

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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WHY EXAMINATIONS?

Last week students and other Mercer registrants crammed for five days, studying for exams. Did it do any good? Are examinations worth while?

The Cluster dares to oppose the average student's opinion and answer. Yes. One making a round of the dormitories and fraternity houses last week would have seen something unusual in these parts: at least ten per cent. of the students studying.

How much good comes of cramming is another question. Psychologists tell us that rapid learning is most permanent; yet one remembers just so much as he wishes to remember. Most so-called students purposely forget, the moment their names are signed to the exam books, everything they have crammed through their skulls the night before. Why bother oneself with such foolishness as math and chemistry when there is a good show in town?

Study for its own sake is eminently worth while, of course, but little benefit comes from learning for exams' sake. The Cluster, nevertheless, believes that examinations are worth while.

The reason is that in studying for tests, the student sometimes comes upon something that really interests him, apart from the fact that he must know it to pass the quiz. It sometimes happens—in frequently, it is granted—that the student finds unexpected meat in his subject, and is led to read more of it for his own sake—and not merely to please his Prof. by making a good grade.

THE TENNIS TEAM

It would seem that the weather person is entirely unaware of the fact that the time for tennis players to doff their awnings has arrived—or that, if he does know it, he is wasting no time in celebrating the event. But far be it from the purpose of this writer to waste valuable space in the editorial columns in making random comments upon the weather. (Those who desire literature of that class may purchase Liberty at any drug store.)

Last year Mercer's varsity tennis team lost Bivins and both of the Heyward brothers, leaving only Sharp to bolster the new team with experience. In addition the schedule, though small, was entirely composed of matches with teams of excellent calibre, among whom was the University of Georgia, whose star player was S. I. C. champion. The result of the season was, therefore, not entirely satisfactory.

This year, on the other hand, the entire team will be composed of those who have played upon it before, and who are almost upon a par with any players who have represented Mercer on the court. Logan Lewis, Jimmy

NO EXCEPTION

The Board of Trustees will arrive on the campus today for their second meeting of the year. Members of the faculty and the student body extend to them a cordial welcome, believing that they will see and understand the problems of the university and solve them to the best of their ability.

To some, the trustees are mere figureheads who come together during each school year to elect a new president or to discuss a few minor matters regarding the university, but if they might attend a meeting of the Board, they would be slower to censor their apparent shortcomings.

These men are handicapped by the lack of funds to the extent that they are forced to see their cherished plans for the progress of the university fall through. They cast about to see which corners they may cut in order to keep the school from running further into deficit.

Apparently money will always be the deciding factor in the history of higher education, and it has been shown that the South, in spite of the fact that it has made considerable advancement in education in the last fifty years, is far behind the North, especially in the matter of financing.

So, it is easily seen that the men responsible for the welfare of any Southern school have quite a few problems to solve, and Mercer's trustees are no exception.

NATION-WIDE EPIDEMIC

An epidemic of one of the most prevalent collegiate diseases in America prevails in the colleges of the country today. Unfortunately, there are no clinics, no infirmaries for the treatment of this malady. Students affected in college are impaired for life; the disease is chronic. Mercer has not escaped this disease, which is credititis.

College students are credit crazy. John Mercearian, like his collegiate contemporaries all over the country, worships honor points and grades. When such a condition obtains, true education—i. e., the acquiring of an inquiring and critical attitude—is made secondary and the worth of study for its own sake is obscured.

According to H. W. Holmes, dean of the Harvard graduate school of education, as reported in the Harvard Crimson, the trouble lies in the relationship between secondary schools and colleges. He says:

"Our students come to college 'prepared' but with hardly the beginnings of an education. Contrasted with the students in English and Continental secondary schools, they must be rated, age for age, markedly inferior. There is no thoroughness or consistency in our school system. Our schools suffer from a disease that keeps them permanently enfeebled—'credititis'—itch for credits, points, units and semester hours.

"The commanding problem in liberal education in America is the problem of unifying secondary education and collegiate education without denying the essential characters and modern development of either. To find a remedy for the existing situation is a difficult problem."

And who has ideas? The Cluster would like to hear student opinion on this subject. Mercer is full of potential teachers. Let's hear from you! Address the editor of The Cluster.

Sharp and Jimmy Glover have all returned, confident of winning the first match of the season, that with Emory.

The Cluster extends them its good wishes and expresses this desire, that by their playing during the season they may arouse such an interest among the students of Mercer in tennis, that the administration will realize the fact that some part of the business of the University might well be devoted to the maintenance of several good courts upon the campus. The students are already aware of this need, but only dormantly so; we hope that the tennis team will make it a crying want.

THE COLLEGE PRESS

—Agnes Vagabonds
—Why Girls Smoke
—Collegiate Verse

The Freshman class at Agnes Scott won a silver loving cup awarded by The Agnostic, college paper, to the class that put out the best issue of that paper. The freshmen deserved to win. Their issue was the best edition of The Agnostic that has come to The Cluster this year.

John Erskine, who spoke at Agnes Scott recently is reported by the freshman Agnostic as saying, in part:

"In the last decade, there has been a tendency to study literature from a new viewpoint. We are trying to get back to the point of view of the more ancient peoples who heard Homer. The average student of today studies literature by asking a fellow student to tell him what occurs in the story. When a class is asked to write the plot of the story, the teacher will find as many different versions as there are pupils. In the days when Homer was read, no two people heard it alike. Literature is the restatement, re-writing and modernizing of the same old material, and as time goes on, each generation prides itself on having reached the true version of the story, and each presents an entirely new one."

