

THE MERCER CLUSTER

MEMBER Associated Collegiate Press 1924 Collegiate Digest 1924

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CONGRATULATIONS

Credit for the success for the Homecoming Day parade last Saturday should go to the students in general and the Blue Key fraternity in particular. It showed the result of careful preparation and excellent organization, and according to observers, it was the best Homecoming Day show to be put on here since the custom began several years ago. There were several artistic and cleverly done floats in the procession, and they "made" the parade. Cooperation of local merchants was seen in the loaning of trucks to haul the freshman class about in. The Cluster is pleased to know that the so much talked-of quality, college spirit, can be aroused in the student body when it is needed.

CARDINAL KEY TO AID AUXILIARY CARNIVAL

Honor Sorority to Help Sponsor Carnival Here On November 13th.

In a called meeting held Wednesday, the local chapter of Cardinal Key made plans to aid the Mercer Auxiliary with the Carnival to be held November 13 on the campus. After much discussion a definite place for holding regular Cardinal Key meetings was deferred to the next meeting. The organization holds its monthly meetings at some local tea room. The program committee for the year is headed by Miss Annie Hill Joiner, Tenille. Others on the committee are Miss Hazel Hays and Miss Lila Dunn, Macon, Ga. Miss Dunn was elected at the last meeting to fill the vacancy of secretary, left by the resignation of Miss Mattie Pearl Weaver, Jackson, Ga.

BULLETIN BOARD

Phi Delta Literary society meets every Monday night, 7:30 p. m., open to all. Phi Delta Hall, over Library. Ciceronians, literary society, every Monday night, 7:30 p. m., open to all. Ciceronian Hall, over Library. Morning devotional, Baptist Student Union, each morning in Roberts Chapel, at 8:05 a. m. Open to all. Glee Club rehearsals, each day, 4 p. m., in Chapel building. Ministerial Association, Tuesday night 7:30 p. m. Meetings open to all.

DIRT

By JUNIOR



Right off hand, I'd say that somebody got me right between the eyes with that poem in last week's Cluster. I don't see yet though how anyone could accuse little Junior of anything wicked. Those Homecoming dances were the calmest I've ever seen in my day. Not a single brawl in the middle of the dance floor. That doesn't sound like Homecoming to me. One couple was really going to town. All those out of town gals looked good too. George Jackson was raring to go the other night. George likes to wrestle you know. Well, he thought he was in for a night of it, but it turned out that Jackson was left hoking the well known bag. Al Hirst did the dirty work. A word of advice to pure young things. Don't go to sleep around John Morton, the viper. It seems that one s. y. t. in John's company said she was going to sleep. John retorted with some rash statement, and now the sweet young thing says she shudders to think what would have happened to her had she gone to sleep. Charlie Isler courts down on Georgia avenue. The girl goes to G. A. B. Miss Vaughn—Carrie Belle to you—was seen partaking of a dope the other day at the pharm. believe it or not. Jack Coleman is offering Leo Blum plenty of competition out on Corbin nowadays. Margaret Arnett stood Lewis Waxelbaum up Friday night. All is quiet on the Booth-Edmundson front. Lillian is now wearing his pin and wants to know how I got ex-flame. No ex about Edmundson she says. Al Owen, Walter Thwaite, and dates went swimming Tuesday night. A good time was had by all. That S.

CO-ED SPORT-LIGHT

By HETTIE ELDER

The basketball girls are keeping on trying to get a real sho-nuff good year. With steady practice three times a week, something will be wrong if they don't improve. "Cowboy" looks better and better. She can be depended on for some valuable points when games start. Hilda Beggs can still ring goals too—just like she did last year. Ruth Miller shows promise of making a good guard. Teamwork is getting better and quicker with practice. Need For Coach The greatest drawback is the lack of a coach to help the girls. Last year Mrs. Miller was a great help to the girls. This year Hollis Stanford has been refereeing and giving them some points, but the girls need a coach who will work with them all through the season, and find out the weakest points, and make the most of the strong points. M. C. A. A. Entertained The girls in the Mercer Co-ed Athletic Association were the guests of Helen Glenn Wednesday night at a theater party. After the show the girls "set themselves up" to ice cream at Dixie Dairies. Two new members on the Athletic Association are Dona Nicholas and Eleanor Anthony. A. E. float was plenty good. But what I can't understand is why they didn't have some kind of identification on the wagon. One newsboy was dancing up a storm at the Tavern not so far back. It was the first time he had danced in his life, but he didn't seem to mind that. Somebody played a lousy trick on Pete Demetros. Pete swears the telegram was a fake. But somebody told his girl about it, so there you are. What happened to Tom and Julie? I thought they were supposed to be up for Homecoming. Every time we ask anybody to cash a check we wonder if we really look like a crook.

