

THE MERCER CLUSTER

Published weekly by the student body of Mercer University

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THE CLUSTER WANTS--

—Mercer Students to attend the election in chapel Friday morning.

—no more unspportsmanlike conduct during games as demonstrated at the stadium last week.

—all who are interested in newspaper work to hear Mr. Anderson Monday evening.

—8:30 and 9:30 class rooms to be heated.

—the entire student body to accompany the team to Athens.

—the showers in the dormitories made to spread the water properly.

—to know why breakfast can't be served at the cafeteria after 8:30.

THE GEORGIA GAME

Mercer's football team has about as much chance of beating Georgia as The Cluster has of having compulsory chapel abolished. Yet, hope still remains. Most of the students would be satisfied with a compensation: say, let Phoney make a touchdown!

Although we might as well be frank and say that we don't expect to win a trip to Athens would not be time mispent. Wouldn't it be worth your time and carfare to see Phoney cross Georgia's goal line? Remember, Georgia beat Yale this year, and has the best team in the South.

The Cluster sides with the majority in predicting that Georgia will have it all over Tech. Suppose Mercer scores on Georgia—scores two touchdowns, say. Then suppose Georgia beats Tech worse than she beats Mercer. We won't have anything to cry over, but—

There is no use being silly and shouting "We'll beat Georgia this year." It is practically impossible to do that. But does it make much difference? Some students think that the success of a college depends entirely upon the victories of the athletic teams. This attitude is due to the semi-professionalism that rules college sports.

Despite all that, we may as well go to Athens and have a good time.

COLLEGIATE CONDUCT

At one time in distant days it was considered quite "collegiate" for Mercer freshmen to grab a visiting freshman's cap (or vice versa), and run off with it. Naturally enough, a fight almost always followed.

Suppose one is not a collegian. He is visiting another city. A hoodlum grabs his hat and runs off. The natural thing would be to give chase, catch the roughneck and recover one's hat.

Some persons think that because they are in college they may break all the laws of decency and get away with it. The day has passed when it was

WHAT IS NEEDED

What fraternities need more than anything else today is a fair standard by which to select their pledges. The present system is unjust to both the candidate and the fraternity. In rare cases only are the genuine merits of the prospective pledges considered. True, he may be desirable because he is a good student, or because he stars on the athletic field—usually the latter—but the cross-section picture is not given much thought.

Too often the unaffiliated student is influenced to join this or that organization because his brother or best friend is or was a member; likewise the organization itself tends the invitation for the same reason. This causes the individual's character to be overshadowed by outside pressure.

In another instance is the system unjust. Candidates are often pledged two years in advance of the time they expect to enter college. How can the fraternity tell whether the boy that they pledge today will be desirable material two years from now; and how can that youth know that the group of boys who appeal to him now will be desirable as constant companions several years hence? "But what," ask the fraternities, "can we do? If we do not get a man early we lose him altogether. Competition prevents any other program."

No, to remedy such conditions, it appears that some changes must be made. Why not put the status of the embryo brothers on a plane similar to the candidates for the Rhodes Scholarship? That is, make the standard have three sides—academic, athletic, and campus activity. Have an Alpha and a Beta basis. To be considered of Alpha class, students should make a certain mark in their academic work; while the Beta class of students would be those who gained merit in the other branches of college life.

From these students who were both Alphas and Betas the various fraternal organizations should be allowed to pick their men. The group might be large or small depending upon the rigidity of the standard.

In three ways would such a system be beneficial. First, it would eliminate the dullard and the no-account from the college chapters. Second, it would prevent boys from being pledged before an accurate judgment could be passed upon their individual characters—for, obviously, the fraternities must wait until at least after the first term. Third, it would instill more interest into classroom work, for there would be incentive to make high marks. From the standpoint of the college this last is vitally important. Probably never before has there been such listlessness at recitations. To "get by" seems to be the chief and only object. It is deplorable.

