

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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WELCOME! WELCOME!

The Cluster wishes to take this means of welcoming back to Mercer the students who have been here before, but particularly does it want to welcome to the university the students who are here for the first time.

Neither time nor space permits a lengthy discussion of Mercer. Some students, no doubt, are quite familiar with some of its traditions; others know very little to give a brief account of Mercer, and to tell about some of the things for which it stands.

Mercer is entering the centennial year of its scholastic activities. That, alone, should speak for the permanence and reliability of the school. Although never a large university, in the sense of enrollment, it has graduated from its classrooms perhaps more of the outstanding men in Georgia, in proportion to its size, than any other college in the state. Legislators, lawyers, medical men, and other professional men all over Georgia Mercer numbers in her alumni. It is with a feeling of pardonable pride that we say we are proud to be students of Mercer.

It is with a feeling of pride, also, that we say we believe we were especially fortunate in being students at Mercer last year, when, for the first time in the history of the institution, an honor system was installed. To new students, perhaps this doesn't mean so much; but to the older students, it means the difference between a university with a genuine school spirit and a rapid, lifeless sort of institution where students just "attend."

All of this brings us to what we started out to say—not that we foolishly, but honestly, think that there never was another school like Mercer; that we mean to rest on what laurels Mercer may have won, or what we think she has won, in the past—but we know that Mercer, with a hundred years of experience and tradition behind her, is destined to live far into the future. It rests entirely on the present students to make Mercer—not just live, but to live vitally and wholeheartedly.

In a word, we need cooperation. There will be, from time to time, student activities, university business, and other things to demand students' time and interest. Volunteer to do your part. It is only fair that the responsibility should be divided among the students. Don't try to be a recluse just because you think it is ultra-smart. Try to get into Mercer activities. Every thing you do is deeply appreciated. You might not be told this in so many words, but you'll soon learn that active work is one of the surest means of becoming popular—and we want all students to be popular. And above all, support Mercer's athletics by attending the games and by continually boosting Mercer to your acquaintances. We've got a football team that the South is proud of, so we surely ought to be.

The Centennial Year

It is a time of joyous celebration, of unusual happiness, because of Mercer's hundred years of service and tradition. As the students return to the campus there should be a renewed determination to realize those lofty ideals in life which the institution has stood for during the past century. Certainly members of the student body should manifest their interest in Mercer's hundredth birth year by songs of joy, cheers for the athletic teams, and by renewed interest in extra-curricular activities; but a far more profitable way in celebrating the occasion would be for every student to grasp the ideal "Mercer Spirit" and cherish it as a life's ambition. The real Mercer spirit inspires one to a service that could result in nothing less than earthly success; the Mercer Spirit would suggest a devotion to God that terminates only in everlasting glory.

For a hundred years Mercer has been training men. Her sons are numbered in the halls of the great; some have attained congressional posts, many speak from the pulpit and lead the way in right living, others are pioneers and leaders in business and industry, while still others lend their efforts in developing those of future generations, but wherever you find a Mercer man, you will find one contributing a service to society and civilization. Mercer is an institution that serves. What more could one ask of a college? Justly we are proud of the name and its traditions.

The Cluster

Welcomes

Freshmen

and

Upper-Classmen

Back to

Mercer's

Campus

Do

Your

Part

in

Making

Mercer

A Bigger

and Better

Institution

DR. SPRIGHT DOWELL

By Roy Rhodensiser, Jr.

(This is the first of a series of brief biographies of the members of the administrative body of Mercer University)

On January 2, 1978 in the small town of Cary, North Carolina was born the man who was destined to become the president of Mercer University, Dr. Spright Dowell. Dr. Dowell's father was a baptist minister, and he wanted his son, Spright, to study for the ministry, but young Spright had a different idea—he wanted to be a school teacher. Young Dowell displayed a remarkable aptitude for study, so remarkable in fact, that in 1892 at the age of fourteen he entered Wake Forest University, and four years later he received his A. B. degree.

