

THE MERCER CLUSTER

Published weekly during the college year by the students of Mercer

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The genial old gentleman who is overseeing the property of Mercer university at nights and persists in wearing a policeman's uniform seems actually to be doing a great deal toward promoting Mercer spirit. This must be very surprising to the college officials.

The Sigma Nu's have the honor of possessing the first fraternity owned chapter house on the Mercer campus. They have an ideal location, and it is to be hoped that eventually a fraternity row will be built about that nucleus.

We regret the loss of Charles Cork through the medium of graduation. Charlie found time while in school to maintain an exceptionally high average in the law school and at the same time contributed liberally to the Cluster. He will be greatly missed but we hope that he will make a great success in his life work. Mercer has lost a gentleman; the Cluster a valuable contributor.

Bessie Tift girls are evidently overcoming their inferiority complex. In last week's edition of the Campus Quill, the exchange editor quoted Mercer's Wesleyan correspondent in regard to the love Wesleyan has for Mercer. Along this line, it might well be suggested that the Mercer cafeteria use some of the over-supply of boloney in place of the conventional hash.

A JESTER'S COURT

There is something radically wrong either with the student tribunal or with the university. From a perusal of the constitution of the Mercer judicial body, one would think it is supposed to stand as the judge on any one violating the laws governing the student body.

But this is decidedly not the case. Recently, in a spirit of fundamentalist fervor which evidently came as a hangover from the spring drinking bouts, several of the good Mercer brethren on the faculty of the university indulged in the cut-throat pastime of eliminating an unfortunate student from the institution, either by expulsion or suspension. The question to be raised is not whether the punishment of one of the most blooming flowers of Mercer's manhood was deserved but whether or not the discipline committee of the university were the ones to do it. There is still room to wonder however why the professors didn't practice a little of the moderation they preach to those who drink in dealing with the suspects.

Now for a little historical background. The student tribunal of Mercer university is the school's humorous attempt at establishing student government on the campus. It is only known that the organization was established by some college idealist. To date it has been one of the historic college jokes, only comparable to that recent one beginning, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night," and has only been concerned with such epoch-making events as the question of whether or not Freshman DeBunker was seen without a green tie five minutes before the cafeteria opened for dinner or three minutes after it opened for supper. Only in two or three very exceptional instances has the tribunal handled a case of any importance. Is it the tribunal's fault?

Now we may drift back to the question of expulsion and the high cost of drinking in a Baptist

institution. The fact is known that the university made no motion toward turning any of the cases over to the student governing body, though it is also known that Quentin Davidson, judge of the tribunal, has said: "I know that our organization is considered a joke on the campus, but is the fault of the student body. If they do not bring cases to us we cannot try them just as when they trivial cases to us, we can only handle trivial cases."

Mr. Davidson is right except in this instance it seems that the faculty is in error. When one of the professors hears of a student's violation of one of the tribunal laws, is it not his duty to turn the case over to the campus court rather than presuppose judicial right and find an outlet for his moral wrath by trying the man in his own confines. Especially since President Dowell's signature (none original without) is attached to the constitution.

There are two logical courses in view, one, to do away with the student tribunal—and this would be an excellent plan since the average student's time already is too well-cluttered with meaningless club meetings—the other, to recognize the validity of a college president's signature, thereby realizing whatever good can possibly come from the functioning of the student tribunal.

TECH PLAYS HORSEY

The ramblin' wrecks of Georgia Tech would countenance no change in fraternity "horseplay," if their paper, The Technique, may be accepted as their spokesman.

An editorial writer for The Technique gave praise in last week's issue to "the time-sanctioned custom of fraternity initiations," and asked, "To challenge horseplay—is it not to attempt to turn the unchanging current of human nature?"

The Technique admits that the purpose of this "time-sanctioned custom" is that the upperclassman may repay "the obligation he incurred when a freshman; because the custom of horseplay impresses upon the initiate the imposing character of the occasion."

Imagine that! Such practices as belt wielding and anatomy thwacking impressing upon the initiate the "imposing character" of a ceremony at which the initiate pledges himself to the highest of ideals.

The Technique says futher that a spirit of humility and meekness "make for the freshman and thus for the upperclassman of the improved savior faire." The Tech paper worries for fear the abolition of horseplay might "decrease spirit."

