

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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In the Cluster Mail

October 24, 1935.

Editor, The Mercer Cluster
Mercer University
Macon, Georgia
Dear Jack:

May I congratulate you on your recent editorial treating of a political question? My enthusiasm results not from the stand you took, not from approval of your political views, but from the simple fact that you published an editorial concerned with a subject of civic interest. The appearance of that issue of the Cluster fanned to flame the spark of an idea within me.

Of course it is a notorious fact that, in contrast to the situation in almost every other country of the world, the students in American colleges and universities take practically no interest in the affairs of the state. An occasional remark is an Economics class, a plagiarized debate on an over-worked issue, and we are silent. Opinions may differ, but I think this condition is regrettable. Correction of it might influence in some slight manner the course of the ship of state, would certainly enliven the minds of the students themselves.

There are approximately one million students in American colleges and universities. Forty million voters—a record—went to the polls in our last presidential election. The number of college students compares favorably with the strength of the most influential political minorities in the country. Witness the fact that the American Federation of Labor boasts only about two and one-half million members. Surely a million voters (for it may be assumed that practically all college students are qualified, or will be before they leave college), if they became politically conscious, might exert some influence.

It is not my idea that college students should espouse any political party, doctrine, theory, or partisan purpose. They ought to stand for sound progress, and ought to make their voice heard in the discussion of civic problems of all sorts, freedom of discussion being always watchword.

The idea is this: Observation indicates that it is the press which stimulates and keeps alive general interest in civic affairs. On the whole, it is the thorough reader of the newspapers who is the best-posted man politically, the man with the best ideas on national questions. Since all else has failed, why should not the collegiate press undertake to interest our college students in politics?

Why shouldn't you give over squandering ALL of your valuable editorial talent on such trifles as fraternity squabbles, drinking fountains, and freshman foibles, and give us more editorials on live questions of national interest? To go farther, why shouldn't the Cluster, which has a wide-spread influence through its exchange relations with other colleges, sponsor a campaign to enlist the collegiate press generally in the campaign to make American students politically conscious?

Of course a college newspaper is, first and foremost, a college newspaper. Your front page must always be taken up with campus items, and that is as it should be. But the editorial page is your own. A reasonable space in it, accord-

PASS IN REVIEW

By SAM HOWELL

The spirit of Huey Long still lives. Governor O. K. Allen is planning to run a special train to Athens for the Ga.-L. S. U. game. Might not be as many as would have been but it still ought to be a great game.

Another novelty feature that the L. S. Uans have on us is an annual rodeo. Not only do they have horse shows but contests in calf roping, wild cow riding and bareback bronco busting. Our drug store cowboys should sit up and take notice.

HOW'S THIS FOR TOUGH LUCK

Securing a Ph. D. degree is hard enough, but when one has to write two theses to obtain the degree instead of the usual one, the task is even harder. Dr. Hugh Mercer Blain, recently appointed head of the English department at Loyola, was the victim of such a circumstance. The dormitory in which he was staying caught fire and the Dr. lost most of his worldly goods, including his recently completed thesis.

CURRICULA, TAKE NOTICE

There is a field which, according to Associated Collegiate Press, is still uncrowded. The demand for good veterinarians still exceeds the supply.

WHAT A LITTLE MOUSE CAN DO

One measly scrawny little gray mouse ran across the dining hall at F. S. C. W. and forthwith all eating activities ceased. Skirts were tucked and tables were ascended. What power thou hast, little mouse.

THE MORE THE MERRIER

Boston University has four departments with drum majors. Just think how four drum majors would look high-stepping down the field. Oh, well, Willie Smith was enough for us.

Mars Hill college of North Carolina is building an outdoor amphitheatre for the production of student plays.

The National Guard Unit of Wake Forest, N. C., will soon be sporting a new home. A new armory is being built at a cost of approximately twenty-five thousand dollars.

Some one probably speaking from actual experience at Drake University gave this definition of a blind date: "It's like a bee, either you get stung or you get a honey."
—The Springhillian.

Another good definition that attracted the optical eye this week was this: "A girl's school is an institution of Higher Yearning."
—The Campus Chat.

The game of Lawn Bowls, one of the oldest as well as one of the simplest of out-of-door games, is finding increased popularity in American colleges. Several schools now include it on their co-ed athletic programs.

ing to your judgment, must always be devoted to discussion of campus problems. But can't the rest be used in discussion of real problems?

Sincerely yours,
INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

P. S. — Congratulations, also, on Basil Hall's column. It is the best we have yet seen in the Cluster.

JIM'S JAMS

How is all getting along at home. I hate to tell you, but I ain't doing so well. I ain't been doing well for the last few days. The boys up here have been telling me that it's something that I eat. (They say, "It's something that you eat." I told them that I had always been learned better than to say et for eat, and they say that et is a new form of the word eat and that it's all right. I don't know whether it is or not, but I mean to ask my English teacher about it as quick as I get a chance to.)