Spright Dowell, the young college graduate accepted a position as principal of the schools in Birmingham, Alabama, and thus he became Professor Dowell. Professor Dowell, he school teacher, had more spare time than Spright Dowell, the student, so he took up athletics as a pastime. Track and baseball must have been his favorites, for it was in these two sports that he excelled. The future president of two colleges gained fame on the track as a sprinter, and it was this sprinting ability coupled with the art of catching and hitting a baseball that earned for him a position on an amateur baseball club that was considered the best in the whole state of Alabama. Spright Dowell might have become a future Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth, but the desire to study caused him to resign his baseball position and to resume his studies during the summer months. For two summers he studied at the University of Tennessee and latter Columbia University from which he received his Master's degree.

A man with such ability must soon be recognized, and after several promotions in the department of education, Spright Dowell, A. B., M. A., was appointed State Superintendent of Education by the Governor of Alabama, Charles Henderson, on October 1, 1917. The L. L. D. degree was conferred upon him by the University of Alabama, and the Doctor's degree was later conferred upon him by Howard College. On June 7, 1920 Dr. Dowell was appointed president of Auburn University, where he remained until 1928 when he accepted the position as president of Mercer University.

Since coming to Mercer Dr. Dowell has made many friends, every student that knows him looks upon him as a friend. It was Dr. Dowell who planned and originated the idea of the Mercer family.

Dr. Dowell, the college president, is once again interested in athletics, especially football. He is also fond of hunting, but his duties prohibit him from indulging in this pastime. Dr. Dowell is listed in the Who's Who of America, and has had several academic honors other than degrees conferred upon him. The president of Mercer is truly a remarkable man.

COLLEGE RUNNING NOVEL

TITLED "77" BEGINS OCT.

Based on the meteoric career of "Red" Grange, the Galloping Ghost of Illinois, a novel titled "77", begins in the October issue of College Humor and reveals many unwritten chapters in the life of the most famous of redheads. It is written by George Duncomb, newsmen and closest friend of Grange.

Mostly fact, though partly fictionalized, the novel puts onto paper the real "Red" Grange, a college football star yanked from obscurity and placed into limelight equalled in intensity only by that thrown about Lindbergh.

Through the novel move famous figures of the worlds of sport, stage and screen against the back-grounds of Chicago, New York and Hollywood.

The novel provides a new slant on football. It reveals football as it is played in the locker rooms and on the field. Games are viewed from the inside, giving an

utterly different picture than that obtained from the stadium. The reader is taken inside the squad room, into the huddle and onto the field of play. Famed figures of the college gridirons of the East, West and South appear and reappear throughout the story.

The novel starts with the Galloping Ghost in college, at the time when his name has leaped out of the sport sections onto page one of newspapers throughout the country. It relives the days when a nationwide controversy raged around him. It carries on through the turbulent, ensuing years—cuts back now and then to his campus days, ends with the present.

Encounters with the famed and ill-famed, problems brought by the quick acquisition of hundreds of thousands of dollars, exposure to the rackets which best the occupant of he limelight, all constitute a part of this swift story.

1932-33 DRAMATIC CLUB

Those out here at Mercer who think that they can emote (or what have you?) have been getting together lately making plans for the Mercer Dramatic Club. There are the girls who think they look like Garbo and boys who proudly display their Barrymore profiles. They're serious about it though, and we should have a nice club.

Dick Grinalds, veteran actor of Mercer and high school days, is directing the hopefuls. Dick's had plenty of experience with dramatics and should be able to put out finished actors and actresses. According to the director, the plays this year will be divided between comedy and the more serious melodrama. If the members become finished and polished enough, the club might try tragedy. (Stop Steve, this is breaking my heart.) With the co-eds in the club, those funny and ridiculous female impersonators who have been so much fun in the past, will be missed. But gosh! what's a play without romance? It's fun to watch the players the first few practices. They really don't know what it's all about. But after a while the play gets under way. It's lots of work but it's fun too.

Around thirty have already reported for the club, and with try-outs coming on soon, more should come out. It's the lure of the footlights, folks!

