

**THE MERCER CLUSTER**

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**FOR PRESIDENT**

Political speeches of presidential candidates are filling the air while Mercer students have chosen Roosevelt by a straw ballot in chapel early this week. The students chose their favorite with 203 votes out of the total of 264, making the victory quite decided.

The socialist, communist, etc. were fairly left behind. Browder, receiving 10 votes, while Thomas and Lemke received 6 and 1 respectively. Which all goes to prove that our school may be added to the list of Democratic institutions throughout the nationwide poll which colleges have been conducting.

Landon was second in the race with only 33 votes. Landon is spending the most part of this week in New York making addresses of the final campaign week to the East. He has promised if elected to aid labor in their policies. He also says that he has a plan for the people which will be constructive in scope and prove of maximum benefit to the people. That he as it will this plan is to be in effect only in case he is elected. Georgia will not according to the ballot here at Mercer and other ballots taken over the state be the one to elect him. The recent defeat of Eugene Talmadge for the seat in the senate was pretty sure evidence of Georgia's stand as a state on the presidential race.

Roosevelt needs to make no promises for he has already demonstrated to the people the policies upon which he plans his work in Washington. Already in his speeches he has stated that it is his intention to continue the C.C.C. In a recent address he says that the time has come to build a better home for liberty. Prosperity has been daily increasing. The situation of unemployment has daily diminished; people feel more secure; they have more hope for the future; they have become cheerful over their outlook for the future.

However, it is our firm belief that this election will be a very close affair, with probably the greatest number of votes ever cast in the United States. Politics is being widespread and those who have formerly taken no interest in governmental affairs are awakening to the importance of administrative problems. With a greater number of people becoming interested and going to the polls Tuesday we may only say that we hope that from the judgment of a vast throng of intelligent people the man who will be of the greatest service to our democracy will be chosen by his fellow men as the president of our United States.

**WHY BEAR A GRUDGE**

Should Mercer be on the map of the Empire State? What we would like to know is what is the grudge that Emily Woodward has against Macon. In her recent compilation of "Empire" Mercer has about one half page devoted to it, while a military academy of less importance is given several pages.

The Macon school system is conceded to be one of the best in the state and not a picture in her book is taken from our system. Thomasville has the monopoly on all such material. We, as future citizens, should make some protests to show that our city is on the map and that Mercer is away out in front of other schools of the state. Gordon, Barnesville, G. M. C. and other similar places are shown much more consideration in her book than our school. Are we as students who know the facts about the men who have gone from here and done outstanding service in this state and others, willing to sit by without a protest when our school is treated in this manner.

We have the greatest respect for the ability of the woman who is editor of the Vienna paper but we think that Mercer and Macon were given a shabby deal in her masterpiece. If the reason is some grudge we would like much better for her to express it for we feel that Macon and Mercer are more important than she has given credit to us in the "Empire."

**FOLDEROL**

By Kenneth Harris

Dear Son,  
 I do hope you will come for the holidays. Mother and I have arranged everything so that we will be ready to receive you. All the cars are going to be overhauled and painted during the vacation so that you will not be able to wreck them. All my champagne, beer, wine, and gin will be locked in a steel vault which I had installed in the cellar. Your brother's bank has been emptied, and the money deposited in the bank where you cannot get it. My ties, shirts, socks, gloves, tux, etc. have been placed in a strong trunk, for which I have the only key. My cigars and cigarettes will not be available as I am also locking them in a humidior. I hope you will come to see us. I know that I shall enjoy your visit very much.

Love,  
 Dad.  
 P. S. I also fired the maid.—  
*Cornell Widow.*

Is the fish man here today?  
 How shad I know. Am I my brother's kipper?  
 No, but I've been herring things about you.  
 Yeh, that's the halibut.  
 Yes, Sir; salmon's been talking about you.  
 Did I clam they weren't?  
 Pike cod, I octopus your face in. I'll call my father and chase you out of here.  
 Trout him-out, I'm not afraid.  
 Whaie I'd better go, then.  
*Aegwan.*

"Izzy, vere iss my glasses?"  
 "On yer nose, fadder."  
 "Vy must you always be so indefinite, Izzy?"  
*Pup.*

Old Lady (to old tar): "Excuse me—do those tatoo marks wash off?"  
 Old Tar: "I can't say, lady."  
*Annapolis Log.*

"Frequent water-drinking prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints."  
 "Yes, but some of those joints don't serve water."  
*Oklahoma Aggravator.*