The you-know-what-kind-of-engineers no doubt still hold to the 1919 model of a freshman: a genial, standardized go-getter who gladly submits to indignities at fraternity "rat courts" for the amusement and to satisfy the cultivated sadism of the more or less students who will become his "brothers;" who takes his licks with a "thank you sir" and believes that Georgia Tech is the best school in the world; who wants to become a typical college man and a "regular fellow."

The Cluster believes such a program leaves little room for the development of individuality, tends to stifle personal spirit in promoting a worn out thing called "college spirit," leads the benighted freshman to the judgement that it is better to be a "good brother" than a man with his own opinions, and increases the use of that horrible adjective, collegiate.

If the engineers disagree, we are ready to listen to reason.

CHEER-LEADERS

Why must a cheer-leader be elected? It is no wonder that Mercer finds herself without a cheer-leader at half the events in which she participates. Cheer-leaders are born—not elected. We think that the campus rulers are making a bad mistake in allowing the cheer-leaders to be elected. Why not have regular try-outs and a staff of cheer-leaders so that any delinquent ones may be painlessly removed from office.

We suggest that the President appoint a body—chosen from the students—with power to hold try-outs, appoint cheer-leaders from the number trying out, direct "Mercer spirit" campaigns.

Without an efficient body to direct, Mercer will find itself in the same fix next fall that it found itself in this fall. To say the least the cheer-leaders did not have the power over the student body that they should have. We need men that can lead us. On the football field the cheer-leader is an integral part of the game. But does it help the team when the cheer-leaders have their school-mates laughing at ridiculous antics rather than trying to arouse spirit? No! And neither will they next year if the student body is allowed to elect a cheer-leader. They won't take into consideration the fact they will elect the man they like best, regardless of his qualifications and disqualifications.

We call on the student body to remove the name of cheer-leader from the ballots, and appoint a committee to handle their appointments and to direct them throughout the coming year.

OPEN LETTER

Dear Editor:-

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns to Love." The telephone companies report that the number of calls going Wesleyan-ward have increased a good deal the last few weeks. Is it just because exams are over, or is it because of the merry spring-time? But then, "Love knows no seasons," so it must be examinations or perhaps (is easier to get out to the college these beautiful days, and the telephone is then the only lawful method of making dates. But then why the increase at the Conservatory? Is it that boys have just found out that there really are some sure-enough pretty girls over there? Or perhaps it is the fact that some of these winter romances—in which dear Mercer is "fish," have come to the end of their tether, opening the way for competition. Well, if so then some other of the "mighty" will play meal ticket next winter. Understand not all of them come out that way—but well Wesleyan is Wesleyan (naturally enough) and Mercer is Greater Mercer (when, in the course of human events), and they will play that way.

Oh Romance

Perhaps they think we play the game the same way. Perhaps we do. If so, what of it. There are the perfect Mercer-Wesleyan romances—the exception though rather than the rule. Our Wesleyan correspondent seems to differ from this view. Of course we must allow for the "banana oil" that one must put in articles of that nature, but even at that she seems a little over-done. Show us over five girls who expect to marry Mercer men and we'll go rejoicing. We'll even let you off with three—we know two ourselves that expect to—and are. Some may expect us to—but are we?—probably not!

—Joe College.

Campus Verse

From the Notes of Lincoln Wong
NBW TIDE
Beneath our bridge a boatman draws near
Holding a single sail.
The boat moves slowly, a rudder on each side.
The water ripples freely beneath the prow
Where broken nets are drying.
The fishman is sitting on a board seat
Idly knocking the gunwale with a knife.
At the door of the boat-cabin is a little child;
He is innocent and knows nothing
For he laughs heartily at the stir of the yellow waves.

SELF-ENTERTAINMENT

When drinking
I do not know:
Come sunset,
Come evening,
And when I drink,

Birds go to nest and travelers grow few,
But here I am.
When drinking,
I walk to the stream and see the moon bathing,
While falling flowers cover my coat.
—Les Pak—

Loneliness

There is none so lonely as I—
For I would know the secret shadows
Of her most inward thoughts;
Too, I would know the untouched joy
Of a union of hearts and minds and souls:
I would walk with her the highway,
Where we could see and feel the beauty of wayside roses together.
And there would be reading together and all-knowing silence.

But I must be content with loving—
With a kiss or a laugh or a careless word
Tossed to the winds.
I must be lost in the darkness of disconsolate day,
For I cannot ride the tempests
And I cannot know life.
There is none so lonely as I.
—William Frederick

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