AUNT AGATHA'S ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Uh, huh, I'm back on the job, and I'm willing to bet my false teeth against your old broken jack knife that you are glad.

"Blushingly" I'm admitting that I have been places this summer and have gobs of new ideas about this thing called love. I'm devoting my entire time to my work this year and, as usual, will be only too glad to help you with your problems no matter how difficult they may seem. (If the are not too difficult)

Love problems seem to be the main trouble on the campus this year. Already I have seen signs of this demon doing his work. Only last week two fair co-eds weeped and wailed as if their poor hearts would break because Dr. Dowell would not permit them to go to Nashville to see the Mercer-Vandy game. Now, if you had let me know about it, I could have talked to Dr. and I'm certain he would have let you go. What is worrying me is, was it some man on the team that you wanted to see or was it one of the six brothers (or lads) that you wanted to be with? I'll change that last statement and say was it one of the five brothers you wanted to be near instead of six, because one of the members of that six was not eligible to be counted as being loved by a co-ed. Why? Just guess. It won't cost you anything.

You will find that one good point about Mercer (I'm saying this for the benefit of freshmen, every old man already knows it), you can think about anything you want to here without being bothered. Of

course you can't let anybody know about it. Co-eds will please let everybody know when they are thinking though, because I for one would like to know if they are ever guilty of such an act. Please; gurl! don't say such nasty things about poor old Aunt Aggie. Oh, I'm so tired of it all.

Don't forget, I'm expecting just gobs of mail from you dear Lads and Lassies. So write to me very soon and very often.

Children, you are not as lucky as you thought. Two charming young members of the Cluster Staff (that's the name of this paper) just brought me the following letter from a worried freshman and I'll just have to answer it.

Dear Aunt Agatha:

Mine is a different case. I love my girl and she loves me but my girl can't dance. She's like a board with two nails at the top. When we go to dances I am always stuck with her but because my undying love for her I won't drop her. Won't you please tell me how to get her to take dancing lessons and improve herself? While I think she's next to perfect, no one else does and I want to have a girl who rates with the crowd.

Please answer quickly as I'm desperate.

—Sick at heart

Freshie, yours is the same old question. Just because your girl can't hoof around as well as rest of the girls you are sore. Anyway, that's a good sign—always want only the best and maybe someday you may get it.

I have heard of a certain dance that your girl friend may be able to do. Send her to the school of St. Vitus. I know of several persons who do this dance real well and they always attract attention.

The only thing I know of that will make your girl popular is to have her Dad inherit about two million dollars or even better than that, let him have plenty of insurance and die.

You did not tell me whether your girl lived in Macon or not. If she lives here, tell all the Mercer boys how well she cooks candy, makes ice cream, or that she has a sixteen cylinder automobile. These things always bring the boys around and they never notice whether she dances, has "B. O." or even "Hallie". (Maybe that's what's wrong with her now. Haven't you ever noticed it?) Suggest Lifebuoy, Listerine, Burma Shave, or mercury. It's a known fact that one of these will surely fix her up slick.

If you have any more trouble after this, please let me know and I will study your case more closely and see what can be done. I am almost certain you will get results if you accept the methods I've already offered.

Tell your dear little freshman pals to send me their problems too.

THE 1932-33 GLEE CLUB

Thirty-Five students reported to Dr. Richardson Tuesday afternoon to test their voices in an attempt to qualify for the Glee Club of the 1932-33 season. Dr. Richardson will have a small group of "old timers" who will form the nucleus around which he will build the new club.

A number of performances are being arranged but no definite schedule has been announced to date. Trips to various sections of the state and also one to Florida will probably be made.

An orchestra will be organized under the direction of Bill Benton which will accompany the club as an added attraction. Prospects for this division are exceptionally bright and an unusually smooth orchestra is anticipated. Members of the dramatic club will also put on a skit sometime during the performance.

No cuts have been made as yet, but within a few weeks it is expected that the personnel will number about twenty and then real preparations will begin.