

Hugh Dozier Returns From Student Meet

George Hugh Dozier returned Saturday from the Southwide Baptist student conference of state Baptist Student Union, presidents and leaders which was held at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 22. Mr. Dozier is president of both the Mercer and the state B. S. U. and represented Georgia at the conference.

The purpose of the meeting, Mr. Dozier stated, was to draw up plans for the B. S. U. conferences for every state in the South which will be held in the fall of this year. He expressed the belief that the Georgia B. S. U. conference for this year will be held at Beasie Tift or Camp Wilkins if present plans materialize.

Dozier reported that there were fourteen state B. S. U. presidents and six Baptist student leaders present for the meeting which was held at the Sunday school headquarters. Carlton Prickett, former Mercer student, was present at the meeting, representing the state of Kentucky, Dozier said. The outstanding student workers present he said, were Frank Leavell, Southwide secretary of Baptist student work; William Hall Preston, a Baptist student leader of the South; Miss E. F. McConnell, traveling secretary for the state of Georgia; Dr. John L. Hill, book reviewer for the Southern Baptist convention. The latter, he stated, delivered the principal address of the meeting on "The need of Bible study, meditation, and prayer among college students."

OPEN FORUM

Editor of The Cluster:

With the passing of such rules as those making the students in dormitories refrain from boisterous talking and general noise making after 8 o'clock, making freshmen attend pep meetings and student chapel, it seems that we should have a rule to the effect that no Mercer student, other than a senior, should be allowed to play in any show that comes to Macon, even though his part be only that of a butler, policeman, or curtain puller.

This rule is suggested in order that such a student will not be in danger of carrying with him certain stage habits and mannerisms.

For instance, if a student should be fortunate enough to secure a position with a stock company he might, unconsciously of course, try to develop his stage appeal at the expense and perhaps sadness of the members of the different organizations on the campus with which he is affiliated—although he might not attend such an organization except at times when opportunity for public appearances is presented.

For instance, if such a student were participating in an intersociety debate he would be tempted to indulge in some of the following antics during the debate: consume a few minutes in apparent deep and thoughtful meditation while looking at his table; suddenly jerk his head up, nod, snatch a pencil from the hands of his colleague and write furiously for a short period; stop suddenly in his writing and glare menacingly at his opponent who has just made a pertinent statement; nudge his colleague and shrug his shoulders as he inclines his head in the direction of the opposing speaker; open his mouth wide and tap rhythmically on his teeth with the point of his pencil; turn his eyes skyward and fix his gaze on a light in the ceiling; assume an intensely bored look while moving tongue around in his mouth; showing disapproval at contradictory statement of opponent by making a grimace; stroking portions of chin where beard is sometimes seen as if a villain; after debate, nonchalantly putting a cigarette in mouth while awaiting decision of judges.

Such action would tempt the chairman to instruct the judges to vote "as you have seen and heard."

—Quintessence.

Roy Aven Uses Ammonia To Rout Enemy In Battle

By Reeves Lewis

Ring-g-g. "Tatt-nal-l—" Splash! A telephone booth was turned into a shower bath.

It was at the time students of other years were wont to burn "the mid-night oil." But today the modern student gathers at the corner pharmacy—it is much more attractive than books at the mid-night hour—and there eats, drinks, makes merry, for during classes on the morrow, he may die.

Thoughts of the morning's sirens—the dreaded death knell in the distance—have no place in the student's mind. He wants to play at midnight; and the pharmacy is the logical place. "The first guy that walks through that door—well, he'll just have to change clothes."

Swish! John McGehee's aim was true. Another Indian bit the dust. But Roy Aven thought the dust was rather damp. The aqua contents of a glass found a spot equidistant between his eyes.

His mouth spitting water, small streams running from his chin, and his eyes flashing through the mist that enveloped him, Aven ran to the soda fount.

Regarding the venement protests of Cotton Whitney—soda jerk non-de-plumes of the youngest boy behind the fount, a red-checked round kid—Roy grabbed a glass and filled it with gas and water. Thus

equipped with ammunition he began the search for the enemy.

From the telephone booth he heard an intimidating laugh. "You look swell, Roy. In fact, I think you are all wet."

Aven jumped in a chair and emptied some water on the enemy's strong-hold. The attack failed.

"Come out and Fight"

"Come out of there and fight like a man," Aven yelled.

"You know, Roy, I've been meditating that three-fourths of the world is water. Therefore, the chances are three to one that you were born a fish. Now, when that water hit you, didn't you feel at home?"

Roy had not studied chemistry to no avail. He had an idea. He knew at least, that a characteristic of liquid ammonia was a peculiar odor. Picking up a bottle and a soda straw, he made his idea materialize.

Roy blew the ammonia through a crack in the telephone booth. John blew the vapor out. The thin partition of the booth separated their blowers. Roy blew fast; John blew faster. Soon the whole drug store didn't smell like roses.

"Stop laughing, and gimme another bottle of his stuff," Roy asked a frat brother standing nearby.

When Aven turned his head, the battle turned against him. John suddenly pushed open the booth's door; Roy fell back. His query escaped through the doorway. Roy followed with a glass in his hand—and on down

the street out of sight.

The boys at the lunch counter realized that the fun was over. They paid their bills. In small groups and one by one they left the store not as jubilantly as they had entered. Their feet seemed to drag as they slowly retired to their rooms—to study!

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(SIGNED)

W. C. Fields

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