

THE MERCER CLUSTER

Published weekly by the student body of Mercer University

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Subscription: \$1.50 the College Year
Advertising rates sent upon request

Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 8, 1924, at the post office at Macon, Ga., under the act of March 3, 1879.

FILTH

When we go into an eating place we do not say, "Let me have a dime's worth of cleanliness and a ham sandwich." That is understood, or supposed to be. We expect and should receive the best for our money and nothing can be the best which is not clean.

Perhaps, it has been suggested, if the proprietors of the various eating places with which Mercer men trade, could have been in the army; they would appreciate the saying, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." An inch of dirt is to an army camp, the whole amount to be found in a camp of sixty thousand men, while some of the places where we spend our good money do not think that an attractive place can be had without at least an inch covering on the floors, or at least that would be surmised.

We are moved also to say that flies were, and are still considered, carriers of all the filth, all the dirt and all the unsightly substances known to man, yet when we enter some adjacent places we can not eat without the nasty pests of nature crawling over and around the food which is served us.

It would seem that screens would eliminate this uncalled-for situation while as to the accumulated filth, good scrubbing and a spring cleaning would be more to the point. And in closing, it would seem that the city health department would take notice of such extreme cases.

SID JOHNSON

In the leaving of Albert Sidney Johnson, line coach and freshman basketball and baseball mentor, Mercer loses one of the best that ever graced her payroll.

Not only has 'Sid' as he is familiarly called by the boys on the campus, succeeded in building successful teams in every instance but he has also built, while on his second stay here, a place in the hearts of the boys that did not know him as a student here, that can only be created by a man who is a comrade in every sense of the word.

All who have played under him, all who have known him have liked him. The ones who knew him as a student at Mercer have to say of him, "He was one of the best football men to ever don a Mercer uniform and his playing at center made for himself and for Mercer, a place on the pages of southern football history."

As parting words, the Cluster expresses the sentiment of the whole student body, luck to you, Albert Sidney Johnson, in your new venture as head coach of Brewton-Parker Institute. Your success is music to our ears.

SHUCKS

By Cobb

Headline—Big Blow Bill vs. T. N. T. Totin' Tubby. The ponderous heroes of Mercer's Greater Corpulency and Avoidpouia are to meet in the main-floored arena. Solomon in all of his glory was never arrayed like these two lads of the hefty stomachs. will have to be arrayed in order to comply with the rules of the Legion boxing program.

Will Freeman freeze off Metcalf? Is the question on the tongue of every loyal Mercorian. Or will Metcalf make malt out of the Mercer's perennial post-graduate? To be or not to be—killed, will be the question in the mind of each when he faces the giant from the opposite corner.

It is reported that both are in excellent physical condition for the bout. Freeman has been out on the road several times lately—in U-Drive-It's, by the special order of his trainer, Bob Gilbert. He is strictly maintaining a diet of five chocolate milk-shakes per day in addition to his regular attack upon the fruits of the cow (the viands as well as the milk, thank you).

Freeman has always been a very delicate eater, and it is by force that he is being brought to eat enough to build up his greatest possible vitality for the big night. He has reduced his waistline a quarter of an inch in the last three weeks of his rigorous training, and it is prophesied by those who are ardent followers of the pugilistic game that his waist measure on his big evening will be as low as fifty-seven inches. He now scales about 300 pounds in his stocking feet.

Note—Freeman will probably fight in his sock-feet, his trainer says, because they are the strongest thing about him.

He hopes to reduce his weight to about 298 pounds, the regular requirement for the division in which the two big boys classify—they are in the deadweight division.

Fred New, who is training Baby Face Metcalf of the tubbish figure, is highly optimistic over the steady advance in form of his protegee. New states that Metcalf is getting into shape by going to classes; he feels assured that such a rigorous routine will harden him to all that the slugging Freeman can offer in one fiasco.

Metcalf has been eating a dozen hot dogs per day. His trainer, arranged for these hot dogs to be prepared from the most vicious specimens of the canine family that could be found in the entire country. Quite obviously, as his physicians have warned him, this type of meat will tend to make him over vicious and ravenous; hence the great fear in the camp of Metcalf is that Tubby may become so voracious as to consume Freeman bodily upon his initial attack upon the big boy from Berner, Ga.

For this reason, Tubby's handlers have secretly begun to temper down the strength of the hot dogs by seasoning them with that most incomparable chemical "High Life." This will make him so fast in the ring that he will not have time to stop to eat Freeman, although he will most probably tear the Grand Old Man into indistinguishable shreds.

Each fighter goes through his paces for about two hours per day. Yesterday Freeman skipped the rope and a couple of classes for as long a time as his legs and his conscience would allow. He then went through four fast rounds of shadow-boxing in the sun. Without resting but six hours he took on George (Tiny) Roberts for one round; and his trainers especially urged that I not tell that Tiny knocked him out after six and one-half seconds of slow fighting; so I will not mention that. Freeman concluded his day's workout by putting on a light blue bathing suit and going into the sheets with a dozen hot water bottles.

Metcalf has retained the services of Mr. Garrett as chief sparring partner. This is due, it is thought, to the fact that Metcalf has often encountered the veteran of the business office and has found him to be a most formidable ad-

SYMPATHY EXTENDED

Sincere sympathy is felt for Jack Bailey and his family by the faculty and students, upon the occasion of the death of his father, Dr. J. D. Bailey, of Summertown.