CAMPUS POETS

FUZZY LIPS The funny things that folks will do, It really is a pity; The Fuzzy lips, of late I've seen, Inspires this very ditty. From big shots down to little shots 'Tis known beyond a single doubt, A moustache makes a name. A healthy growth, I must admit— The heat that yet I've seen— Is that one grown by Wild Bill Quarles. The Bull of Argentine The biggest flop I ever saw— The Fuzz on Tyson's lip; If I were betting, man, I'd bet He had a hairier hip. The co-eds like the funny tickle The hair lip possesses; They like to kiss and never miss The scratchy, whiskered c'resses. Kissed once by men with fuzzy lips, You, Hairless One, it seems Are lost; for kisses sans moustache, Is like coffee without cream. —MONOTONOUS. Note: The following poem is the work of one of the disciples of that incomparable Japanese poet-philosopher, T. S. Nakano. THE LOST LOVING Were it not sadly the amorous to missed it, Do not crying. The fair is winningly; faint luminescence. Not to running, for the friendly Sympathetic was strongly in heart. Oh, inglorious, strength the mind, for the Loving is went; poor soul, do not crying. —ONIVAD DERFEA. The hours flit in soothing flight Between the sheets in bed at night; And glad I'd be to watch them pass, But for that darned eight-thirty class. "O, let us then be up and doing," Some one has said; But look—that gallant one is dead! So I—I wouldn't be so nutty, But for that class called at eight-thirty! By SNOLLYGOSTER.

Ulysses Writes Home

Dear Mom: I'm beginning to like this place some better now that the new has about worn off. My hair is off too. Some fellow, who was not a freshman, walked up to me the other night and said I needed a haircut. I knew that wasn't true because you know I got one just before I came to this place, but he didn't give me a chance to say anything. He just started cutting or shaving or something, all in the same motion. Any how I know when I looked in the mirror. I thought of old Rover the time when he ran through the bonfire. Well, after all, it didn't cost me anything, but I do look something fierce. My roommate that I wrote you about has got a funny looking button that he wears now. He says some of those club boys gave it to him. I'm glad they didn't try to make me wear one because I haven't got time to fool with clubs like when I was one of the 4-H boys, besides I don't think they look so good sticking in the top of your coat anyhow. I'd much rather wear one of those peonies in Aunt Fanny's back yard. I guess you read in the paper about that football game we had down here last Saturday a week ago. We all (the freshman) went out on the field during the game to sort of show off in front of everybody I guess. I felt all right till they made us take off our caps and there I stood with my head shining like Pa's on Saturday night. They've got some real pretty picture shows up here. When you walk on the rugs in them, you sort of forget yourself and think you are down in Mr. McDonald's pasture. I go to the shows a good bit, sometimes twice a week, but I don't eat as much candy as I did when I was at home so I save up that way. Besides there's nothing much else to do when you are not in with them club boys. Those little buttons are sort of pretty. I may ask for one sometime if I want to.

I'm just fixing to go see Ma West. That's a picture the boys say should be "jam up." I don't know exactly what they mean but it's something like a sticky romance but I'm going to see it anyway. I think I'm getting old enough now. You know, you said I wasn't the night you and Pa went to see the "Road to Ruin." The boys are leaving so I had better stop for this time. Write and tell me how Mabel's sore toe is getting along. You didn't say anything about it in your last letter. Your Son, ULYSSES. DR. G. C. SINGLETON (Continued from Page 1) GOVERNMENT OF GEORGIA SELECTED BIOGRAPHY FOR SUPERINTENDENTS OF SCHOOLS, and SCHOOL POPULATION OF GEORGIA. He was also editor of the ANNUAL REPORT OF GEORGIA STATE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT in 1925. He is at present a contributor to the PEABODY JOURNAL OF EDUCATION. He has done extensive research work in the fields of: Financing Education in Georgia, Personal Study of Georgia Teachers, and Census and Attendance in Georgia. Dr. Singleton entered the war in 1917 as a private, and was overseas in 1918. He made such rapid advancement that he has been commissioned a captain when the war ended in 1918. Dr. Singleton is an enthusiastic bird hunter. He has just received as a gift a pair of hunting boots and is anticipating many pleasant days in the fields. Although he declares himself a good hunter, he admits that he is a poor fisherman. "I believe in youth. I believe that youth over the last ten years hasn't had a real chance," says Dr. Ralph D. Hetzel, president of Pennsylvania State College (State College, Pa.)



A man who has been smoking Granger for a long time said this: "A package of Granger gives me and my old pipe about 9 hours of enjoyment. "My pipe is about average size, and smoking it leisurely as I like to do, a pipeload of Granger lasts me about 25 minutes, and that means that I get about 21 good pipeloads from every package. "Was there ever so much enjoyment for so small a cost?"

the pipe tobacco that's MILD the pipe tobacco that's COOL

—folks seem to like it