

THE MERCER CLUSTER

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SKIMMED MILK

The predicted "new high" in Mercer history is one week off. Leave Pilgrimage Day to President Dowell, Hamilton Holt, and Blue Key by themselves to put over and the odds are great that it will be just another day; but the whole Mercer student body back of them, in front of them, and all around them and the day will be long remembered as Mercer's best.

If you chance upon anyone walking aimlessly around the campus Saturday, two to one he will be a delegate to the American College Publicity Directors convention. Show the someone around the campus for Mercer is joint host to the group, little as you may know it. One good turn never hurt a body . . . so long as it's not into a one-way street.

A multitude of Mercer students seem to take the oft-quoted passage, "Never take life seriously," very literally. The flippant, non-thinking attitude has been in evidence lately in bushel quantities. Non-thinking frequently leads to discourtesy. Discourtesy leads to extreme embarrassment. Visceral fortitude must be present in large quantities to overcome embarrassment. Reference: a student advocates PEACE in a chapel session. Does the glove fit?

Life is complex. Reports have it that there exists one communist in this country to every three anti-communist organizations. Perhaps it's a process of matching point for point—a job for everybody. College graduates are invited to join the crusade, the clean-up campaign. Reference is made to the special invitations issued to college editors and others at intervals by the patriotic, All-American Liberty League.

Discounting the solicited opinions in ONE MINUTE INTERVIEWS this week, one official approval of last week's editorial on senior examination abandonment has been filed in the CLUSTER office. Are Mercer students asleep? Maybe it's Spring and all.

The CLUSTER hat is off to the Powers. The proposed building improvements coupled with the recent paving project mark perhaps the greatest advancement in Mercer history. If it wont scare too many people maybe "progressive" is the word for it.

FOR MEN ONLY

By Basil Hall

PRODIGAL

It's not that we don't think Mercer has fared well without us. Perhaps, to the contrary, it is that things have run too smoothly. At all events, we are back at our old stand, gunning here and there for news and comment. The only plausible excuse for our absence that occurs to us is the G. E. A. Reports were abroad that Macon was host to some eight thousand Georgia school marms; and thinking lightly of our past record, we saw no reason why, with concentration, we shouldn't make the most of it. After all, an 8,000 to 1 shot is worth a risking any old time. So, along with four hundred Mercers, we plodded over the streets and outwatched the bear in the Dempsey lobby. But the upshot of the whole messy business was that we finished up with a blank score card. Our filly evidently was scratched; or had double pneumonia over the weekend. At any rate, she wasn't here: of that we are certain. . . .
 R. S. V. P.

Word has just reached our ears of that most remarkable young man-about-town, a Mercer student, who was recently invited to the swanky affair of the Spring. The formality of the invitation stumped him; but only momentarily. Sensing, rather than knowing, that an answer was in order, and yet being a little vague as to the gist of the thing, he began bravely: "To whom it may concern."

SONG

Costless and a little skeptical, we dropped in at the Conservatory last Tuesday. The Wesleyan Glee Club was performing; and you know how those things usually are.

Now we have watched Wesleyan's antics for a good number of years. And we here, now set down as our opinion that their art and enterprise are definitely on the up and up. Under the direction of Douglas Hume, dramatic art has flourished: a theatre favorably comparable with any in the state. No less, now, is praise due this new, revived Glee Club, under the brilliant direction of Lalla Bright Ensign. (We say "brilliant" without reservation; for it is just that to produce excellence with comparatively raw material).

We have no wish to create the impression that Tuesday's Triumph was all good. To the contrary, it was terrific in spots. But taken as an entity, we were mightily impressed.

The Glee Club rose and shone at the instance of Saint-Saens: My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice was the evening's collective highlight. Nor was stardom attained necessarily en masse. Miss Townsend has a really lovely voice, and made up in color what Miss Wiseman definitely lacked in that regard. The latter has a finesse of tonal quality that is overshadowed by a limited range. Especially delightful was the quartet; and the trio's rendition of The Lass with a Delicate Air was lilting, melodic perfection.

