

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 8, 1924, at the postoffice at Macon, Ga., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published by American Printing Co.

Subscription, \$1.50 the college year. Advertising rates sent upon request.

Cluster Poll

There is more significance in the result of The Cluster's prohibition poll which was announced in last week's edition than is apparent at first sight. Similar polls conducted throughout the collegiate world, as parallels to the Literary Digest poll, have given the "wets" a plurality of more than three to one. Out of fourteen colleges questioned by the "Harvard Crimson", student publication of Harvard university, only one returned a favorable vote towards the enforcement of prohibition.

It is well known that college students, given a chance to pass an opinion on a matter of nation-wide importance, usually adopt an attitude of devil-may-care and answer indiscriminately. Are we to suppose that this is just what has happened at other institutions where similar polls have been conducted, and that Mercer students gave the matter just consideration and decided in favor of prohibition?

The Cluster does not attempt to say whether prohibition is a success or a failure. Mercerians have decided that it is a success and it is up to them to stand by strict enforcement of the law. The Cluster does believe that the present dry laws can only be effective when enforced with firmness. The country must be either wet or dry, it cannot be on the fence.

With the right attitude towards prohibition it can be a success. Without strict enforcement the prohibition law will only tend to increase crime and disrespect for law. If Mercerians were sincere in their convictions, they can do much to crystalize sentiment in favor of strict enforcement. A few years hence the present student body will be the leaders in state and national affairs and they may be the means of solving the problems of prohibition, not only in Georgia, but in the nation as well.

Physical Education

Are six hours of physical education still required for a degree at Mercer? If so, how are students to meet these requirements? How are students who entered under old catalogs to complete their required number of hours? Perhaps by playing golf on one of the "Tom Thumb" courses or shooting marbles in front of Sherwood hall.

It is obvious that these requirements should be dropped, if they have not already been abandoned. Everyone knows that the attempts of the past year to hold physical education classes were a failure. Volley ball and indoor baseball all are grammar-school sports at the most, but when required of college students, many of them in their twenties and older, and under student instructors, neither capable nor conscientious, it is readily discernible that physical education has not been worth much to Mercer students in the last few years.

The Cluster believes physical education invaluable and welcomes any type of constructive athletics—but why attempt to make children out of matured men? If it were possible to have class football, baseball and basketball at Mercer, the Cluster would favor requiring six hours or more of physical education.

The only solution is to provide class athletics in the several major sports. At the present this plan is impractical for a number of reasons. Mercer has no gymnasium, thus basketball is eliminated. The

Declaration of Independence

Since politics began hereabouts, The Cluster has been as non-partisan as was practicable. However, twice in the last week definite attempts have been made to injure this publication. We rise in self-defense. Sunday, the Pan-Hellenic council voted to make efforts to control The Cluster's editorial policy. Stanley Reese was successful in putting through a motion, purporting to pass censorship on all editorials relating to the Pan-Hellenic. It may be recalled that Mr. Reese is reported to have been behind the recent "spite nominations" made for The Cluster board, when four men were nominated after the regular choosing of nominations in an effort to oust the board duly recommended by The Cluster staff, certainly the only group really capable of knowing the true technical efficiency of those working with the paper.

Naturally The Cluster considers Mr. Reese principal offender just now. We have no way of knowing whether he is the tool of so-called campus political bosses, or whether he is appeasing his personal venom, but certain it is that his actions are not for the best interests of The Cluster, the university, or, we venture to say, of Mr. Reese himself. Possibly Mr. Reese is unfamiliar with newspaper work, but censorship and personal hatred have no place in truly worthwhile journalism. If the editorial to which he objected was bad, the place to have started righting matters was in The Cluster office, not in the Pan-Hellenic council. The Pan-Hellenic has no more logical place in The Cluster office than has The Cluster editors conducting the affairs of Mercer fraternities.

The Cluster has no desire to cause unnecessary harm through editorials, but we believe that only by being free to comment on all events without dictation from any limited group on the campus can we produce a college newspaper worthy of the name.

Insofar as possible we shall try to be the friends of all, but the agents of none.

A Strange Animal

What is this thing called Mercer polyticks? Is it a beast of burden beaten occasionally to see if it is alive; or merely a product of the imagination held up to freshmen to frighten them with? We should like to know.

The other day someone announced that this chimera would be on exhibition in the chapel building—in that large opening called by some the holy barn. The entire student body let their feet guide them to the scene and saw nothing but a fine collection of Mercerians. Most of those present were conversing about something. We asked what it was and they told us it was polyticks. So this was polyticks. Well, the beast didn't look any too healthy; but then consider the grub it must feed upon.

It was a most disorganized beast. It had as many inhibitions and repressions as the president of a girl's college. It balked and kicked and squealed.

It stood up on its hind legs and demanded more "this" and more "that". Someone tried to sooth it but to no avail. It seemed to have views upon every conceivable subject, but could not express itself in understandable language.

