

# Library News

By KENNETH CAMERON

A new book ready this week that we have had several requests for is Pearson and Allen's "Nine Old Men" that garrulous tale of the Supreme Court so cleverly, wittily and satirically told. A lot of fun is poked at the Justices and the book makes very interesting reading.

"One of the most spectacular moves in trade history," is what the "Publisher's Weekly" calls MacMillan's last week move to support the market by taking back from the book department of R. H. Macy Co., nearly 36,000 copies of "Gone With the Wind" which remained on Macy's hands after their last purchase. A new law is in effect in New York State which requires a price maintenance for books under the contract agreed to, thus prohibiting any reduction by selling at the list price etc. MacMillan realized that this book was the key book which would decide the public's attitude on uniform prices, and they made a quick decision to take the copies off the market. Therefore on Tuesday morning March 23rd, the book was again on sale at Macy's but at \$3.00 a copy. The "Publisher's Weekly" goes on to say that "this book has been in the forefront of recent price competition and its immense popularity spread book price-cutting over the country. MacMillan has already signed contracts in California and Illinois, and is proceeding to protect the market in those states. This makes the Mitchell book of memorable importance in the trade as the book supplying the test cases in this time of delicate adjustment when the trade and the public are proceeding from the loss-leader system to that of a national uniform price. The New York Times reported, on March 24th, that Macy's had sold, before returning 35,900 copies, 170,000 copies of 'Gone With the Wind'."

## Smile, Darn You, Smile

By R. C. Souder

Solicitor: Would you endorse our cigarettes for \$2,000?  
Celebrity: For \$2,000 I'd smoke the darn things.

Is it true that Mabel has a secret sorrow?  
Heavens, yes, hasn't she told you about it?

Mrs. Housewife: Why did you leave your last place?  
Cook: The poor simps were trying to live within their income.

Reporter: How did you prepare yourself for the harships of an arctic expedition?  
Explorer: I rode all over New England in a rumble seat.

"Pants are made for men, not for women. Women are made for men, not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last. Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. Men are often mistaken in pants—such mistakes are breeches of promise.

"There has been much discussion whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants it is plural and when they don't it is singular. Men go on a tear in their pants and it is all right, when pants go on a tear it is all wrong. If you want to make pants last—make the coat first."

I have somebody's lawnmower.  
Whose?  
That's what I want to know. I'd like to return it and borrow a snow shovel.

Man: Well, Bobby, how do you like your little brother?  
Bobby: It ain't a boy—it's a girl.  
Man: Your father told me it was a boy and he ought to know.  
Bobby: I know it's a girl cause I saw them putting powder on it this morning.

"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?"  
Enough for carfare and lunch, I should say.

Jimpson is very attentive to his wife, it appears.  
Yes, he always oils up the lawnmower for her before he goes to the office.

He: I've never seen such dreamy eyes before.  
She: You've never stayed so late before.

Voice from seat: No, I've never paid a cent for repairs on this car.  
Voice from under hood: Yes, that is what the man who repaired it for you told me.

Have you heard the story that's going around about Alice?  
Heard it? Why, honey, I'm the one who started it.

She: Did you know what love was before you met me?  
He: Yes, but I didn't know what work was.

Silas: What's this I hear, Hiram, about your hired man falling off the roof when he was shingling the barn?  
Hiram: Yeh. He fell into a barrel of turpentine.  
Silas: Did it hurt him?  
Hiram: Don't know. They ain't caught him yet.

## BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

In spite of the fact that ye editors thoroughly disapprove of such a brain-storm production as the Wurcer Muster, due to the lack of decent copy (as usual) for this week's edition and to the unwarranted but continuous insistence from certain campus "dopes" for an April Fool edition of the Cluster, we herewith give you by far the louisiest paper possible. Let it be remembered that all written and printed was done so in the spirit of fun and foolishness. As the saying goes: "He that expecteth nothing will not be disappointed." We don't disappoint you.

## Letter To The Muster

Editor of the Bluster:

There are fraternities and three sororities on the campus and I cannot get into any of them. I'm not a girl and of course they won't let me in there. Now those frats are so outlandish high in their dues, you have to buy a pin, you have to have a pair of pajamas and other nice clothes, you have to wear Slico on your hair, you have to be able to dance—so you see, I just couldn't join one—then I forgot to tell you that I haven't had a bid.

Now here is the problem: several of us fellows want to have some kind of organization or fraternity in which there is not so much cost or expense. We have written letters to nearly every kind of union in the country, but none yet are willing to let a chapter be put on the Wurcer campus. The Roland China Hog Association said that they would not let any be put here as long as Sherwood had such strict monitors. We almost got in on the Georgia-Alabama Foot Doctor's Union but failed to get our application in on time.

A Goat Shearers Order was practically put up and then all went cafluey when we had to put up a \$5.00 peace bond. We are now figuring with the Nevada Better Stroke Swimmers Union for a nice chapter, but they want us to get somebody to recommend us. Muster, please do something to assist us in our feeble but humble attempt to satisfy our gregarious instinct by establishing some kind of order here on the campus.

Yours for better societies,  
Sammie Shoosenblack.

Dear Sammie:

How about trying a non-fraternity organization on the deah ole Wurcer campus?  
Ye Editors.

## THE MERCER CLUSTER

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# Collegiate Whirl

By Harry Diamukes

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.  
—Franklin.

A "no cigarette bumming league" has been formed at L.S.U. The bumming of drags is permitted, but members promise not to bum cigarettes or be bummed from.

Some people cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go.  
—West Georgian.

Glenn Gray and his Casa Loma Band have been signed for the Clemson College Taps Ball series to be held April 23 and 24.

The Mississippi State Teachers' College runs headlines in their student paper to induce students to come to chapel. The March 19 issue carried this head: "EVERYBODY COME TO CHAPEL MONDAY."

Slang is a language that takes off its coat, spits on its hand and goes to work.  
—Howard Crimson

I can't afford to scare you about this course—it's required.

One love have I,  
One and two,  
And last is best,  
For being new.

Two loves have I,  
Two and three,  
And last is best,  
I say for me.

Three loves have I,  
And I thrive,  
I will some day,  
Have four or five.

—Cluster '29.

Were is sadly the amorous to missed it;  
Do not crying.  
The fair is winningly; faint luminescence.  
Not to running; for the friendly  
Sympathetic was strongly in heart.  
Oh, inglorious, strength the mind,  
for the  
Loving is went; poor soul, do not crying.  
—Onivad Derfla. '34.

Persons attempting to criticize this sheet will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law; persons attempting to find a moral will be shot.  
—Cluster—April 1, 1932.

No Around Washington Story This Week

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