

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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TO THE STUDENTS

This issue of The Cluster is the first to come out under the administration of the new board of editors. It is not essentially different from the two preceding issues, put out by the same staff, but this issue was put out under different conditions.

The Cluster wishes to take this opportunity to thank the student body for its confidence in the election held last week, and to comment, somewhat deprecatorily, on the issues of the paper thus far. We realize that our paper is far from the best in the world but we ask that the student body bear with us for a while, anyway, until we have had a chance to improve our technique.

The aim of the Cluster is to print the news that would be of interest to the university as a whole, and to comment on timely problems, of vital interest. We realize that we can do nothing without the support of the student body.

It is your paper. If there is something in the way that it is run you don't like let's hear from you. We appreciate constructive criticism. Remember that it is your paper—and you are at liberty to voice your opinion of any university matter.

OUR APPRECIATION

To that group of students who have endured the grind of daily practices, have renounced many pleasures and freedoms, and have fought to the last whistle for the Orange and Black on the gridiron, we wish to extend the congratulations of the student body and thousands of alumni and to say a word of appreciation for their efforts. To every man who donned a Mercer uniform during the current season, whether he scored the winning touchdown or watched the game from the bench, we would do honor. We especially want to thank that group of boys who continually went out to practice with little or no hope of seeing service in the game as a substitute. While it is easy to stick to a game when your name is in the line-up and in the headlines, and when you are answering the applause of the crowd, it is very hard to continue to go out without winning recognition from anyone. It takes courage, love for the game, school spirit, and a man's determination; and the student body appreciates your work more than words can express.

This year's edition of the Mercer football team is perhaps the greatest in the history of the school, and much of the credit must go to Coach Lake Russell and his assistants. These men have labored under great handicaps, working with a small squad, losing the greatest center in the south in the second game of the season, and having to develop a new pivot man, nursing the injuries of other star players, and with a menu calling for a traveling schedule of over 6,000 miles; yet ending the season with seven victories, one tie, and two defeats, including an overwhelming 20 to 0 win over the traditional foe—Oglethorpe, (in their own home field), and produces a powerful team composed mostly of juniors and sophomores that has won a nation-wide recognition. To these coaches we extend our appreciation and congratulations.

More power to the team and coaches next season and may the Mercer Bears win the S. A. A. and Dixie Conference championship.

A NEW MERCER

On December 7th, there will be a joint meeting in Atlanta of the finance committee of the Georgia Baptists and the endowment committee of Mercer. The primary business of the meeting is to elect six more members to the finance committee, that body of men which will have charge of the campaign to raise \$2,500,000. Dr. Dowell will be there body and soul to put in an added punch for Mercer.

We don't know whether the students of Mercer quite realize the significance of this meeting; in any event, we think it an opportune time to direct their attention to it. At the meeting some ten days ago of the Georgia State Baptist convention in Atlanta, the committee on finances recommended that the Baptists of the state join Mercer in a drive for \$2,500,000. Other colleges represented, realizing that Mercer is the oldest and largest Baptist school in the state, graciously gave Mercer their time and support at the Convention. A group of capitalists, whose names were not divulged, promised to give \$5,000,000 if Mercer were successful in raising 2,500,000.

Mercer, nearing the one hundredth year of activity, has reached that crucial point in the progress of all endowed colleges. She must either make a sudden, rapid stride or sink slowly into oblivion. It remains for the Baptists of Georgia to decide definitely on this question. It is up to them whether or not they will let an institution as old as Mercer with her traditions, and her record of turning out successful alumni, fall to pieces.

To the students, the success of this campaign means better equipment, an enlarged staff of teachers, better dormitories, new buildings, and a gymnasium. It means even more than these improvements: it means that a diploma from Mercer in the next two or three years will be worth a great deal more than a diploma several years ago.

As for what Mercer students can do, there is little to be done except to keep faith in Mercer and talk Mercer and her plans for the centennial celebration of 1933 at every opportunity.

