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All Too Human

He tugged at his right coat sleeves, this time with an impatient snatch. But the sleeve slowly crept back up his arm, as it had done before. He snatched again, harder this time, and the sleeve, like a weak spring, easily exceeded its elastic limit, stretched out, and dangled just below his knees. This plainly annoyed him, as anyone looking at him at that moment could easily have told. But no one saw his scowling wooden face, just as he knew they would not.

He was getting tired of pranks, baffling simple customers and irritating innocent store managers. The crazy tricks that they played on the humans day in and day out were beginning to annoy him more than the humans. And now that the conspiracy was about to terminate, in disaster for the humans, he was beginning to feel a little angry toward his fellow inanimate conspirators, and something akin to sympathy for the poor stupid humans, who could not even use

time to their own advantage. All that humans were able to do was to flounder helplessly until they were slaughtered by brute machines through the use of time. He felt an intense revulsion, and nausea shivered his stiffened form when he thought of the elevator cable's plan to drop six humans to a crashing death just this afternoon.

His sleeve shrank to its normal length, and then began again to creep slowly up his arm. He was suddenly seized by a frenzy of anger and not frustration. Disgust and hatred for his position overwhelmed him, and he almost shrieked a cry of warning to a passing floorwalker. But his striped silk tie tightened itself around his neck, strangling his words. A twinge of pain shot through his toes as his shoe clinched his right foot, pitching it forward. Helplessly he tottered and toppled from his stand cracking his wooden skull against the all too solid concrete floor.

DAVID PAYNE

Several years ago there lived in the mountains of north Georgia a very old and very wise man. He was reputed in the community for his deep thoughts and kind deeds.

One day there came two young boys to see the old man and to test his renown wisdom. On the way to see the old man, one of the boys caught a small bird and said, "When I get to the old man I will say, 'Old man, is this bird that I have in my hand alive or is it dead?'" If he says that the bird is dead, I will open my hand and let the bird fly away, but if he says that the bird is alive I will crush the bird until it dies and show it to him. In this way I'm sure that I can fool the old man." And so the two boys purposed as they made their way to the old man's home high in the mountains.

As You Will It!

When they arrived they were cheerfully greeted by the old timer who was always happy to see young people. As the conversation began the boy with his hand clutched around the bird so that nothing but a few feathers showed said, "Old man is this bird dead or is it alive?" After looking at the boy for a moment and then at his clutched hand, the old man replied, "It is as you will it! It is in your hands."

And so like the boy in the story with the bird clutched in his hand, we as college students have our lives and future clutched in a few precious years while here at Mercer. What will these years be? Dead or Alive? Remember, as the old man said, "It is as you will it. It is in your hands."

Sophomore Examinations

The Sophomore Examinations will be administered on November 15 and 16, 1961 at 1:45 PM each afternoon.

All students who have earned at least 55 quarter hours of credit must take these tests if they have not already done so.

Transfer students who have not taken the Sophomore Examinations in Junior College will report for these tests on this date.

Juniors and Seniors who missed these tests will also report on this date.

Students with less than 55 quarter hours of credit will not take these tests at this time.

All Sophomore Examinations will be given on the third floor of the Humanities Building.

The First of the Month

The first of the month Mrs. Roy S. Cole replaced Carolyn Hopkins who was secretary to Dean Spiro. Carolyn resigned for a very happy reason, but those on campus who knew her felt selfishly sorry for themselves that she would be moving to Atlanta.

Carolyn handled an endless flood of correspondence, was responsible for something like the library of Congress, arranged weeks of appointments and still found time to be professionally courteous and unprofessionally sympathetic to the motley traffic through the Dean's office. Carolyn was the University's chief security agent. She secured it with her meticulous efficiency and her quiet concern.

The Cluster regarded Carolyn Hopkins as a special friend. We are, of course, indebted for her kindness to Cluster people. But she was kind to many people. We were privileged with her confidence.

We are sorry there is so little blowing of trumpets and so few six o'clock banquets for the great of the earth. We are cheered that they need so little of it.

LARRY MAIORELLO

LUCIAN ASBELL

A Great Thing Hath Been Wrought

Contrary to the sick ravings and dire forecasts of certain false prophets the populace of Macon has not risen in convulsions of violence at hearing of or seeing integration come to pass in downtown drug stores and in Westgate shopping center. Of course, these false prophets will soon bombard various news media with new prophecies concerning these matters claiming that integration represents the reign of Antichrist, the march of communism, popery, Zionist conspiracy, and every other sort of absurdity from violation of

every Southern white woman to the death knell of the Georgia Bar Association.

However much they may cry out by reason of the devils which dwell in them, it remains the exorcision gains ground every day. It is being discovered that exorcision is painless.

We have been spared the misfortune of seeing Macon turn into such a sinkhole of lawlessness as Jackson, Mississippi, Little Rock, or New Orleans. This speaks well for both races and for the civic leaders of Macon.

The Eating Machine

"All the problems of mankind—medical, social, political and economic—can be traced to just one thing—man is nothing but a great, big eating-machine." So says Billy Moore, law student and local chairman of the Switchman's Union of North America.

This remarkable statement has a lot of truth in it. For as Mr. Moore says, "All men, great or small, are the same when it comes to eating. They have to eat. They put the food in their mouth and then they chew it, gum it, or gulp it, whereupon the food goes down the tube, into the stomach, and on into the lower digestive track where it is absorbed into the bloodstream and carried to all the little capillaries, where it gives him enough strength to live until his next meal."

With this in mind it is interesting to consider all the eager young students at Tatnall Tech and other institutions of higher learning . . . do these students come here for the sake of pure knowledge? Emphatically, no! Most of them are here simply to get a degree so they can go out into the world and get a better job so they can earn a little more money to buy more food to eat. The rest are here to find a husband who will go out and work for the rest of his life to bring home food to eat.

Now take the average business man who works for his food. He gets time for lunch. But does he take his time and enjoy his lunch? No! He bolts the food down and hurries back to work so he can make money for next week's lunches. And after ten or twenty years of this he has an ulcer. All

because he was busy worrying about his next meal instead of enjoying the one he was eating. This is greed. Greed for more food to put into his eating machine.

Of course man is not the only eating machine. Most creatures are. The major difference is that man is adaptable. Any high school biology student can tell you this (except in Tennessee, where man was sent for being too greedy to let the apple alone). Yes, man alone, of all the animals was adaptable. That means he didn't wait until he was hungry to think about food. He went out and invented ways of hoarding and stockpiling more food than he could ever eat. And the better he became at this the higher we call his civilization.

It is true though, that a lot of people in the world don't have enough food to eat. So when the word gets around you find Nikitas and Fidels all over the world organizing the hungry people into Communist parties. And instead of growing more food they go about upsetting the whole world just so people will have enough food twenty years later. And pretty soon you find that people like the Birchers are raising the hue and cry because they are worried that the Commies will take the food from them.

Well, that's the way it is. So next time you are in Chapel or the Cafeteria look around at all the eating machines and see if it isn't true. I'd give more examples but all this typing is getting me hungry.

