

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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FELLOW MERCERIANS, SHAKE!

Mercerians meeting on the campus can extend each other the glad hand of having done something in a neat and decent fashion, namely, putting over the greatest Home-coming in—well, how long can you remember?

It was late getting started. The old groove held sway until Tuesday. Then the fellows quit finding excuses when asked to help out, and there you are.

Let all Mercerians forget "I" and start calling it "We." Let's let the Macon people who are co-operating in on it: Let's include alumni coming up to the game. We can't leave out the team which will be at it this afternoon. In our fulness of joy, let's include everyone who so much as wishes well for Mercer and Hers, and most of all, let's carry our zeal out to the stadium at 3:30. This is the final test. Forget all entangling alliances and, broke or flush, WE ARE GOING TO GIVE GEORGIA FOOD FOR NIGHTMARES.

AVE ALUMNI! OR VENITE FIDELES!

At Oxford, every man who holds a degree from the University, and who pays certain fees which correspond to our Alumni Dues, is entitled to a vote in the determination of university policy. In fact, the will of the alumni carries more weight than even that of the officials themselves.

Here in America, no such situation exists. When a man has wrapped his trembling fingers around a proffered sheepskin, and stumbled awkwardly back to his seat while the benediction is pronounced, he is thenceforward persona non grata, as far as the officials and the coaches are concerned. That is, unless he makes a fortune and might be persuaded to part with some of it.

But we are willing to wager the well known dollar against the hackneyed doughnut that they don't have alumni spirit like we do. They don't play Georgia on Home-Coming Day, and decorate their fraternity houses (which they don't have) and parade all over town with a string of bands and howling freshmen.

Maybe they think they have the best system. We think not. It is thrilling to the most sophisticated to look out over a crowd of unfamiliar faces and know that practically every one of them was at some time a familiar sight on the Mercer campus. It is entertaining to the most easily bored to sit up late in the club room of the fraternity house and listen to takes of "When I was at Mercer." It is inspiring to the most iconoclastic to hear the Victory Song throbbing from a thousand throats.

There is never more than one Home-Coming a year.

There is no function quite like it for Mercer men. There is nothing we should wish to preserve more, no better means of generating good-will and good-fellowship between students and alumni. Let's support it in a fashion worthy of its value to us.

Let's fight 'em, Bears! Let's tell 'em, alumni! Let's show 'em a good time, students! Let's wink at lots of things, faculty! Let's go, Mercer! Grrrrrr!

HAIL TO MERCER!

The song "Hail To Mercer!" appearing on the front page is truly representative of the growing spirit and enthusiasm of the entire student body of Mercer in its celebration of this year of its Century of Progress. Realizing the great need of a school song and inspired by Mercer's Centennial the song was written by Robert Bale, director of the chapel and student singing, and Bill Benton, director of the band and orchestra, and its reception by the student body has been phenomenal considering the treatment of such projects generally advanced.

Arrangements have been prepared for the band and orchestra and special presentations by these organizations and the glee club have been integral factors in placing the melody before the student body. It is now sung at every chapel meeting and will probably be incorporated in the program of the glee club.

"Hail To Mercer!" will be introduced to the public for the first time at the Home-Coming game when the band and students will play and sing it, making this a feature of the game, and arranged especially for this presentation by Benton and Bale.

It is hoped that we will not simply regard this as a "pep" song, but will use it to give ourselves and others a real insight to the underlying spirit of loyalty and progressiveness that makes Mercer. Let us hold it as a song of inspiration that leads us on in triumph, giving our best for our Alma Mater that the world may join us in the refrain, "Hail To Mercer!"

FIRST INTERSECTIONAL GAME NINE YEARS AGO

On October 4th, 1924, the Mercer Bears invaded New York to battle the strong team from Syracuse University. This was the first intersectional battle in the history of the Institution founded by Jesse Mercer. The boys from the South battled the strong and experienced Syracuse team on even terms during the first half. However the experience of past battles soon began to tell and at the end of the game the score was 26 to 0 in favor of the team from New York. The boys from below the Mason Dixon line trekked homeward with the honesty earned praise and admiration of all who saw their plucky fight against such terrific odds.