But anyway, it may be something that I et, cause I have been hurting in the stomach for several days. That is what is the matter with me. I asked the boys what they thought it was that I have et that might give any one the stomach ache, and they said that it is the things that I have been eating in the dining room at Sherwood Bug House. (I think I told you in a letter that I wrote to you not so long ago that I stayed in Sherwood Hall, didn't I? Well, I told you wrong. It is not Sherwood Hall at all. I found out the other day when I was listening to a boy talk over the telephone that the place we stay in is called Sherwood Bug House.) Anyway, the boys said that it might be that the dog and mule we have been eating in the dining room is making me sick. I told them that I didn't know we had been eating any mule or dog, but they say that we have. They asked me if I thought that the meat we have been eating was really cow meat and I told them yes. I really thought that it was. But they still say that what we have been eating for meat is dog and mule. They asked me if I han't noticed how hard it is to chew and I told them . . .

Mom, have I told you about the five new boys that have started to school here. Well, they just started here last week. They talk so fast and funny that I can't understand what they are saying. They must be from up north.

Tell pop and Jake I said how was they.
Your loving boy,
JIM.
* Deleted by Editor on account of profane language.

TO and FRO

By Aileen Bacon

Will somebody ask the Dean to make a rule against pop tests.

The way they started washing windows and then decided to take a vacation in the middle of the job is most annoying. Now there's nothing to do but listen to the lecturers.

Katie was looking awful bad the other day. Said she was reading **ELMER GANTRY** but thought she'd feel better when she'd had a nice hot bath.

Reminded us of the girl who had to drop Shakespeare because she was too timid.

And the one who wouldn't let her mother eat in the dining hall at Sherwood because she was afraid she'd get ideas.

FOR MEN ONLY

By Basil Hall

Columnist's comment: We know a young writer who is, at the same time, our dearest friend, our bitterest enemy, and our severest critic. We have some faith in his ability. His work is, at once, vague and vivid; wierd and naive. He did the following as a special favor for us and you.

THE IDEAL

Now this story mustn't be taken too seriously. For, even now, when Chatham Forsythe tells it at his club, there are those friends of his who are inclined to call him a fool. But, too, there are a few—oh! a very few—who nod, a little uncertainly perhaps. And those are they to whom has come the glimmer of an Ideal . . .

There is, in Florida, a very old town; and in that town there is a street that is ever so narrow. George Travers says that it's the narrowest street in the world. And so it must be; for George knows about such things. But it is an absurdity, really, to call it a street at all, for it is no more than a passageway. Two men, say, have difficulty in walking through it abreast.

It is really used nowadays, this passage. For if people aren't with other people, and so couldn't be comfortable in that street, they're dashing about in a wide car to get with other people. And there you are.

However, there are some few of us who use the passage regularly, simply because it serves as the most direct route from the club to our flats that face on Front street and the bay. Chatham Forsythe is one of these—gallant Chatham Forsythe, who has had an ideal and lived for it; which is a good deal easier than dying for ideals, when you come to think of it. And that ideal is chivalry. (Chivalry, you know, was prevalent in the days when men led crusades instead of fast lives—a long, long time ago . . .)

Now one windy, wintry night in March, says Forsythe, he left the club not long after the sun had set in a gray, grim dusk which made spectral shadows lengthen and fade into vagueness. A clammy fog that only is seen on the coast clutched at the passageway and left its damp touch on his face. Not many people were about, nor could you blame them.

At the west end of the passage there is a gas lamp that sheds a feeble light about, and only tends to deepen the gloom beyond the reach of its rays. As Forsythe made to swing into the lane, he took long strides. He was hurrying to reach his flat and dress for a dinner engagement with Verlyn Gray; and we all know what are the engagements with the Verlyn Grays of our lives! Suddenly he felt a very definite tug at his sleeve, and turning, startled, he looked down into the eyes of a wizened old lady. Oh! she must be very, very old, thought Forsythe; a hundred, at least. But he wasn't sure about that. She looked cold and hungry and almost exhausted as she clung to Chatham and drew his face into the dim light of that lamp. She had never released his sleeve. (Now you mustn't forget that engagement with Verlyn, for it is important.)

Removing his hat as gallantly as though this old woman had been the fairest lady in the land—of which there must be quite an overflow, if we are to believe their love—Forsythe lent his face to a
(Continued on page 2)

GREEK WORLD

By Howard Overby

The representatives of the nice social fraternities on the campus met last Sunday for the first time since the split in Pan-Hellenic last spring. The meeting was held at the Pi Kappa Alpha house.

The A. T. O.'s announce the pledging of Willard Reynolds, Commerce, a freshman in the arts school. The S. A. E. initiated Roger Dodd, of Ocala, Fla., last week. Dodd is a member of the varsity football team and is a junior in the arts school.

The Pi K. A.'s are entertaining the brothers and pledges tonight with a weiner roast at the Water Works. Several of the boys are going up to Atlanta next week to attend a possum hunt to be given by the Tech chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha.

The Phi Delta Theta were paid a visit by burglars last week. The rascal escaped with several pairs of shoes and pants. He entered the house some time during the night and due to an absence of light sleepers, left the house unnoticed with his plunder.

The K. A.'s are the proud possessors of a ping-pong table which was built by the industrious pledges. Upon entering the house on any occasion, you can usually find the table occupied, and several of the boys standing around waiting their turn to play.

The first college cheer is credited to Princeton students, who got the idea from an unknown private of the seventh Regiment of New York, as the outfit mobilized for war in April, 1860.

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