

THE MERCER CLUSTER

Published weekly by the student body of Mercer University.

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THE CLUSTER WANTS--

- a noisy student body at the game with Furman.
-a better drink than what is sold as coffee at the cafeteria.
-to thank Mr. Garrett and Prof. Wray for their co-operation in getting the Cluster where it is.
-all students to attend student chapel on Friday. Bob Gunnells promises good programs.
-to abolish compulsory chapel attendance.
-the egg shells separated from the macaroni at the cafeteria.
-to thank the Bears and Bearlets for two wins last Saturday.
-the trustees to become interested in the needs of Mercer.
-to voice the sentiment of the STUDENT BODY.

THE BEARS

It is a far cry from a 12-0 defeat at the hands of Gordon Institute to a 31-7 victory over Oglethorpe. It is a long path from the place as low-ranking team to the recognized leadership of the S. E. A. A. But in the short space of a few years, Mercer football machines have traveled the distance.

The Bears Saturday will be in their crucial game. With Citadel in the background, they have a stronger team with which to deal than were the Gaulets. The game tomorrow will largely determine if Mercer may claim the association championship this year. If Mercer loses—and Furman is rated as the better team, then Mercer's chances for the title will go glimmering.

Win or lose, the football machine which Coach Moore has grouped around him has many points of appeal. Three of its members are playing their last season after bearing the brunt of battle in all of Mercer's encounters for three years. Among its members is what is considered to be the most spectacular, if not the most outstanding player, in the South.

Contrary to public opinion, there are no boneheads among the Bears. Their class room ability has dispersed the popular belief that athletes must necessarily be poor scholars. And last, but not least, the leader who has instilled the word "fight" into them, is as popular as he is clever.

Each game that passes marks a step nearer the time when they will disband. Their record, which they will leave behind them, will depend largely on the inspiration which they receive. Encouragement matters much whether the man be feeble or powerful. Saturday let the spectators know that Mercer students cheer, not for a win or for a loss, but for the Bears themselves.

LET'S RETURN THE FAVORS, FELLOWS!

When Mercer played Furman in Greenville last year, there were a number of cases where the Furman students extended unstinted hospitality. Mercersians who had come for the game were given meals and provided with a bed. Even the lowly frosh were given protection.

This week-end Mercer will have the opportunity to return the compliment. The Purple Hurricane will have in its wake numbers of loyal Furmanites who will be strangers here. They will judge Mercer by its hospitality. Give 'em a bed and a meal, fellows. They'll appreciate it.

WE THANK YOU!

Agreeably situated, well-organized, and hard at work, the Cluster stops momentarily to take stock and give credit where credit is due. Outstanding among all who have rendered assistance are two who merit consideration. Prof. Wray and Mr. Garrett, we thank you!

To Prof. Wray goes an expression of gratitude for providing the Cluster quarters and allowing the use of his Commerce School typewriters. At the expense of losing two class rooms, he gave the Cluster space for editorial and circulation departments.

Mr. Garrett exhibited the patience of Job in meeting the requests of the Cluster for light bulbs, chairs, paper, tables, files and paint. The Cluster was given all and at a time when it had not yet proved to be self-sustaining. After a period when the Cluster had been unfortunate in conserving equipment, it would have been natural for him to refuse the requests. But they were not and the Cluster extends thanks.

"SHUCKS" BY COBB

THE VALUE OF AN ADVISOR (A Tragedy in One Act)

Scene 1. (The first floor of the Administration building, on which several scores of perspiring neophytes are trying to discover some clue to the dark mystery: REGISTRATION. Accidents are in order. Collisions are the rule, and—escapes the exception—so dense and wide-spread is the cloud of fog that, by degrees, has exuded from the warm, massage-fomented pores of the new heads come to judgment. Pandemonium has the scepter, and brainstorms are normal rather than psychotic.)

A benighted FIRST YEAR "MAN" enters the hall of famed and fauned advisors, his effulgent beak nestled cozily in the well-known London film. He encounters the Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Army of Advisors, Frosh. Teacher, where do I go from here?

Dr. Harrison (insulted at the title): What's that? Where do you go? Why, where did you come from?

Frosh (astoundingly well read—in "Two Black Crows"): Probably you shouldn't have mentioned that.

Dr. Harrison (sensing genius and originality): Ah, young man, I see that you are a thinker. Your next step in the matter of registration is acquiring an advisor. Since you are so promising, may I ask you for the privilege of serving as your advisor?

Frosh (this halo contracting upon his brow): Er, what is that? Oh, yes, you can be mine, of course. I'll be glad to have you do it. My room is 130 Sherwood Hall.

Dr. Harrison: Now, young man, I simply mean that I am to advise you concerning your course of study for this term. Now, I originated this co-operative system by which the most moronic freshman may select his course as though he possessed the judgment and taste of a Doctor of Philosophy.

Frosh (innocently): But what does a freshman want with the courses a Ph.D. is interested in?

Dr. Harrison: My boy, the day will come when you will thank me. You know, a young man does not have as much judgment as his elders.