There is no doubt that the Bears of 1924 played their best during this game, but try as they would, that were singled out by sports writers as being the outstanding players in the game, and both of the boys from Mercer could not score against the heavier and more experienced team from the North. There were two Mercer players these players hailed from the school down in Georgia. Need their names be told, for what true Mercer man does not recall the brave fight put up by the famous Smith and Simmons that day? It is true that the Bears were defeated on this, their first invasion of the North, but the spectators that were present at the University stadium up in Syracuse, New York that day will never forget the splendid playing of the boys from Dixie.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST? LAUGHS AFTER THE REST

This column is affectionately dedicated to Ronald Barrington, Jr., our severest critic. Mr. Barrington has some little difficulty in understanding the humor of the Law School. We hope he finally laughs with the rest of us. We deserve a break, we are just local boys trying to get along in the world.

421 STUDENTS CAN'T BE WRONG

Mr. Barrington had this to say about your reporter: "The Cluster becomes a progressive paper immediately upon the publication of your column, previously, according to your statement, it was a very backward paper." Thank, Mr. Barrington, my modesty forbids me to say anything more.

THE SHOT THAT WAS HEARD AROUND THE WORLD

Mr. Barrington asks me to publish my life's history along with this column. Shame on you Mr. Barrington—think of our co-eds—but if you come around sometime, I'll take you on my knee and tell you some nice bed-time stories.

WHAT PRICE GLORY

Major Blair, director of athletics, states that poor attendance at the games will necessitate the team playing away from the home grounds. In the future, then, the Mercer cheering section will be organized into telegraphic squads and the cheers will have to be sent to the team, a thousand miles away, via Postal telegraph. In that way we will keep the "home fires burning."

LORD... WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE

The first trial of the Moot Court resulted in the victory for the firm of Cash and Stearns over the plaintiff's counsel of Stanley and Currie.

The attorneys did not go into the merits of the case—only the "demerits" were heard. A demerit in football parlance is a delayed pass—it slows up the game. After that is disposed of the lawyer recovers everything the client has, and the client recovers his health—if he can.

ARE YOU READY MR. GALLAGHER—YES MR. SHINN

Our genial professor, Mr. Shinn, is Stanford trained, a former debating coach, and a speaker of distinction.

REESE MAKES SENSATIONAL ESCAPE

Carey Reese, who was imprisoned in cell No. 341 of Sherwood Prison, made, on last Thursday night, the most sensational escape in the history of the institution. Reese, who was imprisoned on the charges of having too many dates with one of Uncle Sam's feminine workers, was left in his cell at 6:30. When the guards returned after a gorgeous repast in the dining hall, they found the hinges taken apart on the cell door and the room empty of the prisoner.

A search was started immediately, and the prisoner was seen escaping in a borrowed car with the heroine. Reese, fearing the guards would return, snatched a suit of clothes and probably dressed while in quest of a car he could use. The young lady was intercepted by Reese as she left the dining hall and was forced to accompany him.

Robert Burns escaped from Georgia officers and sought refuge in another state. We have a hunch that Reese was attempting to follow Burns' example, because Saturday morning he moved to another section of the dormitory. Up to the time of this writing, he has not been located. As soon as he is located, extradition papers will be applied for so that he may be returned to his former cell.

If you see Reese, please get in touch with the warden of the prison at once. Do not be alarmed if you see him, for he is harmless. Address information to: Warden of Sherwood Prison, in care of this paper.

"Subscribe To The Cluster"

Letters to The Editor

To The Editor of The Cluster: Mr. Barrington's letter first takes up eighteen lines of the Cluster's space with the fact that I use my full name on my articles, and in speaking of "lack of coherence" may I call your attention to the fact that you say my name is "displayed" flamboyantly throughout the entire paper and in the same sour breath you say "a writer's appellation rightfully belongs printed in conjunction with his column." And you further state "That is not where we are taking issue with Mr. Jaffee" Mr. Barrington—Do you find my name anywhere else than in conjunction with my articles? and you accuse me of lack of "lack of coherence." "Consistency"—thy name is Barrington.

