

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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CLUSTER POLICIES:

- For abolition of office of Master Mercerian.
For deferred pledging by fraternities.
For spring holidays.
For student representation on student activities committee.
For operation of Campus book store on a non-profit basis.
For abolition of compulsory physical education until adequate facilities are furnished.
For remuneration to those working on the campus publications.
For whole-hearted support of Greater Mercer program.

Save The Tribunal!

It seems regrettably true that the only vestige of student tribunal, has so far this year revealed itself a farce. At the first announced session not enough members of the supposedly solemn body could be gathered to hold a court.

Such a condition demands drastic action. The tribunal should not exist unless it can exist honorably and effectively.

A complete solution would require detailed and deep consideration, and arrangements for such consideration should be made at once; meanwhile certain needs are immediately evident:

- 1. Every undesirable rule regarding freshmen should be repealed, and the tribunal should be lifted from the realms of a 'rat court'.
2. The tribunal should receive complete and effective support by the student body, which should cease to regard the tribunal as a police force, but solely as a judicial body.
3. The tribunal should have the backing of the university including the discipline committee and the business office.
4. The officers of the tribunal should acquaint themselves with correct tribunal procedure and with the duties of their positions.

The Birmingham Game

Coach Russell and his football team this year promised us that they would be a fighting aggregation. They were frank to admit that they might not win every game, in fact, would not do so, but they did contend that when they went down in defeat, it would be only after the opposing team rolled up a score against every ounce of resistance in them.

They proved their worth last Saturday when they turned back a heavier team doped by sports writers generally to be way out of their class. To us, that victory wiped out the sting of every defeat we have suffered this year, and from us goes our sincere admiration and warmest loyalty to a small but determined squad of football players who have been fighting here at Mercer for more than a mere record of games won and lost—who have been fighting for a new Mercer spirit.

That hackneyed and much overworked term—Mercer spirit—has undergone a radical change of meaning at this institution this year. If it were but possible for the team to infuse that spirit into each student, each friend of the university, and each of the graduates who call themselves alumni, then perhaps we could see far enough beyond the immediate blanket of poverty surrounding us to the future of a great institution—a future built upon those two characteristics which have inspired the squad—faith and fight in the face of odds.

We care not particularly if the team wins another game, so long as they continue to fight as they have fought. Fight they will. And sooner or later, that fight is going to win another ball game.

Sawmill Manners

The student body in chapel Monday gave a disgusting exhibition of childishness and poor sportsmanship. In the opinion of The Cluster such a display of ungentlemanliness is much worse than any disorder at football games, for which Mercer is already been soundly berated this year.

Regardless of boredom and hard seats, rank impoliteness should not be tolerated. The college man should give outward evidence that he is civilized even though at heart he may be crude and uncultured. The speaker should be treated as a gentleman since he is talking on the assumption, vague though it be, that his audience is composed of gentlemen.

It is a familiar saying that associations made in bull sessions are over half the value of college. If this is so and if Mercer students continue to demonstrate such a abysmal ignorance of manners, then it will be better to leave school and go to a sawmill camp. There at least you will find some vestige of decency, although it may be dressed in uncouth fashion.

A LOW GROWL AND A HICCOUGH

By Ted E. Baer

There is a certain grandeur about old Mercer that you aren't apt to notice until you've been away for a while. In spite of the dirty things that the students may say about the school, I don't believe that there is one of us who doesn't get a thrill when we come back to Macon from a distance and see the towers standing high against the sky.

We cuss about chapel, rave about the cafeteria food, rant about the professors, and condemn every single item of notice, but we come back to Mercer. Something about the spirit of the student body, whether it is manifested at the games or not, seems to pull the old bunch back every year.

And while I'm on the subject of student criticism of the university, I might as well say that I heartily disapprove of the whitewashing of the walls of the cafeteria. It may not be whitewash, but that's what it looks like to me. Somehow the now color of the walls has cost the cafeteria no little of its distinction.

Speaking of bull sessions, if the profs could only overhear some of the confidences that are passed when a bunch gets together and

starts panning said profs, a much larger percentage of students would fall. And if they could overhear a session in which the cheating on the campus is discussed, few students would ever get out of school. Yet all admit that they don't feel right about cribbing when the prof puts them on their honor by going out of the room ruring tests and exams.

Speaking of statistics, last year we got into a bull session and somebody brought up the subject of kissing, and how much it shortens life. We found what one 'eminent scientist' had to say about it, and how much each kiss shortened life, so we figured up how much we would lose on one thousand kisses. The answer was less than one week.

If the suspension of the members of the football squad who were breaking training was a mistake, you'll have to talk to me a long time before you can make me believe it.

If the professor who interpreted some beautiful passages from the Bible and got a small razing for his pains, had told dirty jokes or done something else to pamper the tastes of the student body, he would have had the attention of all especially on the jokes.