It is necessary only to say that Terry Murray played the piano, and Miss Waters fiddled while we burned; for they are young masters at their respective crafts.

PEACE ON YOU

Whatever the demand for peace in these troublous times, and whatever may be your views on the subject, Wednesday's fiasco was as complete a washout as we've seen since Mr. Sampey was around. To begin with, Mr. Caldwell will impress us more with his demands on the day he turns in his sergeant's stripes at National Guard Headquarters. And in the second

Tips for the Cinemaddicts

By Harry Ed Marshall

The Capitol Theatre opens the week with an authentic but interesting depiction of a noted scientist's life under the title of THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR with Paul Muni, whose performance "is something to cheer about", and Josephine Hutchinson. This picture will run for two days, April 27-28. Wednesday and Thursday will bring America's outstanding humorist, Irving S. Cobb, and Rochelle Hudson in EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN. Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett show good work in THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR, which is billed for Friday and Saturday.

At the Rialto Theatre, Monday and Tuesday, Macon audiences will have the opportunity of seeing the Reinhardt production of Shakespeare's MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. All seats are to be reserved with two shows daily. To Shakespeare's drama have been added music and lighting effects to make it more glamorous. Returning to regular schedule Wednesday and Thursday THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN is seen with Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan; a picture which all dog lovers will enjoy. Thursday and Friday show REMEMBER LAST NIGHT with Edwin Arnold and Constance Cummings.

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET is the Monday and Tuesday bill at the Ritz, featuring Margaret Lindsay and Warren Hull. Wednesday and Thursday a return engagement of ROSE OF THE RANCHO with Gladys Swartout, Metropolitan opera star, and John Boles, will be shown. MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE, with Sylvia Sidney and Melvyn Douglas, Friday, and RIDERS OF THE LAW, with Bob Steele, Saturday, complete the week's program.

place, people who are supposedly burning for "The Cause" don't fold up at the first insistence of the Administration. The whole point, as we understood it, was that Youth should strike at eleven. Save for an occasional hungover devil, attendance at our eleven o'clock, if anything, was better than usual. What we really missed more than anything was the spirit of Sparta's Tom Johnson. He did his feeble best via a fiery letter to Pacifist Overby; but he misjudged his accomplices. The lads that are left haven't the ardor. And, not only that, they haven't the courage of their convictions.

SLIGHT

A day or so ago we drove up to a rather obscure drug store to buy us and our date a dope. The table hop showed up after a good many minutes, and was specific in pointing out the lady's Coca-Cola. "Oh, that's all right," said we, "we both ordered orange." But it wasn't all right; and he ended by dishing out the drinks himself. It was then that we noticed a cherry in her drink. There was none in ours. We didn't dare ask; and to this day we don't know whether we've unearthed a peculiarly gallant soda sleet, or one with a sense of humor who just likes to run down his trade.

MUTT

In a great many years of dancing here and there, we finally discovered the perfect ballroom set-up. There were by count five couples and three stags on the floor. The band was good; the stags were decent about breaking; and nobody got too drunk. In case you don't know, it was the opening of the College Dancing Club, and nobody had a headache the next day. Nobody, that is, except the two staves that put it on.

In The Throes Of

CLUSTERPHOBIA

TRAVEL—

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour, until—
 "Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"
 He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood.
 "I'd travel!"
 He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up, she had gone.
 In his hand lay a nickel.

FOLLOW UP—

Since last week's play on "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket" we have heard one that tops even it. From an authentic source the information comes that since the tornado wrecked Gainesville the girls at Brenau have adopted as their theme song, "I'm Putting All My Legs in One Casket."

FRIBBLES—

They tell us that Basil Hall hasn't been writing "For Men Only" any more because he broke his tripewriter. Glad to see he's staging a comeback this week, but swear on swear we didn't fix his infernal machine. . . . The Sphinx knew how to keep her mouth shut and is still in business. . . . Thought: the earth has far more time than you but it never postpones a single turn. . . . "Feathers Fly in Fan Dancer's Plume Wax."—(headline)—And from all reports the girls are entering into the squabble wholehidedly. . . . Don't bluff: In every game the deuce finally meets the ace. . . . It's funny that charity not only begins at home but hates to leave the house.