Then Mr. Barrington, with a Judicial eye—looks at my third paragraph in my last week's letter, snorts and cavorts about, plucks a single sentence from the paragraph and immediately accuses me of "lack of coherence" and a "maker of incongruous statements." It is not very difficult to pick out a sentence, distort it, and make it mean anything that you may choose to make it mean.

My critic picks out the sentence and gives it a meaning, separate and apart from the paragraph from which it is contained. Let me quote the offending sentence: "In defense, I must say I am not a journalist and being a law student does not give me much time." I may not have much time but that does not mean that I have no time at all. Mr. Barrington gives it a strange meaning and he quotes me in his article, "you haven't time to write but yet we find two articles by you." It is no wonder that my simple statement becomes so incongruous to Mr. Barrington because he distorts it so.

I suggested that the paper needs a Law School Column. I had the courage with my convictions therefore I volunteered my services and they were accepted. I admitted that I am not a journalist and you sarcastically say, "My column shows it." That may be so, but as Sir Rodger De Coverly says: "Much can be said on both sides."

Further you say: "You are a new student and immediately you find fault with our school paper." In reply let me quote again from my article, "I apologise in that being a new student I take it upon myself to offer criticism of the paper that has been here before me and will probably be here after me. I merely wish to point out the reaction the first issue of your paper has had on me." If you had read my article carefully and digested it much of your criticism could have been spared.

You further say: "Most of the suggestions that you made so considerably made for the improvement of the paper have already been tried without success." Nowhere do I find your name on the staff of the Mercer Cluster and I am forced to assume that you speak without authority. I have talked with the members of the staff and they tell me that they have never tried the plans that I suggested in my article. I am inclined to believe the staff as they speak with authority.

You seem to be aping Colonel Lindbergh and using the term "We" throughout your whole article. Who are you representing besides yourself, Mr. Barrington? To be "coherent" which is a favorite word with you, I shall sign my full name.

JOSEPH EDWARD JAFFEE

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mr. J. E. Jaffee: I would like to correct you on one of your statements. No member of the Editorial Board has told you that the plans you suggested in your article have never been tried. They have been tried but failed because of a lack of interest on the part of the ones assigned to these special items.

It was the plan of the Editorial Board this year to make a success of these special items and so far the staff writers are making a suc-

RAMBLIN

Today is Home-coming day at our dear ole almy mammy, welcome all youse gals, and youse guys! Welcome home, back to the scenes of your collich daze. You gona be meeting your ole friends, your older teachers. Yowsuh! And you are gona get to see a football game of which there will be none better. All of you know what a swell team Mercer has, and it is rumored that Georgia has a pretty good team, in fact it is rated as one of the best in the history of that school. It is truly gona be a game! Make yourself to home, and if we can aid in making your stay an enjoyable one, just let us know and we'll do our best.

For the first time Mercer has a school song, it is a song that has never been sung at any school before the present time. It was written, as you all know, by two of our own Mercer composers, Mr. "Irving Berlin" Bale, and good ole "Guy Lombardo" Benton. It's a swell song and I know you all are gona like it.

The other day as we rambled over the campus, we heard strange noises coming from the chapel building. As we drew nearer it sounded like lions or tigers fighting. Ah! we says to ourself, Pops Dowell has done gone and bought a pet lion and tiger for mascots for our football team, yowsuh, he probably thought that a bear was too tame a mascot for such a swell team as ours. With this thought in mind we entered the chapel building, and imagine our surprise when in the place of wild animals we saw the Glee Club orchestra practicing, under the direction of it's genial maestro, Bill Benton. Need we say that the piece was that old favorite, "The Tiger Rag." It was being played as it has never been played before, by the best Glee Club orchestra in the history of that Institution founded by noble Jesse Mercer.

