

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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DING DONG BELL

In its desire to be of assistance to the Administration, The Cluster would like to report to The Powers That Be that pointed criticism of the system of bells marking the class periods has been sounding on the campus with increasing vigour lately.

To sound or not to sound seems to be the problem faced by the university siren and its adjuncts, to the confusion of faculty and students alike. Is it possible to develop a method whereby the warning for the beginning and ending of classes may be sounded more regularly? If not, the spasmodic cacophony might well be eliminated to the good of all. Many times the siren fails to sound, throwing the students late to the next class. Once in a while, as though to make up for the oversight of not sounding at all, it will go off in the middle of a recitation, causing watches to be consulted to the detriment of the recitation.

The Cluster would like to hear discussion from the students on the question.

IF ANYONE HAS

- Got married,
- Borrowed a stamp,
- Made a speech,
- Robbed a bank,
- Bought a Ford,
- Sold a dog,
- Lost her wallet,
- Gone fishing,
- Broken her neck,
- Committed suicide,
- Shot a cat,
- Been away,
- Come back home,
- Taken a vacation,
- Been in a fight,
- Got licked,
- Made a bad bet,
- It's news.

Send it to The Cluster at once!

DIRT
By JUNIOR



A good time was had by all, and when I say all I mean all. Junior was at his snooping best in Savannah, and has gathered dirt from every possible source. Jack Avery, editor, has just told me that several people have come by the Cluster office with worried looks on their faces wanting a peck at the dirt. In me power. The Ox was feeling no pain. I don't know whether the beds at the DeSoto were too short or what, but Ox preferred the soft rug in the hall. Ha sprawled; people gaped. Shadow Sleep is the first man I've ever seen that could lie flat on his back, erp straight up and catch it in the face and not mind it. Wallow some more Shadow. Honey Bunch and Shadow and another went swimming in the DeSoto pool in shorts. They tried everything from one-and-a-half to back jack-off the high dive. And everytime they'd hit flat. Felder Barfield slept all night in a closet at the Savannah. Coming back on the train Frank Hatchett and Catharine Thompson picked the same seat to sleep on. A cop at the game grabbed one slightly tipsy fellow, shook him and said, "Hey, you wan't to ride with me?" "Naw," replied the sober one, "I got a ride." Al Owen takes the cake. Al was going to town and went out like the well known light before he could finish his little business. Best behaved fellow on the trip—Overby. Funniest picture: Charlie Thompson making a faux pas (ask Emily Post) and

laughing about it. Gresham Barfield had a night of it. First he tried to pick a fight with everybody he saw, then somebody used his coat pocket to make ice water in, and he finally ended up sleeping on the floor (with a football uniform for a pillow) in Red Tyson's and Roger Dodd's room. Was Red Tyson's face red when he found out Coach Russell's room was right next door to 725, and him standing out in the hall in shorts pounding on the door? Hemple from Temple was in the propositioning mood that night at the Rathskellar. Annie Blanch and Martha Emma joined in the parade down at Savannah. Willie Omega, A T O butler, was on hand for the festivities. Saw George Clett at the Tavern Saturday night and was he hot after some dizzy blonde? Don Lockhart heard he had a good time. Reunion in Savannah: Arnett and George Meeks together again. They fussed, but then made up which is always more fun than not fussing at all. The biggest laugh yet: Arnett says that the smell of canekimmings makes her sick. Hold my sides, Algenon. Ain't it swell to have a football game to blame your sore throat on? Enough about Savannah. If I skipped you don't laugh; I'll get you next week.

Copeland Ozier and a young co-ed (who by the way is taking me to the picture show this week for leaving her name out) were seen late Saturday night out in the cemetery, of all places. John B. Clark, Jr., takes time off, every now and then to court Cowboy Williamson. I think bundling ought to be introduced around Mercer. Back to the methods of the Puritans. What could be sweller than to call on a gal and then both of you crawl in bed. (No, censor, there is a plank down the middle.) Bill Smith came in from a date with Mabel with lipstick on his

HAVE YOUR SAY

One boy upon the campus said to another student: "You should have been in Savannah, we sure knocked the lid off the box." And we certainly agree with him that they did—only we think that they hit the lid a (wee portion) bit too hard. Didn't you notice that just about everybody was looking all down and out Monday morning at school. Ain't it the truth! Anything from a broken leg to a headache!!!

But it seems that the DeSoto lobby was a favorite meeting place again this year. We do hope the young-lady wasn't embarrassed over the situation.

And if you missed the famous trip around the docks, you missed half the Savannah trip. But maybe you did not feel just equal to a trip out over water at the time. But to the guilty party—we'd be telling if names were mentioned after we promised with heart and fingers crossed we wouldn't let it out.

Oh dear! It does seem that the Mercer co-ed is coming into her own. The Glee Club has actually been organized. There is certainly no doubt that by the end of the year the boys will be having all they can do to keep up with them. We have some good material too—especially in Dona, Hettie, and

Sallie Gillespie answers hello to Thad Murphy's calls at Wesleyan. The university ought to give the mystery dancer at the Carnicus a scholarship to the school. Might liven things up, dean. That's all.

Mary Emma from Miller High. Guess Miller will be glad to hear such news of her former student. Yours truly has one request to make—That one Billy Knox be chosen mascot, or sponsor, or something for the club as he has shown a great deal of interest and enthusiasm—he even went over to attend the first meeting.

And we wonder why Little Anthony had such a bad case of giggles Monday night. It seems somebody had said something funny. Maybe if you ask her she will tell you—I couldn't find out. But just ask her if she'd like to ride on a crowded train in Russia—Maybe Jack D. . . would be on it.

—SUSABELLE.

GLEE CLUB TO BEGIN SEASON IN DECEMBER

(Continued from Page 1)

rection of Elliot Lawton tops off the show with its interpretation of special arrangements of semi-classical and popular hits in its own inimitable style. The Collegians have built up in the past few years an enviable reputation as the most popular glee club orchestra in the south. Lawton has chosen to feature this year a smooth saxophone section backed by muted brass, and he will continue to employ the novelty style of program arrangement.

A skit will also be presented, but this feature has not yet been completed.

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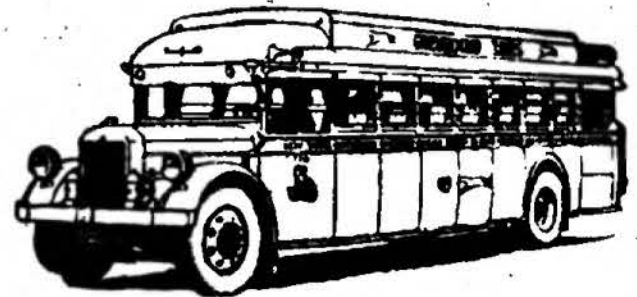
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