When does the G.E.A. meet again—and why?

FACTS—

If your sweetie's worth her weight in gold (and she's a cute little thing of 100 pounds), she's worth \$42,000 at current quotations. Or figure it out at any weight you wish, at \$420 per pound. . . . Just a trifle: The top pay for a rear admiral in the U. S. Navy is \$8,000 a year. In other words, for \$155 a week, he's responsible for a \$20,000,000 battleship. . . . Peace's Progress: Since the world conflict—the war to end all war—there have been forty-four other wars throughout the world.

It costs the brewers slightly more to pack their suds in tin cans than in the old-style glass bottles, but the increase in consumption should take care of the profit angle. . . . It was Teddy Roosevelt, while President, who coined the slogan of a famous coffee, "Good to the last drop"—an ecumium he uttered after swigging a cup of same. . . . Did you get your share? Every day, in the past 20 years, Uncle Sam's bureau of engraving and printing has turned out four tons of crinkly new currency. . . . One lung days: The world's first automobile road race took place in 1894 from Paris to Rouen, France—and the winner averaged 12 miles an hour whizzing along.

We all do: Although the late Andrew Carnegie was worth millions, he always tried to cut down his telegraphic messages to 10 words—and would spend many precious minutes thinking how to eliminate superfluous ones. . . . You know how it is: Author Francis Hackett once dedicated one of his volumes thus: "To my wife, Signe Toksvig, whose lack of interest in this book has been my constant desperation."

Oliver Goldsmith was paid \$400 for his best work, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and \$4000 for his worst work, "Natural History" . . . With the new 200-inch telescope recently completed, man hopes to see into space a distance of 2,000,000,000,000,000 miles . . . and in case you want to take a peep it will be finished in 1989 . . . If the printer has any zeros left, here's another figure: The latest computation of the earth's weight is 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

FANCIES—

Opportunity lies as frequently in the weakness of decadent institutions as in the development of unexploited fields.—Anon . . . My son's dog—Azor—rules my son—he rules his mother—she rules me—I rule Athens—Athens rules the world. Therefore, the Dog, Azor, rules the world.—Pericles . . . A man can not be too careful in the choice of his enemies.—O. Wilde . . . The young are slaves to dreams; the old servants of regret.—Hervey Allen . . . What I don't lak bout dis heah plain common sense, hit's sorter cold-less'n hit's wahmed up wid a lit' foolishness now 'n den.—Hambone's Meditations . . . A soft answer makes no impression on a bonehead.—Olin Miller . . . Every morning, when I leave my house, I say to myself, "Today I shall meet an impudent man, an ungrateful one, one who talks too much. It is natural and necessary that these men be thus; therefore do not be surprised."—Marcus Aurelius.

I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in it . . . one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning.

Coriolanus, II, 1
 —CUTTS

GREEK SWIRL

When Johnny to the college went
 His mothers hair was torn and rent;
 She'd heard about this foreign land
 That's governed by the fraternity man.
 A Kappa Alpha met him first,
 With a car as long as a funeral hearse;
 He said he'd come to take his trunk,
 But all he did was shoot him bunk.
 An S.A.E. to him was kind—
 He asked him slyly if he would mind
 Coming to the house sometime.
 He was victim next of an A.T.O.,
 Who then and there began to blow
 Of the fraternity that was his pet,
 And got poor Johnny in a sweat.
 He had hardly gotten through
 When along came a goggle-eyed
 Sigma Nu.
 He told Johnny without much tact,
 That he'd be glad to help him pack.
 If he would move to their fraternity house
 Where a man could be cozy as a mouse.
 A Phi Delta Theta his spell did cast
 And we thought that Johnny was gone at last
 But with a shake of his head and a wink of eye
 Johnny told them all that he'd stand pat
 For he'd decided to remain a free non-frat.

—Burke