Fond Mother of yearling on furlough:  
 "Yes, Oscar is taking French and Calculus at West Point. Say something to Mrs. Filch in Calculus, Dear."  
*Oklahoma Aggravator.*

Femme; I heard you went riding last night with Jack. Was he careful?  
 Sister: "I'll say he was. He came to a complete stop at every curve."  
*Sour Owl.*

Teacher: "Norman, in the sentence, 'I saw a girl climbing a fence,' how many 's' would you use?"  
 Norman: "Both of them, teacher, both of them."  
*Sandial.*

Mr. Cohen: "Jkey, stop putting your fingers to your nose."  
 Jkey: "Aw fadder, can't I have some fun on my own hook?"  
*Exchange.*

And there's the ludicrous yarn of the two stewes playing golf. After the two stewes had missed the ball about five times apiece, one stew turned to the caddies and wailed, Sshay, Caddy, I want you to shtop interfering with my game—lishen, if you tilt this green wence more, I'm gonna quit.  
*Exchange.*

**IN THE THROES OF—**

**CLUSTERPHOBIA**

WITH CUTTS

**A DEFENSE OF SCIENCE**

In the early part of the year 1935, Wabash's "Caveman" conducted a writing contest—the results very interesting. One R. Bambas turned in a young masterpiece:  
 There are hardy souls who would maintain that Science requires no defense, in direct contraposition to the majority, who aver that a defense is impossible. These latter point with hero to the automobile, a satanical contraption, which since the time it was loosed upon the world by its misanthrope inventors, has proven more inimical to human life and limb than two and three-quarters Napoleons, with seven-eighths of a Czar of all the Russians tossed in for good measure. And we shudder at the lack of Christianity Scieno has displayed in China by checking pestilence and improving sanitation, thereby increasing the number of healthy heathens who will be in better condition to resist conversion. These, no doubt, will supply a greater number of vile bandits, to kidnap, and otherwise annoy, the dear missionaries.

I must admit that these are grave charges to be held at Science's door; and there are other serious indictments to be preferred: witness, the destruction of our national good-temper by the railroad schedules—whereas in the stage coach days no one expected schedules to be kept, and if the coach was missed, there would be another along in a month or two—now apoplexy threatens every commuter who misses the S&W and must wait seven minutes for the next train.

But in spite of these crimes of Science, I feel that a defense is possible and beg leave to present proof that Science is not to be entirely condemned, that it has done much for the advancement of civilization.

For centuries everyone believed the Ptolemaic astronomers to be correct in their assumption that the earth was the center of the universe, and there was much reason to take pride in mere existence. Even the lowliest beggar could strut: were we not the center of all things? But low! along came the Scientist Copernicus and Scientist Brahe, who evolved and proved the heliocentric theory—the sun is the center of our universe—and human ego was caught short on a full market. Now, not even the father of twins can boast; we are all ticks squatting on the backs of a Gargantuan cow. From mighty we have become mite-y. Of course, this ego-deflation we have undergone is a good thing for us. There's nothing like going about feeling dime-a-dozenish. At least we know we can't get any smaller—unless another Scientist finds us capable of being negative qualities.

The first man to put the finger on Old Sol as the boss-man of the universe was Copernicus, a Pole (whether magnetic or geographic, of North or of South persuasion, I am uninformed). He was followed by Tycho Brahe, (pronounced Bray, or even more onomatopoeically, Bray-hee) a Dane, whose distinguishing feature was his brass nose. Tycho claimed to have lost his proboscis in a duel, which is probably the truth, but yet there is a story which cast Brahe in the role of Faust. Tycho promised the Devil his soul if that august person would reveal to him the mystery of the heavens. Crafty Satan, however, desiring something better, demanded Tycho's nose instead. It would seem that the astronomer caught the short end

of the bargain, for his subsequent knowledge was far from complete, though indeed, it is the very devil for some of us to understand.

At any rate, Tycho was very proud of the brass substitute he affected, and is said to have polished it religiously every morning. And when he was deep in his alepots, observers noted that it "took on a bournished appearance, something between the roseate hue of dawn and the sparkling scarlet of an autumn sunset." It is certain, Tycho never needed a lantern to light his homeward way.