Well we better be ramblin along. That ole football game is keeping us on the jump, there's preparations to be finished, and thar's work to be done. So we'll see you at the game. That's where everybody is gona be; the Mercer bears will be there, the Mercer cubs will be there, the alumni will be there, Lee Battle will be there, Parker Meek will be there, and all the other Freshmen will be there. In fact we are all gona be thar cheering Mercer on to victory. Yowsuh!

THE OLDEST FREE SCHOOL BUILDING

The old school building built by George Washington at Alexandria in 1785, known then as the Alexandria Academy, and still in use by the public school system of that city, was marked with a bronze plaque recently. The civic bodies which participated in the ceremony were the Federal Office of Education, the National Education Association, the Washington Society of Alexandria, and the American Legion.

The history of this building was forgotten for many years until recently, when the Washington Society discovered a letter from the first President to Jefferson in which it was stated that it was created "for the education and support of poor children, especially the descendants of those who have fallen in the defense of their country."

The old three-story brick structure is probably the oldest free school building in continuous use in the United States. It faces the new Mount Vernon Boulevard and is used for the overflow from the grade school building next to it.

Things have been reversed. Summer time is now sitting in the lap of winter.

Phi Deltas Meet; Accept Challenge

Literary Societies to Engage in Debates Soon; Much Interest Shown

Despite a driving rain on the outside, the attendance at the regular weekly meeting of the Phi Delta Literary Society was good and the atmosphere on the inside was pervaded with sunshine and bright hopes for the future as plans for the Home-Coming Float and the answer to the Cicerion's challenge for a series of debates were discussed.

Robert Bale reported on the progress made by the Float Committee under the direction of William Hatfield and the time and place set for its decoration.

President Jack Murr delivered the challenge of the followers of Cicero for a series of inter-society debates with the cup, now in possession of the Phi Delta's, as the prize, and the authority was vested in the president to accept the challenge and make such arrangements and rules as are necessary.

The session was further enlivened by some impromptu entertainment and the meeting adjourned.

Campus Personalities

Listen here, youse gals and youse guys—this column is being instigated by special request of one who has escaped our mind at present—but we assure you he is special—and for the purpose that will be announced later after further perusal—and as we aim to please—we hope you like it. Until some campus personalities have been discovered (we have out a search warrant) as fitting substitutes we shall interview the lights of our lives, the prides and joys of dear ole Muhsah, the football team—and the first of the blonde he-men is Mr. Nathanie Howard Reesor—which is not a sign of partiality for with us the first shall be last and the last shall be first and vice versa. Don't let that head grow any bigger than it has done, Gnat.

Nat was to reticent to make a real good story—one of those strong, silent men—pleading with me in that low, mountain brogue not to get too personal.

Question: How did you like the north?

Ans. Fine.

Q. And northern girls?

A. They'll do—but they're no sweet and soft and yielding like southern girls—too hard and athletic.

Q. Ambition?

A. To be a successful lawyer in Virginia (his favorite state because he loves mountains).

Q. What is your ideal woman (Take heed, coeds—do you qualify?)

A. A tall, slender brunette with blue eyes—sweet—considerate—a lover of sports—good dancer—out-door girl—lover of nature—must know how to dress.

Q. What do you think of women smoking?

A. I love to see the sweet little things pull a cigarette from their lips because that leaves room for something else. They may leave mine (cigarettes, we mean) alone.

Q. Favorite chewing gum, cigarette, movie actress, actor, respectively.

A. Dentyns, Chesterfield, Raquel Keeler, Clark Gable (not Greta Cooper).

Q. Are we gonna win the football game Friday?

A. Yeah—I'm gonna be there that day.

Please write in any question too personal, you would like answered.

MARION WILCOX
Care of Cluster

At the Illinois state fair Earl Oldfield, veteran auto racer, won a five-mile race for tractors at an average speed of 26 miles per hour.