

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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THE CHANCELLORSHIP

Those advocating that Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, President of Mercer University, be elected Chancellor of the University of Georgia, exhibit a rare and wise judgment. We heartily commend them upon their selection, and agree that such a powerful leader would be most stimulative to the growth and expansion of the State University.

Our reasons for agreeing are obvious. A brief review of the growth of Mercer University is sufficient to demonstrate to even the most skeptical that Dr. Weaver possesses an extraordinary ability to organize and to move consistently upward and forward. Mercer, since he was elected President, has shown marked increase. So multifarious have been her augmentations that it would be tedious to enumerate all of them. Her buildings, equipment, acreage, endowment, faculty, student body and general standing among American Colleges has consistently and gratifyingly shown improvement and increase. And to Dr. Weaver is the credit due.

Quite naturally those interested in the expansion and modernization of Georgia University would turn to such a man as Dr. Weaver. His worth has been established; his ability demonstrated; his achievements stand out as monuments of a powerful executive personality. If Dr. Weaver could find a student body of three hundred and in a short period increase it to eleven hundred, and simultaneously enlarge the other incidents of the University correspondingly, what could he do with an institution that boasts greater facilities than Mercer University? Yes, we can readily understand why enthusiasts for a greater Georgia should seek our President.

Nor do we question, for the moment, his ability to re-channelize the energies of the State University, nor do we doubt that with his past experience he would project Georgia into the public eye. Granting everything that these gentlemen advance, granting that he would probably become the most efficient Chancellor the University ever boasted, we still maintain that Dr. Weaver is not the executive for the position.

Mercer University has prior claim. Mercer, in its present state, is the direct product of his ingenuity. Mercer still needs him, and refuses to relinquish him. Dr. Weaver, being a divine in the Baptist Church, will have a stronger advocacy in a denominational school of that faith. He is allowed a freer hand at Mercer than he would have at a State school.

It is unnecessary to enumerate all reasons why Mercer will not entertain the thought of his departure. It simply cannot be. Dr. Weaver is necessary for Mercer's continued advance. We commend and thank those men who realized what we have known long before: that Dr. Rufus W. Weaver is the logical executive head for any ambitious, forward-moving, Christian educational institution. And that is the chief reason he will remain at Mercer University.

Emceebec.

THEMERS

Various are the means used by college students to defray expenses. Recently our attention was directed to a vocation both lucrative and educational. While we do not recommend it, we can readily understand its existence, and condone those practicing it.

This vocation arises out of circumstances which are well nigh unavoidable under the present system of expansion. Many men are attending college who have not a sufficient educational background. Yet they wish to stand as firmly as their more fortunate fellow students. Lacking proper training, they are forced to augment their knowledge by outside aid. Since it is humiliating to be dropped from the class roll they do not hesitate to use subversive means. They wish an education. By "education" we mean the privilege of attending classes, and securing passing marks.

The vocation to which we refer is "Theming." Profitable? One student, we are informed, cleared a trifle over sixty dollars last term. Not so bad, do you think?

Versatileness is the chief requisite of a "Themer." He must be able to suit his theme to his patient. It is manifestly an egregious mistake to write an "A" theme for a "D" student. The idiosyncrasies of the professor must also be pre-determined. For example: If the prof has an aversion to misspelling, it is advisable to misspell several words as this occupies his attention, and detracts from his more severe criticism of form and subject matter. It is a fine art: "Theming."

The Professors are puzzled. How can they cope with the wily "Themer"? Occasionally they detect an obvious error in the "Themer's" work. Two examples will illustrate this. A professor informed us that one of his "F" pupils recently submitted an "A-plus" theme. It was embarrassing. The student, upon being quizzed, admitted he received aid from a paper in the Library, and offered to show it as substantiation. But, alas and alack! some malicious person had stolen or misplaced the paper. The professor is still scratching his head—wondering.

Another instructor recently handed us a "Paper" to read. It was excellently written, elegantly worded and showed good technique. It was an "A" paper. The name on the back was a familiar one in athletic circles. After expressing our surprise, we asked the professor if it was typical of the man. He simply smiled. Yes, he simply smiled. It left us quizzical. We started to ask him how he... but we remembered that a college without athletes would be in a lamentable state.

