

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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The Cluster has no particular student in mind in printing this editorial.

SEEN HIM?

Have you seen him? He is the man all students adore. He's the man who slaps you upon the back and calls you "Ole Boy" before elections—and afterwards is as cool as ice. He's the man who accepts office with great gusto, never attends a meeting thereafter, and has to be chased down to make a report. He's the man who accepts office when he is not scholastically eligible. He's the man who joins all clubs when he has no right to be there. He's the man, who, once "in," works to get others in—to court their favor. He's the man who joins every club, not for the advantages therein, but the votes thereof. He's the man who had personality, but feared to take a stand. He's the man who knows no modesty. For him, there is no conceit—it's merely self-confidence. He's the man who worships; but worships most the great god VOTE. He enters fraternities, not for friendship, but for prestige. He uses ministerial aid—and never intends to preach. He's the man who rises and speaks on all occasions. He's the living example of the superiority complex. He impresses his knowledge upon you—its really pseudo intelligence. He cannot be termed haughty—he's merely condescending. He's the man who tries to lead the campus and does. He's the man who thinks most students are gullible. He's the man who proves they are. Who is he? He's the campus politician.

LET'S GO

This term marks the beginning of the second year of class football. Remembering the lack of interest and the lack of co-operation on the part of the student body before, it is with wariness that the athletic officials launch these games. No experience in playing football is required. It matters little whether one has ever played football at all; no matter all one did was warm the bench in high school or played on the Rinky Dinks team in the spare lot; all should take part in the class football games. The cardinal purpose of these games is to give the students who do not participate in intercollegiate athletics a chance to play some sort of sports and thus be benefited by the exercise; so hunt up any kind of equipment and come out. It is through class football and spring football training that Coach Moore is able to find prospects each year for his next year's varsity material.

DR. SPRIGHT DOWELL

By selecting an educator instead of a preacher as president of this university, the Mercer trustees displayed judgment that deserves praise. In all the merited commendation heaped upon Dr. Spright Dowell there has been no dissent, except from those go-getting critics who think higher education should be concerned primarily with football. Pleading for an educator, rather than a minister, The Cluster of December 2 said, in part: "There are many considerations; surely one of these should be the candidate's ability and record as an educator, an educator of young men—the type of man whom students respect. The kind of man who understands the reason for youth's activities and who will use his judgment in censoring, condoning or approving these activities. The kind of man who will be broadminded in his views and actions. A man not curtailed by politics; one who is strong enough to think for himself, and stand by his convictions." Dr. Dowell apparently has the qualifications demanded in this paragraph. He is foremost an educator. He was superintendent of public education in Montgomery for eight years, was in educational work in Birmingham for eight years, and has been president of Auburn for eight years. He wrote the school code of Alabama.

The newspapers of Birmingham are unconstrained in their praise of him. Says the Birmingham News: "Perhaps no Alabama educator has had more thorough training in understanding of young men than has Dr. Dowell, who resigned the presidency of Auburn in October, to be effective next June. Dr. Dowell himself has the freshness of youth about him. His is a dynamic energy. If envious tongues assailed him during his eight rich years of service at Auburn, it was not through any fault of his. If men sought his undoing for purposes that can scarcely be understood, it was not because Dr. Dowell lacked either foundation or brilliant capacity to serve magnificently students under him, or to serve magnificently the cause of higher education." The Age-Herald comments:

"Mercer and Dr. Dowell are both to be congratulated, the one on having secured as its head an educator of such intellectual courage—the other on being able to step from his work in Alabama to another task, so inviting and appealing to a person of his quality and outlook. "The state of Georgia is bound to feel, hopefully and helpfully, the spur and drive of Dr. Dowell's personality and activity. And the state of Alabama, which can ill afford to lose a man of his stature, will look forward to obtaining someone with Dr. Dowell's sense of values and nobleness of spirit to fill the vacancy at Auburn."

The Macon Telegraph, which pointed out the need for the selection of a real educator instead of a "safe" Baptist minister, says: "Among those who have known him best, and are, therefore, in a position to know the realities of the trouble at Auburn, the election of Dr. Spright Dowell to the presidency of Mercer has been an occasion for felicitating the local university."

At present Dr. Dowell is "seriously considering" acceptance of the position here, as the A. P. writers say. If he does accept, he will find at Mercer the common bogies of denominationalism and semi-professional athletics. He will find also a small university greatly in need of a courageous and liberal leader.

It seems to this newspaper that Dr. Dowell is just the man Mercer needs, and that in Mercer he will find a university ripe for liberal leadership. The Cluster joins the chorus in urging this man to come here as president.

A LAW JOURNAL?

On Homecoming Day the Cluster took an opportunity to congratulate the Law School upon the formation of the Law Club, intimating that the formation of that organization left only the procurement of new quarters to perfect the school. The Cluster now desires to congratulate not only the law department in securing the premises of the proposed

"SHUCKS" BY COBB

Is Santa Claus a Curse?

I sat in a small cobbler's small shop. It was three days before Christmas. All the air was filled with the spirit of fireworks, and all the atmosphere fairly chuckled with the humor of one benevolent St. Nicholas. The cobbler was a little old man with a little round belly; but he had not the face or the feelings of the legendary saint. He was mending my soles—and I was in wait. I did not choose to wait but I had only one pair of shoes at my service. I watched him petulantly as he took his time about repairing my boots. I listened in boredom as he mumbled peevish nothings under his weary breath. He was an old and very learned Italian and was educated in his youth for the Catholic priesthood; but he early decided to dedicate his years to cobbling. And he has hoarded his money as sedulously as he has denied himself and his abundant crop of offspring.

