

FROSH ATTEMPT AT COLORS FAILS

(Continued from page 1)

result was rather embarrassing to the spectators but considerably lightened the burden of the combatants. The clothes of the bald headed freshmen and doughty sophomores were reduced to unmentionables and birthday uniforms.

After five hectic minutes of battle, the round-up of the freshman class began and amid the aroma of grease, dust and perspiration the freshmen were corralled in front of Cynthia Holiday Hall.

"On To Wesleyan!"

"On to Wesleyan, and points east," became the chant of the sophomores.

Thus the annual parade of the Mercer freshmen began. With one trouser leg rolled up (showing free: "Rolled Stockings") and to the accompaniment of occasional taps of sophomore belts, the rats followed. Pied Piper Roy Ayen, soph leader, into the first pool in Tatnall Square Park. One freshman tried a high-dive and hit the bottom of the pool head first. He was dispatched to the infirmary.

The line of dripping freshmen zig-zagged up to Wesleyan and, being persuaded by the sophomores, entered the pool there. The sophs showed the Wesleyan students what masters the second year men were. A freshman quartet sang. They sang in an altogether besetting tone. Since they had just come out of the water, they tried to imitate the small animals who croak in the swamps.

Cox Speaks

Freshman Cox rose to the heights of oratory in a flaming speech to the Wesleyanites in praise of the sophomores. Freshman Light, in a cunning and cute recitation with gestures to match, let it be known that he was voted Mercer's most beautiful co-ed. Wesleyan students appeared to enjoy the program immensely.

The next freshmen ducking took place in the pool on Cherry Street. A miniature river on Macon's main business thoroughfare marked the path of the parade's progress. Traffic was held up. Business men ceased working and thought of their college days again. People stared. Boys laughed and girls giggled.

Through the terminal station and back up Cherry Street the procession ran. After it had passed, the people in the streets and men at the office windows turned to serious thoughts again.

Another Ducking

A pecking party was held at Wesleyan on the return journey. Some of the frosh didn't want to duck in the pool again. The sophomores were compelled to insist by grappling with them. The men with the belts won.

Through an aisle of sophomores, the freshly submerged freshmen had to pass. During this brief period the riprap sound of leather on exceedingly wet trousers rose in the autumn air.

Back to Mercer the weary freshmen tread in fearful anticipation of the last dip in the Tatnall Square pool. But as they neared the pool, the sopho-

HOPEE YON LIKEE MERCER, TOO, MR. WONG

(Continued from page 1)

one away from Wesleyan and adding one to Mercer.

Miss Mok stays at the same house where Mr. Wong takes his meals. How many "Modern Mamma's" would travel across an ocean and a continent, twenty days on the water and six on land, to stay with their sweetheart; going to a strange school in a strange land where strange people practise stranger customs? That is exactly what this little girl did, and Mr. Wong, because of that fact, wears a perpetual smile on his jolly, round face.

We entered the adjoining room, where we met Stephen Chann and James-Loo, also of Canton. These two students were graduates of the same school (Pui Ching Baptist Academy) that Mr. Wong attended, and are here for four years; all to secure an A. B. degree before again crossing the waters of the Pacific.

Paper Rooms!

They had papered their room themselves, and literally covered it with Chinese decorations. Mr. Chann and Mr. Loo appeared to have caught very quickly the habits of our collegians. This was emphasized by a jar of Stacombs on their dresser and a package of Camels on their study table.

Mr. Wong came back after a bit and helped the dragging conversation. Not that it was not interesting, but because we did not have so much in common. We all warmed up, however, before we left and after the boys felt that the cross-examination was over they loosened up and got very congenial.

They Answer "No!"

When asked if they had called on any of the Chinese girls at Wesleyan they were profoundly shocked and a chorus of "Nos" issued from round, puckered, astonished lips. One of them answered the question thusly:

"Your custom is no like ours. Our custom—it is different. We do not go to see any lady unless we know them. Those girls they are from Shanghai and we have not met. So, we have not yet been to Wesleyan. We know none of them except Miss Agnes Mok, and she belong to Mr. Wong!"

Famed Professor Frederick H. Koch, director of the Carolina Playmakers, of the University of North Carolina, has been made editor of a quarterly publication to be issued by the Carolina Dramatic Association. No name has been selected for the publication. It will carry special articles by authorities in the Little Theatre world, according to The Tar Heel.

Professor Koch is founder of the Carolina Playmakers and is instructor in drama at North Carolina. Students in his classes wrote, directed, and acted in the Carolina folk plays. There are two volumes of these plays in the Mercer library.

more, ordered them to disband.

The tired but happy freshmen returned to their rooms, some singing "How Dry I Am,"—others "Muddy Water!"

THREE NEW MEN TAKEN IN ROUND TABLE THURSDAY

(Continued from page 1)

honored by election into the organization have been prominent students. Gilbert is the business manager of the Mercer Caudron, annual publication of the school, and has distinguished himself in literary society work, having been a former president of the Ciceroian Society. He is a member of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.

Rogers is secretary and treasurer of the Senior Class and was vice-president of the Junior Class. During his sophomore year, Rogers made the highest scholastic standing of any student in the university. He is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

Membership Limited

Jordan is vice-president of the Senior Class and was secretary of the Junior Class. He was one of Mercer's inter-collegiate debaters last year, and is one of the assisting editors of the Mercer Cluster. He is a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

The membership of the club is limited to twelve and the remaining five will be elected and announced soon. The present membership is composed of Frank S. Twitty, Camilla; Robert L. Gunnels, Elberton; Carlton Mobley, Gray; Thomas Cobb, Tifton, besides the three new members mentioned. The present officers are: Frank Twitty, president; Tom Cobb, vice-president; and Frank Jordan, secretary and treasurer.

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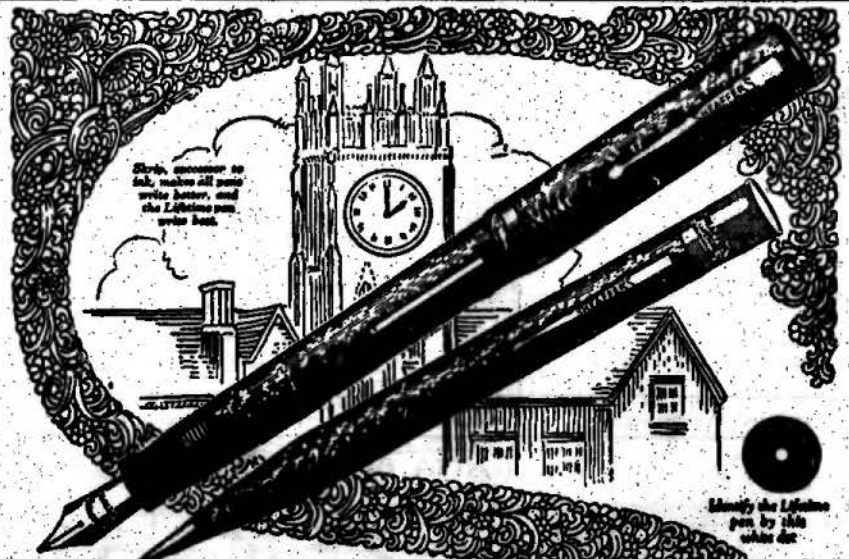
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