This brings us to the question: "Why do men come to College?" We give up. Surely, not to write themes. "Theming," while a lucrative vocation, is admittedly harmful. The student receiving the theme is not benefited; he is tempted to prevaricate if questioned. The professors are embarrassed, since they do not know how to grade accurately. "Theming," then, comes under the head of illegitimate sources of revenue.

Yet, the "Themer" is made more proficient, besides being pecuniarily rewarded. The price being, we understand, about three dollars per theme. But what of life? Do not the few rise at the expense of the many? Are not a few good writers preferable to scores of bad composers?

We are left wondering? It puzzles us. "Why do men come to College?" Surely, not to write themes. Emceebec.

THE GONG

Fun has a logical place in the college boy's life. It should have.

Fun which infringes on the rights of others, however, is not to be commended. It is no longer appreciated by all, only a selfish few.

Of late there has been a general disturbance in the dining hall at the sound of the gong. It is practically impossible for one to make an announcement for the clapping and jeering remarks.

The perpetrators of this disorder are doubtless acting in a spirit of merriment, little realizing they may be depriving a fellow student of an important announcement.

Cut it out, fellows! Give the other man his rights and demand yours in return! Thirty.



News From the Training Camp

Montague called signals again yesterday.

"Forty-six! Seven! Richardson back—my dear brothers, I must explain the derivation of this word 'back.' It comes from four Freak letters, Bagga, Agga, Cagga, Kragga; meaning 'respectively, go, to, the, rear. Gentlemen, we will now proceed!'"

Holder has been elected cheer leader of the all-faculty team. Mr. Holder has consented to loan his collection of crows to be used for tackling practice.

If that Anti-Ku Klux organization in Atlanta ever needs a slogan, we may suggest, "Klan the Klan!" or "Save Our Sheets!"

Sox: "How do you like your girl's Roman nose?"

Exema: "You mean Roman nose."

Sox: "I said Roman! It's already roamed all over her face."

Have You Seen the New Pictures?

- Richard Dix, in "Debt."
Gloria Swanson, in "Sane."
Barbara La Marr, in "Decent."
Charlie Chaplin, in "The Soup."
Bull Montana, in "Habited."
Ben Turpin, in "Toxicated."

Sox Says

About the most crucial trick of fate I ever heard of was the shop-lifter who was in a Woolworth store when the lights went out.

The Girl Across the Street

She thinks a crisp course is a race-track for lame people. She thinks the Point of View is near the Cape of Good Hope.

According to all reports, the ocean around Miami is full of breakers and the beach is full of heart-breakers.

If a portrait was sent to the city and got broke, would the picture-wire home for money?

Could you say that Santa Claus favorite song is, "Follow the Chimney-Swallow?"

If the man in the moon opened up a picture show for animals, would the Dog Star?

Infamous Quotation No. 987606: "I'll let you in on the ground floor," said the boot-legger as he opened the basement window.

Infamous Quotation No. 987606: "This is the funniest man I saw," said the doctor as he amputated the clown's leg.

Infamous Quotation No. 987608: "That sounds fishy," said the sailor as he heard the whale flap his fins.

Infamous Quotation No. 987609: "Tie that outside," said Andy Gump as Uncle Bini drove up in his airship.

DEVOTION

As perfume is the breathe of a flower
As motion's the soul of the sea,
As light is the sun's chief power—
So my love is life to me.

When the blossoms lose their breath,
Blasted by winter's array,
Each flower shall shrivel in death,
And sink to a sad decay.

If the heaving seas were stilled,
If the tides were to rise no more,
Then the waters with death were filled,
And sorrow would reign ashore.

If the eye of the sun were blind,
And his light forever withdrawn,
Then mortality's coil'd unwind,
To greet eternity's dawn.

If my love should cease to exist,
That impenetrateth my heart,
My body would vanish as mist,
For spirit and flesh would part. Emceebec.

Things to Worry About: The gold collar button found in the tomatoes, at the dining hall turned out to be brass.

FACTS AND FANCIES

Martin C. Burghard "Emceebec"

The object of this column will be to discuss freely and unreservedly such topics which we believe to be of interest to the student body. It shall be most moral and staid, so we refer our readers to the "American," the "New Republic," and similar magazines for light and frivolous topics.