Over in the corner of the shop sat his two smallest little ones, both boys. I noticed that the braver looking of the two was trying to speak. His mouth opened, formed a potential syllable and then timely closed again. I began to be interested. The archbishop summoned courage anew and spoke very feebly: "Papa, can John and I have that wagon round at the Jew store?" "Don't let me hear another word about that wagon, you brats," the child received in return for his meek petition. The old man had picked up English practically—on the streets; and, of course, his vocabulary comprised mostly those words that do not smack of our snug parlors. And then the old man went on mumbling to himself and I was able to catch only a very few words:

"I'm getting—tired of this confounded Santa Claus business every year, anyway. It's the damnation of the civilized world. A man works hard for twelve months and then has to spend all he saves in one week on damnable foolishness. Who wants a wagon anyway? I gave you brats two years ago. Where's that one? These high-toned business men toot up this Santa Claus business big just to suck the po' papas in. I've got a belly-full meself. As far as I'm concerned Santa Claus can go to hell. I don't believe in him. Why should I pay for something that ain't?"

The old cobbler had completed work on one of my shoes. As he handed it

facilities but also the Georgia Baptists upon their well-considered generosity in making this award to one of the most progressive schools of Mercer, one which is leaving no stone unturned in its efforts to provide leaders who will in the future assume with background and inspiration the task of moulding the laws of our nation to fit its changing economic and social conditions.

As is usually with the case with an individual who, when he attentively pursues one object, is inclined to overlook minor though important details in the fulfillment of that object, so the Cluster, in its desire to promote the welfare of the Law School, overlooked all defects other than the need for adequate quarters; and now, humanly, after this object has apparently been obtained, we cast about for the next avenue of improvement. Our eyes immediately fell upon the fact that a law school of the size and quality of that of Mercer is capable of publishing, and should publish, a law journal, one of a type which will be a credit to and advertise the school, which will provide the law faculty with a means of expression to others than students, which will incite the students to a deeper appreciation of legal search and competition, and which will advertise to the legal world the type of young lawyers which Mercer is producing.

The year 1927 witnessed the law school form a legal club, a law club and obtain the promise of new quarters. The Cluster hopes that 1928 will witness the organization and publication of a law journal and the installation of the school in its new quarters. To me it seemed that I divined something like this endeavor and solution

creeping into the lines of his hardened face. He had vented his feelings and he began to feel a trace of sympathy for the shrinking brats in the corner by the stove; I was a bit startled at this aftermath to his tirade. And it was with surprise that I heard him continue:

"How much does that damnable wagon cost?" His gruffness he carefully retained.

"Just five ninety-five, papa," the spokesman of the brats hastened to say, brightening.

"Five ninety-five, hell. That's the Jew way of saying six dollars. Confound it, if I don't buy the damn thing I'll never hear the last of it. Go around to Ike's store and bring the thing round here and let me see it."

The brats scurried off, triumphant with delight and surprise.

As my second shoe was returned to me, the kids came back in, leading their prospective prize behind them. It was an ordinary child's express wagon, gaily embellished with bright yellow disc wheels. The cobbler, with his hands on his hips restfully, glanced with uninterested eyes at the wagon and mumbled to me:

"Five ninety-five for that. Mother Mary, Tommy, do you know what these kids have done? They've bought fifty cents worth of wagon, fifty cents worth of yellow wheels, ninety-five cents worth of receipt paper and four dollars worth of Jew. I ain't prejudiced against no nationalities in particular, but this sort of Jew Santa Claus business is a curse to an honest man. All right, you kids. You can have it. But don't let me hear another word about it."

The old man turned his face and beamed with a sort of satisfaction all his own. He whirled about as he felt the hand of his little son feeling for his hand. The boy was returning the nickel change out of the six dollars his father had given him.

"Keep the d—nickle, you brat," he thundered. "You've let that Jew knock the hell out of six dollars anyway, haven't you? And now you want to let him slap my face by throwing that five cent piece back in me eye. Git outa here and try to get some of your money's worth outa those yellow wheels."

And, as I walked out into the street with the happyurchins, I turned to look once more at the grumbling old cobbler. His face was hard. There was a tear in his eye.

PRESS INSTITUTE MEETS AT MERCER FEB. 16

(Continued from Page 1)

Content of schools. Dr. Soule will speak on The Influence of the Editor on Agriculture, and Dr. Duggan on Education as It is Related to the Press.

All classes of the institute will be held during the mornings, and in the afternoons lectures will be given by invited speakers. Emphasis has been placed on the evening sessions which have been planned for the editors, at which time they will have an opportunity of participating in round table discussions on state problems.

Five Classes Planned

Beginning at 8:30 o'clock, classes in journalism will be held for the editors, taught by members of the Mercer journalism faculty. There will be five classes: (1) Business administration, including advertising methods and principles, business methods and cost finding; (2) reporting, including newspaper style, etc.; (3) editorial writing; (4) editing, including copy reading, headline writing and make-up; (5) feature writing, including writing for Sunday Magazine sections and magazines and writing other types of articles.

The afternoon talks will be confined to discussions of the principles and ethics of journalism, the newspaper's duty to and its place in the community; the country newspaper, its problems and functions. The speakers are to lead in round table discussions.

The editors will be the guests of the university during the three days of the institute, and numerous social affairs have been planned for their entertainment. Editors from all sections of the state have signified their intention of attending, it is indicated.

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