

THE MERCER CLUSTER

Published weekly during the college year by the students of Mercer

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Are we glad Little Commencement is over?

Spring is a time of much thought and little action.

A caustic senior of the university said the other day, "If we must have co-eds at Mercer let the eds select them."

As soon you know what oogenesis and parthenogenesis you are eligible for a big rosy red front seat in Professor Carver's genetics class.

Art gives much excuse for magnificent gestures, while science demands much research. This might explain the thousands of imitations of Rembrandt and the other old masters and the ten's of new inventions to aid humanity.

Cafeteria beans taste better now than ever before although they are the same old beans. At least this is to be inferred by the recent inroad made upon them by the cafeteria fans. No other clue having been found, the reason has been assigned to the general debunking influence of spring.

WE TOO CAN READ

Some literary critics will tell you that one man's thought, when written, becomes public property. This may be true. We do not care to argue the question just now; but we do maintain that one man's—or one newspaper's—exact diction does not belong to any editor who cannot conjure up a phrase for himself.

The Southern, weekly publication of Southern college, at Lakeland, Fla., in a recent issue runs a "leader" entitled "A Strange Animal," and discussing a species called "Polytics." With the exception of a few changes in wording, such as the substitution of Southern for Mercer, the editorial is the same as that published under the same title in The Cluster of March 8. The Southern writer forgets his figure and refers to Polytics as a "game." Otherwise there is no essential difference, even in the language.

The Cluster encountered a similar instance of plagiarism last year. Often our ideas are lifted. We have two exhibits of reproduction of language without credit.

It is interesting to wonder why college editors are given to plagiarism more often than professional newspapermen. Perhaps it is that they have ideas and vocabulary; perhaps less conscience.

At any rate, college editors should remember that their contemporaries read the exchanges.

A LITTLE TROUBLE

As The Cluster goes to press it is strongly rumored that students have been dismissed due to complications arising from drunkenness during last week's festivities. It was stated upon good authority that one man had been told he was not wanted at Mercer any longer, while another is supposed to have left under pressure. By now there are probably others on the dismissed list or else have had good cause to make a first draft of an explanatory letter to their parents.

The Cluster hopes that as many students will be retained at the college as possible, for the enrollment should be kept high.

Yet where the charges are for drunkenness it feels that strict action is justified by the faculty. If the charges are merely for taking a drink we will be the first to disapprove. There is considerable distinction between the two breaches of conduct.

There are some temperate enough to do all things in moderation—such as drinking; and there are others smart enough who, when they take too much alcohol, will be extremely careful to hide the fact or else to take themselves to places where they will not be seen. This class will likely enjoy a long career in one institution.

CLOSE YOUR EYES

Three teachers were dismissed and a fourth resigned in protest from the University of Missouri following sexual complications recently come to light in the state institution. Reports in the daily papers say the little community of Columbia, Missouri, the home of the university, is in a furore over the trouble, with the anti-sexes making the most noise. Something of this order is continually bobbing up, but this takes an interesting angle.

The tangeable cause of the howl was the sending of sex questionnaires to 500 male and 500 female students. The authors claim they hoped to make a study of the sex question among the young people and thought this an expedient way of doing it. Those receiving the questionnaires were asked to consider them seriously, not in a frivolous vein. In all but two instances the request was honored.

Thirty questions were asked, the frankest reading: "If you found a young woman to whom you were engaged had been sexually immoral would you break the engagement?" A sub note reads: "If she had been immoral for money?" Some of the other questions were on free love, unfaithfulness after marriage, birth control, easy divorce, whether the expense of dates should be shared by both parties.

These were the nature of the questions asked; but the mere asking of them caused the loss of four professors.

Yet the knowledge gained from the interrogation of the students might very well be the means to help eliminate some of the existing sex immorality, especially in young people.

Such indignation from the good citizens is not surprising, and in keeping with the time worn American tradition of "Close your eyes to immorality; do not admit it exists in this country." While European countries have recognized the existence of prostitutes and have taken drastic steps to prevent them spreading disease, America has let them roam the streets or ply their trade in unsupervised brothels, simply because they think it wrong to admit they live in this free country.

So it is in the Missouri case. The indignant public, realizing all the time sexual immorality in youth exists, nevertheless is shocked when some humanitarians frangly make public its existence and take steps to remedy the evil.

WHY STOP AT THREE?

Mercer needs more extensive athletic program. Although it may be more or less naive to do so, a large number of people judge a school by its athletic prowess and versatility. It is obvious that good athletic teams are the best and surest means by which a college can secure publicity.

While Mercer puts out consistently good teams in three of the major sports, football, basketball, and baseball, other branches of athletics that help round out a well balanced program have been neglected or ignored. Even track, one of the three major sports in practically every high school and college in the United States, has been missing from the sports curriculum for the past few years. Golf, boxing, wrestling, swimming, fencing, and other body building sports have been suggested at one time but have always ended in contemplation.

None of the above named sports require much money and in many cases could be coached by a student, which would cut down on the expense.

Aside from their publicity value these minor sports would give to the student body any number of ways in which to get off physical education requirements. Under the present system if a man is not adapted to the three major sports which Mercer now affords he must choose up sides and play childish games after school to meet these requirements, and miss the thrill which is found only in intercollegiate competition.

Mercer has a wealth of material on hand with which to build representative teams in many of the lesser sports, and other students would be attracted to the university to participate in them.

