to be used for Mercer's games (leaving Lanier and Willingham in the city auditorium or allowing neither of them



staff photo by Ward Lowrance

Members of the Pershing Rifles are (right row, from front to back) All Stephenson, Carl Whelchel, Tony Keaton, and Hammond (left row, from front to back) Sam McKinney, Jesse Mitchell, John Artley and Jim Pahriss.

Pershing Rifles Get Six Pledges

Company E-4 of the Pershing Rifles will perform a practice drill on the ROTC fields Monday to demonstrate their fundamentals. Among the formations they plan to present the saber arch which they traditionally use at the annual ROTC ball.

The Pershing Rifles will be conducted during the performance by Pershing Rifles Commander Hunt Sanders.

Students interested in becoming

affiliated with the military group are invited to meet with them at 3:00 Monday afternoon in the ROTC grounds.

According to S.F.C. Binion, the local Pershing Rifles group has six new pledges. They are Gar Carter, Clifford English, Charles Fowler Jr., Allen Henson Jr., Lamar Sheets and George Yette. All except Sheets are from Macon and all except English are freshmen.

to play there on a conflicting date and for Macon to use during tournament time.

Mercer's physical education has gotten a slight boost from Coach Wilder; Coach Smith and Zeb Vance have worked hard. Tennis courts have been re-asphalted. Work has begun on the baseball field which Mercer reclaimed from the Macon Little League. But there is much to be done. The football fields are in terrible shape. Someone could be mortally wounded on the rock pile. With as much interest as there is in weight lifting, maybe a special place instead of the present location and a little better equipment would add even more. And now with a professional hired to teach wrestling during the winter and spring, a decent place for matmen to work out instead of the low room in the gyn where a sprawling grappler could kiss a gas heater and become permanently dismembered.

Well, I've had a big time spouting off and now I'll let the argument go back where it came from nowhere.

Veal Picked Bear Captain

The Mercer basketball team elected Donnie Veal as captain for the 1960-61 season. Veal is a senior economics major from Macon, Georgia. He is beginning his fourth season for the Mercer courtmen.

Last year he was leading scorer with an 18.0 point-per-game average. He is a good ball handler and playmaker.

Veal is also an outstanding baseball player. He has played short stop for the last three years and he pitched some last year. His great skill has brought him to the attention of many professional scouts.

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