All of which makes me wonder just what we get out of college anyhow. Any uncouth and unlettered pool-room bum can appreciate assninity and filth. Education is supposed to lift a man above such and give him a taste for the finer things in life. We are supposed to get an education here, but maybe it doesn't take.

And to all who are interested, I don't happen to have a course under the prof mentioned.

SIX YEARS AGO TODAY

The Cluster, Nov. 7, 1924

Freed from sticky little fingers clinging to their skirts, Mercer mothers are now able to attend classes on an equal basis with other students, through the installation of a kindergarten at Mercer for children living on the campus.

Riley McCoy, Noble Arnold, Parson Chandler, and Roy Hurst selected as endmen on glee club.

R. H. Cason, R. I. Gunnels, and E. H. Ward named on Ciceronian's debate team.

Mercer's new radio broadcasting station, WMAZ, will broadcast its first program on Armistice

Day, Tuesday. Programs will include your university courses as well as various presentations of Mercer glee club, band, orchestra, dramatic club, and other organizations.

Mercer will participate in the Armistice Day parade through the heart of town on Tuesday, celebrating the fifth year of peace since the World War.

The business managers of the Mercer Players have written to Constance Talmadge in an effort to secure the original costume worn by her as the heroine in the movie production of "Goldfish," under consideration for the players' production of 1924-25.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

A Symposium Of Student Opinion

The Cluster wishes the opinions of the students on various factors in college life. In order to make the compilations as representative as possible, everyone should fill in the form below and drop it in the box provided in the Co-op. Your opinion will be regarded as confidential by the staff, so do not be afraid to say what you really think.

Your name
Your class
What is the most interesting course you have taken
The least interesting
Do you drink
Do you countenance drinking
Do you think it possible for co-eds at Mercer ever to be popular with the student body

Do you believe in fraternities
Do you favor subsidization of athletics
Do you think the grading system now is use is just
Is your purpose in coming to Mercer primarily to get an education
Name any members of the faculty that you think should be removed from office, not from personal dislike, but from lack of ability
Do you believe in an heavy accent on extra-curricula activity
Do you think Glee Club, Cluster, Mercer Players are remunerated in proportion to their benefit to the school as compared with athletes

Over The Camp

By William Slatery

FRAT LIFE AT DEAR OLD MERCER

In The Year 2000

The clarion tones of a bell resounded throughout the halls of the ma Pappa house, summoning members to the regular Wednesday night meeting. The boys, trooping through the doors of the chapter room, dressed in their pretty frocks and gowns, some of them still applying lipstick and rouge to their dainty faces.

"Oh, is that so?" shrieked Oswald, facing his accuser with pretty anger. "I'll pull your hair if you say such mean things about me!" "I'll snatch you bald-headed if you do," promised Mariah indignantly, and then you'll have to get a new permanent from your hair-dresser. Dear me. The one you have now looks hideous, anyway.

"Now you keep still, you doggy thing!" wailed Oswald, becoming hysterical. "Come to meeting," cried the president, Petro Halfpint, bearing the heated debate.

Soon all the fellows were seated carefully around the room, their lower limbs crossed carefully because there were no girls about, and all striving to show their gowns to the best advantage.

"Such stockings, My dear, they were pure silk, and only three dollars—! Think of it—!" "But Myrtle kept begging me, so I finally let her kiss me—"

Such was the incessant chatter which flew about the room. Petro stopped this, however, by fearlessly tapping his long amber cigarette holder loudly upon the table three times, and demanding that the boys come to order.

"Is there any important business?" he asked anxiously; "if no we will dispense with the opening ceremony and retire to the closing, because it is almost eight o'clock and we all need our beauty sleep."

"Oh, but Harriette has a date with me," protested Percival Highpocket, a freshman, and she's coming after me at eight o'clock."

"Well, you must be back by at least 8:30," pronounced Petro. "Oh, let me stay until 9:00," begged Percival.

"Is she very rough?" giggled Cecil. "Yes, she's some cave-girl," admitted Percival, but I know just how far to let her go."

A horn sounded outside, as a plane alighted on the yard-glide. Oh, there she is!" cried Percival joyously; "I think I might vamp her into popping the question to-night," and he ran out the front door.

"I didn't tell him he could go," cried Petro indignantly. "I shall chastise him mercilessly for this!" "Give the freshman five slaps on the wrist," suggested Archibald. "Mercy no, that's too harsh!" protested Cecil. "Make it just three!"

- WHAT MERCER NEEDS MOST
1. A noisless alarm clock.
2. A parachute to descend from rumble seats.
3. Pure food laws at the cafeteria.
4. A non-shrinkable dollar.
5. A permanent trouser crease.
6. Safety catch for grape fruit.
7. A calendar without the end of the month.
8. A substitute for...