

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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MR. NEWTON SPEAKS

The best reply to an editorial in The Christian Index of March 22, would be to reprint the piece in its entirety, and let The Cluster's readers judge for themselves...

Because Leo Harris was seriously hurt in an automobile downtown a few weeks ago, the editor of The Index draws these conclusions: (1) "They (Harris and his companions) have missed their rightful share of home discipline..."

Oh—it's useless to enumerate the insults. We quote further: "It is not likely that they would have been carousing after midnight instead of in their beds asleep after an evening of study..."

Among other logical deductions made by the editor is that Harris and his companions were "purposeless young spendthrifts." The Index even says that it is sorry for the purposeless young spendthrifts.

The editor of The Index further along calls those in the accident "aimless... pleasure-bent young drones," "parasites" and many other equally vicious and untrue names.

It all would be funny except for the fact that some people take such things seriously. Of course, everybody around here knows that the boys were sober, were enjoying themselves in a decent way, and were unfortunate in having an unavoidable accident.

OUR SERIOUS SIDE

A portion of the general public has the idea that colleges are nothing but sanctuaries of pleasure for the rich and the nearly-rich. Certain persons hold this attitude toward Mercer. The Cluster proposes to cite a few instances to the contrary.

We have at Mercer an organization known as the Baptist Student Union, whose purpose is to get college boys to go to Sunday school. It is a successful group. We have also a Young Men's Christian association, dedicated to serving God.

Two literary societies here are engaged in training Christian young men to be public speakers. Their success is evidenced in Mercer's championship debating teams. The Law Club and the legal fraternities are serious

THE PENDULUM SWINGS

With the exception of the Law School, Mercer probably has been better and more favorably known outside Georgia for its School of Journalism than for any other work. Two years ago when a student started to register for journalism courses at the University of Virginia, he was told that he should come to Mercer to attend the "best journalism school in the South."

There was some significance, at least, to the selection of Mercer as the place to hold the first Press Institute of the Georgia Press Association.

Only last week The Cluster carried a report of an article by Lawrence W. Murphy, editor of the official publication of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, listing Mercer among the eight institutions in the Southeast with a journalism curriculum deserving a rating of "A."

The effect which the recent action of the trustees will have will be to wipe out all of this record. Making journalism a division of the English department renders it impossible for journalism to be recognized by the association.

Had journalism at Mercer been a subject long taught and wallowing in the rut of indifference, the blow would not have been so great. But not so: the school of journalism is but eight years old, constantly maturing and gaining reputation rapidly.

When Miss Virginia Garner came here in 1920, the subject of journalism consisted of one class under the supervision of the English department. Miss Garner was instructed by Dr. Weaver to outline a curriculum for a full-fledged journalism school.

In 1924, Professor Edgar Estes Folk came at the invitation of Dr. Weaver to take the place of Mr. Sparks, the then full-time professor of journalism. Under his practical guidance the school continued to progress.

In a survey which was made in 1921 of the sixty-nine institutions offering journalism, Mercer was given an "A" rating, but Mercer's school was not eligible to join the American Association of Departments and Schools of Journalism, because it employed only one full-time and one half-time teacher.

ONE OTHER VICTOR

Too much praise cannot be accorded the man behind the scenes in any phase of endeavor. On the football field the coaches and managers labor to produce winners. If these products are successful, the crowd gives its acclaim, but principally to the performers themselves.

Mercer's debating team has won splendid victories this year. Vigilant of the fate of the victors is a man who has, in large measure, made their work possible. This man is Lewis H. Fowler, secretary of the debating council and coach of the team.

While we are congratulating Tom Cobb and Will Ed. Smith on their victories in the Carolinas, let us remember the work of Mr. Fowler and express to him the praise which is justly his.

groups endeavoring to advance an honorable profession.

The Newspaper club is no pleasure-seeking body. Its purpose is to raise the ideals and add to the knowledge of men who intend to write for the press. The Alembic club is devoted to the study of science.

The Mercer Volunteer band is engaged in soul-saving. Its members have dedicated their lives to God, have volunteered to serve Him. Similarly with the Ministerial association.

Yet some individuals still persist in criticizing college students, in general, for their pursuit of pleasure. Colleges, including Mercer, are dedicated to fun, they say!

Arlyle Ornelas and David Tunney, "Smile" of the year, show in The Thirteenth Chair of Wesleyan tonight.