LEADERSHIP

We wonder why leadership seems to be considered such a social error? What sort of complex has this student body that makes everybody afraid to assert any leadership? We really believe that if something as important as a complete plan for an honor system were brought up in student chapel, there would not be a single student who would express an opinion on it; and if it were brought to a vote, we believe that about half of the student body would not even have sufficient ideas on the subject to vote.

The only reason we can think of is that we have such an inferiority complex that we are afraid to say or do anything, and that we resent anybody doing what we are afraid to do. It can hardly be said that nothing needs to be done. Certainly we spend enough time griping; but nobody dares to advocate anything constructive.

By leadership we do not mean merely holding office or running nit wit organizations. Accepting the honor of an office without accepting the real responsibility of leadership is contemptible. What we mean by leadership is helping to form the ideas and attitude of the student body. If the few men who in intelligence and experience are qualified to lead would have guts enough to have and express constructive opinions, we could soon make a real college out of this institution.

HELP THE CAULDRON

In the boxes at the postoffice the students found a questionnaire. Most of you seem to regard it as a mere scrap of paper, worth nothing more than to litter up the floor. To the group of hard working students who prepared this and had them put in your boxes, it is something of extreme importance—if they did not so consider it, they would not have spent the time and money necessary to distribute them.

These questionnaires were sent out by the business department of the Cauldron for the purpose of getting approximate figures on the average expenditure of a Mercer man. The value of these figures in getting advertising cannot be over-estimated. When an advertising solicitor goes up to a business house and can give them in cold figures the average amount that is spent in their line by the students, their chances of a favorable response is at least doubled.

It is true that it will take you a little time to fill out these blanks, but it will take you only a few minutes. Those few spare minutes of your time are worth dollars and cents to the Cauldron, your publication.

Think it over, fellows, before you tear up those blanks!

-J. W.

A Co-ed's Impression of the Mercer-Oglethorpe Game

By Cynthia Clemens

I went to Atlanta to see those Gr-r-rand old Bears claw up the Stormy Petrels of Oglethorpe; an', I'm tellin' you, my grandchillen (po' things) will suffer from it. Some Thanksgiving day, yearn' years from now, I'm goin' to gather the little tots aroun' my weak ole knees to tell them of a Turkey Day that "granma spent when she was a co-ed at Mercer." Here are some of the things I'm gonna remember to tell them:

The trip up in a smoothly runnin' car with the grandest comp'ny in the world "Der Tag" a nat'ul-bawn footballish one with the blue, blue sky an' that good ole fallish nip. The arrival at Merc'ah's headquarters, the Winecuff, an' THE TEAM hangin' over the rallin' of the mezzanine floor, 'most fallin' on their precious heads tryin' to see ALL of their admirers.

The lobby filled with Merc'ah men, past and present, most givin' forth the odor of nice fat cigars and (whisper) nicer Georgia beverages. A laughing group near the do'. Jimmie Wrens, Harry Lane, and Veazy MacGinty grinnin' over Harry's shoulder as of old. OUR Dr. Lee and "Uncle Herbert" Smart (bless 'em) rushing importantly everywhere, slappin' backs, and shakin' hands.

Mr. Pinkie Walden rushing down from his team-mates to greet his friend-wife. The most eligible young bachelor of the Mercer faculty rushing from a perfectly exquisite "date" to an uninteresting ole 'phone booth—(some men's tastes). Everyone buzzing, laughing, and shouting at everyone else, and everyone else's friends.