Word was received here Sunday of Dr. Bailey's death. He died at a Savannah Hospital. Surviving Dr. Bailey are his children: Mrs. Ralph Bailey, of Macon; John Ira Bailey, of Mercer; Grace Bailey, a student at State Normal College at Statesboro; Paul Bailey, of Summertown; and several small children. The funeral was held Tuesday.

OPEN FORUM

Dear Mr. Editor:

The Mercer student body indeed would sustain a vast loss if chapel were abolished. During that half-hour period more knowledge is absorbed by the student body than any other time. Take me, for instance. I'm the CHAMPION sociologist of all "Bo" Bailey's classes! But if I were denied that half-hour chapel period each day, I would be unable to study my lesson.

Each day while certain well-known types of speakers are giving vent to their vocal abilities, I and some two or three hundred other Mercerians are either studying strenuously or snoring vigorously. So I say, do not do away with chapel—IT GIVES US A CHANCE TO STUDY!

Rumors on the campus are that in this issue of The Cluster will appear quotations from an article appearing in The Telegraph. I am indeed glad to see you publishing the article from The Telegraph. Many students read the paper, but there are many others on the campus who probably have not seen the recognition which The Cluster has received.

Meanwhile, hoping that you will not rob us of the delightful sleep and study we receive in chapel, I remain,

Pathetically yours,

M. E.

versary. Day before yesterday Garrett put the gloves on (he said that he had always found that he had to handle Metcalf with gloves on) and boxed with Metcalf during chapel period.

The business manager had the great challenger of Freeman up on the fourth floor of the Administration building and was about to knock him out of the goat-room of a frat hall—but Miss Garner came along and put them both to flight with a look of contempt upon such animalistic practices. The fight had started in front of the Cafeteria, and it has not yet been learned how it ended on the fourth floor of the main building. Metcalf doesn't remember anything about it, except that Garrett was like a cyclone sweeping him yards at a blow.

The only statements that have come out from the camps of the two men are as follows:

Metcalf—"My plan of attack is to take a pin into the ring with me—concealed in my mouth. At my first opening I shall stick the pin into Freeman's stomach, reducing the balloon to a shapeless and hopeless nothing."

Freeman—"Yes, I shall win; but I do wish it were over and I were safe at home with my share of the purse."

NEW YORK EVENING POST

NEW YORK, April 16.—Randall E. Riley, Columbia 1930, today was awarded the prize of \$100.00 offered by the NEW YORK EVENING POST for the best answer to the question: "Has the American Undergraduate a Post-War Neurosis?" Walter W. Marting, Princeton 1927, receives a second prize of \$50.00, and John H. McDill, Yale 1927, third prize, \$25.00. Judges of the essays were Dr. A. A. Brill, nationally-known psychiatrist; Charles L. Gray, former Justice of the Supreme Court; and Dr. Frederick P. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York.

EXCHANGES

For the last few issues the college papers have been overflowing with news of the arrival of another Spring. If spring has not as yet made its initial bow on the various campuses which would make the announcement of spring premature, the writers center their attention on typewriter springs. Spring must be mentioned in some manner.

Much space is also given to reports of elections that are to be held and to those just over. But a few items of interest gleam forth now and then. The following are probably the most interesting:

"What, if any, is your conception of Hell?" This is the heading to a questionnaire column in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Reporter. Some of the answers given by members of the faculty are amusing if not strictly orthodox.

My popular conception of Hell is a fine place where I expect to meet most of my friends.

"I have no special conception of the place. We may all perhaps eventually be able to try it out. It will probably be what we deserve whether it be here or hereafter. Thinking about the opposite of Hell is much better for one's present needs."

"Hell is what one feels like, when after lecturing for 40 minutes on bending movement, a student pipes up with, 'What does M stand for?'"

"Seriously though, Hell is the state of mind which one has following the enactment of something unethical. It is not physically the Inferno pictured by Dante, but mentally it is an agony far more devastating."

No more of the above stated noun in fraternity initiation, is the plea of the Marquette co-eds. An article in The Tribune contains the following paragraph:

"A survey reveals that the majority of women at the University are in favor of some form of informal initiation, but there is a decided opposition to the ceremonies of the 'rough and ready type. . . . get away from the especially emphasized informal initiations and stress the formal ceremonies."

The Cluster does not have perfect headlines but it certainly tries to keep this type from appearing on the front page of the publication. The Old Gold and Black, of Wake Forest, is responsible for this:

"Glee Club and Orchestra Has Another Swell Trip"
"Trip to Cambell College Last Week Reported as One of Best Yet"

"Oh, for a Weekless Week! We have Health Week, Better Speech Week, Music Week and so on, ad infinitum, why shouldn't we call a halt and declare a Weekless Week?"

Not that we mind being improved in concentrated doses; we had just as soon be healthy one week, and musical the next, and grammarians the next, but it is the future we dread. Where will this craze for Weeks lead us? Will it not result in a specialization of everything? . . . —The Florida Flambeau.

The above quoted paper is better than usual this issue. That is, we can quote more from it than is advisable at other times. This homely little poem entitled, "Quo Vadis?" expresses a reasonable optimism, rather soothing after moralizing lectures.

"My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs,

And says we're going to the dogs, His Grandpa in his house of logs Said things were going to the dogs, His Grandpa in his Flemish bogs, Said things were going to the dogs, His Grandpa in his hairy togs, Said things were going to the dogs. But this is what I wish to state, The dogs have had an awful wait."

The following quotation from an editorial appearing in the Gold and Black of the Birmingham Southern is encouraging but does it ring true?

"The idea of a pink tea collegiate life is rapidly disappearing and a solid, normal idea of temperate work and pleasure taking its place."

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