In conclusion, Nothing else in the colleges and universities today is in a position to exert such influence for good as are the fraternities. Yet, in general, they fall far short of their duty. Under the present system this cannot be otherwise. Should it not be changed?

THE COLLEGE PRESS

Vassar seniors are raising \$1,000 to furnish a smoking room. Part of the money will go for an electric ventilating fan. The New York Times has a frivolous moment and breaks into verse:

"What college girls smoke,
Must they stifle and choke
And grow backy
In stuffy, stale rooms
That are full of the fumes
Of tobacco?
No! No! how unkind!
Let a smoke room remain
Be available,
With a fan to insure
That the air will be pure
And inhalable."

considered clever to grab freshman caps, yell insults at students of other schools and start free-for-all just for the sake of raising' Cain and expressing one's inferiority complex.

Let us who go to Athens take heed: forget we are college students and act like gentlemen.

"SHUCKS"

BY CONN

HOMING DAY

"Oh, what's in a diploma? The answer to this question has long been confined to X, the unknown, of Lon Chaney or some other excuse for ignorance of natural phenomena.

I shall not essay to solve this riddle; but I shall not be content without venturing a silent prayer of thanks to some Allah of education. For I am truly grateful that a good, honest, hard-working man can be a College Man without ever having seen a Diploma. For Homing Day was a great success!

And where is that man in whose breast there does not lurk some chords that can be sent into the ecstasies of music, when his vanity is rubbed the right way. Where is that man who graced a college campus for a week or a month or a term or a year who objects to being one of the "Ole Grads" on Homing Day?

Of course; the game was great, for old rivals met and feathers and fur joined forces with stadium ether. But other games are great; and all men know that many games are greater; but the whole secret does not lie in the greatness of the game. For there's only one game a year which a Mercer man may attend and be heralded and feted and lionized and trumpeted as a grad, as an "Ole Grad."

And here is the beauty of colleges. 'Tis true that men may toil four long years and carry a small certificate away which weighs an ounce or two—with some employers. But that is not the charm of the college. The college puts this proposition up to a man: come and sojourn with us for, oh, well, a certain time, and then go along about your even tenor in the world. And ONCE EACH YEAR you shall receive a certificate from us, inviting you to return to the grand old fold as a venerable "Ole Grad."

And what are you saying, you base cynic who reads this paean of praise, this encomium addressed to the studes of yesteryear? Utter not such words of sacrilege, for fear that you shall pollute the hallowed atmosphere so dear to the sage "Ole Grads." For each blade of grass, each square inch of soil, each autograph on each sacred edifice is known to him; is dear to him; and will be fought for by him. For gone and forgotten are the gallant few who gave their blood to the cause of earning diplomas. Buried, somewhere in tombs of books, somewhere in sepulchres of valient endeavour, are those who sacrificed themselves on the altars of learning and who have never received but One Certificate of honor.

Ah, but these survivors! How blessed are they! How they fill our hearts with pride and patriotism when we see them swarm over the campus on Homing Day. Where is the man who loves the Four Hundred? He lives, but how few associates he has! But the lovers of The Four Million! They are many; for the Four Million includes that horde of heroes who were at Mercer for only a brief tenure of the robes, but who are able to proclaim to all the world that they came and saw and conquered, that they learned every hallowed spot of umbrage on our proud campus and that they receive Certificates of Honor annually. How I wish that Jesse Mercer could have been conjured from his Elysium bliss! What joy, though tardy it is, could have been the portion of our illustrious forebear who gave us name and fame! What self-congratulation he could revel in at the sight of the hordes of the grand "Ole Grads" whom we, his lieutenants, welcomed last Friday. And once more let us pause and utter gratitude to that heathen fairy who was the first philosopher to say: What's in a diploma?

The New Student News Service says: "There is no flattery for the army in the report of Dr. W. R. Atkinson, psychology instructor at Southwestern college, that the average intelligence of the freshman class is equivalent to that of an army major." Amen, echo we, there certainly isn't, if Dr. Atkinson knows what he is talking about.

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