Those who had seen the beast many times before said it had acted in this manner every since they could remember. No, they couldn't define the cause, but they believed it had a very low birth and didn't possess the advantages of any learning. Others said harsher things about it, which won't bear repeating.

After about three hours most of the spectators saw there was little use trying to understand it and straggled from the building. A few remained behind with the hope that the thing could be brought to reason.

The beast will be on exhibition in various places on the campus for the next few days.

(Editor's Note—With a few minor changes the editorial above is the reprint of an article which appeared in The Cluster last year about the time the student body adopted the "open politics" system now in vogue. Statements made herein are so pertinent to the present campaign that the editors thought it well to run the unique editorial again.)

athletic department is unable to supply the necessary equipment for class baseball or football.

So, for the present we must forget physical education, except for tennis, marbles and miniature golf.

CONCLUSIONS

By Carlos Copy

After sitting in on Monday's chapel meeting, and participating in several student bull sessions, I have come to the conclusion that the following things are true:

That after all, the Philadelphia Theatres, the K. A.'s and Pi K. A.'s have formed a coalition.

That it ain't right, it just ain't right to reveal Mr. Razzberry's record.

That the president of the Mercer student body has undoubtedly and undeniably been untrue to the student body that elected him, and especially to that clique that stands for more and better politics.

That, in the words of Mr. Geese, Mr. Scooge is an unmitigated liar. That the Happy Alpha (girls beware) fraternity et al. are cheats, tricksters and thieves.

That Mr. Gallopaway should by no means be considered in the Master Mercerian race because: 1. He is a Phi Delta Theta. 2. He has been talking with a . . . 3. He has been presumptuous enough to become notorious in three years.

That this right remarkable young chap, Scooge, often sneaks furtively into fraternity houses, pulls down the shades, and hisses, "How much have you got to offer?"

That Mr. Box (soap) has finally received the one white ball necessary to make him a brother, and that he was really on the sidetrack when Scooge's train went by. (Sixty fraternity men a minute.)

That Master Mercerian is the heritage of our forefathers, and that only a man who has given his life's blood (one-half of one per cent) for the university, and incidentally made nothing above a C. average, should receive the honor.

That dramatic art actually be carried into the field by public speaking, and that Mr. Grinner once played with The Scott-Mansfield players.

That Mr. Scooge is not by any means a fraternity man but that he has a friend in the Generous party who answers to the name of Andy Garbo.

That it ain't right, it just ain't right, and that furthermore, Mr. Pshawe and the rest of them friends of hisen ain't got much vocabulary.

That Mr. Grease and Mr. Razzberry did not (it ain't right, it just ain't right) trade any votes. That was Scooge. "Forty per cent!"

That the allegedly small minority at Monday's chapel session. (Choo . . . Choo . . . Toot . . . Toot)

That possibly Messers. Box and Spider were a little overtrained when the debate with Florida came along.

That, quoting Scooge, "Mr. er Mr. er, the gentleman on the platform attempted to get the floor but was stopped by experienced rail-road men.

That Mr. Pshawe really has paid his fraternity dues, and that though his pin is small, it is the real thing.

That it ain't right, it just ain't right to have to pay Scooge forty per cent.

That the snicker new boss, the A. V. T. Boys, and (what was that other fraternity, Mr. Sneeze) didn't pan Relatives.

That it ain't right, it just ain't right.

(Author's note—This was written in a spirit of good humor. The Cluster takes the stand to laugh at the whole proposition.)

At any rate, I hope this article won't keep me from getting the three votes I expect outside of my own chapter. (Whisper whisper. I bargained for them with Scooge. Forty percent.)

Sunday School Teacher — "And why did Noah take two of each kind of animals into the ark?"

Bright Child — "Because he didn't believe the story about the stork."

Types Like That

By Dudley Wood

The Faking of Boaz
 The Bethlehem Argus announced in its personal column that Miss Ruth Mohair a charming young lady of Moab was visiting Mrs. Naomi Mavis at her home in Duckley Hills. That was nice enough but not uncommon. Not a single Bethlehemite realized that behind this proclamation was lurking one of the most cunningly devised man-trapping schemes that a widow ever launched. Ruth liked these Bethlehem boys. They had money and they didn't last so terribly long. And if they wouldn't come to her she figured that it would be so easy to get to them.

Naomi thought a great deal of Ruth in spite of the fact that her own son had died not so long after marrying the girl. However, she didn't care particularly to take her back home. But Ruth was one of those aggressive things that you simply couldn't down. Said she:

"Look here, Mama, thou canst pull anything like that over me. I'm gonna go with thee!" Ruth was just that kind of a girl.

Well, Naomi carried her along and after they had been in town long enough for several bridge parties she says to Ruth:

"Ruthy, I'd like to see thou marry Boaz Elimelech. He's a boot-legger, they dost say that he has scads of dough and besides he's a regular old furnace!"