Another famous scientist was Galileo, an Italian, who strangely enough never pushed a cart or sang grand opera. He lived for a while at the house of a gossipy old lady; Galileo was just one of her idle roomers. Happening into a church one day, Galileo noticed that every time the door was opened, the draught caused the chandelier to swing in an arc. From this simple observation, he began his scientific endeavors, finally getting the job of dropping cannonballs from the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He was of such notoriously poor aim, however, that he never once hit even a single innocent bystander, and he was discharged in favor of a younger man. But Galileo was not discouraged; He continued his investigation and made the startling discovery that Joshua could not possibly have stopped the sun, because it's the earth that moves around the solar disk, and not vice versa. The ecclesiastical authorities got wind of this flaunting heresy, and made Galileo "re-cant his cant." He remained at first obdurate, but then, realizing that discretion is the better part of many things, he retracted his statement. But the seeds of doubt were sown, and people began to wonder whether anyone could really stop the sun.

In modern Science, the outstanding figure is a Mr. Einstein whose mental machinations are professed to be understood by only a few. I think this must be like the second part of Faust, of which an old Swede in a Clark Street book store told me: "Only one man in the world understood it—that was King Oscar, but he died crazy." One of those who claim to understand Einstein is a learned man from India, Bohind Morgarian Lil. Mr. Lil (or Mr. Bohind, whichever it is; or are only Chinese names vice versa?) not only claims to understand, but also wishes to explain the stuff. Oh well, these Indians have been fooling us for so long with their standing-in-the-air-boy-climb-up-it rope tricks that we might as well fall for Mr. Lil too (or is it Mr. Bohind?).

Personally, I think Mr. Einstein had better be put in a separate class with Gertrude Stein, where the pair would serve us for "in-explicable enigmas," as the noted Japanese poet, Nokechi Joki, so quaintly put it. Of course Gertrude would have to be Zwei-Stein, and as Eins und Zwei make dry, the spirits will have to be dampened by the addition of Mr. Bohind (Mr. Lil?), who would make a quartet of it.

Medical Science has made great strides lately, too. The Nobel Prize was recently awarded to three men who discovered that liver will cure anemia, with the result that liver, from being something given with the butcher's compliments, "for the cat," has risen to a luxury rated at forty cents a pound. And it's a hard liver that can't scale the social heights now. In the Army, it was called "Nigger-meat," now it's "Crema de la Vache."

**KUDOS**

By Ledford Carter

"Grub," "bust on finals," "old man," were some of the slang terms used by Mercerians in 1899. These expressions are found in certain articles in the Mercerian annual of the University for that year.

In the class of '89 there were twelve members, eleven of which were members of a national fraternity.

Well known members of the class of '89 were the late Dr. J. G. Harrison, who was at the time of his death, in 1934, professor of Christianity at Mercer, and Blanton Winship, who is now governor of Porto Rico. One member of this class, T. W. O'Kelley gave his home address at Wahoo, Ga.

Penfield hall is the oldest building on the campus. Students pledged \$105 each in 1925 for building a new gym. The building was never begun.

The Mercer Glee club was offered a one week engagement at the Shubert theaters in New York for the season of 1925-26.

The Cluster on October 17, 1924 published the report of the Student Relations committee which allotted the following distribution of funds for student activities:

Cauldron	\$1,500.00
Cluster	750.00
Glee club	500.00
Infirmary	3,000.00
Caps (freshmen)	300.00
Literary societies (\$50. each)	100.00
Band	500.00
Y. M. C. A.	100.00
Debate council	250.00
Alumnus	500.00
	\$7,500.00

The committee was composed of seven students and five faculty members, and the allotment was made on the basis of 750 students.

**TOBACCO TAGS**

By Howard Lancy

"Tobacco tag collecting is an interesting hobby," said Blount Jones, a junior at Mercer, in beginning his interview. "It presents more problems to the collector than the hobby of stamp collecting, for the tags are hard to find and there are no large collections to draw from." (A tobacco tag, just in case you don't know, is the little tin identifying label placed on each plug of chewing tobacco.)

Nation wide attention was recently drawn to his hobby by an article which appeared in the Oct. 4 issue of the Atlanta Journal. The article, which was written by Mansfield Latimer of Marietta, Georgia, described a collection of 103 different types of tobacco tags. The collection which Blount Jones possesses has 119 different types and many of them seem to be of much earlier origin than those described by Mr. Latimer.

There are several tags in Jones' collection which are of special interest. One of these is in the shape of the Liberty Bell, and the crack in the bell can be seen. Another tag has painted on it a picture of a woman spanking a small child and you should see the expression on that child's face. The name of the tobacco which carried the amusing tag was Spanker. There is another tag of interest which has the name Ethel stamped on it. The one is in the form of a portrait of a young girl and the hair dress of the girl indicates that the tag was made many years ago.

Blount has classified his collection very carefully and he plans to make additions to it at every opportunity in the hope that someday tag collecting will assume position comparable to that of stamp collecting.