Frosh: Of course, you're right, Doctor. Naturally, you would know the course any boy should take better than

THE COLLEGE PRESS

The upperclassmen of Davidson college (N. C.) have a peculiar conception of the higher education. They have prescribed the following regulations concerning the conduct of freshmen, according to The Davidsonian:

"1. Freshmen shall carry matches at all times.

"2. Freshmen must be in attendance fifteen minutes early at all major athletic events, and remain throughout the entire contest.

"3. Freshmen are required to wear the V. M. C. A. name-plates until Thanksgiving.

"4. Freshmen must carry to all athletic contests the megaphone prescribed by the Court of Control."

It seems that at Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C., they are still passing out the old bunk about winning athletic teams. We quote from The Blue Stocking, the college paper:

"Captain Stamps, in his short talk, told the students the most truthful thing spoken, that to have a winning team it is absolutely necessary for each and every student to give his undivided support to the team. This is the thing which we must acquire if we are to have a win column as swollen as the Mississippi was recently."
The "thought" expressed, after a fashion in this editorial paragraph has often been heard at Mercer. It is absurd, of course. It would be a sorry team indeed that failed to win merely because some few students failed to give it their "undivided support." And yet freshmen and many upperclassmen in colleges all over the country listen to this sort of blather and come away full of "college spirit."

The Davidsonian explains that the rule requiring freshmen to carry matches produces a friendly feeling between upperclassman and freshman. Commenting in the news column on the name-plate regulation, the gifted writer says:

"The name-plates serve to identify the first year men, both to his own classmates and to the upperclassmen as well. Names which are read do not pass so quickly from the mind as do those which are heard. When you are introduced to Mr.— (meaningless jumble) you do not know any more than you did when you started. But when you read the name Jones, H. A., you are at once very sure that his name is neither Brown nor Smith."

The Board of Control wants the freshmen to understand from the very beginning that they are here to help the freshmen in any way possible, but that they are also here to punish a freshman who has broken a rule. The miscreant will be given some task by which he will be made to see his mistake."

Thus does The Davidsonian in its masterful English interpret the recent rulings of the "Board of Control." One wonders if freshmen at Davidson are required to wash the upperclass shirts and shine sophomore shoes.

The Crimson-White, of the University of Alabama, is an altogether interesting and businesslike paper. It has ten pages of eight columns each, with an unusual number of ads. In an editorial on the credo of the paper, the Crimson-White says, in part:

"Constructive criticism," as the phrase is ordinarily used, is just so much rot. Nine times out of ten, "constructive criticism" means nothing more than enthusiastic praise of Things As They Are. So-called "destructive criticism" is in the truest sense really constructive."

he. A sophomore told me that a freshman wasn't supposed to think. I guess this system of yours was what he referred to.

Dr. Harrison: Well, let's get started. What is some course you have in mind?

Frosh (looking at Ingersoll): Turnip Salad.

Dr. Harrison: You are now a man; put away childish things. What course would you like to take?

Frosh: Well, I have always liked Latin.

Dr. Harrison: My boy, I notice that you are studying Commerce. Now, there are several reasons why you should not take Latin.

Frosh: All right. Anything you say.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR FROSH COMPLIED

(Continued from page 1) business manager, treasurer and the deans of the several schools.

6. Freshmen shall arise and stand with bare heads while Mercer's Alma Mater is played and are required to commit to memory the words thereof.

7. No freshman shall, under any condition; enter a pool room.

8. Freshmen shall at all times be responsible to upper classmen for loitering, misconduct or other acts unworthy of a Mercer student.

9. Freshmen shall not only be required to abide by these rules, but also the rules of the student tribunal which governs the conduct of all members of the student body.

10. The foregoing rules shall be rigidly enforced by the student tribunal and any infringement of the above regulations shall be punishable by that body as a misdemeanor.

The freshmen are urged by the members of the committee to obey the instructions at all times so as to avoid the friction that will inevitably arise if the rules are broken.

I'm willing to depend on your judgment.

Dr. Harrison: Let me explain. Now, Latin is classical and is not at all essential to the professional business man. It is time to know the bitter execrations that Cicero breathed into the face of Cataline, but it is better for you to know the soft answers with which Wall Street turns away the wrath of Henry Ford. Now, you ought to study Spanish, because I have read that South America is the great field that is opening up for the business man of your generation that is to be, and Spanish is the prevalent language of South America. Besides, Latin will take long hours of your time that you should devote to visiting banks and offices, studying the human nature of business men as well as technical methods.

Frosh: All right, Doctor. I'll take anything you say. Your superior judgment—

Dr. Harrison: Just a minute. I'm not thorough. The advisor must be thorough, or his usefulness is lessened. Latin is a dead language, especially in the practical field the university here is trying to equip you for. If you should say "luna est pulchra" to the head of a corporation, he would say: "you're another" and the next day you'd be fired. Now, my boy, have I not very valuably pointed out to you many good arguments against Latin for a student of Commerce?

Frosh (growing fatigued): Yes, sir. Now, what would you advise me to take?

Dr. Harrison: Well, young man, after thinking it over carefully, I believe I'll put you down for Latin. Next man, this way.

Frosh (disappearing in the fog): Thanks. Such judgment must be deserved. Exit.

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