

FROM THE BRUIN SPORTLOG

By ALFRED DAVINO

A VINDICATION

This column takes the opportunity to call to the attention of the few faithful that in last week's column there was included an item to the effect that Mercer football had at last found itself and things were beginning to look up for the Bears. The smashing victory of the Bears over the much vaunted Presidents is a vindication of this optimistic statement; the Bears really have "arrived," and they are going to stay. Just you keep an eye or two peeled on the Bruins for the next four week-ends.

EDUCATING MACON FANS

The deplorable turnout of middle Georgia fans, and Macon fans in particular, for the W. & J. game, can, after being extremely charitable and lenient in examining causes, be attributed to only one thing—Macon fans do not care to pay the price of admission to a football game held in Centennial stadium. They will flock in confusion and disorder to pay the admission price at an alleged concert given by a flock of yodeling Harlem negroes; to get to the first row in a fourth rate Bowery burlesque, held at a state fair, they will cast to the winds all pretense at dignity, and jostle others as does the subway crowd at rush hours. But pay a dollar to see a college football game, and the home school at that — — — Great Scott, No! In fact, decidedly No! It is quite obvious by this time that the Mercer A. A. simply stands to lose money each time it schedules a home game; therefore why not discontinue scheduling these games and let the Maconites spend their dollars for the cultured form of entertainment that they have indicated they prefer?

Blair Grows Gray.

Poor Major Blair has grown wan and gray in an attempt, for the past decade, to interest Maconites in Mercer football. All in vain; for each of the gray hairs and for every wrinkle in that furrowed brow, it may safely be said that not more than ten people bought tickets for Mercer games in the past decade. It is a fruitless task, that of educating the people to football. First of all, they are not football-minded, and secondly it is the firm opinion of this column that they would not pay one nickel to see that statue of Liberty come to life and do a one and a half dive into New York harbor. Some support!!

Pony Backfield

The "pony" backfield, consisting of Bloodworth, Varner and Morris seems to have caused everyone to sit up and take gobs and gobs of notice. Did you see the terrible things they did to those poor Yanks? Big Jack, though handicapped all season with a varicose veined leg, turned in a very good performance. Billy Smith, the pride and despair of "Albenny" hit that President line with all the fury and force of a cyclone. Varner, the fleet sophomore, did his bit on the offense and saved at least one touchdown by batting a goal line pass. To say anything further about the dazzling performance of Bloodworth would be akin to carrying the well known coals to the equally famous Newcastle. Suffice it to say that this column pops up the puny chest and says, "I told you so." During the early part of the season, we predicted that the 'itty bitty' lad would make us forget all about "Phony" and "Pinky," and he certainly is doing it. Y come!!

Around and About

Richard, our colored trainer, is a veritable man "Friday" to the boys; not only does he take care of all injuries during regular training hours, but oftentimes he spends half the night with an ailing member of the squad, rubbing and massaging the bruised muscles. Since the team has won two consecutive games, is it to be assumed that Richard kept his promise about stopping that "business?"

Anent the good luck which "Pretty Boy" Sleep brought the team in Jacksonville, it may be added that he was very much in evidence on the sidelines last Friday. A motion has been made that he be taken on all the remaining trips

"altercation" at the Lanier dance, the other night emerged with what a beefsteak well applied will cure, but he did himself proud; you ought to see the other fella!

Buster's imitation of a well known and popular prof. on the campus, with Ward's assistance, is a side splitter. Mr. No-Smith, would you rather live in a monastery or a harem? Heh!

Lee sweeps out only his half of the room, and Porter, who is too tired to sweep out his half, kicks the dirt around 'till it gets lost. By the by, did you notice the ease with which the big boy pushed those Presidents around last Friday? Wonder when the "only one" is going to finish Tom's sweater. Incidentally, who is the other guy?

Billy Smith's Dad shakes your hand as though it were a pump. Some power for such a small man! Makes you feel, though, that he is sincerely delighted to meet you.

That run of Bloodworth's on the last quarter kickoff was one of the best we ever have seen.

Surely do wish that Lichter and I could get some more pickled lamb-tongue.

Why don't those suffragettes down the corridor turn down that loud speaker? It is on until the wee hours.

How about removing those foreign letters from sweaters?

Despite that local sport scribes assertion that Hemple could not

with the team. Not a bad idea, at that.

Peter Pumperknickle Demetrios did not find it necessary to go to Atlanta last week-end. That worried look is gradually disappearing.

Manager Overby, in the slight

FERGUSON DEFEATED BY NEWCOMER

"Dark Horse" Appears As Wilmer Peters' Trounces Professor

A dark horse has sprung up in the Mercer tennis world. Wilmer Peters, a freshman who attended Mercer for one quarter in 1932 and returned this year, was, after defeating Major Ferguson, inserted in sixth place in the tennis ladder. Since he was given this rating, he has defeated W. B. Skipworth, and advanced to the fifth place.

The first ranking players, Daly Smith and Dave Wilson, have kept their places, but Skipworth, and Harry Orr have been defeated by Major Ferguson, who is now in third place. Following him come Orr, fourth; Peters, fifth; Skipworth, sixth; John Clarke, seventh; Jimmie Watts, eighth; Dr. Fred

snag passes, he continues to do so in a really disconcerting manner.

And Last

Let's make it three straight with Chattanooga!!!

Jones, ninth; Carroll Tinsley, tenth; Bob Jones, eleventh; Bill Williams, twelfth; L. F. Jones, thirteenth; and Sid Weinstein, fourteenth.

Of the players ranked among the first fourteen, four have advanced during this first month of play; six have fallen; and four have remained in the same place. Heading those who have advanced, comes Bob Jones who has advanced three

steps. Major Ferguson has advanced two, while Peters and Watts have gone up one step each. Skipworth has fallen two steps, while Orr, Dr. Jones, Williams, L. F. Jones, and Weinstein have gone down two.

Let them strike. If strikes the only language some persons can understand, we will have to use the language. William Green.

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