JAY BEE'S TWADDLE

An odor compounded of cosmetics, alcohol and sweat. Wide eyes, sleepy eyes, red eyes; eight-thirty class tomorrow, but what does that matter. It's Thursday night and the dance has been successful so far to all save Eliza. Somehow Eliza hasn't been clicking tonight and the breaks have been against her—at any rate they aren't breaking on her with any degree of alacrity. Why—It even seems that she is being treated differentially. "It just can't be hallic, for I know my listerine," she mused, as she glided around with her head on the dates shoulder—same shoulder, same technique. "If that cod liver oil add lid about it's efficacy in awakening the ole S. A. I'll never take another drop. Thank goodness it's over. Yes, I'm ready to go home."

Friday had just about dawned when Eliza got home, but it didn't mean a thing to her. She had gone to the opening night of Mercer's spring festival and hadn't got rushed. That'd make any girl sulk. Now, with prettiness, coquettishness and intelligence Eliza didn't click. Nor did she do any better Friday night at the costume ball, although she wore as neat a costume as ever enhanced female figure. She did have a good time and danced with at least one member of each frat, but still no rush.

Saturday morning Eliza took stock and found nothing amiss, but did note with some care that she was carrying excess baggage. Phred Slaw had advised her that if she wanted to have a big time at the dance she should wear the Bi Kay Hay badge and all the brothers would see to it that she met the visitors and other alumni and just be the thing. By the process of recall she discovered that about one half her dances were with the local brothers and the rest with her date. Maybe a brother's pin wasn't as valuable as Phred had thought. She left it off for the tea dance and Saturday night. Believe it or not, but it certainly did make a difference. Eliza staged a come-back. If Lewee Hoodink had been there she would have got a dance with him. They really rushed her and—if you wish—how!

The conclusion that the writer has been led to reach is that girls should not wear that particular frat's badge—or maybe I've missed the point entirely. It could have been that it's sharp outlines tended to become embezzled in the vests of the various brethren and caused them to think that they were stuck.

CAMPUS VERSE

A Prayer Made in a Need
I do not ask for violent love,
For winds that move through high tree-tops,
For careless passion that rides unbridled
Or gardens where shadowy lips lie waiting.

I would have a calmer love,
I would see her face by dying fire-light;
And then when dusk had turned to darkness
Would pour out my heart and kiss her gently.

And laughter there'd be in a lavender garden—
And hearts and love and smiling children—
Nights made for reading and gipsy
happily tired,
Contentedly I would light my pipe.
—William Froehrich

The Dawn: A Poem From
Lo! My Lady of the Dawn is beside me—
Long tapering fingers caress my hair,
Slim, grey beauty upon my bosom
But I am afraid,
Cowering, I cannot enjoy her fragrance,
For I have seen the blackest of nights
Have seen a night when love had vanished.

OPEN LETTER

Macon, March 28.
Editor, Mercer Cluster.
Dear Editor:
Since more co-eds are coming to Mercer every year it has raised the question as to whether Mercer shall become a co-educational institution in the true sense of the term or whether co-eds shall be excluded from the college. Professors and students alike are asking themselves the question.

One student who opposes co-education admits that they do no harm. He says, however, that they do no good. He points to Princeton and says that Princeton could not be Princeton if it had co-eds. I agree with him about Princeton. But I contend that if co-eds do no harm they must do some good.

Girls are essential to the social order. The true social order is essential to an orderly mind. The nearer girls are, the more orderly is the home and society. They are as natural as home and society.

Belief in non-co-education is a hangover from an age of Superstition and repression. Locking a boy in a dark closet for punishment is another of these hangovers. What the boy needs is to be led out into the sunshine and allowed to do something. What Mercer needs is more sunshine.

The broad attitude is the attitude of acceptance—not of repression. Acceptance eliminates the non-essentials. The acceptance of co-eds is broad because they are needed to make life as nearly normal as possible at Mercer. The fact that co-eds come is a proof that they need Mercer. They give different reasons for coming, but all the reasons boiled down mean this: they can get something at Mercer they couldn't get at non-co-educational institution.

The fact that Mercer is accepting co-eds is a proof that Mercer needs them. Mercer needs the girl-sunshine. I said that if we were bold enough to accept co-eds the non-essentials (objections) would eliminate themselves. It is argued that less studying will result if an institution becomes co-educational. But the boys in a non-educational institution like Mercer study only when they want to anyhow. They go to town when they want to be with a girl, or else go to some place outside of Macon where they can be with a girl. Why not bring the girl to Mercer, or let her come as she is doing? And if it is said that a girl will do less studying in a co-educational institution, it can be said in reply that she has to be made to study in a non-co-educational institution. She must follow a repressive routine.

Free discussions in classes can be carried on as easily with co-eds as without them. It has been proved in Biology classes at Mercer. The lowdown is only lowdown when we make it lowdown. Let Princeton be Princeton. We want Mercer to be normal for the normal is orderly. Let's get away from the boy gang spirit of adolescence at Mercer.

One student says he is willing to have co-eds come to Mercer if Mercer boys can be allowed to choose those who are to come. Let enough come and he'll find one he can pick. I believe in co-eds because I believe in having mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives.
Sincerely yours,
Boon Ordert.

And Tenderness wept in the streets.
Cried I for her but she did not hear me,
But Jealousy, the Dawn has heard
And slipping gently along through the tree-tops,
Has come to me through the sleeping streets,
Has enveloped me in her passionate beauty.
—William Froehrich