Agnes Scott has inaugurated the practice of vagabonding. Several lectures are given each day to which students may go if and when they please. Some of the subjects last week were: Decline of Italian Art after the Renaissance; Fox and the Early Quakers; Question Religieuse in France; Haeckel's Philosophy of Materialism; Early Flemish Art; and Chinese Buddhism.

If such lectures were given at Mercer how many students would attend? We don't think so, either.

The National Council of Woman's Pan-Hellenic has resolved against smoking by sorority members. It will use its influence to keep fags out of chapter houses. The Reveille (L. S. U.) comments:

"Smoking by women is entirely a question of attitude, of personal taste, and possibly of hygiene.

"If a girl, sorority or otherwise, looks upon a cigarette as a desirable accessory, lending a certain exotic finish to her ensemble, she will smoke. If she really enjoys it, she will smoke. If it is regarded by her associates as the correct and modish thing to do, she will smoke.

"She reasons, quite logically, that there is nothing in cigarette smoking which is degrading or immoral, and that, in the final analysis, there is very little difference between a man's smoking and a woman's smoking. Whether or not it affects her health she is not quite certain, nor is she greatly concerned."

TWO DEAD ROBINS

(By Lillian Shearouse, in The Watchtower)

What tragedy has happened here. Who has so rudely crossed These bodies here—Ah, tracks! it was The craven, Frost! Too long you lingered when your mates Had sought protecting nest; He numbed your wings, set foot upon Each crimson breast. The Spring for whom you lately sang. All tearful, bows her head. Then with her train moves on and leaves Two robins dead.

HYGIC OBSCULATION

(From The Wildcat, Louisiana College)

Though they affirm A deadly germ Lurks in the sweetest kiss Let's hope the day Is far away Of antiseptic bliss.

So, pray, let me philosophize To sterilize a lady's sighs Would simply be outrageous; I'd much prefer To humor her And let her be contagious.

The Stormy Petrel (Oglethorpe university) is a little paper that is improv-

SOMEBODY'S DREAM

By Hal Hartie

Spring 'as come
Spring is 'ere
Gone is Winter's glub and cher.
Hic-Hac-Hoc.
(Other Latin expressions just as expressive.)

huis, Huis, HUIS—Hic. Catch'hold Bill he's nearly gone.

He's gone now for good. We'll come back after him later. He should have told us what his capacity is—Never took a decent chaser. A. K. needs something even for a good Brother of Papa Taka Drinka Fraternity. If he had only told us "How Much."

Visions of turn tables, flying Jenny, five boys—quart each—bets—queer feelings—lovely feelings—lovelier feelings—steps—shoes—stockings—girl's stockings—ad in finitum.

Such a beautiful dance. I know they will be glad I'm here.

Yes, tell the orchestra they may begin now.

Craig, Music—Craig.
May I break? What say there? Yep—Thanks.

You bet.
All alone.
Dreamliness.

Recovery, that is part recovery.
May I? Such eyes. How'd old Fanny tonight? I'm sorta attached to Fanny myself. Who said I'm drunk? H'l no—pardon.

Alone again.
Meditations. Signs of interest. Five boys—one room. Full bottle. Hesitation. Procrastination. Consolation.

Five boys—one room. Empty bottle. Old Golds. Mints. Door opens and Brother walks in with new supply. Here goes.

Unique contortions on part of two neophytes. (All this is accomplished by sweet refrains from below.) More mints and decession to the dance floor. Comments cleverly put to bystanders. Groups talking about a certain sponsor, Jones County, whisperings, mutual understandings, Fort Valley, peaches, Seventy-five miles, Peach Festival in Fort Valley. Compares it to Festival of Peaches. Hefty laughs over bright analogy. Stick in hand, hat on head, leading orchestra better than anybody.

Applause. Bows, and more applause. Dreams and an urgent invitation to a ride.

Hic—two more hics in succession. Premonitions. Buick.

Two boys—two girls. Red lights—yellow lights—green lights. Air—fresh air. Such a face: I'm telling you, Dearly, if you ask me.

Dance again: Five boys, five pints. Imbibitions on all sides. Look at him he's nearly gone! Buick. Coleman Ave. followed by another short intermission. Bed. Dreams.

Well, we also did miss you at the banquet last night after the dance. Shelby Heights Club was an ideal setting. What happened to you? We'll forget that, though the thing is, are you expecting a big time tonight?

You bet and more dreams.

ing with every issue. The Stormy Petrel is printed on the university press, and shows excellent typography.

Says a recent issue

"Gilda Gray, the woman who has shaken the world with her accomplishments, is probably the dumbest white woman I've ever seen," reported Old King Tut, the Radio Nut, otherwise known as Ernest Rogers, to the Journalism class in an address last Wednesday. The speaker is dramatic editor of the Atlanta Journal.

"Now, Harry Houdini is really interesting," said the speaker. "When I went to his room to interview him, I found him on his hands and knees, peering under the door. The first feat of magic on record in the disappearing collar button, or unbuttoned-Houdini col-

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