A CENTRAL OFFICE

To those students who have suffered the inconvenience of having special delivery letters stranded at the dining hall or co-op, telegrams delayed or lost in the same manner, and emergency telephone calls lost because of the inability of the caller to find dormitory phone numbers in the directory, the need for some better way of handling these things is so obvious that it needs no discussion.

There are times when relatives or friends desire to reach men on the campus and are utterly unable to do so because of the fact that they are not acquainted at the dormitories, and it is nobody's business to look up the student wanted. If there was no serious side to this question it could be passed by as merely an inconvenience, but men are constantly wanted in emergencies by parents or others, who have no way to reach them.

If there were a central office on the campus in which one man would make it his exclusive business to handle such emergency calls, to route telegrams and specials for bewildered delivery boys, and perhaps to cash checks for students at other hours than the present one out of twenty-four, it would add immeasurably to the convenience of campus life.

An additional charge of twenty-five or fifty cents a term for each student would more than pay such a man; would furnish perhaps two students with employment, and would not be begrudged by those whose security it would add so much.

Dr. Bedford Knapp, president of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical college, has been elected by the board of trustees of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute to the presidency of Auburn. Dr. Knapp will succeed Dr. Spright Dowell, president-elect of Mercer.

Before going to Oklahoma A. and M., Dr. Knapp was dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Arkansas, and director of the State Experimental station of Arkansas. At one time he was with the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sam "Hole in Cannon" the divan, in his greatest role Friday night at Wesleyan.

STRIPS

By Strippy

Hubby tried to eat the biscuits. But he didn't—his teeth bent. For wifey ran out of flower— So instead she used cement.

"I know how far I can go and stop," said the hatpin.

Prof. Richardson: "Say, frosh, tell me what you know of nitrates." Frosh: "They are cheaper than day rates."

CHICAGO STUDENTS

Aw shucks! I've seen you some place. But I cannot recall; Was it at the theatre, or was it at the ball?

Oh, Yes! I remember now, My memory is never known to fail; Because we were "classmates," Graduating from the same jail!

Sam O.: "Do you know why L. L. sends Elizabeth a carnation every OTHER day, Omer?"

Omer: "No." Sam O.: "Well, he is saying it with flowers, and he stutters."

"Diogenes, what are you doing with the lamp?" "I can't trust these Greek women in the dark."

Yank: "Hick, who has your socks?" Hick: "Tunney."

Efficiency Expert, entering the office: "Who is that dried up runt in the corner?" Office-Boy: "De-Boss."

"Mother, pack my clothes in ice for I have a red-hot date to-night," said the fireman.

Bye, Bye Blackbird! Lemme your socks and lemme your shirt. I'm going out to-night, to see a flirt.

Bye, Bye Mercer! Where some Wesleyan waits for me, Sugar's sweet—so is she.

Hello, Hello Wesleyan! No one here will love or understand me.

All the hard luck stories they hand me. None of the Profs understand why—I go cross town to see my sugar pie. Mercer, Bye Bye!

He: Gee, I can't get my mind off of crazy things. She: Stop thinking about yourself.

Blue Heaven

I get a pain in my neck, When I think of my wreck.

That I have such— A Blue Heaven. A house painted red.

The neighbors think we're dead, My wife has a thick head. O Whata Heaven!

It has squeaking doors—dirty floors, And everything;

A roof that's a shower when its raining. Just Mollie and me.

And the other twenty-three, We're crowded in— My Blue Heaven!

"Hang it," said the judge passing sentence on the murderer.

"We both got stuck on this date," said the two fies on Tanglefoot.

Heard the Guillotine Song? Nope. What is it? "I Ain't Got No Body."

The town was in an uproar and everyone was stirring. Plinkinton would never have such a great opportunity. Everyone felt the suspense of the moment, for sixty of the leading men of the city were crowded in the outcome. They had risen over the heads of their fellowmen and deserved respect—but the crucial moment had arrived. Suddenly one of the men fell. "It cannot be!"

So they continued to stir the air and continued on their journey over the bridge.

An organization of banks working for the financial prosperity of Macon and Georgia:

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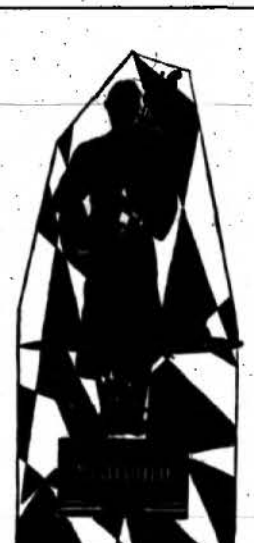
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