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What Mercer Needs

After careful reading the papers for the past few weeks your campus commentator has been forced to the conclusion that what the Mercer football team needs is a good, financially sound state highway department to play "angel" to Mercer's gridiron heroes.

Two notable instances of a highway department playing "angel" to state university football teams has come into light recently. The first of these, and perhaps the most notorious, was the situation that existed in Louisiana under that sterling citizen, Huey P. Long, whose demise will sorely affect the business office of the athletics department at the state university.

With the announced intention of "buying me a football team that can beat anything in the country" he not only aboved his bright young footballers into the highway department but saw that at least one of them was elected to the state legislature.

A more recent instance concerns the situation at Ohio State university, where at least 13 men on the football team are blithely plowing up turf with their noses, determined to do and die for dear old Ohio State and the highway department.

But the story that rings the bell concerns the boy who was lured away from one state university into another state through the promise of added inducements. The boys' father was an employe of the state highway department in the first state, and an order was issued to fire him if he could not persuade him to come back to the state university.

The governor in the state where the boy had transferred heard of the incident — and offered the boys' father a better job in his own state highway department.

Down on the Farm

The answer to that question about why so many rural citizens are moving to town and gratefully going on relief in the grand old state of Georgia is answered in pertinent fashion by the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Washington, in a recent press release carried over the country by the Associated Press wire service.

According to figures released by that body the level for farm wages in this state is lower than that of any other state in the union, with the exception of South Carolina. The state ranks FORTY-SEVENTH in the amount of cash that the hired man has coming due at the end of the month. Together with high taxes and low farm prices this low wage scale has formed a triumvirate that is prying the agricultural class loose from the land in Georgia and rapidly dumping it into the cities and towns where federal relief is the only mode of making a living.

Government agents employed in the survey found that states producing cotton had the lowest wage scales than any other parts of the country. The subjects of King Cotton stand revealed as virtual slaves, held fast in a form of economic servitude, from which there is little escape except that afforded by governmental relief.

In California, where farm products are vastly more diversified, the farm hand will average \$62 a month. In Georgia his fellow toiler stood to draw \$11 at the end of the month

PASS IN REVIEW

By SAM HOWELL

Co-eds Only Pile

Boston university is offering a new marriage course. The new course is supposed to show one how to hold your husband and deal intelligently with problems of family life. Didn't know the feds were going to make a science of it. The males will have to hurry and develop some new methods.

MC

Attaboy, Dean

A dean at the University of Iowa thinks that students should wait three minutes for an instructor to appear, five or an assistant professor, eight for an associate professor, and ten for a full professor or dean. This he outlined in a new development of campus etiquette.

MC

The Birmingham-Southern Gold and Black certainly gave Bloody and Allen a nice writeup this week. They seem to think you boys have the stuff over there. Coincidence: I do too.

MC

No Imagination

Furman has inaugurated a plan of taking moving pictures of the football games to be exhibited to the players in an effort to point out and correct the defects in play. Stepping out, what? Why not have a beautiful co-ed for a quarter or a half, or even a tackle? Just think of how interesting the finished product would be. Shades of Elogfield.

MC

"The Columbia Spectator" made a decided change the other day. Since the trustees and the editorial board could not reach an agreement on what was to be printed, the paper is cast loose, so to speak. The trustees said "No censorship, no subsidy." And the board said, "No censorship." Freedom to them is more important than financial support with censorship.

MC

Little Tiger, What Now?

Clemson, in the future, will no longer have to think of the Clemson Tiger as a product of the imagination. Someone recently endowed them with a real and very much alive Royal Bengal Tiger. The question arises, "Where to keep it?" Seems to me they 'Dot it and don't know what to do with it.'

MC

We Yawn With You

For the first time in nearly a century the students of Williams College, Williamston, Mass., do not have to arise for a 7:30 chapel program. Compulsory chapel has at last been abolished.

MC

Wow and How

In order to participate in student body or class elections at Washington and Lee, the students must pay a nine dollar campus tax. Over a third of the

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or sixty cents a day, together with board. The national average was \$20.57 monthly with board, or \$1.11 on a daily basis. Thus in the leveling figure of the national average Georgia stands very poorly in the salaries paid agricultural laborers.

But that is all right. And anyone who protests against such a system runs the risk of being labeled a "red" whatever that may mean. Certainly it is enough to make the agricultural laborer see red, whether his feelings are inclined that way or not. Further, anyone who attempts to do anything about the situation may wake up to find himself branded a "communist" by such staunch, stand-pat Democrats as Genial Gene Talmadge, the friend of the peepul, and of the farmer in particular.

JIM'S JAMS

Dear Mom,

I supposed you all expected me at home last week-and cause I told you that I was coming. I thought that every body was going home, but they didn't. There was a big bunch of folks at the football game Saturday night. I expect there was five or six hundred. We sure had a big time Saturday.

Saturday morning we had a parade. In the parade there was a wagon with two mules hitched to it and some pretty girls riding in it. I wish pa could have seen them mules. They was sure nice ones. And them girls riding in the wagon was the prettiest I ever saw. I don't know where this wagon, them mules, and the girls come from. I reckon Dr. Dowell went out in the country and got the mules and wagon and got the girls here at school. I rode in the big old bus. But a funeral procession got mixed in with the parade, cause in a big old truck with a heap of cars in front of it was a coffin with a heap of flowers on it, it had a bunch of people on it and a preacher who was preaching. The people was all crying while the preacher preached, it was sure pitiful.