"I'm the little girl to keep his pressure up!" said Ruth.

"Now," continued Naomi, "the thing that you shouldst do is take a street-car out to his farm and start messing round in the barley-patch. I'll get Bo out there on some pretext or other and then see to it that thou dost thy stuff!"

"Check!" laughed Ruth. The little girl was getting tired of standing in the barley-patch when Boaz rolled up in the snappiest buggy in town. He piled out and rushed over to Richard, the hired man, who was shoveling about in the barnyard.

"Yoohoo, somebody just phoned that my chicken-house wa at aflamed!"

"She's out in yonder patch!" chuckled Richard.

And then Ruth strolls up in the raggedest pair of overalls you ever saw through and closes in on the bewildered Boaz. She twists his vest-button and says:

"Big boy, what shalt I do with this here barley!"

OPEN FORUM

To the editor:—

Last week The Cluster printed three editorials—one asking spring holidays, a second doubting the soundness of a recent chapel speaker's statements and a third hinting at narrowness and puerility evident in the preachments of an orator in similar straits. I once knew an old woman who, when mildly reproached for gossiping, would invariably reply that her whisperings were not wholly without cause, because, she would say, where there is smoke there must be a little fire.

Some have frequently accused your paper of catering to the sensational or controversial purely because it is sensational or controversial, and consequently collegiate, but I personally can foster no such accusation. Where the smoke of protest is so penetrating and stenchy, I hold that the cause—the fire, as it were—must also be there, equally as stenchy and disagreeable.

Each year the editorial calendar of The Cluster apparently calls for a vitriolic attack on the institution of chapel and its attendant evils, chapel speakers. This year has been an exception to the extent that no generalized protest has gone out. This is not as it should be and if no other way is open, I hope this remainder of over-fresh outrage may gain space.

Campus Chatter

By Hugh Kelly

Are you really glad that you are a Mercerian? Then why don't you be . . . Well, something is rotten in Denmark as well as here . . . And who would have thought it to be . . . ? Strange that supposedly good fraternity men should hurl ejaculations as . . . Well, some of these "great politicians" are "about as important as a period in a bowl of alphabet soup" . . . Don't call any names please, since true Mercerians are not to speak . . . Prominent fraternity man, Mr. . . . This is a pretty spot. I'd like to pause here and park". Fair Macon dame—"You mean you'd like to park here and paw" . . . I wonder how many will cry "Peccavi" . . . (I have done wrong) . . . That very unusual and extremely humorous student body meeting evoked exasperating remarks from all unknown sources which indicate that things will still be . . . "FRATERNITY HOUSES AT MERCER BECOME MODERN SPANISH VILLAS . . . THE EXCELLENT MUD-SLINGING HAS GREATLY IMPROVED THEIR APPEARANCES" . . . And it is a shame that some of it can't be used to improve the features of those "slinging it" . . . Two motions were unanimous in the meeting—"Open the windows" and "Spring Holidays" . . . Why couldn't there be more such co-operation? . . . MASTER MERCERIAN BECOMES "RAILROAD OFFICE" . . . WELL! HERE'S HOPING THAT YOU BECOME A UNION MEMBER AS WELL AS . . . YES! YOU CAN GET EXTRA LARGE HATS MADE AT . . . "Be nonchalant", light a Murad, and overcome that nervousness which is only present while . . . "Out for better and cleaner politics" . . . Some ought to start Sunday school and church attendance first . . . Whoopee! Who wants a Master Mercerian in their fraternity? Sorry I can't vote for you this time, since I am under obligations to . . . But say didn't we vote for your man last year . . . No! No! They're not all in "Sing-Sing" or "Tammamny Hall" . . . 'S funny that the "Square Box" did not come to life until a few days ago . . . High scholastic standing and outstanding in what . . . ? Yes, another "political move" . . . And not a single candidate for student body offices have admitted that they were a Phi Delta or Ciceroonian? . . . Now why don't they discuss that? . . . "Out for Cleaner and Better Politics" . . . "Life-buoy", "Lux", and "Ivory" is on sale at Tatnall Square . . . You can use the showers in Sherwood since the bath is out of order in your "SPANISH VILLA STUCO" . . . Why not adorn all fraternity members of these "coalitions" with a knife and application for membership in respective parties

"Ah wine."
 "What yuh got?"
 "Three axes."
 "No you don't. I wins."
 "What you got?"
 "Two axes and a razor."
 "Yuh sho do. How come you so lucky?"

Then there's the one about the Scotchman who wouldn't kiss a gold-digger because he had a gold tooth in his mouth.

A Scotch farmer had agreed to deliver twenty hens to the local market. Only nineteen, however, were sent, and it was almost evening before the twentieth one was brought in by the farmer.

"Man," said the butcher, "You're late with this one."
 "Aye," agreed the other, "but you see the didn't lay with the others."

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