THE GAME. The arrival at Hermance Stadium forty-five minutes too early and the last chance to make an effective entrance. The quarter hours being chimed off by Oglethorpe's famous clock. The coming in of the whole Mercer world and his brother 'n sister 'n gal-fren'—'n then THE TEAM—all marvelously big 'n brawny 'n han'some—not at all the boys with whom one listens to lectures everyday. How a uniform does increase a man's attractiveness! The storm of clapping which greeted them. And the Petrels' entrance all dressed in black jerseys 'n white helmets (more a la Empress Eugenie than those of our own Grecian gods). Shouting from the Oglethorpe (I do wish that word wasn't so long) cheering section, which was full of pretty gals 'n han'some men, all carrying and wearing their gold 'n black ribbons. The Petrel band and its peppy and really original "piece de resistance" which wasn't "Glory" or "Hallelulah"—the line-up—the whistle—the kick-off.

Oglethorpe's swift advance down the field which I didn't see, because I was looking too hard to see who was playing on OUR side. Mercer sayin', "NO," quite effectively, Pinkie gettin' away for thirty yards, no more, and the satisfied look on his face as two Petrels bumped him on terra firma. Fumbles and more fumbles. And THEN Pinkie's slidin' loose again for a TOUCHDOWN. Chunky, hard-pluggin' "Shorty" kicking the goal—and the score man slidin' in a 7 for Merc'ah.

'Nother kick-off and Ernie Zinkowsky (the boy wonder, really, he's only eighteen) goes in for heroic Pinkie and proves that he has a right to his rep for steppin' by draggin' in another score for the Baptist school (aren't I gettin' sport-writerish?) and he does it by catching a thr-thrillin' pass meant for some unlucky Stormy Bird. The see-sawin' back and forth, broken by a tense moment when "Nat" Razor (I put the quotes around the wrong thing) is knocked down and fails to rise (for the first time this year, so I hear), but they splash water on him and he gets up. The crowd cheers, and the game is again on. But not for long—THE HALF—

Th' Petrel band with th' cute lil' caps 'n capes and that cocky good-lookin' goose-steppin' drum-major. Their chivalrous gesture in marchin' before the Merc'ah fans and playin' with much gusto—"Glory." And how those Bearish people yelled. Then their Alma Mater—the silent stands—the Mercer team standing at attention—Coach Russell holdin' his hat reverently over his heart an' all th' while plotting dire mischief with the "Skeeter." Tom Veazy limping down the side-lines (for the first time without his crutches) to be with his team. AND AGAIN THEY ARE ON THE FIELD.

Pinkie returns and "Big-Brother-Bob-Smith," who is carryin' the line, yells encouragement—the encouragement working, because Pinkie again slips loose for 6 points. Harry Lichter on the bottom of every tangled mass. "Swede" limping around with his bad ankle before the play, but watching th' Birdie very closely and spilling him at th' very first opportunity. The line tearin' in most ferociously—passes whizzin' thru th' air.

And then the exciting near-riot when two slightly—oh, so slightly—inebriated gentlemen are apprehended by the police—and other dittos going down to take their weaker an' more sinful brethren from the Law. The menacing look on "The great Red" Camp's face when Penfield Hall's "butler" was searched for contraband liquid. The enthusiastic Mercer man, "RAT BINNS," who offered to "clean up Atlanta" by "beating Tech right after the finish of Oglethorpe"—and the supercilious grin on the face of the Tech footballer who overheard him.

The never-say-die spirit of the Oglethorpers in defeat, whose band (now miraculously changed to a jazz orchestra) entertained the crowd with "Dinah" and "Saint Louis Blues" long after all hope of victory was gone, and their true Southern hospitality in inviting EVERYBODY at the game to a tea-dance directly after.

And the two gentlemen in front of me who bet on whether Tetley's or Lipton's would be served, and the same two gentlemen who yelled alternately throughout the game for Tulane and Tennessee. And our second team stopping Oglethorpe in her tracks. And the end of the game, 20 to 0, in our favor. And the "Coach," The Team, and you, and you, and you and me.

And the ride home under a glorious full, red moon.

The Plainsman gives the best definition yet for closet: "A place in which a girl keeps most of her clothes when she is dressed up."

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