I reckon you heard about us getting beat Saturday night. The school that we was playing made seven scores which made 14 points and we didn't make but three and one half, which made seven points. Also when the game was about half over some boys that was watching the game and wanted to show off put on some short pants and got out in front of everybody and started running to see which one could run the fastest. Some of the boys run so much that they had to lay down and rest a pretty good while when they got back. Of course I laughed at them trying to be smart and show out. I never did try to do that myself. Most of the people there clapped their hands for the boys. Of course I laughed at them too for being so dumb as to like to see somebody try to show off.

Mom, a big bunch of freshmen and upperclassmen got in a fight the other evening. Of course I didn't get in it cause I never did believe in fighting. They fought about twenty minutes. I don't know what they were fighting about, but I think the upperclassmen got mad with us about it. They won't even let us wear our caps and green ties now, and hadn't a one of them asked me to do anything for them since. Looks like they wouldn't take spite out on me cause the other freshmen got in a fight with them.

Well, by
 Your loving boy,
 JIM.

Prof. R. H. Sherill of the University of North Carolina school of commerce took on five New York thugs recently when one of them took 30 cents from him. Although three radio patrol cars finished the thugs after Prof. Sherill had knocked out one of them, he is credited with a moral victory.

FOR MEN ONLY

By Basil Hall

BURLESQUE—

The Caesars controlled their subjects by tossing Christians to the lions. Those people were fascinated by the fulfillment of a desire for dust; they were amused. That same sense of fascination resulting from a fulfillment of the same desire somehow impressed us most at the fair last week.

Motivated by the curiosity that enables us to hold our job, we paid a visit to La Carioca. As yet we've seen nothing of the colossal, stupendous production that was promised by the barkers. That was to be expected. What we did see were five hags, obviously undernourished and underbathed, whose bones creaked to the rhythm of a poorly executed series of suggestive motions. We heard dirty derails of men, the flossam of humanity, make remarks in keeping with their foul appearances.

What did impress us was the spell-bound attitude of the audience. The listeners lapped it up; the watchers reveled in the muck. Oddly enough, we thought of swine, and were a little amazed at the likeness.

The Caesars would not slaughter their Christians today to amuse the masses. They simply would turn the arena into a gigantic, filthy burlesque.

C'est le progres, n'est-ce pas?

MC

WITHOUT MALICE—

Upon the appearance of one of the recent blurbs of ours, we were highly taken to task by a Mr. Overby. It was that gentleman's contention that the literary standard of this column was of a type too high to have any definite appeal to the average Mercer man. Be that as it may. However, it is we who contend that there is a possibility that Mr. Overby's mind may not be a suitable yardstick; that the modern collegian is vitally interested in any present-day situation that even vaguely concerns him. At any rate, we intend to stick by our guns. We shall derive our solace from our opinion of Mr. Overby's mentality.

After all, though, we may be wrong.

MC

HOUSE DIVIDED—

Homecoming. Ironically enough, put us in mind of a biblical legend universally dear to youth. We thought of the glorious return of the prodigal son, home again to the compact house of his fathers. But think for a moment on the situation that would have resulted had the house of his fathers been divided. Suppose, for example, as a result of some petty friction developed during his absence, the family had been split into two factions. Suppose two calves had been fattened and slaughtered. To taste of one calf was to offend the senses of the straying faction; and vice versa. The chances are that the prodigal would have gone on his way without a bite, rather congratulating himself on individual independence. Nor could you blame him.

Just so with Homecoming. The prodigal Mercerian comes back to see old friends and familiar faces. The average alumnus doesn't give more than a tinker's dam as to the men who currently compose his erstwhile fraternity. His friends are scattered throughout various organizations. And yet he returns to face two sets of dances, two sets of parties, two sets of friends, two sets of girls—two of everything. Somewhere we were taught that if we had one apple, that was fine; but if we added another, the value of the

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TO and FRO

By Alleen Bacon

Well, exams are over but we still have to worry about what we made. There just ain't no peace of mind.

If they'd just post a notice that exam grades are all in, we wouldn't be so scared to open our mail box.

Heard something about some of the students voting to allow boys to smoke and girls to knit in class. They didn't make any provision for girls who don't knit.

In a popularity contest would the Cubans or the Bears win?

Cluster reporter says the Homecoming parade was colorful. Must be referring to the pajamas these boys were wearing when they went to sleep on the job.

Something should be done about the way the librarian insists on us paying fines on overdue books.

N. Y. A. students are wondering if they can count in the time it takes to make out these new time sheets.

Shorter has abolished hazing. The similes!

Maybe initiation day is hard on freshmen, but it is good for the poor sap who has to worry about something to write about.

Hope they'll hurry and have a new play so we can see the new scenery.

first automatically decreased. The same reasoning applies in our case. Oh! for one swell group of Genoes, for one really good band, for one genuinely good time, unhampered by politics and jealousies . . . But we are idealistic, we presume.

MC

MADAME EVANGELIST—
 Mrs. J. M. Dawson's quotation concerning the plowing under of three of the quintuplets was well received by a Macon audience. We were doubly interested, in that it took a Texan to bring home a bon mot that had its origination in Macon. The quip is the brainchild of J. D. S. of the Macon Telegraph—our idea of the tops in the column game.

Save for the fact that, for the second time in as many years we fought out the Baylor-S. M. U. tilt featuring legendary little plug-ugly Mac, the demon substitute) almost verbatim, Mrs. Dawson remains our pick of Baptist evangelism. Of which, goodness knows, there is a superfluity.

MC

LOS CUBANOS—
 There are five men on our campus who look cheerful and apparently are as happy as the rest of us. But at heart they are wondering just what possessed them to ever think they wanted to learn English; they want home now as they probably did when they were born.

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