Our first task is a most pleasing one: that of reviewing a book recently edited by a member of the Mercer student body. It will be recalled by the three or four students who, having a surplus of time and unlimited audacity, read our recent editorial in which we urged some member of our August student body to write a book, publish a drama or a song or opera or something.

Gratifying, indeed, to us is the fact that we are now able to report, even at this early date, several masterpieces of both literature and music. We plume ourself with pride, feeling that our insistence has borne fruit. Our first article is a review of a volume hot from the press, written in a masterly manner by Jared A. Simmons, B. B. P., F. B. P., Capt. F. B. T., E. T. C.

BOOK REVIEW

"The Decadence of Petting Among College Men." Published by Charlie Scribbler et al. All rights, including Anglo-Saxon, reserved.

Mr. Simmons neatly confines his discussion to a petite pocket-size buckram-covered volume of fifteen hundred pages. This compendium contains four hundred and twelve water-color prints illustrating admirably the multifarious postures by peters, including Anthony and Cleopatra; Abelard and Heloise, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; and many others dating from the antediluvian days to the most modern sheik and flapper. Truly a rare collection!

Perhaps there can be found no one man who is so thoroughly and intimately acquainted with the subject of Petting as the author. He has studied it both actually and by proxy. His sphere of knowledge is really unlimited.

He traces, through research, the origin of Petting from its first appearance among the Teutonic tribes of Southern Greece, and shows how it developed simultaneously among the Jewish aborigines of the Congo Region in Africa. His extensive excavations in the Aleutian chain, and especially his disinterment of certain Egyptian kings have led to remarkable discoveries. They have brought to light a rare treasury of information.

The frontpiece has a fac-simile of an Egyptian manuscript supposed to have been written about forty thousand B. C. which was taken from the sepulchre of King Tuk-em-In-Arms, who was not only a regal monarch but a philosopher and economist as well. Translated by the author, who is an authority on chiropody and hieroglyphics, it reads: "Oyez, Oyez! Be it heard by all, proclaimed from the housetops, and sung in the dungeon depths that I, King Tuk-em-In-Arms, do declare that Petting shall henceforth be our national pastime. Further, let Petting parties be legalized, and let a nominal charge of two shekels and one obol be attached those desiring this privilege; same to be used as revenue by our state."

The codicil which was attached to this admonition averred that not only was moral and spiritual life reformed, but that the treasury enjoyed a material increase. But we must refer those interested in the antiquity of Petting to pages 222 to 555 where the history is treated at length.

In the latter portion of the volume Mr. Simmons becomes acrimonious. In reference to the modern tendency among certain low-brows to discredit, aye, to destroy Petting, he is especially bitter. The vituperative language used proves his sincerity in the belief that such curtailment, among College Men in particular, would be most disastrous, most detrimental, not only to the innocent Peter, but the entire race of American Peoples.

Rome, Carthage, Egypt, Babylonia, and other mighty nations of the past fell into oblivion because certain giddy rulers attempted to limit this natural proclivity. The pages from 999 to 1333 are replete with pathos and surcharged with condemnation. We quote one passage: "Unless

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stringent action be taken, certain false and spurious spirits, posing as men, and simulating women, will utterly destroy this ennobling amusement. Its eradication will produce such evil results that they appal student-thinker (if any). Allow me, then, to urge every red-blooded man who glories in his heritage of freedom, who is surcharged with patriotic zeal, who believes in transubstantiation or life after death, etc.—let him rise up in his righteous wrath and smite hip and thigh these contemptible demagogues who would rob our college youths of their aesthetic entertainment and precipitate us into that utter ruin and damnation that was Sodom's and Gomorrah's." Such an inspiring appeal, when backed by authentic documents and indisputable information, inflames even the most apathetic to action, and brings calumny upon those unworthy, ill-begotten creatures who seek to annihilate the sacred Institution of Petting. Intricate yet lucid, superficial yet profound, compendious yet complete, obscure yet comprehensible to the average College Senior, this noble epic, this superlative compilation, this remarkable volume should appeal to every observer of human life, to every patriot, to every mathematician, and to every theological student. No library is complete without it. Let us urge you to secure a copy immediately from your drug store confectionery shop. It is worth quadruple the price, costing not more than a history or an English book, pounds of chocolate or two tickets to the theatre—only \$4.50.